

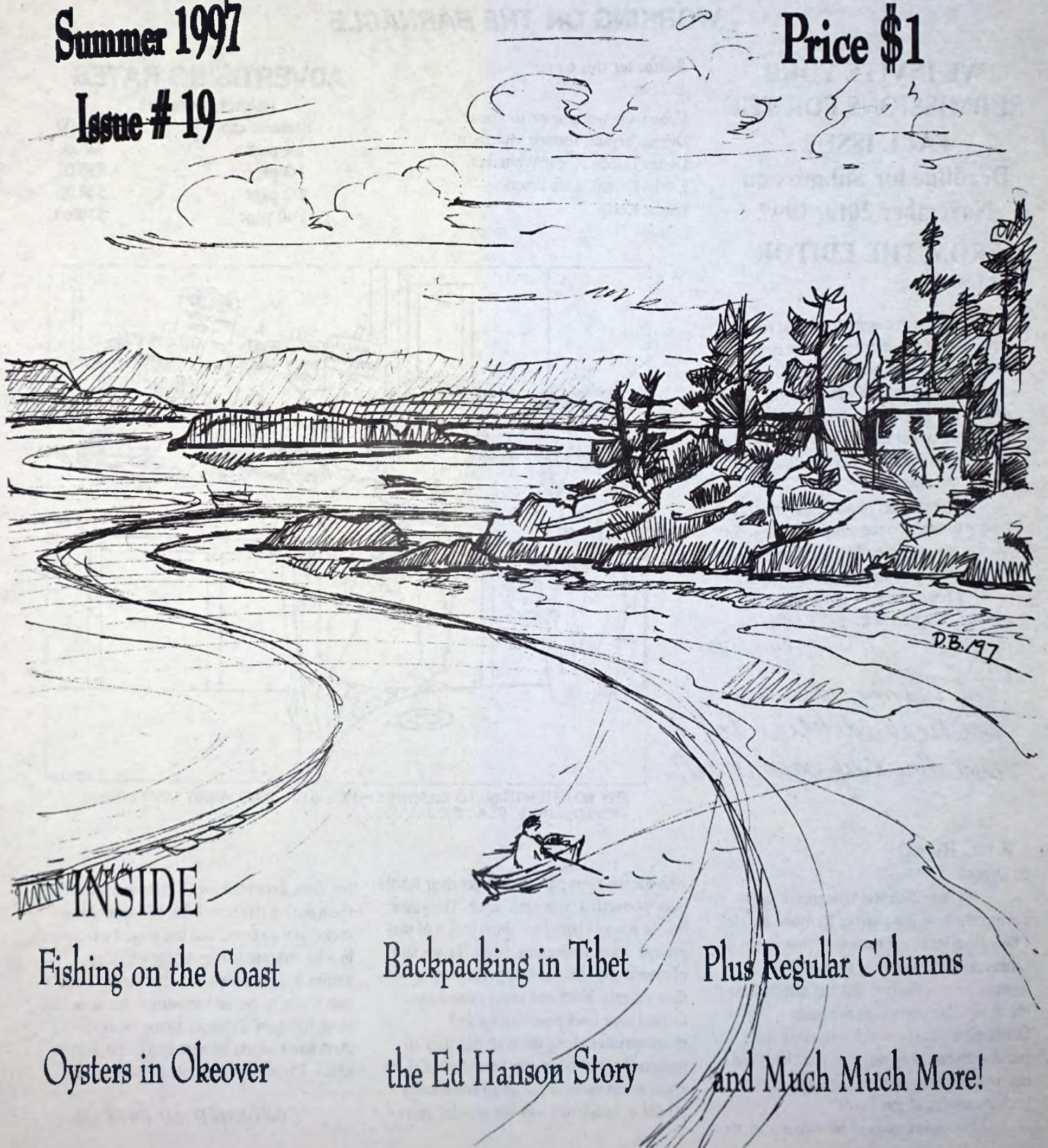
BARNACLE

Lund

Summer 1997

Price \$1

Issue # 19



INSIDE

Fishing on the Coast

Backpacking in Tibet

Plus Regular Columns

Oysters in Okeover

the Ed Hanson Story

and Much Much More!

THE LUND BARNACLE

2 *The Lund Barnacle* is published four times a year by the Lund Community Club. Submissions are welcome in the form of articles, news items, letters to the editor, fillers, graphics and photographs. We reserve the right to edit for clarity and length. Submit to the *Barnacle* by delivery to Nancy's Bakery, preferably on 3.5" floppy in a version of Workperfect, MS Word or in ASCII (DOS) text. We can accept copy printed, typed or handwritten.

EDITORIAL POLICY

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

WORKING ON THE BARNACLE

WE INVITE YOUR SUBMISSIONS FOR THE FALL ISSUE

**Deadline for Submission
November 20th, 1997**

FROM THE EDITOR

Bill Smith

So much material, so little room! Apologies if you didn't make the cut. We will try to squeeze some in the fall issue.

Apologies again for some of the drastic slashing that happened. A special thank-you to Pat Laycraft for starting us off on our series of articles celebrating local history and characters.

I would feel remiss if I didn't take this chance to mention the absolutely beautiful job that Renee did on Melise and Simone's gowns for graduation (see centre pages).

I hope everyone has a wonderful summer. See you in the Fall Edition.

Barnacle Bill

P.S. I lost my own quite political editorial but then Courtney says it all!

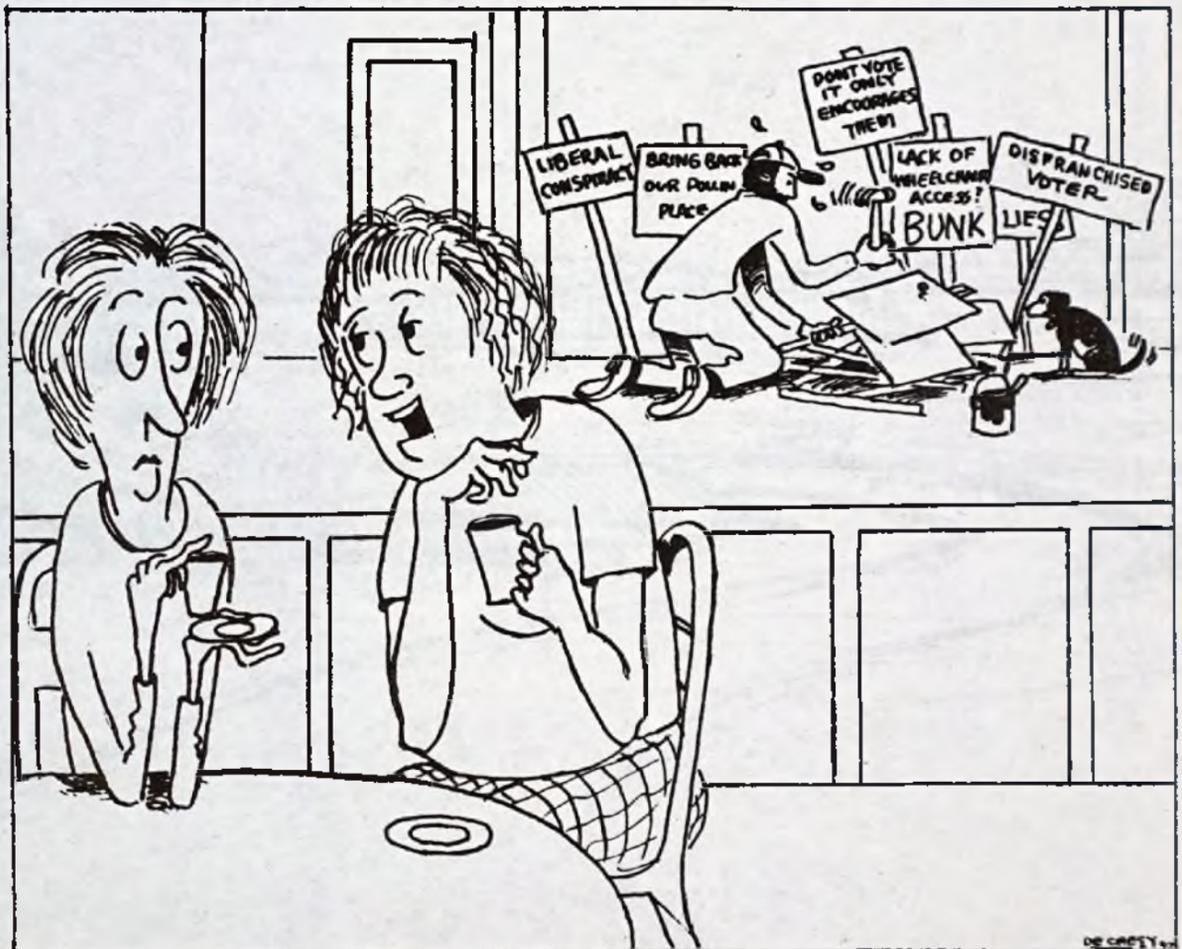
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Volunteers working on this issue:
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1/2 page	\$50.00
Full page	\$100.00



PAY NO ATTENTION TO COURTNEY - HE'S STILL MAD ABOUT LUND LOSING ITS POLLING PLACE.....

CRAIG ROAD

by Dymph

It's July 20th and time to put the keyboard to use for another Barnacle article. I thought a lot about this one trying to put in prospective the events of the last few months, here is the one that has effected me the most. This years high Schools Graduation class of which nine were from our community. For many of you this is old hat, been there done that, hope this brings back memories of this event.

This was a class of nine young adults

who for the most part have spent their whole lives interacting with each other. The years before school started for them they had play groups, small scale cares dance classes and of course the visits as they went visiting with their parents. Each and every one of them formed their own personalities and characteristics along the way, but they all remained a part of each other. Most of them spent seven years in our small community school in Lund, this was the wonder years

for them. From talking to them and watching them during this time I feel this school has meant alot to them, and has played a big part in who they are today. All the birthday parties and field trips with the carpools has meant alot to me an I am sure it has done the same for them. I cherish all my memories of them and I would be happy to live it all over again. These young people all went to High

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Along the Boardwalk - Above the Waterwheel



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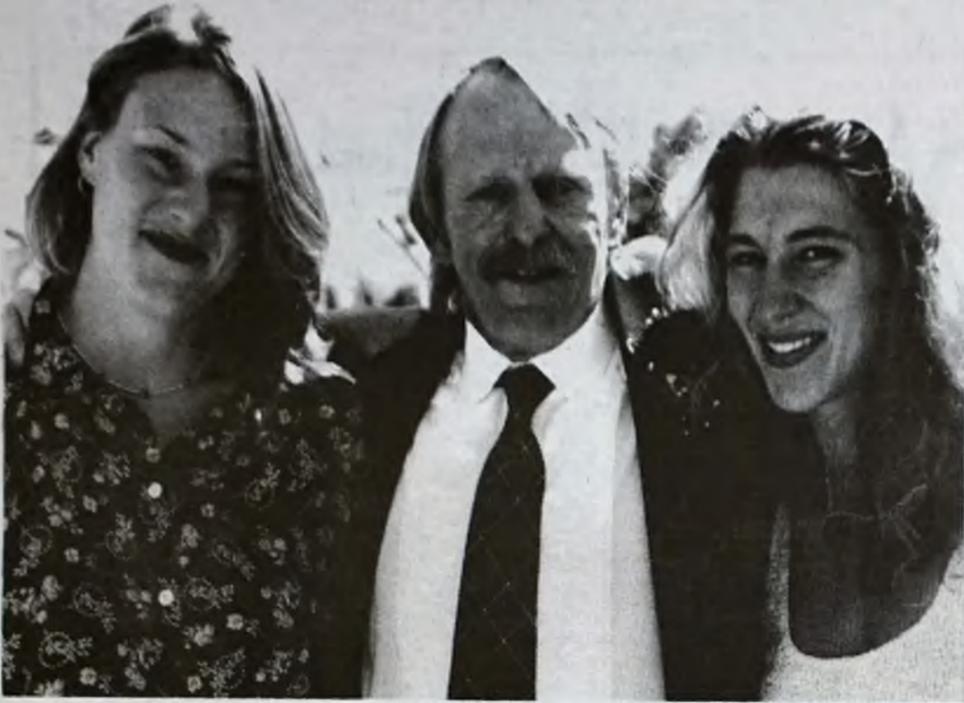
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DAVID WEISE

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Celebrate the life of David Weise with friends August 16, at 2 pm at Gord and Fran's. At 4 pm friends will share memories. Ashes flotilla to follow and pot-luck dinner. We hope all who knew and loved David will join us.

*Those who can perceive
eternity in the sea
know that there is no death,
only change;
there is no loss,
only difficult gifts.*

David with his daughters,
Jorry and Jesse
in the
Summer of 1996.



OYSTER FARMING

Jeff Shuster 10/2

An article on oyster farming seems like an appropriate one for a journal with a name like *The Barnacle* given that barnacles and oyster are both mollusks.

Twenty years ago the Okeover oyster industry consisted of 4 to 5 part time oyster pickers targeting wild beach oysters for the shucking market. Today, 30 farms each employing 2 to 3 people, plus another dozen or so working in the local Sliammon and Redonda shucking plants, are directly dependent upon the uniquely rich growing areas of Okeover-Malaspina inlets. The right melange of runoff, temperature, plankton blooms and geography makes Okeover one of the richest growing grounds areas for food oysters in the world. Unfortunately the species of oyster that grows commercial quality pearls needs different conditions than those present in Okeover. These 30 farms also feed product into Vancouver and Island fish plants on a weekly basis.

Due to the limited amount of beach area in the region, most oysters are grown suspended from rafts or floats. This sub-tidal style of growing, while more expensive than traditional beach culture, is also faster because product can feed 24 hours a day. Oysters on a beach don't grow at low tide when exposed to air. Airline transportation, freezer technology, the rise in value of oriental currencies and the development by hatcheries of remote setting oyster larvae

have all contributed to the development of oyster culture in the province and Okeover. Now all the product grown in Okeover is cultured from hatchery supplied seed or larvae. Twenty years ago, before the advent of hatchery technology, anyone wanting to collect seed was dependent on the erratic and undependable wild sets that happen in Pendrell Sound some years. Nowadays, growers can buy hatchery larvae and set seed themselves during spring and summer months.

In 1995, over 20% of food harvested from the oceans came from aquaculture sources. As world fish populations decline due to over fishing, aquaculture seems poised to fill that gap. Aquaculture production world wide is growing at double digit rates, and the Okeover shellfish industry reflects that trend. It takes up to five years to grow an oyster to market size, so oyster growing is quite a commitment in terms of time and capital. Because oysters are so low on the food chain, feeding on algae and phtoplankton, and because they grow as deep as five meters, more protein can be grown than any form of agriculture or aquaculture. Oyster growers from the inland sea in Japan report yields as high as 58,000 kgs. per hectare! Contrast that with cattle pasture land with annual yields of less than 300 kgs. per hectare and one can glimpse the enormous potential of Okeover.

The only cloud in the horizon for the local industry is the increasing land

development of this area, with its accompanying shadow of point source pollution. Zoning by-laws are being instituted on Savary Island but our regional board does not seem to have the spine or vision to follow through on a promised development plan for the Okeover watershed. The presence of an oyster or shellfish industry in a region is a good barometer of a healthy environment as a small level of fecal bacteria in the water will be enough to shut an area down. Oyster farming is a fairly benign form of endeavor as no food or drugs are fed to these animals. Growers do burn gasoline and use plastic products such as floatation and rope but because oysters are filter feeders water must be free of chloroform bacteria for safe human consumption.

Will we indeed choke on our own shit? Come back in 20 years and see.



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L.C.C. resumes in Sept.

GRAIG PARK

by Steve Lawn

May and June's record breaking rain didn't do much for our spirits or the planned camping trips but the Park sure is green and pretty.

There's been lots of group and church picnics and gatherings so far this summer. The soccer nets are up and being put to use and there's lots of tennis being played. Golfing is 97's new popular Park pastime.

The Flamingal's ladies softball team had another successful year ending up 3rd in league play and finishing 2nd in the year end tournament. They had 15 regulars showing up, mainly locals. They got solid pitching all year from Linda Yasinowski and Kathy Lindenthaler with Ann Drader and Emily McKee also throwing by year end.

The Flamingo's mens fastball team is also doing well. They repeated as Mid Year champs at the June tourney at Graig Park. Two weeks later, they ended up 2nd to an all star team from town in a very close and wet Dirty 30's tourney at Sunset. The Year End tourney is July 25th to 27th Graig Park. The men who dare to wear pink will try to do the community proud. They've gotten solid pitching this year from Steve Hansen, Jim Nelson, Vince LeBlanc and Darren Gaylard. Some young locals are planning to play next year; should be fun.

The Mixed Pink Slow Pitch team started well but participation dwindled and they had to withdraw part way through their. Hope - fully there'll be enough interest next year to make it go.

So far, the remaining upcoming summer Park events are a big Mixed Slow Pitch tournament on August 9th & 10th and a Democratic Alliance Party Picnic on the weekend of August 23rd.

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THE 97 FLAMINGOS

Grandmother's Verse

Cheryl Rose

I found this verse amongst my grandmother's treasures and thought what a great guideline to life. My grandmother has been gone for 26 years, but she lived the words of this poem. She taught me many things but most of all she taught me that housework and dust will be here long after I am dead and gone, so don't sweat it, take the time to play and be with your kids for they won't remember the dust, but will certainly treasure the precious times spent together.

The more you give
The more you get
The more you laugh
The less you fret
The more you do unselfishly
The more you live abundantly
The more of everything you share
The more you'll always have to spare
The more you love
The more you'll find
That life is good
And friends are kind
For only what we give away
Enriches us from day to day.



DESOLATION SOUND

by Michael Saunders

The amber rays of dying day call in the
coming night
Reflecting on the rippling sea in jewelled
dancing light
The islands' fading shadows spread softly all
around
As evening's crimson flooding tide fills
Desolation Sound

The shadows merge in quiet peace, a lonely
seabird cries
As dancing waves in a thousand bays
murmur soft replies
While mortal watchers wonder at the
solitude they found
The land-breeze teases moonlight sea on
Desolation Sound

Dawn spreads its drifting misty cloak over
dew-wet rocky isles
The East sky's snow-clad rocky peaks bare
ragged cold defiles
Arbutus clad in shaman's robes stare
hauntingly fog-bound
As morning breaks and life awakes on
Desolation Sound

GREENWAYS REPORT

by Lyn Jacobs

Two students were hired for July using a grant from M&B which has helped kick start another push for trail completion. Thanks to the company for the contribution.

Two more sections have been leased from M&B in the Townsite. One connects Laburnum Street to the Willingdon Beach Trail and the other section routes students and residents safely around the bus maintenance sheds above Brooks School and through to the Hydro Line on Lot 450

These two sections are ready for machine work and could be done in time for school. We need help with the machine work, and brushing out the trail sides.

Closer toward Lund, Cayce, Fiona and Lyn have been finalizing the route between Wilde Road and Craig Road. On Wilde Road, there is an old section of the original skid or corduroy road. The workers have cleaned this section to be viewed before the block beside it is logged. This section on Wilde Creek was to be logged because of root rot, but *Greenways* requested this ½ kilometre be spared the saw. Thanks to some Forestry employees and managers for the extra effort in preserving some

heritage sites, and for their continuing cooperation with the *Greenways* project.

The *Greenways* 1997 summer workers have also painted some of the signs needed for the core corridor and trails network.

Greenways is going to try to secure funding to resume work on the Browne Creek to Craig Road section for some winter work for young people, or U.I.C. workers. If you are tired of bikes or biking on the Lund Highway (MORE EVERY YEAR, HAVE YOU NOTICED???) call Lyn, 483-4043.

The sections being worked on this summer are part of a lease from M&B to *Greenways*, on which the non-profit organization pays an annual or five-year license fee. This year, the fee jumped from \$10.00 for five years to \$300 for one year. *Greenways* also pays \$700 annually for third party liability insurance. All donations are tax deductible – and every dollar counts, so please donate to cover these basic costs of having a core corridor trails network on this part of the coast.

Work on the Willingdon Beach connector and Wildwood Hill maintenance have let the *Greenways* crew see just how much use these trails get – and it is a lot. The older people who walk regularly on the trail are nervous about some of the other, faster users. Maybe it's time to plan parallel trails for different user groups on trail sections in high-use areas.

HAPPY TRAILS ...



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HEALING WITH THE SEASONS

Rosolynn Caiden

As nature cycles through the seasons, it also moves through us, as we are moved by the same pulse of universal life energy, or "Qi" as the ancient Taosits have called it. As the season change, so do we -- the same qualities inherent in the seasons are experienced by us as we cycle through our lifetime.

We are a part of the oneness of life, yet also a unique expression of life. However, as humans, we seem to have the capacity, thought using our free will, to forget our oneness and believe ourselves to be separate from the rest of life. This leads to a closing down of our energy system, creating knots and stuckness within ourselves and our lives. Plants and wild animals seem to avoid these problems -- they are uniquely what they are, and at the same time are very much in communion with life.

As we tend our gardens through the year, or spend time in nature, we are naturally more connected with, and observant of natures' life cycle. We know that given the right ingredients of minerals, light, space, water and warmth, plants naturally find their way around any obstacles in their path as the move up through the soil to emery in the spring. They continue to grow, surviving existing weather conditions, reaching full maturity in the summer months, bearing fruit and flowers. They continue to bask in the stillness of the late summer sun, holding their fruit at fullness for ripening and harvest, until nature "calls time" and whatever ripening has occurred is enough and autumn compels life to let go, wending seeds into the ground, and leaves to nourish and protect them during the winter months. Here the seeds rest, buried deep in the earth. Silently storing up their potency in order to come to life once again in the spring.

The daffodil does not stop growing

when it encounters an obstacle under the soil, nor does it question the weather conditions it will find as it emerges into the light, or retreat when it encounters snow ... it has adaptability and perseverance. It naturally seeks its' own fulfilment, its flexibility allowing it to grow and flower. Upon reaching its peak it does not resist letting go of life, and returning to its unmanifested state underground in preparation for its rebirth.

We too are like plants, in our requirement for health food, clean air, good water, warm, loving relationships, room to grow, and a sense of our roots and connection to where we live -- our home and centre -- in order to fully express our unique selves. However, often either in our childhood, and/or our adult life some of these ingredients may be inadequate -- the warmth of positive relationships often being the missing link -- leaving us to develop thought and behaviour patterns which keep us shut down, separate and stuck, with less ability to respond appropriately to our life experience.

It is natural to encounter obstacles on our path as we birth new ideas, plans and projects, and to experience vulnerability, as does the flower, as we expose our true selves in our endeavour, creativity, and close relationships. Often, however, we fail to see something through to completion because of our frustrations and fears.

As a result of our ideas, planning and right action, and our willingness to see something through to completion, how well are we able to harvest the fruit of our labour? Do we take the time to stop and appreciate what we have accomplished?

Are we then able to let go of a complete project, finished relationship, grown child, or deceased parent? Do we give ourselves adequate rest at the end of the day, or during the winter months, to

contemplate and dream, allowing the seeds of our inner selves to gestate, and our energy to be restored, in order to begin again in the spring?

It is natural for us to feel free and moving, and as we honour these natural cycles found in our human experience, allowing ourselves to flow with the changes rather than resist them, we can flourish, grow and find self-fulfilment as healthy individuals.

The ancient Taosits knew that the Qi flows through our bodies in organized pathways, giving us our life, and their wisdom has given us the knowledge of Acupuncture, Tai chi, Qi Gong and Meditation which all can assist us in moving our energy flow. We all have as well our own ways, such as walking in nature, being in the garden, visiting with a good friend, or using herbs, which help us to undo our knots and move back into communion with life.

Rosolynn is an acupuncturist and spiritual counsellor practising out of her Wellsprings Healing Centre in Lund and Powell River. She will be teaching 'Healing in Action' seminars this fall and winter, offering further understanding and practical application of the ancient Taoist philosophy underlying Chinese medicine.

For further information call Rosolynn at 483-4381.

There will be a Open House at Wellsprings Healing Centre, 1916 Lund Hwy. on Saturday, Sept. 13, from 1 pm to 5 pm.



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Mount Kailas

by Peter Uhlmann

I have always loved mountains. When I was seventeen years old I hired a guide to pull me up the Matterhorn in Switzerland. On our honeymoon I climbed the Monte Rosa, the highest mountain in the Swiss Alps. In Powell River I have hiked in the alpine and ascended several summits. A few years ago I read about a mountain in western Tibet and dreamed of visiting there.

Mount Kailas is a 22,000 ft peak near the border of China, Nepal and India. For the Hindus, Buddhists, Jains, and Bons (a native Tibetan religion) it is a holy mountain. The ancients described a Mount Meru as the navel of the universe. It is believed that Mount Kailas is Mount Meru. It is forbidden to climb to the peak of Mount Kailas as it is sacred and the home of the gods. However, for centuries, pilgrims have journeyed to Mount Kailas from around the world and then set out to walk around the base of the mountain. This pilgrimage is called a kora and is usually performed clockwise. The Bons do it counter clockwise. Some walk on foot or ride yaks, while a few prostrate themselves on the ground, pick themselves up and lie down again, repeating this for the full thirty-two miles! It is believed that one completed kora will wash away your bad karma for a life time. Many pilgrims will go around the mountain hundreds of times during their life.

Kailas is not only sacred, but beautiful to behold. On one face are large fissures in the rock which some believe to be the origin of the swastika, which before Hitler was and still is a Buddhist symbol. The peak is covered in perpetual snow. The mountain stands almost alone and can be seen for many miles in the clean Tibetan air.

A few years ago, I decided to make a dream come true and travel to Mount Kailas. I went with my wife, Ronnie and our three children, Tanya, Tai, and Sasha. Getting there was not half the fun. Travelling in China is never easy unless one is smart and takes an organized tour. We had travelled in China before and felt we could do it on our own. We also couldn't afford the cost of a tour. We spent a few weeks in China lecturing in psychiatric hospitals and then headed west. We had no entry permit into Tibet, but hoped to get one at the border. The train went as far as Golmud and then we found a bus to take us on a trip from hell over snow covered passes at 15,000 ft. to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. Space doesn't allow for a description of all the problems encountered.

Arriving in Lhasa, we stayed for two weeks at a wonderful Tibetan hotel, the Banak Shol. We needed the time to sightsee, and get accustomed to the 12,000 ft. altitude. With a lot of difficulty we arranged transportation to Kailas. We had to hire a Toyota Landrover, a huge Chinese truck, two drivers, a "cook", and a guide, all Tibetans working for the Chinese Travel Service.

Two other travellers, both American, joined us to share expenses. We had to carry all our food, gas and supplies for three to four weeks travel across the Tibetan plateau. Our Toyota driver was a frightening disaster in motion. He didn't really know how to drive and I am still suffering from post traumatic stress disorder. Crossing Tibet was an amazing experience. There are no trees and very few towns or people. Often we would see one other truck in a day. We saw all kinds of wildlife. We especially enjoyed herds of Tibetan wild asses since we have five donkeys here in Lund.

Finally we arrived at a "town" at the base of Mount Kailas.

We were able to leave our Tibetan crew at the town while we went on our kora. We had been getting on each other's nerves. The walk is the most spectacular hike of my life. The mountain proved even more beautiful than the pictures I had seen. We were up at 15,000 ft and had to cross one pass at 18,600 ft.. We had to walk slowly and carry as little as possible. Every step was an effort, and we took special pills to help us utilize oxygen. En route we slept in small Buddhist monasteries and visited with monks and pilgrims. There were only four other foreigners on the kora. After four days we completed the circuit, but none of us wanted to leave. In the area are also some holy lakes which we visited, but the drivers were in a hurry to get home and threatened to leave us stranded. Also we were starving, since they accidentally spilled gasoline over our food and we were surviving on packaged noodles.

It took us another week of rough driving to reach the main road to Katmandu, Nepal. We had been gone from Lhasa over three weeks. We were happy to be in "civilization" where we could bathe and get some good food. I would love to go back to Mount Kailas as I could feel the sacred energy there. I would try to enter from Nepal and avoid using the China Travel Service at all costs. China is rapidly destroying Tibet and it is tragic to witness. However, they will never destroy the magic of Mount Kailas.



THOUGHTS ON FOOD

Donna Huber

There's an interesting article in the June/July issue of *Health Naturally* magazine titled "Margarine: lethal junk food." The article explains that margarine is produced from refined oils containing trans-fatty acids. Trans-fats are fats that have been changed into toxic compounds by heat, light, oxygen and chemical processes. Then hydrogen gas is passed through the oil to harden it into margarine, and this is the most toxic process of all, causing a chemical bonding which the human body cannot undo (like trying to digest Silly Putty, perhaps).

The article goes on to give evidence, citing Harvard University research linking margarine and other refined foods (crackers and cookies containing shortening and/or margarine) with 30,000 deaths each year in the US alone. I've read many other expose articles about altered fats over the years, and I believe the research material.

It puzzles me why anyone would want to eat margarine in the first place, except that it is cheap. Could it be our greedy quest for cheap abundance that has led us to poisoning ourselves with dead food? Thirty years ago nutritionalist Adelle Davis was mourning the loss of whole foods in the North American diet, and documented at length the terrible disintegration of health in our population, especially in our children.

Sometimes I deliberately appall myself imagining someone eating three ordinary, but dreadfully unhealthy, meals a day. Breakfast might consist of dry cereal (sugary and void of vitamins, protein or roughage) skim milk (void of vitamin A-carrying fat), coffee (!!!) Then onto a lunch of white bread, margarine, preserved meat product, process cheese food; well, you get the picture. If I feel like it, I go one step further and imagine what a wiener, white hot-dog bun, tin of Pepsi, ketchup and

mustard, plus a handful of barbecue potato-chips might look like after a human stomach has broken it down into a stew.

I think of this concentrated extract being absorbed into the body to replenish cells. A meal like that is almost suicidal, yet the summer will find children plugged with it on a weekly basis.

Humans seem to have a collective blindness to certain harms we do ourselves; somehow we aren't able to grasp the idea of damage that happens 'down the road'. Our bodies are so amazing, like the earth herself, that we don't immediately become ill after eating something bad. Margarine takes years to kill, like smoking does.

I have a wonderful, big book at home called *The Food of the Western World*, which is a kind of encyclopedia of North American and European foods. The book takes us back to the historical roots of our diets; for example, my maternal background is Scandinavian, so I can find brief descriptive recipes for the pickled herring, dark rye breads and whitefish meals I remember from childhood. Italian, British, Polish, you can trace yourself back to the basics of life. It is interesting to discover, again, that people used to maintain excellent health on much, much simpler, though fresher, foodstuffs than we now eat. The whole of Ireland depended upon the potato at one time, and it would appear at virtually every meal. The lowly potato is an amazingly nutritious tuber, especially if supplemented by greens from a small garden, wild berries, small amounts of butter and milk, and an egg or two here and there, with perhaps a roasted rabbit once or twice a month. Irish women were known for their beauty, which means from a nutritional point of view that all vital nutrients were present in the diet to create well-spaced eyes, firm jaws, clear, rosy skin, etc.

My point in all of this is that we don't

need to economize with discount cookies, wieners, bulk cereals, white pasta or artificially solidified oil products that "no rodent will touch."

I'm as thrifty as any housewife, yet I always and only use butter on the table and in cooking. Butter brings vitamin A, the "good" cholesterol, lecithin, vitamin E, selenium, iodine, antioxidants and more to your body. Unfortunately, our butter comes from cows that graze on pesticide-sprayed grasses. I use it quite sparingly. There are sometimes organic butters offered at health food stores, and there is at SMALL PLANET some delicious, fresh, "cold pressed" oils you can use.

I'd like to leave off with one of my favourite buttery recipes. If you need a good pastry recipe, there's one on the back of the Tenderflake Lard box. Don't use shortening!

WORLD'S BEST BUTTER TARTS

12 - 14 unbaked tart shells
pre-heated oven (350° F)

Filling:

1 1/2 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
3 - 4 Tbsp. very soft butter
2 tsp. vinegar
1/2 cup dried currants
3 Tbsp. cream
2 Tbsp. Rogers Golden Syrup

Blend together with a spoon and divide among the tart shells*, Bake 15 minutes or until filling looks bubbly.

(*Be careful not to over-fill shells as then they will boil over and stick.)

NEW CARETAKERS ON HERNANDO

by Roger Whittaker

Marilyn and Dan Timms took over as caretakers on Hernando Island this year.

Dan is a career Auto Mechanic and Boat Electric Technician. Marilyn is a Signature artist with the Federation of Canadian Artists. Water colors will keep Marilyn busy in the winter and the many engines on Hernando are ready for Dan to keep them tuned up.

Dan and Marilyn have been sailing

the Inside Passage for years and never once did they think they would be working/living in such a wonderful setting.

Twenty years of moving around B.C. looking for a place to be. A place where they can expand on their natural talents. A place where work and life can mesh together. The artists life and the needs of the mechanic are at last at one.

They have abandoned their two adult daughters in the city and are very happy on Hernando.

NORTHSIDE NEWS

by Mark Sorenson

M.V.F.D. has had only a small number of First Aid Related Calls in the last months. We have been getting together for three hall practice sessions as well as looking after maintenance in the halls.

We attended at the Mud Bog event July 19-20. Supplying water for the pitt as well as for washing truck's at the end of race day. We also looked after parking and safety. Thanks to all members who took time to help with this event. Well Done!

We are always looking for new members and if you have any questions or comments give me a call at home after 6 pm. Mark Sorenson. 483 - 4221

Thanks again for all the community support.

Gourmet Pizzas, Dinner Breads, Daily Breads, Snack Breads, Salads, Fruit/Veggie Juices, Coffee, Cinnamon Buns, Cookies, Tarts, etc.

Gourmet Pizzas, Dinner Breads, Daily Breads, Snack Breads, Salads, Fruit/Veggie Juices, Coffee, Cinnamon Buns, Cookies, Tarts, etc.

Cappuccino

Nancy's

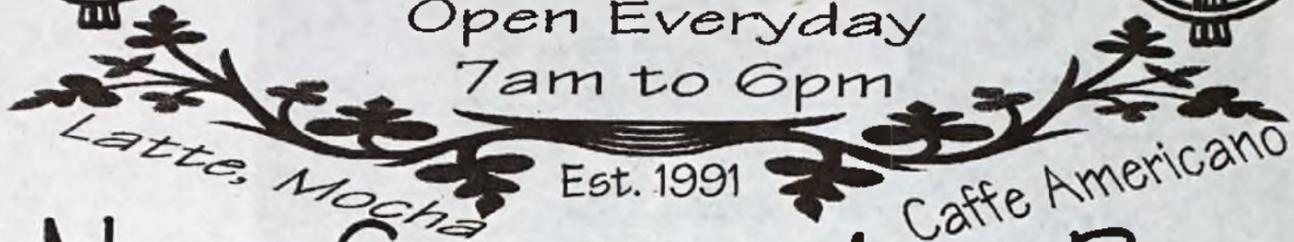
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FISHING

by Wendy

Well here it is a beautiful May day. I'm lying in my hammock under the apple tree watching the bee's kick petals down on me. (seriously, they are!) I'm contemplating assembling my new lawn mower, but having most of my tools on the boat up north has stymied me.

A couple of months ago Bill (Smith) asked me if I'd write a story about fishing for the *Barnacle*. Well, I seem to have some time on my hands so here goes.

I always love to see people who get all enthusiastic at the beginning of the season. Bella Love is a prime example. She was chomping at the bit, could hardly wait to get out there. Now this reminds me of women who go through child birth and claimed to have loved every minute of it. Either they've had a totally different experience than me or it's a case of selective memory.

Maybe Bella just hasn't had enough shitty experiences yet to sour her on it. (Fishing that is, notice she only has two kids.) Now ask me or my sisters and we'll

tell you what fishing means to us.

(1) Dirty fuel tanks that plug your filters when it's blowing at least 25, rolling in the slop. While the fuel filter is changed, injectors bled, then the boat reeking of diesel for the rest of the trip. At least one cupboard door is guaranteed to fly open during the process releasing spaghetti, rice or both and whatever wrench is needed will not be where it always is.

(2) Running at night - For sure it will be blowing and raining and darker than the inside of a cow. The radar will have so much clutter (from rain) you'll keep scaring yourself. There's a freighter heading straight for you and invariably you'll hit a chunk so you'll have to nervously watch the bilge pump to see if you've sprung a plank.

(3) The running with the staby's is the in thing. Now everybody knows that when it's rough and the boats rolling you throw in the stabilizers and you ride like a duck. But did you know you also lose about one knot of speed, which for some reason is unacceptable to men who'd sooner roll their guts out and yours to have a horrendous ride

for five hours instead of a comfortable one for six.

(4) Dragging anchor in the middle of the night. I just had this happen for the umpteenth time a few weeks ago and repetition does not make it any less hairy. Of course you drag because it's blowing and nine times out of ten it'll be blowing you on the beach not off it. It always happens in the middle of the night and then you have to run a minimum of 1/2 an hour to find a better anchorage. My sister (salmon fishing) has been in crowded anchorages where they have complicated the situation by several boats dragging and creating a mess of intertangled anchor lines. This is merely the tip of the iceberg but I am getting writers cramp. Of course I love to go "boating" but I'd sooner play around down here in the gulf, choose my weather and anchorage's for comfort not necessity and wear shorts instead of rain gear. There ya go Bill. Want to go deckhanding?



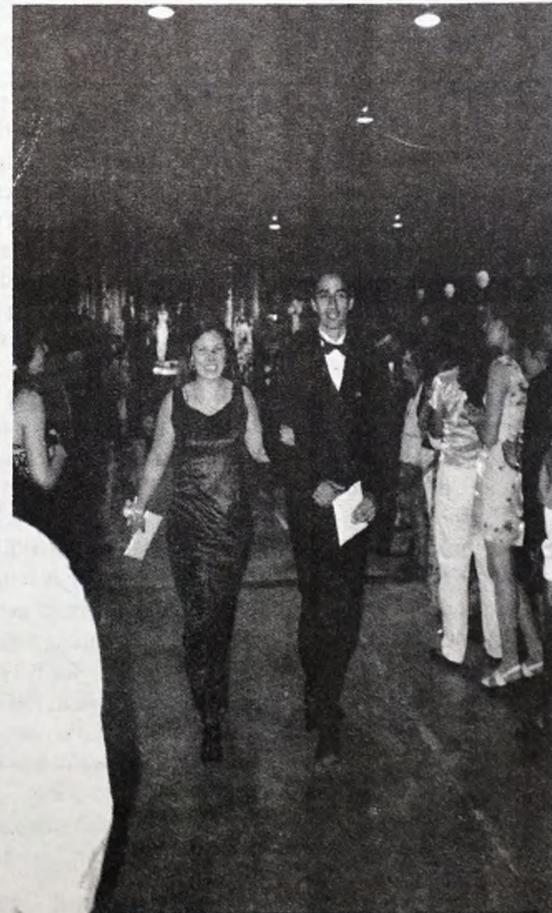


CONGRADulations!

**Brooks Grads
1997**



1987



WATCH THESE MOVIES ^{BY} *Siobhan*

THE FIFTH ELEMENT

We have a winner folks! Excellent consistent story line, flawless awe-inspiring special effects, side-splitting humour and a very positive message in the bargain. Love is the fifth element on which hangs the fate of the world (and does emulate life) as Bruce Willis plays the ex-service man hero who's chosen to be the guardian of love's incarnation (luckily for him in the body of a beautiful red head). It's 200 years from now - on earth and out in space too! I appreciated the strong environmental statement made by a city that has to keep on moving up into the air to get above the no longer breathable atmosphere (that's where we're headed unless we change our ways and I doubt if it will take 200 years unless we smarten up).

But I digress. Of course we have the powers of evil trying to destroy love and it's non stop excitement as Bruce Willis tries to protect the fifth element with help from a priest and a bisexual DJ. During this an alien prima donna wows an intergalactic audience with a beautiful concert. This is a very imaginative movie and I was AMAZED my friends utterly SUNNED There's not a fault to be found in this movie. Shear entertainment, a wonderful story, creative, original and top value for the money.

VIDEO

My fairy-godmother gave me a vcr and my best friend traded me a tv for house cleaning so a whole new world has opened



MADMUDDER BORN AND RAISED IN LUND

Dan Huber finished **!St** in 34in-36in class at local event

up to me. As a bonus I was spurred to rearrange my furniture, which opened up a great play area for my beloved niece Emma. One of the places she and I loved to go together is to that remarkable, available to all, public institution, the library! They have a marvelous range of videos (FREE!!) both instructional and entertaining and here's some I particularly want to mention.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL AND THE POWER OF MYTH

This is a series of six videos featuring personal conversations between Bill MOYERS and the late Joseph Campbell. Joseph is a teacher and philosopher who devoted his life to studying myths from different perspectives. As both men discuss universal human myths, Campbell illustrates his points by referring to stories from all parts of the globe at all times in recorded history. I was inspired, uplifted and ultimately reassured by these interviews as they spoke of the UNIVERSAL SPIRIT in each of us prevailing over the mess we've gotten into on this planet.

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Would you like to have the option of burial in Lund?

Would you prefer:

- cremation?
- crypt?
- burial?
- other?

Who does the planning for your family?

Would you plan for a resting place for more than one person?

Would you prefer:

- an ocean view?
- a wilderness view?

Mail responses to Roger Whittaker, General Delivery, Lund, BC
V0N 2G0. You can also call (604) 483-4909.



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YOGA

by Sonja Franke

Hi, it's me again, I am here to share more thoughts with you, perhaps even inspire you to come out, relax and strengthen with us. I invite you to take some time for yourself out of your busy day schedule.

Our health is our most valuable asset. After a certain age we all begin to notice things we perhaps never did before. Maintaining this treasure is an ongoing process. Being kind to ourselves is an investment, one essential to our being.

What is our commitment to aliveness? Health is a job; it takes awareness, discipline and the willingness to breath in the life force, the energy that permeate our bodies.

How many of us take time to listen to our bodies. Acknowledge rather than ignore the messages our mind and body are trying to tell us.

Breath, movement, relaxation response - all essential to generate health and strength. Energy vitality is essential to life. How many of us carry some form of chronic pain, stiffness in our back, neck and or shoulders perhaps resulting from an old injury. Come on lets be honest, I just turned 40! Health takes work, but the results are worth it.

How many of us carry accumulated emotional stress or simple stress from everyday living. We all carry stress in our bodies, into our sleep, into our dreams. How many of us though take time to acknowledge our bodies to relax and take care.

As we age we lose the accessory movement in our joints. Accessory movement is the movement between bones which help them glide, our shock absorbers. Our tissues become less elastic, our internal manouverability is choked.

I know it doesn't sound great, but, wait yes, there is something. Many things we can do about it. We can learn to release our skeleton from its habitual kinks and bends and return to a suppleness, any age, any body type, any stage of movements. Yoga, Tai Chi, Chi Gong, all these eastern arts combined with western movement help to restore movement in our joints. Restore our vitality.

Health is cumulative, health is preventative, health is wholeness body, mind and spirit. Let me leave you with a few simple techniques you can practice still being in bed. Doesn't that sound good!

Close your eyes and feel your body it is endlessly flowing, now take a few deep

breaths and feel your heart beating, carrying blood, pumping oxygen, carrying your bodies vital life forces and moving them throughout your body every breath you take.

Place your hand on lower abdomen and feel it rise and fall as you breath evenly. Turn your head to one side on your pillow, listen to your body, keep breathing evenly then turn to the other side, take 3 or 4 breaths, and on and on.

There are many more stretches that can be done being in bed before you even begin your busy day. Come and move with me, relax and strengthen. I am also happy to give one on one consultation. For further information or questions I'd be happy to chat with you. My home phone number is 483-3977. Hope to see some of you join us in the fall.

CRAIG ROAD CONTINUED...

School in town, and became part of a larger group of people. New friendships were formed and a variety of interests were pursued, and let me say they pursued these interests with all the confidence in themselves.

A BIG CONGRATULATIONS TO
CARLOS COLLEEN RACHEL AMY
SIMONE KIM MELISE CAYCE JAMIE

I know you will find what
you are looking
for. ♥ CONT...

But anyways I can't hold onto the past forever, onto other events and everyday living. The Flaminggals wrapped up their baseball year with a third place finish over all, and a second place finish in the playoffs, Way to go Team! News on the home front, the garden is looking like we moved to a tropical Island, personally it has been few years and many seed orders since I have seen such an outstanding performance. Time to dust off the canning jars, and organize the freezer, speaking of which the size and abundance of the wild berry crops, my freezer is reaching copacity already. I can just taste those huckleberry pies planned for winter. Haven't taken time out yet to pursue the fishing part of summer, but have sure seen some beautiful specimens pass before my eyes. Puts me in mind of the Salmon conflict, we all know some one who has tried to make a living from this resource, and personal opinion of the issue aside, hope some of the salmon make it to the rivers. But I find I can't help but be a proud Canadian and find the issue a bitter pill when the Alaskan Fleet "ACCIDENTLY" overfishes a few hundred sockeye and sends them to the process plant in Prince Rupert. The picture is out of focus and I want to pick up pack up and help the fleet with the Maple Leaf Flying. X X X



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WEED, HOE & H2O

Joanne Suche

I'm not going to complain (too much, anyway) about all the rain and cool weather we have had this Spring and Summer. There's not a lot any gardener can do about the mildew on the roses, the basil that just won't grow, or the armies of slugs which have invaded our gardens and are happily munching their way through our veggies and flowers like diners at a medieval feast. To say nothing about those dreadful cutworms... no, I'm not going to complain. All of this is beyond any gardener; it's Mother Nature playing tricks. /

On a happier note, Steve built an entrance gate to our house and garden, and it looks absolutely terrific. For years I've been nagging about fencing and gates --- this year he got out graph paper and spent an evening drawing up plans. Not one to disturb when inspiration strikes, I provided endless cups of tea and tried to slip in a few of my own astute ideas. With both of us happy with the design, the lumber was ordered, picked up, and one Spring afternoon I returned from town to see --- uh! horrors! --- four 6"x6" posts standing guard over the entry path.

Now let me say that 6"x6"s did not enter our design plans; but while picking up the materials Steve decided that "BIG" was better. From there the original plan went straight out the window. The new trellis was to have copied the trellis already built near the house; but each time I looked up from gardening and saw Steve contemplating those four enormous beams, I knew this was not to be.

I have learned over the years to have faith in my partner's design ideas, but I must admit I was a little shaky with this one. "Sort of a roof", he said, "to mimic the lines of the house roof" Oh. "And for fun, a Transylvanian spike on top." Oh, oh! Not wanting him to quit altogether I went along

with it, but envisioned something too perfect, something totally incompatible with my very casual cottage-style garden. "Not to worry", said Steve, taking great delight in my discomfiture, and he cheerfully measured and cut and pounded nails.

Well, as I've already said, it looks great. He was right; the proportions are perfect, the lattice-style fence is the right height, and it does mimic the house roof. The front yard has been magically turned into a hidden courtyard, a delightful entryway to our home. I envision the whole thing smothered in climbing roses, ivy and clematis, a welcoming and scented gateway to our little private world. 2

So even though the weather is not up to par, and the aphids have taken over the greenhouse, each time I return home I'm delighted with this summer in my garden.

Things to do in the garden now: Deadhead flowers to prevent their energy going into seed making. Fertilize and water baskets regularly. Stake tall flowers and roses so the rains don't flatten them. Pick all infected leaves from roses and tomatoes and burn them to prevent disease from spreading. Check under mulches to see that the soil isn't dry; if so, water, preferably in the early morning so the leaves have a chance to dry to help prevent mildew. Sow winter veggies now and get them into the garden as soon as possible. Every two to three weeks plant small amounts of lettuce seeds to keep you in salads for the summer. Watch for the first ripening tomatoes. We had our first cherry tomatoes and they are so-o good. Watch out for the invasion of the zucchini! Those things turn into monsters overnight; cultivate non-gardening friends so you have someone to give them to. Most important of all, sit down and look around your garden. Enjoy the colours, the smells, the humming of the bees, the cat curled up in the shade of the mint patch. This is what it's all about!



P.E.P. TALK

Ruth Longacre

Recently I was staying at Qualicum, on Vancouver Island, and was awakened by rumblings and shakings, and quickly rushed to the window thinking a heavy truck had smashed into the front of the hotel. But it was an earthquake! First response for me was one of panic and I did the two things that we had always as P.E.P. volunteers been taught not to do.

Forgetting the advice we had been given, I grabbed the phone, and then hastily reached for my slippers -- wrong moves: "Leave the phone alone -- for use by emergency workers" and "Always place a good pair of heavy shoes by your bed as glass will probably be everywhere in the event of an earthquake." And so, I guess, we are not always as prepared as we think we are!

Let's all try to be more informed and ready for any emergency!

LUND COMMUNITY CHURCH

Lund Community Church now holding services every Sunday at 10 a.m. at the Craig Road Fire Hall. Informal. All Welcome.

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SLEEPY, SUNNY, SANDY SAVARY GETS POLITICAL

by Sandy Challenor

The gentle nature of Savary has been rocked this summer by the drafting of an Official Community Plan for the Island. Because of the uniqueness of Savary, in that over 90% of property owners live elsewhere, and the fact that the majority prefer any meetings to be held during summer months while most users of property are on island, three meetings are being squeezed into the two summer months to allow for as many property owners as possible to have input.

Powell River Regional District hired consultants, Planistics Management to draft the Official Community Plan, with input from the Savary Island Committee. Such controversial topics as transportation, land use, size, number of vehicles, foreshore issues, etc. are up for discussion and judging by the July 5th meeting, with over 100 people in attendance, interest in 'getting it right' is paramount. If there is general acceptance of the OCP following the third meeting, to be held in late August, a public hearing may be scheduled at the end of the summer or at the Labour Day weekend.

In addition to the above, Savary Islanders have yet another pressing issue - port divestiture. Transport Canada is divesting responsibility of its ports and harbours to local government or private interests. Some ports have been classified "Remote" and will remain the responsibility of Transport Canada. However, Savary has not been classed thus, a fact that remains a mystery to us all.

Yet another consultancy group has been appointed to look into the ports and harbours on both Savary and Texada islands (FERENCE Weiker & Co.), who will assess the viability of acquiring the ports, thereby enabling PRRD and local community groups to make informed decisions regarding the assumption of said ports. A questionnaire prepared by FERENCE Weiker has been 2 circulated on Savary asking such questions as "... should users be charged for their use of the port?" "User fees" would appear to be four-letter words to the majority of Savaryites, but try mentioning an increase in taxes, another option, and be ready to duck! A public meeting (yes, another one) is to be held on Savary on August 13th.

All in all, a busy, tumultuous summer on Savary Island and one can't help feeling that something precious has been lost, forever.

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Greenways are taking off

The local people who've been working for a *greenways* trails system since the early 1990s see lots of progress.

The Wildwood Hill Switchback gets lots of use. The Browne Creek – Dinner Rock section is a great destination walk. Preparation for the next three sections of *greenways* trail north of town is underway, mostly in place. The parts of the trails that involve Sliammon land will hopefully be done by Sliammon, part of their forestry plans.

A *National Geographic* article from 1992 contributed the "greenways" name to the work local people were doing for a cycling and walking path. That article describes wonderful "greenways" trails in many state and provinces, cities and rural areas. The trans-Canada trail is being promoted in *Canadian Geographic*, on TV by one of the oil companies. Red Deer Alberta, Ottawa Ontario are great examples of Canadian cities with renowned trail networks.

The trails on the Sechelt Peninsula are an example even closer to home.

Maybe you remember about five years ago, when the people interested in starting the Sechelt Trail came to Powell River to meet with the *Greenways* Board. After a day on the trails and going over what the non-profit society here was doing, the visitors went back home.

Five years later, Sechelt has an inter-connected trails network. Engineers volunteering their time have certified the bridges and helped build them. Some sections are paved, for wheelchair users. Old parts of roads and trails have been incorporated into an integrated system, of alternative transportation, in which people who don't choose to drive can get around – safely, and in good health. This "basic infrastructure" for alternative transportation deserves some diversion of the full subsidy that private automobile and vehicle owners enjoy. **Surprise, surprise, that's one reason Sechelt has been so successful in getting its *greenways* system in place!** CONTINUED...

– NOTICE –
VISITOR INFORMATION BUREAU
OPEN IN LUND

Friday Saturday Sunday
11:00 AM to 7:00 PM
Lobby of the Hotel

The Regional District in Sechelt actively supports a *greenways* system, recognizes that a portion of establishing and maintaining such a system is its responsibility, and has established a budget line for trails maintenance and development (upwards of \$50,000 per year). Ours has been too busy with other matters. A nod to the idea is about as close as we can say our Regional Board has come to supporting alternative transportation corridors or trails.

As for the Municipal Government, if any of the last three Councils or administrators in Powell River had followed the Community Plan (the official document, remember), we'd already have decent bicycle and walking paths inside the municipality. Instead, we have dick. Wrangle wrangle wrangle seems to be the dominant style of local leadership.

At the staff level in the municipality, a person from the Planning unit got a copy of the original researched and mapped trail, and came to a couple of meetings, but interest was muted.

The last School Board didn't respond to the letter from *Greenways* inquiring about the possibility of working together to build a safe access / connector to the new Brooks School when it was being built. The School Board members and District staff of all people must be aware of the need for some safe mobility alternatives for young people. Where is their initiative on this stuff? Latent.

The logical "sector" to put its weight behind a good trails system would seem to be the tourism one, but apart from a few rebels, those who represent this industry and the Chamber of Commerce as the primary business body are focused on conventional tourism, and don't see a role for themselves actively getting alternative infrastructure in place (always happy to use it as a selling feature to promote the Powell River area, though, we notice).

Forestry's been good, but "recreational" interests within the loaded plate that MoF staff as well as forest workers are dealing with doesn't leave much energy for considering long-term alternative recreation and resources harvesting approaches. CONTINUED...

Been on the trails yet this summer?
GET OUT THERE!

Meanwhile, volunteers plug away at getting the trails system in place. Work parties are the last Sunday of every month, usually from about 10:00 am to 2:00 pm. Location varies according to the priority need for maintenance. Call Lyn at 483-4043 for information about a work party, volunteering or contribution to the regional *greenways* trails system. (Also call for directions if you enjoy a good walk and don't know where the *greenways* trail sections or connectors are.)

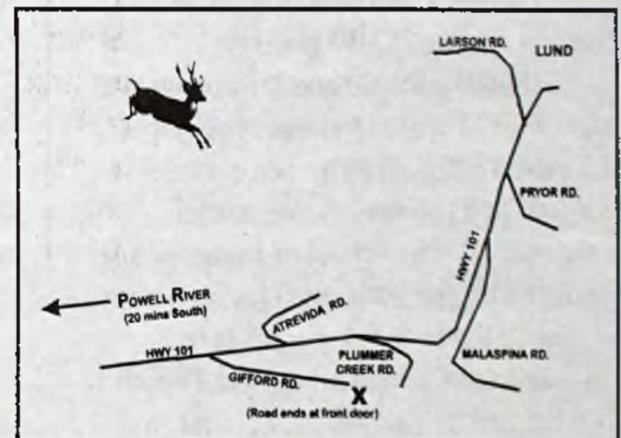
END! Lyn JACOBS



Happy trails.

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A.S.L.

THE ED HANSON STORY

Pat Laycraft

Born into a family of 6 sisters and 3 brothers (two of which died shortly after birth), Edward arrived August 26, 1916. He was the first boy to be born in the old hospital in Powell River (the one still serving as apartments in the townsite).

Ed's father, Axel and mother, Amanda arrived in Michigan in 1899 upon the prompting of Ed's Uncle Bill. The couple with their children Helen and Linnea and Ragner, moved to Lund in 1909. They stayed there for 6 years during which time Axel and Bill logged Sliammon, Galley Bay and other areas around the peninsula. Axel and Amanda took a liking to Galley Bay and decided to apply for a pre-emption. Pre-emptions were plots of land consisting of 160 acres that could be applied for provided the person(s) was going to live on the land and 5 acres were cleared within an allotted period of time (usually 5 years). The land clearing was done totally by hand and the couple worked extremely hard to meet this requirement. They built a small farm, planted 200 fruit trees, grew a large garden, and settled in to raise their family. Axel continued to work as a hand logger at the astounding wage of \$5.50 per day.

Schooling for Ed and his siblings was a little tricky. The government required at least 8 pupils before they'd open a school with a qualified teacher. Some of the children had to start school at an earlier age just to make up the number. This schooling only went to grade 8. Ed tried to take correspondence for high school but French studies bugged him and there were far too many distractions for a boy his age. His folks sent him to Vancouver Technical where he took electrical engineering for 2 years. He claimed he learned much more from experience than from the schooling and became quite adept at small repairs. He did admit that stubbornness had a great deal to do with his success as he'd stay up to all hours to prove he could get something working.

Ed applied for work in the Mill in 1932, but he was only 16 years old and lack of experience didn't work in his favour. He did realize that there were fish in the ocean and through the concern and help of his brother-in-law Pete Anderson, he began a career that lasted a lifetime.

Pete began taking Ed fishing at the age of 8 years old. He loved the challenge and held a commercial license for 54 years, although he fished for 64 years. Ed remembered the River's Inlet strike of 1934. The price for Sockeye was .30 cents per fish.

The fishermen wanted .32 cents per fish and the war was on.

During these early seasons the prices received was .05 a pound for Coho and Springs. Pinks were not accepted unless they were dressed. The fishermen received an incredible .03 a piece for these. Ed's first season's take was \$75.00.

Ed bought his first boat for \$400.00. The 28' Viandotte (named after his two sisters Vi and Dot) served him well although he had no gerties the first year so all pulling was done by hand. The first year with this boat produced 17,000 pounds of Coho for a dollar amount of \$1700.00.

Ed held a hand-logging claim up Humphrey channel and talked of log booms averaging 66 feet. These booms were only 11 logs wide which gave each log an average of over 6 feet diameter. For interests sake, his dad received \$6.00 per thousand for #1 timber in 1934.

Ed selected the best fir and cedar off the claim to build his next boat. The logs averaged 40' when cut into planks which meant that each plank had only one splice. Alec North of Finn Bay designed and aided in the building of the Galley Bay. She was 44' and I feel was one of the most attractive trawlers on the coast. The keel was laid December 15, 1945 and she was launched May 4, 1946. The fishing season began June 15 of that year. It took Ed a few seasons to figure out how the Galley Bay fished, but they made a great team and served him very

well the rest of his life.

Ed fished 12 years off the Goose Island Banks where he talked of Springs not less than 25# average and Coho of 8# average. He fished 12 years out of Rupert and an additional 12 years out of Tofino where he also worked as a handyman for a logging camp in Stuart Inlet.

I'll always remember the stories Dad told with flair and non-too little 4 exaggeration. (his famous line was "If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit") He is remembered for his wit generosity and piano playing. Love you, Dad!



Leonard Ryan

Jeannie likes old things. We were gearing up for a week's camping out and working trip on Quadra Island. I dug out an old canvass pack sack for her which she fell in love with. Of course I gave it to her.

During the next few days as we worked the oyster lease, I recalled more and more of the adventures I had with that pack sack before it was finally replaced with a newer fancier high tech model. This, then, is some of the life story I have shared with my old pack sack over the years before it became Jeannie's. I hope it adds to the value I know she places on the pack itself.

In the nearly 20 years since I bought that old pack for three dollars in a second hand store on Vancouver's Hastings Street we have been soaked for days on the West Coast Trail, thoroughly scared in a near-sinking, we have dug dinosaur bones for a couple of weeks in Alberta's Badlands, we've camped out on Forbidden Plateau in winter on what we learned later was snow 10 feet deep. We've been hit by a car and knocked off a bicycle. We've both got minor road rash scars from that one. We've pedalled that same old recycled bicycle from Texada Island all the way across the Rockies and most of the way through Alberta before running out of money and calling off an attempted trip across Canada. We spent two weeks riding Canada's rail system with a Canrailpass, living on trains and visiting every province, including Newfoundland.

In December of 1981 we had both come pretty well to the end of the line, a khaki canvass pack with leather and web straps, sewn and copper riveted, ripped and torn, probably World War 2 military, and I, stooped, bent and constantly coughing my life out in the near terminal stages of tobacco addiction. I had quit smoking a couple of months previously, however, and was getting better.

I was on my way into the mountains, to Manning Park to try some cross country skiing. Off the pile of near discards, the pack went with me on my journey back to life.

Early winter dark had come by the time I stepped off the bus at Manning Park, a burned out old bum with old wooden skis and an old torn pack sack. Coughing and panting, I laboured my way perhaps a mile along the trail, pitched my tent in the snow, ate some cheese and crackers, wrapped myself in my inadequate sleeping bag and proceeded to shiver my way to the dawn. It was a beginning.

Not quite five years later I was lean, tanned, muscled and breathing freely. It was in the middle of the summer in the Badlands

I was carrying a five gallon water container in the same old canvass pack sack, now sewn with waxed linen thread and reinforced with patches of rubber inner tubing. The water had to be carried up a steeply eroded hill towards the site of a major dinosaur find. I was among a handful of volunteers working with the staff of the Tyrell Museum of Palaeontology. The water was used to make the cement and burlap castings with which

There are so many pictures stored in my memories. One of them is of myself on another winter's night, making my way home from a rather discouraging several days of clam digging. I was living on Texada Island at the time, on the beach at the end of a five-mile bush road. It was snowing heavily and I was pushing my bicycle with the pack strapped to the rear rack. Wet snow was piled up on top of the pack, the bicycle seat, and my head and shoulders. The wheel spokes were packed solid with it. I felt I was in the middle of a refugee scene written by Dostoyevsky.

The tent I was using along the West Coast Trail didn't leak, which was a good thing because it rained for the first five days of the six-day hike. My old friend and travelling companion, the pack sack, was definitely not waterproof at any time I've had it, if it ever was. My sleeping bag got soaked even before the first night. It was stuffed.

with Holofill, said to retain 90 percent of its insulating capacity even when soaking wet. It's true. Each of the first three nights I'd slurp my way into the sleeping bag and actually get to sleep, soaking, dripping wet, but warm enough. On the fourth night I arrived at a cave on the beach. I'd been told about it and was expecting it, but I was terribly disappointed to find it already occupied by three people and two tents. They waved me in, however, and I found there was plenty of room for another tent.

They had a fire going, and other hikers had left a collection of sticks and branches leaning against the cave walls, plenty of places to drape wet sleeping bags and everything else we owned to dry by the fire as we shared our food and stories. Outside was the rain drenched beach, and a curtain of water trickled down across the mouth of the cave. The dryness and warmth of the fire inside was as close to ecstasy as I've ever been. **TO PAGE 24...**

LEAVES + LEAVING,

M. N. Morrison

- Leaves, leave, me, and, they, wont, stay,
- I, have, a large, glass, bowl, where, they, float, in,
- water. - but, they, are, leaving, things
- I, feel, I, should, not, try, to, trap, them,
- Some-times, I, fell, life, is, leaving, and,
- Im, afraid, to, try, and, trap, it!

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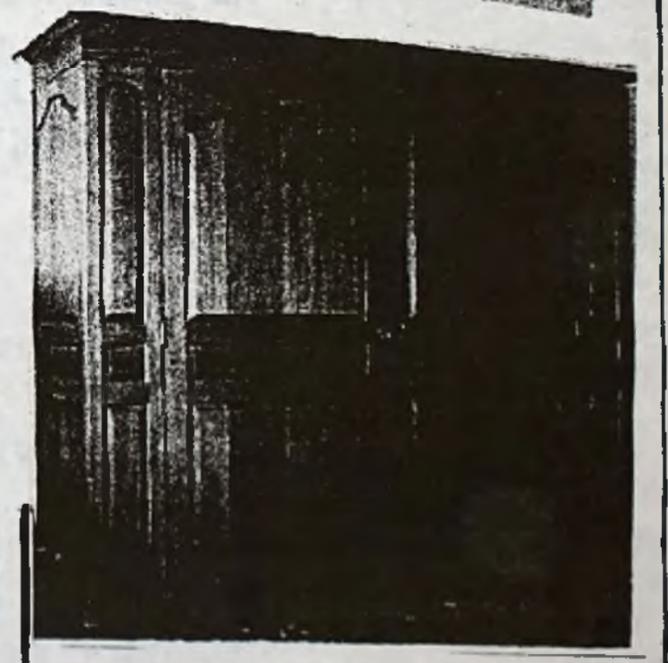
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The Lund Hotel has perched in Lund harbour for almost as long as the bald eagles. The water spouts, storms and SNOW came and went this winter. So did the carpets in the old Lund Pub. Many contested that the site was hallowed ground, and as one of the guys who pulled it up, I can certainly testify it was "holey". I noticed someone had spilled some beer in the corner. I believe it occurred somewhere between the spring of 1897 and the fall of fall of 1996. Could the guilty party please "fess up"? With the arrival of beautiful new chairs and tables this week, the dining room will shortly reopen.

New to the hotel complex this year is Anne Nelson's Gallery Tantalus North. Anne is highlighting coastal art in her satellite gallery. The Powell River Visitor's Bureau is imparting their local knowledge of "where to," "when to," and "how to" from the hotel lobby.

Don and Val Bolton are running the Seafood Shop again this year, an important shop since coming out to Lund seems to put our guests in a "seafoody" frame of mind.

The growing following of kayaking and the diving enthusiasts are being serviced by Gwyneth at "Good Diving and Kayaking".

Jackie Timothy has moved his native carving station to the hotel complex as well, and he will resume his job of being "Jackie" when he gets back from his vacation.

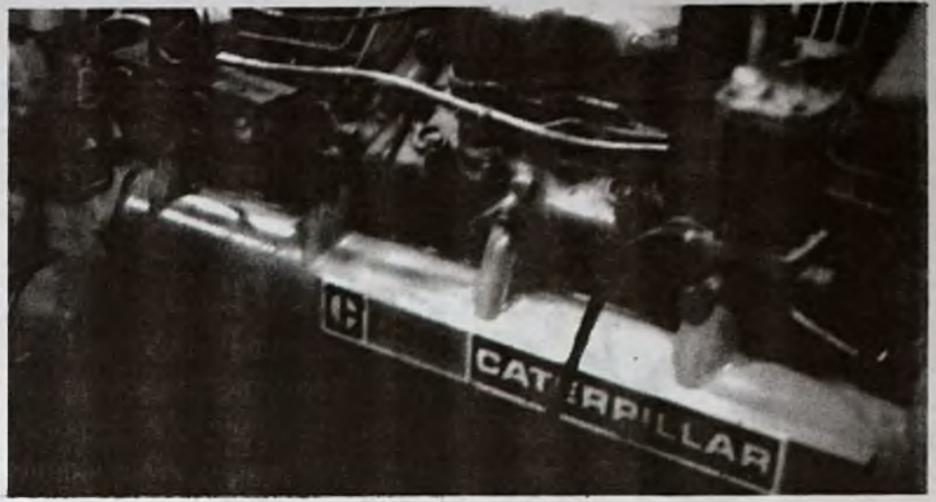
Mike Saunders, "Mr. Fix Anything" still keeps Lund Electronics next to the Seafood Shop.

John of Dave's Boat Rentals and Parking Services has picked up the responsibility for seeing everyone safely parked. The General Store and Hotel also sell parking passes in John's absence.

Our adventure cruising vessel, the Major Rock, is departing regularly on scheduled tours of Desolation Sound and Princess Louisa Inlet. Its passenger capacity is 48 persons. Most of our tour groups originate in Vancouver, Victoria and Washington State.

I was going to do an article on "Rumor had it." however, the cost of news print and printing involved would be prohibitive!

We at the Lund Hotel wish everyone a pleasurable summer.



ROBERT GRAY, Owned and operated by, **CURT LIND**, is a 120ft steel hulled tug boat. Powered by a 750 horse **CAT DIESEL** and three generators. Also aboard is a four ton crane and a 20x40 helipad.

GOLD RUSH BRINGS VISITORS TO LUND

by Roger Whittaker

It was July 23, 1897 when Robert Gray sailed into Lund last week, skippered by local Sea Captain Curt Johnson. Robert Gray (1936) is on a historical mission to reenact the Klondike Gold Rush of the 1890's.

Last week a vessel sailed to Seattle with gold aboard and once delivered to the dock the rush was on. Amid fanfare and much ado Robert Gray motored out towards Alaska with a motley crew of passengers cum crew.

Touring the Robert Gray with our guide, and on board photo journalist, Hans Brouwer, I was able to get a sense of the hardship life at sea can be.

Robert Gray, built at the height of the depression, is reported to be one of only two

vessels built on the west coast in 1936.

Originally constructed as a research vessel the cabins are outfitted with either a fold down writing table or a desk. The bunks are longer (scientists are taller than sailors). The private cabins have a full 3 pc Ensuite (head, sink shower) The semi private cabins have a sink, crews quarters has their own head. Then on the main deck there are two 3pc heads and one 2pc head. Each of the staterooms has more than adequate closet and drawer space.

Let us now move to the wheel house where Captain Curt is dutifully guiding Robert Gray through the Inside Passage. There are two auto pilots, magnetic and gyro, allowing him to curl up on the built in sofa on the port side. Behind the wheel house are the navigation room and the private captain's stateroom. There he should be able to entertain in style. Captain Curt was heard to remark, "MMMM... life at sea is hell!!!"

Bostonian Zana, the ship's chef, has to struggle in the huge galley where she puts together meals, served in the 11 seat dining room. Though she may have to journey down to the salon, under the heli deck, to serve. There we may find Les, from Alabama, reading, from the extensive library, a book on how to keep the tender outboard motor in tip top condition.

The ships engineer and the proud owner of Robert Gray is Curtis Lind of Mountain View, California. He spends his time aboard making sure all is ship shape in the engine room. It is possible to fabricate any part that may break, at sea, on the ship's lathe. Though I could not picture any stressful moments in the immaculate and orderly engine room. Let alone the crises of broken parts.

The Robert Gray is on its way to Alaska and if you missed this trip you can get sailing information by calling 415-853-4121. Fax 415-347-7202.

we protected the dinosaur bones for the helicopter transportation to the museum.

Some of the volunteers were at other sites, working on the easy stuff. I was amongst the tough guys on one of the big jobs. Sweating up the hill in the desert heat, I remember saying to a co-worker, "Why do I feel so privileged?"

Unlike my new high tech pack with its internal frame, the old one is just a sack with straps on it. It can hold a tent, sleeping bag and insulating pad plus as much food as needed, spare socks, sweater, whatever. These can all go on my back, get stuffed into a kayak or into an out-of-the-way corner of a sailboat. The whole bundle can strap onto a bicycle or a motorcycle.

Riding around the country on trains with a Canrailpass is a very public thing to do. The adventurer is constantly surrounded by people. The ones doing extensive

Canrailpass wandering soon start to see each other here and there, on trains, or in stations, perhaps going in different directions, sometimes the same. There was a young Chinese man who travelled with his bicycle on the trains. It rode in the baggage car and when he stopped he used it to tour around and see the sights. Then when he boarded another train he'd first load his bike. I first saw him somewhere in the Maritimes. A few days later we were on the same train heading south from Churchill, Manitoba, on Hudson's Bay. We were both entertained by a young Indian boy telling of his grandfather who used to ride on the backs of Beluga whales in Hudson's Bay. The water was too shallow for the whales to dive below the surface.

Another traveller was an ancient giant of an old man. He must have been six and a half feet tall, with massive chest and shoulders and a completely shaven head. He

walked slowly and with difficulty, aided by crutches. I first saw him in the Maritimes as well. Later I shared a cabin with him on the ferry to Newfoundland. The cheapest way to take the ferry was to sleep on the floor. Next was to share a four-berth cabin. There were three of us in the cabin that trip.

I saw him again on the short run between Toronto and Niagara Falls. That was when I dropped my pack sack on his head. I was getting it down from the overhead rack above his seat when the train lurched. He wasn't hurt.

Jeannie, you're 17. I'm 60. My old friend the packsack is pretty close to my age. Now it's yours. In the past few days you've been together you've visited two islands and two cities, you've camped and worked on the beach in the warm sun and cool rain. You've travelled by land and by sea.

XXX

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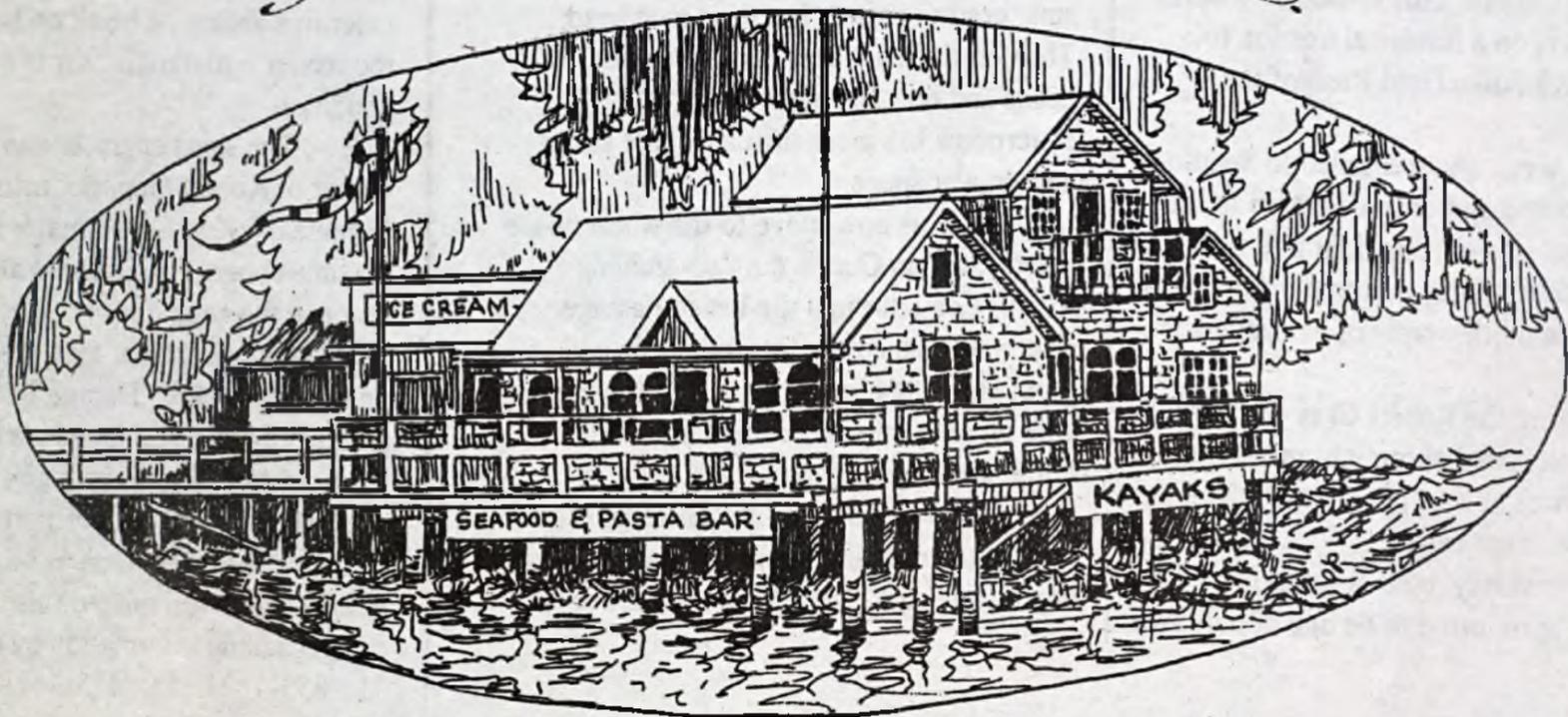
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