

THE **BARNACLE**

No.4 Summer 1989

Fatter Issue

same \$\$,



more B.S!!!

Lund, B.C.

.50¢



Editor

Growing up in Nova Scotia, we kids caught lobster on fishing lines or picked them off the rocks bare-handed at low tide, and just like everything everywhere, time played its hand with lobster industry. My father (not a fisherman) first had his traps regulated down to a respectable number, and then outlawed entirely. The lobster industry was just beginning to go through some real changes at that point. Here on the West Coast, the history of small coastal ports such as Lund shows us what the changing face of time can do to the inhabitants and visitors to an area. This being our centennial year provides a perspective which makes the changes a bit more noticable, and it seems to me that we could all learn a fair bit by taking a look at what we had, what we've got, and what's to come.

We had a lot, we've still got an awful lot, and with proper care and consideration...well, I guess we'll just have to wait and see.

Now, how's that for the great Canadian apathy? Will we all just wait and see what happens?

Surely it is up to each one of us to contribute as fully as possible to the directions we take in use of resources and the environment.

One of the changes we will all be able to keep track of will be this paper. The Barnacle was not, and is not intended to be merely a centennial project to help with this year's celebration. What is intended is a paper that is open to all and any who would like to contribute. If you have thoughts, dreams or fears for the future of Lund, the newspaper is an opportunity to express them.

Or just pissed off at something a neighbour or local bureaucrat did? Try letters to the editor. Want to sell your boat, or trade your husband? Advertise with us. Commercial rates from \$10, or use classifieds for only \$5. Any inquiries, cartoons, letters, poems, requests etc. should be mailed to:
The Barnacle
General Delivery,
Lund, B.C.
VON 2G0

A special meeting for the all and any who care to become involved in the production of The Barnacle will be held September 10th, 1989 at 2:00 PM at the Lund Hall.

PS. Happy 100th, Lund, Hope to see you all at the celebrations. *Bill*

Staff

Advertising	Bill Smith Dave Pollen
Production and Proofing	John Keays
Paste-up	Donna Huber
Photography	Steve Suche
Editor	Bill Smith

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welcome

The Lund Community Church welcomes their first pastor to their congregation. Pastor Brian Penner and his wife Margaret arrived here in April of this year from Vancouver. He graduated from Briercrest Bible College in 1986, then worked as a youth pastor in Chilliwack. He and his wife are looking forward to serving our community.

farewell...



Dear friends,

Some of us came to 'the end of the road'. To be away from some thing, some system, some society, some one. Some came to explore, and take on a new life. Some came to live on, and learn from, the land. What we've all found is community and relationship. I've worked, played, laughed, cried, argued, planned, discussed, sewed, partied and explored with so many people in Lund - you are truly my life's friends. Thank you for the trust, encouragement, support, friendship and the love you have given me, and my children, during times that were certainly not always easy or painless. These past 15 years have created a lifetime of memories, experiences and friends for us, and you have become part of our lives. We will miss you each and all. And...Vancouver isn't so very far away....

Our fondest regards to all,

Eileen, Sabrina and
Graham Fence.

good luck !



The Barnacle is a non-profit publication of the Lund Community Club.

Fall edition, 89
deadline September 15th.

Regional Board Report

Regional Board Report by Court Cressy

Lund Watershed By-law:

The by-law review was held up by Water Management Branch, the final approving body. After a few minor changes in the wording they have given their blessing.

Very soon the by-law will be posted for public view and a public meeting will be held for community endorsement. Once the community accepts the document it will be forwarded to the Regional Board for first and second of four readings, then eventually made law.

Lund Parking.

I suppose that everyone knows by now that the R.C.M.P. are going to clamp down on illegal parking this summer. Some cars have been ticketed in the turn-around opposite the Lund store already. Once the private parking options have been advertised, vehicles will be towed away from the turnaround or any other illegal parking spot. So locals be warned.

Sewer System Petition Update

The petition circulated amongst the users to expand the sewer area was passed with a clear majority - around 77% of those who responded (many mailed to Non-residents, etc.). At this writing the petition is in Victoria awaiting grant approval, without which the system cannot proceed. The prospects look good for approval and there's a good chance that a second smaller grant will be made available to carry out engineering work on the location of the lagoon site. What must happen now is the formation of a sewer committee from amongst the users. The Regional Board is

organizing the groundwork but the community must run the system. There are decisions to be made NOW that can only be made by a committee. As a regional director I would not sit on this committee, but I would be available as a resource person - the less Board involvement the better once the system is in place. So if there is anyone out there with the commitment to community to become involved please come forward if only for a short term.

reflections

It was spring. Cod fishing season was open. My cousin and I were a couple of ten year olds who decided we would fish on our way over to Lund to see what we could catch. Well, I'll be damned. We caught 2 ling cod, which we promptly sold at the fish camp. We were pretty proud of ourselves. We had just made enough money to treat ourselves to Sunday dinner at the cafe. So up we traipse, perch ourselves on the stools and order dinner. The menu was always pretty standard, and I can't remember what we ordered, but I will never forget my reaction when our dinners were set before us. Each plate had a

pile of lima beans on it that looked like Mount Everest! Now I've never been a picky eater (you can tell the people who like food by the way we look) but canned, warmed up lima beans? And this in the days when you ate everything put on your plate. It is still the most memorable meal of my life.

by Adrienne Redford.



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Lund Water District

by Joanne Suche

At this point, the Trustees are STILL waiting for the purchase agreement of D.L. 1613 for Watershed Protection, to be completed. Due to government red-tape and problems that were impossible to avoid, the completion date for the sale of the property has been extended month by month, now due to be completed June 15, 1989. Although frustrated by these delays, the Trustees are confident that the sale will proceed in the very near future, and that the land surrounding the Upper Lake will soon be under water board protection. Pledges to help purchase this property are still being accepted, so if you are interested in making a pledge, please phone Steve Suche (483-4943) for information.

If you missed the meeting in mid-June, and have inquiries or ideas, contact Steve Suche, who has been elected the new chairperson for the district. He can be reached at 483-4943 in the evenings.

Thanks to Carl Larson for the job well done in the past year.

L.C.C. Update

Update by Chris Rubletz


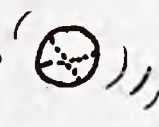
With one more meeting to conclude the years' business, we can look back at a busy and productive season. The club is awaiting the finalization of the property sale by Lund Water District, after which we can proceed with the subdividing of the desired amount of acreage for the Community Club. Plans are then to have a new hall designed, and built by volunteer groups in the community. We have some very dedicated members working on the GoBC grant. It is a BC

lotteries sponsored grant which provides up to one third of the total project cost up to \$100,000. We have a better chance of getting financial assistance through this program if the community initiates and supports the project. It is suggested that the project will stimulate economic activity in the community and will create jobs by using local materials, goods and services.

The project is an exciting venture for all members of the community to look forward to in the coming year(s).

The last quarter of this year have seen two rummage sales and a spring dance which proved to be very successful for the L.C.C.. There has been a lot of enthusiasm generated this past year for all the projects and we'd like to thank all those who have worked so hard for the club. The final meeting of the L.C.C. for 88/89 was held

on June 14 at the hall. The first for 89/90 will be in September and we welcome all new faces and ideas.

 **BASEBALL** 
by Dymph
// Vander Maeden.

Spring - oh it's finally here, now where is it we put those gloves last year? Building a new porch in the fall just gave me more area to search! Found them - let's go practice right away... up to the park - oh, there goes my arm. I've got it - and there goes the right leg. Put some linament on and remember now stretch out those muscles first.

Craig Park is the home of the Flamingals and Flamingoes, members of the womens and mens beer league. The calls start in March and we all get together most every Sunday to practise. First the mens team in the morning and then the women at 2:00. It didn't take long until we had the teams made up, payed our league dues, and were in business for another

year.

We have such fun. This year the Flamingals home games are played at Craig Park with our away games played at Brooks Lower Field. The park is nice - our children have so much to do there so they enjoy themselves as

well, and we have the big plus of having washrooms close by. No wading through a sea of black berry prickles growing on a 45 degree angle bank to find a hidey hole to do nature's bidding.

All the Flamingoes games are played at Craig Park. Come out for an evening's entertainment, bring the children, you don't have to drive very far and watch a good game of baseball.

Here is the list of team players.

Flamingals

Patsy Hanson
Ev Watson
Nancy Mitchell
Joanne Suche
Bev Biffard
Dymph Vander Maeden
Claudette Vallee
Lorraine Cushing
Rosemary O'Niel
Cheryl Rose
Rosemary Moran
Elaine Schmad
Renee Mckee
Chris Rubletz
Laura Waltz

Flamingoes

Steve Hanson
Gordie Mallory
Steve Lawn
Mike Lahey
Nick Hauser
Bob Milone
Bob Marshman
Morey Morrisson
Paul Holbrook
Bill Mckee
Louis Meillieur
Drew Padgett
Alf Butterfield
Noah Chaikel
Craig Ross



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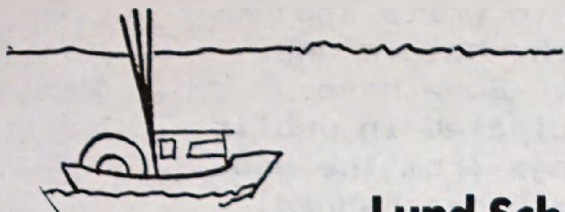
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Lund School

What Lund School Means to
...Shannon.

One reason why I like Lund School is because everyone knows each other. The bigger kids play with the younger kids. There's no real bullying around the school yard except for a few now and then, but we make up again.

Every year I'm in the same class with the same kids. With such a small amount of people the School Board almost shut the school down and we might have had to go to Wildwood School. Our school is so small that we get to go to Savary Island, not like other schools.

What Lund School Means to
...Sasha.

Lund School is a place where I can be myself. A place where no one will laugh at me because of who I am or what I am. It's a place where I can do something without being afraid of someone laughing at me or putting me down for what I did. It's a place where I can make a mistake without anyone caring. It is really important to me that I can go to a school where I can be myself.

What Lund School Means to
...Colleen

Lund School's a wonderful place to come and learn. We have all the lessons other schools do but because the school is small we have other wonderful events. One of my favorite things is Savary Day. At Savary Day our whole school gets to go to Savary Island for the whole day. The reason we get such wonderful events is because there are only fifty-two students.

Lund School History
by Bill Bailey.

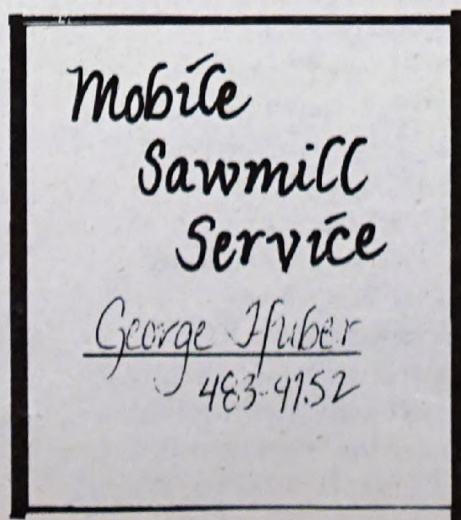
Our contribution to the Lund Centennial Celebration this year will be a wall display showing what we have learned about Lund School and its history. We have been interviewing former teachers and students dating back to 1907. From the notes students have taken they are compiling a view of school life in Lund for each decade since 1910. You can expect to read about special events, daily routines, funny stories, the school and its grounds, and the community of Lund during each decade. We hope to present graphs showing the teachers and student population for most years since the 1920's. The students have also seen some photographs of Lund in the old days and we will be presenting large student paintings of Lund scenes through history.

While there will



Congratulations
on 100 years!

BRAVO!!!
to Peter Burge for
B.C. gold in 3000 meter



undoubtedly be errors or omissions in our final products, the importance of this project to the students has been the process of seeking out information from original sources and presenting it in their own final version. In addition, I think we all have a better understanding of the school and its place in the community over the last century.

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the wedding of the paper doll

Remember this one?
Gail Martin was the bride
and David Keeling was the
groom? Colleen Kealey
was the teacher.

And the talent show
put on by Carl Franzin
and Elsie Laliberti?
Seems we were so good??
the Elks Club wanted us
to do it again in Powell
River, but Carl and Elsie
decided once was enough.

I was going to say
that I remember 3 main
social events every year
- the annual fall bazaar,
the Christmas concert,
and the New Year's Eve
ball. I checked this out
with Jean Rushant, who
asked if I had forgotten
the Hallowe'en
masquerade, the May 24th
picnics, the July 1st
picnics on Savary or
Hernando. Then there
were the cribbage
tournaments where couples
played crib at each
others homes on a
rotating basis, with the
play-offs being held at
the hall. It was just
one big social whirl,
wasn't it? But I think
the bazaars and New
Year's balls really stand
out in my memory. I
always remember the
beautiful gowns the
ladies wore. At 13 or 14
we were allowed to
attend, and in my first
long dress I'm sure I
thought I was a princess.
The bazaars were always
held in the evening, and
the whole community would
be there. There was
always a table with
Dippy's paintings on
fungus. I wonder how
many of them are still
around? Somehow I
remember Mrs. Lina
Larson's beautiful
crochet work, although I
know the hall was full of
beautiful handiwork of
all sorts, all done by
women of the community
and donated to the
Community Club. Jean

recalls that they had
only lived in Lund for
two weeks when she was
invited to her first
Community Club meeting.
Once there, Elsie
Laliberti promptly
appointed Jean head of
the bazaar committee.
I'm sure if Colleen
Sorensen reads this she
will no doubt say "So
what else is new?"
Colleen reluctantly
'volunteered' as Club
V.P. after being assured
by us that she wouldn't
have to do anything.
However, Marg Ducharme,
current president, with
husband Ray, are moving
to Vancouver, so guess
who becomes our new
president? Our thanks go
out to Colleen. We wish
Ray and Marg every
success in their new
endeavours. Marg was a
great community spirit
and we'll miss her a
lot.

Adrienne Redford.

Article by

ANNE CAMERON

In the time since
the Ayatollah knee-jerked
his response to Salman
Rushdie's book "The
Satanic Verses", I've
been asked more times
than I can count for my
opinion. "Freedom to
read", some insist,
"Freedom of expression",
"Freedom of speech" and,
predictably enough,
"Sanctity of life".

I wish it was that
easy for me. The
Ayatollah has declared
the book an insult to the
Prophet, an insult to
Islam and to all the
followers of Islam, and
has put a reward on the
life of the author. Any
non-muslim who offs
Rushdie will get some
three million dollars,
any muslim who manages to
kill the writer will get
some six million and a
guarantee of a permanent
place in Paradise.

Prominent and
not-so-prominent writers
in most English-speaking
countries have responded
by supporting Rushdie's

right to write and
publish whatever he
wants. Some have
participated in public
readings from the book
the Imam has banned.

I really do wonder
if it is the banning of
the book has everyone in
a tizzy, the death
sentence, the reward, or
the hype. How many of
those demonstrating for
or against the book have
read it? How many would
have read it without the
international publicity?

"Freedom to write"?
Even the Powell River
newspaper has a clause
demanding the right to
edit "letters to the

Editor" for brevity,
legality and "taste"
Whose taste? Yours?
Mine? Cono Spittale's?
Someone somewhere whose
face we never see?

Not long ago the
environmental movement
produced a series of TV
commercials to counter
the "Forests Forever"
propoganda of the
companies currently
over-cutting the timber
resources of this
province. The
commercials were deemed
to be "Too political",
and were not aired. The
eco-porn from the
companies continues to be
shown, continues to
influence the opinions of
many people and
continues to try to
convince our kids that
what is, isn't and what
isn't, is.

"Sanctity of Life"?
How many of the people
screaming because of the
threat to one man's life
either know or care that
in the coming year 15
million children will die
because of starvation
and war? Starvation in a
world where "surplus" is
destroyed to keep the
market price "bullish",
starvation in a world
where governments pay
farmers not to grow
crops. Why aren't those
lives sacred? Every day
the major powers divert
enough of the world's
precious resources to war
and the space programme
to feed, clothe, educate
and keep healthy every
kid on the face of the
globe. Where are the → To 10

1924

Dec. 24, 1924
Mrs. A.E. Meads
Box 10, Powell River,
B.C.

Dear Mrs. Meads :-

I am in receipt of your letter of the 18th instant urging the construction of the Powell River-Lund road, and asking that the work be proceeded with this winter.

In reply I beg to say that I have been pressing this matter upon the Government ever since I have been elected, with all the energy that I possess. The Minister of Public Works advises me that they have no appropriation at the present time available for taking care of this work. I am hopeful that I will be able to get something done to this road as soon as the new appropriations are available and will continue to impress upon the Government the urgent necessity of this work hoping that I may be able to get them to make a start as early as possible. I fully realize the position of the people who are making such a heroic effort to stay with and develop their holdings, tributary to this road, as well do

I realize the urgent necessity of the completion of this road as a means of getting men who may be injured in the logging camps in and around Malaspina Inlet, to the hospital in Powell River, in taking these matters into consideration I am putting up the best fight for this road that I am capable of doing.

When speaking in the house on November 7th, I pointed out the urgent necessity of the construction of this road, and have supplemented that discourse by written statements of the situation, and urging the department to immediate action.

Of course you will bear in mind that I am working against a hostile Government and therefore am not in a position to get into their confidence as I would be were a Conservative Government in power, but nevertheless I can only assure you that I am doing everything possible to bring about the end so much desired by everyone.

With very best wishes,
Yours truly,
M. Manson.

Free-Doom-Rains.

by M.N. Morrison.

She, wisps, across, a
gentle, warm, wind,
blown;
lily, pod, wild, glen,
pond.
-and, the, Buffalo, have,
gone;
It's, getting, harder, to
hide.

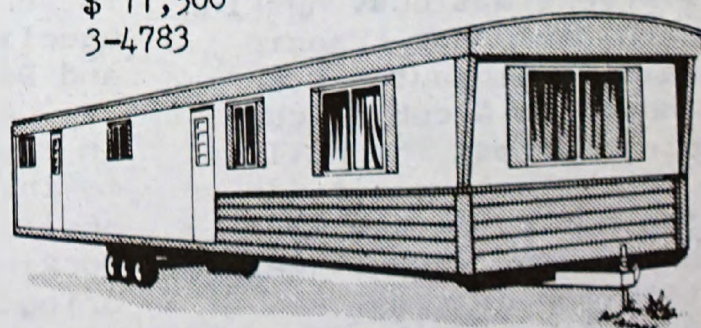
Man, growls, swept,
ragged, rough,
rocky-craig;
beating-breast, smiles;
- the, clams, are, going;
-It's, getting, harder,
to, hide.

She, smiles, at, his,
Texas, night-drive;
smoke, curling, from,
night, tender, pink-lips;
-the, Amazon, is, almost,
gone;
it's, Boulder, Colorado,
mid-night, drive-inn,
Dobbee;
doux, tranquille-cherie.
Lund, pub, time, beer,
bum, poet;
- DIOXEN, CARRABOU;
It's, getting, harder,
to, hide.

Chains, and, games, cry,
a soul;
to, free, danger, and,
death, - Love;
It, has, to, be, - and,
for, now, time, is;
- getting, harder, to, -
Hide!

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The Club

(A bit of History) by Dymph Vander Maeden.

Having grown up in the area, it was a moving experience for me to read though the minutes of the Lund Community Club. These minutes start in the late thirties and go on until the present. Names of people long ago, of people moved away, and of people still living in the area.

After about two weeks of reading through these minutes and seeing the names of Jean and Bert Rushant so many times, I realized that to do justice to such a write up, I should talk to them.

Jean and Bert were more than willing, and as have known them for a number of years we set a date and went for it.

Dances were held much as they are today, to raise money for the Community Club projects, and also to get people who were scattered far and wide together and let loose. The Scandinavian influence was dominant in the music that John West supplied, as he was the man who donated his time and music system for the dances.

As Jean recalls, there was one dance when John wanted the people to start dancing, so he turned the music way up. It was a corn feast and everyone was busy husking corn, so Arnie Franzin said "I'll shut him up" and threw a cob of corn clear across the hall at John. That was it for the music for awhile until John knew it was time for dancing.

It was necessary to have the dances last all night as many families came by boat from their homesteads and camps up the coast, and they needed the daylight to travel home again. There were also times when all would go to a prearranged home for breakfast.

Bert recalls "there was a lot of masquerade dances, even before we

came here. During the war and before there was all kinds of people living in the bush that weren't in the army and what not, dodging, so in order for them to come out and have a good time it was all masquerades. They had their dance and the whole ball of wax

and then went back home until the next dance".

Bazaars were also a big money raiser for the Community Club - talents abounded with knitting, sewing and other handicrafts done all year. All work was donated to the Bazaar with the proceeds going to the Community Club. The Club donated all the money and members' time to the improvement of the Community Hall and other local projects. The hall had a big drum wood furnace and this would have to be fired up in time so all could be warm. As the power was not yet strung as far as Lund, the power for the hall was supplied by the power plant of the Thulin family, who owned the hotel at this time.

The people of the Community Club kept up with all the happenings with wedding gifts sent out, cards and flowers sent to the members in the hospital and condolences sent to those in need.

I wish to thank the secretaries who have put pen to paper, and the keepers of these papers. It was great to go back to your times. With special thanks to Jean and Bert Rushant.

All in all this step in time for me has made me think more of the positive energy people working together can bring. We are surrounded by many people living in this area who made the Lund Community Club what it was then, and it is up to us to make it what it can be now.

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Centennial Celebrations

With less than a month before our centennial celebrations in July, final touches are being made to our planned events. At this time there are still some tickets available for Saturday's dance and the opening event of the Salmon barbecue at Craig Park.

Centennial tee-shirts, sweat-shirts, hats and mugs are still available through committee members.

Tickets are on sale now for the centennial quilt, to be drawn at the banquet Saturday evening, July 16th.

Volunteers are still required so if you are at all interested phone Bill at 3-4783 or Ruth at 3-9249.



The Third Annual Fathers' Day Feast was another tremendous success, and despite what appeared to be some home-made tickets, there was still lots of great home-made food for all of those who came out to support this event.

A special thanks to all who donated seafoods, salads, deserts and all the labour setting up, cooking, serving, and cleaning up.

Each year we learn from our mistakes, and we are exploring better methods of serving and seating. Hope to see you again next year.

The Herbalist

by Donna Huber, Sally Keays and Lorraine Cushing.

The title for this column comes from a small green book printed in 1934. It is small enough to fit into a shirt pocket and handy to refer to during forays into the woods and meadows. On the front cover, embossed in black, is the head of an Indian warrior, proud and befeathered.

The Indians, of course, were great herbalists, and two thirds of the world are to this day, using only what grows around them for illness. There are enormous resources in the small world around us, the area of our own yard and the forest beyond. We need to learn more about this hidden, almost

forgotten world lest we forget completely that we, too, are part of it and cannot survive without it. Many of the western medicines we use in the form of white tablets and pink syrups are mixed from various roots and stems and leaves. A lot of them come from the steamy rain-forest lands that are now being burned and destroyed to provide cleared farm areas.

The study of herbs is extremely involved, as is any science, and the best way to find out about some of the powerful plants around you is to have someone who knows about them take you out to them and show you what they look like, and how to prepare, preserve and use them properly. Some are quite toxic, but most will make you ill before they will kill you, and often have such a bad taste that they will put you off ingesting them before you take too much. This is nature's way of looking out for you.

The most pleasant way of beginning with herbs is perhaps with a pot of herbal tea. Sally says this mixture always gets a very positive response then she brings it along to a pot-luck or serves it at home. Make an equal mixture of Lemon Balm, Peppermint leaves, Rose petals and Lemon Thyme, put a handful into a china pot and pour boiling water over. Let steep for five minutes or so, and serve with or without honey. Yarrow flower tea is beneficial for curing hang-overs!

Comfrey leaves, peppermint and lemon balm make a nice mixture for tea. Comfrey is a useful herb, although it has recently been under suspicion as toxic if taken excessively. In the little green 'Herbalist' from 1934, one of the common names for Comfrey is "healing herb". It says that the root can be ground up and used externally as an application to bruises, fresh wounds, etc.. If you are leary of taking

Comfrey internally consider this tea, which is a tonic for plants in your vegetable garden. Put into a big drum or garbage can a heap of Comfrey leaves, seaweed and nettles. Fill the remainder with fresh water, or let the rains do it for you, and steep there for up to a week. This mix will bring micronutrients to your garden as well as protein and iron. Apply as a side dressing along the rows, or spray it directly onto leaves.

A few Comfrey leaves in your compost pile will speed the rate of decomposition, and the leaves are high in protein and can be used as animal feed. It grows very well here, too, and one little plant will soon be a magnificent bush, spreading everywhere.

There are many ways to use the common plants around you. Red raspberry leaves, strawberry leaves (preferably wild) and blackberry leaves made into teas will calm an upset stomach. A weak cat-nip tea will settle a cranky baby - make sure the teas is just barely colored. Fennel, dill and peppermint can be bottle-fed to a small baby as weak teas for an upset stomach.

A piece of garlic or ginger-root placed in a sore ear will bring relief, as will Mullen Flower Oil if you can find it. Knowledge of herbs can help a mother take back the care of her children into her own hands. This would remove some of the pressure on our health care system and also cut down on the over-use of anti-biotics on children.

Ear-aches, in particular, are treated with them, and as this is a common childhood complaint it is certainly worth exploring a gentler way of curing it.

One of the best books available for anyone interested is called 'The Herb Users Guide', by David Hoffmann.

'CAM' FROM PAGE 6

demonstrations in protest of that? How many public readings are being held because of that?

What ELSE has been going on while the media has been obsessed by this one issue? Well, Ollie North's trial has just about slipped past us. People in prison in every country including our own have been denied their basic rights. Our own government has announced it will cut back funding to encourage the native high school graduates to continue their education. And someone has found a way to sabotage produce coming from Chile; so now produce is banned and a country which has been resisting the U.S. military and political aggression faces economic ruin.

This country quietly and with neither public debate nor referendum decided to tighten our borders and make it almost impossible for refugees from Central American death squads to even get to the border, let alone apply for sanctuary.

"Freedom"? Sanctity?

The Ayatollah made the pronouncements he made and posted the rewards he posted because he has the power to do that. I don't think it has much to do with the book, the contents of the book, the writer, or even the Prophet. The power is there and the power got used.

In the U.S. the fundamentalist right-wingers who claim to be Christian have put pressure on the TV networks, and series such as "Archie Bunker" and "Soap" have been cancelled. "Freedom"? Our own Premier, reacting against the labour movements resistance to Bills 19 and 20, wanted to pass a law which would have effectively stifled all spoken or written opposition, including your right to write or publish a letter to the editor. In that case, the power was not there, so he couldn't do it, but

had the power been there he would have done it and this letter, even this publication, would be illegal.

In Canada it is Revenue Canada decides what is and is not dangerous for us to read. This means that people who futz around writing those incomprehensible income tax forms are unpaid literary critics, and people who get paid to paw through other peoples suitcases can declare books "banned" and stop them at the border.

FREEDOM? SANCTITY OF LIFE...the Canadian bankers are making incredible profits in South Africa in spite of the federal laws supposed to stop such disgusting cannibalism, and are "washing" their money by way of Luxembourg...

We're so worried about things beyond our borders, beyond our control, and we don't quite manage to get ourselves upset about things we could do something about; the Klan is recruiting young people in this province, we have people running for office who would quite gladly deny all of us most of our rights and choices, and we're being encouraged to froth at the mouth and declare Ayatollah a lunatic.

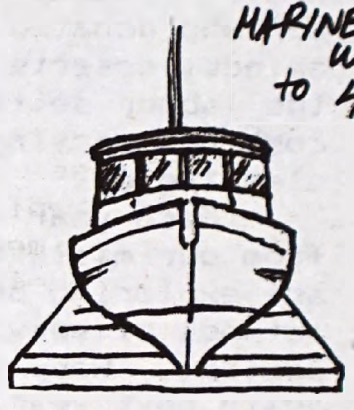
The Ayatollah heads a theocracy where "church" and "state" are one. We have a premier who believes his religious views should be made law and imposed on all of us. The separation of Church and State is one of the basic attempts to guarantee at least some small measure of freedom, and maybe we should pay at least as much attention to protecting that separation as we are paying to the evidence of what happens when that separation does not exist.

You see, I suspect that what is really going on is that the right-wing fundamentalists who call themselves "christians" are trying to condition

us all to accept another "holy war" against the fundamentalists who call themselves "muslim". With so much money to be made from the sale of guns, bullets, bombs and coffins it's a militarists dream of a war. It will make Viet Nam look like a Saturday night dustup in the pub. And we can all see our kids blown to shit in the name of "Freedom", "God", and of course "The Sanctity of Life".

The last ones taken for the army are the ones with criminal records. Maybe we should train our kids to swipe cars, etc., get long juvenile and criminal records and thus make a fundamental move to saving their lives in the the next Crusade Against the Infidels.



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The Old Brown House
by Grace Thulin.

I was quite impressed with Donna's reference to the old Brown House in the January issue of the Barnacle. It was something of a pleasure - and satisfaction - to learn that Donna realizes the worth of it. As to it's real-estate value, there is not so much of a hint, but of it's true value - 'true' being apparently beyond 'real' - Donna has no hesitation to put forth. It is encouraging to note that young people today make sound judgements.

This observer can look well into the heart of the Old Brown House as the late 1930's marked my introduction, at which time it was occupied by Carl and Kit Franzin and their family of three small girls - June and her twin sisters Susan and Bebe. Carl and Kit had a healthy sense of humour, which kept them afloat in bad times as well as in the better times. In the early years of their marriage, Carl was engaged in fishing and much of the time their small boat was their home - not the most accommodating position for raising three babies! Laughingly, Carl and Kit would explain their 'overboard' method of doing the family wash - no pampers in those days! They strung the diapers one on the other and hung them overboard to let them trail (and churn) in the wake of their boat. This was typical of the C.R.F. attitude - laughing in the face of adversity, an attitude that appears to have been passed on to successive generations.

When I arrived in Lund, I noted that a part of the railing on the upstairs veranda of the Lund Hotel had been extended upwards with a portion of chicken wire. Naturally I was curious as to the reason, but managed to suppress my curiosity until such time as I would become

somewhat of an integral part of the village life. It was then I learned that prior to moving to the Brown House Carl, Kit and 'Kittens' had occupied the 'corner' suite - the usual term of reference for this particular suite on the front corner of the hotel nearest to the store. It became apparent that the chicken wire had been added as a precautionary measure against the inquisitive 'kittens'. Here, I might remark that it was Carl Franzin's aunt, Ida Thulin, who first dubbed the three little girls 'kittens'. Quite joyfully, from time to time, she would remark on 'Kit and the Kittens'! Euphonious to a sweet degree and readily picked up by myself and others. To this day it brings to mind the many enjoyable times spent at the Brown House.

When Carl was not busy on the Marine Ways (back of the hotel) he found ample to do in various additions and improvements around the home, including a smoke-house and a water-wheel. In later years, during the Huber occupation, Carl closed in the front porch to accommodate a studio for the budding artist, his eldest daughter June.

It should be mentioned that Donna's grandmother, Kit Thompson Franzin, had an insatiable curiosity for every variety of living creature - especially of the sea, which throughout her life had been her environment. It is therefore quite understandable that her second son Bill (dare I call him 'Billy'?) is to day employed as a limnologist in Manitoba. He, too, is a product of his environment and more closely of his childhood home.

We have seen little of Billy these past years. We hope he might join us in our centennial celebrations and become re-acquainted with erstwhile associates. We look forward!

"The mass of men", wrote Henry Thoreau, "lead lives of quiet desperation." He said that in the beginning pages of his marvelous classic volume 'Walden', written over 100 years ago in 1857.

In these last embers of the 20th Century no doubt this bald statement still stands, stark and true. Certainly, it is enough to give one pause to wonder...me too?

I think of the book Walden because another book I have just finished reading refers to it. In Dorothy Gilman's book 'A New Kind of Country', she lists it as one of the ten books she would save if she had to pare all her belongings down to one small suitcase full. Some books, it is true, are in a category beyond the usual reading for pleasure or plain 'how-to' information. They are to the soul what a hot milk and three tylenol tabs are to a tension head-ache.

Dorothy Gilman, who usually writes detective thrillers, has explored in her 'A New Kind of Country' her own sort of Walden. After living and working, divorcing and raising her two sons in New Jersey, she flees the city life to begin anew on ten acres in Nova Scotia. Her new old house faces the raw Atlantic Ocean. The little village is populated by lobster fishermen, their wives and families, plus the odd refugee from other cities. Into this different rhythm she moves, spending time alone at the empty rocky beach, enduring the alarming windstorms in her 125 year old house, learning again the patterns of life, the easy socializing and constant ups and downs among people in a close-knit community. She learns to cherish her own aloneness. "What I had set out to do", she writes, "when I moved to 10 acres in Nova Scotia was to simplify my life." She does that. So should we all, but it is an

BOOKSHELF

Food For Thought

In honour of Lund's Centennial Year, I would like to share with you some of the food memories I have of the past, particularly the 1930's and 40's. It is easy for people to recall the good ol' days and how much cleaner, safer, purer etc., food was then. When I was a child there were no pesticides, herbicides or sophisticated fertilizers sprayed on the land, at least not in the Lund area. The manure pile behind the barn, incidentally right beside the school, was spread on the land each spring with perhaps some lime thrown on for good measure. The horses, Nelly and Maud, did the ploughing with an old-fashioned plough guided by the resident farmer. Feed for the cows was planted and harvested in the fall. Everything else including the planting of food crops was done by hand. The Lund hotel employed a farmer named Hans Peterson to supply milk, beef, pork and I vaguely remember a rather large chicken-house located down behind the barn.

My sisters and I used to take our two empty glass milk bottles to the barn each evening and return home with two full bottles from the morning milking. This was raw milk, no sanitary precautions there! It was merely strained into clean metal pails then poured into the bottles. Cleanliness was relative. One of our favourite stunts was to gently pry the cardboard cap off the full bottle, take a good sip of cream, replace the top and continue on our way home. We always wondered did our mother ever know?

At home this cream, or top milk as we called it then, was carefully poured off and kept for the adults' coffee. As Lund was primarily Scandinavian with their well-known addiction to

coffee morning, noon and night, we children never got to taste the cream and mostly drank skim milk on our oatmeal. Occasionally for some festive event like a birthday, the top milk was saved over a couple of days and then made into whipped cream for the cake.

Ice-cream was another even more rare treat. As a family, we were quite poor financially so we didn't have ice-cream except when the Columbia Coast Mission boat would come in to take the Lund children on an annual summer boat trip. They always gave us ice-cream and strawberries, so having to listen to a short sermon seemed a small price to pay. Once in a while, but only in the winter time, we had a type of ice-cream made with canned milk. To make it, thoroughly chill a tin of unopened canned milk in a snowbank, add sugar to taste and a teaspoon of lemon juice, then whip until stiff. Pour in pan and return to snowbank until frozen. No one had refrigeration in Lund for a long time, in fact the only electricity was in the hotel and store, provided by their own generator. The rest of Lund made do with coolers, a box outside on the cool side of the house with wire mesh sides and a door opening into the house.

There was an apple orchard where the car park is now and though I don't remember the fruit having any particular visual quality, rather scrubby and scabby in fact, no one minded because one never saw those technicolour, perfect red spheres that pass for apples nowadays. Scabby they may have been but the flavour far surpassed any super-market offering. Those who still keep old trees of Gravensteins know what I mean. Anyway, back to the orchard. It had a white picket fence all around and of course the children had a favorite

loose picket and as adults their favorite stories are of running for the hole with a shirt full of apples, farmer on their heels and not being able to squeeze through. That happened also in the corn field, in fact most of the school population was involved in one little caper - lunch time and all off to the corn field, situated behind the present Lund garage - through a hole in the fence and a stream of kids into the corn. Then it was my turn to go through the hole. I happened to look around after putting my head through the fence and there was the farmer, arms folded, standing to the side of the hole counting kids! I retreated and was back at the school in a flash, one of the few times I didn't get caught. My sisters and I also helped ourselves to turnips in a field one day after school but that time we were sighted and reported to our father. Oh, the injustice of it all... everyone else was let off by their parents with a lecture and a short detention but our father felt we needed to be an example to others so we lost our allowances for the summer and had to personally turn this money over to the farmer every week, making a totally miserable summer; never mind losing our magnificent allowance of 5 cents per.

A lot of the food eaten by Lund residents during these years was wild. Salmon, cod, clams and venison were all part of our regular diet, especially cod as these were so easy to catch and not worth much to the fisherman. If we wanted a salmon usually a tour around the bay in the evening in a rowboat towing a piece of "cutty hunk", a "Tom Mack" spoon and a lead weight would get you a nice fish. A number were always salted in crocks for the winter.

BUSINESS PROFILE



The Lund Breakwater Inn.
The past 10 years.

Along with celebrating Lund centennial, this year also serves as the 10th anniversary of the present owners of the Lund Hotel. Every business changes with time and the Lund Hotel is no exception. Steeped in a rich history which is actually the history of Lund itself, there is much still familiar between the Hotel we know today and that of almost 100 years ago. Much has been written of those days, and the importance of the Hotel to the marine traffic of the coast and to the locals who situated around it.

Today the Breakwater Inn is a familiar site to the commercial and recreational sailors who ply these waterways. Situated overlooking the still beautiful Lund harbour, the Hotel offers accommodation, food, entertainment and a safe haven when the seas become menacing.

In 1979 Ewald Werner and his brother Ziggy became the new owners of a very old business, and found that like most things old a lot of work would be required to refit and overhaul the operation.

The pub, which boasts one of the earliest licences north of Vancouver, has just recently renovated and expanded, and although it has much 'new' about it,

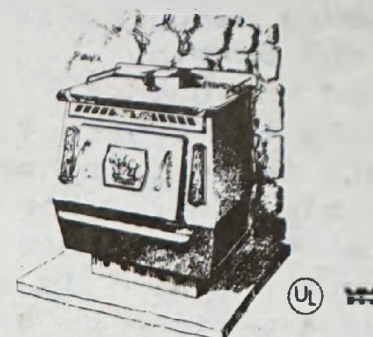
you will still see many old and familiar faces enjoying the atmosphere.

Ziggy's departure from the business marked the arrival of a new partner - Richard Palliardi, in 1983, and Pat Gregoire, Kathy Thomas and Jim Mutas in 1988.

Ewald's previous business experience had taught him that you must build from the bottom up, and he found lots of challenge here. The foundation of the Hotel was literally stinking rotten. After replacing the rotten fir stump which was the original corner post, truckloads of lime and fill were required to bring the rest of the basement area to an acceptable working condition. Still more foundation work, and the owners could begin to look up and out. The most visible change was the completion in 1982 of a 20 room Hotel unit, complete with new store space, parking and storage areas. The next year, renovations were made to the restaurant and cafe area, including the kitchen.

The five partners, along with Ewald's wife Terry, are all optimistic and look forward to serving their customers. Catering to local residents remains a top priority, while offering visitors to the area complete service and hospitality.

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FROM PAGE 11

extremely difficult thing to achieve. Being a writer means being a reader, and Dorothy Gilman had her guides from inside the pages of many books to sustain her on her noble quest. Her book is a very good read itself, and 'Walden' is a magic thing written by a wizard.

She also mentions, on her pared-down list, 'The Urgency of Change' by Krishnamurti, which I haven't (yet) read, but thanks to my neighbour down the road I have read a few of Krishnamurti's books. If you aren't familiar with him, go to a good bookstore next time you are in Vancouver and choose one of his titles that appeals to you. Almost anyone of them will lead you out of your daily concerns, for they have a clean and lovely way about them. The man himself was quite strange. Born in India and educated in England, he spent his life writing and lecturing and, of course, thinking. At a certain point in his life he gave up reading altogether, never married, spent a lot of time utterly alone, yet loved people too. He fascinates me, and I regret that I never had a chance to hear him lecture.

If you feel attracted to Eastern philosophy, the Sufis are an interesting people to explore. They were a wandering sect, not formally grouped into a religion and with no rigid dogma to offer. They may have sown the seeds Islam grew from, though they did not believe in organized religion at all. There is a good book of Sufi sayings and stories in the Westview Library - 'The Sufis'. The stories are great and so simple a child could enjoy them.

I also love Carlos Castenada. His books were immensely popular in the 60's and 70's, particularly 'Journey to Ixtlan', a book about a powerful Indian sorcerer

who anthropologist Carlos Castenada encounters in his exploration of the Mexican Indians' use of peyote for illumination. If you don't know it, I would like to say here that Castenada is still writing and the last one I read was called 'The Power of Silence' - what a wonderful title, eh? Good book, too.

In the more recent stories about Don Juan, the old sorcerer, the peyote button doesn't play any part at all. The books are a spiritual exploration of life from the point of view of an old desert Indian who still remembers ways of old and who may or may not be a figment of the fertile imagination of author Carlos Castenada. Wisdom, that's what we all look for, mostly in the wrong places. Probably we are much too busy to stop and contemplate our lives. Thoreau thought so and put it eloquently ... "Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake are so occupied with the fictitious cares and superfluously coarse labours of life that its finer fruits cannot be picked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that."

There are many books on the market that claim to hold the secrets to a happy and successful life. One that comes to mind is written by a woman executive on a word processor in her spare time while her kids are at the day-care to give her time on her weekends to knock off 'The Indispensible Woman'. It is about how women are doing too much these days and burning themselves out at an alarming rate. On the back cover is her photo. Her starved and lovely face, perfectly blushed and lit, smiles reassuringly out at you.

There are also any number of people who claim to have channeled down from the heaven a spirit-guide who speaks

through them while they are in a trance, and they have messages of enlightenment for the people of earth. Some of the channelers are so fishy it is a wonder that anyone listens to them, let alone pays through the nostrils to hear from them first hand. But it is an area I don't brush off so easily. Edgar Cayce was such a one, and there is no easy dismissal of his strange, psychical life. He offered medical solutions to people who were ill while he was in a deep trance, sometimes many hundreds of miles away from the 'subject'.

Out of the jungle of more recent claimants to this sort of mysterious gift there is another whom I would endorse personally. I don't know where this information comes from but it is so sound, it seems to me, that it matters little. I am thinking of Jane Roberts, whose spirit-channeler was called Seth. 'Seth Speaks' is a record of some of what he had to say, dictated from him through Jane to her husband, who typed up the manuscript for them. Not everyone will go for this stuff, but it is nice to keep an open mind.

Bill Bailey at the Lund School has been reading 'The Wind in the Willows' and 'Anne of Green Gables' to his class of grades 3-6. There are no two finer books for children.

I recently had an opportunity to look through a 1920's primary reader. It was a sensible little book, full of nice black and white illustrations and such stories as 'The Ugly Duckling'. Just holding it evoked for me a time when children walked home from school to do chores or play until dusk in a giant grassy yard. All too often they come home and collapse in front of a video game with a handful of taco chips and cream-soda.

... FROM PAGE 12

Nowadays pickled salmon is a luxury treat to be served at Christmas time but we had it quite often layered with sliced potatoes and baked like scalloped potatoes - often enough that we got to not like it. The same can be said about cod. For some unknown reason our mother invariably served it fried with boiled potatoes and a particularly ugly concoction she called white sauce, made with milk and flour and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Our favourite saying when we saw this supper appear was "Oh my God, it's Cod!" This comment was not appreciated and usually resulted in having to sit there until finished completely.

Food that needed to be purchased from the Lund store arrived weekly from Vancouver aboard the Union steamship. The "Lady Cynthia" was the ship I remember best. The social event of the week was to be down on the dock to await it's arrival and catch up on all the gossip. A sling would be lowered into the hold, loaded with crates and boxes, lifted to the wharf and quickly trundled into the storage shed beside the store. Sides of beef, rounds of cheese, bunches of bananas, peanut butter in golden tins, bulk

cookies and much more all appeared on the counters next day.

This store was a fascinating place for a child. Everything you could think of was to be found somewhere or another, from fishing gear to food, from nuts to bolts and anything in between.

I worked in the store from the time I was 12, first stocking shelves, sweeping floors, running errands and finally getting to measure out peanut butter, package cookies, cut cheese and package dried fruit. It is difficult to believe now that dried fruit or an expensive luxury like salmon was a staple in the winter for the poorer families. We used to eat fruit soup for breakfast. My recipe for this issue is as follows - take any assortment of dried fruit such as raisins, peaches, apricots, prunes and dried apples, cover with water, simmer gently until all fruit is soft then thicken slightly with cornstarch mixed with a little water. Simmer until the juice is clear and there you have it. Served cold with top milk, we thought it was delicious, much better than gluey oatmeal any day.

As I mentioned at the beginning of this column, we drank raw

milk. I know there are a lot of people who still think that raw milk is best but unpasteurized milk is just too unsafe to be risked. It is easy to do this yourself and you will still have a better milk than the homogenized stuff from the supermarket. The barn sanitation was not-existent, and looking back on this era I find it hard to believe we ever drank milk from there. Food in the store also was handled by many before being sold and I don't remember anyone being fussy about washing hands. The store floor was wooden boards and very dusty so when being swept, that settled all over. Along with the resident flies and the rats that lived in the warehouse, dancing all over everything at night in spite of numerous scruffy cats, we really can't, in many ways, long for the good ol' days.

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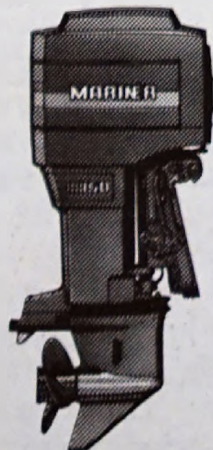
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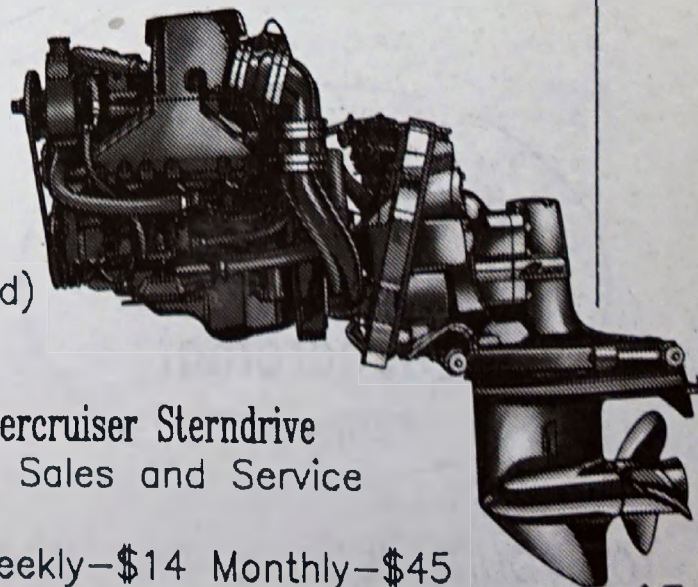
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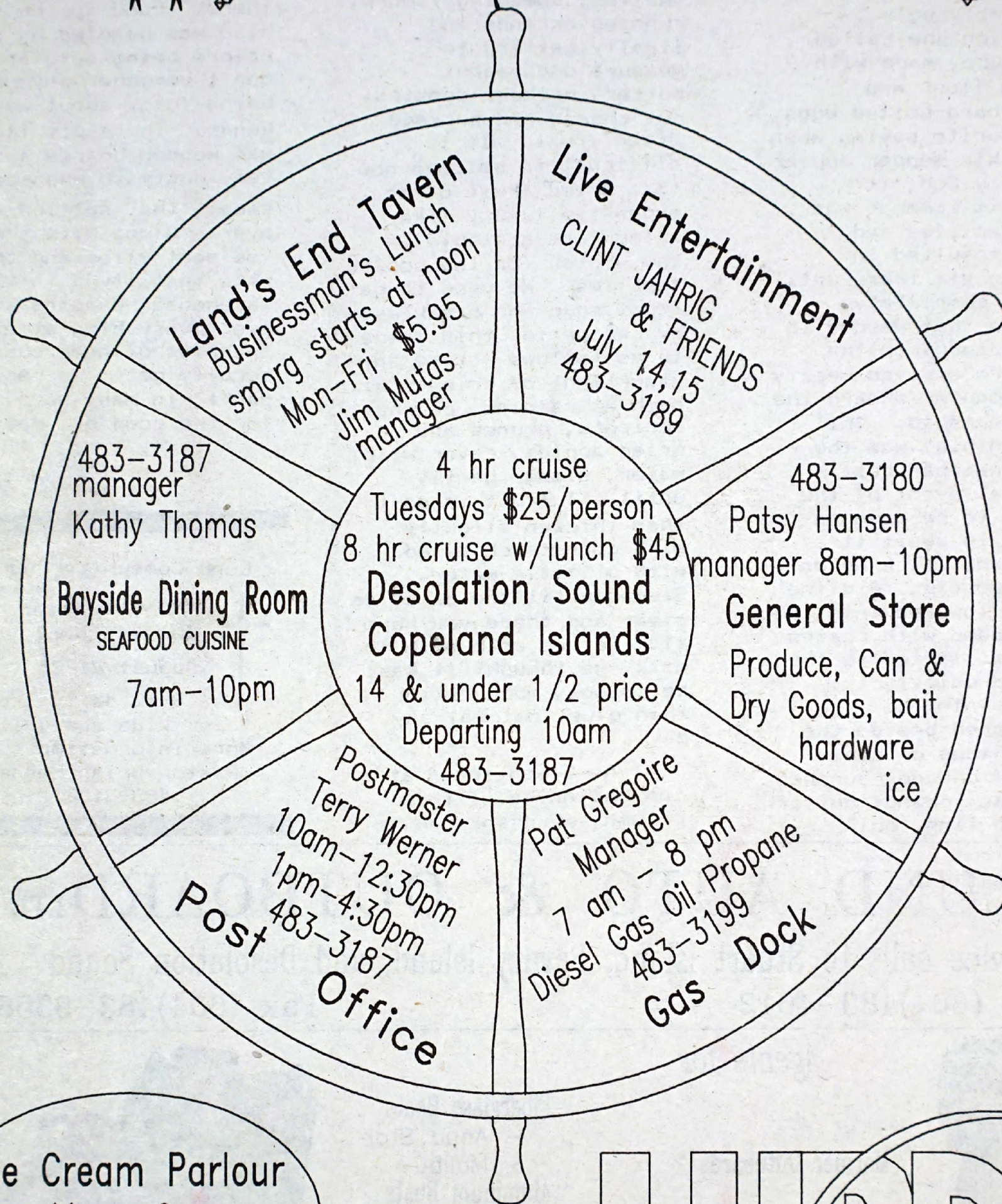
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