

Lund BARNACLE

Winter 2003

\$ 2.00

The Voice of Lund

Proceeds To The Lund Community Society



FALL INTO WINTER



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Letter from the editors...

Well, this has been an interesting edition to get out. Something called Christmas happened and mother nature put us in the dark again and again. It's taken forever and we thank our readers and advertisers for their patience.

All the volunteers were incredibly busy this year and it's really paid off. As Chris mentions in the Society News, we've achieved charity status which opens all kinds of doors for fundraising. Perhaps we'll see a new (or newly refurbished) hall after all.

The tireless education committee has hosted fabulous International Dinners at the school raising over \$4600! It's been hard work but it has kept education alive in Lund.

We've had the privilege of having Canada World Youth in Lund who have been volunteering at the school. See Sandy Dunlop's article for more details.

Keep your eyes peeled for upcoming events under our new sign in front of the school. We'd like to give Court Cressey a huge thank you for making it look so beautiful.

With this kind of momentum, who knows what 2003 will have in store



The Lund Barnacle

The Lund Barnacle is published seasonally by the Lund Community Society. Submissions are welcome in the form of articles, news items, letters to the editor, fillers, graphics and photographs. We reserve the right to edit for clarity and length. Submit to the Barnacle in the Lund School building or contact Rianne Matz at 604 483-9605. Deadlines for submissions will be posted locally.

Editorial Policy

The Barnacle is a forum for ideas in the Lund community. Editorial policy is to print what people submit in their own voices as much as possible, respecting the paper's purpose of providing a forum for the community on things that matter to its members.

Barnacle Staff

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Layout: Jeff MacFronton

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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN LUND

In the Lund School building...

At the Gazebo and around Lund...

January 28, 2003 **Lund Community Society AGM**

Meeting at 7:00pm.
Memberships may be purchased from 6:15 onwards. Please arrive early to purchase membership.

Saturdays **Stretching Class**
Maggie 483-9007

Sundays **Lund Community Church**
10 am Fernie Corbel 414-0400

4th Tuesday **Lund Community Society**
every month **Meetings**
7 PM Chris Bate 483-3026

Stained Glass - Anne Moleska 483-9489

Soapstone Carving - Deb Bevaart 483-9695

Combination Stained Glass and Soapstone Carving class every Saturday until the end of February.

Drawing with Deb 483-4238

Tai Chi with Bill Mckee 483-4929

International Dinners - Isabelle 483-8933

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Society News...



As the year comes to an end, I'd like to take this opportunity to update people on the accomplishments of the Lund Community Society this year.

The Lund Community Society achieved Charity Status in October. This will allow donations to the society to be tax deductible. As of the print date, Judy Hicks (Treasurer), Rianne Matz (Fundraising Coordinator) and I are sorting out numerous details about how to accommodate this newly registered charity's responsibilities for 2003 as well as plan for the future.

A relationship with School District 47 was developed. Over the course of the school year this arrangement will cover the costs of operating the education programs. In addition to this new relationship, parents on the Education Committee and last year's primary teacher, David Watts, worked very hard to develop a curriculum for the primary program. A new teacher, Katherine MacLean, was hired for the primary program for the current school year.

On the money front, the Society received \$10,000 from Direct Access to Gaming and attained two Human Resources and Development Canada grants to assist with salaries. A grant for licensed day cares enabled us to have a new floor installed in Luna Play School.

An out of school hours program was licensed for operation by the Lund Community Society. The program only ran for a few months last spring, however, we have retained the license and hope to have the program operational again in 2003.

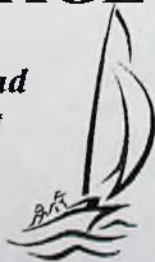
At the Gazebo, the ongoing construction of the stone walls bordering the field was continued. Jamie Sherritt generously donated his time and talents to refin-

cont'd on page 4

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Society News... continued from page 3

ish the Gazebo floor and install a new floor on the stage. Jamie also built and donated a new serving bar. Chris Marshman donated his time and skill to expand the parking lot at the front of the Gazebo. Finally, Pam Begbie donated a bench to the Gazebo grounds in memory of her late husband.

In between trips to Haiti and Ghana, Jack Anderson and local sign guru Court Cressey built a gorgeous sign for the front of the school. Many people have already commented on the usefulness of the sign and their new awareness of community events.

The Events Committee, tirelessly headed by Camille Davidson, put on some rather spectacular events this year. In addition to the numerous dances, the committee coordinated the Home Grown Originals concert in June and the production of the subsequent cd. The Craft Fair and release party for the cd in November were well received. To raise funds for the school, Camille, Isabelle Morgenstern, Miriam Morgenstern and Alisha Van Belle coordinated the auction in the spring and the monthly fundraising dinners.

The Goodwill Committee, headed by Fernie Corbel and members from the Lund Community Church assisted local families with chores, home building projects and helped out in times of crisis.

As head of the Human Resources and Volunteers Committee, Deb Bryant hosted a thank you picnic for the Society's volunteers in July.

Currently, the Lund Community Society is hosting four students from Canada World Youth. The students are staying with local families and working with the Society as volunteers in the school and with general clean up and event coordination.

And finally, Lund Community Society reached a milestone 81 members this year! In the grand scheme of things 81 may seem like a small number, however, take into consideration that in last year the Society had only 35 members and the year before only 22. Eighty one is a fine number and one we hope to increase, of course.

This Society had a rather remarkable year. Much of the groundwork laid this year will make next year easier. Thank you for your efforts and your commitment.

And here's to 2003!

"Team Soap Box" by Caitlyn Bryant

The "High School Retention Project" is a new resource of help, statistics and recommendations.

We are six researchers who form "Team Soap Box". We, as a group of youth, research the regional high school drop out rate, which is currently 34%. We give presentations, proposals, and offer recommendations in order to be a voice for youth, teachers, parents, and communities in the North Island Region. We travel from school to school, community to community, sharing our messages.

The community's involvement in our project will aid in building surveys and making important recommendations to the Ministry Of Education. We feel that your involvement in this project is key to succeeding in our goals so please do not hesitate to phone or e-mail us at any time. We are in our office Mon-Fri, 9:00 - 4:30. We value the participation of the community and are deeply interested in the vision of the Lund Community Society (especially the education committee).

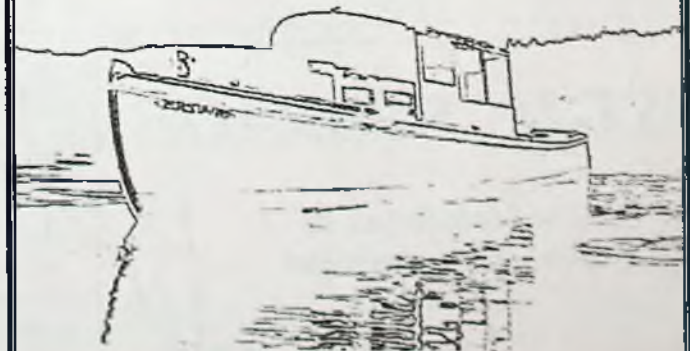
We are: Caitlin Bryant, Junior Luaifoa, Rachelle Spencer, Robbie Holmgren, Karen Kimball, Michael Jacques

Erin Hasler (Coordinator)

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School Updates

News from Luna Play School

by Renee Huvall

It's time to give credit where it's due and that is to the little puppet that has been working for me for about 10 years. She's been my right and left hand girl. She recently underwent major hand surgery; I used leather so I hope she can hang in there. She was originally an assignment for an ECE course: to make a buddy puppet. There was an introduction to the magic of puppetry and the concept of puppetry being an extension of the animator... My puppet, Bernice, was made on a snowy night in Wild Wood on an old bullet

of an



up
Prince

returned she came to work with me. She has talked to the children when they haven't wanted to talk to grown ups, she is their comrade: their predicaments are the same, she has scared big dogs, she doesn't like to be put away...

What makes her so believable? I think it's that little bit of magic.

Lund Discovery School Primary Class

The doors of Lund Discovery School opened on Tuesday, September 3, 2002. Eleven children enrolled in our primary class. The children attend four days a week, Tuesday through Friday. The curriculum designed by last year's teacher, David Watts, is now being articulated by the new primary teacher, Katherine Mclean. The curriculum is a living curriculum that speaks to the whole child. Each year this curriculum will be developed and expanded in response to the children's needs.

The environment (the world around us) becomes an important teacher as we walk every Wednesday morning (9:30 - 11:00 if you are interested in volunteering) mapping our walks; discovering artifacts in the woods; collecting seed pods for identification; sketching interesting structures; exploring different routes to Lund Lake; visiting the echo pipe by the Lund Water Works; having an impromptu talk with Lloyd about the Lund water supply.

Inherent in this curriculum is the need to listen to the children as they explore and question their world. Newswatch is about the world at large. We have talked about two important news stories.

The Leonoid meteorite showers on November 18th and 19th which we missed due to the fog and rain. We also studied the horrendous oil spill of the shoreline of Spain where 77,000 tons of oil spilled and covered the shoreline! The children recreated the spill and brainstormed ways that the spill could be cleaned up. There were some very original ideas including saving two of each animal and

bird and creating a sanctuary on shore so they could breed (I think this has been done before?)

Canada World Youth program is present in our school at least two days a week volunteering in the primary classroom. Nella and Shawn quickly won the hearts and minds of the children. Their first big project was to paint the loft space in Egyptian blue and hang Christmas lights on the ceiling for a celestial effect. It looks beautiful! Our next big project will be to have the children paint constellations on the top ceiling. At the moment we are (re)familiarizing ourselves with the constellations and star maps. David and the children studied astronomy last year and it is wonderful to see how much the children remember from their previous study. We are building upon what we already know. The children have created their own birth-star map, thanks to a wonderful website on the internet! The work should be completed in time for our special Christmas dinner and "Twelve days of Christmas in Lund."



Nella and Shawn share their stories with the children

Inner work is an important part of the curriculum. We take the time to explore our feelings about others and ourselves. Today we brainstormed "Ten Ways to Make Friends."

Be kind.

Be generous with compliments.

Give gentle hugs.

Laugh with a person not at a person.

Be careful and gentle with a person's feelings.

Never threaten a person.

Be patient with each other.

Invite someone to play.

Smile a lot!

Do something special for them.

In this spirit the children have practiced Random Acts of Kindness for two weeks of school for their secret buddy. We have agreed as a class to take the time every day to sit in a circle and discuss feelings, injustices and successes. This is critical to our well-being.

There is so much to share about the Lund Discovery School. Did I tell you about the tree house we want to build? and the overnight camping to watch the stars? and the wonderful stories? and Ayana's French lessons with tea and chocolate chip-peanut butter cookies? Curious? Call and drop in to see what we are building together in this community?

Inquiries should be directed to Katherine Mclean.

Notes from the Senior Class By Barry Randle

School began this year on September 3rd and this year's enrollment was better than ever with fourteen students signing on for the senior program ranging from grade 9 to grade 12. Unfortunately we got off to a very slow start as we were expected to shift the delivery of our curriculum from the correspondence school, NIDES, to a new system delivered via computer. After a couple of weeks though things started to settle down as the new computers arrived and the textbooks finally came in. Now the students are moving along in their courses and we are looking forward to a very academically successful year, we are even hoping to post our first graduate by the end of the year. But, of course, the Lund school has always been about much more than just excellence in academics.

All in all it promises to be a very exciting year.

So far this year we have begun our archery program hosted by Daniel Friesen at his outdoor range on Malaspina Rd. The participating students, many of whom took the course last year, are already showing marked improvement and everyone is striving to top Morgen Shull's final score last year of 28 out of a perfect 30. Every Tuesday afternoon we can be found out at the range honing our skills rain or shine.

The sewing and textiles program run by Alisha Van Belle has also started up and students of this course are already producing some beautiful articles of clothing with many more planned for the future.

Every Wednesday afternoon is Art in the senior classroom. Once again Rianne Matz is teaching the students the fundamentals of fine art painting with acrylics. So far the focus has been on still life painting with emphasis on the creation of three-dimensional images and various techniques of using colour. In the future we are anticipating a line drawing course with Deb Bryant, a pottery program with Ron Robb, stained Glass with Anne

Maleska and hopefully even soapstone carving with Deb Bevaart. The students are hoping to be able to display their various art works to the community in and end of the year art display and fashion show, so keep your eyes open for that.

Since we have no indoor sports facility in Lund we are also traveling once a week to town to use the Powell River Recreational Complex to get some physical



Alex and Daniel take aim

education, this of course only enhances the student's other physical activities of playing football, baseball and basketball in the rain.

We have also had many shorter programs including a mushroom identification walk with Christine Woolcott and Anne Clements of the Malaspina Naturalists, a discover scuba program with Gwyneth Taphouse of Good Diving and Kayaking and an opportunity to talk with and meet the makers of the movie "Through a Blue Lens".

The students have also been very active in fundraising endeavours for their student activities fund. So far there has been a car wash, a garage sale and an ongoing bottle drive, bottles can be dropped at the school or contact Shannon Bomford for more information. We have many plans for these funds that are being raised. Hopes are that we will be having another ski trip to Mt Washington at some point over the winter and we also planning a major end of the year field trip to Vancouver Island to visit museums and chocolate factories and try our hands at surfing and caving. Please help out with these more than worthwhile causes and come and support the students with their fundraising efforts.

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Waterworks

by Russ Morrison

Taking for granted the primary components of our Universe, which include matter, energy and the forces that coordinate our planet's mere existence and placement in an energy bath, water is the most important ingredient of life as we know it. Any human that does not have respect for what this means, is out of touch with the true reality of the life here. Granted, some people are without full mental facilities, or are so immersed in living as a struggle, they fail to see and embrace the full beauty of the world.

A world that seemingly has been placed in the shaky hands of humans. Perhaps not everywhere in the human realm, but at least in our culture, most people are too concerned with padding their nest or courting some personal future that they fail to see the detrimental effects human activity is having on this otherwise wonderful world. Yes, there are also those, like myself, who slip into one form or another of oblivious thought to avoid either seeing or acting upon the blight that is upon us. However, with this writing I hope to improve some small corner of your mind, and mine; perhaps, that change may blossom into attitude or action that may give us all renewed hope.

Water is all around us and within us. In the air we breathe, in the soil at our feet, and each of our cells is a bag of water with a full spectrum of dissolved necessities of life. It should be no surprise that life came to use the primary liquid on this planet as the solvent for its flow. It has been speculated that life is simply a property of the carbon atom, another important component of life here. Perhaps the same could be said of water.

The chemical and physical properties of water not only are super tools for the processes of life but also aid in supporting an environment conducive to the propagation and spread of life.

One of the unusual properties of water is that its solid form is less dense than its liquid state. Even on a freshwater lake (salt does increase the density of water), ice floats. This is not true for most liquids, as the temperature decreases to the solidification point, the solids begin to form and they drop to the bottom of the liquid reservoir (in the presence of gravity). If this were true for water our world would be quite a different place; in spite of the heat coming from the center of our planet, the oceans and lakes would freeze solid from the bottom up. Seasonally, there would be a thin layer of liquid water at the top surface (again, salts could further complicate this simple scenario). What solar energy is collected from the sun would readily radiate back out to space. If there was life on this scene, it would be different.

Actually, this scenario strikes a funny cord at the moment of writing. One of the items I intended to write about relative to water was the hydraulic principles in the formation of potholes in dirt or gravel roads. If we were still here, and with cars, if pools of water froze from the bottom up, potholes probably wouldn't be a problem in the cold of winter!

On the subject of potholes, this is where this writing may find a small seat in your mind and be a nuisance to the end of your driving days. Driving a car wheel through the center of a dry pothole is not too likely to make that hole any worse. However, fill that hole with water and other principles come into play! Worse at higher speeds, the hydraulic pressure of the moving water blasts out the road material, making the hole steeper and deeper. Fast-moving water does not act like

the liquid water we are familiar with. There are even tools on the market that use extremely high-pressure water (only water!) that can cut glass or solid bed rock.

Rudely speaking, people who drive through flooded potholes, without at least trying to avoid them, are among the idiots of our world. Not only are they abusing their car, they are further degrading the road for the use of others. Probably they are the same people who throw things out of their over-embellished home without any thought to what becomes of it. Flush and forget, buy and be happy; you know the type.

When there were relatively few people around the world they could all carry on padding their possessions and working for their personal futures without the need to be concerned about the overall health of the planet. As the rest of the animals, they lived in a shifting balance and were mainly at the mercy of the of climate and planetary forces, and, as with us in our time, immersed in the realities and dynamics of water.

However, now, with our population and our activities as they are, we are suffering effects from our own by-products; as yeast in a batch of wine. In the case of the yeast, lethal effects occur when the level of by-products, alcohol, is high enough; this occurs even when there is food (sugars) remaining. Some yeasts can tolerate somewhat higher levels of alcohol, and additives to the environment can moderate or delay the effects of alcohol. Of course, we differ from yeast in that we can be aware of changes in the environment and possibly take steps to avoid our demise. Can we do it?

Monitoring, or watching, our environment requires taking a careful look at the waters of our planet, and the atmosphere. The waters and the atmosphere are not two separate entities, they are really just different concentrations of the fluid we live in. There is air in water and water in the air, and few elements and compounds in one that are not in the other.

Pollute one means polluting the other. In other words, toxins move about freely in this fluid that we are immersed in. Our very bodies are little more than bags of fluid; fluid that is in constant exchange with the fluids around us. However, life, is by definition, a self-contained mechanism that controls this exchange.

With that definition in mind, you are welcome to be optimistic that we can evolve and adapt to these changes that we are making to this fluid we live in. However, the rate of change in our environment can become high enough to over-whelm the slow to adapt systems of higher organisms like ourselves.

Our technologies might save some portion of us, but do you wish to live in a world where you cannot go outside of a container without an atmosphere suit? We might be able to avoid this if we all paid sufficient attention to way we treat the air and water around us.

Some time, cup some drinking water in your hands, look at it and imagine it is your blood, and you are about to take it back into your body. Think about how that water will help to get you through another day. Truly, water is the blood of life on this planet. Did you know that the salt content of our blood, its salinity, is similar to that of our oceans?

Please, treat water with respect. Or it may well flow away from you. If there is a next time, among other things, we'll look at dilution factors; how rinsing something, like a freshly emptied pop bottle, twice with half as much water each time as rinsing once, can result in the bottle being up to a thousand times cleaner, or more. (Do the math, you'll see.)

In the meantime, may the waters be working with you.

ENVIRONMENTAL CORNER

Wake up and smell the rubber
Opinions by Rianne Matz

Tire burning. Does it make sense? If we were to listen to Norske Canada it makes absolute sense. In the fall enviromatters newsletter we are told there will be a reduction in particulates. No increase in sulphur dioxide and a lower overall metal content in the ash with no odor or visible smoke. Who are going to be the monitors? The company doing the trials? Or government officials that have already approved these trials? Who suffers from these decisions? Do any of the decision makers live under this pall of steam and smoke? I read a letter sent to the Peak where a woman from Port Alberni was warning the people of Powell River of the terrible effect it was having on her and the town. I think she would disagree with a few of these statements.

If this is so good why haven't we thought of it sooner? I guess in this time of Orwellian speak if we are told to believe a thing it must be true. I beg to differ. Not all I read is truth. I do believe we need to support the appeals being heard and not let this issue slide. Keep it in the media and your minds. Tell your friends and relatives all over the world. Voice your ire. Share your despair. Continue to care about the way decisions affect us.

The Environmental Appeal Board heard the appeals the week of December 9th to 13th in Powell River. Appealing the use of Tire Derived Fuel trials was Philip Fleisher, Paddy Goggins, John Keays as well as the Sliammon First Nations. In Philip Fleisher's statement of points he asks that these trials be abandoned because of a likelihood of an increase in emissions and the increasing risk to health and the environment. He also states that the quality of hog fuel, which is the motivation for using TDF, is already problematic for human health and the environment. Mr. Fleisher also suggests that the Port Alberni and Mackenzie TDF trials were deficient. In Mr. Goggins statement of points he endorses all of Mr. Fleisher's points and reminds the

Environmental Appeal Board of the current recycling program for used tires in the province and the possible necessity of trans boundary shipment of other tires for TDF burning purposes. The current use of natural gas will be replaced by tires and we are expected to believe that this will be cleaner.

I attended the first two days of the hearing and was disheartened by the lack of public involvement. If we care so much about our environment, as I believe we all do, why do so few people show up to support the position that this is not something that the community at large wants. That is where the real power lies, not behind the host of lawyers present on Norske's behalf. If we want to change the way decisions are made it is up to us to be present so that the beauracrat making the decisions see which way the wind is blowing. We are it and we surely will have no say unless we become a presence at these kinds of hearings.

Since I initially started this letter TDF burning in Powell River has begun. This will take away from the current 85% recovery and recycling rate this Province is now seeing. If the only company doing such a good job is put out of business because of this kind of disregard for the environment what chance is there for the three RRR's we teach our children in school to be implemented. Why would they bother when we can just burn whatever we want. With a permit of course. This is the Ministry of Land, Air and Water who have approved this trial. Write them a letter. I will be. Let's all wake up and not have to smell the rubber.



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Birds in Winter By Pierre Geoffroy

The sky has taken the colours of the ocean and it is not easy to distinguish with certitude where one begins or one ends. The winds have died in the first glimmer of morning light and the cold that stabs me now with a thousand knives is like a memory of their last freezing breath: an agony. My own breathing steams out of my lungs in thick white puffs of smoke. Today it is certain, I can feel it: Winter has fallen on us, congealing our landscapes in silvery shades of grey, chilling change into immobility. Standing alone on the shore, facing the sea, I bury the thin spot on my head deeper into my woollen toque trying to make enough room inside to cover my ears with. I have been here for an hour, maybe. With my eyes glued to the small end of my telescope or to my binoculars, I hardly keep track of time, too busy observing, counting and recording the birds that have come in unusual numbers to find shelter in the protection of the bay. It is time for the water birds: another season in what I have come to think as "the silent world of birds", in opposition with the noisy, singing realms of our springs and summers when the woods are alive with chirping and chattering and it becomes difficult to focus on anything in particular because there is so much going on.

The coasts of B.C. become, in winter, home to millions of birds attracted by the mild weather and the abundance of the food sources. For the most part, they are migratory water birds that breed in the high arctic or on northern inland lakes. As their summering grounds vanish under heavy carpets of ice and snow, they get pushed toward the sea where the waters stay open all through the dark months of the year. They usually start to arrive during the month of October, with a peak in November/December, though this year, because of the record high temperatures, the birds have been extremely slow to move south and their numbers have seemed to be very low so far. The bulk of those that winter with us consist mainly of diving sea ducks and gulls. Between the two groups (11 species of diving ducks, 12 species of gulls recorded for the peninsula alone, including such rarities as Iceland, glaucous, and the Eurasian common black backed gulls) they probably make up half the population of our wintering migrants. The other half consists of all species of loons, grebes, murrelets, cormorants, shorebirds...etc, that visit our coasts. A total of 63 additional species, critically depending on the quality of their water habitat and the availability of food like mussels or krill to survive.

For the bird watcher spending the winter in the area, the gulls are particularly challenging to identify. Not only are the species very similar, but their plumage undergo continuous transformations for 3 to 4 years, passing through up to 9 transitory phases until they will acquire their adult feathers. To make matters worse (or better depending on the point of view!), B.C. hosts the highest number of species of gulls to be found together anywhere in the world. It is not rare to see between 5 to 7 species side by side in places like Sliammon or Willingdon Beach. Just now, a male hooded merganser is parading in front of a group of apparently indifferent females. It opens and closes its crest, revealing the remarkable white patches that it wears, usually concealed, on both sides of the head, signalling to all its readiness to engage in mating. The ducks coming out of eclipse after their autumnal moult are dramatically beautiful, painted afresh in their newly grown nuptial plumage. The drakes are especially attractive with their striking patterns and colours flashing emerald, blue or purple markings and stripes at us, making them easy to identify even for the untrained observer. Earlier, I had spotted the uncanny pale yellow eye of a herring gull among hundreds of other seagulls sitting on the spit uncovered by the ebbing tide, with their feathers ruffled up to trap air to ward off the cold.

I have finished counting the birds now but I stay here, taping my feet together, frozen to the bones, scanning the beach or the ocean, stopping my telescope here and there at random on this bird or that, for the sheer joy of seeing again their familiar and surprising beauties. There is just no end to learning. Always I discover an unseen detail of plumage or puzzle over some new behaviour or just let myself be contemplative and drift away in dreamy happiness. It is then, when my mind sets on a

path of its own, that I may be learning the most about birds. Birders have created a word for it: "jizz". The jizz is the intimate knowledge one develops of a bird because one has seen it so many times that a simple flicker of wings becomes enough to be able to recognize it. Everybody has experienced it to a certain extent, without realizing it. We all get some familiarity with bald eagles for example; enough to allow us to identify them and tell one another "Look at the eagle there!" even when we can't see the white in their tail and head. One develops those aptitudes and becomes better with practice.

Knowing our environment has grown to be one of the most important challenges of our time. The issues go far beyond the mere collection of data to be classified and filed. Better understanding the place where we live means being able to better protect it. It means having a first-hand insight into what is needed for its survival and it helps avoiding choices that could become disastrous for its future. Studying the health of bird populations has been increasingly used by environmental agencies in recent years as it provides us with a rapid and valuable way to measure our impact on natural environment. The most time-consuming part of this work consists in collecting data. It is usually carried out by dedicated volunteer bird watchers who spend a lot of their free time observing birds for their own enlightenment but also for the benefit of the whole community. The Malaspina peninsula has had very little study of its avifauna so far. It is a vast area and there are very few observers. I encourage other bird lovers in the district to keep written records of their observations, as they may become the memories of a time when human population was still low and there were small patches of old growth forest left and some fishes in the ocean. They could be useful for any future management programs.

Last year, a skeleton version of the birds of Malaspina has been put together by the Naturalists of Powell River but, lacking enough information, this list is far from being accurate or complete. It has the merit to be, however: a tool to be worked on.

Bird watching is fun. It forces me out during all four seasons of the year. It has made me discover the peninsula where I live with more intimacy than I would otherwise. It is a thrilling experience to be able to foresee the coming and going of the species because, like December follows November on the calendar, I know that the scoters will be coming after the geese and that the first sure sign of Spring will come one day in mid-February when I will hear the winter wren singing!

Want to share infos or tips on local birds? Write Pierre at pgeoffroy@hotmail.com

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SPEAKING IN THE BARNACULAR

BY TED DURNIN

The War On Art

"I work a day job to support my art habit." A lot of artists I know say that. I know what they mean, too. I've done it. I sort of wish I were doing it now. Instead, though, I just have the art habit. The day job eludes me.

I like to think of myself as a trend-setter, you know. People imitate me: I'm sure of it. In fact, I think that children follow me down the street, emulating me. Just you watch me go by some time and see if they don't.

So, maybe more artists will lose their day jobs, because they want to be like me. Doesn't that sound cool? "Man, I'm gonna lose the day job." It's got a nice ring to it. It's the sort of thing an artist longs to say. And I should make clear, here, that an artist could be someone practicing one of many arts. We're not all painters and sculptors. There were nine muses, you know: painting, drawing, sculpting, papier-mache, fibre art, music, science, economics, accounting, recess, and uh, well, maybe there were more than nine. Anyway, we can all call ourselves artists if we want to lose our jobs. In fact, I think to some extent we're all artists.

However, we better be careful. Don't mention the phrase, "art habit," to the wrong people. There's people out there who need someone to fight. They'll take the quest for truth and/or beauty that is art and turn it into something evil, an enemy to be destroyed and trampled underfoot. They'll say that it distracts kids from what is really important, and leads them down the wrong path. They'll say that it's a cult, like a religion other than Christianity, or a form of government other than democracy, or a colour other than white. They'll say that its practitioners dress weird, and they smell funny, and they take it seriously when you ask them how they are. They'll come after us in tanks.

So keep your art under your hat. Pass it around furtively, in the dark, and only in groups of friends whom you trust. That way, they will never find out about it, and we can keep it our little secret forever. No one will ever make war on a loose-knit group of cells, whose members don't know more than three others in the organization, and who clandestinely move sealed packages across borders without any clear motive or explanation. They'll just think you're Masons or Rotarians or Scout Leaders like they are.

If you do it enough, they might even give you one of those day jobs where you get highly paid to do nothing all day. I'm sure mine is coming along any minute now. I'll be a columnist or something. They say that every work of art is a portrait of the artist, you know. How did you expect this to end?

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Happenings at YAYAS CAFÉ

As many of us hibernate at home or fly south for warmer and sunnier climates, YAYAS continues to provide food, drinks, companionship, solace and conversations for denizens of Lund. Hearty soups, Amber's freshly baked muffins, Dr. Dave's remedies, Pat's farm eggs and Keith and Natasha's smiles have warmed the innards of those seeking local camaraderie.

At YAYAS we have introduced a lecture series called "Healing Options in our Community", featuring some of Lund's own alternative medicine practitioners, as they explain and demonstrate their healing methods. These lectures take place the second Sunday of every month, at 11 a.m., starting with a tasty, hearty brunch, and followed by the lecture.

The first lecture featured Myrlam Morgenstern, who described classical homeopathy. On February 9th, the second lecture will be delivered by Maggi Lindsay, who will demonstrate the gentle, non-invasive, transformative power that is Reiki. Reiki is useful with chronic pain relief, insomnia, digestive disorders and immune system balancing. The following months include lectures by Fran Calvert (Kinesiology), Michael Mazurek (Huna), Sally Keays (Herbs) and Rolsin Sheehy-Culhane (Wise Woman Way of Birth).

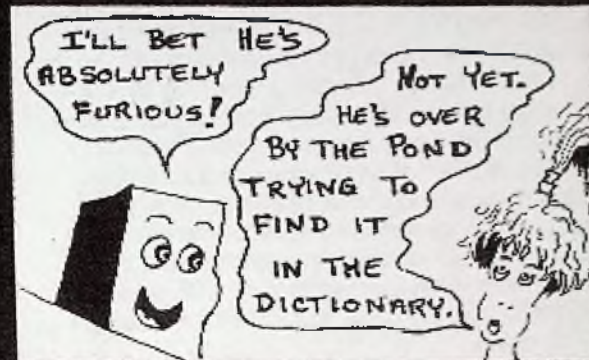
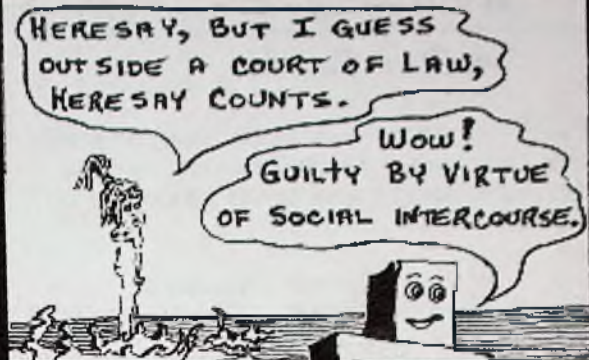
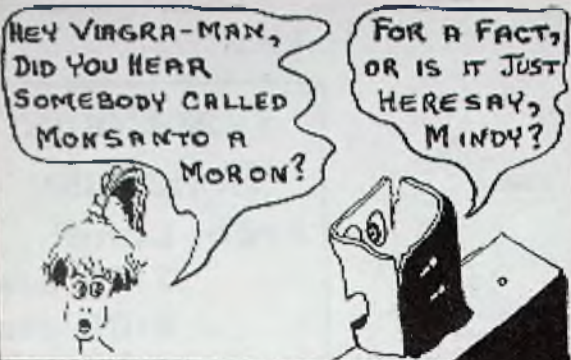
On Wednesday, March 12th, YAYAS invites all local (loco?) creative writers to participate in an evening where they can share some of their original works - poetry, short stories, lyrics, essays or just simple jottings of fertile minds. Please let us know if you would like to participate.

Our Thursday music jams are soon commencing, and will be featuring all of you talent musicians, and will be featuring guest artists.

Hope to see you all at YAYAS, and thanks for your support for our community café.

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From
the Bottom of the Burlap Bag
by Sandra Olson

(Page fluttered out from the depths, possibly part of a personal journal or diary)
July 7/77



My shrink says, "Journalize it, baby". (Guffaws of delight!). He glares sternly from underneath lowered, bristling eyebrows. You know the look, the old "let's unnerve the client, out-manuever-you-shrink-expression"? Still-life form. Waiting. Talking the talk. Walking the walk. He draws time out, a long, paper-cut thin line of practiced pragmatic patience. Expertise. Controlled. I enjoy making him wait. Non-committal. Glare. Give Him the old You-and-me-in-a-corner-meat-cleaver-obsession-expression. Then abruptly snapping the lines of intense concentration, leaning forward I look out the window to my right, then to my left. Fiddle with my hair. Pick at my nails. Ignore Him. The invisible man. After awhile this gets boring, so I lean back in my chair and sigh, look up at the ceiling, unruffled. Ruffled. Who... You? Me? I sit back and stare off into that proverbial straight-ahead-of-you empty hole, that place, where who-knows-what-goes-on-and-we-aren't-going-to-tell-You-space. My rationale. My space. I combine this by tapping a finger tattoo, a musical beat, on the arm of my green-for-coo-coo-client padded armchair, wiggling my foot in unison with the beat. Green-chair for me, red-chair for You. But guess what? I like red much better. My choices. Where are they? Red is my favorite color. Hoop-de-doo. Imagine that. He doesn't care a farthing. Annoyed, I tip the chair back on it's spindly legs slowly, slightly at first, but keep tipping, angling backwards until the tilt of the legs nearly slips past the line of no return, and then, just before it flips, bring it back upright fast, hitting the front legs a resounding whack on the shiny hospital green tile floor. Practicing. A little unnerving of my own, or at least an attempt at it. (The tiniest morsel of power can be seized, where none is licensed without prior microscopic prescrutinization, and macroscopic pre-authorization. Red flapping tape. How typical.). Looking down at my white hospital gown, I pick at the loose threads unraveling around my pocket stitching, and then, from beneath bristling eyebrows of my own, look up. "So what's the point?", I say. "You want me, to vent? Re-live for You, all over again, what wasn't any great shakes to live through the first time around? So You can sit back in Your Red-for-Simon-Shrinker-Chair and post-analyze it all? Hah! Vent? Re-live? Re-lent? Re-invent? Repent? The E-vent? Ha, ha, ha I say. No way. Shazoomie happens. It blossoms everywhere. There's no escape. I don't chew my cabbage twice if I can avoid it." Well, whatever. (Like one alien Troglobite leader reported to his superior, after extensive testing and examination of one standard humanoid form they'd sucked up into the spaceship from a moonlit grassy farmers field late one summer night..., he said, "As a group of highly respected doctors and scientists, we've come one-hundred percent to the undeniable, most expert and obvious conclusion, that the humanoid form is a low-grade sub-species. It is basically compostotic matter, of negligible importance, and completely without intelligence or any other redeeming quality. Extensive studies reveal that it developed over time from primordial ooze, exclusively for on-going perpetuation of inter-galactic effluent. Fertilizer, for future harvesting considerations.) Like I said, shazoomie. Whatever. Anyway, as it turned out, I didn't have much choice. Red-chair, Green-Chair. Non-negotiable. Certifiable. And permanent Commitment Status to Ward Three doesn't come close to topping the column of my places-to-go-and-people-to-be-list. So I promised to write (Simon Shrinker says do this, Simon Shrinker says do that), to try waxing cooperative, and to watch my proverbial p's and q's or suffer the consequences,.... but as a post-script, bear in mind that what follows, has already been indelibly written between the pages of passing time, and mine is but the catalyst, the moving finger, whose owner knows that while it's sometimes true, as Mark Twain once said, that the truth is not hard to kill, and a lie well told, is immortal, the opposite, thank goodness, exists far more often than not.