

BARNACLE

Lund

\$1.00

September, 2000

Your Community Newspaper

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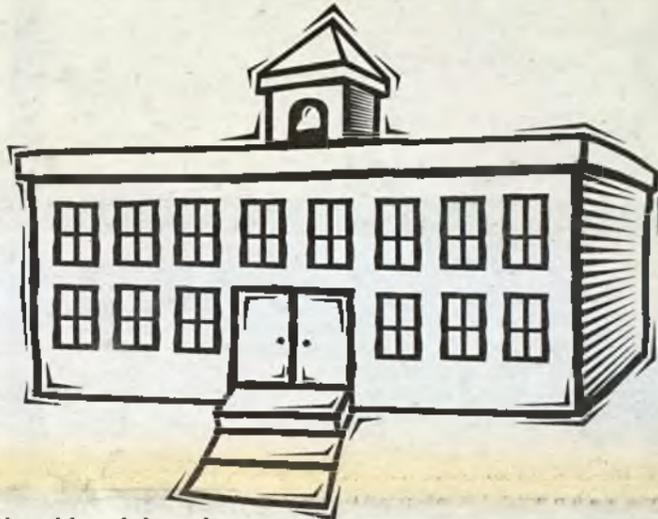
Lund Educational Society Launches New Program at Lund School Building

by Camille Davidson

It's finally open! The Lund Community Education Centre started its year with a community wide potluck luncheon on Monday September 18th. Students, parents, and all interested community members, came together to meet the tutors, sign up for courses, talk

about the year ahead and break bread together. For a while there it seemed like the project might not happen, but of course this being Lund, the parents and community banded together and presented a united front to School District #47 who on Tuesday September 12th voted in favour of leasing the old Lund School to The Lund Educational Society, so they could run an alternate program in the building for the children of Lund. The curriculum is being supplied by North Island Distance Education Service(NIDES), so that all students will be receiving ministry based schoolwork.

The beauty of this program is that it allows us more freedom when it comes to classroom projects, and exploratories. Whenever an activity is being done the tutor will send over to NIDES an outline of the information being



taught and they will then decide what areas of the curriculum have been covered by that project. All the work and exams will be sent to NIDES markers who will do the grading and give out report cards based on this information.

The Lund Educational Society, as part of

their agreement with School District#47, must come up with all operating costs of the building, this includes things like hydro, propane, telephone, maintenance, supplies, etc. As a result the society will be doing a lot of fundraising over the year to come and hope that the community will support our efforts to keep our children in our community. Part of the societies agreement also includes supplying volunteers to run exploratories and supervise students while at the school. Anybody interested in helping with either of these endeavours please contact the Centre and sign up on the volunteer list. Just a reminder that if you have not received your graduation certificate(Dogwood) and would like to upgrade you are eligible to sign up under the Centre and take your courses for free. Last day to register for this year is September 29th.



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From the Editor ... I find that many of my editorials say the same thing - but I think that it bears repeating, and there are events and efforts that prove the theory again and again: this is a great community we live in. Every month I have the opportunity to learn more about the people of this town, and every month I am impressed and awed by the things that people are willing to do, and willing to do for each other.

Take the school, our cover story for the month. There is nothing forcing the people who form the

Lund Educational Society to do what they do, and they do a lot. They do it for the children of the community, and for what they believe in. Two great reasons.

And clearly this community cares about the environment in which we live, and is willing to fight for it. Janet Morrison and Evelyn Pollen both write about environmental issues here: about our air quality and concern for native salmon.

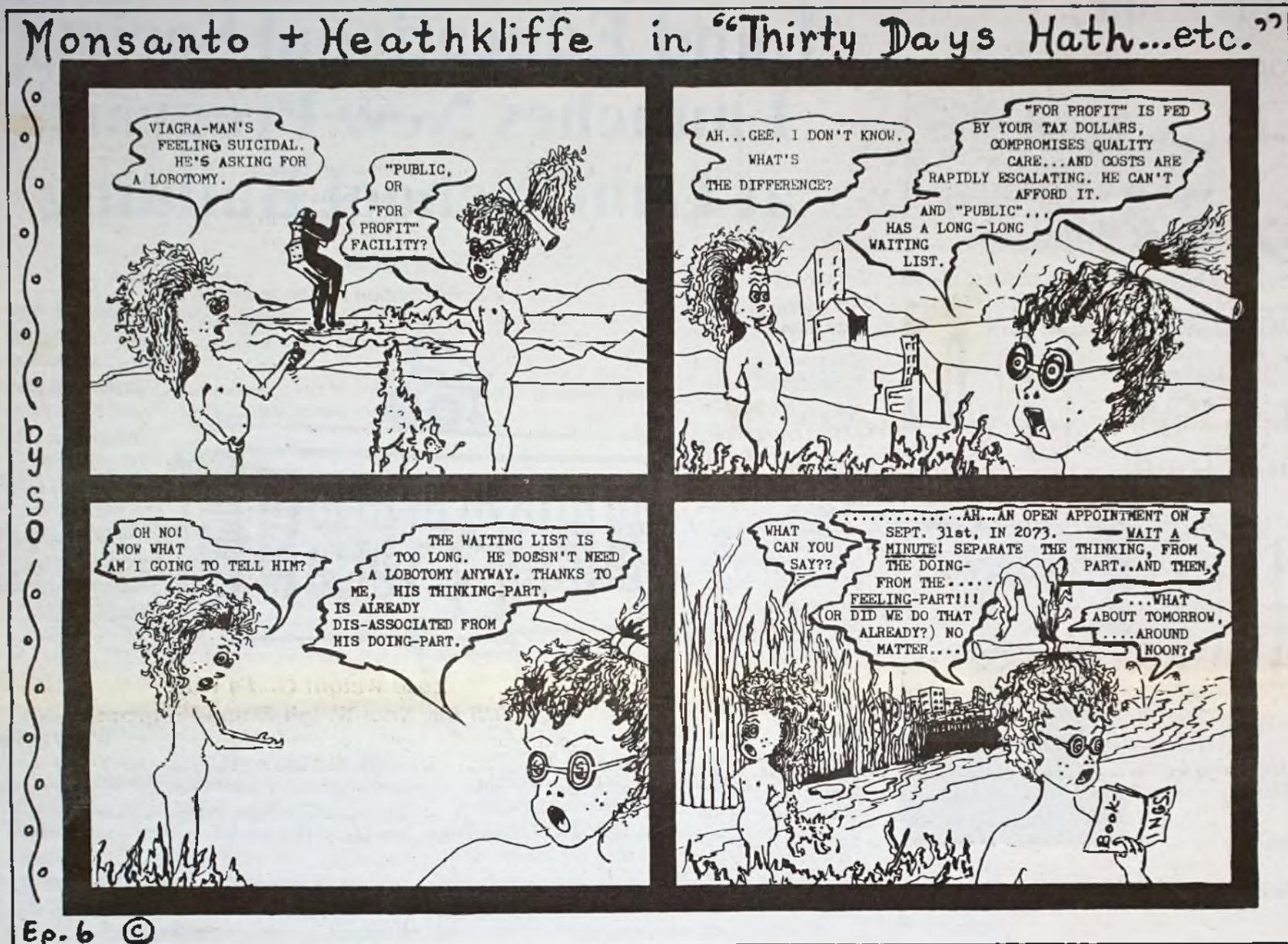
This is not a community to stint on fun, as shown on the pages 8, 9, and 13, which feature

Lund Dayz and A Day in Tune.

Maybe everyone feels the way that I do about their community, and certainly I have known many caring and committed people in all the places that I have lived. I don't know why Lund is so special to me. Perhaps it is the 'we're all in this together' attitude. Perhaps it is because the community that plays together, stays together. Or perhaps it is in the air and the water. Maybe that is why we fight so hard to protect them, so that our children can leave come out of the Lund School into a better world.

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1/2 page	7-1/2" x 10"	\$50.00
Full page	10" x 15-1/2"	\$100.00

Net proceeds go to the Lund Community Club.

THE LUND BARNACLE

The Lund Barnacle is published monthly by the Lund Community Club. Submissions are welcome in the form of articles, news items, letters to the editor, fillers, graphics and photographs. We reserve the right to edit for clarity and length. Submit to *The Barnacle* by delivery to the *Barnacle* office in the Lund Market on Hwy 101 @ the top of the hill, or send to *The Barnacle* c/o Box 72, Lund, BC V0N 2G0. We prefer submission on a 3.5" floppy in a version of WordPerfect (Windows 95 or older) or in ASCII (DOS) text, with a printout included, though we can accept copy printed, typed or handwritten, or you may email to barnacleval@hotmail.com.

EDITORIAL POLICY

The Barnacle is a forum for ideas in the Lund community. Editorial policy is to print what people submit in their own voices as much as possible, respecting the paper's purpose of providing a forum for the community on things that matter to its members. If you have a problem with with something that appears in the paper or if you like something in or about the paper, we hope you'll say so - to *The Barnacle*, not just your neighbour. We'll print it.

THE BARNACLE STAFF

Editor-in-chief: Valerie Durnin
Editor-in-question: Josh Friesen
Contributors: Camille Davidson, Ted Durnin, Josh Friesen, Donna Huber, Rianne Matz, Janet Morrison, Sandra Olson, Evelyn Pollen, Phil Russell, Amanda Zaikow
Photography: Camille Davidson, Valerie Durnin, Amanda Zaikow
Additional Support: Len Ryan, Jeannie Momberg

Brenda, Farewell



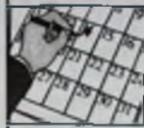
Our beloved Brenda Bowen Ptolemy (far left), formerly of Lund, passed away August 31, 2000, in her 50th year. Dearly missed by her sons Ezra and Evan, husband David, close immediate family and many dear friends.

A Celebration of Life memorial will be held at the Gazebo on Saturday, October 7th at 4pm.

Donations of perennial plants for the Gazebo gardens in memory of Brenda will be appreciated.

For further information contact Jan Christie at 483-2417.

*Celebration of Life Memorial at the Gazebo,
Saturday, October 7th at 4pm*



**Community Events Noticeboard:
Lund Events 2000**

- Sept 26 Lund Community Club Meeting
7pm at the Fire Hall
- Sept 29 Last Registration Date for
All Adults and Children
Attending the Lund Educational Centre
- Oct 7 Home Brewing Contest
and Dance featuring Anything Grows
Potluck 5:30, Contest starts 7pm
Dance Begins at 8pm
- Oct 28 Halloween Dance
at the Gazebo
Come in Costume!

*For information on the above events,
or if you would like to book an event at the Gazebo
call Jamie at 483-8909*

*If you would like to post an event on the Community Events Noticeboard
please call Valerie at 483-3082*



Community Notes:

Who Really Started Lund Dayz?

It seems that the *Barnacle* made an error in stating that the Werners were the first to begin Lund Dayz. The information came from two sources, but neither were really quite sure ... Oops. If you know who was responsible for the first Lund Dayz, please call Valerie at 483-4633 so that I can print the correct info. My apologies to those who really began the tradition. I hope to be able to set the record straight in the next issue.

New on The Barnacle's Permanent Staff

I am pleased to welcome Josh Friesen to *The Barnacle's* permanent staff (such as it is). Josh will be contributing a column monthly and will help with the production of the paper. Look for Josh's first column, a tongue-firmly-in-cheek history of Canada's provinces and territories on page 15 of this issue. I look forward to working further with you, Josh.

Lose Weight God's Way

with the New Weigh Down Program

Sponsored by the Lund Community Church, the new Weigh Down program offer support and information about eating right and losing weight. It is not a diet, but rather a program that taps the strength of God to help with self-control and will power. For more information contact Pastor Fernie Corbel at 414-0400 or program leader Roxanne at 483-9633.

Thanks to Contributors

The Barnacle is always on the lookout for more contributors, and I would like to thank those who have come forward over the summer to offer new insights into the life of our community. I always enjoy reading what these contributors have to say, and I look forward to receiving any materials that you would like to have published. If you want to write for *The Barnacle*, contact Valerie at 483-4633, or send me a note on email: barnacleval@hotmail.com. I plan to keep publishing *The Barnacle* throughout the winter, so keep those stories, artwork and photos coming!



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Open Letter of Opposition to Expansion of Salmon Farming

Following is a letter that has been sent to the Minister of Fisheries and Oceans regarding the planned expansion of salmon farming in B.C. If you are also concerned about this issue you may write to the Honorable Herb Dhaliwal, Minister of Fisheries and Oceans, 200 Kent St. Suite 1570, Ottawa, ON, K1A 0E6, or contact Corky Evans B.C. minister of Fisheries to voice your opinion. You may use this letter or any part of it as a model.

Dear Mr. Dhaliwal,

I am appalled to hear that your ministry has designated seventy-five million dollars to research and develop the salmon farming industry in B.C. This is tax money that belongs to a public that does not want salmon farming, for very good reasons. Let me relate to you the reasons I am opposed to it.

Salmon farming is inherently bad for the environment because unlike shellfish farming, penned salmon need to be fed artificially. To produce one pound of farmed salmon the farmer spends two to three pounds of feed. yes? One of the sources of protein used in feed is krill, which is commercially

by Evelyn Pollen

harvested for this product, some of which is eaten by caged salmon while the remainder rots under fish pens. yes? The krill fishery is insanity! yes? There can be NO excuse for stripping off the seed stock of the entire food chain. Think about it. If you actually wanted to kill all life in the oceans, the krill fishery would be a logical step.

Salmon used to have a perfect system: the krill were spread out in huge currents, through which billions of fished grazed like bison on a prairie that kept growing. All mankind had to do was harvest them. Don't fence them in.

Of fencing, net pens containing salmon should not be allowed in the ocean for many reasons besides the issue of feed and medications that settle under pens. The caged fish act as unwitting bait, attracting all sorts of predators such as sea lions, whales, otters etc., to be killed by the fish farmer in the protection of his investment. I have seen a license issued to a salmon farm to shoot sea lions,

and I'm sure you heard about the reports of a pit containing corpses of fifteen sea lions found at a salmon farm near Tofino, B.C. this spring. yes? I find this outrageous and disgusting.: yes? Don't you? How could you allow, let alone support, this senseless, wrong-headed industry?

I am asking you to stop the expansion of salmon farming in B.C. immediately and to make the existing operations switch to less harmful methods. Stop all harvesting of krill. Regulate the sources of protein used by the feed pellet industry to protect the populations of all natural species. Most importantly, turn your attention (and the \$75,000,000) to restoring wild salmon to wild streams in wild forests in B.C.

Thanks for your attention.

Evelyn Watson

Next month: Which enlightened paper company in B.C. will tool up to make paper from hemp, thus easing demand for trees and supporting the hemp farmers of B.C.?



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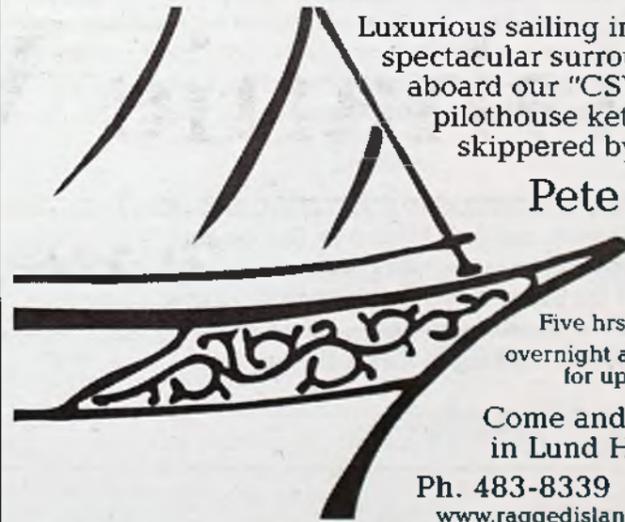
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ABC News Report on Organic Foods Incorrect, According to On-line Report

Phil Russell, partner in the Lund Marke and Organic Cafe, was one of many who work in the organic food industry who was dismayed and insensed about a report on the ABC news magazine 20/20 regarding dangers of organic foods. The hue and cry that followed led to an apology from ABC, because the information contained in the report proved to be inaccurate at best and downright false at worst. This article and comments are from an online Health Newsletter received weekly by Phil's partner Roisin, called Dr Mercola's Healthy News You Can Use. The comments are Dr. Mercola's.. Issue 166 August 13, 2000

ABC was forced to apologize for lying about evidence on organic food. ABC's world-renowned 20/20 reporter John Stossel apparently engaged in numerous improprieties when it aired a special report on organic foods in February and again in July. On this Friday's show, Mr. Stossel apologized for the "inaccurate information" which included the following:

Mr. Stossel maintained tests commissioned by ABC News found no evidence of pesticides on either conventional or organic foods. In actuality, no tests had been done at all. ABC now admits that "No tests for pesticides had been done on produce." ABC squashed the results of a study that they commissioned, which didn't give them the results they were looking for. These tests found higher levels of pesticides in conventional chicken compared to organic chicken.

Mr. Stossel also made the misleading statement on the program that higher levels of bacteria were found on organic produce than on conventional produce. While this may be technically correct, the underlying meaning in the assertion was that the higher bacteria levels were dangerous. In reality, they only tested for a broad class of bacteria, not for pathogenic bacteria that can make people sick.

In addition to the on-air apology, according to ABC, John Stossel was "reprimanded" and a producer was suspended for one (1) month without pay. According to The Environmental Working

Group. Stossel's' reprimand is inadequate. "That's not enough! Stossel lied and threatened an entire industry by disseminating false and damaging information. He should be fired for violating the most basic ethical standards of journalism."

In an inter view Stossel actually made the assertion that "Buying organic could kill you."

The 20/20 report was heavily criticized by the Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting Group, a media watchdog that is not affiliated in any way with the Organic Food Industry, as well as the Organic Trade Associating, the Environmental Working Group, and Citizens for Health. In light of this scandal, several of these groups are now calling for John Stossel to be fired.

The Environmental Working Group said it had complained to ABC about the original report's accuracy after it originally aired in February. Despite this, Stossel repeated the mistake on July 7 in a comment made to anchorwoman Cynthia McFadden. "It's logical to worry about pesticide residues, but in our tests, we found none on either organic or regular produce."

Additionally, after the environmentalists'

original complaint s, ABC sent a form letter erroneously claiming that pesticide tests had been conducted on produce, said Mike

Casey, the group's spokesman. "They absolutely didn't take this seriously," he said. Those who would like to voice their concern on the conduct of ABC News and John Stossel, should send an e-mail to his boss.

COMMENT by Dr Mercola: I have had many patients ask me about the original 20/20 report. It was quite surprising as generally ABC News is the best traditional media for breaking the truth in medicine. However they really blew it here. Consumer Reports is a far less biased media source and they have reported several times on the validity of organic crops. One of the biggest tragedies of this whole affair is that probably had a significant in the sale of organic food. This not only negatively affected peoples health but also had a negative financial impact on a lot of organic farmers. If you were one of those people who stopped buying organic because of this report, then learn your lesson now, and in the future don't believe everything you hear. All of the groups mentioned above really kept on top of this issue. If they hadn't followed up on it so well, this important information might never have come to light. They should all be congratulated for their efforts.



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Break and Enters in Lund: Local Group Looks into Solutions

by Donna Huber

I came home from my walk by my usual route, our dog Flash bounding ahead with perhaps a bit more enthusiasm than usual, eager to run up the driveway and race around the perimeter of our house, shouting and barking, as he always does when we arrive home. I let him charge up the path and came up behind at my end-of-hike pace, slowly.

After a soggy start, the day had turned beautiful, with weak yellow sunshine slanting through the trees, and a pleasing smell in the air of blackberries decaying on the vine. Fall is my favourite time of the year; the season fills me with happiness, and memories of other good times in my life.

This then, was my mood as I opened the back door and sloughed off my runners and fleece jacket. I puttered about for a bit, thinking of something to heat for lunch. I made a phone call to my son, asking him to pick up a few groceries on his way out from town. Thinking about paying him back, I went into the bedroom to find my purse. The purse, a giant black bag, was sitting, open-mouthed, on the floor. My wallet was open on the bed; funny I didn't remember leaving things like that. I could see paper money protruding from a compartment in the wallet, so robbery didn't occur to me until I glanced up and saw that my TV and VCR were missing from the dresser-top. I went out of the bedroom and tried to digest the idea that someone had come and stolen my ancient TV and cheap VCR. The TV is very heavy. I only then noticed, as I looked around, that several other things were also missing, and when I went outside, I found the wrenched-out screen and open window.

For a few moments, I entertained the thought that someone was playing a joke on me, however, I couldn't think of anyone I knew who would do such a thing. I also understood that I was trying to find a way to erase the idea that some agile weasel had torn an opening into my sacred space and angled his way inside to where I live, a terrible thought; to me worse than the missing goods. Some of the missing goods were personally valuable, in particular, a painting of a winter scene by my mother, given to me as a gift before she died, and a carved mask, which was also left by her, to a grandson. I called the police, and could barely remember what my address was, and had to think twice for my phone number, and so forth. Insurance. Tell the neighbours. I found out that someone had been woken up, recently, in the middle of the night, to the sound of a window being jimmied.

As a result of all this phoning around, a makeshift meeting was arranged, and a group of Lund residents gathered at our house to pool ideas about who might be responsible, and how to stop or discourage he, she or them. After a few rather drastic measures were offered up, such as sending some tough guy out to rattle the teeth of anyone even looking like trouble, a couple of small ideas immersed which might help. It was suggested that we could all keep our eyes open for strange vehicles: the night before we were robbed a black jeep was noted on Pryor Road, with a female driver, who was talking into a radiophone. The person who saw this, noticed the long antenna. It is very hard to get around in Lund unnoticed, as it is to keep anything secret for very long. (People at the meeting had some interesting ideas about who might be responsible for our break-in.)



Mill Emissions: A Personal Account

by Janet Morrison

It's interesting how the little things in life add up. Take the morning of August 25th, for example. I awoke at four a.m. that day, uncomfortable and pissed off. Not such a good way to start the day. At five I called the pulpmill phone number (483-3722), followed all the directives for how to get to "pollution complaints" and found myself talking to a woman in the security building. I described the problem, of foul air pouring in through my windows and filling up the house, of the headache that had settled in. She sounded concerned, said gee, everything here has just been shut down, I don't know what it could be. She asked if I would like to have a technician call me, but I declined, having had experience with these guys already. Usually it goes like this:

Well, we looked everything over, and we couldn't see a problem, so we just don't know what to say, ma'am... I said I would like them to fix the problem, whatever it took. It took until about halfway through the afternoon.

Later that week, I read in The Peak that the last of the salmon hatchery population at the mill lay dying that very morning as I had been lying awake under my covers trying not to breathe the air. Outrage stung my eyes. And what about this other 200,000 they were saying had already been killed off three weeks earlier? Had anyone heard about these? Certainly I hadn't.

I did find out one little tidbit, though, that helps me to understand why my air is so bad when 'everything is shut down'. While talking it over with Grant Keays, he explained that when, for

continued on page 7

Steve Ives offered to find out prices for an alarm which can be cheaply installed, and when triggered by a broken beam of some sort, sends out a horrifically loud sound, loud enough that anyone in the neighbourhood would hear, and could just look out and see something. That's what the police need, witnesses. Whoever came to my house had to pass five properties, twice, in broad daylight, to come and go. At Bliss Landing some of these alarms have been installed, to good effect.

As well, a few of the men at the meeting said they would be willing to cruise around at night to see that all was well in the village. In Cranberry, there is a large pool of watchmen who are out nightly, and they have succeeded in driving a criminal element out of town. I hope Lund isn't starting to have the kind of trouble they had in Cranberry, but many of us live on secluded properties, as Constable Fish tenderly pointed out to me. Someone at the meeting offered the chilling idea that a thief will sit in the bushes for hours at a time, watching a house, waiting for someone to leave.

The facts as I have recently learned them are these: most theft takes place between ten a.m. and three p.m., and most take less than three minutes to complete. Which sums up my experience exactly. Take care.

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Mill Emissions: A Personal Account

continued from page 6

some reason, the Kraft Mill has to be shut down, then everything that is in process at that moment, has to be burned out the stack. It would be interesting to know more about what, exactly, is being burned, and how much, and whether or not stack monitors are recording this event, or for that matter, the non-continuous ambient air monitors at Wildwood and Cranberry. Last week, again, there I was calling the pulpmill pollution complaints department. This time the very cheerful woman in security said, Ooh, Klahanie! That's a long distance away!

I replied, yes, but not at all unusual. This time it took three days for them to relieve me of my discomfort. Three days with all the doors and windows closed. Three days of me finding every excuse to go to town, to go visit people who are not in 'the zone'. I think this requires a bit much of me, and my friends.

It seems a good portion of the last month has been clouded with pulp odours of one sort or another, whether I am in town or at home. Unfortunately, I don't always make the time to call. Either I am busy with the rest of my life, or I am too angry or frustrated that my complaints are not being heard. True, they are being duly recorded, but they are not being heard. I find the staff at the mill to be disbelieving and condescending in their treatment of air pollution complaints.

Like the day last spring when I drove through haze you could slice with a knife, all through Wildwood, down the hill and straight on to the mill site, where I made an unscheduled stop to register my complaint, so mad I could hardly speak. When a staff member eventually got back to me he said he had taken a truck up the hill to have a look around, but couldn't see, or smell, anything.

Which brings me to the only reasonable explanation I can imagine for why the people who live in Townsite and up in Wildwood have no problem with pollution. I believe they are completely inured to it. People who live with bad smells become accustomed to them; and worse, people who breathe in pulpmill odours lose the ability to smell, completely. It has certainly been one of my fears since moving here that I too would lose my ability to smell. I would see that as tragic. As well as losing the ability to discern between subtle flower and herb scents in my garden, or to smell leaves fresh with rain - I would also be losing my first early warning signal to danger. That's what our nose is really for; it's about survival. I consider myself lucky to have an air-recirculation option in my car. The other option I could consider would be a gas mask for use when travelling through the areas of concern. There are still many times when I am travelling along, having a great day, when suddenly, out of the blue, because I haven't been paying attention! I am hit with it, and it is too late to close off the outside air.

So why don't any of the air monitors record my misery? That's another question I ask myself frequently. At the appeal board hearing last summer many of the 'experts' who testified tried to fob off the question by insinuating that there was something not quite right with my perceptions. That maybe I was 'too sensitive'. Excuse me?

There is the question of the validity of the monitors, and whether or not they are in the right place. How are sites chosen?

I bought this up recently with Graham Veale, of the Ministry of Environment, Lands and Parks, and his explanation seemed reasonable enough to warrant more consideration. The way the monitors work, he said, is that they record data based on 24-hour averages, and so if there is a particularly high reading in one hour, by the time that figure gets averaged out over 24, it is lost. Which means, that on any given day as I drive past the Wildwood monitor with my windows rolled up against the onslaught of haze and throat-catching SO₂, the only record of this abomination will be in my memory. Not a very comforting thought. So who do I lobby to have this methodology changed? Looks like that's my next question.

A Response to the Media Surrounding Mill Emissions

by Janet Morrison

It's been disheartening to see the flak that Stephen Hume's article (Vancouver Sun, Aug. 18.00) has engendered in the local news lately. On the other hand, it comes as no surprise. Everyone who has responded with scathing outrage is someone who has an interest in having this town look good to someone else. You can't be a successful real estate salesperson in a town that no one wants to live in. And what's the glory in being mayor of a place no one wants to visit?

I'm not saying it is wrong to protect your own interests. But a little integrity goes a long way. I once spoke with a woman who said she and her husband were told nothing about the mill odour by the real estate agent who sold them their house on Manson. She was so angry about it she wanted to sue the company.

Our illustrious mayor, on reaching the age of permissible regression to childhood, stated that the US Coast Guard commended the town's 'clean, good air and atmosphere.' But the US Coast Guard does not live here. Anyone can visit here, have the three-cocktail lunch special at the Coast Hotel, and go away with fond memories. Why is it the mayor thinks the opinions of these people are more important than the ones of people who live here, work here, shop here and send their kids to school here? I once talked with a nine-year-old boy who said its too bad it stinks here, and he hoped his family would move again soon. I have friends who come here to visit, who say there is not a reason in the world they would ever come twice to this town, except to visit good friends. These people are outdoor enthusiasts, who love to travel with their kids and show them the best of what life has to offer. Powell River is not it.

Dawn Adaszynski makes the point that the mill has been here far longer than any of the six appellants at last summer's appeal board hearing. (The Peak, Sept. 2.00) Besides being obvious, her statement ignores the fact that she, and the mayor, and anyone else in business here, want to encourage outsiders to come here and to stay here happily. You don't win friends by ignoring the stink in the closet. I was one of those who came, who was encouraged to put aside my old prejudices of milltown life, to come to the place they call 'the jewel of the sunshine coast' and quite honestly, it's all too much the same as 'Milltown, 1960's.' The same haze drifting in layers through the summer heat, the same winter inversions and fog-smog, and the same protectionist racket that says there is no problem here. In other words, the same blatant denial, alive and well in the year 2000.

I, and people like me, who have moved here from elsewhere, are the people the mayor and the real estate agents are trying to impress. But we newcomers are not locked into the same bargain



with reality that was necessary fifty years ago.

Stephen Hume gave a thoughtful account, I thought, of why in the past people were so eager to ignore the smells, the pollution problems, that have always been and continue to be, a part of the pulpmill experience. He was right; back in the fifties and sixties there was no work, people clung onto a mill job fiercely and loyally, because it meant dinner, and maybe college for the kids and a better way of life for them.

But, more to the point, people didn't have the information then that we have now. We live in a different time, a time when environmental issues are as much a part of our life as breakfast cereals. No decision we make today goes without impact on the world around us. It used to be we thought the oceans and the air were just a big dumping zone, that everything that fell in or rose up to the skies just went away. We know now that none of it was true. We have different information. As with any issue, when you have the information, you have a moral obligation to change, if change is what is needed. And of course we don't like change, especially when new ways of doing things are not obvious. It puts us on the edge. But that is also when people can be the most creative. It depends on how you look at it.

The latest response to Hume's article came from Drew Kilback, environmental affairs manager for Pacifica Papers. While he went to great lengths to fill a column with his corporate mission statement, I remain unconvinced that he or anyone associated with the mill is paying attention to the reality of the air in Cranberry, the Townsite, on Wildwood Hill, or north of town. I am convinced, moreover, that if the monitors in place are not picking up what I smell and experience, then the monitors are either faulty, set for the wrong parameters, or they are in the wrong place.

We all know it is in Drew's best interests to support his industry's mandate, and to find every opportunity to discredit those who would disagree with it. That doesn't mean he is right; it only means he will fight harder to make his point. Or, as our illustrious child-mayor said about the environmentalists, consider the context! (The Peak, Aug. 23)

Finally, I would like to say that I am heartened and thankful for all of the positive comments that have come my way from townspeople in the last month. I see that my small efforts, and those of many before me, and with me, are appreciated. But it is always hard to work in a vacuum, and I would deeply appreciate it if some of you could also direct a call or a letter to the mill or the newspapers. I would probably not be writing this letter today if it was not in confidence that someone out there would give a damn. As it is, I have heard from many who do, and I hope that each of you will find a way to bring your thoughts to the public forum, which is our only way of accomplishing change. I would rather be known as 'one of 6000' rather than just 'one of 6'!



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Caila and Amanda organized the kids games.

Lund Days Kids Events

by Amanda Zaikow

We arrived on site with two vans full of supplies to ensure a full day of activities for the slew of kids that we knew would be arriving to participate in Lund Dayz 2000. We hadn't even finished unloading the piles of rope, buckets, crates of prizes, and other equipment when we were bombarded by kids wanting to know when the first games were starting. And we were off, to be kept on our toes until the last game ended at 4:30. The games began on true Lund time, with the 10:00 game beginning at precisely 10:45. Our 10 or so kids hopped from one end of the Gazebo lawn to the other in their orange clam bags, with everyone making it across the finish line in record time. The three legged race had few casualties but our troopers were up and racing before we knew it. The egg on spoon race surprised everyone in that not a single egg was broken, even though the kids balanced the raw eggs on spoons as they raced to switch with their partners. After a Tug-of-War, balloon popping, and a crazy somersaulting/ ball throwing relay, the older kids set off on a scavenger hunt around Lund, bringing back such treasures as driftwood shaped like a face, ripe blackberries, and LCC member signatures. While the big kids were off hunting and scavenging, the little ones got to take turns at the pinata. The pinata was made over the last few weeks at Lund Youth Committee meetings, and stood up well under the onslaught, with each of the 15 or 20 kids getting two swings at it, before the gazebo was showered with candy and kids scrambled to get their share.

The afternoon was reserved for the messy events. The Jello Bobbing relay needed a bit of explanation, as some were excited by the prospect of eating as much jello as they could, where others were disgusted.



Races and games kept the kids busy.

A Huge Thank You to:

All the Local Businesses who donated prizes and supplies to make the Lund Dayz Kids Events a huge success: Phil Russell and Bidjigal Aboriginal Arts and Crafts, whose donation of crafts like a boomerang, a t-shirt, music sticks, a bullroarer (ask Phil) and a flag made excellent big prizes for the more challenging events, like the talent show and the scavenger hunt. Lund Water Taxi, for the t-shirt and hat which were won by talent show participants. Kiss Hot Dogs, who were kept on their toes supplying twenty free hot dogs. Lund Market, who kept twenty kids happy and hyper with free ice cream cones. Flo's Starboard Cafe, for the twenty "earthquake detector" crafts. Portside Restaurant, for the prize of a plate of Nachos and a round of pop.

Nancy's Bakery, for the pizza pretzels that ensured the kids ate something besides sugar. Percy Redford, for the excellent Tug-O-War rope which has been donated to Lund School for Lund Dayz to come. And to others who gave supplies and prizes: Wilderness Shellfish Co-op, Lund Auto, Lund Hotel and Store, and Klahanie Variety. Although to events were a blast in themselves, the prizes made the competition a little harder and the stakes a little higher, keeping the kids giving everything they had. But at the end of the day, when the coordinators were stumbling home dragging their supplies with them, the kids could still be seen hurling themselves around the Bouncerz and racing through the woods. We tried our best to tire them out; we'll try harder next year.

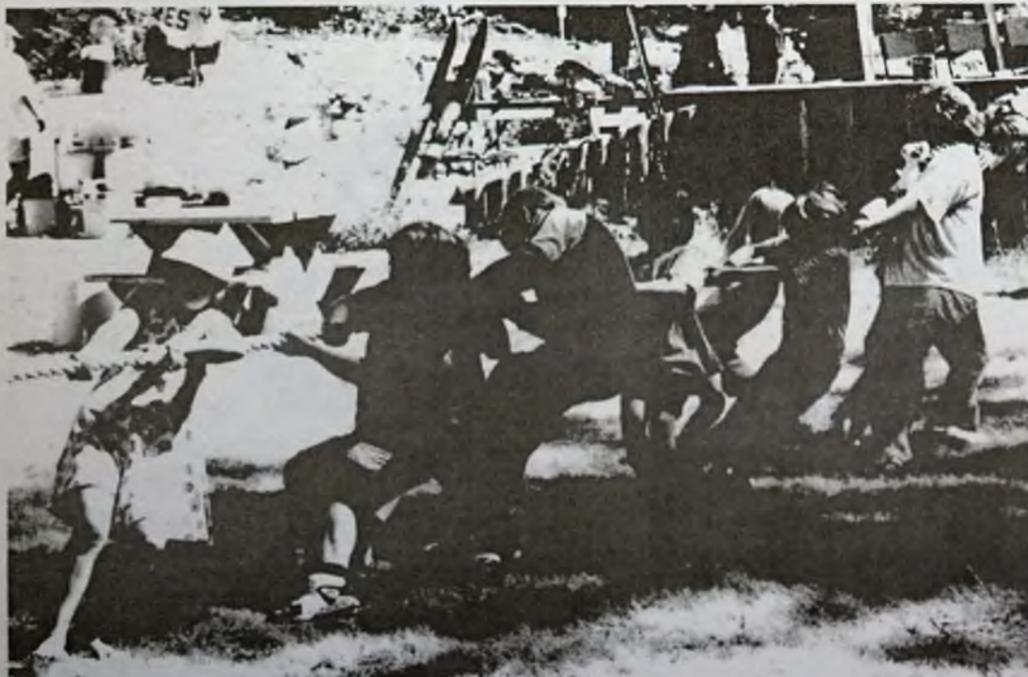


Chocolate pudding race was one of the highlights of hilarity: Hannah feeds pudding to Tara, and young Matt gets a facefull.

Lund



Amanda and Caila



Pull, team, Pull!!



Kim, Sandra and Katie sing a sailor song the talent show - don't go in the water without those jackets!



brave young 'uns shone in the talent show

I'm writing this story about Lund Dayz while my kids are still trying to recover from the weekend, and are actually giving me some space. All I can say about it was thank goodness for Amanda and Caila, without whom it would never have happened. I cant remember the last time my kids looked so filthy and had such huge smiles. The work by all the volunteers and contributors the whole weekend was wonderful . Starting with the firemen's pancake breakfast down at the Portside on Saturday morning to the Keith Bennett dance that night , to the open stage and kids day on Sunday, none of these events happen without the dedication of volunteers.



A big thanks to Jaimie Sherritt who did most of the organizing and made sure we were able to quench our thirst with some nice cold draft beer. The kids had a great time with all the games Amanda and Caila organized, from the pinata to the much laughed about blindfolded pudding game(lets just say there was a lot of chocolate washed off of clothes, kids, and hair that night).

The community Club had a booth there with baking , t-shirts and raffle tickets, the fruit kebobs were a big hit. The Lund Educational Society had a table set up as well selling rummage items and giving out information about the school project they're starting-up. The big difference this year for me was having grass. It sure cut down on the dust and dirt everywhere and made it easier for the other displays and vendors. The performers on the open stage did their part and the fabulous music made for a very festive atmosphere. It's wonderful being able to be entertained by friends in the community. This year was a

great success if you can judge by the tired kids and the happy parents, I look forward to next year and hope everyone who enjoyed themselves comes out in the early spring when planning starts again.

Camille Davidson

and Forrest takes a whack at a pinata, while Caila and a clown look on



And the grown-ups sang too: Darcie sings for the crowd and Brian and Sheila get into the tune



Dayz 2000



The Bouncerz proved a great place for the kids to take a break.



Jammin' at the Gazebo: David on the bongos, Hugh on cello, and Neko on the drums.



Good times, good friends.



Time to relax as the day grows long: Jamie and Jan take a moment.

Hiker's Haven - Canada's Premier Goatpackers. Yes. Goats.

by Amanda Zaikow

"Goat Packing? What, carry a goat on my back?" If the concept of goat packing raises some questions for you, then read on, because the answers can be found right here in Lund. Hiker's Haven on the Lund Hwy is proud to be the first commercial goat packing service in Canada, using goats fitted with saddles and packs to carry gear on hikes through the woods. Goats have been used as work animals for centuries in Asia and Europe, carrying loads and pulling carts. In an interview last week, Lori Kemp explained some of the many benefits of goat packing and why she and her partner, Ed Baxter, have chosen to raise and train goats for this purpose.



Lori Kemp and three of her specially trained goats.

Lori and Ed began Serenity Gardens Bed and Breakfast four summers ago, offering different sleeping arrangements with two bedrooms, a cabin for two and a larger cabin sleeping six or seven people. With the recent expansion of the Sunshine Coast Trail, with the Atrevida Loop as an access point crossing their backyard, the couple decided to widen the scope of their business to take

advantage of the trails. Eco-tourism is growing in Powell River, and indeed the world at large - tourists will pay to be taken on a hike through an amazing area, especially if there is something unique about the adventure. There are hiking trails everywhere, but it's not any place you can have a pack goat carry your champagne picnic through old growth forests.

"Having a goat carry in your camping equipment is a luxury. It allows you to bring the guitar and pillow you don't usually bring. For photographers - you can bring the extra camera and tripod. Geologists - carrying equipment over rough terrain. Trailbuilding and maintenance- they can be equipped with square five gallon buckets for carrying chainsaws, clippers... It's still camping but it's luxury. Luxury adventure... or rustic luxury if there is such a thing."

Lori and Ed were looking for something different to promote the use of the trails around the B&B; they had investigated the possibility of using horses or llamas, but for numerous reasons, they chose goats.

"Goats tread lighter on the trail than any human," says Lori, "They have less impact on the trail than horses, and are way cheaper to keep. They browse along the trail- it's not necessary to carry any food

for them." Goats can actually help to clear and maintain a trail by eating underbrush, although they won't damage the natural growth if care is taken when tethering them, especially overnight. Their size makes them perfect for transporting them in the back of a truck to get to different access points, and for packing the bags and loading them - a child or a person in a wheelchair

can easily reach a water bottle or snack. But from talking to Lori, and meeting the goats themselves, the goats strongest point seems to be their personality.

"Goats have a sense of humour," says Lori, "They love people,

they love to play. We could leave them alone in the pen and they'd be fine - but we treat them like our dogs." Lori, Ed and their assistant Angie call themselves "Goat-Packers-in-Training", gathering information from various sources such as books, the internet, and even a Goat Packers Rendezvous held on the Columbia River gorge, on the Washington side.



Walking through the goats' pen, it was easy to see how friendly they are - gathering around to see who's come to visit, rubbing up against their new guests. Cosmos and Ginger are the two older goats, who have been joined by Marble, and the youngest goat, who, at seven months, is yet to be named. Lori is looking for a name, and suggestions are welcome. The person who provides the best name will win a hike with Lori and, of course, a goat carrying the day's supplies.

Goat packing has already proven to be popular with guests at Hiker's Haven. On the first official hike with the goats, there were fifteen people from seven different countries. The Bed and Breakfast attracts people from "every walk of life", and they have welcomed guests from Ireland, Germany, Latvia, the States, and Western Canada.

Full grown, goats can pull a cart loaded with twice their weight- up to 400 pounds. This ability has lead the couple to dream about developing a harness to be attached to a wheelchair, providing access to hiking areas like the Willingdon Beach Trail and Inland Lake. When fitted with saddles and packs, the goats can carry a third of their own weight. As the Hiker's Haven goats are still young (the oldest is 19 months), they have only been doing day trips so far. Next summer, they will be ready to carry larger loads for overnight trips. So, be ready to bump into Lori, Ed and Angie and

their friendly goats if you're traipsing along between Sarah Point and Saltery Bay, or taking advantage of the Atrevida Loop. And if you are interested in taking a trip with goats, you can call Hiker's Haven at 483-4665.

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Neptune Springs from Wood, and from the Carver's Soul

Byron Fader was a carpenter, but he became a carver the day that he saw a carving in a friend's home. "It talked to me," he says now. "It caught my heart; it was the first piece that had ever talked to me." That was three years ago, and that was when he began to carve, using his carpenter's tools and adapting them to carving, then trying new tools. "I can go deeper," he says, noting that his creativity was spent in sports activity before he began

When carving, Byron begins with the face, not even blocking the head before the face is done. "I got the look, and from there I worked down. I blocked out the head, did a little on the hair - did just enough detail so that I could

years to come. Byron seems pleased with the results of his work, though he does not credit himself overmuch with making it the piece of art that it is. "I'm never expecting anything," he says. "It's always unknown. As long as I keep it unknown and keep not expecting, that's when it works out right."



to carve. "I can go as deep as I want to, I can do whatever I want to do."

Having said that,

Byron does not choose his subjects, does not choose how he is going to carve. "I don't decide," he says. "Who am I to decide? It's just expressing the feeling."

Byron's latest project is a huge carving, now complete, of Neptune, or Poseidon. Commissioned by his neighbour Woody Treadwell, who recently bought the waterfront property near Flo's Starboard Cafe, the carving is larger than life, a man-sea creature with a stern aspect, carrying a large trident. He gazes off across the sea, his unseeing abalone eyes nevertheless taking in the expanse of water and sky. Byron and Woody are currently in discussion with the Lund Harbour Authority, seeking permission to put the statue on a rock in front of Woody's house.

"This one had a set structure," says Byron, who started carving from a huge log much taller than he is himself. "Though it could have been totally abstract. I could have done whatever I wanted." The design was settled by meeting and discussing the project with Woody. "I asked what he wanted the carving to say," Byron continues. "He wanted it to look stern, worried. They watched *The Little Mermaid*, as a reference and so that they could sit and talk while a representation of Neptune was in front of them. He was also influenced by the people who came to visit while he was working. "A person could come and talk to me, and I could

visualize it, and then worked down." He used a variety of tools, everything from chainsaws to carvers chisels to sanders, and he was also able to work with some of Jackie Timothy's native tools. Byron had helped Jackie complete the totem pole that was raised in Bliss in August (see story page 14).

The final sculpture is the figure of a man, stern, worried and concerned of countenance, with flowing white hair and a strong man's torso. Beneath the waist the skin turns to scales, ending in a forked tail. The statue carries a trident in his right hand, and his left hand is stretched down toward his tail. The huge hands, slightly out of proportion with the body, are ideally suited for pulling the body through water. And the eyes are inlaid with abalone, making it seem like the sculpture can actually see the domain over which he gazes.

The statue will hopefully come to rest in the Lund Harbour, gazing over the sea for



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be, say, working on a certain part, and when I go back, I could mix that energy with my creative mind to make that part." He tells of a friend who was visiting while the neck was being carved, and how that friend's neck became incorporated into the shape of Neptune's neck.

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Thoughts on Food: If I Owned the Hotel ...

by Donna Huber

By now it has sunk in that Lund has put its' shameful (recent) past behind and is, again, a pretty little harbour with lots to offer visitors and residents alike. Really, if you haven't done it yet, sitting outside on the new hotel veranda chugging beer and eating fried oysters, on a sunny late afternoon, is ridiculously pleasurable.

And I love the store. For locals, the fresh meat section is great, as are the returned liquor sales: they mean we can put on a spur-of-the-moment company dinner without a trip to P.R. Until recently I've been living on my own (out-of-town-job, not-divorce) and I can stay in Lund for weeks at a stretch by shopping in the store. I save like crazy on gas. The small portions of chicken and steak are perfect for a mawl-for-one. Pad likes the marinated steaks, which are quite cheap, he thinks. (The cashier warned me that the Australian beef tastes of lamb; it did, but I enjoy lamb).

Various people have expressed hope that the bar and restaurant menus evolve until the meals aren't so much like the Shinglemill's. I'm not that familiar with the Shinglemill's food, but I would make a few changes: I'd auction off all those yammering tvs and put the money toward a giant rock fireplace. I don't like to watch tv in public. I would come down from my hill in the wintertime, though, if there was a roaring fire, some hearty traditional pub-fare and a few locals hanging around chewing the fat.

If the pub can lure out the locals with a crackling fire and plates of corned-beef-and-cabbage, there will be no trouble attracting 'townies'. (I promise, we'll keep them entertained.)

If I owned the store (of course, I'm lazy and glad I don't), but if I did, I would add some natural yogurt to the milk cooler and some grainy breads to the bread shelf. I would also hang some antique neon signs around, and put in some better videos. We like odd-ball flicks in Lund, like 'Fargo' and 'The Ice Storm'. And more produce from local growers. And local eggs. And what about some plants, inside? Inside the pub, too. We hare a harrowsmithy group out here; we like greenery.

Sometimes in the past, hotel owners have made the mistake of assuming that locals are a bit poor, with no spare money to seduce out of our pockets. We do often look shabby (love that look) but we have surprising amounts of money to spend, on important things, like food and booze.

If I owned the hotel, I would seduce locals; we already love it out here and will gladly spend more time and money hangin' in our 'hood if what's here is good. And the other will follow.

Here's the best thing I've eaten lately:

- 1 Nancy's chocolate brownie pecan buttersart*
- 1 scoop vanilla ice cream
- 7 blueberries

Heat buttersart in micro for a few seconds. Place on a pretty dessert plate. Add scoop of ice cream, and sprinkle withy berries. Serves one, of course.

*Nancy's Bakery, Lund



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More Adventures of the LYC

by Amanda Zaikow

Editor's Note: Lund could not have found two more dedicated or enthusiastic workers than Amanda Zaikow and Caila Holbrook. Their tasks were many and varied, including contributions to this summer's Barnacle issues. Their greatest focus was on the youth of Lund, and it was planning programs for Lund's youth that gave them the most excitement and, as it turns out, provided the greatest challenge. In the end, I hope that the young people of Lund realize how much work these girls did in putting together trips and events, working far beyond the LCC's expectations. Congratulations, Caila and Amanda. I wish you the best in your endeavours, and I will miss your smiling faces. V.

A Walk in the Woods

Ahhh... not much can compare to a hike in the woods with the LYC. The crackling of twigs underfoot, the rustling of the breeze in the leaves, the twittering of birds in the distance, the lament of pre-teen boys screaming "this sucks!" for over an hour... So we got off to a rough start- who knew kids hated hiking so much? But there was a rapid change in attitude once we reached Wednesday Lake. We spent over an hour swimming and playing in the water, which was the warmest any of us had been in this summer. Then with our guides Jeremy and Leila, we headed down to Okeover Arm, where the afternoon was spent leaping and rolling around a net hung up in the trees. The same kids whose aching feet couldn't carry them one step further played tag, climbed up to a zip line and jumped non-stop. We piled into Jeremy's house for iced tea and cookies to escape the heat, then were whisked off to the Okeover dock in his speedboat, with five screaming kids balanced on a surfboard towed behind. I couldn't quite hear them, but from their smiles they didn't seem to be screaming "this sucks." With our remaining time we experimented with jumps off the dock; pencil dives, cherry bombs, cannonballs, running jumps, and the odd bellyflop and other unique dives. And so ended another fabulous Tuesday adventure, thanks to Jeremy Duggan who let us run amuck in his yard, house and boat.

Teen Kayaking

We wanted to provide something older kids, ages 13 to 18, who still are looking for fun things to do around Lund. On August 10th, after frantic kayak scrounging and an unscheduled van breakdown, we paddled off into the calm waters around Lund. To Sevilla, past Diver's Rock, sprinting and lolling, we spent the evening watching a gorgeous sunset from Thulin Passage. The nearly full moon lit our way back into Lund Harbour. It was a first kayak voyage for many of the young people who came out, but from the smiles and energy in the group, it seems like it won't be the last. Thanks to those who trusted us with their kayaks, especially Gwyneth of Good Diving and Kayaking, who once again came through for us and made the event possible by lending so many boats, pad dles and lifejackets. And thanks to the teenagers for being so patient with a late start, and to Len Ryan for helping us with equipment.

More Savary Days

For our final activity we decided to do something tried and true- another trip to Savary. With an unexpected 13 kids turning out, we had to do some mad scrambling to get enough rides organized, but Ben Bouchard came to the rescue by cruising everyone over in his sailboat. Our day on Savary included volleyball, frisbee, a few sandcastles, swimming, and snorkeling. After a break to munch on



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It began as a weekend youth music festival at Craig Road, but by the time that it arrived at the Lund Gazebo it had been shortened to a one day event. No matter. By the time the costume element had been added, and the Gazebo decorated in sparkling lights, a party was made. Several young band played throughout the day to entertain the revellers.

The event was well attended by the youth of the area, though attendance was not what the organizers had hoped for. Nevertheless, the young people who attended threw themselves into festival, whether participating at the craft table, playing an impromptu football toss or checking out the costumes and dancing the night away. Tara Thurber organized the event and Fiona Kurtz provided sound for the bands.

and the bands played II

a day in tune



who is that masked man?



Connie enjoys her daughter's event



fun for the young and the very young



even the moon attended



concentration at the craft table

hi!



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A TOTEM POLE IS RAISED IN BLISS

On a beautiful, clear day in August Bliss residents raised a totem pole to commemorate Homer Bergren, who had died earlier this year. The pole was carved by Sliammon artist Jackie Timothy, who spent four and a half months creating a sculpture that will hopefully last for years to come.



Jackie, who chose this symbol for the top of the pole. Beneath it are two human figures, each one holding a copper plate. One plate bears the Canadian maple leaf and the other a representation of an American flag, to illustrate that the countries of origin of the Mr. Bergren and Mr. Edmondson. Below that is a cougar and a deer, chosen because both animals have been seen on the property in Bliss. Next is the head and blow hole of a killer whale, and on the bottom is a bear holding a salmon, symbolizing the good fishing to be found in the Bliss area.

The raising of the pole was done at a ceremony that included the singing of a new song by Morris Nahanne of the Sqaumish Salish band. He

"It's the largest pole that I have ever done," said Jackie. Traditionally, totem poles made to mark the events in people's lives: a land allotment, the birth of a child, the first menstruation of a woman, and were raised at a gathering or pot latch. "Sometimes a family would plan for two or three years for a pot latch," says Jackie. The raising of the pole also could mean the introduction of songs, and in many cases the carvings told the story of an individual or a people.

Hugh McKinnon of Bliss commissioned Jackie to carve the pole, which was designed to represent Mr. Bergren and also Bliss resident Roy Edmondson. "They wanted to have a combination of Bliss and the Northwest Coast arts," says Jackie of the inspiration for the pole. "They wanted something unique to express the community, and something that symbolized Bliss."

"Homer was quite partial to the owl," says

came, at Jackie's request, to bless the pole and sing in celebration. Afterward, the community participated in traditional dances: the eagle dance, the killer whale and the frog dance. A pot luck followed.

Jackie continues to work on carving totem poles, and is currently working on a 10-foot pole for a client. The Bliss pole stands as a testament to his artistry, as well as a commemoration of Mr. Homer Bergren and Mr. Roy Edmondson.

Speaking in the Barnacular

by Ted Durnin

Autumn has come to Lund. Well, in fact autumn doesn't come until the 21st of September, or thereabouts. Also, autumn is a pretty flexible concept. Ask a kid in school when autumn comes, and he'll say right after labour day. Ask an economist, and he'll talk about the end of the third quarter. Ask a farmer, and he might say that it comes at different times, but always just before he's ready. For me, autumn used to come when the leaves turned, and winter came when the snow fell. Obviously, these crude measures don't apply in BC.

Then there's the end of autumn. Football fans think autumn extends until mid-January, even when they're covered in snow. Also, they think the end of the third quarter is something totally different from what economists do. Kids in school think that autumn and winter are times to work, but farmers think winter means time to rest. Economists have fiscal years, so who knows when their autumn actually arrives, besides other economists? Since all I do is write these articles, there is no season to my work. I just put in my ten minutes once a month, and that's that.

This paragraph has been inserted to see if people read these columns all the way through or not. If you study journalism, they'll tell you that people read the start of newspaper articles, but often they don't read through to the end. Sometimes they skip to the end and get the last bit, but leave out the middle. So here in the third paragraph out of four, I can put in whatever I want, secure in the knowledge that no one will ever read it. Hah hah! Actually, I did this because I was a little short on wordage this month. Also, even I get



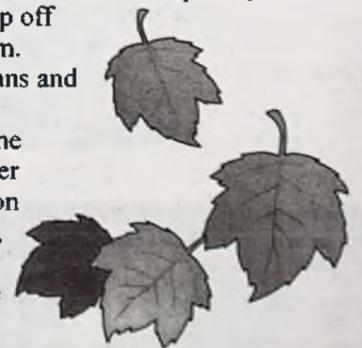
tired of articles about the weather. What kind of a hack writer produces two articles about weather a year? One is

more than enough.

Well, I guess we can savour autumn while it's here. Rake the leaves into a pile by the swing, and jump off and land in them.

Harvest our beans and tomatoes.

Weatherproof the outhouse. Winter will be here soon enough. In fact, winter will be here just before we're ready.



Lund Market & Cafe and End of the Road Entertainment to Sponsor Second Annual Home Brewing Contest, to Benefit the Lund Educational Centre

It was quite a hit last year, and they're doing it again! Now is the time to bring out your brews, because the Second Annual Home Brewing Contest is here!

It's easy to enter. You may enter as many wines, beers or ciders as you like. For each entry, bring two 750ml bottles of wine or six bottles of beer or cider to the Lund Market and Cafe on or before October 6th. The judging will take place on October 7th at the Gazebo.

A panel of judges from the community making the decision as to the best brews of 2000, but that's not all. There will be a pot luck to start it all off, beginning at 5:30pm. At 7pm, the judging will begin. And at 8 the music starts, featuring Anything Grows playing favourites and a selection

of original songs. Be prepared to dance the night away.

Last year the Home Brewing Contest was a benefit for the Lund Community Club, however with the creation this year of the Lund Educational Society which has reopened the school, the decision was made to support the Educational Society. The Lund Community Club will continue to work on fundraising for the Community Hall, so look for more functions to come!

Plum or blackberry, raspberry or orange (?), the contest is open to all who want to show their brewing prowess. So sign up. Questions? Contact Camille at The Lund Market, 483-9099.

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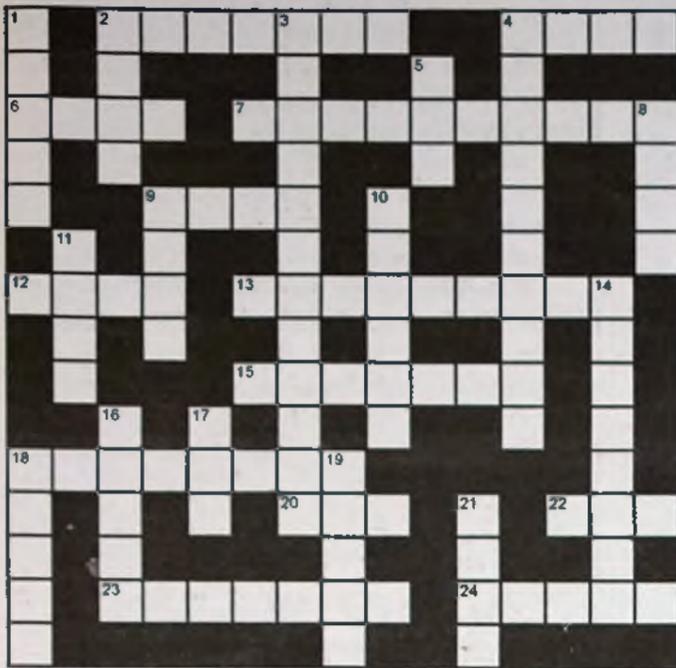
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Camille's Crossword

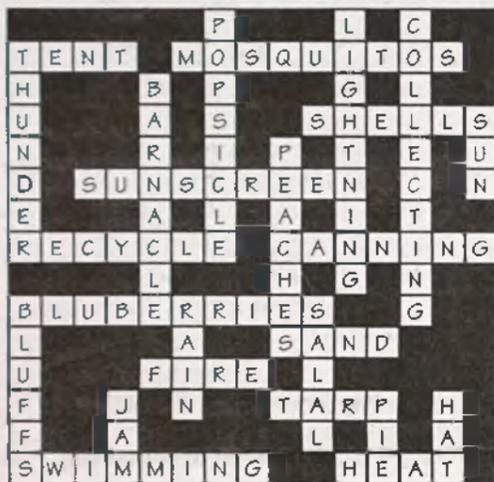


- Across**
2. $a + b \times c =$ this
 4. rings to start
 6. teachers _____
 7. electronic math wizard
 9. they had to do this 5 miles there and back
 12. it was worse doing 9 above in this
 13. needed for lessons
 15. aint got no need for this
 18. electronic wizard
 20. makes you wish school was still out
 22. not the floating kind
 23. head of the class
 24. reduce, _____, recycle

- Down**
1. done by the head
 2. an extra d in commercials
 3. its their season
 4. there's usually chalk on this
 5. school can be this
 8. can't do this crossword if you can't do this
 9. hat taker, scarf shaker
 10. fall
 11. $1 + 2 \times 3 =$ this
 14. don't run with them
 16. stay in school if you want to be this
 17. magic school _____
 18. taught by 1 down
 19. straight edge
 21. nine to five



Solution to July/August's Crossword



A Little History From the Editor-in-Question

It all started back in 1867. Two giants were to wed. Quebec, a burly man, fell for Miss British Columbia. They, later, had four children:



Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario. Yukon and Northwest Territories were upset because their son-in-law, Quebec, convinced his friend, Alaska, to move nextdoor to his parents-in-law. Only Mr. States

could relate with young Alaska. But United was an elder and Alaska was not so the friendship remained a long-distant one. British then separated from Quebec. Alberta went to a party to Europe and came back with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. One day while Manitoba was tending his fields he discovered something far to the east, what he later called Newfoundland. In 1873 Nova Scotia got pregnant and then Prince Edward Island was born. Mr. United died recently and his grandson inherited everything. But the new United States also had a weak friendship with Alaska. And anyways Alaska seems quite content up there in the north so why bother him?

Josh Friesen

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- 3 pancakes \$3.99 add bacon, ham or sausage \$1.75

come by for lunch or dinner

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the french canadian connection, served with fresh greens:

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- or shepherd's pie \$6.95

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"santa catarina" from mexico - dark & exotic \$14.85/lb

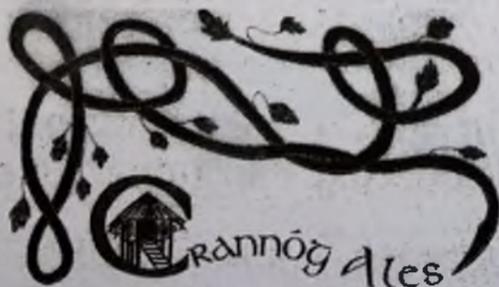


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