

Lund **BARNACLE**

July 2007

All proceeds to the Lund Community Society.

\$ 2.00

(free with proof of membership)

**The Voice of Lund and
the Region**

www.lundcs.org

PARKING UPGRADE AT GAZEBO



Improvements are being made to the parking area in front of the Lund Gazebo. Soon patrons will have convenient parking when attending events. More on page 11.

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Being Green

The Lund Barnacle

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The Lund Community Society

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The Lund Barnacle is published seasonally. All proceeds go to the Lund Community Society, a non-profit organization providing community services to Lund and Region. 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 Community building or contact Ann Snow at 604-483-9220 or email barnacle@lundcs.org.

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.

Editor

Ann Snow

I wish to express my thanks to everyone who contributed to this edition of our community Barnacle. My apologies for its late publication but I had a minor computer glitch. Many of the enclosed articles do not bear the name of the author and for this I, again, apologize and blame the aforementioned glitch. And if you notice any errors or omissions, please pardon and blame the glitch. In fact, for the next twenty-four hours, you have my permission to blame any mishap, mispeak, mistake, or misguided action on the sad little glitch. How handy!

Anyway, read on and enjoy.

Ann

Advertising Rates

Business Card Size: \$ 7.50
Double Business Card Size: \$ 15.00
Half Page: \$ 40.00
Full Page: \$ 80.00

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**Next deadline for submissions is
September 15th, 2007, for October 1st edition.**

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RESERVATIONS RECOMMENDED

Grant Charles Keays 1954 - 2007

Members of our community gathered together at the Lund Community Center, and then later at the Lund Gazebo, on Saturday, May 19th, to say a few last good-byes to Grant Keays, who died in April of this year, of cancer.

Family members and friends stood or sat around a spring flower festooned piano in one of the old school classrooms to listen to anyone who felt moved to stand up and share a touching anecdote or recount a funny story about Grant. There were many stories to tell about someone who was known for his individuality, environmental activism, enormous heart and rapier-like wit.



Several people close to him spoke about something they called the 'Grant Magic', an ability he had to read deeply into people. It was described as a kind of second sight that also enabled him to be onhand whenever he was needed, to just 'show up' at precise times, as if by magic.

Remembered, too, was his music. For any of us lucky to have seen him, Grant was a mesmerizing presence onstage. With expressive guitar licks and a strong, emotive voice he gave us his original songs, which were and always will be, remarkable.

A Grant Keays music award, (and party!) is being planned as an annual event to commemorate him.

Grant left behind a big group of friends and a large extended family. These include his 90 year old mother Effie, his partner Jeannie, their daughter Kaylie, and his son with Sally, Jesse.

Rest in Peace, Grant.

Grant's amazing music can still be experienced at: grantkeays.com.

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Two Newfies were sitting around talking one afternoon over a cold beer.

After a while the first Newfie says to the second, "If I was to sneak over to your house and make love to your wife while you was off huntin', and she got pregnant and had a baby, would that make us related?"

The second Newfie crooked his head sideways for a minute, scratched his head, and squinted his eyes thinking real hard about the question.

Finally, he says, "Well, I don't know about related, but it sure would make us even."

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DOGS AT WORK AND PLAY

By Donna Huber

A group of enthusiasts has been meeting weekly at Maggie and Nick's Craig Farm property to train their dogs on some specialized equipment Maggie has collected, or built, and set up on her front lawn.

The purpose of the equipment is to teach dogs to follow a series of commands through an 'obstacle' course composed of jumps, tunnels, see-saws, balance beams and hardest of all, a line of up-right poles called 'weave poles', where they are required to dodge struts without missing one, and at lightning speed.

Present on this day were five dogs: two duck tollers, two border collies, one standard poodle and a wee Cairn terrier. These four breeds are all from working dog stock, which makes them focus naturally on the 'job' at hand. Maggie's toller lives daily with the equipment, and a combination of familiarity and Maggie's patient training makes her the star performer, at least on this day. Sophie the terrier does a good job too, once she decides she wants to do it. Red Dog and Flash, the two border collies, are eager to do everything quickly as is their nature, but both clearly could use more training! Georgia Combes' duck toller Rhime impresses everyone with her attentive willing obedience, and later Georgia is good enough to give everyone some training tips. Georgia uses a method that rewards the dog for good behavior, but perhaps more importantly, gives the dog incentive to use his mind to figure out the best way to get the reward. (The reward is usually something very good to eat, cheese or meat, cut into tiny bites) She encourages eye contact between dog and owner, which takes a little while to achieve as most dogs interpret eye contact as a challenge.

It is interesting to watch Georgia with her two dogs; it reminds one of how complex these creatures are, how much, in fact, human and canine behavior is alike. Dogs, who have no muscles to express facial emotion, manage through their bodies, eye-shape, ears, fur and tails, to express a complex range of emotions. Georgia's dog training is firm but never harsh. Right now, she is practicing the method on a standard poodle named Bone, who has been through a number of other owners and is quite unruly, though very beautiful, with soft black curls and a puff of a tail. She is confident that Bone (or Bone-head as she sometimes calls him) will, in time, turn into a well-behaved gentleman.

For anyone interested in gentle training methods, a book called Let the Dog Decide, by Dale Stavroff is currently available at Pollen and Co, in Lund. Georgia took the photographs that illustrate the book.



Maggie uses a hand gesture to sweep Gracie through the tunnel



Sophie on the table in a 'down' position



Trainer Georgia demonstrates with 'Bone'



Spectators and the row of dog crates, where each dog waits her turn



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Tentative Upcoming Summer 2006 Schedule
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(Effective Tue Jul 4, 2006 until further notice)

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Trip Notes (see below)	Lv. Town Centre Mall (North) (N)	Lv. Hospital (H)	Lv. Cranberry at Manson (C)	Lv. Lund & King (L)	Lv. Sliammon (by Church) (S)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Southview Rd. (S)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Craig Rd. (C)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Malaspina Rd. (M)	Ar. Lund (L)
Tue & Fri	10:05	10:08	10:15	10:24	-	10:34	10:40	10:46	10:52
Trip Notes (see below)	Lv. Town Centre Mall (North) (N)	Lv. Hospital (H)	Lv. Cranberry at Manson (C)	Lv. Lund & King (L)	Lv. Sliammon (by Church) (S)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Southview Rd. (S)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Craig Rd. (C)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Malaspina Rd. (M)	Ar. Lund (L)
Tue & Fri	4:05	-	-	4:14	4:23	4:29	4:35	4:41	4:47

Trips operate on Tuesday and Friday only.

Lund Fun Day

The third annual Lund Fun Day was held on May 5th, under a perfectly cloudy sky that let the participants and onlookers play all day without a single sunburn.

A great turnout meant each team- the Chinooks, Cougars and Eagles- was made up of 8 kids from toddlers to teens. Each team benefited from the leadership of a former Lund school attendee- Dillon Worthen, Racquel Wingerter and Lucien Ervington- who knew some of the events from their childhoods.

Sandy Dunlop led the groups through a range of well planned activities, from Egg on a Spoon to whistling through a mouthful of crackers. The costume relay was a blast, as each team member dressed up in mismatched gumboots, baggy shorts, and a crazy hat among other items before attempting to run across the field and back.



After a break for a potluck lunch, the kids were back at the games. Thanks to Sandy, Ria Curtis, Rianne Matz, and all those who participated, came to cheer the teams on and lend a hand. Keep a look out for signs early next May, as this is a great community event we'd like to see continue to grow.



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The Death of a Woodshed

by John Little

Some who read this little story may well remember the event, your version maybe a bit different but this is how I remember that winter day.

In the 1940's the school was a single room that contained some 20 plus kids, the grades were from grade 1 to grade 8. Because of our forced proximity for 6 hours a day we were much like a large family. The older ones helped the younger ones, we squabbled with one another and we played together.

I do not recall if we got much snow at Lund, but I suspect it was and is like other coastal communities, not a lot and not every winter. In any event, for kids it was then as it is today, a major event and a source of fun. This particular morning we awoke to a snow fall of some 5 to 6 inches.

Recess arrived and everyone was outside, snowballs were flying! At some point a large ball started to be rolled, probably intended to be the base of a snowman. But recess was over and the completion or at least the further growth of the ball had to wait until lunch time. When we were dismissed for lunch a wild scramble ensued with getting coats on and getting outside! Snow balls continued to be tossed but gradually the focus of attention was directed to the snowball that was rapidly getting larger. Eventually it got to the stage where it was just too large to roll unless of course we could change direction and roll it down hill. This we did. Its mass was increasing and it came to a rest against a rock that rose above the normal slope. We could not roll it sideways so there it stalled. Then someone, one of the younger ones I believe, suggested we dig out part of the snow so that it would move forward and on to the rock. No sooner said than done, and Lo and Behold the snowball moved, with the combined effort of all who could squeeze in, the huge snowball was rolled over and beyond the offending rock! Great! No, wait the snowball now was on steeper ground, it kept going under its own momentum. With every foot of progress it picked up speed, it picked up more snow and it gained weight!

Perhaps 30 feet from where the snowball took on a life of its own there was a sheer drop to the beach level. Built at the foot of the drop full of his winter's supply was the woodshed of Mr. Neilson. With unerring aim that snowball roared down the slope, over the bank and smack onto the flat roof of the woodshed! Now, in addition to a winter's supply of wood, he also had a winter's supply of kindling!

Mr. Neilson was somewhat miffed. By the time he heard the crash, surveyed the damage and tracked the snowball's path, there was not a kid on the outside of the school. He came into the classroom, yep he was miffed alright, had a talk with the teacher (Miss Randall or Miss Leigh?) and was successful in conscripting "volunteers" to clean up the mess. We sorted out the wood from the wreckage, re-piled the wood and he reconstructed his woodshed. That ended that.

I imagine in today's world it would not end there. We would probably try and find a couple of individuals to blame, parents would be involved, the police would probably be called in. I'll take the old days anytime.

Mary Taylor Bay

by Karl Larson

In 1910 there were two prospectors on a two masted schooner named the Mary Taylor. They used the schooner as their living quarters while prospecting on the BC Coast. Mr Thulin used to grub stake lots of prospectors around the area then.

One night while anchored in Mary Taylor Bay (on Larson Road across from SunLund Campground), the two prospectors decided that their powder was too wet to work that day. They had been drinking so their judgement wasn't too great and they put the powder in the oven of their wood stove to dry and went to bed. During the night the powder blew up and killed both men and burned the cabin off the schooner. The two prospectors were buried on the south side of the bay and the schooner was a wreck on the beach for many years. Charlie Larson (Karl's father) had worked with the two prospectors up the coast at Philip's Arm, Loughorow Inlet and Rock Bay. Karl doesn't remember the prospectors' names because he was only nine or ten when his father told him what happened to them.

Mary Taylor Bay has been used as a log dump for many years and has recently been listed for sale along with the dryland sort across the highway.



On Good Friday repairs were made to the Lund gas dock after the storm that crashed through Stanley Park last winter, blasted into the harbor here as well.

Lund Dayz

Saturday, August 18th

Flea Market

Crafts Sale

Music

Bathtub Races

Pancake Breakfast

Entertainment

Castle Bounce

and much, much more !!!



Another storm, this one emanating from the doors of the pub, wrecked a bit of havoc on the fencing in front of the hotel. It was quickly fixed by the perp. him/herself, a few days later.



Tai chi instructor Bill Mckee guides Pete and Nicco through a series graceful movements in the Lund Community building.

Bill's classes run through the winter months, with some also at the Gazebo during the summer.

Finally a study where the money was well spent . . .

A study conducted by UCLA's Department of Psychiatry has revealed that the kind of face a woman finds attractive on a man can differ depending on where she is in her menstrual cycle.

For example: If she is ovulating, she is attracted to men with rugged and masculine features.

However, if she is menstruating or menopausal, she tends to be more attracted to a man with duct tape over his mouth and a spear lodged in his chest while he is on fire.

No further studies are expected.

Long time Lund-ite George Bone passed away peacefully this winter after passing his 100th birthday on Dec. 27, 2006. Recently I was in contact with his youngest daughter Pat, and we had a chance to reminisce. She filled me in on some interesting details of his early life in Vancouver, how bright he was in school, how he loved to play and was very good at (team captain) soccer and how, at 21 he had already built his first boat with his boyhood and life-long friend, Jack Kittson. (It was called the 'Diane' and was equipped with a model T engine.) George was widowed a few years ago by his wife Edna and they leave behind their daughters Susan and Pat, along with three grandchildren.

Donna: Your family was on Cortez Island before they came to Lund? Why the move to Lund?

Pat: We moved from North Vancouver to Cortez Island in the summer of 1962 and ended up living there for 3 years. Dad had originally planned a business venture with a couple of Americans at Gorge Harbor, but after a year it was clear this was not going to work out financially for Dad, so he got out of it. "before he lost his shirt", he said. He found work at Jens Sorensen's in Lund where he was able to apply his shipwright skills to wood boat repairs. For 2 long years Dad lived in Lund during the week and returned to Cortez in the 12' putter boat every Friday night - in ALL weather AND after driving in to Powell River after work to buy our week's groceries and loading them in the boat. Because the car was in Lund, once on Cortez, he would walk from Cortez Bay, with the groceries, to the house at the lake - about 2 miles. I remember him telling me recently he was sometimes upset when he got home and no one was there to greet him. Mom and Susan would be out with friends and I would have gone to the Manson's Hall movies with May and Elmer, our neighbors at the time. A house finally came up for sale in Lund - the Hamilton's - so we moved over in 1965 and Dad continued to work at Jens' for another 5 years before setting up his Sevilla Boat Works. Dad's good buddy, Harry Milton, came from Cortez to work at Jens' as well and continued on to set up his welding shop with Dad at Sevilla. Remember Harry's little trailer in the parking lot. At 10 or so, I'd often just stop in to visit to chat and laugh and then be on my way.

Donna: I remember thinking that your house sat on the best site in Lund, looking over the harbor. (Where the Levi house is now) Your mom had a little garden there, above the creek didn't she?

Pat: it was a nice spot. A pair of binoculars were kept at the living room window for checking out all the comings and goings and all the boats heading north in the summer months. We used to count 15 or 20 at a time some Julys. 'Yankees,' Dad would say. Mom loved to garden. Little plants and tubs and hanging baskets covered both the front and back yards, and the side of the house too! She also liked to paint. Mom took some lessons from your mom, and before that on Cortez she belonged to Doreen Borland's art class - a group of 8 or 10 or so women who would get together Wednesday evenings and paint at Doreen's. As a very small child in North Van I remember Mom doing pressed copper wall art and silk flower crafts and she always enjoyed sewing dresses for Susan and I. In Lund she always enjoyed refinishing dressers, usually Noel's castoffs which she would buy from her from time to time.

Donna: I remember your Dad in those days; he was always so calm and seemingly gentle. I know his ancestry was Scot....did he have any of that race's stubbornness in him?

Pat: Not really. Dad was always pretty agreeable. He never really insisted anyone else do something his way or agree with him on any certain point, but would just continue on believing or doing what he wanted. I suppose you could call that stubborn. - like disliking Americans somewhat and you could never convince him out of it.

Donna: Did your Dad build any boats, or did he just repair them?

Pat: The only new boat he built at Sevilla was the "Chiquito", the 26 footer that was meant for puttering around in his retirement and which enjoyed for at least 10 years. The boat has since been renamed "Island Girl" and lives at Pender Harbor.

Donna: It is an amazing trick, living to be 100. The last time I had a visit with George, with you at the little house in town, he made me a cup of coffee that I had to surreptitiously drain down the sink, it was so strong. He was in his nineties at that time and drank down his own portion in his usual relaxed way. Did he ever speculate on his longevity? What do you think it was, beer, genes, Edna's cooking, or his calm spirit, or what?

Pat: Definitely the genes. Grandma was 103 when she passed away in 1975 and Auntie Ella and Uncle Jim were 91 and 97. Over the last 10 years or so Dad always implied he would like to reach his mother's age but he just grew too tired. I believe the boredom of the Olive Devaud home did him in during his last year. He hated it.

Donna: One of the blessings of your Dad's living so long, was he was able to be present in your son Jamie's life, for the majority his childhood. What stands out the most, for the both of you, about your Dad?

Pat: I think Dad's kindness stands out the most. Some of the things in his life did not always go his way, but he didn't let it affect him adversely. He enjoyed the company of a great number of special friends over his lifetime and was very proud of his heritage and who he was a person. He cared for his mother deeply.

As a Dad, I think he definitely enjoyed the 'fun' moments the most - making stilts for my sister and I, going on small holidays as a family, stopping for ice cream on the way home from shopping in town. Yes, Dad had a sweet tooth! - Apple pie & ice cream, cookies and gumdrops. Oh, and bread with jam. He had great memories of his mother's scones and would describe in great detail about how she would cut them in triangles and cook them on top of the old wood stove, both sides first, and then turn them on edge to brown the sides as well. He was quite pleased a few years ago when I told him I had asked Auntie Ella to write the recipe down.

It is a blessing Dad and Jamie got to know each other so well. Dad is here...in Jamie's memories of his Grandpa as a kind and caring individual and in all the enjoyable moments they shared. A couple of Jamie's favorites - the way Grandpa would beam with pleasure as he dispensed a stream of never ending loonies from his pockets for Jamie and his friends. Picking cherries from his awesome tree. And of course the Christmases. Playing checkers with Grandpa will always be remembered....

Donna: When we were at your Dad's house that day, the day of the black coffee, he showed me, at your prompting, a small model of a fishing boat which he was working on in a shed behind the house. I fell instantly, covetously, in love with it...you don't happen to have a picture of it do you?

Pat: The "Grandpa's Boat" which Jamie has also been 'in love with' since his very early years, is now displayed in his room on the tall dresser. It is a 3/4 inch to the foot model of the 42' Bonanza II, a fishing trawler Dad built at his North Shore boat yard, Northside Marine, in 1958. During the 50's Dad had up to 14 men building boats at that yard -often 2 at a time, plus repairs. Susan and I used to go down with Dad fairly often and hang out and watch and visit with a couple of workers who lived in rooms onsite. Old Eric and a slightly nutty Frenchman named Norm Bonnie were lots of fun. What characters. Norm actually came up to Cortez with us to work for Dad there for a year.

Donna: How did he enjoy the 100th birthday party you and your sister Susan put on for him in December, in the Lund Hotel? It was a great gathering, and I was glad to be a part of it.

Pat: The most touching moments for me were when Dad repeatedly showed so much pleasure and appreciation towards each and every guest that arrived. He felt honored and was truly thrilled and surprised so many old and dear friends came to offer their congratulations... Especially in the Lund Hotel, a place of many special memories for him. By New Years Day he had phoned twice within a 3 day spanstill on an excited high to talk about the party and the people and what a wonderful time he had and how much he appreciated the planning that went into the day. Dad always felt he belonged to the general 'buzz' of Lund. Something was always happening-a party, a boat project, Art and Millies fish boat sinking...a trip to plan with the Longacres...no boredom for sure...or he and Harry would tinker around on something. I think he felt appreciated and respected by the entire community.



Bonanza II, George Bone and Grandson Jamie, circa 1990



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Northside Volunteer Fire Department Needs You . . .

Or, rather, you need it. Without more volunteers, the fire department may be disbanded and the area will no longer be an accredited fire protection area. This means 1) residents and businesses will not receive any help in case of fire, medical emergency, car accident, or other incident, and 2) fire insurance will become prohibitive or unobtainable. Alternatively, firefighters could be paid to be on call on a full-time basis which means your taxes would go up.

So think about it. Two volunteered hours most Monday evenings is the best insurance for the continued safety of our community. All training is provided and it's not very difficult to do. You need to be at least 19 years old, able-bodied and have a valid BC driver's license. You'll learn the proper way to drive the fire truck, hold a fire hose, use the two-way radios, tie knots, operate a pump, use the Jaws of Life, and use self-contained breathing apparatus (SCBA).

We really, really need people. Please show up at the Lund, Craig Road or Klahanie fire hall any Monday evening (except holidays) at about 6:45pm and introduce yourself. We would enjoy showing you the ropes and having you join us for a practice. No commitment, just come and check it out.



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A burglar broke into a house one night. He shone his flashlight around, looking for valuables, and when he picked up a CD player to place into his sack, a strange, disembodied voice echoed from the dark saying, "Jesus is watching you."
He nearly jumped out of his skin, clicked his flashlight off and froze. When he heard nothing more after a bit, he shook his head, promised himself a long vacation after his next big score, then clicked the flashlight back on and began searching for more valuables. Just as he pulled the stereo out so that he could disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard, "Jesus is watching you."
Totally rattled, he shone his flashlight around frantically, looking for the source of the voice. Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot.
"Did you say that?" He hissed at the parrot. "Yes," the parrot confessed, then squawked, "I'm just trying to warn you." The burglar relaxed. "Warn me, huh? Who do you think you are anyway?"
"Moses," replied the parrot. "Moses," the burglar laughed. "What kind of people would name a parrot 'Moses?'" The parrot quickly answered, "The same kind of people that would name a Rottweiler, Jesus."

Gazebo Parking Lot

On a blazing hot Saturday in June, a group of dedicated volunteers spent their day working on the gazebo parking lot improvements that began last year. Rod MacPherson worked his magic with an excavator, knocking down a few trees to expand the parking area and then moving the large rocks into pits and leveling the grounds. Jim Mutas made countless trips with his dump truck, getting loads of gravel that were generously donated and loaded by Dick Machin. As the gravel was spread out over the lot, Don Worthen, Dillon Worthen and Jack Anderson ran chainsaws and cleared up the surrounding area. There are plans to burn the slash pile, and the heavy rains of the last few weeks have helped to settle the new gravel. The new raised lot will be less likely to flood this winter, and a few new parking spots are being created. Some finishing touches are needed, but the lot will finally be useable for all the events planned for the summer. Thank you so much to all those who are working on this project.



Birth Announcements

A loving welcome to Tristan Douglas Russell Morrison, born to James Morrison and Michelle Scott on April 17th, 2007. Congratulations to the parents, grandparents Russ and Linda Morrison, and Auntie Celine.

A daughter, Bronwyn Marea Jean, born to Tristan and Carrie Chernove on April 18th, 2007, weighing 6 lbs 6oz. Jeff Chernove, Malorie Meeker, Sandy Dunlop, and John Adcock are some of the relatives excited to welcome Bronwyn to their family.

A son, Ian Michael, born to Brian and Colleen Bompreszi on April 22nd, 2007, weighing 6 lbs 9 oz. Ian is welcomed by big brother Alex, Gramma Audrey Anderson, and grandparents Jack Anderson and Mary Ann Lammersen.

A son, Nathan Wingerter Pasion, born to Candice Wingerter and Len Pasion, on May 27th, 2007, weighing 7 lbs. 15 oz. Nathan is welcomed by the Wingerter and Pasion families of Lund and Powell River.

Ron Robb and Jan Lovewell are delighted to welcome our third grand daughter, Maia Elizabeth, born May 5 to Riah (Lovewell-Anderson) and Alex Hoehsmann, sister to Chloe and Ava. Alex spent some of his summer vacations at his family's summer home on Savary Island, and Riah grew up and attended school in Lund. The family now lives in Yellowknife.





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Lund Harbour

Harbor Celebration Kicks Off Summer

The rain and clouds cleared in the nick of time for the June 10 open house at the harbour front this year. Local merchants Terracentric, Pollen and Co. and Nancy's Bakery put together a small 'happening' designed to welcome visitors to a sampling of their 2007 goodies and services. Highlights were a fashion show by Pollen and Co, and a demonstration by Terracentric of their new rowing boats. Trays of snacks and cookies were provided free by Nancy's Bakery. A further note of excitement was added to the mix by the presence of a film crew, who are here in Lund to capture the beginning of a new restaurant, which will replace the old 'Sunset at the End of the World', for an Aussie reality show. (Yeah, no kidding!)

Rumor has it that this event will become an annual one; no doubt the timing is perfect to get the summer season off like a blast from a starters pistol.



Fashions for the whole family, and not only sweaters, from Pollen and Co. as shown by Jas Marshman and her kids.

Everyone was impressed by this elegant rowing boat that glides through the water with amazing ease and speed.



Sunday at Harbour's Edge!

by Amy McPhee

A community-based open house for Terracentric and Pollen Sweaters

June 10, 2007

Members of public and our partners had a great time in the first annual Sunday at Harbour's Edge: Terracentric Coastal Adventures and Pollen Sweaters Open House.

It was a community festival and open house in one. Kids found their own space to blow gigantic bubbles, make potato print art, and play rubber chicken tag. (You heard me - rubber chicken tag. Don't know what it is? Call us and we'll set up a demo for you!) Adults tried out Terracentric's new line of rowboats, which go up to 7 knots, and embarked on mini-tours in the Terracentric Zodiac. Pollen Sweaters had a fabulous fashion show on the deck to show off the many uses of their wares, and hosted a very popular seconds sale.

Information abounded about the new opportunities at Terracentric this summer. Yoga and kayaking, historical tours with Heather Harbord, and Heritage rowboats are just a few of the great things we highlighted during the day.

We hope to offer this community-based open house on a yearly basis because we had so much fun this year. If you missed it this year, come on in and talk to us anyway; we are always happy to chat!

JUST-US STORAGE

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Summary from the Lund Harbour Authority

The new Chairperson is Jim Brown

Sliammon First Nations are making application for economic funding to putting in a marina that will work together to enhance both harbours.

Lund Harbour Authority has secured a grant to hire a student for the summer

A new assistant has been hired to assist the Harbour Master Administrator, Rosie O'Neill.

Summary from the Lund Waterworks District

Lund Waterwork District and Powell River Regional District are finalizing the recommendations for upgrading the Lund Waterwork District System.

We have been following the Conversion Document Guidelines to dissolve Lund Waterworks District and have it become a Specified Area under the administration of Powell River Regional District.

IMPORTANT MEETING is scheduled for **JULY 28th** at the Lund Community Centre. The upgrading to a Specified Area by the Vancouver Health Authority will require significant increases in water tolls. Information packages will be mailed. Phone any one of the Lund Waterworks trustees if you have concerns.

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Lund Historical Committee

by Ann Snow

The Lund Historical Society has amalgamated with the Lund Community Society and is now known as the Lund Historical Committee.

The Committee has teamed up with Tourism Powell River and TerraCentric to staff the Info Booth at the waterwheel this year. Two students have been hired to keep the booth open seven days a week until Labour Day so please take a moment to stop by the booth and introduce yourselves.

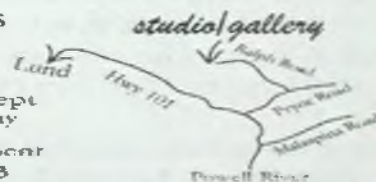
In order to cover part of the cost of staff wages, Westview Realty has stepped up as a commercial sponsor in exchange for displaying information on their services. Ours thanks to Westview Realty for their support.

The "Mile 0" project is on hold for the summer and will be continued in the fall.



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Okay, the world is getting hot, which may mean cold, very cold, and we the people are doing it and we all must put our shoulders to the collective wheel and heave together, and maybe we can fix it. Which sounds good to me, this collectivity, this pulling together, sharing, taking on a responsibility beyond our individual shacks and troughs.

However in truth the work for me, at least, is proving to be a rather lonely, rather tricky thing to get going on. I have managed to get my recycling habits under control, almost. I still balk at scraping and rinsing, scraping and rinsing, certain products out of their jars....peanut butter, for example. Catsup for another. It's a yucky job, and the garbage can is close, just a swing of the door and heave-ho under the sink. I still take a good quantity of garbage to the dump every month, and I don't find the disposing fee at all prohibitive.

I made a vow to eliminate plastics from my life, and to this end I have four green bags that I take to the grocery store, and the check-out person fills them instead of the usual ones. However, it's easy to forget them in the truck. It's easy to forget that they will work perfectly well at other stores. I also have an addiction to the large, clear, plastic bags Mitchell Bros. offers at their produce section, they re-use nicely, but I am certainly still using plastic when I use them to wrap left-overs or to collect cat litter lumps in...in fact, if we are in a confessing mood, I confess that I double bag cat litter lumps, and seal the bag with a twist tie, to cut down on smell. I can't bear to think of this kind of unrottable package, multiplied by thousands, in the landfill.

I have two clothing racks set up in the warm second floor room above our wood stove, and I very often, almost always, hang laundry there. In the summer I set the racks up out in the sunshine. I am proud of this green action, but it takes a fair amount of work to do it regularly and I know if I was going out the door to work every day, I wouldn't do it. Nope, I wouldn't do it. I don't suppose Bill would do it, either. (It has occurred to me that, depressingly, most of the green behavior in homes is probably been carried out by women.)

I agree that we should all quit flying for no good reason; then my sister mentions that her family is planning to fly to Mexico next spring break and my first thought is, "Hey, can we come?" The only thing that stops me right now, are the two dogs, and the fact that one or both of us will fly to Nova Scotia next winter to see Bill's Dad, and this will use up our travel budget. If I had the time, money and a good dog sitter, would I stand on my principals and go over to Tofino to storm-watch, instead? No. I would grab plane tickets and tell myself that I am off the guilty hook because I only fly a modest once per year.

Bill and I agree that people should drive their vehicles less. Then we go ahead and hop in ours anytime we feel like it. Never have we said "Lets only use the truck three times in a week." Sometimes I stroll from the mall over to the hospital auxiliary; most of the time I don't. I have driven to town to go hiking. We drive down to Lund whenever we want a bottle of wine or a tub of ice-cream, a cup of tea or a gaze at the harbor. I walk places, when I want to. I don't enjoy car-pooling, really.

We have a few of those curly light bulbs. Hey, they save money. Soon they will be the only option, thank God. For myself, I need laws. I don't find that I am very naturally 'communal'...oh, I am in my mind, in my heart, but when it is just me in my own kitchen, or me deciding between walking and driving, I often give in to the less honorable choice.

We can't leave the health of the environment up to the likes of us. I suppose it might take some kind of enforced rationing. Perhaps, for one example, I would be allowed only one bag of garbage a month. That would certainly make me think twice

Right-handed people live, on average, nine years longer than left-handed people.



***Euchre* . . . every Tuesday at 7:00pm at the Lund Pub.**

It it really does not matter how good a player you are, it is always a fun night out. Come join in if you want to learn how to play euchre.

My name is Donna Huber, and I am pleased to announce myself as a reporter for the Lund Barnacle newspaper.

When I was approached about doing some writing for the Barnacle it didn't take me very long to say yes.

I have lived in Lund for most of my life. Having grown up here during the fifties and sixties and early seventies, and then moving back here during the early eighties, I have been around for awhile. I feel I have further 'cred' because my mother and grandfather also grew up here.

I attended the Lund Elementary School, and Bill and I, like my mom and Dad before me, celebrated our wedding in the Lund Community Hall.

Unlike some children who grow up 'rural', I have always loved Lund. My childhood here was bliss. None the less, I moved away eagerly after high school and enjoyed seven years of city life in Vancouver. However, after Bill and I were married and after the boys were born, I knew there was only one place I wanted to live.

When I think about it, I am always glad that our boys got to grow up in Lund. To them as well as me, the bliss is in those early memories spent in boats and tearing around in the bushes, the sense of community that surrounded us, and the tiny school.

The choice of Lund as a place to live...is interesting. It isn't easy to live here, particularly full-time. Lund is very beautiful and full of independent, creative people and that makes it utterly fascinating to me.

I know there are stories upon stories upon stories here. There must be thousands of photographs stashed in shoe boxes in attics. Stories and pictures are being created, brand new, every day. I can't wait to start unpacking what I imagine as a treasure chest of history and memories. I have some things in mind I would like to write about, but I am also hoping people might get in touch with me as well. From the past or the present, as long as the yarn is a good one. My phone number is 604-483-4783. Or e-mail me theartist@donnahuber.com Or drop by my studio: I will be there July, August, and Sept. from 10-4 Fri, Sat and Sundays this summer. Here's looking at you, Lund!

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*A woman goes to the doctor for her yearly physical. The nurse starts with certain basic items.
"How much do you weigh?" she asks.
"115," she says.
The nurse puts her on the scale. It turns out her weight is 150.
The nurse asks, "Your height?"
"5 foot 8," she says.
The nurse checks and sees that she only measures 5' 4".
She then takes her blood pressure and tells the woman it is very high.
"Of course it's high!" she screams,
"When I came in here I was tall and slender! Now I'm short and fat!"*

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ACROSS

- 1 A ROUNDED RIDGE
- 6 END
- 11 THIS IS A ----
- 12 CLEANSER
- 13 READING
- 15 ALIEN
- 17 FOOD ALLOWANCE
- 18 AN NCO
- 19 UNSTABLE CHEM.
- 21 GNOME
- 22 SHORT MEASURE (ABBR.)
- 23 SLANT
- 25 PL OF SERUM
- 27 RIGHT HAND SPIRAL
- 28 SPORTS RECORD
- 29 IN PERSON
- 30 SUFFIX CAUSE TO BE
- 31 LINEAL MEASURE
- 33 G. RUSSELL PEN NAME
- 34 A R.R.
- 35 STORE HOUSE
- 37 HOLY VIRGIN (LAT)
- 39 BOOK REPAIR
- 41 ASSEMBLY
- 44 LIVE RADIO
- 45 HUCKSTER
- 46 A CORRIDOR
- 47 MAKE BETTER

DOWN

- 1 WEIGHT ALLOWANCE
- 2 EXTRA WORK
- 3 STEEP FLAX
- 4 TOOK ADVANTAGE
- 5 MAR
- 6 ASSIST
- 7 SCARF
- 8 CANINE RESPONSE
- 9 SWEDISH TOE
- 10 A TEST
- 14 LEFT HAND SPIRAL
- 16 HAVE A BREAK
- 18 TRIES HARD
- 20 BORN IN EL PASO
- 22 DARK BROWN
- 23 SURPRISE PACKAGES
- 24 HUMOR
- 25 RISES EVERY MORN
- 26 SINGLE STROKE WIN
- 31 RENEW CYLINDER
- 32 GIVE FREELY
- 34 SWEET HOT DRINK
- 35 PITIABLE PERSON
- 36 FOUR: COMB. FORM
- 38 OUTLETS
- 39 BRIT. CADETS
- 40 TRANSVERSE WIDTHS (ABBR.)
- 42 ANY: DIALECT
- 43 LOW CARD

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