

Spring 2019 \$2.00

The Voice of Lund

Proceeds to the Lund Community Society

If Only the Boards Could Talk

Dymph Vander Maeden



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

The day we all really wished never had to come in fact did - a large machine with one man inside tore apart what many hands had put together. The Lund Hall is no more. Watching this procedure made me think...if only the boards could talk.

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...and so much more!

Photo courtesy of Phil Russell

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Publication Schedule and Distribution

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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

Welcome to the spring issue! For that matter, welcome to spring!! That was quite a February, eh? Then March was scary dry so the rains of April thus far are a great relief.

As soon as I saw the excavator begin serious demolition of the old Lund Hall on March 1, I knew what had to be done in this Barnacle: a celebration of life for the old girl. She served us well; she deserves as much. What I didn't realize at the time was what an ever-expanding mission that was going to be. Everything in Lund happened at the Hall when the Hall was a happening place. Pretty much everything for over sixty years, or since its official opening in 1932. That's a lot of stories and photos.

This issue of the Barnacle only scratches the surface but it's enough, I hope, to honour the Hall's memory and bring some of our rich past back to life for awhile. A whole lot of fun happened there for a whole lot of people.

This issue, of course, also contains great stuff that has nothing to do with the Hall. Check out Aero Design and the Tug-Ghum Gallery. Read about the transformation of the Hotel to the Lund Resort at Kla ah men. Catch up on the news with our updates. See what your village is doing about wildfire preparations. The list goes on.

I think you're going to love this issue. BTW, it's huger than ever: 48 pages! -- 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 Size: \$20.00 Quarter Page: \$30.00

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Next edition is July 2019 Deadline for submissions is July 10, 2019



Lund Barnacle Printer

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Many years ago, I interviewed Jean and Burt Rushant. This lovely couple had lived here for many years and were very much involved in all areas of the Hall's functions. They told me some good stories.

Fred Thulin had donated the land to build the Hall on in the 1930's and it was done by volunteer labour. As the Hydro lines had not reached Lund yet, Fred had them hook up to his power plant. There was a big drum wood heater installed and on the day of functions, someone would go light it, making it nice and cozy for the dances and bazaars.

Jean recited a wonderful story of John West, a local man who lived on his place called "the halfway house", in the area now often called Dogpatch. Well John was the only person who had a good radio system and he would bring it to the dances to serve as the music for the dance. One day, John came with his system and the Hall was full of people shucking corn and such for the evening supper and dance. Seems John loved to tell long stories and, as he lived alone, he would really carry on, so someone told John, "oh you're so full of it" and chucked a cob of corn at



Photo courtesy of Monique Labusch

him. Well John was all set to take his system and go home. Jean said there was a lot of soothing of hurt feelings to maintain the status quo and all went well.

The dances would go on all night long because so many people came in from their homesteads along the coast by boat. They danced all night and went home in the daylight after being treated to a hearty breakfast at a volunteer's house.

Masquerades were put on especially for the people who lived in the far-flung woods. Hiding from either the draft, the law, or maybe a wanted-to-be-forgotten family, these folks could come to the dances without anyone ever knowing who they were.

Bazaars were held annually, as well as public dances to raise money for the Community Club. It was truly interesting to see memberships were then as now: \$ 5.00.

Some of the memories of people growing up here and what the Hall meant to them include floor hockey and volleyball. Barb Woods said, "It's where I had my sweet sixteen party, and as I needed a sponsor to chaperone us, Russ Wilson stepped in." Barb later married her husband Gordy in the Hall. There are memories of the Christmas concerts put on by the Lund school kids every year. And who can ever forget the Fathers' Day prawn feeds held there every year, all done by volunteers, and with a lot of donations. This event is still talked about today with a great deal of fond memories.

The 70's and 80's saw a lot of dances in the Hall put on by the many organizations in the area to raise money. Remember the New Year's dance where Doug and the Slugs came to rock the rafters into the next year?

Continued on page 4...

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There is so much more to write about this wonderful Hall that once was such a huge part of the Lund community, but I will leave more stories to others.

In closing, I will just reflect on the many spirits who were still hanging out in the Hall, as well as the three sets of doves. I see they all made it out fine despite the dust of their domain tumbling down.

More stories about the Hall begin on page 29



Lund Community Society Update

Ronnie Uhlmann

In May 2018, there was a preliminary assessment of the structural condition of the old Lund School, aka the Northside Community Recreation Centre (NCRC). The outcome of the report was very basic. We can still safely use the building but no electrical, fire suppression, geotechnical, mechanical systems, or plumbing systems info was given because that all required specialized consultation. Before we can go ahead with our plans for adding onto the building, we need an in-depth assessment.

To that end, our liaison with the qathet Regional District, Patrick Devereaux, Manager of Operational Services, has written a grant requesting funds to provide that assessment. We will hopefully know the result in a few months. We continue, with the invaluable work of Ria Curtis, to maintain the NCRC building.

The LCS also continues to work on our agreement with the qRD regarding the Gazebo, aka the Klah ah men Lund Gazebo Regional Park, for a streamlined process in booking community events. We're also hoping the qRD will soon bring in much needed infrastructure (i.e. toilets and drinking water). Special thanks to Mary Ann Lammersen who faithfully looks after all the plantings at the Gazebo and keeps her eye on its well-being.

We had some trouble due to weather with the scheduling of our AGM and will work on better timing next year. Our general meetings are always on the third Tuesday of the month at 7 p.m. at the NCRC. Our next one is May 21 and there is another on June 18. After that, we take our summer break and meet again in September.

A huge thank you to all the community volunteers who make what we do possible. As always, we welcome new volunteers.



1985 - Lund Theatre Troupe production - Lords of Lund
"Look up young man. Do not look down. You too can be the king of your
very own town." Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac

What's Happening in Lund?

May 11	Spring Flea Market and Plant Sale – Northside Community Recreation Centre (NCRC) reserve a table for \$20 to sell handmade or garage sale items table rental proceeds go to Puddle Jumpers Preschool call Alanna at (604) 483-4008	10:00 a.m. – 2 00 p.m.
May 21	Lund Community Society meeting - NCRC all are welcome	7:00 p.m.
May 25 & 26	Lund Seafood Festival – Lund Harbour go to lundbc.ca for more info	10:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.
May 26	Pancake Breakfast - The Boardwalk Restaurant proceeds go to the Northside Volunteer Fire Department	8:00 a.m. – 10:00 a.m.
June 18	Lund Community Society meeting - NCRC all are welcome	7:00 p.m.
June 22	Sports Day - NCRC activities for kids young and old	10:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m.
July & Aug.	Summer Kids' Art Program - NCRC \$30 per day, art supplies included Call Chris Bruggeman to reserve a spot (604) 483-7912	10:00 a.m. – 3:00 p.m.
July & Aug. July 21	\$30 per day, art supplies included	10:00 a.m 3:00 p.m. 10:00 a.m 10:00 p.m.

ORCA Bus with StrongStart on board for kids 0 – 5 years old at the NCRC on Mondays April 29, May 17, and June 17 from 10:00 am – 2:00 pm. Free.

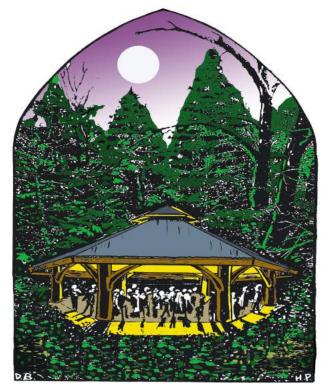
Tidal Art Centre (on Finn Bay Road) is presenting in April a printmaking workshop with Heather Aston. Prash Miranda is visiting as artist in residence for May and June, and there will be a salt glaze workshop with Jackie Frioud in July. More events in the works. Call (604) 414-5954 for more information.

ongoing at the NCRC

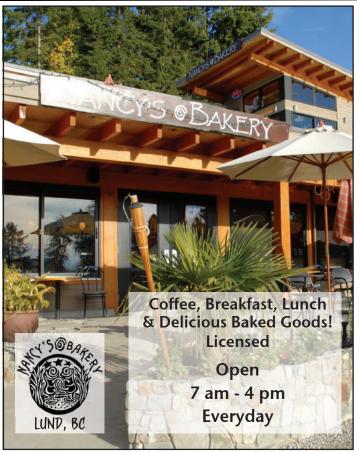
Tuesdays Hatha Yoga - all levels 5:00 p.m. - 6:15 p.m. Thursdays Tai Chi 5:00 p.m. - 7:00 p.m.

(no Tai Chi in July or August)





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!

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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!

Until June 30th: Tuesday & Friday

July - August:Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & SundayLeave Lund:(Mile 0 marker)11:00 am4:50 pmLeave Town Centre Mall10:05 am4:05 pm

* Schedule subject to change - see website: <u>bctransit.com</u>







Fishers' Frolics, Silent Auction, Dance



* SATURDAY

Music, Seafood, Crafts, Cooking Demos, Ocean Activities

SUNDAY

Fishing Derby, Pancake Breakfast

Music, Seafood, Crafts, Cooking Demos, Ocean Activities



Annual Northside Fire Department Association Chowder Challenge June 8th • Doors 5:00 pm • Dinner served at 6:00 pm Tla'amin Salish Centre



Come to the NFD Association's annual fundraising dinner and dance at the Tla'amin Salish Centre. The Chowder Challenge is a great evening featuring 8-10 competing chowders made by local restaurants. Enjoy a sample of each chowder as well as salads, breads & desserts. Your vote will determine the People's Choice Winner and the award of an original Raku Pottery trophy by Ed Oldfield.

Along with tasty food, enjoy wine and local beers at our cash bar. If available, there may be a cash Oyster Bar again this year. There will be 3 tables of amazing Silent Auction items throughout the evening so remember your cheque book. Dinner music will be supplied by Roger Langmaid, and dance music will be supplied by Ron Campbell and the Blues Busters from 8-11 pm. Throughout the evening the firefighters will be selling 50/50 tickets!

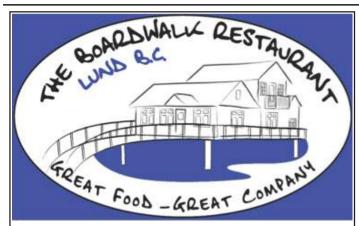
Learn about Northside Volunteer Fire Department: what areas we serve and what we do, try some equipment, purchase a COLDFIRE for your RV/boat/cabin, check out our engine, and meet your local volunteer fire fighters!!!

No minors. Tickets cannot be sold at the door, plan ahead. Please remember this is a fundraiser, so bring your friends.

For parties of 8 or more, we can reserve your seats, please call Janet 604.414.0616

Tickets are \$25 locally at The Boardwalk Restaurant, Lund Resort at Klah Ah Men, SunLund By-The-Sea Campground, Tourism Powell River and River City Coffee.

Tickets can also be purchased for \$28 through Eventbrite.ca



Spring Hours

Noon to 8 pm 7 days a week

604-483-2201

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



Prash Miranda will be joining us as Artist in Residence for May and June. We are planning a couple of different workshops and a dinner/salon evening while he is with us. As well there is a printmaking workshop with Heather Aston in late April and there might be a space left. The 4 1/2 day class starts April 24th.

Tidal Art Centre property is going through some nice landscaping changes and equipment is rolling in.

Call ahead if you'd like to drop by. We'd love to see you but we are not always in the studio.

604 414 5954 • 9971 Finn Bay Road

qathet Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A qathet Regional Board Chairman

Maybe someday . . . When over a decade and a half ago I sat down with trustees of the Lund Water Improvement District to listen to their concerns about the aging infrastructure, increasing regulations, and ever rising costs, I naively thought that with a little help from the Province the Regional District could step in and relieve the volunteers of their burden. Not a chance. The Province was greatly concerned about water improvement districts but was not willing to act. After all, if it helped one then . . .

Now, finally the years of cooperation and persistence may have paid off. The subscribers [users] of the water system will have an opportunity to vote on whether or not to have the qathet Regional District take over the system. This will be possible with a grant of some \$16,000,000 from senior government in order to bring the infrastructure up to a public service standard. Lund would get an assured supply of safe water and the fire department would be assured of water, period. So now the discussion begins anew, but this time with an air of confidence that someday is





www.powellriverrd.bc.ca

On another matter, if you attended the AGM of the Lund Community Society a while back you heard me state that my time as Regional Director is running out; this will be my last term. When the next election rolls around, I will have had the honour and the pleasure of serving Area A for 20 years. Yup, twenty. Why do I tell you now? Simply to get people thinking about stepping up. Now is not too soon to start attending meetings, becoming informed. Check out the RD website, look at agendas and minutes. Ask questions. Go for it. It is an honour and a pleasure.

From the Office of our Member of Parliament

Drewen Young, Constituency Assistant Powell River Community Office



Rachel Blaney
NDP MP
North Island-Powell River
604-489-2286
and in emergencies
1-800-667-8404

Canada is on the hot seat. According to a recent federal government report, Canada is warming up at twice the global rate and Northern Canada is heating up at almost three times the world's average. The report, compiled by government scientists from the Canadian ministries of Environment and Climate Change, Fisheries and Oceans and Natural Resources, and university experts, shares the blame between human activity and "natural variations in the climate," but stresses the human factor is dominant, especially emissions of greenhouse gases.

Climate change is a fairly new term but one that everyone understands. The evidence is all around us – droughts and wildfires, increased precipitation and flooding, extreme cold and hurricanes, and here on the coast of BC we have springtime weather that rivals the state of California.

MP Rachel Blaney is concerned about climate change and wants to generate discussion about the impacts of climate change on our community. This spring she will be holding a Town Hall meeting that will hopefully generate discussion

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about the impacts of climate change on our community and steps that can be taken towards ecological and economic sustainability locally and at a national level. A questionnaire will be circulated at the meeting and responses will help MP Rachel Blaney represent our community's hopes and concerns in policy discussion and debate with our federal government. To prepare for the Town Hall, and to generate ideas, here are the questions that will be posed:

Should addressing climate change be a top priority for the federal government? If not, what issues do you feel are more important?

Rank the following actions in terms of priority (1 is most important, 2 is second most important, and so on)

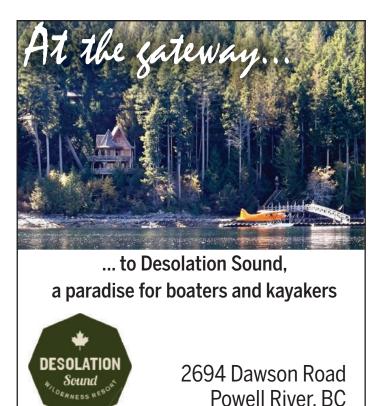
- ___Reducing greenhouse gas emissions
- ___Preparing for ocean level rise
- ___Preparing for extreme weather events
- ___Reducing consumer waste
- ___Investing in green technology
- ___Investing in efficient infrastructure
- ___Protecting natural spaces
- __Promoting local food security

___Other: _

What steps (if any) has the federal government taken that you feel are having or will have a positive and significant impact towards addressing climate change?

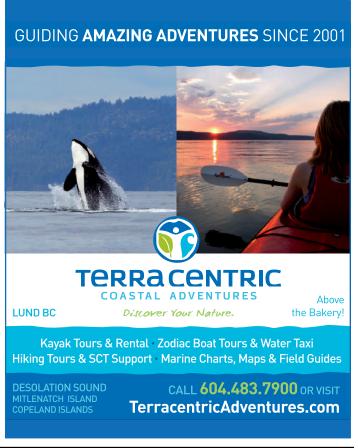
What steps (if any) would you like to see the federal government take towards addressing climate change?

We are the first generation affected by climate change; it is also up to us to stop it. Join MP Rachel Blaney at her upcoming Town Hall meeting and let your voice be heard. Date and time to be announced shortly.



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Community Paramedic Service

Brian Bomprezzi

In late March, I joined the health-care team in Powell River and began my position as community paramedic for the area from Lund to Saltery Bay. I have been a paramedic with BC Emergency Health Services for 15 years but jumped at the opportunity to be a community paramedic and be proactive about health care. During my years as a paramedic, I've met a lot of people who could use more information about their medical conditions, who didn't fully understand their medications or how to manage their health care at home. As a community paramedic, I can begin to address those issues.

Community paramedics work primarily with older individuals in their homes. We are referred to patients through doctors and nurses in the community. Our goal is to help patients live independently and safely in the community. It's a really rewarding experience to work with someone as they start to remove the health barriers holding them back and watch them get better.

One of my favourite parts of the job is attending meetings – really. I love meeting new people and hearing their stories at community and health care

Brian Bomprezzi



Community Paramedicine

Mailing Address: 7057 Duncan Street Powell River BC V8A 1W1

Cell: 604-223-8041 Fax: 604-485-7091

Email: CP.PowellRiver@bcehs.ca

meetings. I also get to learn about the work of others and how we can work together for a healthier community.

An important part of the role is community education. The more medical information and education I can share with the community, the healthier we can be. The training community paramedics provide runs the range from CPR to the use of Naloxone, from workshops for seniors to child car seat installation. Community groups are also welcome to submit an education request and I will find or build a program to teach them.

When I am not seeing clients or providing training, I am hosting wellness clinics or participating with support groups in the community. Here's a quick look at the current schedule:

Wednesdays, noon – 1 pm, Salvation Army, **Vitals** Clinic

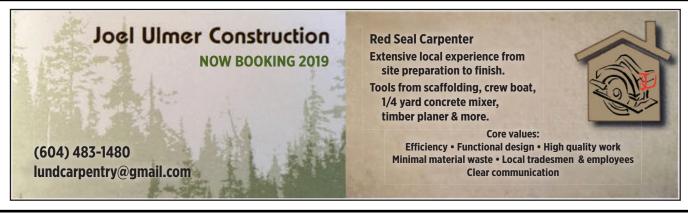
Third Thursdays, Seniors Lunch noon – 1:00, Recreation Complex, **Vitals Clinic**

Vitals Clinics include blood pressure checks, pulse checks, oxygen saturation readings, blood glucose testing and temperature, if there are concerns.

If you are wondering if I still respond to 9-1-1 ambulance calls, the answer is "yes." If a medical emergency call comes in and I'm the closest and available, I will respond.

I've saved the best part to the last. Everything I do as a community paramedic is free. There is no cost to clients, or to the community for the services I provide.

Community Paramedicine - Powell River BC Emergency Health Services
Provincial Health Services Authority



Why Aren't We Out in the Streets?

Juliet Potter

In just a decade, the language that media has used to describe some of the negative changes happening to the earth's state of health has evolved. What was once "possibly caused by climate change" then became "climate change being a normally occurring fact"; and now "climate adaptation" is constantly heard in news coverage. This is said like an accepted fact with no emotion attached to it. However, I experience a very strong fear response when I hear it but generally let it pass without screaming "WHY AREN'T WE OUT IN THE STREETS DEMONSTRATING THAT IT ISN'T OKAY, IT'S HORRIFIC!!"

Locally, our weather has shown a dramatic drop in rainfall. Last year from May through to August there was hardly any at all. There has also been an increase in summer temperatures for several years that has necessitated the municipality of Powell River posting water restrictions and our Powell River Garden Club giving presentations on changing our choice of flower and shrub plantings to that of Northern California. Most recently, we had an almost three-week period of below normal cold weather in February followed by days of summer temperatures never experienced in my years of living here with no rain through most of usually rainy March. On a small scale, my garden has had many more winter casualties than previous years. During the last two summers, I have had to spend at least two hours a day watering. My property historically has not required this as the water table is usually very high.

On the bigger local front, I have seen the death of many of what appear to be ten-year old cedar trees as well as older ones showing lots of similar "golden" drought damage. This increases the amount of dry materials (litter) on the ground as well as on lower dead branches that, should there be a fire, would spread the burn very rapidly. I see this all along Malaspina Road and as I walk in the forest around my property. Most of Powell River's rural homes are situated in, or are close to, coniferous trees. Many of us are acutely aware of the danger we face from wildfires.

At the March 1st Lund Community Society annual general meeting, Patrick Brabazon, Director of Area A and Chairman of the qathet Regional Board, was asked if there was an emergency evacuation plan for our area. He said

there wasn't one and that the ferry service would not be adequate to move 20,000 people to safety. He did suggest the

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Continued from page 12...

possibility of getting Courtenay, Campbell River, and Cortez Island mariners involved in participating in emergency evacuation.

The unique geography of the qathet Regional District's Area A being a narrow peninsula with access by only one highway going north and south and surrounded by dry forests makes us very vulnerable to being cut off from evacuation by road. In our favour is that many residents have various forms of watercraft. This suggests the importance of people coming together in small manageable neighbourhood groups to look at how they can support one another in the event of a catastrophic emergency. Reports from communities that have gone through such



events and had formed neighbourhood groups, have shown they had an increased level of resilience during and afterwards. Key to this is their coming together to get to know who their neighbours are and what skills, knowledge, and equipment they might each have.

I hope that many Area A residents were able to attend the presentation that qathet's Emergency Services staff (Ryan Thoms, Manager; Marc Albert, FireSmart co-ordinator; and the newly hired Wildfire Planner Jessie MacDonald) gave on April 23 at the Northside Community Recreation Centre in Lund. If invited, Ryan will come to meetings to speak on fire safety. Marc makes visits to properties to assess possible fire hazards and counsels people on how to protect their homes and properties from a

wildfire as well as mitigate its spread. Contact them at firesmartpr@gmail.com or (604) 414-7839. I hope people will want to follow their recommendations and move forward with forming our own neighbourhood groups and create

greater safety for us all. A report from this meeting will be published in the summer issue of the Barnacle.

It is very probable that we are facing another dry year. Therefore, it is vital that we take more action to protect our homes and properties, as well as develop concrete plans for how we can all evacuate safely, and develop neighbourhood support systems to aid in these actions. I'm pleased to report that there are already at least four such neighbourhood groups that have formed and are working on their plans.

On a somewhat positive note, indicative of what scientists are telling the B.C. government, I recently learned that B.C. has allocated \$9,000,000 toward wildfire prevention and suppression.



1985 - Lund Theatre Troupe production - Lords of Lund Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac

Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Aleicia Vincent, Alisha Van Belle

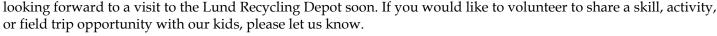
Winter has turned to spring and our Puddle Jumpers are enjoying the change. Our kids have been busy playing in the snow (sledding! snow paint!), building and deconstructing snow forts, exploring



seeds and gardening, drumming and stories with Sosan Blaney, walking in the woods, crunching icy puddles, and searching for signs of spring.

There was a lot of excitement for the space unit. The kids built space suits, went on a moon walk, and constructed a beautiful space ship! We all enjoyed a gymnastics series with Ria Curtis and the kids learned

many great skills. We had an exciting field trip to Alisha Van Belle's farm to milk goats, we visited potters Ron Robb and Jan Lovewell and got a beautiful tour of their Rare Earth Studio, and we are



Welcome to our new friends Oscar and Rosie and their families who have joined us for the remainder of the year! Registration for the 2019/2020 year is gearing up; please spread the word to any families you think may be interested.

The Lund Flea is happening again on May 11. This is another important fundraiser for LPJ, and we will be there selling food, tomato plants, old books from the Lund School, and more! Contact Alanna at (604) 483-4008 if you would like to book a table to sell handmade or garage sale items.

Also, we want to let people know that they can donate their refundables to Puddle Jumpers Preschool at the Bottle Depot on Duncan Street in town. We now have an account there and people just need to state that they wish to donate the refund money to the Lund Puddle



Photos courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

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Spring 2019 Lund Barnacle

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Jumpers Preschool program when they are at the check out.

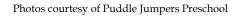
We are so very grateful for the wonderful places and people of our little community!









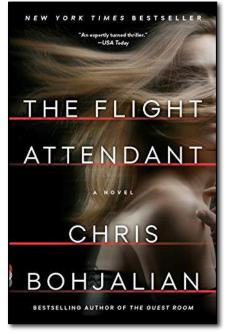




Lund Reads

Ev Pollen

This past quarter I have been looking for the right book to review and have read a few that almost made the cut, but each attempt began to sound like a warning to not bother. Then I read THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT by Chris Bohjalian.

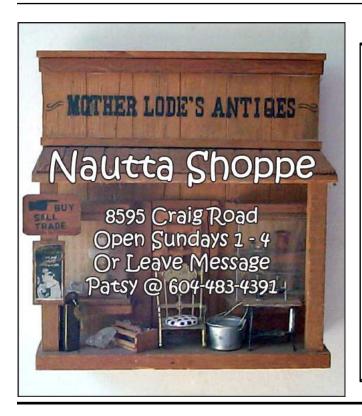


The title character, Cassandra, is a heavy drinker whose history helps to explain her dysfunction and her ability to recover from each bout of blackout boozing yet still show up for work, but this time she's thrown into a tailspin.

She wakes up in a Dubai luxury hotel beside the handsome first-class passenger she served on the plane, and he's dead! His throat has been slashed and the bed is awash in his blood. She has some memories of their partying the night before and can't even be sure that she didn't do it, which dissuades her from calling the police. This is the first of her crucial decisions which give the plot its thrust and put her on the run. Back home in New York, Cassandra tries to get some normalcy by reconnecting with friends and family, scenes which, at least for me, made her a more sympathetic protagonist.

Bohjalian brings us into the lives and routines of airline personnel so thoroughly and with such detail that when the suspicion pops up that airline work is the perfect cover for international espionage, it seems obvious. Things start to get complicated. The hotel has Cassandra's image on security cameras and Dubai police want to talk to her. The Russians, who had a connection to the dead man, are following her.

If this is your beach reading, try to look up from the page once in a while or you might get sunburned! I recommend this book and reading in the shade.





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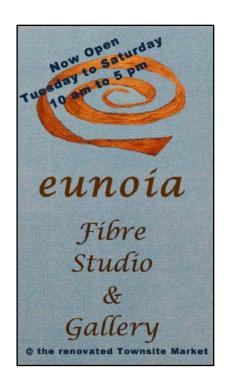
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How in the World Did You End Up in Lund?

I'm Vittorio and I live here in Lund with my wife Angela and next door to my mother-in-law Margarete; and when asked how we got here, usually my answer is "I drove".

I was born in Venice, Italy in 1959 and went to electronics school, then worked for five artisan brothers: a welder, a glazier, a mechanic, a pipe fitter, and a body shop operator. When one needed help I was

it. I learned a lot but I needed more so when I got the chance, I left Italy for the cruise ships in Miami.

I started in 1985 as a bar waiter so I could learn the language, then became bartender, wine steward, then head wine steward, until finally switching to be an electrician and becoming acting chief.

Then I met Angela who was working at the duty-free shops on board. One could say it was love at first sight but.... I'll let her tell you how it went.

After three months of dating and basking in the Caribbean sun, we decided to leave the cruise ships and get married in Vancouver. There I worked as an automation technician for Stanley Doors for 27 years while Angela worked at the airport in the duty-free shops.

My job was installing and servicing automatic doors at stores, airports, and hospitals all over BC and, during the last few years, even training other techs in Calgary and Edmonton. Summer vacations were spent mostly taking care of my dahlias (I`m a hybridizer and created some new varieties that won first place in dahlia shows and I am also a judge) but we would always find time to spend a few days in Pender Harbour relaxing and fishing.

We loved the Sunshine Coast, so when developers approached us to buy our little piece of land in

Vittorio and Angela Fontanal Richmond, we decided to sell, retire, and start looking for a place to buy.

During the "hunt", we were on the ferry and Angela started reading the real estate paper and saw a beautiful property for sale in Lund listed by Kathy Bowes, the realtor we had contacted to show us a couple of places in Powell River; and it happened that she was showing it to another couple that same day so

we met up. When we saw this place, Angela fell in love with it and that was it. She moved up in July 2017 with her mother and I quit my job four months later and joined them.

Angela's story: In the summer of 2016, Vittorio and I came to Powell River for a few days of vacation and to visit some friends who had recently moved up here. Since we knew that we would be moving soon, we decided that while we were here, we would do a little house hunting. Well, the very first

house we looked at was in Lund. We were in awe as we walked through the property. I felt like I was in a park, it was so beautiful. We still continued our search, looking on the Island as well, but nothing compared to the Lund property. I guess the attraction to the Sunshine Coast came from my upbringing

I was born in Vancouver and lived there my whole life and every summer our family would go to Pender Harbour (Farrington Cove) for our vacation. As soon as we got there, we'd put on our life vests and off we went on our own. I have such good memories of all the fishing, hiking, and swimming, and I especially loved swimming under the docks.

One day when I was about five years old, a big yacht pulled up and there was a lot of excitement around because there were some famous movie stars on board. As the hours went by, I guess my parents finally noticed that I was missing; they looked everywhere for me but they never checked the yacht. Yup, there I was



Photo courtesy of Vittorio and Gela Fontana

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sitting on Bing Crosby's lap and playing patty cake with Bob Hope. I guess that was the beginning of my encounters with famous people.

I worked for 28 years at the Vancouver airport and met some really fascinating people, the likes of Milton Berle and Walter Cronkite and hockey players like Wayne Gretzky and Pavel Bure to name a few. As the years went by, the duty-free shops I was working in changed ownership and one day an English company that was also serving the shops on the cruise ships took over. That was about the time the 'Love Boat' show was very popular on tv and the idea of working on a cruise ship was very attractive. Well, I don't know how I got so lucky, but I was chosen to go and work on board the cruise ships. Unbelievable, I thought, I was going to get paid to have the time of my life!!! I worked on the Alaska cruises and eventually on the ones to the Caribbean. I can truly say that my time working on the ships was very enjoyable.

During this time, I met Vittorio who was also working on the ships. He was very Italian, just what a Canadian girl like me was looking for, and a few months later we got married, honeymooned in Venice, and moved to Richmond. There I worked in the duty-free stores and in the casino as a blackjack dealer for twelve years before deciding to move. Now here we are in Lund, enjoying everything life has to offer.









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Little Plants From Here

Trish Keays

Think of a forest; trees come to mind. Focus in, maybe on the bush layer, closer to the forest floor with ferns and delicate flowers. Lower, closer to the ground, *covering* the ground, are some of the most amazing plants: mosses and lichens. In the west coast forest when you hear drip...drip, that sound is the source of the water and food for these plants which don't have roots or use soil. The part of each moss plant closest to the ground or forest surface might look a little like a root, but it serves to anchor the plant, not feed it.

Mosses

BC has the most types of mosses in Canada – more than the combined mosses of all of the US west of the Rocky Mountains. Celebrate them! Mosses and liverworts are called *bryophytes*. Identifying these plants correctly is beyond my current knowledge; the names under the photos are total guesses from an amateur. Are there any experts out there?

These "plants without plumbing" have no veins and are small as a result. Water and nutrients are absorbed through the leaf surface and move between cells. Mosses can hold more than 25 times their own weight in water and can live without water through periods like the nine weeks without rain we had last summer. They grow well on rotting logs and other sources of moisture. In wet forests they may travel up tree trunks and over rocks. Mosses and lichens grow in all the different environments in BC, not only on the coast.

Mosses on trees don't harm the trees. The moss gets all its nutrients from the air and rain. We other life forms should be so lucky, and botanists call mosses "lower" plants! They also get nutrients dissolved in the rain, like mite poop. They don't produce flowers or seeds and rely on water or high moisture to reproduce and disperse. Non-flowering plants produce spores on the surface or in little capsules.



Haircap Moss - Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

Some of the forest mosses we have are Haircap moss (*Polytrichum*), maybe Knight's Plume (*Ptilium crista-castrensis*). Down in the peat bogs are those cushions of *Sphagnum capillifolium* – common sphagnum moss, green and red types. We've dug peat for several feet down beneath *Sphagnum* moss, only to realize after years with an empty hole that it's one slow-growing plant and ecosystem. I wish we hadn't dug any out at all. The water is so acidic that not many plants colonize an area that's been cleared off, unlike the way most mosses cover ground in a forest. It's so acidic it's sterile, as well as antiseptic and deodorizing. Sphagnum moss was used to "stuff wounds" in WW I and kept thousands of people alive. Some First Nations lined cradles and carriers with it.

We take them for granted, but peat bogs are threatened across North America and Europe. I'll unhappily bet that all the species we see around here are going to struggle with climate-change related temperature fluctuations and related ecosystem changes and become the coalmine canaries on climate change. They are part of the ecological diversity that we'll be losing, with water as the new ecological gold and as we develop a Mediterranean climate.

In the summer issue of the Barnacle, we will follow-up with more information on the peat bog ecosystem and the five to ten plants that define it.

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Liverworts

What a name: Liverwort. The source of that name is evidently early beliefs that the plants would cure liver diseases. These plants are grouped with mosses as similar plant types – *bryophytes*. They mostly grow in moist, shady places on rocks, trees, rotten wood, and soil – everywhere on planet Earth where plants grow. Their structures and looks are different from mosses and lichens both – but words fail me. Look up images of liverworts on BC coast and you'll probably recognize some even if you didn't know they were liverworts.



Liverwort - Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

Lichens

Often lichens and mosses grow together. Hurtado Point Trail is a good place to see both at home on any of the bluffs as well as in the forest. There are green and grey reindeer lichen (Cladina species) and some of the flatter, rounder leaved *Peltigera* (e.g. *canina*) – "pelt lichens". Identifying them is a challenge; reference books are full of words like "pycnidia", "squamulose" and "pseudocyphellae". I just enjoy them. Any lichen experts out there?

One author described lichens as "time stains"; they live a long time. These plants don't really have accepted common names, although one of the resources suggests some, as "prerequisite to the popularization of lichenology". It may take more than some working common names!

In the last issue of the Barnacle, I wrote an article about natural dyes from plants. Lichens have a long history of

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producing bright colours in naturally dyed materials, including the strong blue, green, and yellow colours in Scottish tartans (researching this article I learned that lichens are "substantive", which means they don't need a mordant, but I thought from years ago that the Scottish dyers used urine as a mordant, preferably baby's. Further research is required.) Lichen dyes can



"Time Stain" Lichen - Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

yield colours as different as orange, yellow, purple, violet,



Reindeer Lichen - Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

blue, and green. Orange lichen first dyes pink that changes to blue if exposed to sunlight – magic). Types of lichen that produce dye colours include *Letharia* (Wolf Lichen), *Xanthoria*, *Umbilicaria* and some other wild ones – check out the amazing colours including violet, purple, pink, red, blue - colours as clear as aniline dyes and not the usually muted shades of natural dyes.

https://www.fungimag.com/summer-2014-articles/LR2%20V7I2%2066-69%20Dies.pdf)

https://permies.com/t/56848/fiber-arts/Lichens-Vegetable-Dyeing-Eileen-Bolton

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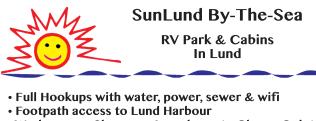
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It's Springtime and Time to Cut the Broom in Bloom!

Mary Ann Lammersen

I recently spoke with Terry Peters, the Fire Chief of Powell River, who heads up a volunteer force of fellow Broom Busters. He got started three years ago cutting the broom near his home when he learned that neighborhood children avoided going out to play when the Scotch broom was blooming due to the high pollen count causing allergic reactions. He did some research and also learned that Scotch broom is highly flammable due to the oils the plant contains.

The plants burn quickly and the oils help the fire spread to other fuel. In firefighter terms, broom is an excellent 'flash fuel'. Broom forms dense thickets which crowd out our native plants, and line our roads and infest our properties....just waiting for that match or spark in the dry season.

Terry has been on a mission to get the word out to cut the broom in bloom. For four to six weeks during spring each year, we can put a dent in the spread of broom by taking our loppers out with us on our walks around Lund. It is important to try and manage the infestation of our home properties due to this plant adding to the potential flash fuel in a wildfire situation. At this point, eliminating all the broom in our area is a colossal task and so the aim of the effort is control.

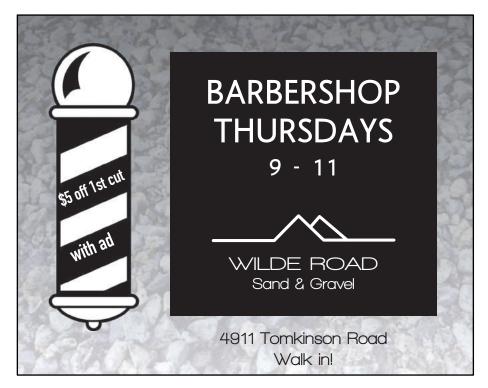
Clearing broom is manageable when everyone does their part to cut what they can. Cutting one plant in bloom at the soil line level avoids the production of up to 18,000 seeds that can stay viable in the ground for up to 40 years. Yikes! Every year the old broom patch near our house sends up five or so new plants and it has been 10 years of diligence! It feels good to know that no new seeds will be added to the soil and the property remains broom-free. Clearing the broom also helps keep the area around the house 'fire smart'- eliminating extra fire fuel.

For more info on joining the volunteer work party planned in Lund call 604-483-2419

To learn more about how to control Scotch broom, visit www.broombusters.org



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Aero Design Flies High in Okeover

Jason Revke

Aero Design moved to Okeover Inlet in the beautiful qathet Regional District near Lund, BC in May of 2013. The company's origins are in Calgary, Alberta and started as a firm consulting to fixed and rotary wing aviation. Over time, the company started to develop its own products in the form of cargo baskets that could be fixed to the side of helicopters.

In 2010, Jason Rekve from Powell River approached Aero Design with a prototype of a part he developed through his company South Coast Heli Support. The two companies decided to partner in the Transport Canada certification of the part and at the completion, the previous owner expressed his interest in retiring. Jason and his wife Wanda approached long time Aero Design employee and Engineering Technologist Jeff Clarke to see if he had interest in moving to the coast and the partnership was born.



Photo courtesy of Jason Revke

In May of 2013 Aero Design Ltd. officially made the move to their first location on Malaspina Road in what was then known as the Regional District of Powell River. Due to the nature of the business, with raw materials being imported from around North America and finished product being shipped globally, the company has found great success in the region. The company and staff enjoy a comfortable life and take full

advantage of everything the area provides including reasonable real-estate pricing and a lifestyle unimaginable in most other locations.

Growth has been so strong that in August of 2017, the company purchased a second, much larger building adjacent to the original facility. As of October 2018, Aero Design has been manufacturing in a 12,500 square foot facility located at 9845 Malaspina Road and the

original building at 9888 Malaspina Road has been extended to 5,500 square feet to accommodate a 20' powder coating oven and all of the provisions necessary to produce aviation quality finishes. With completion and certification expected by April 1, 2019, the Aero Design Specialty Coating Division is excited to be able to provide coating services to the gathet Regional District, Powell River and beyond while Aero Design Ltd. continues to design, develop, manufacture, and distribute aviation related products and services to the world.



Photo courtesy of Jason Revke

Tug-Guhm Gallery and Studio Has it Been 22 Years?

Debra Bevaart

Twenty-five years ago, two cats and I were the final items loaded in the vehicle for the move, sight unseen by me, to Powell River. My husband had helped a friend pack his life up here along with his wonderful childhood memories and he convinced me I'd love it too. So, we moved here from White Rock where I had been a carver and wildlife illustrator and Dan, my husband, was a craftsman carpenter and contractor. Dan was right; I loved it right away and still do.



Photo courtesy of Deb Bevaart

Opportunity knocked! It was twenty-two years ago when a small gallery in Lund closed and I was offered the spot free of charge for the summer just to try it out. My initial thought was I could use it as a studio selling local art and still sell my work in Whistler where I'd already been placed in an upscale market. I quickly decided to see what I could make of it and Tug-Guhm (sunshine in Coast Salish) Gallery and Studio was realized.

While awaiting sales to take place in Whistler, I was making sales right away in my little Lund Studio! I took a chance and moved everything from the upscale market in Whistler to run my little Gallery for the summer. What I didn't know

was that the Hotel was about to suffer three years in receivership. Graciously, the bank told me I could continue free of rent so I gladly took them up on their offer.

Never having run a business before was apparent when after the first sale I realized somehow some accounting work must be involved. ha ha Well, I learned a lot in those first three years. Then the big move to a full running gallery in 2000 happened with new management and renovations to the Hotel. I put my heart into making the Tug-Guhm Gallery the kind artists love to put their work in and patrons love to visit and stumble upon a piece they can't live without. The kind of gallery that phones to make an artist's day when a sale is made of one of their pieces of art and invites that artist to pick up a check the same day. A business that would reflect well on the small

community of Lund because a well-run business makes the owner look good but a poorly run business makes the whole community look bad. I worked hard to make a good impression.

Good things happen when you do good works. About twenty years back I by chance created the iconic image of the area: a seal staring back at you from the water. It took three whole years just to catch up on orders so many people wanted them. I'm still keeping up to this day. I'm asked constantly if I'm tired of carving seals, but it's the reaction from people seeing that face for the first time that makes me continue. Out of all the wildlife work I've done, the seals still get the most awwwww value.



Photo courtesy of Deb Bevaart

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My own story of soapstone carving started five years out of high school after watching a demonstration of the craft and learning the wholesaler of Brazilian Soapstone was in Surrey where I grew up. Right away I was drawn to the medium. The colours and textures of the finished works in stone were so different from the clay work I'd been trained in. In clay sculpture you build your image; in stone you take away what is not your image. That moved me and drew me completely in. Now, almost forty years of carving the colourful stone from Brazil has honed my skills in knowing what to leave and what to take away from the rough boulders.

Now my husband Dan and I work together. He works at home with big tools on large boulders as they arrive, some up to 600 pounds. He slabs them with saws to more manageable sizes and roughs out the form to where I can bring the stone to life by carving out the details by hand at the Gallery. Dan then painstakingly polishes the finish to complete the piece. This process can take days, leaving me time to start new projects. It takes that kind of teamwork to keep stock for the busy seasons. The Gallery also shows the works of approximately fifty Sunshine Coast artists who are happily making lovely creations of their own which offers the gallery diversity of mediums and styles.

Hopefully the Gallery and I have reflected well on Lund. When renovations by the new Hotel ownership are complete, we'll have another chance to show what a treasure this part of the world is, and a chance to show the treasures being created by the inspiration of living here.



Photo courtesy of Jo Suche



Photos courtesy of Monique Labusch





The Lund Resort at Klah ah men Former Historic Lund Hotel Rebrands

Cheryl MacKinnon



Photo courtesy of Scott Wilshaw

The Tla-Amin Nation announces the rebranding of the former Historic Lund Hotel and Resort as of April 2019 to The Lund Resort at Klah ah men, the first, full-service Indigenous resort travel experience on the Sunshine Coast of British Columbia. The 31room Hotel originally built in 1905 has recently undergone upgrades to its guestrooms, lobby, event space, and its restaurant and pub. Renovations to the Hotel and its amenities include Indigenous elements of local artisans' work adorning walls in the lobby, public hallways, and guest rooms through to the banquet room and dining outlets. The marina has been renamed Thirteen Moons Marina and will have slips available for short- and long-term rental beginning this summer.

The redesigned Back Eatery, formerly the restaurant and pub, finds a bohemian vibe co-existing with Indigenous artwork, and food items on the menu like fresh, house-made Bannock Benny with smoked salmon. New to the Resort is the family-friendly Sweet Shack coffee shop offering the Resort's exclusive Thirteen Moons Coffee and a tantalizing array of ice cream, gelato, and candies. Top off the rebranded eateries with a new Loyalty Card program designed especially for locals in Klah ah men (formerly Lund) and Powell River areas. General Manager Scott Wilshaw proudly shares "I am so enthused to be overseeing the rebranding and upgrading of this special place. It simply would not have been possible without the dedication and hard work of our partners, management, and staff. I am deeply grateful to everyone, and together, we invite the world to come for a visit!"

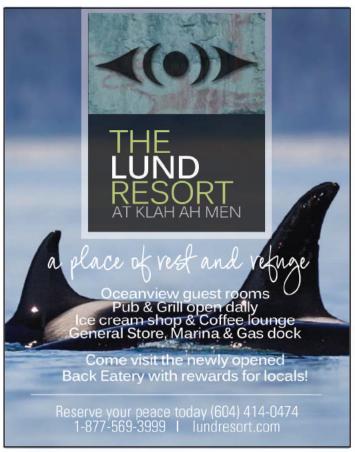
Once settled into the comfort of The Lund Resort at Klah ah men, guests are encouraged to experience ecoadventure tours being offered by the Tla'amin Elders of the village which include travel by water to nearby Desolation Sound and the Copeland Islands and by foot on the Sunshine Coast Trail. Each tour provides engaging storytelling of the history, culture, and geography of the

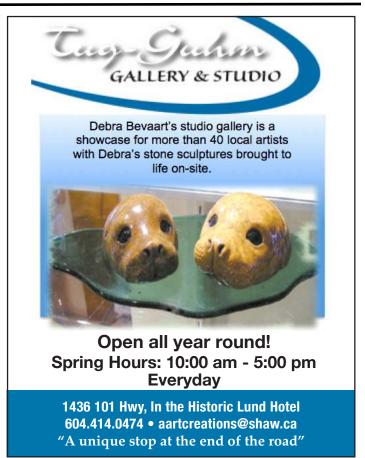
Tla'amin Nation.

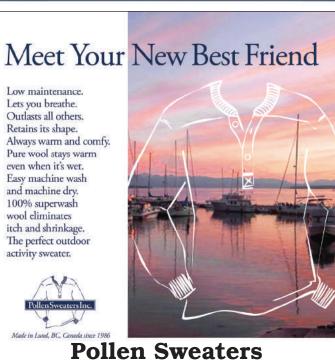
The Tla'amin Nation has lived here for over 4,000 years as this region was and continues to be a principal gathering place for its people. The rebranding of Lund to Klah ah men - which translates to 'a place of refuge' – is befitting as the village, resort, and breathtaking natural harbour will continue to welcome visitors year-round. The significance of "Thirteen Moons" in the branding represents the annual natural calendar for the Tla'amin people, including the seasons and the different times of the year to harvest hundreds of species of fish, beach foods, land mammals, sea mammals, birds, and plants. Learn more at www.lundresort.com .



Photo courtesy of Scott Wilshaw







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Memories of the Old Hall

Donna Huber

Like many Lund folk, I have fond memories of the now destroyed Community Club building that sat at the side of Blackman's Hill all the days of my youth and up until recently, when worn and finished, it was torn down.

I have good feelings about the wild dances and potlucks that went on for so many years there in the hippie days. The Christmas Craft Fair. The old Hall was a key community feature all those years. Many of the now old-timers will share these memories, people who came to find sanity and sanctuary in Lund and formed a vital circle that enriched the village beyond measure.

I am turning 65 this year and came to Lund with my fishing family in 1957. It was my mother June's home place that we came to: the old brown house next to the school that she had grown up in. I recall she hated the idea of returning there, but Dad knew this was where he wanted to fish, there being a sheltered harbour and dock, plus lots of fish to be had at the time in local waters.

Lund was then a tiny hamlet, populated by Swedes and Finns, who fished and logged and built their own boats. My grandfather also grew up in Lund in the old Roy Pence house around the curve of the Bay and his father was a fisherman. In those days, people lived around the inner harbour. Or over on the rocky shore of Finn Bay, a short skiff ride away.

The Hall was built by hand on land gifted to Lund residents by the Thulin family, owners of the Hotel. Every nail and board was hammered into place by volunteers eager for a community centre to gather in and have fun. One man on an accordion could keep a dance hopping until the wee hours! People arrived from Cortes Island to join the festivities, bottles of whiskey and rum in hand ready for the swallowing! Outside. By the men.

During my time, these times had already passed. Now there were dances with drinks for everyone, paid for and handed through a window in the kitchen. Weddings still happened. My mother and father celebrated theirs in the crepe-draped hall, as did Bill and I.

In those days, the food usually included masses of fat

prawns and the king of the buffet: a 30-pound spring salmon cooked to pink perfection.

As a child, my favourite time was Christmas when the adults went all out to make a very special party in the Hall. This included a giant tree, decorated and piled with wrapped gifts. There was singing and every kid was shiny clean and dressed up. The girls wore crinolines under their homemade dresses, knee socks, and polished school shoes. A ribbon in their hair. The boys wore ironed shirts and had their unruly thatches of hair whetted down.

At a certain point in the evening, the door would burst open letting in a flood of cold air and the brass school bell peeling out loudly: Santa!

This was a local person of girth, dressed and completely disguised in a red and white Santa suit, hollering "Ho Ho Ho, Merry Christmas!". After the shrieks and fuss had died down, he would take up his place beside the tree and proceed to hand out the gifts piled there.

The gifts were individually picked for each child and were proper, decent Christmas gifts. I recall a blue and white sewing basket which included needles, thread, and tiny scissors. Santa would shout out each name and the women would hand the presents out. No one was ever forgotten... the village was tiny and each child well known. None of us guessed who Santa really was in his other life, rendering the magic as real. Later on, this custom morphed into the handing out of candy bags, unnamed mesh bags for a population that had grown and changed.

It was with sadness that I witnessed, online, the smashing down of the rotting Hall. The community had lost it long ago through a switch and trade deal between the Hotel and the Water Board. After that it fell into disrepair and holes appeared in the thin tin roof, letting water pour in every winter. Feral cats moved into the basement. A pool table disappeared, as did a painting done by my mom, June Huber, when she was 16.

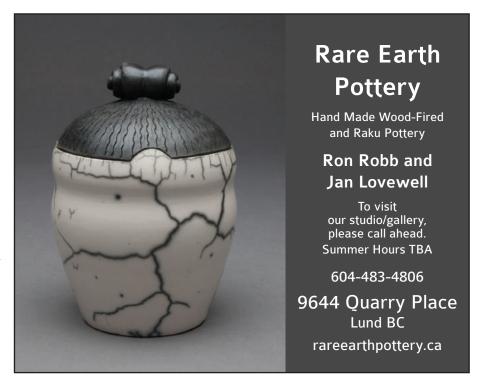
Now all that is left is a stupendous view of the Bay through an empty piece of dry earth.

The Olde Hall

Adrian Redford

I couldn't count the number of dances that have been held on the floor of that grand old lady. Prior to the Hall being built, dances were held in the original Lund Hotel, but space there was limited. I don't know when the construction actually began (1928-31?), presumably shortly after Mr. Fred Thulin offered the property for a community hall. It was unfortunate that no one was aware of the importance of subdivision. The lands branch issued annual land tax notices to the Community Club, therefore the Association assumed it was a done deal. At some point in the early 60's the tax notices stopped, and the property now belonged to the new owners of Lund.

All of the lumber was milled by Dan Parker on his sawmill in the mouth of Okeover. It was a gigantic project for such a small community. In the 50's a decision was made by community members that it would be nice if we had a smaller room that would be easier to heat for meetings and such. The plan evolved to build what became known as the Club Room. There was even a contest to name the new room, but 'Club Room' won! At the same time an under-floor new furnace was added. In 1968 another large community project unfolded and the stage became a reality. I believe a small incentive for this was a little government funding being offered for centennial projects, and it was well appreciated and well used.



We played badminton every Tuesday

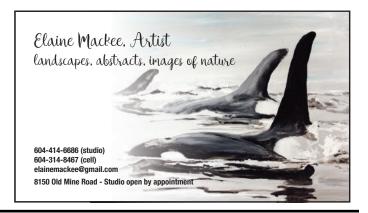
from September to April. Card games were also big - whist and cribbage. Sometimes cribbage tournaments were formed where couples moved to a different home every week until finally ending up with a winning team and a grand finale at the Community Hall. It was very social and very popular.

Sometimes a band was hired from Powell River and that always attracted a big crowd. That seemed pretty

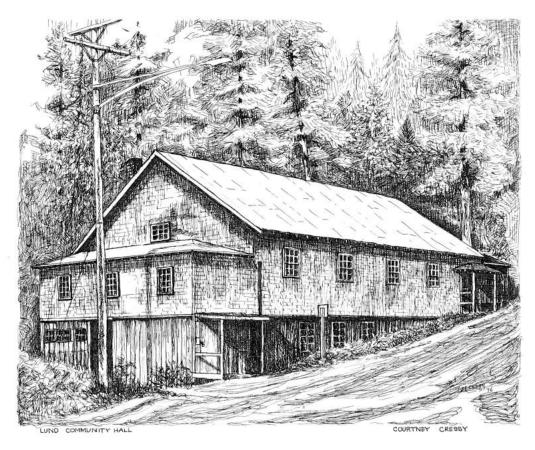
uptown! The old piano was well used, often accompanied by Alex North on the violin and Bertha Johnson on the accordion. People just loved to dance, young and old in the same place. Many weddings were celebrated there; mine was just one of the many. You didn't have to send invitations; it was just a reason to have a party!

Elsie LaLiberte lived in Lund for several years with her fisherman husband. The winter nights must have

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grown long, for she decided that a talent show would be fun for Lund. She found ten or twelve volunteers (?) and together with Carl Franzin they directed and produced the greatest show on earth, well in Lund at least! We were all very proud to learn that a few people from Powell River happened to be there and they thought it was so well done they wanted it to be repeated for the Elks Club in town, but Elsie and Carl said thanks but no thanks, show business was too much work!

In the late 50's Vi Sorensen was the ring leader in producing various community events in the

Hall with kids and wannabe kids. At some later time I remember attending an 'adult' play with a bit of a steamy scene where a scantily clad beauty was slowly clawing her fingernails down the wall – that's all I

remember! Another big hit!

Tina D'Angio remembers trekking the five-mile trail from Okeover to Lund for a Christmas concert. They had a school in Okeover, but no hall. Then there was the big arts and craft sale every November. There was everything there. To encourage production of handiwork, the Club would supply materials and the women would embroider pillow cases, table cloths, etc. There would be beautifully knitted sweaters and carvings, and Mr. Dippy would always have some of his beautiful artwork painted on fungi. And there would be food, and the whole community of Lund would be there. It was wonderful, and Lund was a wonderful place to grow up.



The Larson Girls' Memories of the Lund Hall

Val, Marilyn, and Wendy Larson

Val

On given the challenge to choose a special memory of the Lund Hall, I pondered long and hard, only to realize that each event I remembered conjured up the same feelings.

The feeling of excited anticipation when I walked through that solid wood door and up those awesome old wooden stairs. Then to see all my friends, neighbours, and family, and enjoy an event, whatever it might be - Sunday school, a shower, wedding reception, Christmas concert....and as a teenager, dances (especially with The Hanson Brothers playing). All these memories take me to a happy place. The Lund Hall was truly a Hall for community.

Marilyn

Some of my earliest and fondest memories of the Hall are of the Christmas concert/parties. For weeks we would practise at school for our performance at the Christmas concert. Since the School had no stage but the Hall did, that was where the big event happened. With our stomachs in knots and our best dresses and shiny shoes donned, we did our best. Afterwards, while refreshments were served, the audience would tell us how amazing we had been. Then wonder of wonders, Santa would appear with a present for each child. He even knew our names! Some kids had a funny idea he had a bit of a resemblance to Ed Hanson. How ridiculous; Ed Hanson didn't have a big white beard.

Sometimes throughout the year there were recreation nights where we played games and badminton, but those memories are a bit faint.

When our class finally graduated from high school, we had an after-grad party in the little downstairs room.

Some of the most important events hosted at the Hall were weddings and wedding receptions. Lots of friends and family had their celebrations there and they were the best parties ever. Lots of food and drink with good old rock and roll blaring, us dancing the night away. Guests from out of town would declare "best wedding I've ever been to". And you can be sure the budget was very reasonable.

<u>Wendy</u>

The Hall is gone. What a small footprint it left for a place with so many memories. I am not a sentimental person when it comes to material things, and the Hall hasn't been functioning for many years, so it's not the Hall I feel nostalgic about, but those wonderful times I spent there.

Being a third generation Lund resident, I have attended and been a part of twelve Christmas concerts (mine and my daughter's), four wedding receptions (my two sisters', mine, and my cousin's), and countless dances, all in the Lund Hall.

Ah, the dances! Now that's what I really miss! Does anybody dance like that anymore? We would start at 9:00 and

dance every single dance until 2:00 in the morning, stopping only when the band took a break. Then we would race down to the pub for a quick one before they started up again. Of course a person would gulp down their Hall drinks between songs, but you couldn't get drunk, you'd just "dance it off". I don't know why this worked, but we all went by this theory, and we were all functioning perfectly at 2:00 in the morning.

Okay, now I get it. It's not the Hall I miss or the dances.....it's my youth!



More Memories

Anna Gustafson

The Lund Hall had a smell. My mom, Anne Gustafson (nee Holmstrom), referred to it as 'musty' which I took as not being ideal but I would buy a case of "Lund Hall Must" candles if there was such a thing. You were never in the Hall unless something special was happening and I attach that smell to most of my remarkable childhood things.

As much as I spent my time growing up in Lund imagining the world outside it, everything about my upbringing and those surroundings contributed to who I am and what I do now. I always had that sense, but when I saw the Hall come down and I burst into tears, it got me revisiting why.



Comedians always remember their first time on stage. Mine was there. I was meant to open the beloved Christmas Concert with a recorder solo. Slip out between those heavy camel coloured curtains, alone, and squeak out a carol to open the show. I decided at the last second to lock myself into the record room instead, hidden but completely aware of production coming to a halt because I was being a Diva. I wasn't. I was scared. Luckily, my best friend Carma Pence was a born Diva so she took the stage and sang the song better than I ever could have played with my scrawny fingers.

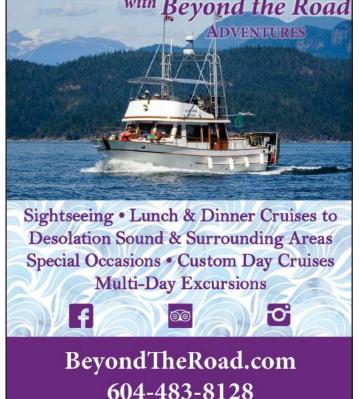
She grew up to be an actress. I grew up to be a comedian who mocks Divas. We were in the right place at the right time to grab who we were going to be when we grew up and that happened in the Lund Hall.

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Lund School Christmas Concerts at the Hall

Michael Leahy Principal, Lund School 1977-1986

The Lund School "Extravaganza" Christmas concerts were a social highlight for the region. People from up and down the coast would make a point of attending, whether or not they had children in the school. I remember one year when the teachers were setting out the chairs in the Lund Community Hall, one of the new teachers asked me if we needed all the chairs that were available. He asked, "How many people do you think will be coming to this concert?" My only reply was, "Just wait and see!" And sure enough, the Hall was packed every year.

The Christmas concert productions involved <u>every</u> child in the school. Since our philosophy of the school was "one big family", the older students took the younger ones under their wing and helped guide them through the routines. This cycle was repeated over and over, as the younger students became the older ones.

I would usually start to write the scripts during the summer holidays when I had the time, or during the early part of the fall (often jumping out of bed at 4:00 a.m. when inspiration suddenly hit). Then the scripts would be elaborated upon by the rest of the staff, and finally presented to the students for feedback, additions, and necessary changes. It was definitely a team effort!

The concerts included drama, musical instruments, singing, and dance; and each concert was built around a different theme. Characters included detectives, the Pink Panther, the Lone Ranger, a psychiatrist, a train to the North Pole, a magician, a lonely rowboat, a rock star, operating surgeons, Frosty the Snowman, and, of course, good ol' Santa Claus.

Parents helped with props and beautiful backdrops for the stage. This was so appreciated by the teachers.

I will also add that the Lund Community Hall was used by the school for other events as well. These included the Lund School Hot Lunch program, where adult volunteers served delicious, wholesome meals to the students. We also took part of our Physical Education classes in the Hall during the inclement winter months. This included

gymnastics with mats, springboard and box. The students loved these opportunities.

I also remember attending Father's Day prawn feasts in this venerable Hall. Very fond memories indeed!



1984 - Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac



1980 - Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac



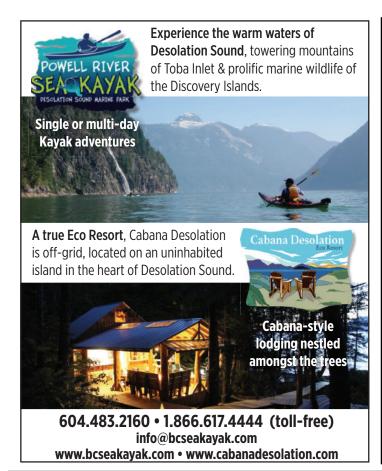
1981 - Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac

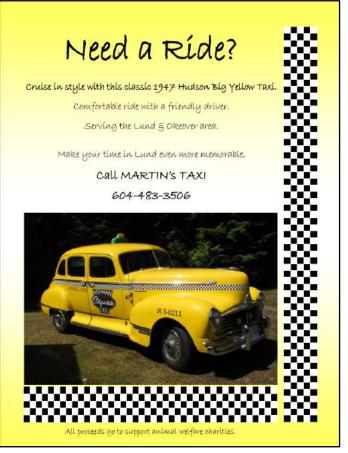


1979 - Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac



1978 - Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac







1985 - Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac

Lund Halloween Dances 1973 and beyond

Don MacKay

People would often begin dance nights in the pub, dressed in homemade costumes of considerable ingenuity. This was before outfits could be rented, at least in Powell River. I recall David Scott dressed as Merlin (or God) and attired in white sheets and a white dunce cap with a lit sparkler glowing from its top.

The pub was packed, standing room only and three-deep at the taps. David turned and inadvertently lit a sign made from a paper placemat taped up over the bar. No one noticed it burning until Roger Dowker, dressed as an old man with a cane, hobbled from the wings and tossed his beer with arthritic determination to extinguish the flames which were licking at the ceiling by now.

I recall Michael Friedman sporting a helmet he'd fashioned from the jaw of an ass, though what he resembled was anyone's guess.

And David Weiss dressed as a rat in a trap. He won first prize that year and anointed my Paula on her first visit to Lund with greasy kisses from his slicked-back hair and face. He was backed by cardboard from a refrigerator box with wire snapped about his midriff and whiskers beneath his nose.

The dances usually began with a bang and ended only when the lights came up on the obligatory scrap, quickly snuffed out with the intervention of two zombies and a hooker.

This was long before political correctness had reared its bland head and put the kibosh on black-face and drag queens, or Lady Godiva looking uglier than the horse he rode in on.

Kids were put to bed in the Preschool below while the floor bounced with the exertions of dancers sweating in rubber masks and as volunteers from the Community Club sold beer and food, doubtless without permits or the foolishness of FoodSafe credentials.

Ah, those were the days. Cue the music.



Other memorable costumes:

Steve Ervington as a praying mantis, his long limbs accentuated, and sporting antenna

Louie Meilleur as a taxi, his bald head above a yellow taxi style headpiece and holding a steering wheel

Gordy Cole as a scarecrow and Cindy as a crow

Ruth Sutherland as a Pez dispenser

Sharon Dennie as a maple tree, with layer upon layer of maple leaves shingled down her body

Juliet Potter as Raggedy Anndromeda

Etta Mack as a flasher with fedora, trench coat and gooeyduck

Maraiba Christadoulu as a corner

Val Bolton as a prawn

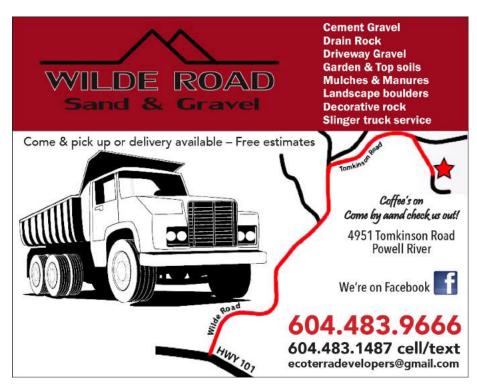
Louis Meilleur as a slug, with a tapered tail dragging along the floor, unwinding Saran Wrap over everything!

Steve Hansen in an astronaut costume, labelled 'the wrong stuff'

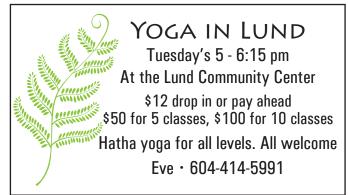
Linda Meilleur very sexy as a Pop Tart, with Kellogg's label on negligee

David Weiss as a cowboy on a bucking bronco, a costume which wrapped around his waist and enabled him to gallop around the Hall (before falling down the stairs out back)

John Adcock and Malerie Meeker won prizes two years running: first as South Pacific natives complete with John in an authentic Borneo headdress and Malerie in her coconut bra; then John as a sheik in full jabala with two from his harem - Malerie and Diana Wood - chained to him.







The Lund Preschool

Juliet Potter

In 1976, thanks to the NDP government's initiative to provide work opportunities for young people in BC, I put forward a proposal and received funding to provide work for three individuals to create and run a fully licensed preschool in the basement of the Lund Hall.

I had a full-time position as the administrator and licensed teacher, purchasing and accumulating supplies and toys, doing payroll, and generally fulfilling the government's bureaucratic requirements. I also had fun building part of the children's kitchen furniture.

For the first six months, Tony Watty, Steve Ervington, and Neil Chaikel shared two positions (did anyone at that time want to work full time?!) transforming the room from a dingy and dull space into a stimulating and cheerful environment. They worked together on a "hippie" timetable that was broken up by frequent smoke breaks and I often had to crack the whip to get them back on track. Lots of discussion went into everything they did and, with the very strong streak of quirkiness and creativity that flowed between them, they produced beautiful and original, sometimes brilliant, furniture and toys. Round tables with scenes from Where the Wild Things Are and a fully laid table complete with a mouse eating into a triangle of cheese and a worm peaking out of an apple. Unique chairs, bookshelves, and miniature kitchen furniture. There was a very fun ride-on ferry boat, a digger, as well as trikes. The outside playground was constructed on the rocky slope behind the building by Neil Chaikel, Rick Giesing, and Maz Mazurek. By today's safety standards, it would be totally unsuitable for children! Back then, the children had a great time and, except for a few splinters, I don't remember anyone getting injured. On rainy days, the big room upstairs provided an equal amount of fun physical activity.

When we opened the doors for the children to attend six months later, we said goodbye to the builders and I hired Janet McGuinty, Jeanne Lyons, and Peter Behr to share the two positions as teaching assistants. Parents were also expected to spend some time involved in the program and each one brought their unique skills and interests to share. As well as the usual preschool age group (thirty months to four years old), two-year olds could attend one morning for two hours and some kindergarten children attended on Fridays. On St. Patrick's Day one year, Peter Behr surprised us by wearing a leprechaun outfit and any exposed skin was smeared in chlorophyll. When a little girl arrived in the entrance room, he announced in a raspy high voice, "If I touch you, you will turn GREEEEEN" and touched her arm leaving a green spot. Her blood-curdling scream almost took off the roof.

Except for days with unusually heavy rain, our program always included a walk around the neighbourhood, looking for signs of the changing seasons: cherry blossoms, fallen leaves, birds and various critters, as well as cars, trucks, and



1977 Owl LeDuc and Joe Marx - Photo courtesy of Steven Marx

boats. When the tide was low, we would walk on the beach below what is now Nancy's Bakery looking for starfish, oyster shells, or interesting pieces of rusted iron to bring back to the Preschool for circle time discussion.

During these walks, we would often cross paths with "the locals" and I think these interactions helped break down some of the barriers between them and "us hippies". We were quite aware of the negative opinions some of the locals had about us interlopers. As the head of the Preschool, I worked hard to make a good impression. However, one day a little girl without underwear stopped to urinate as she was climbing a tree in the playground out back

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just as two neighbours passed by. I figured this took us down about 100 points. After a few months though, one of these neighbours, Vi Sorensen, often came into the Preschool to visit and befriend us.

For a short time, we also had a raven who would make its way into the room, hop onto the puzzle table, and remove puzzle pieces. This brought lots of excitement to the wide-eyed children.

I loved my time working in the Preschool with that wonderfully spirited and creative group of children who were being raised by parents who were trying a new way of parenting and being in the world. I would have continued but felt a need to work with other, more experienced, early childhood educators. After I left the Preschool, a group of energetic parents ran a program by themselves initiated by Linda Friedman.

Memories from Janet McGuinty

My memories of my time at the Lund Preschool in the 70's are warm and happy ones: children on my lap needing a hug, a two-year-old Fiona Tyler enthusiastically painting on the easel which was supposed to be off-limits for two-year-olds (we eventually had to pull her away and now she is an accomplished artist), Josh Friedman at five organizing the other kindergarteners, Pagan MacKay on the popular trampoline with us staff standing around to prevent free falls. I remember an outing to the Lund wharf to see the boats – just me and eight children! I worried about how I would possibly save them if they fell in the water. We had lovely toys, books, and furniture made by local craftspeople. So much time and so many events have passed, but my memories continue to nourish me.

Start of the Lund Christmas Craft Fair

David Foot

Susan Foot and Chrissy Mae Devitt started the Christmas Craft Fair at the Lund Hall in 1982. It was started because the only Christmas Craft Fair at the time was in Powell River. Susan, being an incredible artisan and baker, wanted to support her new community and have events in the Lund Hall.

She and Chrissy Mae ran a Tea Room for the first year with finger sandwiches and Susan's famous cinnamon buns, which she makes for all her friends and family province-wide to this day. Claudia Sullivan had amazing candles and was always a presence at the Fairs as were many other Lundies. As Susan's son, I was regularly involved in the

set up and support of the Fairs and hanging out at the Lund Hall has left an indelible mark on me. I had my first beer out on the back deck there and watched some real adult mayhem go down.

There was one particular event during the set-up on one of the days that comes to mind. Ruth Sutherland was tasked with hanging some decorations high up in the Hall on a rickety old ladder so, with no fear, up she went trailing the decorations. As she was attaching them, her ladder was slowly slipping down the wall. She never screamed or asked for help as it was all happening so slowly. It was like time was standing still while everyone there stood with mouths open as she descended to earth. When she finally made it to the floor, everyone roared with laughter!

Ruth and her partner, Ron Barton, famously came to a Halloween Hall stomp as the Blues Brothers. They woke up in their car in front of the Hall the next morning, but that's just another story of how awesome the Lund Hall was for so many people in the community.

I always referred to the dances, and I think the locals did as well, as Lund Stomps. Great fun and a real growing up stage for me.



The Lund Theatre Troupe



1975-6 Lund Theatre Troupe on the back deck - Ken Law, Doreen Pihl, Michael Friedman (on right), Sandra Butler and Susie Weiss (on left) - Photo courtesy of Steven Marx



1985 - Lords of Lund- Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac



The Fantasticks - Photo courtesy of Deb McIsaac



1985 - Lords of Lund - Photo courtesy of Peter Behr



1974 Free To Be - Photo courtesy of Steven Marx



Rick Scott Reminiscence

Rick Scott

Lund Hall was one of the first venues Pied Pumkin played and a hot spot we returned to over and over again. There was a fellow named Gene Spierman who was a dulcimer player and cook who used to bring us in. It was like a sister town to Egmont, which was the end of the road before you took the ferry to Powell River—they were isolated and for some reason both were Pumkin strongholds. Everyone was up dancing with abandon, freestyle, helicopter dancing, improv, dogs and kids sleeping in the corner, no booze, always a peaceful and lively community potluck hoe down.



Photo courtesy of Valley Hennel

One time we were playing in Powell River and the people thought we were a classical group because we

were officially the Pied Pumkin String Ensemble. People arrived dressed to the nines for a formal concert; we were not what they were expecting. Our truck had broken down so we were a bit untidy (Joe was in overalls) and by intermission there was hardly anyone left in the hall. The next night we played Lund Hall and things got back to normal – joyous and unfettered, rockin' the Casbah.

Some of the many bands that played in the Lund Hall

The Elastic Band (local): George Huber, Oscar Adami, Gary Stump, George Pryde, Phil Russell, Stan Hollingshead

Pied Pumkin (Kootenays and Vancouver): Rick Scott, Joe Mock, Shari Ulrich/later, Pied Pear

Flying Mountain (Vancouver): Dan Rubin, Fergie Neville, Ron Mongovius, Satoru Suttles

Doug and the Slugs (Vancouver): Doug Bennett, Simon Kendall, Steve Bosley, John Burton, Wally Watson, Rick Baker

Balkan Jam (San Francisco) - a Klesmer band

Up the Creek (Roberts Creek): Ken Dagleish, Mike Dunn, Bob Carpenter, Halley Giroux, Jerome Jarvis

Touchstone (Texada): Kathy Roy, Louise & Vic Escallier, Nancy & Rol Morris, Ken Soles

The Hanson Brothers (Tla'amin): Irvin and Larry Hanson

Westcoast Bush Band (local): Gene Spierman, Don Allen, Steve Hansen, John Tyler

Out to Lund (local): Jeff MacFronton, Jeff Sawchuck, Patsy and Steve Hansen, John Tyler

Moondog Matinee (local): Peter Abela, Greg Thomson, Dan Erickson, Jeff MacFronton, John Tyler

Crosstown Trail (local): Greg Thomson, Dan Erickson, John Tyler

Hansen & Tyler (local): Steve and John

Barnacle Blues Band (local): Jeff MacFronton, Piano Bob, Mike Lane, Laurier, Alan Cressy, et al

The Bubbleheads (Powell River): Steve Briggs, Armando and David Castagnoli, Rob Reed, Doug Saunders/Howard Bailey/Greg Hamilton, Ron Campbell

Ron and the Ravers (Powell River): Ron Campbell, Dan Erickson, Rob Reed/John Adamson, Jim Olson

The Pretty Boys (from away): a glam band with lots of special effects (like coloured lights and smoke bombs) that kept blowing the breakers with their abundance

Anything Grows (local) - Sheila Butts, Ray Ducharme, Brian Liddle, Johnny Carsten - for the last dance at the Hall 1989

Brief Memories

Haunted houses in the basement!! Those were the best & scared the bejezzus out of us. Sarah Gordon - I remember screaming and hiding with you when we were apple-bobbing upstairs after going through an encounter with the wicked witch (Debbie Verdiel) who had gotten out of the dungeon and was cackling behind us. All the dances... adults only upstairs after a certain time; the teenagers entertaining the munchkins downstairs. So many hilarious community talent shows. (Nikki Tebbutt)

Weekly hot lunches for Lund School kids made by parents were served in the Hall. On one St. Patrick's Day, teacher Keith Buck put green food colouring in the spaghetti water; with red sauce it took some convincing that lunch was ok to eat. (Linda Rosen)

First date with John at the Lund Hall. (Malerie Meeker)

Sabrina was just two weeks old when she attended her first dance at the Hall 40 years ago! She slept through the whole evening of music and dancing, even the drops of beer spilled by someone walking by her wicker basket! The Christmas concerts! The One Act Plays! My wedding where our friend, Dory, an opera diva, sang "Bless This House"! The dancing to George Huber's Elastic Band and other famous artists! Two young boys once tried to learn about matches under one corner of the Hall; luckily an adult caught on in good time. The wonderful Preschool full to the rafters with love and fun! THAT GREAT DANCE FLOOR, so lovingly built by the early residents for great dancing! SO MANY cherished memories and community relationships generated in this building! Gone but not forgotten. (Eileen Beltgens)

Loved the Halloweens! And those haunted houses were super freaky! (Terra Demiris)

Stealing booze after Lund dances! Playing sports. The Lund School Christmas concerts. (Brett Pence)

My eldest sister held her wedding reception there over 30 years ago. It was a magical night. (Joyce Lennox)

My great grandfather helped build that Hall and my dad helped build the stage. And Marg Ducharme and I crawled up into the attic to staple plastic under a huge hole in the roof because there was a wedding. We walked on rafters!!! (Lori Burge)

I was married in this place! So were Mom and Dad! (Donna Huber)

I remember some wild dances there back then. (Peter Behr)

My fond memory: Putting all the well-bundled babies down for the night in the cloak room, lined up like peas in the pod. Then, dancing until the wee hours on the wonderful spring-loaded maple floor while Pied Pumpkin played. Getting up early the next morning to scrub down the Hall and banish that stale beer smell. (Hugs, Jan Marx)

I remember the energy of the dancing to the music of Rick Scott and his wild dulcimer. That required a drink or two to cool us down which soon led us to the line up to the one toilet room. That is now part of our "Good Old Days" memories. (Yvon Ricard)

I recently found a mask that Tony made for a Lund Halloween dance! The toque was knitted by Heather McCrae using her dog Keira's hair. The head is a recycled plastic bucket; the eyes are a baseball cut in half; the nose is driftwood; the tongue is cut from a rubber inner tube; and there are holes around the nose to let in air for the wearer. (Margaret Leitner)

I remember the wonderful monthly dances. I was wonder-struck when first attending as the kids were sleeping along the sides of the Hall as their parents danced. The other event I remember was the Christmas Craft Fair, especially when Susan and Claudia did the decorating. Susan made the two Victorian children for the entrance. I have fond memories of them as I helped paint them. She says she eventually sold them at a garage sale but still sees them from time to time. One other memory is the Father's Day clam/prawn feeds held there. Wonderful food even though both Wolf Goudriaan and I got shellfish poisoning at the last one!! (Lu Stevens)

Even me with my short time in Lund I remember a night of poetry and music held at Lund Community Hall, more than 21 years ago. (Roger Whittaker)

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So many memories... The Lund hall was iconic for us.

Of course there were dances that we gathered for and piled our children in a heap as we whirled and flirted into the early hours.

My wedding reception, moved to the Hall the day of because of the rain.

The Lund theater productions and the school Christmas concerts.

The door carved by Neil Chaikel's hand.

The Lund Preschool in the basement.

The fiery ratepayers meetings.

The craft fairs... One I remember in particular. Jeff Chernove and I both had tables. That morning there was a huge storm that blew down a tree and knocked over a power pole across the highway leading down into Lund. We couldn't drive up to the hall to unload and there was no power. We set up anyway and between us covered our tables with candles. The community came and the Hall glowed.

Strange and sad to think of it gone.

Also a huge grateful thank you to all the volunteers who built it in the first place long before we descended on an unsuspecting fishing village at the end of the road. (Charley Lyons)

I remember Vi Sorenson putting on at least three big dances every year: "The Spring Cabaret", the Halloween Dance, and the New Year's Dance....with all the bells and whistles! Nellie Watson sold the entry and drink tickets at the door, and she always had her hidden mickey of rye! Usually local musicians played (George Huber etc.) and Phil Russell always got an ovation when he played "Wipe Out".

Lund School used the Hall a lot. It was their gym in bad weather, and the kids always put on a Christmas Concert, which the whole community enjoyed. There was badminton, ballet for kids, various indoor sports for kids, a theatre group, yoga. There were

weddings, anniversary and birthday celebrations. A preschool downstairs. Rummage sales too. (Carol Pence)

Legend has it that around 1953 my father, Neil Gustafson, met the new Lund school teacher on the steep steps of the Lund Community Hall. He was on his way to play badminton and was immediately smitten by the lovely auburn-haired lady. He married Ann Marie Holmstrom a few years later and together they shared decades of fun playing and working in the old Hall. Their community spirit was legendary and inspiring. Although the Hall is gone, our family will hold those community memories warm in our hearts. (Lori Burge)



Vi Sorenson & Nellie Watson - Photo courtesy of Carol Pence



Dometria



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Speaking in the Barnacular

Ted Durnin

It's before my time, of course. By the time I moved to Lund, it was no longer usable. But I am told that it was something special, a gathering place for wildlife and denizens of all sorts, and also the birthplace of many things that directly affected my life.

F'rinstance, I got to direct the sequel to a play first produced in its recesses. We had to use the Gazebo instead, which is an ideal theatrical venue except for all the problems. But I'm told that the Lund Community Hole had no problems and was perfect in every way. I have a little trouble picturing it, but then, I never climbed in there.

Then there was the music. I played with Anything Grows for awhile. Some of them had played together in other lineups in the past. Sometimes in there. I can imagine the music growing out of there like a freshly planted weed. Can't you just smell the ambiance, the essence of it? Some say you can still smell the weed, if you try.

I heard that people would throw parties in there. They'd drop in just to see who was there. Toss in a little schooling and a little politics and what you get is a whole that's full. And that's what community is all about.

In fact, I would dig another one. Who wouldn't? Let's go to that well again, break new ground, and create a new space. I'm sure everyone would fall in love with it all over again.



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



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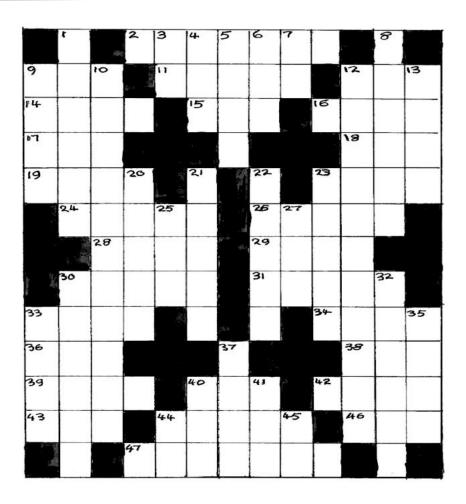
Crossword #50 by C.Cressy Edited by S. Dunlop

ACROSS:

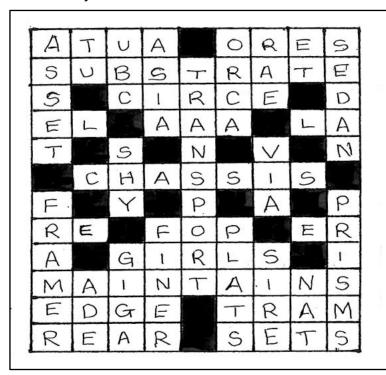
- 2 scattering seed
- 9 circle part
- 11 instantly
- 12 leg (slang)
- 14 spirit
- 15 hole-in-one
- 16 urge
- 17 knee injury (abbr.)
- 18 big head
- 19 short golf shot
- 23 cat's answer to 13D
- 24 emergent alarm
- 26 add up
- 28 rejection
- 29 come to a stop
- 30 secure garden
- 31 engraves (missing second "e")
- 33 certain computer keys
- 34 a dance
- 36 goes with 34A
- 38 medical (abbr.)
- 39 wind instrument
- 40 baseball stat (abbr.)
- 42 resting
- 43 a sawbuck (slang)
- 44 exact same
- 46 not aves. (abbr.)
- 47 humus

DOWN:

- 1 early bloomer
- 3 alien (abbr.)
- 4 time period
- 5 bones (slang)
- 6 cold frosting
- 7 compass dir. (abbr.)
- 8 garden diner
- 9 do it now (abbr.)
- 10 tilling the soil
- 12 what ace gardeners have
- 13 cat talk
- 20 allowance or rations
- 21 electrical post
- 22 gardener's back
- 23 enrich the soil
- 25 summer (Fr.)
- 27 cereal plant
- 30 clergy garden plots
- 32 frozen rainfalls
- 33 aplenty
- 35 puts together
- 37 trim off
- 40 shade tree
- 41 year (Por.)
- 44 postal address (abbr.)
- 45 einsteinium symbol (abbr.)



Answer Key for #49 Crossword



Community Page

Sandy Dunlop, Adrian Redford

Birth Announcements

A baby girl was born to Poppy Riker and Joshua Storms on March 21. They named her Hazel. It was a home-birth at the memory-rich Ponderosa. Congratulations you three!

Sympathy and Condolences

Mildred Ford - September 28, 1931 - December 23, 2018

Millie was born in Bonneville, Alberta, and moved to Powell River in 1940 with her parents and ten siblings. She graduated from high school with shorthand and secretarial training. Her principal, Len Carriere, asked her to be the playground supervisor while she was there. Millie married her high school sweetheart, Don Ford, and they lived on King Avenue, next to Wildwood Motors, (Don's family business) while their children were growing up. Millie was dedicated to her career as secretary for the School District for about 25 years. Sometime in the 50's, they bought a lot overlooking the Lund Harbour and built their dream house. From then on, Millie was always volunteering for the Coast Guard, the Harbour Authority, the Water District, or the community, always helping wherever she could. She was an amazing gardener and shared whatever she had. Millie was predeceased by her husband Don (1997). She leaves behind her son Terry (Marg), Sandra, Rob (Cherry), and Gerald (Annette), and also her very long-time friend and neighbour, Neil Gustafson. She also leaves many grandchildren and great grandchildren. We will all miss her.

Luke Marshman - February 28, 1985 - January 12, 2019

Luke was born and raised in Lund and passed away suddenly at his home in Powell River. He will be sadly missed by his family and many friends. Our condolences to Pat Watkins and Mel Dawson.

Thinking of You

Healing thoughts and much love to all Lundies, wherever you are, who are struggling with wellness. Our warmest wishes go to Pat Chess who is currently recuperating and back in Powell River.

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.



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Monique LaBusch



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth