

LUND BARNACLE



ISSUE NO. 16 1993

\$ 1.00

SUMMER HYSTERIA



INSIDE

New Breakwater
Sewer Update
Iron Mines
Regular Columns
Letters
Opinions
and 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. Leave submissions in *The Barnacle* envelope at the Lund Store, in the box at Carvers Coffeehouse or give them to one of the volunteer staff members.

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

Co-Editors for this issue: Christine Hjørleifson and Bill Smith. Volunteers working on this issue: Angela Gunther, Christine Hjørleifson, Lyn Jacob, Marcy Levy, Deborah Mazurek, Bill Smith, Joanne Suche, Steve Suche. We missed Gordon Ellison's superb proofreading skills this issue and wish him a speedy recovery. And thank you to Margaret Leitner and Joanne Suche for the generous use of computers and printers.

ADVERTISING RATES

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Business card	\$10.00
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1/2 page	\$50.00
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EDITORIAL

by Bill Smith

The features in this edition will look back at our history and ahead to the possible futures of Lund. Some will no doubt bring to mind the ever noticeable changes and growing pains of small town Canada, Town, Village, Area call Lund what you may, (and it has been called many things) it was once a very distinct community defined by the people who worked and lived here.

The world, Our world is changing but not all will like it. Sometime ago I was privy to a somewhat ribald conversation in which new T shirts were being designed, suggested for the front of one it said - "I Love Lund - In the Winter" and on the back "Have A Nice Day - Somewhere Else." Shirts would have sold on the spot, however it was mostly just light humour at what we all knew was not an easy problem to deal with.

The truth being that we had lost the old community of Lund (not only) in the summer to our growing Tourism economy, but also to more permanent forces of development and population shifts. Gone as a major source of community involvement are the old logging and fishing practices, and now for us and other areas, the recognized problem is the New Lack of Involvement with community groups and organizations.

Unfortunately, commuters, retirees and even the new rash of self-employed Small Business Entrepreneurs don't bode well for the concept of "community."

As tourists, it is relatively easy to see that we must learn to respect the peoples and communities we visit (be it Lund or Mexico) but it seems increasingly difficult for "newcomers" to recognize why they are drawn to the area, before thinking about how, or should it, be changed for what, they think, will be the better. The very powerful "God of the almighty buck" will no doubt envision a few. Here's hoping there are others (both gods and believers) who will take the time to look and get involved before rushing to duplicate the familiar failures of our past.

As you will find scanning our paper, we have a wealth of groups and organizations, both formal and informal that will give new faces to the community of Lund. Pick a cause to fight for, or just go to have fun, but without getting involved you (and I don't say this lightly) - "are missing the boat."

Enjoy the paper, and the summer, and I hope to see you all at the Bluegrass Festival.

The Barnacle and friends of Christine Hjørleifson say good-bye and wish her well as she sets off on her next adventure. Doubting she can find a place as exciting as Lund, we bet she'll be back. Good luck, Christine.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor,

A few observations & remarks on Grant Keays's statement in *Barnacle* #15.

If one ignores the Barbara Cartland style of scholarship (seething hotbeds and rotting body parts included) and focuses on the content of the article, one plainly sees the intolerance and bigotry which alarms so many ordinary people. There is, it seems, a lunatic fringe to all political, religious and social movements and invariably it is the fringe which gets the newspaper space and air time. This is unfortunate as the hyperbole obscures the message and this is exactly the problem with Mr. Keays's statement. One is apt to read it and then discard it as both immature and alarmist. We have heard many chickens crying that the sky is falling in. It has not, is not and most probably will not. Solving problems such as waste disposal requires tolerance, reason and cooperation, not hysteria.

Although articles appearing in newspapers are not de facto reflections of editorial policy, the editor does have a responsibility for the truth of such articles especially when practices are reported as

cont #3

Letters

"A Grave threat to public health" and calls for investigation and prosecution. This is not a light affair! If Mr. Keays has evidence of "Viruses and half burned cancer particles out there for us all to breath" the evidence should be offered and checked before the allegations are published.

Neither the Barnacle nor Mr. Keays has advanced the cause of sound ecological management one whit with the publication of his Statement. Finally is is ironic that an article dealing with airborne pollution should have been written by a smoker who with utter disregard for his own health and the health of others persists in polluting our air. Perhaps in future the Barnacle will present less hypocrisy, hyperbole and scaremongering and more reasoned thought.

Doc Morris

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BIRTHS

Kaitlyn, on May 1st, to Ken Foot and Melinda Clements, granddaughter to Susan Foot.

Cecilia, on April 25th, to Cyndi Agnew and Gordie Coles.

Paz, on April 1st, to Silvana and Alan Hernandez, grandson to Heinz Becker.

DEATHS

Clifford Boswell (extraordinaire), on May 21st in California, father to Susan Foot.

Fred White, on October 7th, 1992.

BIRTHDAYS

June Huber, 60 years old on June 3rd, 1993.

MARRIED

Julie Sutton and Eric Darveau, on March 20th.

LOST

A Mickey Mouse watch with a red strap. Somewhere in the Lund area or Craig Park. Any clues? Call Kathy Thomas at 483-9233.



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to all who donated to the auction including: Sensations, The Laycraft Family, Norm Franske, Lund Automotive & Outboard, Lee Edmondson, Linda Morrison, Partners in Grime, Pollen & Co, Jeff MacFronton, Dave's Boat Rental, Heirloom Wood Shop and the Holbrook Family, Latitude 20 and Jeff Chernove, The Jacob Family, Lund Water Taxi, Gateway Charters, Willow Dunlop & Shanti MacFronton, Lightning Electric and Don Worthen, Margaret & Peter Behr, Lund RV Park and Mike Jensen, Darcie MacFronton, Maggie Lindsay, Chris Rubletz and the students of Lund School, Eagle Walz, Claudia Sullivan, The Van Zwei Family, Nan Franske, Lyn Jacob and the Keays Bay kids, various Keays, Court Cressey, Sandy Fahey, Caryl Lyons, Effie Keays, Lund Store, Joseph Nakrysta, Marg Ducharme and The Langley Family.



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IRON MINES

by Heather Harbord

"The Iron Mines? Yes, we used to go in when I was a kid in the thirties," says Lund old timer, Carl Larson. "I never got lost - the tunnels didn't go in that far. They were wet and there were lots of bats." Neil Gustafsen, who grew up here, remembers hearing that some ore sat on the Lund dock for a long time. He doesn't think it was shipped out but it disappeared. "At water level, there's a shaft that goes in about 12 metres then turns right," he said.

June Huber remembers that her grandfather, Charles Franzin, cleared the bush and did some blasting near "a big hole on the waterfront which is now full of water. It's a very dangerous hole because the edges are loose gravel and they slope down into it," Huber warns. "If you fell in, you wouldn't get out. There used to be a rope hanging into it in case. It's not very accessible from land."

These people are describing several different mineral claims: Larson's tunnels are the old Florence/Malaspina mine. This is located off Old Mine Road. Gustafsen's water level shaft is at Hurtado Point. Grant Keays, an ardent rockhound who has explored the many shafts which pockmark the area, says this is a natural cave not a mine shaft.

Just a few metres south, is Huber's big hole on Keays' Full Moon claim. Keays pumped out as much of the water and mud from it as he could and found adzed timbers which had been part of a tripod used to haul the ore out. "Down below the cliff, there is a 30 metre pile of tailings which comes within 6 metres of the surface," he says. This area is popularly referred to as the "iron mines" because some of the rocks have a russet tinge. This is caused by the weathering of the pyrite and chalcopryite minerals.

The earliest reference to mineral claims in the Lund area occurs in 1896 when George Rawding recorded the Full Moon claim now owned by Keays. By 1913 two shafts had been sunk with negligible results. Keays says minerals on the claim include gold, silver, copper, molybdenum and many others. His interest in it was sparked when he heard a Lund oldtimer tell the following story which he has now had confirmed from three separate sources:

Before roads and automobiles, Lund people thought nothing of rowing to Vancouver or Campbell River for supplies or social occasions. In January 1911, when the S.S. Cottage City, on its way to Skagway, ran aground at Willow Point, it was not surprising that passersby stopped and took off what they thought they could use including the ship's bell.

Afterwards, the insurers, Lloyd's of London, tried to retrieve what was missing. When a Lloyd's representative found himself dining off Cottage City plates, he made sure the culprits were arrested. In 1946 a spelunker exploring an old shaft on the Full Moon claim looked up and saw a stack of portholes which Keays hopes to find again some time.

Although the subsurface and surface rights to the Full Moon group of claims were kept active until 1930 and 1940 respectively, Keays believes there was little mining activity after 1906.

By contrast, the twenties were the heyday of the Old Mine Road group of claims. The McNaughton brothers of Vancouver staked the Florence claim in 1917. Billy Uzzell, a well known Texada prospector, staked the nearby John Bull claim and others in 1922 and ensuing years. Assay samples from this area have averaged: 20-30% zinc, 10-12% copper with traces of silver and gold.

The unfortunate fate of the ore shipment that Neil Gustafsen heard about is confirmed in the 1924 Dept. of Mines Annual Report which describes it as "20 tons of zinc-blende ore" which was never shipped because the wharf collapsed under it. However, John D'Angio, whose family owned land at Okeover, says some ore was definitely sent to Tacoma for smelting. He remembers that Frank Osborne, who lived on Craig Road, took a load from the Florence tunnel to Lund in his Model T probably in 1928.

Zinc prices boomed in 1925. Malaspina Mines Ltd. formed that July with 1,500,000 shares at \$1 each, bought the Florence, John Bull and Royal Arch claims and initiated a systematic course of diamond drilling. Two years later, the company had staked seven more claims and was aggressively wooing investors.

The 1927 Department of Mines Annual Report says that: "There is a beautifully situated, commodious camp on the beach about 350 ft lower than and 1/2 a mile from the tunnel. Altogether it is the most ideally located property for everything except mining." The Report continues: "There has been a lot of work done on this property... with very little results to show for it. The position the property is in today could have been accomplished in about 1/4 of the time and at a 1/4 of the cost." Was it with an eye to the promoters that the Report went on: "It looks now as if one of the main ore-bodies has been found underground and its exploration may prove it a very important one and an important factor in the future of the property."

The 1929 stock market crash shut everything down. For thirty years, the mines slept. In 1959, John D'Angio re-staked 17 claims. He located the posts of the old Florence mine, took his cat and opened the shaft up under the name of Malaspina. He found a well preserved tunnel 288 metres long which goes under the highway 20 metres down.

Ore samples were assayed at 22% zinc and 12% copper but were of no commercial value. D'Angio even brought in a geophysicist, John Sivola, who confirmed that the bottom part of the syncline where the minerals are located is shallow. The same kind of material occurs on Harwood Island and also at Coho Point on Texada. "It's an area of metamorphic contacts and no real mineral in place. The pockets of minerals all pinch out," says D'Angio. There was, however, a strontium flash from one claim which he thought he might be able to mine and sell to the U.S. Space Program. Sadly, there wasn't enough, so he let the claims lapse in 1971.

A few years later, Aquarius Mines of Edmonton re-staked these claims with a view to operating an open pit mine like the one of Texada. Amidst a storm of protest, in March 1974 they unleashed two days of rolling mud polluting the water supply to 21 houses and plugging up several hot water tanks - but couldn't find an ore body. "It was just a promotional scheme," says Len Emmonds, one of the victims. "The Dept. of Mines knew there was nothing there in 1928." The law which enabled Aquarius to mess up the Emmonds Beach' water supply remains weak despite voter requests to tighten it.

The area from Lund to Atrevida Road has been well worked over. Before Welfare was available, Carl Larson says that people would stake a claim in order to qualify for a \$25 grubstake to see them through the winter. No one has got rich from these claims nor are they likely to. World prices for zinc, which is the most promising mineral here, are very low due to overproduction. John D'Angio thinks mining is a lot like logging. "The first day you go out to try your luck and each day after that you try to get your money back."

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NORTHSIDE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

by Don Ford, Volunteer Fire Chief

During our first six months of 1993 we have had no fire losses to report. We have had 1 call for a propane leak, 3 chimney fires and 5 first responder (ambulance assists) calls, and 1 call for the Jaws of Life from Powell River Fire Department.

The Parking problem at #3 Hall, Lund, is being resolved. The school district #47 (Powell River) have given the go ahead to construct a parking area. Many local contractors and residents are donating machine time, materials and labour. This makes our tax dollars available for safety and fire equipment. Many thanks to all these community minded volunteers.

The Fire Department has a regular call out at 7:00 pm Mondays.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF FINN BAY

by Christine Hjørleifson

Aino (the closest English pronunciation is Ina) Coffman is Adrian Redford's mother. Aino was born Aino Miettinen, in 1912, here in Lund and now lives with Adrian at their home on Finn Bay Road. During many visits, she told me some of the history of the bay. In 1912, about a dozen families made their home in Finn Bay and you can still see the buildings they used to keep fishing nets in and to haul in boats for the winter. A small building, below the Redford's new pool, used to house a blacksmith's shop as her dad had these skills, too.

During the summer, the kids swam off of two floats that were anchored out in the bay. Aino remembers picking ladyslippers each spring and enjoying their scent. She went to school, in Lund, by a trail along the water. When she was about 12, her dad built the large green house that held her family, and then her brother until he died. You can still see the house from Finn Bay Road. Her father came from Finland and met some Finns in Seattle who told him about fishing in Rivers Inlet. Somehow, on his way there, he found Lund, made it his home and her mother came from Finland to join him.

LUND WATER DISTRICT

Annual Report for 1992
Annual Meeting April 27, 1993
by A.C. Ferreira, Trustee

Thanks to closer scrutiny of water consumption by certain commercial users, the overall use of both water and chlorine was greatly reduced by the end of 1992. In addition to the reduced cost of pumping, the Board located a much less expensive source of chlorine and we are glad to report that this resulted in substantial savings. Another cut in costs was made by a change in auditors. Since our previous auditor's rates kept rising to new heights we checked with Victoria whether it was necessary to hire a chartered accountant and found it was not. Consequently, Hilary Bruhn of Wilde Rd. is our new auditor.

There were two main improvements carried out to the waterworks system during the year. Firstly the dam at the top of the lake was rendered leakproof and stronger by the addition of approximately 6' of fill to the east side. The level of the lake was not altered however. Secondly, with the O'Brien trailer park being resold and divided we were able to insist on a much improved and simplified system of supplying water. This property had hitherto been a contentious issue since it was

previously supplied by three mains, rendering it almost impossible to control.

As has been the Board's policy for the past couple of years limerock was again dumped in the waterflow between the two lakes, as this has been found to considerably aid in the purification of and generally improve the quality of water.

Proposed projects - still being checked into are the improvements to the storage tanks at Larson Rd. and Finn Bay. A new roof and extra capacity are projected for the Larson Rd. tank, and cost estimates are awaited at this time of writing. Also it is hoped to install at least one new fire hydrant this year (1993).

An ongoing study into the possibility of utilizing ozone as an alternate treatment of water is continuing, but with an estimated cost of \$45,000, this method would appear to be too expensive. There are however other alternatives and these are being looked into.

With the annual billing of 1993 water rates an information sheet was attached to point out the new sprinkling by-law which will be enforced this year. We hope the rate-payers will heed the tips contained in that notice and that in dry summer conditions will co-operate by conserving water as much as possible.

The Trustees wish to thank Mr. Bert Rushant once again for his invaluable assistance during the year.

LUND WATER DISTRICT REPORT

The monthly meeting of the water board was held June 27, 1993. Four directors attended. Mark Sorenson has accepted the position as alternate director to cover for directors absent due to work or holidays.

The application for private forest management of the watershed district lot is in progress. Water users are reminded of the sprinkling regulations for Lund water users: odd house numbers sprinkle odd days and even house numbers sprinkle on even number days.



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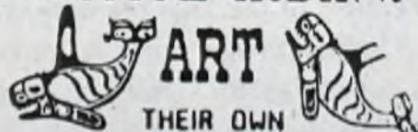
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THOUGHTS ON FOOD

by June Huber

In this issue I am straying a little off field by doing a book review. It is called, Diet for a Poisoned Planet, by David Steinman.

Yeah, I know, there are books and books on this subject to the point where when one says the word 'environmentalist' I am ready to turn off my ears and feel like jeering, "what do you know?? What do you know about anything?". Seems these days anyone who 'loves' trees or fuzzy little animals can call themselves environmentalists with absolutely no credentials except the vague idea that the earth and we with it are in big trouble. But, then comes the big - sticker what do you DO about it? Most people who are vaguely environmentally concerned make a few token gestures then slowly slide back into the old pattern of living, including, of course, myself. I will eat those death-by-toffees!

What I don't do though is buy grapes for one, not since reading about all the fields of workers who die or become seriously ill from spraying fields with pesticides. After reading this book I stopped buying a number of things in the soft fruit area. I wasn't really thinking of my own health by not buying grapes, it was really more of a political statement. After all, if we all stopped supporting products that were harmful to the people that work in the fields then those that are in power agriculturally would be forced by lack of sales to rectify the situation. Isn't that always the bottom line? After reading this book, that lists the most dangerous foods that we should not be eating at all, I realized clearly that it was myself who was being poisoned. That does hit close to home. Not only that, small children are at an even greater risk than adults because of their undeveloped nervous system etc... That's my grandchildren I'm talking about.

While this book is full of horror stories that make interesting reading, it is also about what can be done. In a very simple way, he lists foods that are green, yellow, and red, self - explanatory of course. He also tells how to help detoxify your body of already existing toxic waste. He says that he lowered his own body levels of DDT by 70% and PCB's by 90% by following his regime and choosing different foods to eat. I know, you are thinking alfalfa sprouts and tofu forever; well that is not the case. Of course we all know that most toxic waste is accumulated in fatty tissues in animal flesh and dairy products but are we aware that there are plenty of meats and dairy products that are perfectly safe to eat?

Before I start listing some of the safer foods and the ones that should be absolutely avoided, I might mention how these tests were done. Sixteen samples are taken of a given food then each one is tested for a large number of pesticides, herbicides, PCB's etc... Of course some samples are lower or higher than others so averages are taken. It is quite dismaying to find that butter has 101 separate identifiable poisonous chemicals in it. Bet you start spreading it a lot thinner, I know that I, the world's greatest butter lover, have cut way down. Don't think that margarine will do it, it's the same. Anyway, here is a small sampling of the very bads, moderates, and goods, oh yes, there is stuff out there that is perfectly safe to eat, would you believe Corn Flakes, Rice Crispies or Cheerios? Back to the fruit section, top of the green heap are Bananas with 0, pineapple(hawaiian) 0, avocados 2, also good are citrus fruits because of the heavy peel and watermelon. But then we come to the grapes, 63 chemmies! Even worse are fresh Strawberries 86, fresh Peaches 97, and with the reddest light of all, raisins with a whopping 110! Do look for organic ones, Safeway has them. In the vegetable department, onions 0, corn 2, canned peas 1, and the rest of the vaguest are in the yellow zone with potatoes at 96. Generally nuts and seeds are very low with the exception of peanuts that take the grand prize of chemical overload with 183 residues in averaging 16 samples. Grains are also quite safe, most are around 5. Now in the meat and poultry department we tend to think of it as all polluted but there are some nice surprises. Turkey with 9, Pork Roast with 19(less if you don't eat the fat), veal 47, bacon 48. That's a surprise isn't it? Bad old bacon is not nearly as bad as bologna with 113 or weiners 123, so be careful what you feed your kids. Ground Beef has 82, pretty high. I only buy extra lean in smaller amounts to off set the costs. In the Seafood department, it is mostly green, the only really high ones are Shark, swordfish etc... because of the high mercury content. Crab is safe, Lobster not. A lot of lake fish is contaminated. Dairy products that are safe include buttermilk with 3, also skim milk though even 2% climbs to 19. Ice Milk has 35 but compare that to ice cream with 81 and maybe you make the small change. Cheese has 98 so eat that sparingly.

After wading through all these facts and figures you are thinking to yourself, "Well what happened to the fun food?", would you believe that Coke is 0, coffee 1, Kool Aid 0, soda none.

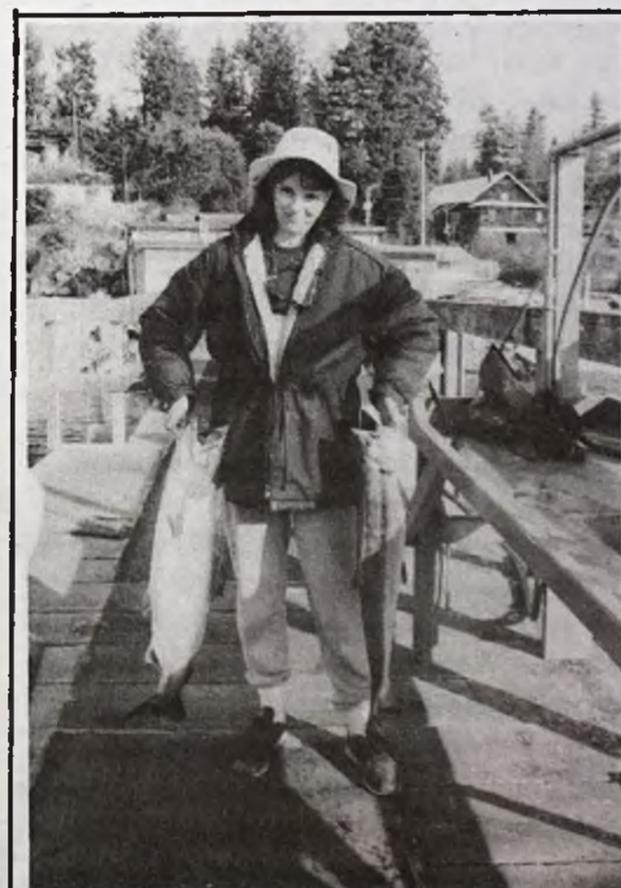
Cake mixes except chocolate are O.K., pancake mixes, biscuits, Pork and Beans 1, (goes to show the non - existence of meat), spaghetti and meat balls 10, chicken noodle soup 5, beef broth 2, vegetable beef soup 0. Look out for dill pickles, potato chips and peanut butter, they are all red.

In a lot of alcoholic beverages there is a high level of Urethane, which is definitely not good for you, but the levels vary widely, for instance, whiskey can be from a low 8 parts per billion to 171, that's American. Canadian whiskey varies from 6 to 23 so support your own country. Wines are generally 33 to 100 ppbs, and a final very interesting statistic, Pear Brandy from Italy 0 to Switzerland's 107, but topping them all, Slivovitz from Czechoslovakia, 4,146. If you've ever drunk the stuff you'd know it packs a punch but not that kind.

Last but not least the detox programs. Simply put--patients take niacin in gradually increasing doses while exercising moderately 30 mins. per day, eating whole grain foods, lots of safe fruit and veggies, lots of water to wash toxins out of the system plus low heat saunas to sweat it out--also take pure polyunsaturated oils, apparently this enhances elimination of stored toxic waste. If all this interests you, the book is in the library. I finally returned it.

No recipe this time, I think that I've lost my appetite though maybe I can beg the recipe for Death-by-Toffee for the next issue.

6



Gwyneth &
Dinner Guests

OPINION

by Donna Huber

Lund is so pretty now isn't it? And wait a few more years, no doubt there will be green spots and more free benches to perch upon and look about over the harbour.

Too bad it's so crowded, eh.

I guess we get what we ask for in this life. (Personally, I don't recall asking.) The little shops, quaint aren't they? Like seasonal flowers, blooming briefly in the sun. In winter? (I buy perennials for my garden; I like to think of them thriving over the long cold months. A future investment so to speak.)

It's fun to go to Lund. Like a trip to Mexico without the flies, without the poverty.

It's interesting to be on the other side of 'touring.' ((Mooching in another economy.) I've been to Mexico with a trunkful of pesos and a thirst for Good Times.

Now I serve up good times to people coming to Lund. (From as far away as Powell River!)

As someone said to me recently, "makes you never want to visit somewhere else again."

Of course I remember a more dignified village. The tourists who came then had to weave their cautious way through the disinterested working citizens of Lund, they had to eat what we ate, with no catering to city appetites whatsoever, and shop where we shopped, and make do out of a general store geared to commercial fishboats, tugs and modest income people.

There weren't so many people 'on holiday' then. Or people, period. The pressure builds.

It's useless self indulgence to whimper about times past. I do it now only in private (as I watch the few of us left over from twenty or thirty or fifty years ago drifting in this decade of Lund-life like ghosts from summers past).

Perhaps there never was a strong cultural base in Lund, and all along we've been waiting here for the tired, spiritually hungry, credit-card toting tourist to discover us so we can clean their summer cabins for them and take them to the best fishing grounds, feed them yuppy food. Too bad there's not enough money in it to keep us all year round.

Too bad that after two or three successful seasons a feeling of contempt steals into the heart. I've noticed a jaded attitude this year. Perhaps trying to squeeze enough money out of two months (to last a year) makes people tired and crabby.

Too bad we aren't fixing the place up for ourselves. That's stupid of us. There's nothing evil about the tourist dollar, but there's nothing magical about it, either. It's as pinched and stretched as yours is. We all holiday the same. "I'm off and you're not." We feel like millionaires in our rubber water walkers. (Hate those things now, seen too many padding up and down the dock with coolers) We feel obliged to tell the clerk at the store "I'm on a sailboat and we're making our way up the coast eating salmon steaks and drinking margaritas. That's why I'm buying this great big block of ice from you."

As soon as we can rip our own (servile) aprons off away we flee to Mexico to play the same game on someone else. (Hundred dollar sneakers and cameras bouncing from our L.L. Bean hips.)

Doesn't anybody like where they live for Christ sakes?

I've had my picture taken at my place of work. I can't remember the face of the person who did it. (It wasn't by a black African, holding a spear, though.)

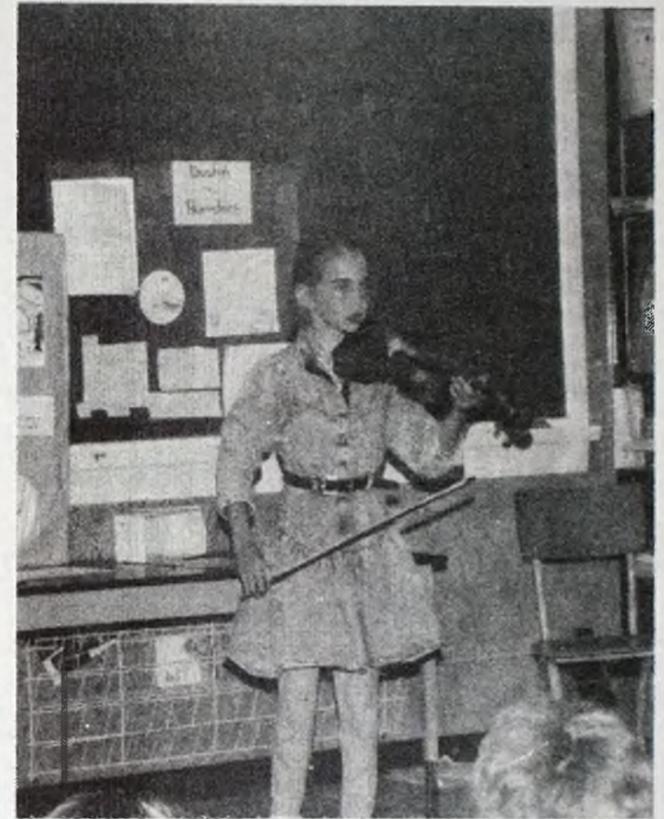
The worst is when the winter comes and the life goes out of Lund. Well I like a quiet place, but those shuttered businesses lend a gloom to the village.

We need more industry like Pollen&Co sweater company and Heirloom Woodworks. They get a boost during the 'Mad Season' yet carry on all year, in dignity and in health.

Tourists we will have, God bless their rubbery feet, but a little cool aloofness would be good for everyone. After all, we own the house.

DIRTY BUSINESS:FOOD EXPORTS TO U.S. FROM MEXICO.

A 15 minute video on how our taste for strawberries and broccoli (and?) has changed the lives of Mexicans. Donated to the Powell River library by Lu Stevens. Ask at the desk as it takes awhile for videos to be catalogued and get to the shelves.



Abby Pollen at Parents' Day, Lund School, June 24, 1993

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"The beginning of the road
for Good Diving & Kayaking"

ANOTHER OPINION

by Joanne Suche

I've got an uneasy feeling about this little community that I've called home for the last 18 years. The place is on the verge of taking off...quite literally, with very few safeguards in place to protect the small town atmosphere and casual lifestyle that we all love and most of us strive to maintain. A lot has gone on in the last few seasons; during the winters many of us attended town hall meetings. Wouldn't miss them, saw them not only as a way to put forth our ideas and listen to other's opinions, but used them as entertainment sessions.....great for telling in the coffee shop next morning, who shouted at whom, who couldn't be stopped from boring the crowd to tears by repeating all of Lund's history ONCE AGAIN....

Unfortunately, things didn't stay so entertaining. People split into groups to support the way THEY wanted things done. All well and good, we live in a democratic society. Except instead of listening to each other, working towards solutions that would in the end most benefit the community as a whole, people started to get nasty, and in the end those with the rudest and loudest voices won...all to save a few dollars in taxes, they said.

Lund residents know how the Finn Bay Forestry land purchase has divided the

community into separate camps. The town hall meetings were always filled with concerned people, and in the end the land purchase went down to defeat; a sad loss for everyone, as we have no public waterfront green-space in the area. Sevilla Islanders may yet save the day in their attempt to purchase the land and donate it back to the community.

Now we are dealing with the installation of a sewer system. Put to a landowner vote, the Regional District has been given the go-ahead to purchase land and build some sort of system. All of this without any definite costs or even a definite type of plant. Totally amazing. The same community that refused to cough up a few extra tax dollars each year for a park has given their O.K. to spend even more tax dollars on something which has not even been defined as yet. Where were the people who complained that they didn't want any more increases in land taxes? Could it be that the bulk of those complainers stand to benefit financially by having a sewer system in place, allowing large pieces of land to be subdivided into smaller lots, meaning more cash flowing into their pockets? Oink! Oink! I hope these folks don't think that others can't see right through them.

This sewer system will be the beginning-of-the-end for sleepy old Lund. Trees will be cut down to make way for all of the new houses that will be built, an already congested down-town core can

only get more congested (oh WHERE, oh WHERE are we going to put more cars?), and I bet that those buying into the new subdivisions will be older, summer residents, with children grown and gone, or yuppies escaping from the madness of the city, who survive on double espressos and will never be able to adjust to 'Lund Time'. Which probably means that they will not be willing to support parks or a new school or a Community Hall for Lund. (The "Been There And Done That" syndrome at its worst.) Take a look at Whistler, where this has already happened in a nightmarish way.

So, folks, enjoy Lund as it is while you can. Without the protection of bylaws, but with lots of very desirable land coming onto the market, we could all be in for a rude awakening. Probably more town-hall meetings, too, as we finally try and get some control of the growth in the area. Let's hope we don't wake up too late to protect this gem of a community that we already have.

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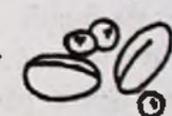
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These days the tourists at the Lund Hotel are asking where the stairs are to the second storey balcony. The hotel's new owners have instituted a glasnost policy on the development of new businesses in the area. The second storey of the older, historic part of the hotel is a thriving testimony to this new openness. From furniture makers to massage therapists, they can all be found here.

Amongst the many new businesses and services being offered is a little gem of a gallery, named after the highway - 101 - that begins to the south in Puertos Monte, Chile and to the north in our own little village of Lund. Gallery 101 is a cooperative started by six local artists in the fall of 1992. It is very small, only 150 sq.ft., but what it lacks in size it makes up for in creative spirit. One is reminded a little of Alfred Steights' 291 and Intimate Place galleries. There is a strict adherence to quality control and an openness to innovative works of art.

There has been talk of expanding to include the room next door (which presently houses the Hotel's laundry room) but until that time the artists of the cooperative have managed to create an elegant, intimate, little space, deftly displaying works as large as 7'X4' without detracting in the slightest from their overall impact. "It's really a challenge to hang a show there," says Sharon Dennie, who joined the co-op this spring, "But it has been interesting how well it has always

worked out - and each show creates a unique atmosphere." The response from the community has been very favourable. One hundred and sixty people tramped in on the opening night to see the first show, which included the works of all the artists in the co-op. Even during the winter months, approximately 75-80 people visit the gallery per weekend.

While the works displayed at the gallery are for sale, the artist founders are more interested in the non-commercial aspects of the creative process. "We wanted a place to show our work and to have some control over the presentation," explains David Molyneaux, one of the founding members of the cooperative. "The idea was to provide a venue for a more personal, exploratory and adventurous approach to art - rather than having the business of art be the primary objective." Jan Lovewell, another founding member agrees and feels that "it gives us an opportunity to have a presence in our community that represents who we are and what we value the most."

The Gallery features two-dimensional and relief works (including photography), sculpture, fabric art, glassworks and one-of-a-kind hand built ceramic pieces. In the summer months, the presentations are devoted to one man and group shows of the artists in the co-op, which presently include Neil Chaikel, Ron Robb, Nina Langley, Caroline Wickham, as well as Lovewell, Molyneaux and Dennie. Keith

Matheson and Steve Suche, two of the original founding members, dropped out this spring due to lack of time to devote to the project.

Throughout the rest of the year the Gallery also included works by other members of the community (Lund & Powell River) who have responded to the call for submissions to theme shows such as the hugely popular "Masks For The Journey" and "The Circle Show."

This spring two of the co-op members, David Molyneaux and Caroline Wickham, worked with 3rd-6th graders at the Lund School to develop a student display of art, with proceeds going to the local P.A.C. The show, titled "Humiliating Headgear" by the students, presented a very imaginative approach to the art of making hats, including one very tall but delicate concoction called "The Hiding Hat." "Through the theme shows we are able to involve people in creative exploration," says Lovewell. Molyneaux agrees and says "it gave the Lund students an opportunity to see their work in a very different light when it was properly mounted and displayed in a gallery space. They really enjoyed it."

Dennie feels that while the Gallery is not focused on the business side of making art, she does feel, as do the other members, that it can only help to generate a commercial as well as an aesthetic interest in the arts in this area. "Perhaps," she says hopefully, "if we can create more of an

cont. p.12

**The Ellen McIlwaine Honourable Mention
for Exemplary Slicing of
Carrots and Celery: To Margaret Leitner**

"Coffee at Mid-night"

- Coffee, at mid-night, - Saturday, wind it, down,
- some-body screwed-up, we were only, supposed to, pour,
for, two, hours - to-day, instead of, eight, - Concrete, -
Wind, it way down, boy, -
How, many here, have, wheeled, comment, all, day, -
Girls, like, muscles, you know - pay your, dues, -
- writer, poet; - - your, back, breakin, blood, warming, -
- piss, in the corner, - dues, - - girls are, funny, -
- she'll squeeze your hard, - biceps, - and smile,
- the day will go for, naught? - all the sweat means, nothing, -
- her eyes are blue -- girls are, nice,
- my, wheel-barrow, and, shovel, are, nice, too, -
- but I don't, love, them, - Wind it way, down boy, -
- Thank-you, for allowing, me to, wind it down;
- boy.

By M.N. Morrison February 7/86

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FRED WHITE

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Fred was born in North Vancouver and, with his family, bought land on Malaspina Road in 1971. Over the past 17 years, he cleared many acres, built a house and began to raise sheep. His death, last October, was sudden and he leaves behind his wife, Penny, and his son, Garth. Garth, 17 years old, graduated from Max Cameron this year. When Fred wasn't clearing land or raising sheep, he loved to go boating and fishing. He is missed by many of his friends and neighbours.

LUND SEWER UPDATE

as told to *Barnacle* staff by Sewer Committee

This report is an exact copy of the Sewer Construction committee's recent letter to landowners, followed by some additional information provided to *the Barnacle*.

Eighty-four percent of the recently circulated surveys regarding the Lund Sewer project were returned. Of those who responded, 79% were in favour of proceeding with the project as proposed. This represents 66% of the total number of parcels in the service area. Based on this level of community support, the Regional Board has agreed to go ahead.

The Board has appointed a "Lund Sewer Construction Committee" made up of local landowners to assist with this venture. We will be working throughout the project with the Regional District, the engineer and the contractors to ensure it is carried out in a manner which is cost-effective and which serves the longterm interests of the community.

One of our first and most important tasks is to select a suitable site for the sewage treatment plant. Many sites are currently being considered. None is perfect and the pros and cons of each are being carefully weighed.

Within the next month, tenders will be

called for most of the work. This will give a good indication of the overall costs and how they compare with our budget.

In the hopes of maximizing the use of local equipment, we are compiling a list of equipment operators from the region to include in the tender packages. If you know anyone who has machinery that might be needed for the job, make sure they get their names, a description of their equipment and their chargeout rates into the Regional District office.

Construction is expected to start in early fall and take about 5 months to complete. During that time we can all expect lots of activity--and some disruptions! As with past projects, there are likely to be instances where some volunteer effort can help to save money. We hope we can again count on the community to pitch in.

Added by *the Barnacle*

The committee has now reduced the number of sites down to just a couple and are hopeful that the acquisition phase will go smoothly and allow construction to begin.

The system which is based on a Fixed Growth Process involves tanks for extended aeration and when completed will actually be above government regulation. The committee which has been meeting vigorously (up to 2-3 times a week) also have their eyes on the future planning, with the ability to add up to 4 tanks as time may require.

The original phase (two tanks) will double the 25,000 gallon per day system now in operation.

The new area will hopefully be fully contained in approximately 1 and 1/2 acres. With a well-buffered and well-maintained site, the committee is confident in their efforts to not disrupt the community with the location.

With the help of Brian Walker, who is the engineer in charge, committee members are (despite the hard work) pleased that things are now moving ahead.

If you have any questions about the project, please feel free to contact one of the committee members.

The committee members are - Don Ford, Steve Lawn, Neil Gustafson, Len Emmonds, Francis Ladret, John Nassichuk, Laurie Padgett, Len Emmonds and Secretary, Sue Watson.

Thanks to Laurie, John and Francis for help with this update.

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BREAKWATER

by Barnacle staff

A new Lund Breakwater is now in the planning stages, and if all goes according to the best possible scenario it could will be finished in the summer of 1995.

The proposal, sponsored by the newly formed Lund Harbour Authority and the Lund Business Association, is not a new idea, with studies dating back to the seventies, and a similiar proposal from the Regional District in 1983.

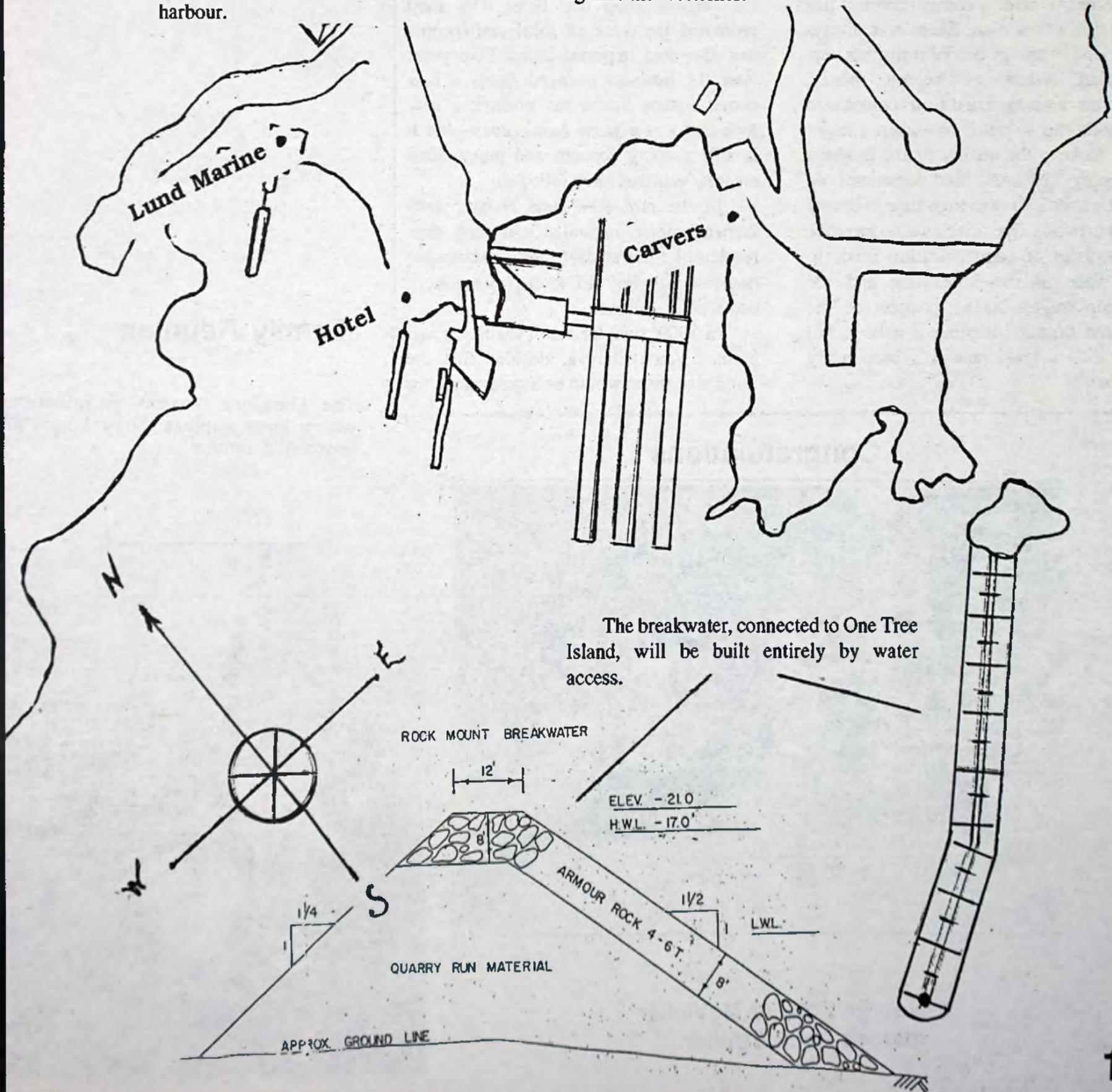
The breakwater has a large supporting group in the area, and is the self-admitted "pet project" of Lund Marine's Manager John Nassichuk.

John told us that as long as he could remember, the older fishermen and residents talked about the lack of protection and how much this would benefit the harbour.

The physical benefits to the harbour are vast, basically quadrupling the small boat harbour, and ensuring a much safer moorage at the entrance to Desolation Sound.

Coupled with the new sewer system are plans to install a pumpout station for visiting boats, as John said, there are only two on this stretch of the Canadian Coast, one in Vancouver and one in Sydney. (Campbell River is also active, pursuing a station as well.)

The new Breakwater will protect the Lund harbour from our prevailing south-easterlies and moving the existing floating breakwater to the Sevilla Island side will add to the already natural protection against the westerlies.



ARTS (cont.)

artist community, we may be able to develop an alternate economic base rather than relying so heavily on resource development."

As I write this article, the Gallery is gearing up for a show of fabric art by Caroline Wickham, July 29th to August 9th. Ron Robb and Jan Lovewell will follow up with one-of-a-kind ceramic and Raku pieces, photo collages and other works, August 12th to 30th. Nina Langley will have the final show of the summer season, featuring mixed media, two- and three-dimensional work, September 2nd to 19th. After that, there are plans to host more theme shows, perhaps an annual mask show, and possibly a dance or coffee house fundraiser in the fall.

"We discussed the idea of creating a gallery for some months," says Molyneaux, "but once we made a commitment, it just had a life of its own. There was always some kind of energy behind it that has kept it going. When we needed money, donations came, the Lund Hotel contributed the lights and so on. It has taken a major effort to keep the quality of the program interesting," he adds, "and sometimes we have trouble finding enough time to devote to our artwork. Operating as a cooperative means a lot of communication needs to take place around scheduling and the direction we are taking, posters and the nuts and bolts of running a gallery, but we've had a good time. It's been really worthwhile."

* * *

The art scene in Lund has come a long way since 1979 when its small crafts shop closed due to a lack of interest. In 1982, with a new influx of artists and craftspeople into the community, an annual summer crafts fair was organized on the grounds of the Lund School. It featured fine quality works by local artisans (as well as good food and music!). That led to an annual Christmas fair in the Lund Hall. A few years later, two enterprising, resident craftswomen, Susan Foot and Claudia Sullivan, decided that the community needed a place to market local crafts throughout the summer tourist season, rather than the one or two days of a crafts fair. In the summer of 1987 *Local Colour*, an arts and crafts shop, was built on the Lund waterfront not far from the site where the original shop had been. The shop promoted the work of local craftspeople and also sold imported items. Five years later the business changed hands - new owner Joanne Suche has given it a new look and a new name *Lundscapes* - but it is still a going concern and many other creative ventures have followed.

In the mid 80's June Huber, well-known painter, naturalist and long time resident, built a studio/gallery next to her home on Finn Bay Rd. to display her work and receive patrons.

In 1989, sculptor Keith Matheson and partner, Anne Steblyk, decided that the Lund waterfront would be a great place for

the studio/gallery/coffee house they had in mind. *Carvers Coffee House* is open daily on the board walk during the summer months and on weekends the rest of the year. It features the work of many local artists as well as Keith's whimsical, finely crafted wood carvings.

Next came *Gallery 101* in August 1992 and finally, this summer, the new native arts & crafts gallery *Their own Legends*, beautifully designed and outfitted by Carol Heffernan, who recently moved to Lund from Savary island.

If things continue on as they have in the last few years the arts appear to have a bright new future in this area. Hmmm... now where did I put that sable brush?

Congratulations

**George Edward McVicker
marries Heidi Stroller**

Family Reunion

The Longacre reunion in mid-June was a large success - how large? 87 assorted relatives



CRAIG ROAD

by Dymph De Wynter

Yes, I have been told July is summer, well this has certainly been the year to test this. From wanting to light the wood stove one day to almost dying of heat stroke the next is has been quite the year.

The only real constant in this year has been the ball playing of the Flamingals. Tied for second place in the league this year, a nice feat. Most of our games have been played at Craig Park which as I keep repeating has the best baseball in town. The compliments just keep rolling in from the visiting teams as to the quality of our field of dreams.

This past weekend the Flamingals played in the annual tournament at Brooks School fields and the two fields at Sunset Park. We did very well with some great ball playing. The first game Friday evening was a cliff hanger, and even though the players felt like someone had painted targets on their bodies, we held the Courtney Black Finn Pub into double overtime. We had a really good time and played some great ball, lack of organization on the Leagues part created a problem, and we managed to forfeit our last game so we did not make the finals. Right now the Flamingals are in the league playoffs and as I write this we won the first game and lost the second and are set to play tonite (6:00pm), Wednesday 21st. Thank you all you fans who came out to support us with your encouraging words. Makes this fun time for the whole community.

Just received a phone call, my rotor tiller is finally ready - approximately 3 and 1/2 months for the parts to get here. Oh well, wasn't really the weather to get the gardening fever with.

This weekend we will see the (seven a side) soccer tournament played at Craig Park, also we have the Flamingos in their league playoffs at Sunset. So come on fans and people who have yet to experience the thrill of baseball and soccer, drop those rakes, shovels, lawn mowers, dust rags, vacuum cleaners, and what have yous. Get out and mingle with your neighbours and lend your support to the players. Time enough for chores this winter!!

And aren't we all looking forward to the Blue Grass Festival on August 14th.

I have come to the conclusion that we are about the luckiest people on earth right now, and as long as we don't let the system divide us we can live out our lives in the beauty of what we have and what we make of it.

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SMOKING: A PERSONAL HISTORY

by Angela Gunther

I started smoking young, in secrecy, with two or three girlfriends under the sundeck. Well, none of our parents smoked so we rolled tea up in toilet paper. We hacked our buttersoft lungs on Earl Grey.

Of course i had bin one of those obnoxious shits that busted my grampa's cigarettes at any opportunity. Upon reflection i do believe this behavior was due more to having the chance to chastise an adult than any deep rooted anti-smoking sentiments i may have had at the time. Maybe it was just that the smell bugged my nose.

My grampa died, (causes unrelated to tobacco i feel obliged to add) my parents split up, and me and my mom moved into gramma's. Quite a bit of grampa's stuff was still in the house, among the items: a blue plastic tub of Players and Vogue rolling papers. Gina and me snuck that off up the bluff. We smoked about fifteen each. Most fell apart after the first puff, our rolling skills not being too finely honed as we were yet to acquire a taste for the stuff that would require our twisting abilities.

Years passed with only the occasional stolen experimental cigarette. Generally, though, i considered it to be an idiotic habit. Then it happened. Me and a few girlfriends (who are still so ashamed of themselves they asked not to be identified) were in the cafe. Gina pulled a package of Export A Ultra Lights and a bic lighter from her purse and lit one up. We were impressed. We discussed it. When had she started this? What would her mom do if she found out? Who had gotten her started? Where did she buy them? (We were covering the 5W's) Why? And that was the clincher. Why was the W that sold us all. "It gives me a headrush."

Fifteen. We had access to alcohol, speed, cocaine, lsd, mushrooms and of course copious amounts of marijuana. There was also this stuff called "rush" that came in a little eyedropper-sized bottle. When sniffed said substance would give you a ten second headrush. None of us snorted rush because we heard it gave you brain damage. I had not considered the possibility that a cigarette could give me a headrush, that was pretty much too good to be true. And here i had bin thinking that smoking was a pointless habit!

Nervous and twittering, afraid of getting caught, we all had a puff on gina's cigarette. She instructed us on the finer points of inhalation. Only through inhalation could the desired effect be

achieved. Sure enough, after a few goes we were spinning dizzily inside our adolescent heads.

I was not instantly hooked. I didn't race to the store and purchase a package (i was too chicken anyway) but that weekend, before we went a-partying, a discreet visit was quickly made to the vending machine in the hotel lobby. Pure smoking pleasure for just \$2.25.

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I smoked whatever it was my friends were smoking so that when i bummed a dart i could repay them with a stick of the brand of their choice. I perfected the smoke ring.

It drives my non-addict family nuts that i should do this vile thing, slowly, surely killing myself. It is a constant source of strife and argument with my father who is absolutely anti-smoking. He is completely disgusted with my foolish vice. Always he is telling me the latest horror story, this week it was something along the lines of "in america a million smokers die every day,so the tobacco companies have to recruit a million new smokers so you know what they are doing in asia? they have people, all dressed up, handing out free cigarettes to kids!! you want to support that?" Well that's f***** gross, i know it. I don't condone that, and he knows it but i'm always on his back about eating at Mcdonalds and watching t.v. so he figures that he can score some good points there. Yes, well he does, point well taken. My dad also tells me that i ate cigarette butts when i was little.

Twenty-one. gina gave up the habit years ago, most of the rest of us are still in alliance with the tobacco companies, making feeble, we intentioned attempts at kicking. In fact i quit cold turkey for three and a half weeks only a month ago. I'm sure i'll quit again, perhaps with the aid of nicorettes, nicotine gum, a derma patch, herbal cigarettes or if i am truly desperate... "QUITSMO" a chinese remedy that comes in liquid form in a little bottle. This stuff is the foulest smelling sludge in existence. The quitter is advised to " please smell contents at three times of the day while thinking of the pubic region for three to five minutes." I confess to attempting use of quitsmo a couple times and winding up gagging after, at most, thirty seconds.

We smokers are a dying breed (laugh at that if you like) freezing our butts off in the pissing rain so as not to pollute the pristine lungs of our hotdogeatingbigcardrivingboozeguzzling co-workers. There is more to smoking than just killing yourself. Smokers are like the Freemasons, they are a society. Bumming a smoke or a light is a way to meet people (or drive them away). Many non smokers carry matches solely for the purpose of aiding a smoker-in-need. If you want to mooch a cigarette from a stranger it is always polite to offer at least a quarter in exchange as there is almost nothing a person hates more than being bled dry of their six dollar pack by people who will not be around to return the favor. Gone are the days of generously offering the deck around, unless you are in Mexico where cancer is still only a buck a box.

For all of you who have bin contemplating joining the Dedicated Smokers Society (and if you have started puffing even only just a little, it is 99% in favor of your eventual sign up) let me give you a little glimpse of the Glory That Awaits. You are alone. You have no cigarettes. You have no access to a cigarette. You want a cigarette. You see the ashtray. You debate with yourself. How despicable, you think. How dirty, you whine. How desperate. You pick out the choicest looking butts, crack them open and roll up a stinky butt. I have rummaged through fireplaces, garbage cans, gone out and emptied the car ashtray...recently. These are certainly not any of the activities we would imagine one of THEM, those creamy complexioned Olympians seen in ads...cig dangling casually from unstained fingers, head nearly being laughed right off, "Ooooooh, I'm having absolutely the best time ever!", the demo junkie seems to be saying. Yes, well, confiscate the fix and see what happens. Observe the evil twin released. Watch the mewling maggot emerge, shriek and spit, whine and snivel and paw through ashtrays...Membership fees are a meager \$6.00 a day,payable to any major tobacco company.

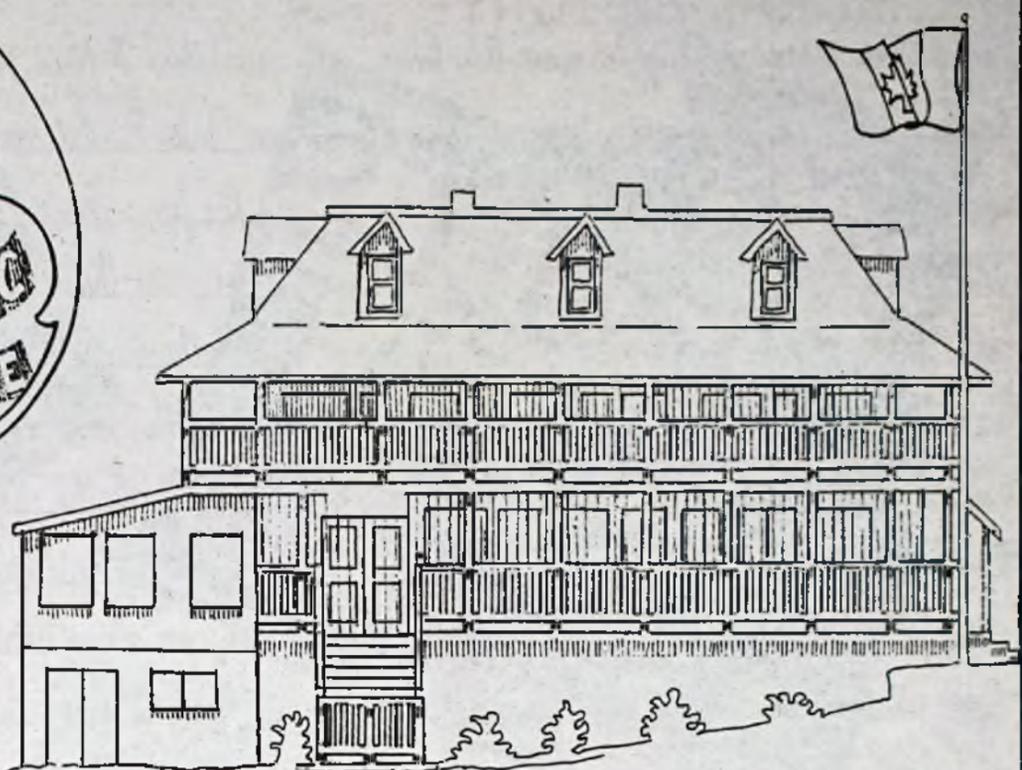


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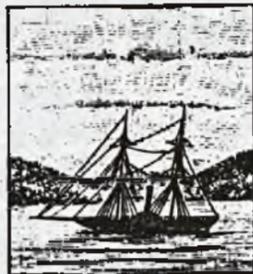
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LUND HOTEL REPORT

by Dave Stephens

Well, the tourists are here. As we transcend into summer we are seeing both new and familiar faces around town. Sometimes it's frustrating and easy to look at the negative side of things when we get caught behind a trailer on the way back from town that drives so slow and nearly stops at every bend in the road, or you can't find a place to park when you just need to run into the store for a quart of milk or to grab a cinnamon bun at Nancy's. But we have to remember that most of our facilities would not survive without the heavy influx of tourists. These rushes of frantic couples and families looking to get away strike a chord with us for they are here for only a little of what we enjoy so much and sometimes take for granted. We would never have the opportunity to meet people from all over the world if they were not here in our relaxed environment.

So many interesting subjects are discussed in the pub and the tourists are often bewildered and amused by our more colourful and unusual locals. I know of numerous visits local people have made to our visitors in their homes in various parts of the world.

It is interesting to watch all our new business people in their first year of operation and getting into full swing as the season begins. We wish them the best and hope we can all work together to make Lund a place that people can't wait to return to. From the sounds of the long term weather forecasts, it sounds like we are in store for a wonderful fall season. It is a well kept secret from tourists what a beautiful area this is in the fall with the warm days and cooler nights. It is the time of year when the 'wild life' is gone and there is more natural wildlife in the area. By the time this hits print, I'm sure we will all be looking forward to the peace and quiet of the prettiest season of the year. (Maybe one day the tourists will realize it too!)



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Dear Mom and dad,

Sorry I've taken so long to send this letter
finished

you know I have been real busy working at The Blue Cat Mall. Well it's
from 9 to 9. Let me tell you it's just beautiful

unclear

the ferry Terminal across to Co. It's located
into the building it's free to find.

Ins

the building out flowers
the building made so and
little pieces

and a

all the shops come with a call
by Degoli. One shop is called La chat blue and she
displays

were the

on some Heirloom furniture; this furniture is
dove tail

eat the

Right next to that shop
- hard to see anyone people not me of course. ha ha

gallery called

shop Wallnuts. Any way
as is you were here yourselves. The next shop
called Top of the Line

treated flower

the flowers but they look
close to see. Then we come to the candle
shop which also has

and are

The candles take eigh
- it makes quite a
war

stran

called Pollen sweaters
made locally by people called Pollen and
signs in

Rec

of the mark and
and even made a
ring you would see at one of those London

a

T-shirts which are
General) well the overall effect is stunning.
River they call this shop the Cats Meow and

they do

- you know cups that
like that on them. Mom would just love them.
The next shop is for a lady who is coming to the market
from back east (Native made

very popular)

and Veggie Shop with the freshest
and potted flowers you can
imagine. The collection is multitudinous. Continuing around
Tibetan shop. This shop

has clothing from

and collectibles you could survive
these cloths. I think that
they are made of
thing to Yak about. Ha Ha
we are very connected to the

earth and ring some

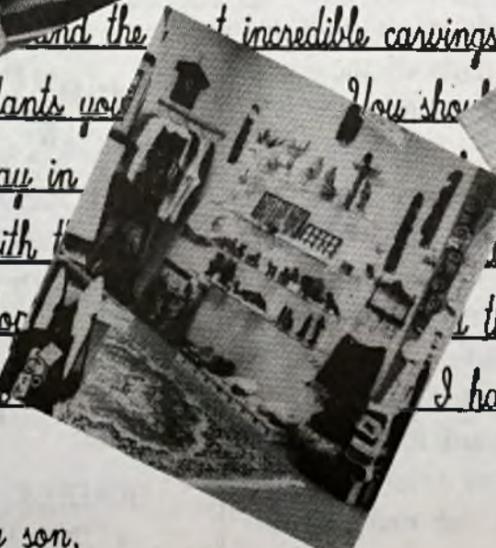
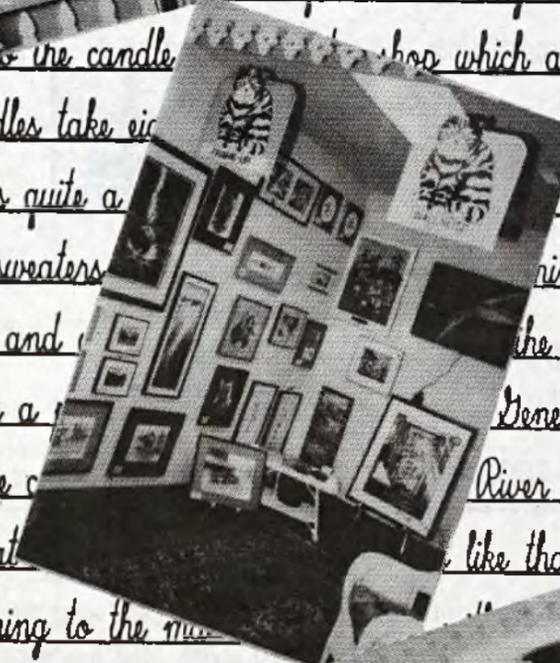
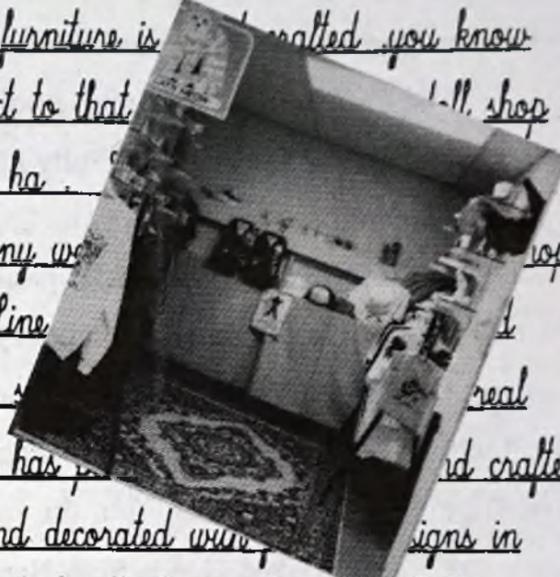
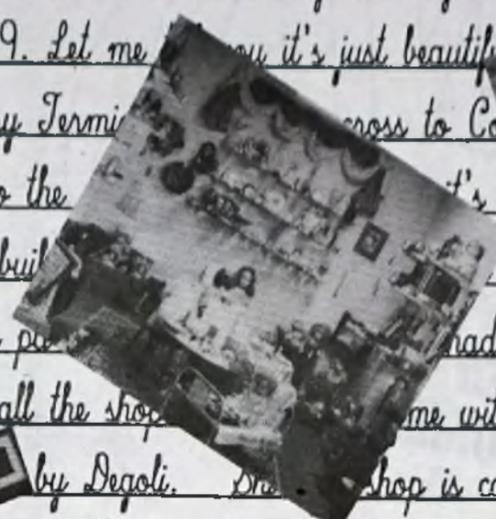
one. Very nice. The next shop is
Roseann Williams and is called Salish
Art she of course has
and the most incredible carvings and
mass and native tobacco and some of

the finest silver rings and pendants you

You should
art shop is my little shop. some
days you have to fight your way in
Jewellery from Thailand and the
contrast. the brassy colours with
erm. breath taking. Last but

not least is the confectionery shop

the best
in imagine we take fresh berries
from the produce shop and mix
I have to finish



Your Loving son,

OUT OF AFRICA

by Joan Russell

The idea of a multicultural visitor to Lund originated a few years back. But like most things in Lund it takes awhile for an idea, once planted, to actually spring into shape. The subject was brought up again at the first PAC meeting last year and all it took was two interested people who agreed to work together and enthusiasm mounted.

PAC, or Parent Advisory Council represents the voice of parents at school. It's main function is to communicate parental views about school programs and activities. Basically, it is a means for parents to have input in their children's education. Our goal in bringing a multi-cultural visitor to Lund was that it would contribute to our children's self growth through understanding other cultures. And so, with the teacher's consent we initiated about twelve letters to various organizations asking about the availability of a visitor to our school. Surprisingly, we heard back from only two groups but luckily the Vancouver Children's Festival was very supportive. They did not have a group or individual at the time but they did have a representative of the Festival going to Africa who would keep our needs in mind. Again, luckily, she found Nii Armah Sowah, a dance instructor at the University of Ghana. His area of specialization is African Dance Technique and Traditional African Dances. Since we were looking specifically for something in the Arts because it is such a good avenue for fostering children's understanding of other cultures, he seemed a perfect candidate for Lund.

The children from Lund School, James Thompson, and Texada enjoyed their time with him immensely. From questions about his home country-weather(did it snow there?), animals(are there bees or mosquitos there?), to questions about the traditional foods or the basic plumbing facilities in Africa and comments on his 'great tan' and 'neat clothes'. The children also engaged in animated discussions on the correct pronunciation of his name(Nee Orma).

He had a comical way of identifying fish faces and demonstrated expressively the recognizable characteristics of a fish face, which is the expression of stress and anxiety that a person wears on their face..

He felt that expressive dancing, by feeling, hearing, and moving to the music was a way and means of breaking down barriers; of definite therapeutic value to de-stress, to loosen up and generally become a little less uptight. A few of us actually saw the loss of such expressions while participating in the dances which made the fish faces seem more relaxed or approachable; unfortunately, it was only temporary. The lively and energetic workshops were performed with nimbleness elasticity of body and form, drew such responses as, "it's amazing that he doesn't have a heart attack; he moves so fast." and "this is way more fun than regular school". Through a dance and music medium Nii Armah fully allowed the children to experience his culture first hand.

Another one of the organizing principles of the event was to have fun, and with it, to build the community. A session of African music and dance for the whole community would be a positive and worthwhile experience. It is important for the students to be involved in school Activities with family members and the community pot luck supper and participatory workshop saw the school function as part of a wider community. It enabled the parents to share in the excitement that the kids had felt all week. What was really impressive was to see Nii Armah dance and communicate so unreservedly, with a knack for drawing people out and his expectancy of complete participation saw about 100 people of all ages, from preschoolers to grandparents, moving arms, legs and heads to an African beat. He brought with him, not only percussions, but also some unusual sounding African instruments which brought our experienced and multi-talented musicians together with our young aspiring ones; all making great music together. Truly fun!

It was a successful and fun filled week, especially for the kids. We believe that this kind of exposure increases understanding between peoples and is a great means of communication; something we would look forward to again. The impact of such an event goes on long past the visit.

17



Nii Armah Sowah (Kelly) at the Lund Hall, May 21, 1993



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BOOKSHELF TOO

by Christine Hjørleifson

There I was, talking to Donna Huber, as we ate some of Nancy's multigrain (or was it the Pacific Rye?) and I said "I read some good books this year, I want to do a book column, too." And Donna said, "Sure, Christine" and here I am. Donna has graciously passed on the Bookshelf column to me, at least for this issue.

Over the years I have read a lot of fiction and I still love a good story. Still, I find fewer and fewer novels that hold my attention. Instead, I read from that huge category called non-fiction. I just hate that word "non-fiction" and I quote a writer friend who says "I don't write 'non' anything" and as I agree with her, I try not to use the word. So what to use instead? Officially, I have heard it called creative documentary. What a handle. Anyways, that is where I'll start from here and in case your book budget is low, all these books are from our local library.

First, there is Blaine Harden's book *Africa: Dispatches From A Fragile Continent*. This book is about seven countries in Africa and before you say "No, thanks," read on. Often when I read a book about a country or continent, I don't understand the language. Most authors assume you know the country's history, its people and the jargon. Personally, I am a geographic idiot. If I haven't been there, it

is all vague and foggy to me - which means most of the world, in my case. Welcome, Blaine Harden. He seems to understand us geographic idiots. He uses normal words, explains the lingo and gives enough history so you feel a "Yep, I understand" but not so much that you are lost. To write about each country, he chose a regular citizen and describes their life to show, for example, the role of the family in Ghana. One of the few books I was glued to.

Now, back to B.C. - *Down The Road* by Rosemary Neering. Rosemary traveled B.C. and visited small towns. She chose the towns using two criteria: 1) no shopping malls and 2) no parking meters. (That sounds like us) Driving the back roads of B.C., eating in small cafes, Rosemary writes about the Cariboo, the Kootenays, north Vancouver Island and places you may have visited (or want to...)

One more from the creative documentary file - *Raising Readers* by S. Bialostok. There has been a small flood of books on the value of reading to children and encouraging children to read. Over the last 2 years, I have watched two girls become accomplished readers and I feel a certain awe at something I used to take for granted - the joy of reading. I read *Raising Readers* because I was curious to know: why is it important to read to children? The reasons are many and this book reminded me why I love to read and be read to.

Moving onto fiction, if you grew up in Montreal in the 60's or lived in Toronto in the late 80's, you might enjoy *Voice Over* by Carole Corbeil. The scenes are pure Queen Street West - Toronto and middle class Montreal. The writing is lean, no full descriptions of people or place. Yet, the whole book is intriguing. CBC Radio has a summer series of novels read aloud called "Between The Covers." Monday to Friday, 10:15pm to 11:00pm and *Voice Over* will be on July 26th to August 13th. Try taping it and then listening to the tapes as you drive.

Last summer I re-read *I Heard The Owl Call My Name* by Margaret Craven. I read it about 8 or 10 years ago before I had even heard of Lund. If you haven't read it, do, as it is partially set in Powell River and mostly in Knight Inlet in the 1940's or so. The descriptions of changing seasons and of life by boat sound like home. A teenage boy I know, who lives in Winnipeg, read it as part of his Grade 7 English class. It is a great one to read to your kids.

Finally, if you need a good thick book for the beach (or next winter) or a long airplane ride, try A.S. Byatt's *Possession*. Some people call this book a Victorian romance novel and romance is its central theme. It explores English history in the late 1800's and is also a detective novel as 2 academics dig up a love connection between two long-dead poets. It is an intricate novel to read so keep it for a day when you want to just sit on your deck or under an umbrella at Savary or....

Have a great summer.

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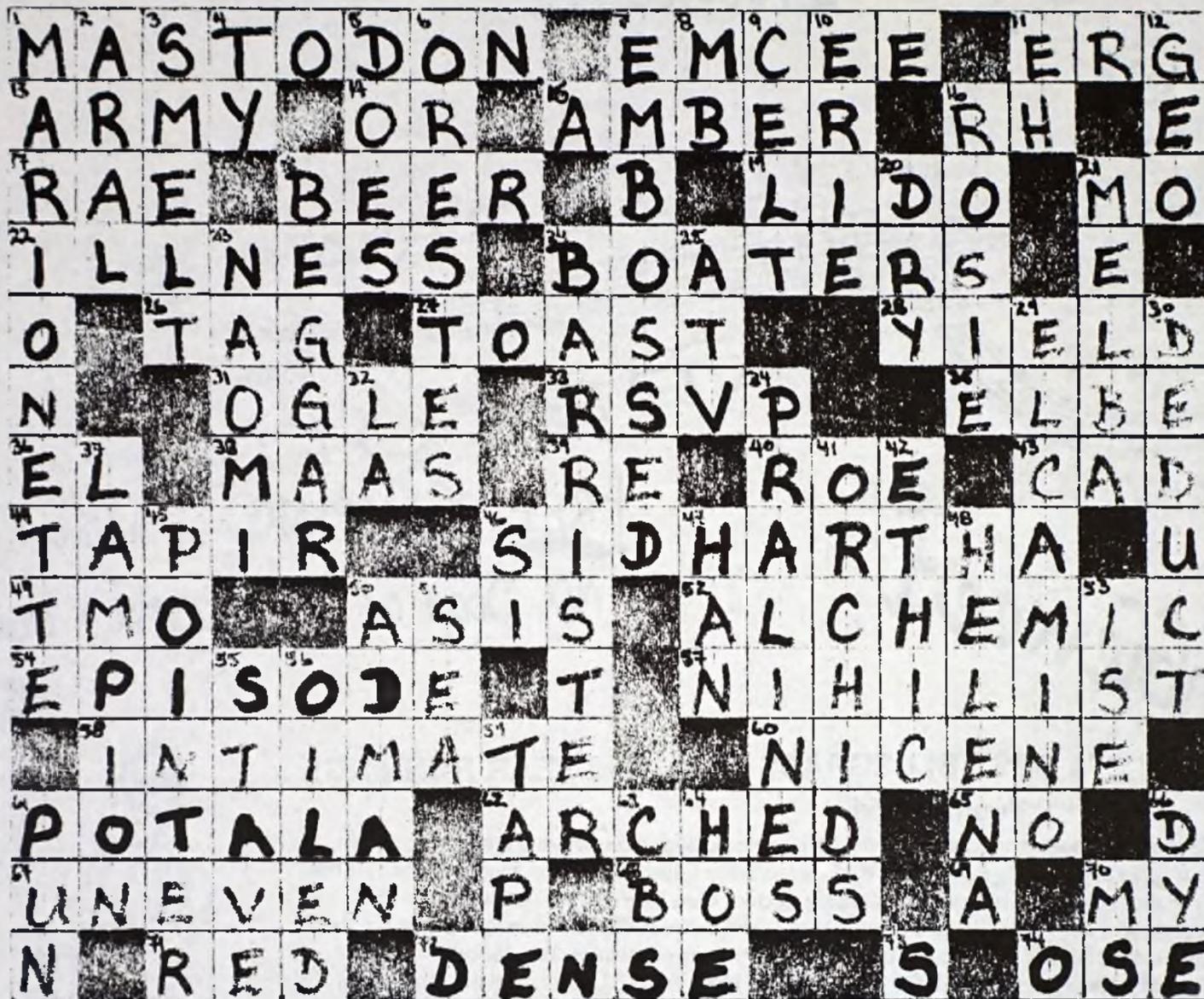
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Solutions and Corrections

Before you check your answers, on the original clue list:

- a) insert clue #44 Across, native American animal
 - b) insert clue #70 Across, possessive adjective
 - c) change clue #'s 70 and 71 Across to #'s 71 AND 72
- Now that makes sense, doesn't it? Sorry for the confusion!



POETRY

Blackberrys In The Slash

by Donna Huber

Up the heat baked road go
 My dust-bloom feet, the dog pants in her furs
 The vines creep out of moisture pits
 Of heaped reject logs
 The birds do not make way for us
 But stay protectively put chattering and
 Cursing our presence.
 There are enough berries for those interested
 And patient enough
 These are the tiny ones, black midgets
 Jewels of the rainy season
 Sun-sweet if the weather has been right.
 Husband, dog and I. A bear over there.
 Where the trees have been skinned off the land.
 We forget the long term
 In the blackberry short term.
 It seems to me, replantable
 And managing very well in the meantime
 Vines, fireweed, bears, birds, me.

NEWSFLASH - Jean McKenzie and Rick Giesing have done six crosswords for *The Barnacle*. They have decided to retire, temporarily we hope, so we need more crossword builders. Interested? Call Bill at 483-4783 or Christine at 483-2028.



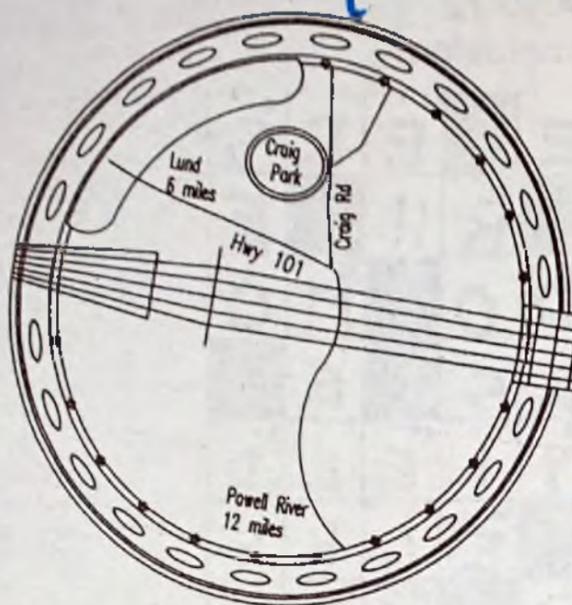
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Tumbleweed

Tumbleweed's repertoire ranges from hard-driving bluegrass to soulful country, and is characterized by gorgeous vocals and stunning instrumental work. Sisters Trisha Gagnon and Cathy-Anne Whitworth are fine singers on their own, but even better when singing together. Chris Stevens is well-known as one of B.C.'s top banjo players, and Michael Heiden is not only an accomplished fiddler and mandolin player, but also a renowned luthier. Rounding out the line-up is Tumbleweed's newest member, Tom Marcus on guitar. Tumbleweed is about to release their first album, and Sue Irving of the B.C. Country Music Association's "Boot and Spur" magazine says, "Tumbleweed may just be the group to start waking up country radio to the talent and musicianship in bluegrass music."



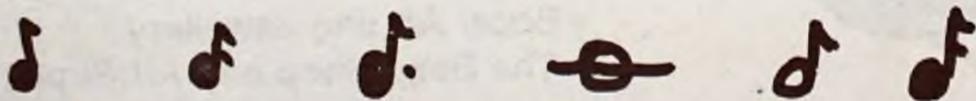
Slavek Hanzlik Band

The Slavek Hanzlik Band

Slavek Hanzlik's fabulous flatpicking will leave you flabbergasted. He began playing bluegrass guitar in the mid 1970's in Prague, Czechoslovakia and moved to Nashville via West Germany. He is now living in Winnipeg, playing traditional tunes and writing some brilliant original material. Slavek has performed and recorded with some of the best in the business, including: Doc Watson, Bill Monroe, Bela Fleck, Sam Bush, Vassar Clements, Jerry Douglas and many more. His recently released CD, *Spring in the Old Country*, has received rave reviews.

Parking Lot
Pickin'

Craig Park
August 14
2-10 P.M.



This year for your enjoyment Tumbleweed appears Friday night in the Lund Pub.

Enjoy the Slavek Hanzlik band Sunday afternoon in front of the Lund Hotel.

Many thanks to Dave Stephens and the Lund Hotel for their co-operation and help with this year's Bluegrass Weekend.

B.Y.O. Lawnchair
Admission: 8.00 - under 12 free