

# BARNACLE

**FALL WINTER ISSUE 1991/92**

**\$1.00**

**Swallow Those House Plans!**

**No 12**

**June Huber on Gray Matter**

**Barnacle on CIBC Strike**

**Winning at School**

**Barnacle Grinch, p. 2**



Cover by Keith Matheson



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## 2 FEEDBACK ON THE BARNACLE

Well, here we are again, publishing...

We understand that the underwater bicycle story caused some offense, people considering that a community newspaper's job is to uplift and present a positive picture of the community, not make us seem like a bunch of losers and ne'er-do-wells.

This was never the intent of including the story of the bicycles under the wharf, which grabbed the Barnacle volunteers because a) it's a great image, all those tires full of air meaning the bicycles are seat-down, upside-down and b) it's a local, local story, more of which we're always trying to get, and c) if people have been losing bicycles (those bicycles all must have come from somewhere!), then they need to be alerted to where the bikes are ending up and to the fact that there may be a theft and vandalism problem in the community.

There isn't a community on the planet that doesn't have to deal with hard questions about theft, vandalism, young people, old people. Being honest about what's going on carries a double-edged possibility of hurting someone's feelings. The group of volunteers who work on the *Barnacle* have been surprised that something in each issue has caused some hurt, annoyed someone, caused an ad withdrawal here or a snappish response there.

In terms of what the Barnacle prints - we print what people give us. Too political? Too left/ right/ centre/ soft/ hard/ bright / dull / light / heavy / stupid / environmental/ doom + gloom / whatever??

Welcome to your community, and where's your piece of the mosaic? If you don't like what appears in the *Barnacle*, say so, and submit something closer to what you'd rather see.

Recovering our community vocal chords is a slow process, being inexperienced as we all are at it. By whose community standards will the Lund *Barnacle* judge what should be included in its newspaper and what shouldn't? If the community paper exists to support and serve the Lund Community Club, what happens to the paper when the club is on the inevitable downward cycle of voluntary organizational development? What happens to the club when the paper is on the wane?

Does anybody care? This seems to be the final, sort-of bitter question that people who pour themselves willingly into a voluntary activity end up asking when they are going through a burned-out stage. Yes, community volunteers of all kinds freely choose and do the work they do for themselves, but they also do it on behalf of a sense of "community", a linking with like-minded people with whom we geographically make up community or, using similar interests as a base, we set about building it.

Right?



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**KEEP THOSE LETTERS AND CARDS COMING TO THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE BARNACLE.**

## The Lund Barnacle

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* box at Carver's Coffeehouse or give them to one of the volunteers.

### Editorial Policy

The *Barnacle* is a forum for ideas in the Lund community. Editorial policy is to print what people give us, in their own voices, respecting the paper's purpose of providing a place for community members on things that interest them. We reserve the right to not print unsigned material. If you want your name withheld, ask. If you have a problem with something in the paper, exercise your right to free speech -- tell us - we'll pass it on in a following issue.

### Working on The Barnacle

**Volunteers for this issue:** Gordon Ellison, Christine Hjørleifson, Lyn Jacob, Siobhan James, John Keays, Patricia Keays, Margaret Leitner, Keith Matheson, Connie Thurber. **Volunteers for the Lund School page:** Chelsea, Nicole and Shanti. **BUILD COMMUNITY - JOIN US FOR THE NEXT ISSUE.**

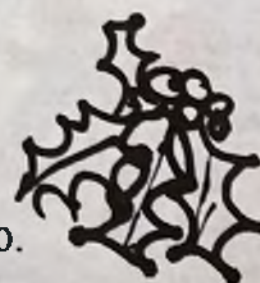
*Seasons Greetings from the Lund Barnacle to our sister communities in Georgia Strait, and a special salute to all community clubs and papers. A bouquet to all the volunteers who contribute to the whole community on behalf of us all.*

### '91-'92 ADVERTISING RATES

Business card-\$10.00; 1/4 page-\$25.00; 1/3 page-\$35.00; 1/2 page-\$50.00; full-page-\$100.00.

Classifieds: personal-free; business-\$1.00 per column line.

Ads must be camera-ready or advertisers pay a minimum \$5.00 processing fee.





## LUND BREAKWATER INN REPORT

by Siobhan James

If you've been in downtown Lund recently, you'll have noticed that the hotel coffee shop has a new look; Kathy Thomas and Patsy Hansen have been in charge of the kitchen facilities since October 10th, and are very busy providing a new and pleasant atmosphere. Due to the diminished custom that's an inevitable aspect of winter in Lund, the Bayside Room is not open but the coffee shop (as we go to press) is open from 7am to 6pm Sunday through Thursday, and from 7am to 8pm Friday and Saturday.

Kathy and Patsy hope that by spring they'll again be able to offer a full seafood menu in the dining room, but hope that in the meantime you'll come down to sample food prepared by Lund's own Sandy Mallory, or by newcomer Rolande.

In the bar, the gap left by Guylaine's departure for Vancouver Island will be filled by Carolyn, with regulars Julie, Kathy Rogers and Kathy Thomas (yes, she's got two jobs!) still there to provide the cheerful service that draws so many regulars (and irregulars) to Lund Pub. Look for changes in the decor there also, with the anticipation of a new Trivial Pursuit video game adding spice to the Friday evening glass of beer. No reason for it to be a winter of discontent, now, is there?

## LUND CHOIR

If you like to hum along to the car radio or even sing in the shower, why not enjoy singing with the Lund choir. Join Bill Vanderhoeven and friends every Saturday at the Lund school - 2pm - be there!

## Notice of Public Meeting Re: Finn Bay Ranger Station

The Regional District has a chance to acquire the former Ranger Station at Finn Bay for park purposes. The site offers the possibility of a unique park with marine access, picnic areas and buildings to house a range of community functions. How to best develop the site, or whether it should be developed at all, will be the subject of a public discussion DECEMBER 9, 1991 at 7:30 PM in the LUND COMMUNITY HALL.

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THURSDAY DECEMBER 19th

7:30 pm

## Lund Community Hall CHRISTMAS CONCERT - LUND SCHOOL

That wonderful event - full of song and skits and those children we all know and love. Join the holiday fun.

## COME ONE, COME ALL

To the Lund Choir's **Christmas Sing-a-long**, Sunday, December 22, 1-3 p.m. at the **Breakwater Inn Dining Room**.

## Finn Bay Ranger Station Report from Lund Community Club Committee

T. Mutas-Chairperson

I spoke with Carl Bruhn this past week about the Ranger Station and its acquisition by the Regional District. Carl is handling this project for the Regional District.

This is what has taken place at this reporting.

The Regional District has made two separate lease applications to Lands Branch, 1) for the uplands and buildings, and 2) for the foreshore. A copy of both applications has been sent to Gordon Wilson, M.L.A.

Mr. Wilson has indicated in conversation with Carl that he supports the acquisition and will give all the help he can. Gordon Wilson was instrumental in helping the residents of Pender Harbour acquire the Pender Harbour station for community use.

The Regional District has developed a tentative plan based on input from community groups and Malaspina College. Briefly, the plan is as follows: the large house near the dock to be available to community groups for meetings, choir practice, church functions, to name a few. The barn can be used by Malaspina College, the smaller house a caretaker's residence. Estimates for repairs and renovations are also in place.

If you would like more information or have suggestions as to use, etc, feel free to call at 483-9118.

## LUND COMMUNITY CLUB

by Siobhan James

Due to burn-out, some new names now head this worthwhile albeit much-tried organization. Adrian Redford is president, John Keays vice-president, Margaret Ducharme is secretary and Siobhan James is treasurer. No festivities or events are planned at present, but watch this space in the spring for exciting happenings to come.

## WHO IS RICARDO KEYES DOUGLAS?

## Drivers Beware

Driving over the 60 km. speed limit cost several Lund motorists fines of \$75 recently.

Campbell River RCMP, travelling in an unmarked 2-door Chevrolet sedan with licence # PSV 782, were patrolling Highway 101 north of town a few weeks ago.

According to a motor vehicle agent in town, it is not uncommon for RCMP from the Island to be on duty here. Most of the local violation tickets are now issued by the out-of-town RCMP, she said.

## WOMEN'S NEEDS ASSESSMENT A Survey Of The Needs Of All Women In The Powell River Area

Many groups offer services to women in this area. The services include childcare, a safehouse, counselling, courses and more. This winter, two of these groups, will run a survey of women's needs.

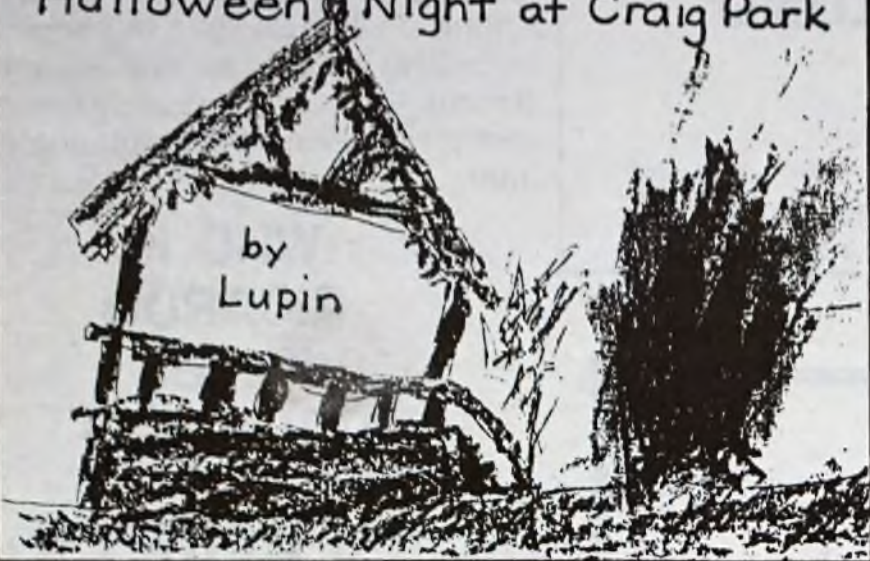
The goal of the survey is to learn what women want and need and how groups or government can meet these needs. The survey will include meetings with interested groups, door-to-door interviews, telephone surveys and questionnaires at local events.

We need your thoughts and ideas. The more you tell us, the better we can meet your needs as a woman. If you are asked for your thoughts, take the time to talk. Although you may have few needs now, think about your neighbours or your daughters. Ask your daughters to give their ideas - we don't care how young or old you are. If you want to make sure your ideas are included, watch for the ads in the Powell River News or call CSA at 485-6006.



## Halloween Night at Craig Park

by  
Lupin



Dear Ann and Keith, Thank-  
you for bringing pumpkins  
for the contest. I also  
thank the Lost Flamingo  
for helping out on the bon-  
fire. I hope you do it next  
year. I liked the costumes  
the treats, and the hot dogs.

Love, A

### IS IT TRUE?

Is it true that Gordie Mallory's son's  
dog's puppies really are the cutest  
you've ever seen?

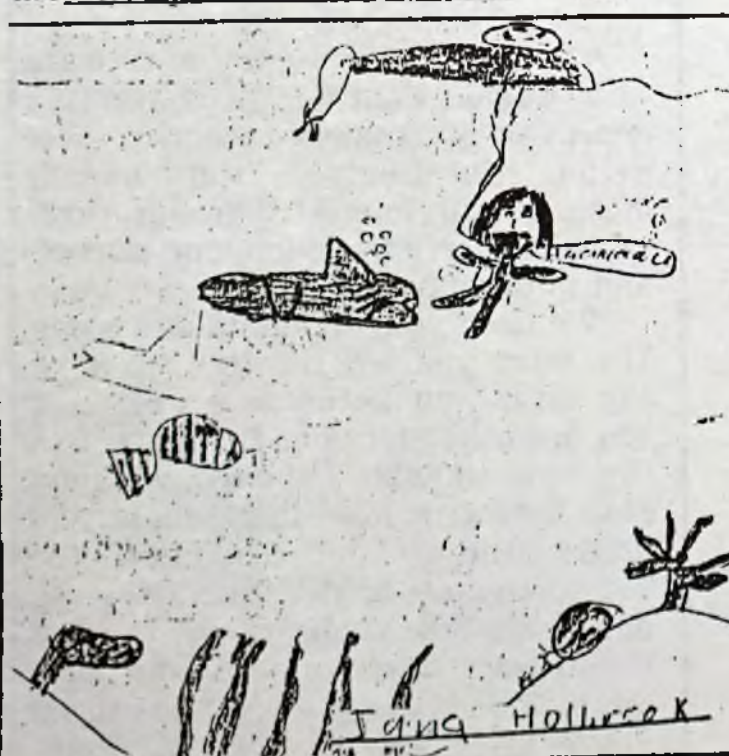
### Ocean Chant

What do you see down in the sea?

I see a(n) Fish in the sea.

What else do you see down in the sea?

I see a Shark and Swim!  
He's Chase me!



kelp by shawn

Did you know that there's 20 different  
kelp. One of those is the giant kelp it can  
grow 45m. long. It's also the biggest marine  
plant. And it only grows in the Pacific.

Kelp has a sticky thing that holds it  
to the rocks. Fishermen hate kelp. As  
you probably know kelp grow under  
water. Usually it looks like a bunch of brown  
stuff on the beach. But it's harmful  
for tons of animals. Kelp has no  
mouth. It absorbs the sea water, that's its  
food. It gets nothing from the ground.  
And it's one of the fastest growing  
plant in the world, the end  
Shawn K.



Dear Ann and Keith,

Thank you for helping  
out with the Halloween  
Party. You were very  
generous to use your  
time to make us happy.  
The fire works were  
very entertaining. I would  
have very much liked  
to have carved a  
pumpkin, but I was

In town.  
Yours Truly, Bradie

Nov. 1, 1991

Mr. 11111

Dear Ann and Keith

I liked the party. I had the  
best time in three years.  
I hope you have it again  
next year. I liked the food.  
I thought I broke my arm when  
a firecracker went off. I had  
a duel with Marshall.  
Thank you, Jamie



THANKS  
TO THE TEACHERS  
AND STAFF AT  
LUND SCHOOL.  
HAVE A  
GREAT HOLIDAY  
YOU DESERVE IT!  
From the  
parents and kids.  
Thanks too to the  
hot-lunch parents,  
volunteers, and all  
who keep contributing  
and who keep the  
Christmas spirit  
alive all year  
round.  
Merry Christmas!

Dear Friends of the Lost Flamingos  
I think that all of you did a  
great job of getting all the things  
organized, and all the kids  
parents did a good job too. What  
I liked the most was the  
candy and the firecrackers. I  
liked that so much that I  
would like it if you would  
do it that again.

Love, Holly



## The Baggi Road Report

by Barry Beer

"It's a small world" the saying goes and nothing could be truer than "It's a small town" as well. A recent afternoon jaunt up to the north end of Malaspina Peninsula brought this point right home for me. And a new friend was made in the process.

Walking along an old, grown-over logging road way up the peninsula, I heard a couple of voices from down the hill; one from a dog and another presumably from its master. Wondering just who this might be, way out in the middle of nowhere in particular, I decide to meander down the valley and check it out. Upon reaching the beach I found an old homestead, a couple of barking dogs and an elderly woman who very shortly would be barking at me! I introduced myself as Barry and immediately got a thorough questioning about why I might be carrying a rifle out here in the woods and why I would ever wish to hunt for deer or bear. "Aren't they your friends too?" After rattling off my "responsible for my own survival (to some extent hunting as well as gardening etc..) primitive-instincts-meat on the table" justification, she quickly changed the subject with "What did you say your name was?" Upon hearing my full name she replied "Oh, I know you!"

## MALASPINA ROAD

Rumour that a silicone plant is being built on Malaspina Road has some residents asking questions.

The Barnacle was not able to obtain the hard facts about the proposed plant before going to press. Work has begun on the site just below Cedar Lodge.

Residents have asked the Regional Board to find out what the plant will be producing, including what type of wastes and how those wastes will be disposed of?

Check the next *Barnacle* for an update.

## "THE BARNIES"

WATCH FOR THE LUND BARNACLE'S LOCAL AWARDS IN THE NEXT ISSUE. Send Your Nominations Into The Barnacle for the Winter Spring Issue

Nominations so far include:

The B.C. Tel Award for the most interesting phone call

Weirdest Idea of the Year Award

Who Drinks the Most Coffee Award?

Best Costa Rican Tan Award?

Best South-of-the-Border Tan Award?

Single Woman and Single Man of the Year

Best-Dressed Award

Worst-Dressed Award

Couple of the Year

Most Opinionated Person

in Area A Award

Wondering just what kind of a mess I've gotten myself into had me somewhat puzzled momentarily. It seems she heard my name from a lady on Cortes who was interested in buying some used equipment I was trying to acquire, and she wanted some too! "And you're the chap who brews beer in Lund, aren't you?" It was all true.

After her initial 'hostilities' concerning my 'hostilities' (toward her wild friends) were cleared up, all was well again. We sat down on a log on the beach in the afternoon sunshine and talked at great length about sunshine and solar energy, the history of the peninsula, far away friends and it's a small world.

## NOTICE

Tera Rose Amethyst Bereziak  
Born October 9, 1991  
to Maggie Lindsay and Ed Bereziak  
sister to Nicole and Lyra

## Craig Park

by Dymph Vandermaeden

At this time I wish to devote this article to the Friends of the Lost Flamingoes. This is a non-profit organization devoted to fund raising for local projects and events. Lund Community Club, Craig Road Fire Hall (wall heaters and running the water lines to the hall from the park), Lund School (cash donations for equipment), Craig Park (donations for tennis court, water system, sponsorship of ball teams and equipment).

We wish to thank you all for your attendance and contributions at the Lund Craft Fair. Despite all that mother nature thrust in our direction the masses kept a smiling patient attitude. No matter what came up there was a helping hand thrown in to remedy the situation.

Personally it makes me realize what a great Community we live in, and how much the people in it contribute to its well being. Despite all odds thrown at us in these times, as a group (Community) we will survive.



Merry Christmas to my Twin Sister in the Great White North. Classy Christmas Card, eh? Love, Keith

Marley David Foot  
born September 9, 1991  
to Melinda Clement and Ken Foot  
(almost 6 weeks old here)

## ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST

5

Ann Polman Tuin of the Flamingals wed Randall Drader (clam-buyer and musician) at 2:00 pm on Saturday, September 7th in a beautiful lakeside ceremony. The location was the property of Nelson Tipton, a family friend, on Powell Lake; the bride, her maid of honour and the minister were flown in a seaplane piloted by Herald Long. (This was a surprise to the groom, who'd expected her to arrive by boat, and probably figured he'd been jilted when she didn't.)

The brief ceremony on a decorated float was attended only by close family and friends. Best man was Rick Biazutti, maid of honour was Carly Whitford, and Randall's two-year-old son, Brandon, was ring-bearer. Later in the afternoon, to show their deepfelt happiness for their friend, Jim Venables and Lester Jacob threw Randall into the water; who says men have trouble expressing their feelings?

The happy couple delayed their honeymoon in California till October but had a celebration barbecue on Savary Island.

## Virus Infects Lund Computers

If you've been sharing computer disks, watch out -- the "stoned" virus is in the neighbourhood.

The virus can make your life miserable: you can lose data, and your computer will refuse to function.

Fortunately there are "anti-viral" programs that can detect viruses and clean them out. There are more than 6,000 known rampant viruses, however, and a single anti-viral program may only detect a portion of them.

The Barnacle advises computer users to check with a local expert if you think your computer may be infected.

Are 'computer condoms' next?





## Sliammon Probe to the Barnacle

Sliammon has a positive outlook for its future, investing in its most important resources, Sliammon people.

Thirty-two people in total will be involved in the 29-week program Rural Access to Training and Employment (R.A.T.E.), put together by the team of Roy Francis and Joe Gallagher, working with Sliammon Economic Development. Joe and Roy have expanded their horizons through their consultant services, VISIONS. It seems they are pursuing their vision.

R.A.T.E. is funded by C.E.I.C., which has funded other programs. This one is a new one. Funding for programs similar in pursuing employment have always been available in the City. R.A.T.E. programme in Sliammon, for Sliammon, brings the opportunity for the rural aboriginal. The name is appropriate, "Hey, we do rate. It's on time for the Sliammon and the other societies to work together, in a win-win situation."



### VISIONS

Native Management  
Consulting Team

#### ROY FRANCIS

C-14 RR#2 Waterfront Road  
Powell River, B.C.  
V8A 4Z3

PH: 483-3733

## SLIAMMON BAND NEWS

6

special to the Barnacle

*One issue the Sliammon Band has been active in is the mill pollution. This is only a portion of my involvement in the pollution issue.*

*I am a member of a steering committee along with Ann Hilyer of West Coast Environmental Law and George Watt of the Alliance Tribal Council.*

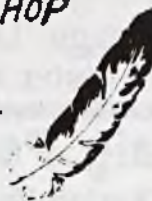
*I am enclosing some information that you could use, especially the Mission Statement and Objectives.*

*Thank you.*

*Chief Gene Louie*

### The DEBBIE DAN ART SHOP

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*Specializing in Native & Nature Subjects  
commissions & portraits  
any medium*

## Home-based Business

### STATEMENT OF OBJECTIVES FOR MULTI-STAKEHOLDER WORKING GROUP (MSWG) ON PULP MILL REGULATION IN BC

**Introduction:** At present, no formal process exists in BC for various stakeholders outside of government to participate in the regulatory process. The MSWG will address this by pursuing the objectives set out below.

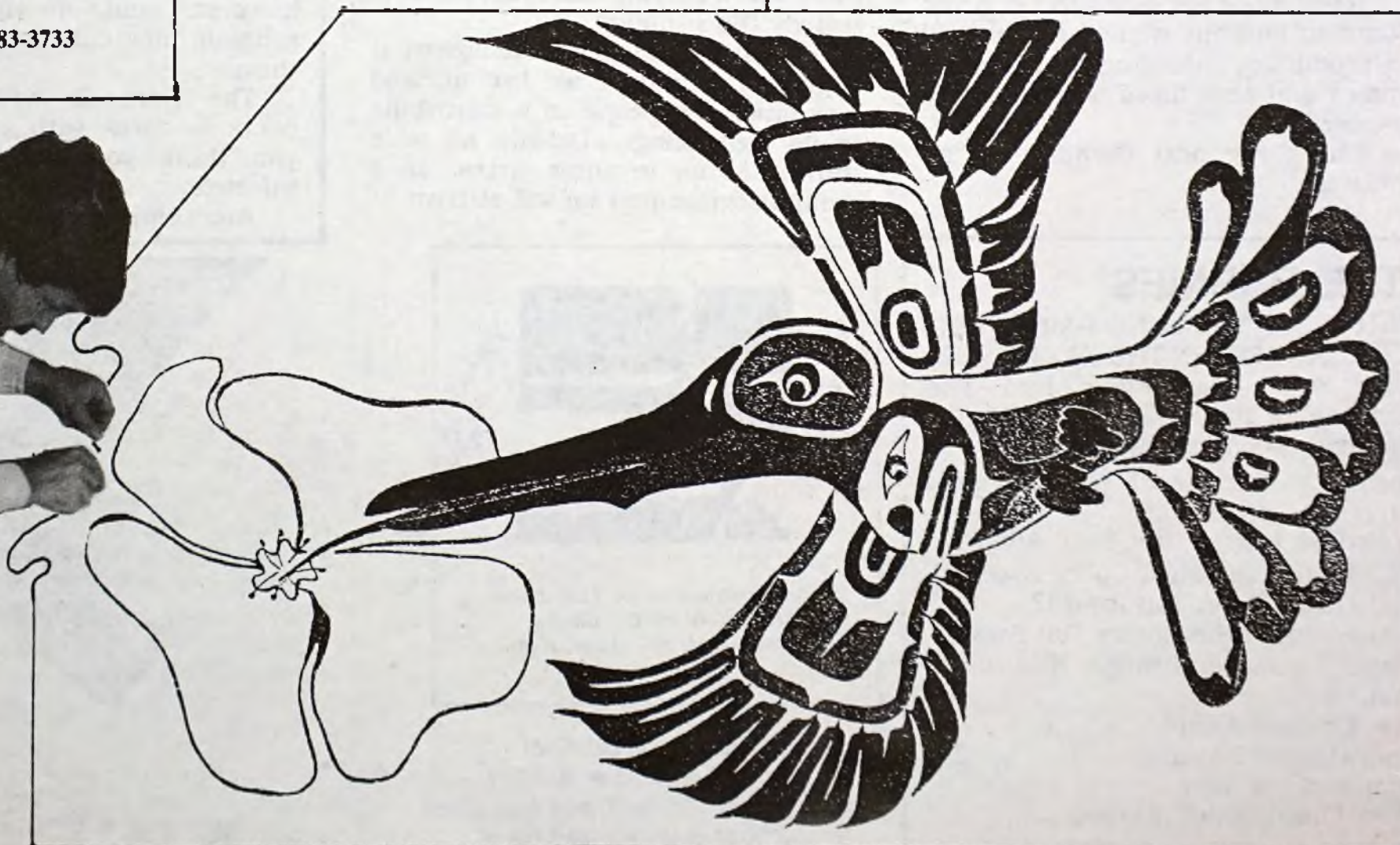
**Mission Statement:** The MSWG is provincial in scope and has been formed to further the knowledge and understanding of all aspects of pulp mill discharges in BC, including the environmental, social, cultural and economic impacts.

#### Objectives:

1. To provide input into the regulatory and enforcement processes.
2. To conduct information sessions on research and technological developments, the impacts of the pulp industry, and current environmental programs in pulp mills.
3. To make recommendations regarding research and other program needs including regulation development.
4. To make recommendations regarding funding for research, monitoring or other investigative activities and to make recommendations where inadequacies are identified.
5. To monitor programs and work in progress.

Jackie Timothy is now running his carving and art business from his home. A print series with a unique hummingbird and other native images is on special sale for Christmas.

Jackie is also working on a yellow cedar totem pole, with help from three brothers.





## Regional Board

by Jill Goudriaan

7

One year down, two to go, I report to you from the entry level of that characteristically bizarre human institution - government. But before I start, I want to say how proud I am to co-represent one of the only 2 communities who voted YES on the Waste Management Referendum. A classy decision, friends. May your influence spread far and wide and may the universe give you the hug you so richly deserve.

Needless to say the Waste Management Committee is feeling pretty discouraged at this point. The rules of the game they were playing, (guidelines, ministry policy, referendum requirements formulated by some ministry committees far, far away) are very complex. The prize is 2.5 million dollars off the top of the tag. The incentive to play is the threat of a big fine. The ante is the cost of designing a proposal - big bucks from local taxpayers. The Powell River Regional District, one of the first, if not the first to try this game, played it and lost. The next year they played it again, and lost. Excuse me but isn't this beginning to look unworkable?

There is evidence to suggest that the public doesn't trust the government right now, and deprived of an opportunity to say NO to brand new schools and hospitals buildings, mega-projects, private jets, golden handshakes and state of the art photocopiers in the office of each and every disempowered MLA they will vote NO where they can.

On the other hand, maybe we just have a marketing problem. Can we learn from BC Tel (the parent company, really) and their inspired marketing program for 911. Their approach could be described as the Ninja Turtle method: the TV series markets the toys, and the toys promote the TV series.

After establishing AUGMENTED 911's place in the hearts and minds of the nation with the hit TV series, 'consultants' are hired by municipalities to market themselves 911. First the consultant shows a video where you hear the actual voice of a woman being murdered because she didn't have AUGMENTED 911. Then you vote on his, remarkably reasonable, services.

"Yes, 911 is expensive", says the consultant, "but really no more cost to families than their monthly cable-vision and if we can save even one life..?"

Regular 911 meetings with police, ambulance drivers, fire department and other emergency services are held to address concerns and mention the good points of the system quite a bit. There are ads on TV: a grease fire in the pan - not "Put the lid on the pan", not "Put baking soda in the pan" but "Call 911".

There aren't any supporting statistics from communities who have augmented 911, or ads about the vulnerability of a system where all calls for emergency services go through a single office (attention, aspiring terrorists) which is actually an extra level of dispatching. To his credit, the consultant does point out that after all, if all a community has is one old fire truck, no matter how augmented the 911 is all you will have coming to your fire is the one old truck. But it is really an excellent communication system with all this great communication equipment! And other communities are signing up! And if we could market our Waste Management Plan with this kind of smarts people would vote YES for the MRF the way they are voting YES for 911 all over the continent! SELLING PROTECTION. Now why didn't we think of that?

Local stewardship of forest resources, which was recommended by the Pierce Commission as a response to the long, disastrous relationship between the Ministry of Forests and several large forest companies, is being addressed. You will be pleased to know that a local Forest Council is being set up. An invitation has been extended to the Regional Board staff to attend an organizational meeting. "Not Board members?" asks an innocent representative of the people? "No, this invitation has been extended by the staff of the Ministry of Forests to our staff. Staff work with staff. Politicians work with politicians." "Who is the appropriate politician to work with on this?" "The Minister of Forests." Friends, I have a call in to my fellow politician, The Honourable Dan Miller, Minister of Forests, and I am listening for the telephone's ring even as I write this letter. Boy, when he calls it's sure going to be fun planning how we will work together on local stewardship of the forests. I don't know why people don't trust government. They get to vote, sometimes, and then staff work with staff, and politicians work with politicians, and ...you know, it's funny he hasn't called me yet.

### LINK ENTERPRISES

\*Bookkeeping  
\*Spreadsheets  
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\*Reports & Resumes

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Indian Point, 2-bedroom cottage in wooded area, 150 paces from beach. Plenty of room for privacy or expansion on 4 lots with 230 ft. of frontage; also a 14 x 17 ft. guest cottage to be finished. Sauna for added country flavour. \$87,000 captures this rare Savary offering.

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**Stellar Solar**

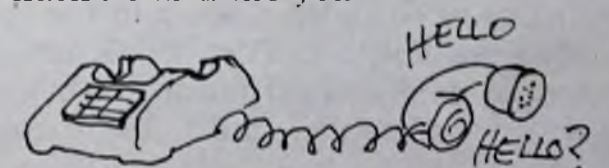
Power System Design & Sales

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& much more!

Catalogue Available

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## AFTER SIX MONTHS

by Christine Hjørleifson

8

There are so many familiar faces when I go out now. Sometimes I want to draw my curtains and close all doors to discourage dropping in. Living in a town of 500, after the city, your life becomes public. Everyone's does. I hear the talk: Wendy is fishing and stuck in Rupert because of the winds. David is visiting. The Barnacle is sold out. Lu got shellfish poisoning.

If we are talking about all of them, then there is talking about we - me, that is. That I'm away for a few weeks or my friend, visiting from Germany, is a symphony conductor. That I was dancing on my knees at Jim and Kathy's party. That I have an answering machine and Call Alert. And my friends include Claudia and Susan, I'm one of them.

You love it and you hate it. If all these people care about you, notice that I'm away, call when I'm sick - doesn't that mean I belong? If no one talked about me, how would I feel?

And you hate it and wish they would "shut up, please." Do they have to tell everyone about the new dishwasher? Or the sounds they hear from my open bedroom window? Do they have to? Except, I realize, who am I to tell anyone what to talk about or not talk about. Like I could install a dial on you, labelled "talk-about-Christine" and set it at 6 out of 10 this week.

Some people call it gossip. Margaret Mead, a renowned anthropologist, told her daughter, "you won't make a good anthropologist, you don't like to gossip enough." It keeps us honest, this talk; it keeps us decent, remembering that we live here, eat here, sleep here and must treat here with respect and care.

Living in a small town, you find out who doesn't like whom. It's fun to ask: why? Try it. "Why don't you like John?" "He never waves at me. We pass everyday on the highway and he never waves."

So, I've learned to wave. Nod or say hello. Remember the new baby's name and ask how goes the search for a job. Ask how was the trip to the city? and does Sarah like school? Remember who was the gingerbread boy in the Christmas play and which son sang a solo.

And we get our fair share of tourists, people who park their car here and hop a boat to their summer home. Or arrive on a long and large boat. I used to be one of those people and I remember how I saw this town. Small town folk, who don't wear much white, your clothes always looked dirtied or wrinkled. I see it in the eyes of these tourists. They think we are stupid or dishonest because we work with our hands, don't own irons,

### FOR ALEX - August 31, 1991 -

I parked on the road and as I walked to the house, I recognized cars and felt a small sigh of relief. There are friends here, people who know me, someone I can talk to. Voices and the sounds of children drifted down the driveway and I caught a glimpse of red hair. Another small sigh, more friends at a time when each of us has re-learned how fleeting a friendship can be.

Our common bond is that we are friends and family of Alex Stern. We are people who know Alex and that is the interlocking thread that holds us together as we wander the deck, visit the kitchen, drink coffee and look at pictures of Alex. We all knew Alex. Some of us loved him, some liked him, all of us appreciated some quality he had. He is Gerry's dad, Nancy's husband, Paula's close friend, the mad Romanian singing. He gave something to each of us.

Each of us is here because of that something. To remember what spark they shared with him, to share a memory with someone here and to wonder why he, of all of us, is gone. Why he died and we sing.

rarely shave and call many a t-shirt "freshly stained."

We aren't stupid or dishonest, I want to tell them. We may be poorer than you. We aren't as neat or tidy. Sometimes we drink more. Our children run free because, here in a small town, it's safe for them to run free. We drive old cars because you-gotta-be-nuts to drive a new car on a gravel road. We own trucks to haul stuff - the lumber for your summer home, wood for our stove. And because no one delivers quite this far away. We don't have street addresses because we know the houses. I live at

Alex Stern

Born: February 5, 1950, Chibulin, USSR

Died: August 25, 1991, Lund, B. C.

Loving family and friends in Lund, Powell River, Vancouver and Israel



And sing, we did. Every stanza of Amazing Grace until it spilled out the windows into the gray drizzle. May The Circle Be Unbroken, Wild Horses - Alex's favourite - we sang, in the singing connecting to each other and, as we could, to Alex. Children cried and talked, brought flowers. We passed kleenex.

I looked around and saw faces - new ones, old ones, familiar ones. The faces of Lund. One of them missing -

Alex. We each brought a piece of Alex and together, re-created him if only for a brief moment. He was a person, no wiser or braver than any of us, yet - himself - and worthy of this wake, these voices, the music. He was a part of Lund, a part of us.

It is our task, while we live, to say goodbye with tears and song to those who die. A simple yet beautiful task, full of sorrow and joy. One we can each give to in our own way and each receive from. When you hold my wake, I hope voices and music will spill out the windows. And that a 3-year-old blond girl will bring flowers wrapped in saran wrap. And that familiar faces will bring salad and pies.

I thought of Alex and wondered if he could see or hear us. I wondered if he would feel that common bond, the interlocking thread that holds us all together.

Christine Hjørleifson

Paul and Maggie's place, the old Butterfield house on Finn Bay Road.

And what about us? How do we look at city folk? Do they see dollar signs in our eyes as they build summer homes that need security systems? We need each other but the relationship isn't always easy. They couldn't afford that summer home if

continued on p. 9



# SAVE THE GEORGIA STRAIT ALLIANCE UPDATE

by Anna Stern

9

The second annual **Save Georgia Strait Marathon** was a great success this year, attracting some four hundred and fifty participants. There were four solo swimmers, a twelve person relay team, kayakers, canoeists, sea cyclists, a Hobi cat or two and even a craft built of 100% recycled materials. The Save Georgia Strait Alliance raised approximately \$10,000 through pledges and donations this year, with our star solo swimmer, Fin Donnelly, winning first prize for collecting the most pledges. These funds will aid the Alliance in funding the costs of producing the State of the Strait book and video, the hiring of a staff person and future educational projects.

The day of the marathon was sunny, with just enough of a northwest wind to make it an exciting crossing for the kayakers, canoeists, Hobi cats and sail boats. However, I'm not so sure the swimmers found any pleasure in battling the three foot rolling seas! Finbar Donnelly was the only solo swimmer to complete the crossing from Sechart to Nanaimo. This year he set a new record of 8 hours 11 minutes; this beats the previous record of 9 hours 23 minutes set by Mike Powley.

Finbar fought turbulent seas in the marathon last year to complete the crossing in 9 hours 27 minutes. What a guy! he never left the water - just stopped occasionally for a sip of water or to eat a banana! It was a joyous welcoming as the crowd at Piper's Lagoon gathered to greet him; he actually ran (yes, ran) up the beach to collapse in his proud father's arms.

*continued from p. 8*

we didn't work for \$15 an hour. They wouldn't have fresh Romaine and pesto if Norma Emmonds didn't love to garden more than she loves new clothes or vacations.

I enjoy watching which summer people get invited to our parties. Those who are invited are easy people to talk to and interested in us. They leave their earrings and shavers at home. They wear freshly stained t-shirts and old duck boots. And they don't ask those question. Do you live here? (Of course, I do.) What do you do for work? (Does it matter? Can't they leave work behind when they are on vacation?) Why did you move here? (I like it here.)

I like it here even if all you see is a squalid fishing village with 3 or 4 unshaved, rumpled men sitting outside the coffee shop. I see my friends, familiar faces, my community, my home.

The fastest kayakers were Jerome Truran and Mona Fraser, with a time of 3 hours 7 minutes. The first canoe to complete the crossing was the Nanaimo Indian Band canoe with a time of 4 hours 6 minutes. Greg Holloway pedalled his Sea Cycle across in just 3 hours 36 minutes and the Double Bubble (built from recycled materials including bubble gum) took 6 hours 10 minutes.

There was much excitement as a pair of killer whales wove their way through the marathoners as they approached the end of the crossing. The whales were spotted again that evening and the next morning as the crowd relaxed on Newcastle Island.

Contrary to my plan to swim in the relay team, I was not to get wet that weekend. The logistics of being a spotter and a radio person on the escort boat just didn't jive with my plans to meet up with the relay team. However, one Lund resident did get wet - Brent Tyers jumped in part way across (not totally for the cause ... ask him about it...)!

I want to express sincere thanks to all those who helped make this year's marathon the success it was. A special thank you to the skippers and crews aboard the escort boats Sailfish and Raggedy Anne.

Next year the **Save Georgia Strait Marathon** will be held August 22-23.



## CIBC ON STRIKE

As anyone who banks at the Powell River CIBC probably knows by now, the workers have taken strike action to protest wage discrimination, harassment, and no seniority for casuals.

The Bank's position is that they are bargaining in good faith, that "qualifications, performance and experience" have to be considered as well as seniority, and that the policy in place on harassment keeps the workplace free of it.

The striking workers ask that we all boycott the bank premises until fairness is achieved and their demands are met.

The people staffing the place are management and "from away" .. politely, scabs.

The *Barnacle* volunteers are showing their support for CIBC staff by refraining from doing their banking business for the duration of the strike, and we encourage all our readers to do the same.

*"Class analysis is knowing which side of the fence you're on. Class consciousness is knowing who's there with you."*



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# MORE ON WASTE MANAGEMENT

10

As told to Christine Hjørleifson

At the recent meeting, Percy and Adrian Redford had some interesting ideas on using plastics and glass. Their thoughts:

## Plastics

Most of our plastics are used in the food industry. Consequently, before any recycled plastic is used for food, Health and Welfare must approve it. If we could use recycled plastics for food, a company in Alberta can already turn them into food packaging and bags. As plastic has to be heated to a high temperature to break it down, all germs could be killed.

Right now, we could use recycled plastic for a range of things including: black shrubby pots, park benches and picnic tables and anything else you can think of that we make from plastic but is not used to hold food.

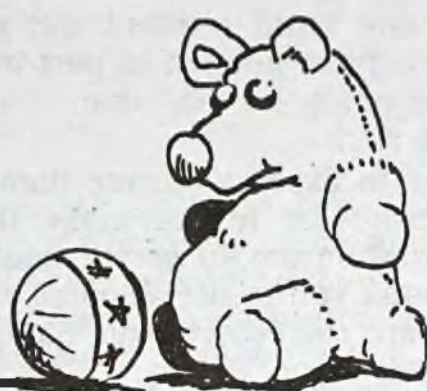
Adrian pointed out that plastic containers for 35mm film are not reused or recycled. And you can only use so many for change in your glove compartment or to hold matches.

## Glass

We all learned, as children, that glass is made from sand. Wherever we use sand is now a possible way to recycle glass. This would leave our sand and gravel pits intact and used only for important things.

We could crush up glass finely and use it for road surfaces. As colour is not a big concern, we would not have to separate brown from green from clear glass. We could use it locally, saving the cost of transportation. In the same way, crushed glass could be used in cement, in making bricks and in mortar.

Finely crushed glass could also be dumped in the ocean where it would mix with the bottom and be well-used. If the glass is clean, as it would have to be, it won't harm the sea.



See story page 17.

SEASONS' GREETINGS  
AND BEST WISHES FOR 1992 TO ALL OUR READERS

## UNIVERSITY TRANSFER COURSES AT THE COLLEGE

### ARTS 112 (3) HISTORY OF WESTERN ART II

A survey of the development of Western Art from the Renaissance to modern times; paintings, sculpture and architecture studies with slides and films. (Art Core Course.)

Prerequisite: None  
Scheduled: Monday, 7:00-10:00 pm  
Start: January 6  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### BIOL 112 (3) INTRODUCTION TO BIOLOGY II

A continuation of Biology 111, this course provides an introduction to the structure, ecology and identification of major plant and animal groups, with a detailed section on vertebrates, and an introduction to the study of ecology and animal behaviour are included.

Prerequisite: None  
Scheduled: Tuesday & Wednesday, 1:00-2:30 pm  
Start: January 6  
Lab: Wednesday, 7:00-10:00 pm  
Start: January 8  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### CRIM 101 (3) INTRODUCTION TO CRIMINOLOGY

An introduction to the basic concepts, theories and methodology in criminology. Topics include: the central ideas of crime and criminology; classical and modern theories of criminal behaviour and their social policy implications; crime typologies and the criminal justice system.

Prerequisite: None  
Scheduled: Tuesday, 7:00-10:00 pm  
Start: January 7  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### CRIM 131 (3) INTRODUCTION TO THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM

Examination of the structure and operation of the police, courts and corrections. The relationship between the various components of the criminal justice system and community agencies will also be examined.

Prerequisite: CRIM 101 or permission of instructor.  
Scheduled: Wednesday, 9:00 am-12:00 noon  
Start: January 8  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### ENGL 112/P1 (3) LITERATURE AND WRITING II

This course, a continuation of English 111, focuses on the skills of research paper writing and on the study of novels and poetry.

Prerequisite: ENGL 111  
Scheduled: Monday & Wednesday, 4:30 - 6:00 pm  
Start: January 6  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### ENGL 112/P2 (3) LITERATURE AND WRITING II

Scheduled: Monday, 7:00-10:00 pm  
Start: January 6

### ENGL 206 (3) CANADIAN LITERATURE II

A continuation of English 205.

Prerequisite: ENGL 205  
Scheduled: Wednesday, 7:00-10:00 pm  
Start: January 8  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### ED P 197 (3) FIRST YEAR ELEMENTARY SEMINAR AND SCHOOL EXPERIENCE

This course deals with communication skills and interpersonal relations in teaching. The course will include weekly seminars and a school experience. If possible, arrange one free day in your course time table for a school practicum; otherwise a two week practicum following examinations in April is necessary. It is recommended that first year students take ED P 197 in their second semester.

Prerequisite: None  
Scheduled: Tuesday, 7:00-10:00 pm  
Start: January 7

### GEOG 120 (3) HUMAN GEOGRAPHY

An introduction to the distribution of human activities and the processes that have created these population, cultural, economic, political and urban patterns.

Prerequisite: None  
Scheduled: Thursday, 9:30-11:30 am  
Start: January 9  
Lab: Thursday, 1:00-3:00 pm  
Start: January 9  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### HIST 112 (3) CANADIAN HISTORY SINCE CONFEDERATION

An introduction to the discipline of history and the skills necessary for its study. This is a survey course focusing on the political, economic, social and cultural development of Canada since 1867. History 112 may be taken before or after History 111 but may only be taken concurrently with the written permission of the instructor.

Prerequisite: None  
Scheduled: Monday, 1:00-4:00 pm  
Start: January 6  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### PSYC 112 (3) CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY

A survey of the current status of selected areas emphasizing the scientific approach to the study of behaviour of man and animals. Topics covered include development, language and thought, personality assessment, intelligence, personality theory, adjustment, abnormal behaviour, therapies, and social behaviour.

Prerequisite: PSYC 111  
Scheduled: Monday & Tuesday, 10:30 am-12:00 noon  
Start: January 6  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

### PSYC 212 (3) PROCESSES OF INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT

A continuation of Psychology 211, an examination of the processes of development within the individual from young adulthood to the aged.

Prerequisite: PSYC 211  
Scheduled: Monday & Wednesday, 4:30-6:00 pm  
Start: January 6  
Transferability: UVic, UBC, SFU

PHONE: 485-2878  
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All classes begin the week of January 6, 1992.  
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# CLOSET RECYCLERS COME OUT

11

by Margaret Leitner

Source separation is not new to many of us.

What is new is that there is a place in Powell River to take our recyclables.

The Recycling Depot is located behind SuperValu and is open 10 a.m. - 5 p.m., 7 days a week. Recyclables should be clean, sorted and dry. Because it is imperative that the recyclables be "uncontaminated" (that is, clean, sorted and dry) in order to sell, the staff at the depot inspects everything that comes in. The depot is small but by using a (homemade) compacter it can store several tons of materials until there's enough to sell.

The staff encourages "reuse" as well as "recycle": they'll save wine bottles, honey jars, etc., if you ask them. When I was there the other day, I left with almost as much as I dropped off: a pretty glass vase with dried flowers had been found and set aside ("Take it", they said to me); plastic buckets that were used for cooking oil from a local restaurant were neatly stacked ("Take a couple -- useful in the garden," they said); a large paper clip was found ("Can you use it?" they asked. I could and took it.). They'd even found and set aside several dozen pens and unused art paint brushes for their office supplies. (They don't actually have an office but do use the supplies.)

The proposal for the depot was put together by Ronnie Uhlmann, chairperson of PREP, 2 years ago and was finally approved in September. The federal and provincial environment ministries and the regional district have contributed funds. Local businesses and the municipality have made "in-kind" contributions. The first year of operation -- including start-up costs -- is under \$150,000.

Ron Sutherland, Recycling Supervisor, moved to Texada Island this year from the lower mainland where he owned and operated a recycling business (called Total Recycling). Drawing on his years of experience, he's got the Powell River facility up and running. He says he's seen people's attitudes shift over the years. People who now demand and use recycling facilities just a few years ago considered the concept radical. Since opening November 1, the depot has had 20-25 people daily dropping off their recyclables. Local businesses and industries are also participating.

There has been one snag so far, but as we go to press, a solution is on the horizon. The Municipality refused to give a permit to put up a roof because the site is zoned commercial and they say it must be zoned industrial. The zoning change may take weeks. The Municipality has now agreed to allow a roof to be built to their specs. Meanwhile, the staff has had to cope with the wind and rain without any protection.

Whatever regional waste management plan is eventually implemented, this depot will operate in the interim. At last, you can say good-bye to those boxes, buckets, bags and barrels of crushed cans, glass and plastic that have been accumulating and cluttering up your porch or backyard.

# REACH FOR UNBLEACHED!

Friends of Cortes Island are thinking globally and acting locally.

Their **REACH FOR UNBLEACHED!** campaign goals are: "to stop the world-wide contamination of air and water with organochlorine pollutants; to create and make visible a broad-based consumer preference for chlorine-free paper products; to free the workplace in the pulp and paper industry from poisonous gases."

The group aims to debunk the belief that "white" is cleaner and better and to inform the public that unbleached and oxygen-bleached paper products are safer alternatives. By requesting and buying chlorine-free paper products, individuals can influence the pulp and paper industry to change.

The group also lobbies wholesale consumers (advertising industry, government, corporate purchasing agents) to buy chlorine-free pulp and paper products.

More information may be obtained from **REACH FOR UNBLEACHED!**, Box 3333 Manson's Landing, BC V0P 1K0 (935-6500 or 935-6992). As a fundraiser, a set of 6 note cards designed by Cortes Island artists and printed on unbleached or oxygen-bleached paper is available for \$7.

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## LUND COOKBOOK

**UPDATE** - Nancy Layton and friends are still at work on the cookbook. Like all community activities, if you would like to help, call her at 483-4120. (Helping includes testing some terrific recipes.)

### GLAZED ACORN SQUASH

—from Susan Foot—

Mix butter:

- 1/4 cup unsalted soft butter
- 2 tsp Grand Marnier
- 2 tsp grated orange peel
- 1 tbsp minced green onion tops
- salt and pepper

Mix glaze:

- 1/2 cup Grand Marnier
- 3/4 cup chicken broth
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 2 tbsp brown sugar

2 acorn squash

Slice acorn squash into slices about 1/3 inch thick. Lay squash out in one layer and pour glaze over the slices. Bake for 15 minutes at 400F under foil.

Pour off glaze and boil it until you have a syrup.

Layer squash in a baking dish putting in pats of the butter mixture as you go. Pour glaze over squash and bake again for 10 minutes at 400F.

## 12

### KEYMA - lentil and bulgur casserole

—from Ev Watson—

- 1 cup lentils, cooked in boiling water for 20 minutes and drained
- 3 tbsp butter
- 1 tsp vegetable oil
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1-2 cloves of garlic, chopped
- 1/4 tsp ground cloves
- 1 jalapeno pepper, seeded and chopped
- or 1/2 tsp Chinese chili paste
- 1/4 cup plus 2 tbsp chopped fresh parsley
- 2 cups chicken stock (or vegetable stock)
- 1 cup bulgur
- 2 tbsp wine vinegar
- salt and pepper

Heat butter and oil in a large heavy saucepan. Cook onions and garlic and cloves for 5 minutes. Stir in jalapeno and 2 tbsp parsley. Add cooked lentils and stock, then heat to boiling. Stir in bulgur and reduce heat. Cover and cook at low heat for 25 minutes. Turn off heat and let stand, covered, for 10 minutes. Then, add vinegar, salt and pepper to taste and parsley. Fluff the mixture with a fork.

This dish is great with curry.

## JAMAICAN CODFISH

- 8 oz. cod (or chopped clams, oysters or salmon)
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- vegetable oil
- 1 cup all purpose flour
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp vegetable oil
- 1/4 tsp cayenne

Heat fish, with just enough water to cover, to boiling. Reduce heat, cover and simmer until fish flakes easily (5-7 minutes). Drain, cool and flake the fish. Cook and stir onions in the 2 tbsp oil until tender.

Heat oil (1 - 1 1/2") to 360F. Beat remaining ingredients until smooth. Stir in fish and onions. Drop by tablespoon into hot oil. Fry until golden brown, turning once (about 4 min.)

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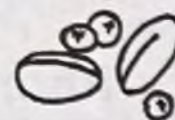
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# THOUGHTS ON FOOD

by June Huber

13

The Fall rains are upon us, the wind blows, the leaves flutter to the ground, we have had a glimpse of winter with snow in October, all enough to put one into the winter grumbles. So, I start off with what's damned annoying around our local supermarkets. The first thing to catch my eye last time I shopped was the wonderful special on grapefruit, 10 cents each! Hey, I bought five and they were great so what was the grouch about? On the other end of the fruit counter were red string bags of grapefruit containing nine but advertised as 5 pounds for 3.99. That's a pretty price to pay for a throw-away plastic sack! I see one night on the box that the B.C. Fruit Growers are now going to discontinue putting those bloody little stickers on their apples (Do you think they hire trolls to go around doing this at night when the stores are closed?) Anyway they say it is because of the expense. I do hope the tomato growers, etc. follow their example. It has been one of life's little nuisances to start to eat an apple or cut a tomato and have to peel those stupid stickers off. They don't come off so easily either. After all, do they think that we, the shoppers, are so dim we can't read the signs above the fruit telling us where it was grown?

More complaining in the area of "be careful to read labels" before you buy. One of my friends was shopping for fruit cake mix. One box she looked at and put back had as one of the ingredients, rutabaga, that's turnips to you. Now, I like a good turnip, but not in my fruit cake thank you, no matter how sugared, flavoured and colored. Another stunt that bugs me, I buy generic mayonnaise in quart glass jars with metal lid. I re-use both. Suddenly the glass is gone and replaced with plastic. The lid soon followed and is now also plastic. Regarding jars, etc. that food comes in, I must give a pat on the head to Classico brand pasta sauce. They have a great jar, a proper Atlas canning jar and a good metal lid with rubber lining and a re-sealable pop-up centre. The pasta sauce is of excellent quality and has a good range of flavours. My last comment, is it my imagination or not that the section in most supermarkets devoted to so-called bulk foods is being overwhelmed with sweet death? There you are, thriftily rummaging about for dried beans and what is this? Drink crystals! in other words, flavoured sugar. Another section you are looking for baking nuts and there you find them, smack dab in the middle of so many different kinds of candy that at least one is bound to catch your

eye, even almond roca! All priced in grams. I think that is less than a quarter pound so remember to multiply the price by about 4 1/2 times.

This can be disconcerting enough to perhaps just leave it there.

On a more serious level, a blurb appeared in our local rag entitled, "New findings question the danger of dioxins." It goes on to state, and I quote: "He, Dr. Vernon Houk, explained scientists overemphasized the dangers of dioxins and furans when they made their earlier conclusions, "... erring on the side of safety." New evidence, he said, indicates "dioxins are only cancer-causing under high exposure levels." Then a Canadian scientist says that Canadian food standards of dioxins are currently under review, to prevent bans on foods considered nutritious! Of course numerous dioxin-caused illnesses have been documented in animals, I wonder just what species she considers us to be, if not animals! We cannot, will not and do not want to be thinking along the lines of "Oh well, there's X amount of chemmies out there already, so therefore, we have to accept the status quo." That type of thinking, stated in a slightly different way puts a new light on things. This is the scenario....You are dining out in a fine and expensive restaurant, you notice a dark speck on the lettuce in your salad. When you comment to the waiter, he says, "Oh, that was a splat of bird excrement, but it's O.K! We washed most of it off."... the bottom line is always, NO Dioxins, NO Furans, NO bird excrement! We may not be able to attain this ideal but we must always strive for it.

Gerry Grey, maybe you have managed to live in Powell River for twenty-five years in good health but don't count your chickens, etc. Here's a fact. I read in an article written by an American teaching doctor in which he told his students that he had only seen two instances of brain cancer in his whole career. Well, I, personally, know of five from Powell River.

Spend a little time at the Vancouver Lodge for Cancer Patients (those who live beyond the lower mainland stay here while being treated). The sick joke was "Oh, where did you come from, Prince George or Powell River?" So don't give us any garbage about Powell River being such a healthy place to live just because you managed to retire without turning up your toes.

Here's an old fashioned recipe found in, I think, the cook-book, "Company is Coming". This is one of those recipes that is fast, easy, quite cheap and the sum total is greater than its parts.

## Jiffy Cinnamon Rolls

### Dough

2 cups white flour  
2 tablespoons sugar  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/4 cup butter  
1 cup milk

### Topping

1/3 cup butter  
1 cup packed brown sugar  
3 teaspoons cinnamon

### Raisins

Combine dry ingredients, cut in butter, stir in milk. Knead 5 or 6 times. Roll out. Soften Butter, stir in brown sugar and cinnamon. Crumble over rolled out dough. Sprinkle with raisins. Roll up as a jelly roll. Cut into 12 even slices. Put into very well buttered muffin pans. Bake in 350 degree oven about 25 minutes. Put a cookie sheet over the top and reverse so rolls come out upside down. These are delicious still slightly warm.

There, I ended on a sweeter note than I started with!

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## Garbage.

by John Keays

For the ones who voted yes, I'm grateful. For the ones who voted no I'm willing to assume that you're a lot better off in my hands than I'd be in yours. Basically you discovered a problem, and next time you'll find another, because you will choose to believe that an imperfect proposal is worse than nothing. The idea that we can now, in some way, separate from the Municipality is convenient, comfortable and like your vote itself, foolish. A thank you to Lund and Texada for putting poison in 'our' drinking supply would sting if putting it in Georgia Strait was a lesser tragedy - and that is where it was and will be going.

Many people find 'no' satisfying for itself rather than for what it might be referring to. With the suggestion of an ability to exercise control over a government which is automatically suspect, it is irresistible. One person limelighted the landfill, another got tied up in a poverty of idealisms too close to home to envy. One doubted provision had been made to deal with earthquakes at the landfill site, and interrupted an attempt to explain that this was a reasonable doubt anywhere with the pugnacity "Oh yeah. OK then! What have you done to protect against nuclear explosion?"

I agree with the regional areas being involved - we share the benefits and therefore we share the problem. I agree with paying capital costs on a per person basis, and had relatively mild reservations about paying operating cost with tax if there was not enough income from unsorted garbage - we might all start to reduce and recycle and would then, in spite of all our reductions, still use the facility. I opposed the parcel tax with such opposition as one vote can have, and hope it does not come up in future because it favours the ones who voted no, and vice-versa.

Now we seem destined to talk about burning - it is one alternative. Burning isn't working anywhere else, and when the flute-music and dutiful reasonings and ashes are under the hill I won't be able to defend the fact that we used something once, and then rather than even try to use it again, we wasted it. I doubt if the capital costs will be much cheaper for an incinerator - there will be no help from the province. I've heard that operating costs are also likely to be nearly as high but don't care much because I'm not objecting on the basis of money. Whatever the total bean count, many beans will be spent to make the air clean enough to breathe while the truth tastes like ashes. I don't see any advantage to spending months going to meetings to talk about something I disagree with in

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to: Jill and garbage committee  
re: Lund verses garbage



I can see no reason for the "no" but in part I think it is because the public is angry at politicians, especially when they ask for money. I am grateful to you for staying with the better option. Now I'm reduced to rhyme.

In a myth, in Greece, a sibyl frustrated  
The gods and in their rage,  
They lifted her eyes, and blinded her,  
And locked her in a cage,  
On an Island they called Cumae.

And on page after page they send, to the cage,  
Tales of the places the present is bound,  
And she tries to arrange them but always the sound  
Of a wind that blows the leaves around.  
They know. But she cannot say.

And here from a cave that is much like the cage  
That sits in the isle of Cumae,  
You can read of a future I read, and know,  
And maybe it holds a candle to glow  
To the cost they will not pay. But the candle is burning low.

I tire easy. Us? We cling. But to me? I just don't know.  
I have done what I could but with nowhere to grow  
And nothing to bring and little to sing  
(While they learn what we already know,  
I move but it's not worth a second of thought  
when the only song left is no).

For I myself saw with another's eyes  
The Sibyl of Cumae alone in her cage,  
And she'd nowhere to hide when the boys cried  
"Sibyl, what do you want", and she always replied  
"I see nothing to want", and always she sighed  
"And I see no end to their rage."

(Tiresias was a seer blinded for experiencing the pleasure of men and women. His name is pronounced "tire easy us" with the accent on the middle syllable and the spaces removed. You may rhyme with Cumae.)

principle. Had you voted no, I would be happier to simply quit. (With one exception, the other members of the committee are as disappointed as I am - what we offered was, and is likely to remain, the best option available). There are arguments for letting someone else do it if they are so inclined.

Bob Hagman, who has to deal with the other yes vote on Texada Island, pointed out that we don't vote on hospitals. Our health is too important to leave to public opinion, and a good thing too if you're feeling a little sick. Maybe garbage should be a subsection of health. Or maybe you'd like to vote for hospitals, etc.. Perhaps we could make up some rules - healthy people vote on hospitals, fathers on abortion, the young on euthanasia and by the pound for garbage, and if I made rules and we were going to vote on burning we would vote as early as possible in April.

### IS IT TRUE?

Is it true that John Keays does not take his own garbage to the dump?  
YES - because Lorraine does!

There is one thing left to support - the recycling program. Since each of us can take our sorted garbage in to the depot it may be unnecessary to do anything, but if it would be an advantage to have a depot in Lund &/or Texada I think it deserves consideration. We agreed to pay more for something we wanted, and deserve to get something if we are going to pay for something we don't.

For the majority who don't know anything about it, I'm envious. I feel I could learn something worth not knowing from you.



## VIEWPOINT ON AGRICULTURE

### Sour Grapes

by Patricia Laycraft

15

The price of feed has jumped once more  
But prairie farmers aren't ones to score  
'Freight's the culprit', that's what they say,  
So now our grain's shipped U.S.A.

Our valley farmers are in a bind  
From southern produce crossing the line.  
Subsidized farming in the States  
Puts cheap food upon our plates.

Could California be the reason  
With its longer growing season?  
Goodness knows, a thought so bold  
Canada's so easily sold.

Why yes! Our future's southern fodder.  
We'll just send them all our water.





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FROM THE  
BARNACLE STAFF

16



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## Thinking Globally - 17 Lund and Haiti

by Patricia Keays

*Communities in Partnership* has involved Lund and area residents in a linkage project with St. Marc's, a community in Haiti, for a number of years. Past issues of *The Barnacle* have carried articles about CIP's work and visits of area residents to Haiti.

This community linkage has made us all pay more attention to the events in Haiti over the last months. Real people who have been in our homes and with whom we have talked, laughed, eaten and travelled are involved in a military coup and resulting civil war. Each day of uncertainty, especially now that Haitians are camped out in the Canadian Embassy, makes us aware just how fragile stability can be.

Here, we have just had a resounding 30% of the people out to vote on something as basic as not fouling our own nest. 30% is a high turnout for municipal elections in this country: political adrenalin surges when figures in provincial and national elections creep to something respectable, like 50%.

We have democratic freedoms that as a group we don't exercise, and hearing about the social unrest and economic disarray in Haiti should make us realize how precious they are, hollow as they might seem to the cynical among us.

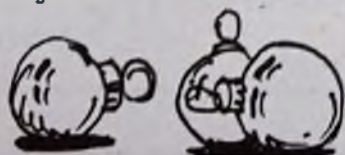
The ongoing events in Haiti -- and the Philippines, Jamaica, Sri Lanka, East Timor, the Gitskan Wetsuwetan Territories, anywhere past the end of our noses -- also make us think a little deeper about these rights we take so for granted.

We have the political right to elect bounders we have little faith in and who we grow to detest when we see them perform on the public stage.

We have the economic right to consume so much that our biggest local problem is what to do with all the garbage we produce. Squatting on top of the world's consumption pyramid, we're proud Canadians, part of the world's 20% gobbling 80% of the world's resources.

What happens to the people in Haiti does affect us, no matter how far away they seem. The way we live here does affect events in Haiti, whether we choose to be aware of it or not.

And that does seem to be what understanding anything from local to global issues involves - choosing to be aware, and choosing to make the hard changes in your own life and that of your family and community that let you live without chronic global guilt and anxiety.



## GAZE INTO THE FUTURE WITH US

Have you ever predicted the future? Ever wanted to be a futurist? Give Alvin Toffler a run for his money? In the next issues of the *Barnacle*, we will look at the future of the Powell River - Lund area.

### WHAT WILL CHANGE WHEN THE MACMILLAN BLOEDEL PULP MILL CLOSES?

No, we don't have any inside information, we have our best guess and our prediction is that the mill will close. If not this year, it might close in 1997 or 2024.

Tell us how your life and your family's life will change if the mill closes. How will your work change? How will the personality of this corner of the planet change?

"We could use all that electricity to run other machines - small, clean ones."

Would the larger stores close? Does that mean we would garden more?

Will real estate prices fall, making it cheaper to buy a home?

Lots of people - how many are employed by MacMillan Bloedel and its suppliers? - will lose jobs and have to move their family somewhere else - Toronto? Tuktoyaktuk?



### IS IT TRUE?

That the *Barnacle* for a very brief moment in production time became a feminist collective, much like *This Magazine*? It didn't last.

Large organizations carry with them a certain amount of bureaucracy. If MacBlo is gone, so will some of the big company view go. Leaving, perhaps, a lot of self-employed independent (and often ornery?) people. Will our sense of community change?

Some mill employees are uncomfortable talking about working at the mill. Will we all be prouder about where we live?

"We would all eat more oysters and clams and have more beaches to enjoy."

Would the Paper Kings stay in Powell River?

The human spirit is affected by many things including its surroundings. Some say that everything on this planet can give to us or drain us. For example, a room can nourish or a room can suck energy from a person. With the mill closed, will we notice a difference in our spirit?

A great deal of paper is used for education.

Will pulp mills move to a poorer and less regulated country and then concerns will be, simply, out of sight?

Will we discover that the new industries we encourage to come here will bring as many concerns as a pulp mill? Like the choice between disposable or cloth diapers - both have an equal cost to the community.

All statistics point to a dramatic shortage of workers over the next 10 to 20 years. Will there be enough skilled people to even run the mill?

What are your thoughts and predictions on the future or any of these questions?

Stop one of us and give us your view or write a note to the *Barnacle*. We will print anything you give us.



## Mystery Reef Charters

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## Winning at School

by Sandy Dunlop

18

Given the diversity of human personality, the existence of conflict in our lives in one form or another seems inevitable. Yet, despite the fact that we all deal with conflict regularly, few receive specific training in how to deal with it effectively. We pick up skills along the way to adulthood that work some of the time, but not nearly as often or as well as our planet's well-being requires.

Learning how to manage conflict constructively is a critical life skill. Wouldn't it be great if we were all taught from childhood how to deal with conflict in a positive way? We could be taught that there are as many different points of view as there are people, and that to allow each one makes people feel included and life more interesting, and that collaborative problem-solving is how we get along together. Our conflicts could become opportunities for resolution, for challenge, change and growth - for all of us to win.

One obvious place to teach conflict resolution skills is in our schools. At the elementary level, many conflicts seem trivial, but they take their toll on the energy and morale of both students and teachers. The conflict resolution skills of communication, problem-solving and critical thinking enable children to express themselves more effectively, and to resolve conflicts more peacefully. Teachers can spend less time dealing with student arguments and discipline problems and more time on teaching academics. Elementary school-age children are more receptive and quicker to learn these skills than at any other time, and can thus be prepared for the greater pressures which lie ahead of them.



At the secondary school level, adolescence itself adds fuel to the fire of conflict. The skilful resolution of disputes at this stage reduces the incidence of violence, vandalism, truancy, suspension and dropouts. The ultimate weapon of school suspension fails to address the inability to resolve conflict effectively. A program designed to train educators in conflict resolution, who in turn teach students those skills, has the potential of addressing the symptom and the underlying cause of certain behaviours and diminishing or eliminating their reoccurrence.

Finally, when young people are experiencing a dispute, they would almost always prefer to handle it with their peers rather than take it to an adult. Students want to help each other, yet without training they often do not know how or what to do. A peer mediation program would teach students how to help fellow students in conflict diffuse and manage their defensive, angry or vengeful feelings. As disputants begin to talk, listen and understand each other's point of view, peer mediators ask questions and

clarify issues. They guide the disputants through a cooperative problem-solving process wherein they are able to determine their own mutually acceptable agreement. Increased self-esteem and maturity, a sense of personal and social responsibility, and a positive productive school climate are the benefits.

One of the most important positive actions we can take to assist our children to grow into mature, responsible individuals is to help them to help themselves. Helping them to learn practical conflict resolution skills, such as communicating effectively, listening actively, being sensitive to others' feelings, and having respect for others will assist them in getting along with their peers, parents, teachers and other individuals. Given the pervasive nature of conflict, incorporating the teaching of conflict resolution skills within the school curriculum and developing a peer mediation program must be considered an important priority.



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Christmas Time's a comin'...  
Christmas Time's a comin'...  
Christmas Time's a comin' and I know  
I'm goin...to Hawaii? Whaaa? Shame!

I can't believe how many people  
around here are skipping out on  
Christmas.

I understand that we've come to a  
critical point in our celebration  
'habits'. I, like you, hate to see that  
Safeway clerk shove the box of  
pumpkins out the door at the same  
time as someone else tears open the  
cartons of candy canes...on Nov. one  
I, like you, am ill thinking about the  
horrific black maw I am obliged to  
shove gifts down to please everyone on  
my endless list.

I hate plastic trees, and bogus  
Santa Claus.

I hate the frantic sales people and  
how they are forced to work until  
bedtime on Christmas eve. But, do we  
have to ditch the thing entirely?

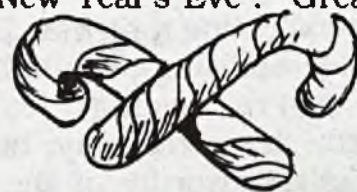
I think we should do a little  
reading.

In Laura Wilder's "Little House on  
the Prairie", she describes a  
memorable Christmas where the  
Father arrives home on Christmas Eve  
just in the nick of time (so to speak)  
from out of a snowstorm (I think, it's  
been thirty years since I read the  
book). He brought with him for his  
girls, sugar cakes and twists of  
peppermint candy.

The mother sewed or knit  
something for everyone, and they had  
a roasted turkey with mashed yams.  
That was it, but Mrs. Wilder  
remembers and vividly describes that  
warm and happy day as a special time  
full of love and mystery and magic.

In "The Five Little Peppers", the  
special moment comes when the  
children were allowed to step into the  
closed parlour on Christmas morning  
and see the tree for the first time.  
The candles were lit for five minutes  
and then extinguished (as your  
Grandma will tell you, this was usual,  
candles were too dangerous to leave  
going for any longer than a few  
minutes). The Peppers had rich  
friends who bought them nice presents  
that year, still, this bounty only added  
up to one or two things for each  
member of their family. The hog-out  
we indulge ourselves in today was  
beyond imagination.

I suppose everyone knows the  
story of "The Little Match Girl", by  
Hans Anderson. This children's tale is  
harsh by today's gooey standards, but  
I think it is an excellent read aloud  
tale at this time of the year. The  
match girl dies on New Year's Eve.  
She was alone in the street with her  
dreams of love and warmth, and her  
last three matches. With each strike  
of a match she sees a different vision.  
She sees a beautiful Christmas tree, a  
'lovely roast goose', and finally, her  
beloved granny. The story begins, "It  
was terribly cold. Snow was falling  
and soon it would be quite dark; for it  
was New Year's Eve". Great stuff.



The match girl and the Pepper  
family are poor; stories abound of poor  
people creating glorious Christmases  
out of nothing except the will to create  
a special day. One special day of the  
year. One wonders about the rich, or  
'middle class' of those vanished days.  
I imagine there was piggery.

I once read an account of a  
Christmas in a Welsh Country house  
in about 1850 or so. The whole gay  
household would bundle all up on  
Christmas Eve (household meaning  
dozens of people, babies, children and  
visiting friends and relatives all) and  
rode into the village together to shop  
for gifts. This meant that everyone  
scattered amongst the shops trying to  
buy things with the people they were  
trying to shop for here, there, and  
everywhere all around. Best of all no  
one was allowed to spend more than  
about five cents per person. Think  
about that. (Think how the kids would  
get a bang out of it.)

In the book, "Monet's Table", that  
I frothed about last time, there is a  
photograph of the table set as it would  
have been on Christmas morning.  
Beside each plate is a silk-wrapped  
box tied with a pale pink satin ribbon.  
The packages each contained a book  
and a sum of money. Nowhere is  
there a picture of an over-decorated fir  
tree rising above a mountain of wrap  
and cardboard. I imagine that the  
squares of silk and the lengths of  
ribbon were carefully washed and  
pressed after that day, and saved for  
the next year.

In almost every written account of  
past Christmas there is great  
emphasis on the wonderful special  
foods of Christmas. I am certain that  
most authors write from their  
memories of Christmas in their  
childhoods. I think we have  
completely forgotten that Xmas is  
something we adults do for our  
children. We do it to instill in them  
some of the grandness and magic of  
life, because without this sense of  
'other worldliness' life becomes dust.  
Without it we will all perish in the  
cold like Hans Andersen's match-girl.

I learned a chilly lesson myself this  
year when I abandoned Thanksgiving.  
Bill was away that day and I decided  
to skip it, because, you know, the  
boys don't care really and why take  
the trouble for 'just us'. Kids are so  
modern and busy these days, they  
don't give a damn for a roasted turkey  
or a spicy pumpkin pie, now do they?

I don't know exactly how we can  
turn things around and get Christmas  
back. I do know that abandoning the  
whole mess isn't the answer.

I invite everyone to stay home and  
give it a shot.

And I wish you-all a Merry, Merry  
(I squeeze your hand!) Christmas this  
year.

## IS IT TRUE?

Is it true that John Keays went one  
whole day without frowning about  
waste management?

## The Perfect Fishing Sweater



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South Side Services  
Small Planet



by Siobhan James

Now that Michael J. Fox has turned 30, I hope that he will soon get a chance to display his very considerable acting talent in a vehicle worthy of it; even in a light-hearted show like this one it shines through (to say nothing of the fact that he's a very hot screen lover).

This is the story of a snotty, conceited young doctor who's headed for Beverly Hills to make his fortune in plastic surgery. Due to his own impatience, he misses the turnoff en route, and ends up in the small town of Grady, where he has the misfortune to crash into the local judge's fence. As penance, he is ordered to do 30 hours medical service under a grouchy superior, wonderfully portrayed by Barnard Hughes ("The Cavanaughs", "Blossom" and a relative of mine by marriage). The small-town folk welcome him with open arms and immediately launch a united campaign to keep him in Grady led by the mayor (played by David Ogden Stiers of M.A.S.H.). As the days go by, Dr. Ben Stone finds himself re-assessing his personal set of values, and trying to decide whether or not money and fame are more important than caring for one's fellow-man or woman, in particular the lovely young local ambulance driver, played by Julie Warner.

There are lots of laughs in this movie; Grady is filled with a host of real 'characters', much like our own dear Lund. There's the requisite but still very moving delivering-a-baby-in-a-car-at-night scene, Woody Harrelson of "Cheers" is a scream as Hank, a rival for the lady's affections, and George Hamilton delivers a great cameo performance as an L.A. plastic surgeon.

If it's good light-hearted entertainment you want, I can definitely recommend 'Doc Hollywood'; but I hope that the next Michael J. Fox movie is something a little more worthy of this fine young actor.

## THE DOCTOR

Continuing with the snotty doctor theme, William Hurt plays Dr. Jack McKee, a wisecracking surgeon who has been so busy getting to the top and making lots of money that he's forgotten that his 'cases' are human beings. All that changes when an irritating tickle in his throat turns out to be a malignant tumour; now he's a patient and experiences at first hand the fear, pain and embarrassment and frustration that sick people undergo when they're up against the bureaucracy of the medical system.

Based on the book "A Taste Of My Own Medicine", this is a very moving film with a fine cast. Christine Lahti, one of the best and most unrecognized supporting actresses in the business,

plays the doctor's neglected wife, Mandy Patinkin is his partner and friend, but the real star of the show is Elisabeth Perkins ("Big") who delivers an absolutely stunning performance as a young terminal cancer patient - Oscar material in my opinion.

The movie was directed by Randa Haines (has everybody noticed that women directors give us great movies, e.g. Penny Marshall?), and it's definitely a tear-jerker, though there are lots of funny moments too, like when Dr. McKee makes an incision and says "Oh, my God, I made him bleed!" Nope, can't really find a fault with this one, though I do think William Hurt has done better work - and usually shows us more of that divine body of his, as well!

## DECEIVED

A fairly standard thriller, good for lots of clutching and screaming, but certainly not a lot of originality. A man lies to his wife for years, hides his real identity, has a couple of aliases to cover up his own crimes, blah, blah, blah. She naturally finds out, he naturally tries to kill her. John Heard usually picks better roles for himself, and Goldie Hawn should stick to comedy.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

If you're expecting a regular Danny DeVito side-splitting-belly-laughing comedy, you're going to be disappointed. It's a real pity, but the script is sadly unworthy of the cast; Gregory Peck, Piper Laurie, Dean Jones and even DeVito himself deserve better dialogue than they got. Maybe even the embarrassing performance of Penelope Ann Miller would have been slightly less awful if she hadn't had to deliver such corny speeches.

Director Norman Jewison messed up big-time with this one, which is too bad because DeVito gives his greedy tycoon character depth and pathos, and Peck and Laurie play his small-town adversaries with warmth and emotion. But if a screenplay lacks originality (as this one does), the movie's dead in the water.

## ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

I like to escape reality more than anyone I know, but not by being subjected to this kind of sickly-sweet garbage. Lauren Bacall provides the only touch of class in this show, but even she can't make it anything more than a complete waste of time.

## THE FISHER KING

From the ridiculous to the sublime! Terry Gilliam of Monty Python directed a terrific cast in this funny, sad, exciting, heart-warming, unforgettable movie. It's the story of a friendship between two very different men, and how each enriches the life of the other; Robin Williams is funny and touching (big surprise, right?) but Jeff Bridges is BRILLIANT. Their two ladies, played by Amanda Plummer and Mercedes Ruehl, are also lovable and fascinating characters in their own right. Superb acting by all concerned.

If you want a lot of laughs, more than a few tears, great visual imagery reminiscent of Monty Python and The Holy Grail, and if you want to have your faith in your fellow man re-kindled, watch this film. I absolutely loved it.

## DEAD AGAIN

This is an enthralling mystery chiller starring the two greatest living Shakespearean actors Derek Jacobi (I, Claudius) and Kenneth Branagh (Henry V). The latter also directed, and a superb job he did, considering the vast difference between classic theatre and whodunnits. He's also very good at doing an American accent - I only heard his Irishness peeking through for the barest instant. Yes, and he's cute into the bargain!

The story begins when private investigator Mike Church (Branagh) is requested to seek out the identity of a woman who showed up at the home for boys where he was raised, without her memory but with some very BAD dreams. A hustling hypnotist (Jacobi - my idol) horns in on the case (with fell purpose, as we later discover) and an old 1949 murder case is uncovered; a composer executed for stabbing his wife to death with scissors. The reason the case comes up is that Church and the amnesiac woman, Grace, are reincarnations of the unhappy couple.

But it's not simply a matter of finding out who the killer really was - oh, no! It's a lot more bizarre than that. I won't go any further than that, because it would give it away for all you video watchers. Rent this one as soon as it's available; it's gripping, confusing, scary - and actually quite funny, too. It's a real winner - but DON'T watch it alone!



TO MY BELOVED SISTER TERESA  
IN ENGLAND: HAPPY 31ST  
BIRTHDAY! I'M SORRY THAT WE  
COULDN'T CELEBRATE TOGETHER,  
BUT I RAISED A GLASS TO YOU  
HERE IN B.C. MISS YOU ALWAYS.  
LOVE FROM SIOBHAN.



## LAZY FOREST WAKE UP!

21

A little boy was standing on a hill. A knoll overlooking a black and white forest. It is winter and everything is covered in a thick, cuddly snow blanket. The child is dressed in a dark navy winter coat. On his head is a robin's egg-blue cap. Around his neck is a bright yellow wool scarf. And on his hands are his brand new, bright, bright red, Christmas mittens. His pants are of course thick dark and insulated and the legs are stuffed into warm, down-upholstered winter snow boots. The child has been standing on the knoll for some time, motionless. Apparently in deep thought, though such can only be an assumption since this is a human child. They can be very clever and mimic practically any situation without ever being involved in the apparent situation...but, that is another story. In this story, the child appears in all ways to be having a thought.

"LAZY FOREST WAKE UP!" The child has just exposed his inner turmoil.

"I said...LAZY FOREST WAKE UP!" A few bits of frozen snow shuddered and slid to the forest bed as a large coniferous tree ruffled a bit and with a great sigh whispered..."SHHH! Child, SHHHHH! You'll wake the Oaks and they can be quite cranky if woken too early in the year!...MY GOODNESS, CHILD! It's only January! It's just a little past MID-SLEEP!"

What ever can you be thinking off!!!"

"But my mom said only LAZIES sleep late in the day...and it's well past noon! I've been outside with my mittens on for hours!"

"Yes, but child...where were you at midnight in your night?"

"IN BED, OF COURSE! My mom says only BRATS stay up past midnight!"

"Well," exclaimed the tired spruce, "then you will understand why we can't wake the oaks! They can be brats of the first-order if woken in the midnight of a tree's sleep...snapping branches, falling across highways...losing their heads! It is imperative that they only wake at the proper time. It can be havoc I tell you! Pure and utter havoc!"

"But, my mom says DAWN is the proper time. And it's well past noon! If I have to wake up, SO DOES THIS FOREST!!!"

"Are you SURE that you weren't up past midnight, child?"

"OF...COURSE NOT! ONLY BRATS I SAID!!! ONLY BRATS STAY UP PAST MIDNIGHT!!!!!" (The child's mouth opened so wide that a small hungry bird flew in and had a meal at the badly brushed teeth.. Its belly was full and it was out sitting on a branch before the child's bellow came to an end and ever-so-slow and painfully

died away. However, one tailfeather was trapped in the snap of the lip.) The child put a mitten to his face and brushed away a feather, never noticing exactly what he had been enticed to brush away.

"SHHHH! Child...pleeease!" said the flustered spruce. "Don't wake the oaks! The birds wouldn't have enough feathers to cope!"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!!! IT'S ALL AN EXCUSE!!! That's what my mom says... IT'S JUST AN EXCUSE!!!NOW!!!!GET UP!"

"But child...it's MIDNIGHT for the forest!"

"IT CAN'T BE MIDNIGHT!!! I CAN SEE EVERYTHING!"

"But, it's midnight in the FOREST LIFE!" (A pause) "Child, how many hours are in a day?"

"A BUNCH!"

"And how many do you sleep away before you must get up?"

"It's a whole pile...I think..." A red mittened hand rubbed the child's forehead. "At least half! It seems longer to dawn. But, I'd say half the bunch are spent in bed...in pajamas...with my teddy-bear."

"And why must you spend half a bunch in bed?"

"My mom says so I'll grow up big and strong and maybe SHUT-UP sometimes and we all can rest."

"Weil, the forest must rest too! You see, child, your kind rest and work according to the sun, but also to the season. Not just night and day. Spring is the name for dawn in the forest. We stay awake from early spring, right through summer, into the early fall. We don't sleep in all that time. Instead, we work and grow and make air for you to breathe...especially when you are outside playing."

**IS IT TRUE:** that the ball teams in Lund area are the best?

You need lots and lots of air then...and when you go to bed for your night, we're still busy working. We make sure there is air not only for the next day, but for the whole year. We had to stay awake for half a bunch and now we must sleep half a bunch. It is midnight in our day...and we've worked so hard, please let us rest."

"But why don't you sleep at night and work in the day, just like we do? It must be so hard to work half our year and then try to sleep the other half. Why, you miss the snow and winter and Jack Frost and sleigh-rides and everything!"

"It's too cold child...we live outside...and the oaks especially, have only warm weather clothes."

"But, just dress warm. And stay awake. See! I'm just fine!" The child held his mittened hands up high for the sighing spruce to see...

"Thanks for the advice child. I value your opinion...truly, I do, but, look and see. We are TREES! We live and work and breathe the air...just like you...but we don't have any mittens! We chose long ago to let those be for the children. We can do without mittens. Instead, we sleep, and the little hands are warm in winter. The snow is our pajamas. And the small forest creatures are the teddy-bears. Your kind can't make air to breathe and our kind can't wear mittens. That's just the way of our world child...the natural way."

*continued on p. 22*

TO MY MOTHER MAEVE  
McERLEAN: HAPPY 60TH  
BIRTHDAY! I HOPE YOU HAVE A  
BEAUTIFUL DAY AND A TERRIFIC  
YEAR. MUCH LOVE AND KISSES  
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"But...what about the air?!! If you make air for me to breathe and you're not working, will there be air tomorrow? How will I breathe tomorrow if you're asleep? I want to go on a sleighride!"

"Don't worry child, as long as there are trees and forests that can live their way, and work their night, and sleep...oh, what am I saying! I'm so tired and is this a dream? Can trees really talk to the children? They can't seem to talk to grown-ups...have I lost my mind? Is there really a human child that wants to listen to my opinion...to my story...to my cares?"

The spruce gave itself another shake, appearing to sway and shudder in spite of an apparent calm). What I mean is, child?...Yes, you are still there! What I mean is, as long as our kind exist and are allowed to work our day and sleep our night there will definitely be air. This isn't the only forest, you know. When we aren't on duty, there are trees on the other side of the world which are...so you see, our kind of life insures that your kind of life can always have enough air to enjoy a sleigh-ride! But we don't just make air for children! We make air for puppies and kittens and birds too! We make air for snakes and bugs and even grown-ups! But we need our rest! We need RESPECT!!! We need respect from life-forms like you. The respect for our way of living..."

"Does respect mean 'Go away and leave me alone?'"

"No child...respect means...let me live my way. I can't wear red mittens. But most of all, respect means...I shouldn't have to wear red mittens...Do you understand?"

"I think so...respect means 'Don't go away...just don't bug me'. Right???"

"Yeah..."

"Respect means...Don't try and make me wear mittens if I don't have hands.' Right?"

"Well, yeah..."

"Respect means...If you want to breathe leave the trees alone. 'Cause if they get cranky, they don't do their work...and then we won't have air for sleigh-rides. And then what would be the use of red mittens with nowhere to go and no air to breathe on the way. Respect means...'Trees aren't lazy, they're just different from us. They only look like they aren't doing anything...when really...they work very hard to make air and we should let them live their way so they can do that...and I need air to play...otherwise...WHAT'S THE USE OF HAVING MITTENS!!?"

"SHHHH! Child...right, right, right, right, right! Now, please don't wake those oaks...I think you have the idea. In your own way, you really do understand...in your own way..."

"Are you sure there will be air tomorrow?"

"As sure as I live and breathe child, as sure as I live and breathe!"

"GOOD!" he shrieked...the spruce cringed...the child began to skip away. Suddenly, the crunching sounds of small receding boots came to a halt. The child turned and yelled..."TREE! OOOHHH, TREEEEEE!"

"Yes"...ached the bagged-out spruce.

"THANKS!!! Thanks for the AIR!!!! Your work is really important! I'm soooooo happy that I can play tomorrow!"

(Had it not been winter, the boughs of the spruce would have wept. Deep in his soul was the knowledge that, come spring, he surely would...and come spring, he surely did. Swirling within the spring-tide emotional flush of the forest came the tears of relief...relief that a child had noticed and said 'Thank-you...'. The grown-ups did note the unusually heavy flow of sap that year, and were moved to comment..."Sap flow is sure heavy this year! Can't park your car anywhere in this damn forest...its just a damned mess!"...but that's another story...isn't it kids...)

The spruce trembled and whispered..."Pardon me?"

"Thanks, I said. For the air! Have a good sleep...I'll come back in the morning of the forest and visit when you aren't so tired!"

"Don't mention it child...and, hey...wait a minute! Would you like to hear a poem? I just made it up. I really don't know what's happening to me today...I've never before been much for poetry...but I feel...really, really, really feel it's for you child..."

"Okay! But then straight to sleep after that or you'll turn into a brat!" And to the tune of the North Wind's sigh, the boughs of the spruce took a little dip and a tiny curtsy...the snowy pajamas glittered with winter gemstones...the spruce began...

*Trees are people too!  
They're just a bit different from you.  
We don't wear mittens,  
But we make air for kittens,  
And other small life-forms too!"*

The child nodded..."Goodnight tree!"

The tree nodded..."Goodnight child!"

And the mittened kid ran home to tell his mom something. Something about a new word he'd learned in the forest...a word that means air. And that word...is...RESPECT!!!!

**April/May/June 5, 1991**  
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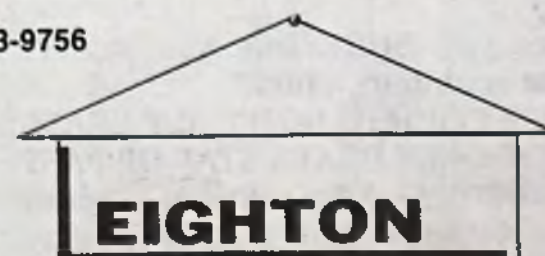
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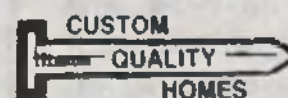
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## ODE TO A HYSTERECTOMY

by Siobhan James

23

Well, I was tired of crawling and crying  
And going to the bathroom on my knees  
Sometimes I thought I must be dying  
I went to the doctor, crying "Help me, please!"

She sent me to another doctor, a wonderful man  
Who'd neutered me a couple of years before;  
He listed dates and symptoms, said "I'll do what i can  
To see that you won't be in pain any more".

Well, we tried the Pill, and it worked for a while  
Bit it messed up my mind something dandy  
I'd lose my temper with a well-behaved child  
Or a seat-belt, a hose - or even darling Mandy!

Had a laparoscopy at the start of June  
And he burned all the garbage out of my gut  
I felt the difference very soon  
And was as happy as a clam (or barnacle!)....BUT

The pain was back in as long as it took  
For the moon to wax and wane just one time  
Went to a friend and said: "Look,  
Give me your pills or I'll lose my mind!"

So I was crabby again for what seemed like years  
And it still didn't hold the pain at bay  
My sister Margot nursed me, and dried my tears  
While in my bed I was forced to lay.

So back to the doctor in desperation,  
"Do something, I can't take any more!"  
So he suggested this operation  
To get back the life I had before

Otherwise, it'd be drugs (and I hate taking pills)  
Drugs that would make me just like a man!  
No, the problems of surgery I thought lesser ills  
Than taking Danzanol for a twenty-year span.

So now it's been done, and I've got a cute little scar  
That only certain close friends will ever see (!!!)  
Hospital was fun, got to pee in a jar  
And get needles in my bum - it was such glee!

And now I begin a whole new life  
Was anyone ever as lucky as me?  
No more ghastly internal strife  
Now that I'm an IT, I finally feel like a SHE!

## A VALIANT RIDER AND HIS HORSE

by Lynn Smyth

My brother rides a dark horse now,  
He is dying, they tell me,  
And here within these sterile plains, these cool corridors, he clings, naked,  
To the swarthy beast,  
And with hands gripping against the withering wreath,  
He tries to hold on.

And each day my brother makes the run,  
His pale body, loose petals strewn against the sinewed steed,  
And yet he holds on, this most valiant of riders,  
He holds on to return each day  
Bringing with him wordless glances of an unknown world glimpsed,  
A territory unforeseen.

And each day I listen for the sound of returning hooves,  
And each day I learn to love the creature that carries my brother home.

This has become our life now; this ride,  
This strange track within these barren halls,  
This remote outpost of sheer uncertainty,  
Where time melts like a Dali clock, and falls off the edge of things;  
Where you know instinctively that the night must fall, and finally it does;  
And the stars fall  
Like tears  
From extinguished gods.

And with the heavens splintering,  
Our horse, our friend and fiend, now rails against his temporal cell  
And bolting his boundaries, he betrays the course.  
And my brother, he is swept away, as I strain to catch his hand,  
But I cannot hold on.  
"Gentle brother, understand," I whisper, "I cannot hold on."

And I fall, a thousand falls,  
Each a glimpse of the savage eye gleaming,  
As he disappears with his still rider into the starless night.

His eye was wooden, that horse,  
The grain burnished gold, and in that final stare,  
His pain was luminous, exposed,  
And I often wonder of his bitter wound,  
The depth of his scar,  
To take my brother so.

TO DR. GOERITZ, HIS  
RECEPTIONISTS DIANE AND  
CAROL, AND ALL THE NURSES  
ON THE 3RD FLOOR (JOAN, JEAN,  
RUTH, GWEN AND AUDREY): MY  
HEARTFELT GRATITUDE FOR THE  
GOOD CARE YOU GAVE ME, AND  
THE NEW LEASE ON LIFE THAT  
YOU ALL MADE POSSIBLE - NOW  
IT'S ACTUALLY FUN TO BE  
FEMALE!



## Shhhh

by Dobes Vandermeer

See our soft mother feline  
Its rough tongue licks its small kitten  
She licks its little head so fine  
While it protests loudly with a mewling sound.

Then she stops so suddenly  
The kitten snuggles up close  
Searching for a rosy tit  
The mother cat stretches out long  
And relaxes as the little mouth takes fit.



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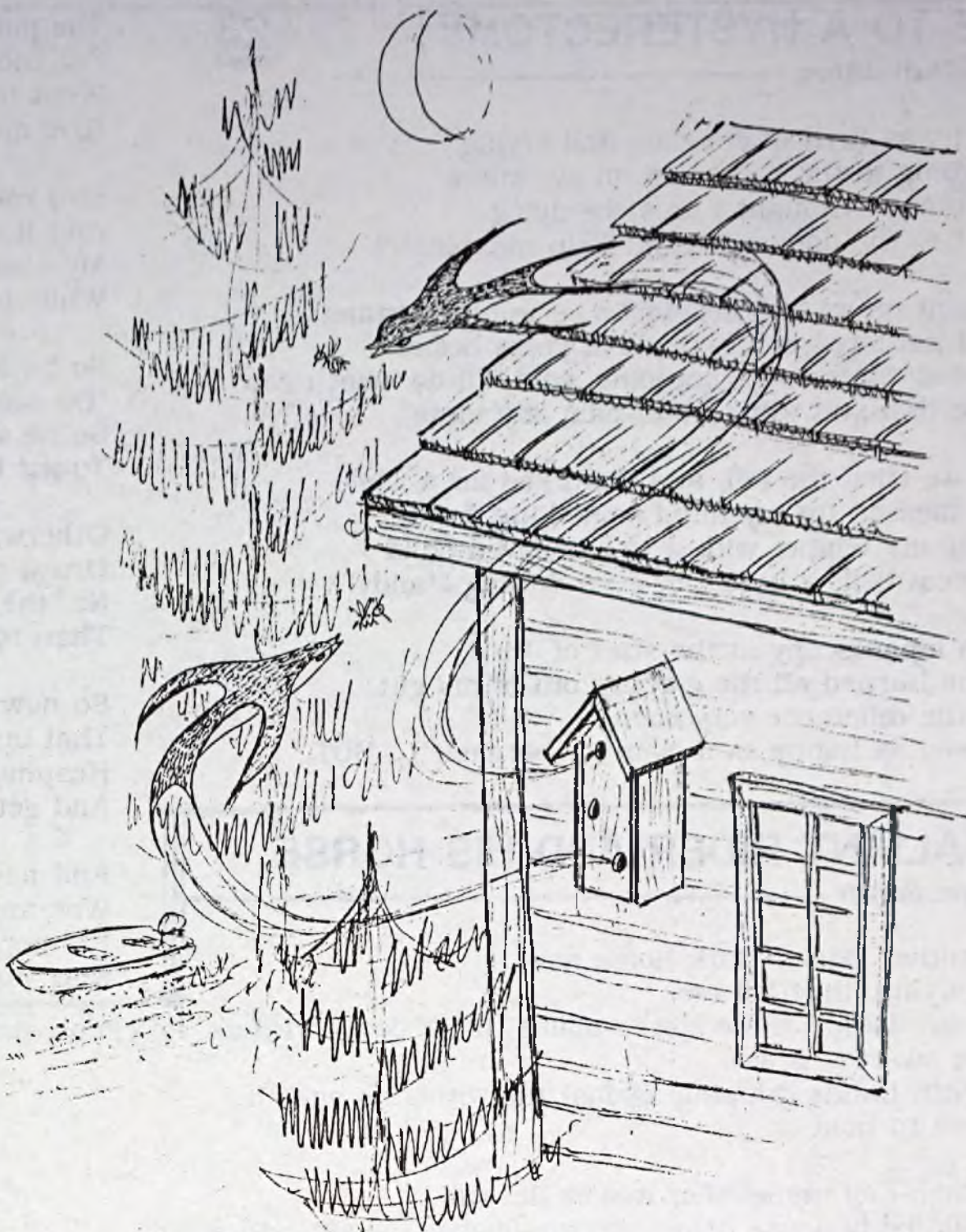
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## IS IT TRUE?

Is it true that the Flamingals are bringing in a pitcher from the Dominican Republic for next season, to replace Guylaine who has gone to Vancouver Island?

## KLAHANIE VARIETY

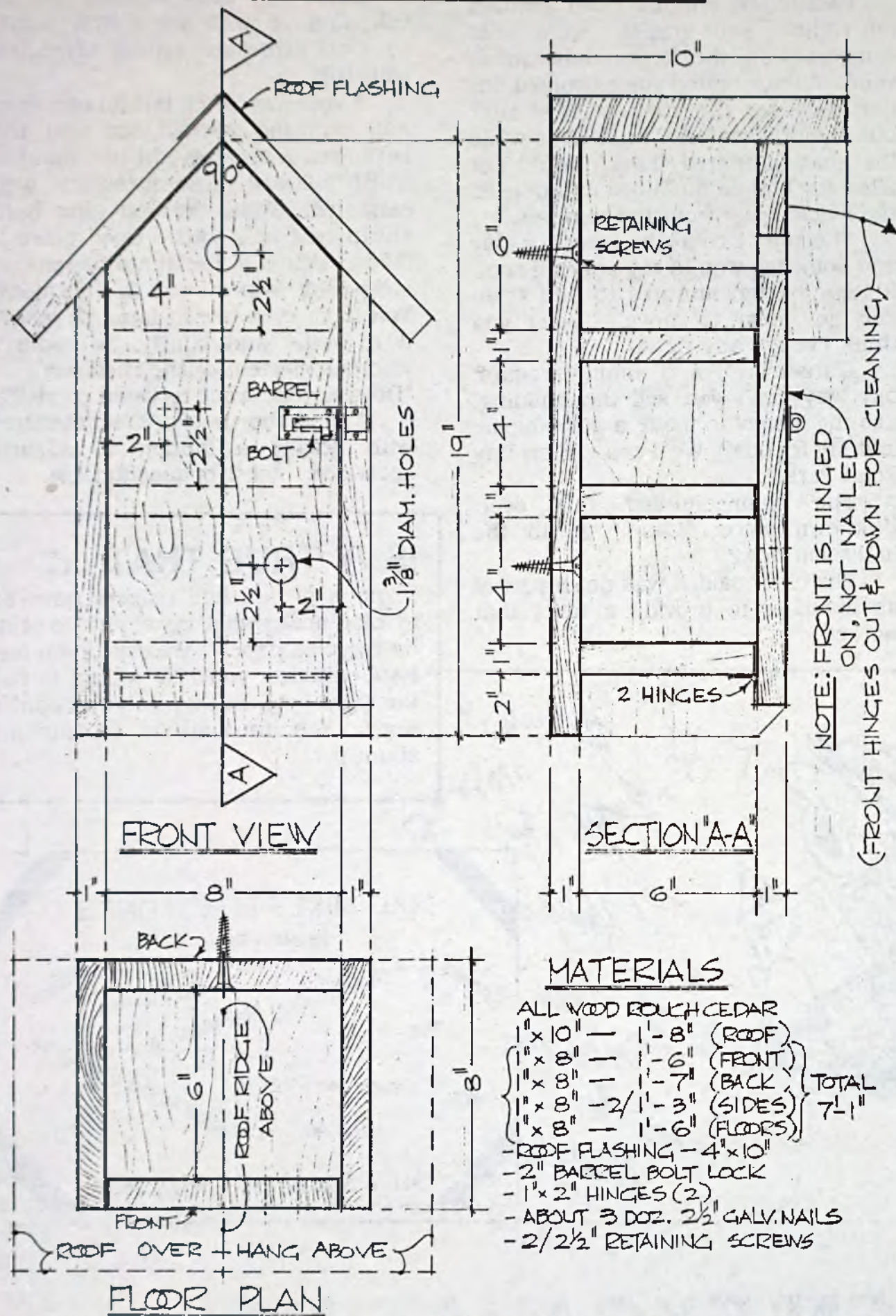
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## SWALLOW HOUSE PLANS



## Mosquito Magic

by Tony Watty

Look forward to spring -- build a swallow house this winter.

The violet-green swallows that nest in our area are not only beautiful, but also one of the most aerial of birds. Watching their aerobatics and listening to their warbling chatter can be a delight for hours on end. And they eat close to 500 mosquitoes a day.

They are social birds, so that a swallow house with 2 or 3 (or more) 'apartments' will attract them more than the same number of separate single unit homes.

The swallows usually arrive from Central and South America in early April, check out potential nesting sites for a few weeks, then nest in May/June. They lay 2 - 4 eggs in their clutch, occasionally twice a year. Once established they'll likely return every year, so if you add extra nesting sites, you may soon have a small colony.

I've had best luck positioning their houses to face the south-east, south, or south-west, at least 10 feet above the ground and facing a clearing so that they can swoop up and drop down from their house with no obstruction in their flight path. The side of your house or shed, hanging from a tree branch or on top of a pole in the middle of a clearing are good sites, provided a cat can't reach them.

The size of their entrance hole is important -- too big and starlings will move in, too small and the swallows can't. Though it may look cute, don't put a perch in front of their entrance hole -- it encourages predatory birds like jays, owls, crows and hawks to sit there and eat their babies.

The swallow house must be cleaned out each year. This takes but a few minutes. Otherwise the swallows probably won't use it again the following year. A clean house also prevents the young getting diseased.

So stop swatting mosquitoes -- put up a swallow house and enjoy the summer!

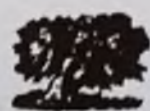
**RIDDLE:** Where is the home of the swallow?

**ANSWER:** The stomach.

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## Act three.

by George.

Minutes were kept of the meeting on December 9 in Lund. A short explanation was given by the alternate-director for the region (who obviously considers himself something of a visionary). He said we can keep the old forestry station public now, by leasing or buying the land and buildings through the regional district, or we can recommend that the department of lands sell it to the private sector. It was noted that Percy objected because the sewage was probably inadequate. The following questions were asked:

Carl: "I think it would be a nice idea to have it public so people in the future would have access to that part of the foreshore, and I don't mind paying a little for the convenience of Sevilla Island people. I realize that some of them voted yes for the sewer but I think they appreciate my position, and I believe that with a little good will we can come up with a satisfactory solution to whatever problems arise, don't you?"

The chair asked twice for the speaker to please raise his voice and in attempting to explain that with a bit of effort there might be a few small problems created was interrupted by a satisfactorily loud voice -

Fran: "I'm a taxpayer and I don't want my tax money to support those parasites on Sevilla. Some of those guys voted no on the sewer and now I can't develop my land.

If they want to live in isolation, to hell with them. I'm fed up with more and more regulations and taxes and I think I'll just go home and read about garbage."

(When she left the chair pointed out that sour-grapes were not considered by the Regional Board as valid. A dark haired voice boomed out that he'd see the chair outside later but a moral majority hushed it while the chair muttered that it could not allow itself to be buffaloed and deleted the whole issue from the minutes.)

Thelma: "I came in here one day and someone was in my parking spot. It took me ten minutes to find them and get them to move. Don't you think I've got any rights?"

Christine: "I'm a simple woman, but why don't you sell the building, use the money to make a park for me and my friends? We'll call it Finn Bay Road Park."

The chair mulled this over. Unknown voice: "Can I go to the bathroom now?"

The chair said it was not a part of its mandate to provide a toilet that worked.

Bob: "Why don't we have a straw vote and go with what 37% want."

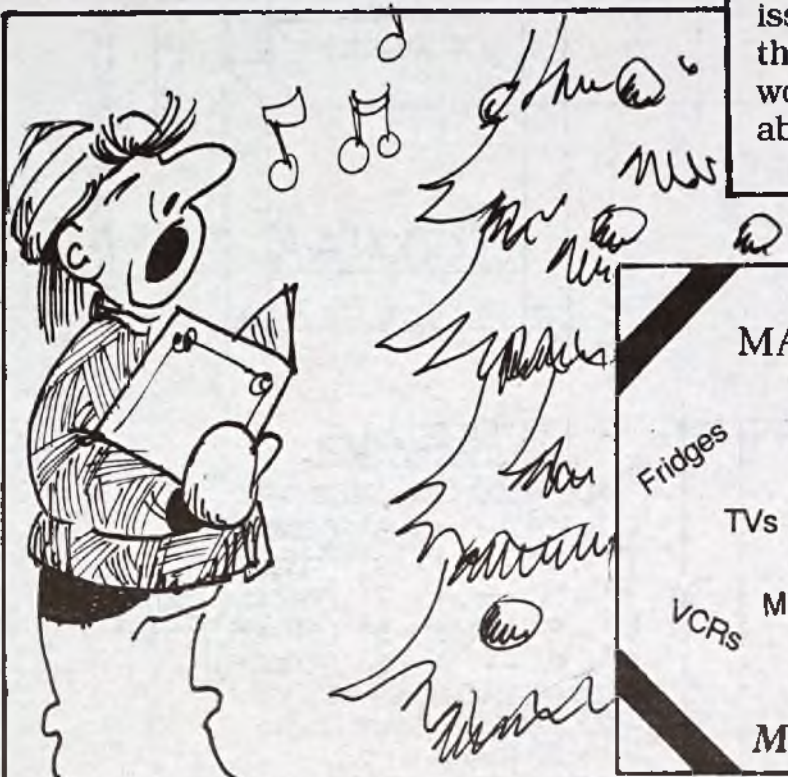
Don expressed strong agreement with this.

A vote was taken but no one voted and someone pointed out that this isn't Area A anyway. In the shouting which followed these questions were extracted: "What are you after here, cheap rent or a job?, Good place to offload drugs if the ramp weren't so steep, eh? Who'd swim in that mess? You don't even live in Lund so what's it to you?" and faintly, but with a vigorous element of the rhetorical, "Does anyone want to listen to me?"

A loud chorus of "NO's" interfered with getting a motion to adjourn seconded. Act 2 is questionable.

## IS IT TRUE THAT ...?

... none of our fine readers have an opinion about whether we should print on recycled paper? We asked you last issue whether you'd be willing to pay the extra cost, but we haven't heard a word. You must all still be thinking about it.



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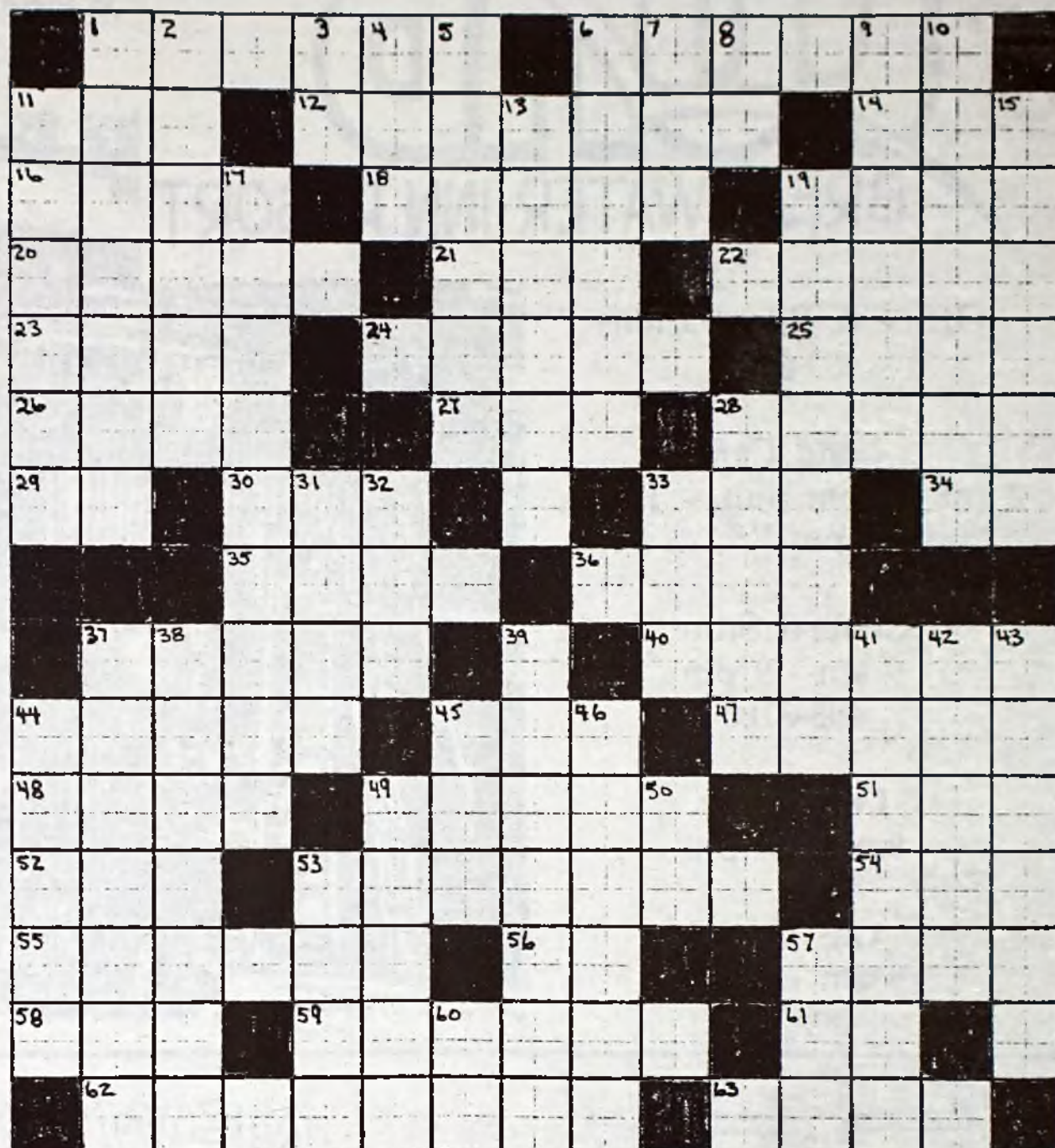
## ACROSS

27

- 1 worn out  
6 kitchen tool  
11 U.S. regulatory grp.  
12 assembles (mil.)  
14 kiddie thank-yous  
16 frozen mist  
18 sacred images (alt. spell.)  
19 stick  
20 embellish  
21 lodging  
22 straighten  
23 children's author  
24 a blackbird  
25 Sicilian town  
26 earliest (arch.)  
27 soothing on water?  
28 concerning  
29 Euro. currency  
30 Appian  
33 small bird  
34 U.S. "Peach State"  
35 the police?  
36 Spanish thing  
37 self-satisfied smile  
40 adheres  
44 pen  
45 boat type  
47 have effect in law  
48 reduce, little by little  
49 "Arsenic and Old Lace" actor  
51 "like a \_\_\_ out of hell"  
52 friend in Amiens  
53 Japanese garden ornament  
54 a drill uses one  
55 John Paul wears these  
56 Art style  
57 she in Chicoutimi  
58 Beckett's "\_\_\_ Game"  
59 some Canucks can't convert to it  
61 N.E. state  
62 planetary body  
63 Mountain in Thessaly

## "Four-in-Hand"

by Jean MacKenzie and Rick Giesing



Solutions in Next Issue



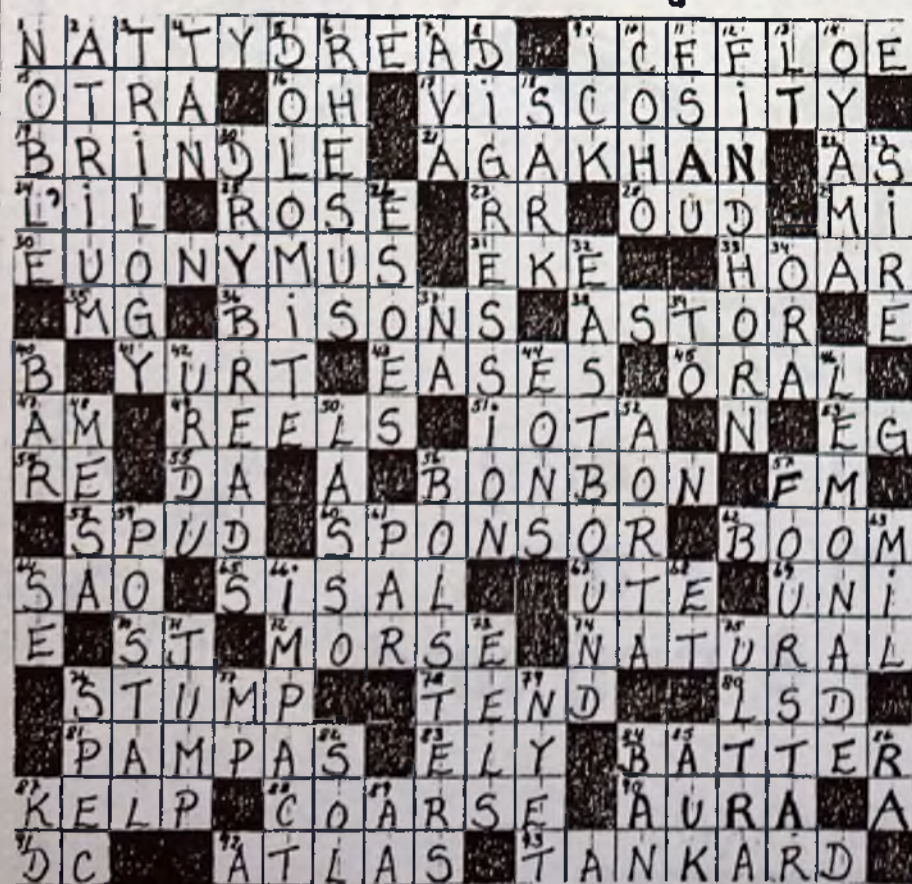
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## Solutions to "Third Degree"



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2 celebrated  
3 printer's measure  
4 New Zealand bird  
5 northern person  
6 an herb  
7 bearish Swiss name  
8 Maritimes prov.  
9 star in Sorel  
10 hanging back  
11 wiped out  
13 often removed gland  
15 instrumental music form  
17 heretofore  
19 edible weed  
28 church wing  
31 Orion's beloved  
32 silky-haired bovine  
33 clock noise  
37 endurance  
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41 boucle has them  
42 knight's quest?  
43 hunting dog  
44 sudden outburst  
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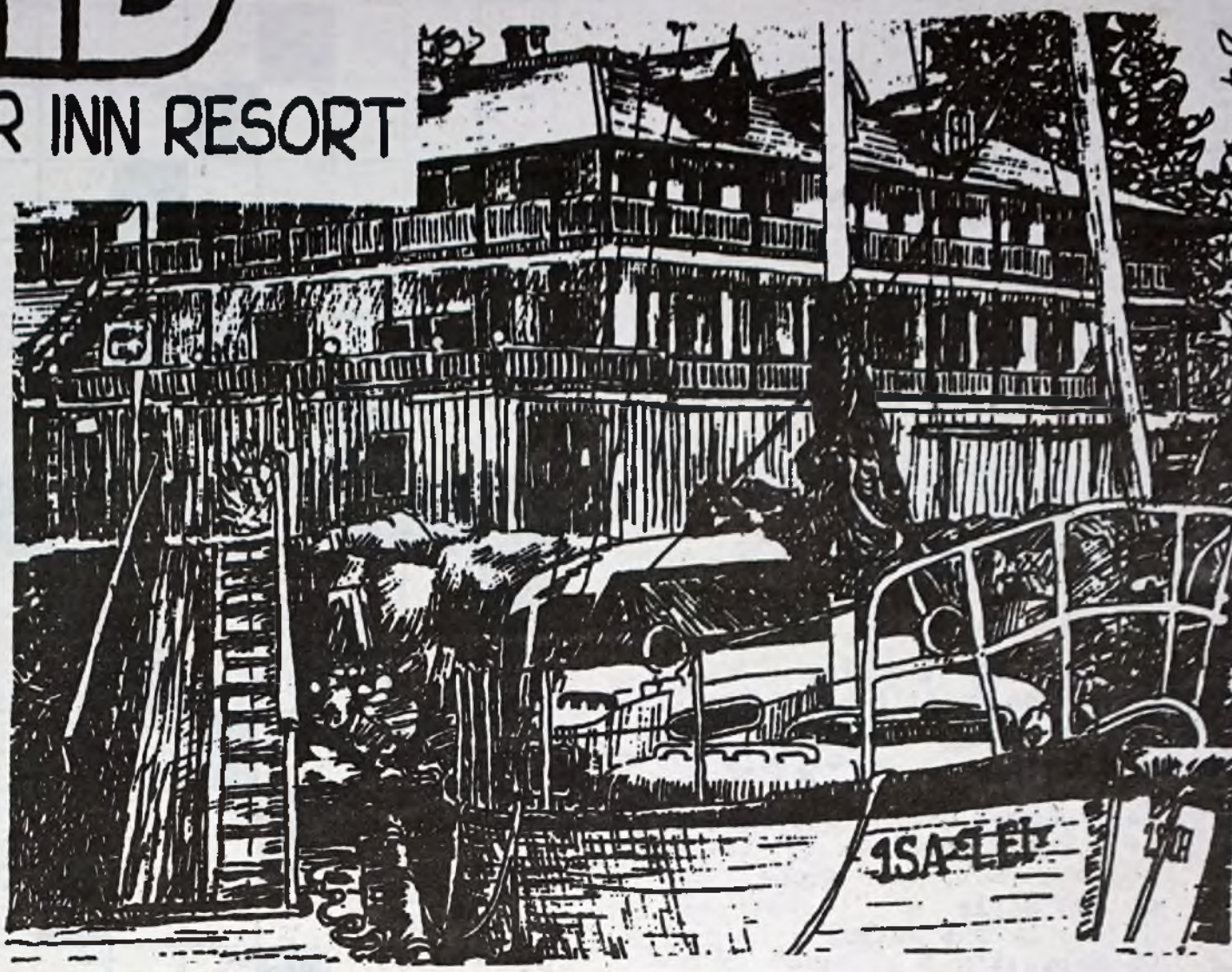
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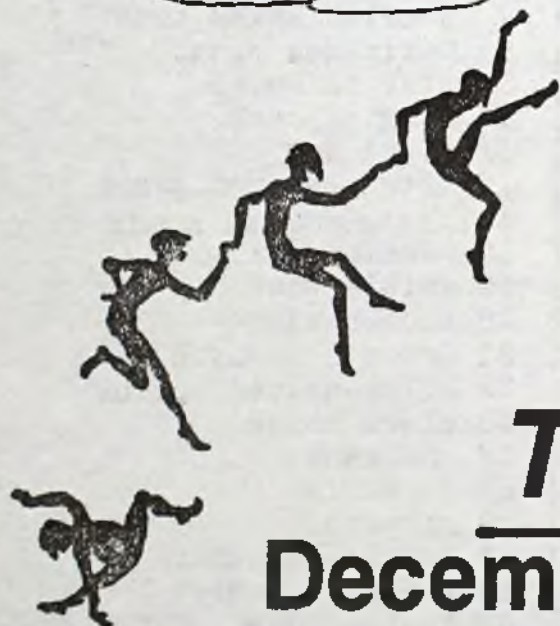


IS IT TRUE? a bright light was seen  
hovering above Lund harbour??? ...  
Is there room at the Inn?



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