

Lund BARNACLE

October 2007

All proceeds to the Lund Community Society.

\$ 2.00

The Voice of Lund and
the Region

Lund Dayz

www.lundcs.org

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These brave, young souls challenged the perilous waters of Lund Harbour to race their handmade watercrafts in the "Build, Bail and Sail" competition organized by TerraCentric. More photos on page 8 and 9.

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.

Editorial

By Ann Snow

Well, we had a lot more liquid sunshine this summer than in years past, but on the bright side it was very green all summer and we didn't have to water the gardens much.

I see a lot of new faces around Lund lately and wonder if we have new neighbours. If you are new to Lund, perhaps you could drop me an email to introduce yourself (barnacle@lundcs.org). The community would love to meet you through the next Barnacle and perhaps learn a little about you.

I would like to thank the numerous contributors to this season's Barnacle which makes it the biggest one we have published in many years. My apologies for the tardiness of its publication and for omitting the names of some contributors but I'm not nearly as organized as I used to be.

Anyway, here's wishing you all the very best of the upcoming season and I look forward to publishing a timely edition of the Barnacle in the new year.

Advertising Rates

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

All proceeds support the Lund Community Society

Next deadline for submissions is
December 15th, 2007, for January 1st edition.

New Addition to Watertaxi Fleet

Al and Gina Wood launched their new, 56 foot long barge, the 'Giderdun II' this summer. Built here, in Lund, by our local aluminum wizard, Jerico Montiminy, it was 'dumped' in the chuck over at Jack's Boatyard.

After a rowdy launch party, she was almost instantly put to work shifting freight from mainland to Islands, and visa versa.



The new Lund Watertaxi barge 'Giderdun II' gits-er-dun for the Savary Island Fire Department, removing bags (and bags!) of valuable bevy cans from the Island. All proceeds go to the SIFD.

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Statistics

Doctors

- A) The number of doctors in the US is 700,000
B) Accidental deaths caused by physicians per year are 120,000
C) Accidental deaths per physician is 17.14%

Guns

- A) The number of gun owners in the US is 80,000,000
B) The number of accidental gun deaths per year is 1,500
C) The number of accidental deaths per gun owner is 0.1875%

So, statistically doctors are approximately 9,000 times more dangerous than gun owners.

Remember, guns don't kill people, doctors do

Fact: Not everyone has a gun, but almost everyone has at least one doctor.

Please alert your friends to this alarming threat. We must ban doctors before this gets completely out of hand!!

Out of concern for the public at large, I have withheld statistics on lawyers for fear the shock would cause people to panic and seek medical attention.



WELCOME! Ryan Leif Anderson born September 19, 2007 to Carl and Jolene Anderson of Calgary, Alberta. Pictured here coming home from the hospital wearing the same outfit his father, Carl, wore for the same occasion.

The Lund Craft Fair
is scheduled for
November 17th
at the Italian Hall
in Powell River.

Info: call Kaitlyn at
483-4238



Amanda Zaikow, Dillon Worthen and big brother Sage are proud to announce the birth of Reed Michael Owen Worthen, born July 17th, 2007, weighing 10 lbs 2 oz. Grammy Sherry and Grandpa Don, Grandma Betty and Grandpa John, and many other relatives are thrilled to welcome Reed to Lund.

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Perhaps the most common topic in the Barnacle over the years is food. This is another one of those articles, though it won't be strong on recipes. It is more about a method of cooking that started to happen in Lund almost twenty years ago. This summer it reached new tables, not just here, but in some far away places too, in part because of a handful of people here in our community. On August Second we met at Steve and Juliets' to share our solar cooked delicacies and talk about the Kyoto Twist project in Bolivia.

First to the delicacies. Many readers of the Barnacle have seen solar cooking demonstrations. No matter how many times you cook with a solar cooker, it never stops amazing you that you have done this with only the energy of the sun. Most people will start with simple things like a pot of rice, a vegetable soup or stew or maybe brownies. The more daring, like Francine Nogash who was using a solar oven for the first time this summer will jump right into roast chicken and cherry cobbler. Sandy Dunlop bought a commercially made oven last year and brought two loaves of whole grain bread to our gathering, that were indescribably delicious. Steve steamed a pot of vegetables straight from his garden that afternoon. And I showed off with an orange-glazed roast duck (from Mike Haycock's brood, thank you Mike) stuffed with brown and wild rice. Enough said. It was a feast.

Our real excitement that day was the recent report from the project we have sponsored in Bolivia. Coachaca Grande is a village of 100 families. Thirty of those households are now using solar cookers along with their traditional fuel, firewood, which has become a very dear commodity. There was conflict in their community over poaching of wood from private property, so people were left with wood they could salvage from the nearby river or expensive cylinders of gas. So these cookers, which last an average 17 years are not just tree-savers, they are peacekeepers.

The benefits of solar cookers are far reaching. They address all eight of the UN Millennium Development Goals (MDGs) to end abject poverty. Better nutrition, affordable education, women's health, environmental protection and the others. They also have a significant role to play in the reduction of global greenhouse gas emissions. We have a page on our website (kyototwist.org) devoted to the MDGs. We're also adding a summary of the Bolivia Project with some pictures and an explanation of the strict and sophisticated procedures and reporting required of the projects the Kyoto Twist supports.

We are currently raising money for the next thirty cookers in Bolivia and for projects in Uganda, Chad, and Kenya, which are being negotiated. We deliver this technology for ten dollars a year per family. That is our criteria for funding. The total cost per family in the well-run CEDESOL project in Bolivia is \$150 per family. Because the Ulog Solar Oven has a proven average usable lifespan of 17 years, the cost is actually under \$10 per year per unit. I'd like to ask you to consider sponsoring a family or contributing what you can. Every donation means relief for a family and knowledge and ability they will never lose and continue to benefit from. This is sustainable grassroots development that addresses one of the "Pillars of Poverty".

The easiest way to contribute is to go to our website www.kyototwist.org or send a check to Kyoto Twist, Box 191, Lund BC V0N-2G0. We also have holiday gift cards that might be the perfect gift for someone you know. You can make a donation in their name and send the card or we will send it for you. Cards and more information are available on the Lund post office bulletin board. And if next summer you would like to start solar cooking yourself, the website has links to all the information you'll ever need to cook your favourite recipe with the free energy of the sun.



Francine Nogash made a fabulous fruit cobbler for a Summer Solar Cooking Potluck. She cooks right out on her deck all summer angling the cooker periodically to catch the rays of the sun.

Save a Tonne, Save a Life

www.kyototwist.org

Women and Heart Attacks

Ladies, it's true that women rarely have the same dramatic symptoms that men have when experiencing a heart attack . . . you know, the sudden stabbing pain in the chest, the cold sweat, grabbing the chest and dropping to the floor that we see in the movies.

I was sitting in my soft, cushy Lazy Boy with my feet propped up. A moment later, I felt that awful sensation of indigestion. This was my initial sensation. The only trouble was that I hadn't taken a bite of anything since about 5pm. After that had seemed to subside, the next sensation was like little squeezing motions that seemed to be racing up my SPINE (hindsight, it was probably my aorta spasming). This fascinating process continued on into my throat and branched out into both jaws. AHA!! NOW I stopped puzzling about what was happening. We all have read and/or heard about pain in the jaws being one of the signs of an MI (myocardial infarction, aka heart attack) happening, haven't we?

I said aloud to myself and the cat, "Dear God, I think I'm having a heart attack !" I lowered the foot rest, dumping the cat from my lap, started to take a step and fell on the floor instead. I thought to myself "If this is a heart attack, I shouldn't be walking into the next room where the phone is or anywhere else but, on the other hand, if I don't, nobody will know that I need help, and if I wait any longer I may not be able to get up in moment." I pulled myself up with the arms of the chair, walked slowly into the next room and dialed the 9-1-1. I told her I thought I was having a heart attack due to the pressure building under the sternum and radiating into my jaws.

She said she was sending the paramedics over immediately, asked if the front door was near to me, and if so, to unbolt the door and then lie down on the floor where they could see me when they came in. I then laid down on the floor as instructed and must have lost consciousness as I don't remember the paramedics coming in, their examination, lifting me onto a gurney, getting me into their ambulance, or hearing the call they made to the hospital. But I did briefly awaken when we arrived and saw that the cardiologist was already there in his surgical blues and cap, helping the paramedics pull my stretcher out of the ambulance. He was bending over me asking questions (probably something like "Have you taken any medications?") but I couldn't make my mind interpret what he was saying or form an answer, and I nodded off again, not waking up until the cardiologist and partner had already threaded the teeny angiogram balloon up my femoral artery into the aorta and into my heart where they installed two side-by-side stints to hold open my right coronary artery.

I know it sounds like all my thinking and actions at home must have taken at least 20-30 minutes before calling 9-1-1 but actually it took perhaps 4-5 minutes before the call,

I want all of you women who are so important in my life to know what I learned first hand.

1. Be aware that something very different is happening in your body - not the usual men's symptoms, but inexplicable things happening (until my sternum and jaws got into the act). More women than men die of their first (and last) MI because they didn't know they were having one, and commonly mistake it as indigestion;

2. Note that I said "Call the 9-1-1". Ladies, TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE! Do NOT try to drive yourself to the hospital. You're a hazard to others on the road. Do not have someone drive you because they will be more concerned about you than watching the road either. Do NOT call your doctor. He/she doesn't know where you live and if it's at night you won't reach him/her anyway, and if it's daytime, his/her assistants (or answering service) will tell you to call the 9-1-1. Your doctor doesn't carry the equipment in his/her car that you need to be saved! The paramedics do, principally OXYGEN that you need ASAP. Your doctor will be notified later.

3. Don't assume it couldn't be a heart attack because you have a normal cholesterol count. Research has discovered that a cholesterol elevated reading is rarely the cause of an MI (unless it's unbelievably high and/or accompanied by high blood pressure). MI's are usually caused by long-term stress and inflammation in the body, which dumps all sorts of deadly hormones into your system to sludge things up in there.

Pain in the jaw can wake you from a sound sleep. Let's be careful and be aware. The more we know, the better chance we could survive.

*I could tell it was going to be a REALLY bad day!
I rear-ended a car this morning. The driver got out of the car and he was a dwarf. He looked up at me and said "I am NOT happy." So I said, "Well, which one ARE you then?" That's how the fight started.*

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The story about Mary Taylor Bay that was submitted by Karl Larson to the summer Barnacle opened a buried memory for me. I had never heard that particular tale about wet powder, a hot oven and the ensuing blast, which killed two men. Fascinating! And it rather fit with my sense, my memory, of the bay as a sort of haunted place.

I grew up just over the hill from Mary Taylor Bay, in a brown shingle house where the works yard for Warner's mill is now situated. As kids, my three siblings and I were aware of this small cove, which we could reach by following an over grown trail that ran along the bottom of our yard and up and over a small hillock, but we didn't go there very often.

One reason we avoided the place was that for a few years an old man lived there, a man we knew as Old Stan, who was an alcoholic bachelor. He lived in the tiniest house it is possible to imagine, a shed by today's standards. Sometimes when he was safely away in the pub, which was daily, a few of us would tiptoe nosily around his place to see what we could see. We saw nothing much, as the virtually windowless interior was always dark.

Old Stan intrigued us because we had heard that he consumed his meals straight (and cold) out of tins, and that he used a rusty bucket for a toilet and kept it beside his bunk until it was full to overflowing.

Our German shepherd dog, Sheba, hated Old Stan because he would slash at her with his walking stick when she came to challenge his passage along our property line. He would be stumbling home from the beer parlor, reeking of drink. (This dog got rather paranoid about the smell of booze and when I was a teenager I had to make sure I called out her name loudly before she smelled it on my breath, coming home late on weekends!)

But it wasn't Old Stanley that made me come to think of Mary Taylor Bay as a fey sort of place. All small coastal villages had rough-living rogues such as he. Stan was a retired 'hand' logger with no relatives left after years of working in the woods. His habits kept us amused for a few summers, that's all.

After he vacated the shed, a new family moved into a wooden float house pulled up into the curve of the bay. It sat so close to the water that at high tide the waves lapped in under the porch.

We got to know the kids, two older girls and a younger boy. One of the girls was my age, the other a few years older, old enough to go to school on the bus. We Huber kids all still went to the Lund Elementary School, so we didn't really get to know the elder sister, only that her name was Sally.

Sometime during the fall, it evolved that the younger sister, the girl my age, came to stay with our family. I remember thinking how very odd that was; Mom had scarce patience for the uproar of her own children, never mind adding in someone else's to the mix. Just the same, it was rather fun to have this extra person to stay. Particularly as she brought with her a toy projector and an assortment of colored slides which we could shine onto the bedroom wall at night. This was before we had a TV. The slides were cartoon stills from Disney movies. (I still love those gorgeous old pictures of Pinocchio, Sleeping Beauty and Cinderella.) We all enjoyed looking at the enlarged images shining like magic in the blackness of the bedroom, long after we were supposed to be asleep.

Quite soon, however, I started to notice that the emotional atmosphere in the house was becoming gloomy. In those days, nobody told kids much about anything important that was happening. None the less, and quite slowly, the truth behind the girl's prolonged visit came clear.

The older sister, Sally, was seriously ill. Unbelievably, in a short time, in mere weeks it seemed, she died.

Childhood memories are often hard to pin down into clear sections: I have no recall of the actual dying day, the news of it, the sadness of it, that must have been.

I do recall a kind of silence, the kind adults fall into in the presence of children, when things are tragic and inexplicable.

A memory detail that remains was that Sally had come home from school complaining of a sore leg. Until that time, I hadn't understood that a tremendous blow can come into the world disguised as a sore leg. To this day I carry a visual picture of the bottom half of her walking along the end of our yard, following the same route that Old Stan used to take, wearing a bright plaid woolen skirt with white knee socks pulled up over two perfectly good legs. I don't remember her face. Later on, this same family later lost their house in the bay to fire.

After the house burned you could go and look at the charred ruins. You could see a blackened bed frame and the scorched, tilted, wood stove where the fire originated.

Is it any wonder we didn't go over there very much, even though the path over the hill was fringed with long, sweet-smelling grasses and tangles of wild strawberries?

And in the hot summer months Mary Taylor Bay was always sunny and calm and very pretty, but we swam in the harbor down at Lund.

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Two new memorial plaques have been mounted by the benches on Lund's boardwalk in memory of former residents. Memorial plaques are available for \$50 each through the Lund Historical Committee. Call Ann at 483-9220 for more info.

Dragonboat Champ

Tristen Chernove just returned from Sidney, Australia, where he was part of the Canadian National Paddling Team at the Dragon Boat World Championships.

The team of 32 Canadians from coast to coast won a gold medal in the 2000-meter sprint, and silver in the 500-meter sprint.

Tristen also paddled solo in an outrigger exhibition timed heat with 160 athletes, and came in fifth. In all, 29 countries were represented in Sidney, and Canada came in a close second to the US.

Tristen grew up in Lund and attended pre-school in the old hall and Lund School until grade 5.

A large corporation recently hired several cannibals.

"You are all part of our team now," said the HR rep during the welcoming briefing. "You get all the usual benefits and you can go to the cafeteria for something to eat, but please . . . don't eat any of the employees."

The cannibals promised they would not. Four weeks later their boss remarked, "You're all working very hard. And I'm satisfied with your work. However, one of our secretaries has disappeared. Do any of you know what happened to her?" The cannibals all shook their heads "No".

After the boss had left, the leader of the cannibals said to the others, "Which one of you idiots ate the secretary?". A hand rose hesitantly.

"You fool!" the leader cried. "For four weeks we've been eating managers and no one noticed anything. But NOOOooo, you had to go and eat someone who actually does something!"

ATMs

If you should ever be forced by a robber to withdraw money from an ATM machine, you can notify the police by entering your PIN in reverse.

For example, if your pin number is '1234', then you would put in '4321'. The ATM recognizes that your PIN is backwards from the ATM card you placed in the machine.

The machine will still give you the money you requested, but unknown to the robber, the police will be immediately dispatched to help you.

This information was recently broadcast on TV and it states that it is seldom used because people don't know about it.



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The first annual Terracentric Nail, Sail, Bail added an element of excitement for young and young-in-spirit alike! This craziness took place just past Nancy's, where three enthusiastic teams embarked in designing, building, and sailing their boats in a race in the Lund Harbour. Each team received similar assorted "junk" and the boats that came out of the event after the 45-minute time limit were impressive. All of the boats completed the race, despite a few leaks, some dark clouds, and a rocky beach.

The groups completed each part of the activity with loads of teamwork, although one team member did abandon ship for another team's boat - the gosling! Yes, we had one fluffy, feathered participant who seemed quite at home on the water although he had some funny ideas about supporting his team! All in all, the participants were wonderful and we hope to run the event for years to come!



The Northside Volunteer Fire Department's Pancake Breakfast was very well attended. One hundred breakfasts (pancakes, sausages, fruit, juice, coffee, tea) were served between 8am and 10am on the deck of the Boardwalk Restaurant. Canada Safeway generously donated the food (arranged through Tourism Powell River) and firefighters volunteered as cooks and staff.

Proceeds of the pancake breakfast are being used to purchase AED (Automatic External Defibrillator) machines for the Northside area.



Kids Treasure Hunt along the Harbour.



The rain that plagued this past summer held itself in check long enough for Lund Dayz to get off to a good start. It all began with a pancake breakfast at the Boardwalk Restaurant, hosted by the Northside Fire Department...which was a sell-out success. (Just a wee reminder here that the village is in need of volunteer firemen/women. Sign up, get some funky boots, join a cool gang, and do some down-home good!)

Meanwhile, along the south finger of the government floats the children's fishing derby was under way, ably and humorously supervised by Percy and Colleen. This event has been a favorite since way back when. Kids have always loved to fish, kids from 'these days' (of TV and internet) included. Miraculously, both a lingcod and a rock cod were yanked up from under the boards, along with a handful of tiny shiners.

Lots of other stuff was going on around the village, too. The crafts, food, raffle and rummage tables are always a crowd-gatherer, as is a balloon-twisting clown. (Who was that clown?) And what is a 'Dayz' without a bouncy castle? (on the lawn in front of the community centre or old Lund School)



The bathtub races were a big hit: it is, for some reason, enjoyable to watch speed mixed with recklessness and instability. Up close the tubs are silliness personified, yet also quite amazing contraptions. All the motors are 8 horses...but some have been tinkered with, but only under very strict guidelines. The guys who go from town to town with these customized bathroom appliances have been doing so for thirty years and are quite a cast of characters. (If they come again, grab a chat with them. They are a sort of odd family of like-minded nutbars who cheer each other on good-naturedly while competing fiercely.) Rianne reports that they would love to come back to Lund next year. The rain that began to splatter down during the races

did not put a damper on this event, which is all about wet-suits and water anyway. Over at Nancy's Bakery, a revolving roster of musicians took to the mikes in the 'music area' to the left of the entrance. Later, in the pub, there was more live sound. All the musicians were our own; locals with an astonishing degree of talent between them. And no admittance price.

Kudos to the usual suspects who put the hard work into making this a very nice event.



Alison Veysey takes First Place for a lingcod.



Tianna and Tyler Lund with second and third place for rockcod.



**Paula Christine Harvey
1949 - 2007**

By Donna Huber

Friends and family gathered together this summer on the afternoon and evening of August 11th at Paula, Nancy and Gerry's house on Ralph Road to say their final farewells to Paula, who died on July 20th following a lengthy and difficult battle with Lyme's disease.



Paula will be fondly remembered for her wit and warmth, her political savvy, gorgeous photography, numerous cats, her marvelous cooking and for just being our red-headed Paula. People spoke of her with love and shared many memories . . . good memories from the times before she grew ill.

Paula came to Lund from San Mateo, California, and from Vancouver. She was married to Bruce Miller and many folks will recall visiting the beautiful house they built together down on the beach off Atraveda Road. Paula nursed Bruce through years of a kidney disease that resulted from his exposure to the chemical defoliant, Agent Orange, while serving as a medic in the Vietnam War. Bruce died in 1989.

Paula's partner of the past 18 year, Nancy Tyler, delivered a moving eulogy and then musical friends joined her to play some of Paula's favorite songs. Almost as much as she loved her family, friends and pets, Paula loved a wide variety of music.

There was fine food, drink and conversation that day, as well as music, and the house was full of people . . . the only thing missing was Paula.

*"Thus shall you think of all this fleeting world:
a bubble in a stream, a flash of lightning in summer cloud,
a flickering lamp, a phantom, and a dream."*

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Two British traffic patrol officers from North Berwick were involved in an unusual incident while checking for speeding motorists on the A-1 Great North Road.

One of the officers (who are not named) used a hand-held radar device to check the speed of a vehicle approaching over the crest of a hill and was surprised when the speed was recorded at over 300pmh. The machine then stopped working and the officers were not able to reset it.

The radar had in fact latched on to a NATO Tornado fighter jet over the North Sea which was engaged in a low-flying exercise over the Border district.

Back at police headquarters, the chief constable fired off a stiff complaint to the RAF Liaison office.

Back came the reply in true laconic RAF style. "Thank you for your message which allows us to complete the file on this incident. You may be interested to know that the tactical computer in the Tornado had automatically locked on to your 'hostile radar equipment' and sent a jamming signal back to it. Furthermore, the Sidwinder Air-to-Ground missiles aboard the full-armed aircraft had also locked on to the target. Fortunately the Dutch pilot flying the Tornado responded to the missile status alert intelligently and was able to override the automatic protection system before the missile was launched."

July's Crossword Answers

T	O	R	U	S		A	B	A	T	E
A	T	E	S	T		B	O	R	A	X
R		T	E	A	L	E	A	F		A
E	T		D	I	E	T	S		S	M
	A	T		N	I	S		S	T	
S	K	E	W		O		S	E	R	A
D	E	X	I	O	T	R	O	P	I	C
S	T	A	T		R		L	I	V	E
	E	N		R	O	D		A	E	
C	N		D	E	P	O	T		S	V
O		R	E	B	I	N	E	D		E
C	O	N	V	O	C	A	T	I	O	N
O	N	A	I	R		T	R	A	N	T
A	I	S	L	E		E	A	S	E	S

Yves Perreault and Ria Curtis own the 'Littlewing Farms' company. ('Oysters and Honey,' is the header on their business card) which is situated just up from Pryor road, or just down from Malaspina road, on the left hand-side of the highway, coming up from Lund toward Powell River.



Wild flowers and blackberry honey

I had a chance to have a chat with Yves while he and Ria manned their honey table at Lund Dayz. He told me that he has been here for 7 years, and that he started up beekeeping as a way to make a living, along with oyster-growing.

Before coming to Lund Yves had no previous apiary experience. Today he has a nicely packaged product on the market, and has taken over Fran Calvert's old position at the Powell River Beekeepers Association.

I found out from Yves that isolated Powell River is an area free from a deadly bee virus that has been plaguing hives in other places. This means the bees in this part of the world do not need to be medicated against it.

Pure honey, Yves explained, can be extracted from the sealed wax capsules inside the hives twice a year; once in the spring and once more in the fall. (The bees keep adding

nectar to the capsules and then when it has 'ripened' to their satisfaction, they add a wax topping cap) Once it is extracted, usually by uncapping the capsules with a hot knife, and then spinning the 'supers', or chambers, in a centrifuge, the honey is strained through screen or cheesecloth to remove wax bits, desiccated bees and other 'debris'. Then it is stored in a holding tank until it can be put into market containers. And then that's it; pure sweet honey ready for eating.

This summer, with it's lack of sunshine, will not be a particularly abundant honey year. Yves expects to run out this coming winter, but right now he does have honey to sell, and will have another harvest near the end of September. Fresh, local and wild, Littlewing Farm honey is absolutely delicious and it also fits very nicely into the organic category of near-by edibles. Like our fine local oysters, honey is manufactured by nature with a little bit of help from man, an ancient and satisfying arrangement.

Contact Yves or Ria by phone at 604 414-0383 or at Littlewing@prcn.org.



Yves and Ria, honey venders

Honey facts: did you know?

The cells of a honeycomb do not lie on a completely horizontal plane, but are tilted upward slightly. This prevents stored materials and brood from spilling or rolling out of the cells before they are capped with wax.

When honey is reduced to ash, trace amounts of minerals can be found. They are: calcium, chloride, copper, iron, magnesium, manganese, phosphorous, potassium, silica, sodium, and sulfur. Other components of honey are acids, proteins, amino acids and vitamins-all in trace amounts. Compare that to white sugar the next time you pour yourself a cup of tea! (The Beekeeper's Handbook. By Diana Sammataro and Alphonse Avitabile.)




SUNLUND CAMPGROUND

<p>Discovery Cabin</p> <p>\$85.00/nt</p> <p>Large bedroom with queen-size, pillow-top bed, full bathroom, walk-in shower, deck with large overhang for wet weather enjoyment.</p>	<p>Camper's Cabin</p> <p>\$30.00/nt</p> <p>This tiny cabin is warm & dry, has heat, light, electrical plugin and a set of bunk beds. Washrooms nearby.</p>
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October 1 - April 30

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Pollen Sweaters Inc.

Lund Harbour

Carla Brosseau



On Saturday morning, July 21 2007, Marriage Commissioner Sheila Hodgson married Katie Kelly and Joseph McLean on Manzanita Bluffs on the Sunshine Coast Trail. Over 40 people trekked up the trail to attend this "brilliant dawn".

A reception was held later at the Lund Gazebo, with wonderful catering by David Bowes of the Laughing Oyster, followed with fabulous dance music by Zoot Suit Riot.



A man in Newfoundland calls his son in Calgary two days before Christmas and says, "I hate to ruin your day but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing. Forty-five years of misery is enough."

"Pop, what are you talking about?" the son screams.

"We can't stand the sight of each other any longer," the father says. "We're sick of each other and I'm sick of talking about this so you call your sister in Vancouver and tell her."

Frantic, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. "No way they're getting divorced!" she shouts. "I'll take care of this." She calls Newfoundland immediately and screams at her father, "You are not getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back and we'll both be there by tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?!", and she hangs up.

The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife. "Okay," he says, they're coming for Christmas and paying their own way."

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SPOTTED IN LUND
Fledgling motorcycle gang.
Group leader pictured above.



Lund Historical Committee

by Ann Snow

The boardwalk and waterwheel house had a very busy summer in spite of the moist summer. Statistics show that 2,259 visitors stopped in at the Waterwheel Info Booth, had a look around, asked questions, and purchased over \$500-worth of souvenirs.

As much as possible, the Info Booth was staffed seven days per week from the end of June until Labour Day in September. Our thanks to Tourism Powell River and TerraCentric for organizing the staffing in exchange for a contribution toward wages.



Pictured above is a family (Michael Pfaff, Almut Kelber, Sebastian Pfaff, Helena Kelber) visiting Lund, BC, from Lund, Sweden, on July 31st, 2007.

Vancouver (Reuters) - Chilled Vancouver commuters faced their second day of winter hell today as an additional centimetre of the peculiar white stuff fell, bringing the Lower Mainland to its knees and causing millions of dollars worth of damage to the marijuana crops. Scientists suspect that the substance is some form of frozen water particles and experts from Saskatchewan are being flown in. With temperatures dipping toward but not quite near the zero mark, Vancouverites are warned to double insulate their lattes before venturing out.

Vancouver police recommended that people stay inside except for emergencies such as running out of espresso or biscotti to see them through Vancouver's terrible storm to date. The local Canadian Tire reported that they had completely sold out of fur-lined sandals.

Drivers were cautioned to put up their convertible tops, and several SUV drivers have been shocked to learn that their vehicles actually have four-wheel drive, although most have no idea how to use it.

Weary commuters faced soggy sushi and the threat of breast implants freezing. Although Dr. John Blatherwick of the Coastal Health Authority reassured everyone that most breast implants were perfectly safe to 25 below, down-filled bras are flying off the shelves at Mountain Equipment Co-op.

"The government has to do something," snarled an angry Trevor Warburton. "I didn't pay \$540,00 for my one-bedroom condo so I could sit around and be treated like someone from Toronto."



We have a new truck!

Northside Volunteer Fire Department, serving Lund and areas south to Sliammon, has a brand new, state-of-the-art, hi-tech firetruck. Yessiree, she's a beauty.

Pictured here at Craig Road Hall, the new truck is similar to the formerly-newest truck kept at Lund Hall but is more automated and up-to-date.

But don't get careless! You still need to clean your chimneys. And PLEASE make sure your address is visible from the road at night.



Parents left to right: Jen, Pip, Amanda, Francine, Jasmin, and Melanie.
 Children left to right: Lily, Sam, Peter, Reed, Jackson, Sage, Estelle, Gabrielle, and Ariel.
 Others who like to come to Play Group not pictured in this photo: Robyn and Lucien with Sophia, Tristan and Carrie with Bronwyn, Kaitlyn with Claire, Shannon with Tianna, Kylie and Kevin, Jane with Colt and Kye, Courtney with Mae, Christine and Hugh with Kiran, Charlene with Maya, and others too!
 What a fun crowd!...More than 20 kids! Lund has quite a new crop of youngsters filling the Community Center with their joyful laughter!
 (apologies for any misspelled names!)

Play Group

Fridays, 10 am - 12 noon
 at the Lund Community Centre
 Everyone Welcome!

Call Amanda (483- 7928) or Jasmin (483-9713)
 for more information.

Schoolkids are back in school and Playgroupers are back at play! Playgroup meets at the Community Center on Fridays from 10 am to noon.

All parents, grandparents, friends, and children are welcome to drop in and play on riding toys, sift and make roads in the sandbox, sing and laugh on the swings, and share parenting stories.

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

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.



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For sale: Kent woodstove, propane/electric mini fridge, electric range. Please call 483-2419

The Lund Community Society Hall kitchen needs your "extra items"....cutlery (forks and spoons), dishtowels and cloths, any hand or bath towels. Thanks!



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for reservations

Thank you for your patronage!

Route 14 - Lund Connector To Lund (Effective Tue Jul 4, 2006 until further notice)

ONLY \$2.00

The summer transit service is effective July 4.

Trip Notes (see below)	Lv. Town Centre Mall (North) (B)	Lv. Hospital (H)	Lv. Cranberry at Manson (D)	Lv. Lund & King (K)	Lv. Sliammon (by Church) (G)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Southview Rd. (N)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Craig Rd. (P)	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) (B)	Lv. Hospital (H)	Lv. Cranberry at Manson (D)	Lv. Lund & King (K)	Lv. Sliammon (by Church) (G)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Southview Rd. (N)	Lv. Hwy. 101 at Craig Rd. (P)	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

Tue & Fri Trips operate on Tuesday and Friday only.

Lund Tourism Business Meeting

**Sunday, November 4th
10am
at the Boardwalk Restaurant**

Everyone welcome!

The tourism boards of the Upper and Lower Sunshine Coasts are amalgamating into one tourism board. It is anticipated that each region will be encouraged to form its own tourism committee and develop its own marketing plan.

This meeting will be of interest to any existing or potential businesses in and around Lund that would like to promote the area with an aim to increasing summer business and extending the tourism season.

ACROSS

- 1 RELIGIOUS GROUPS
- 6 FORMS NOUNS FROM VERBS
- 8 FALSETTO SHOUT
- 13 HOBBY KNIFE
- 15 STONE IMPLEMENT
- 16 INCAUTIOUS
- 19 PART ONE OF QUOTE
- 21 THE PASSAGEWAY
- 23 COMMON TREE
- 26 DEGRADED PERSON
- 29 A MURDERER
- 30 EVIL ONE
- 33 CEREAL GRASSES
- 34 INDIAN CRESS
- 35 FOR EXAMPLE

- 37 EARLIER
- 38 IN OR OVER
- 39 LOYAL SCOUT
- 41 WORSHIP
- 46 END OF QUOTE
- 52 UNUSUAL
- 54 TO GROW ALONG
- 57 RAISED THE SPIRITS
- 60 CHATTY
- 61 AFTER TAXES
- 62 FEAR GREATLY

DOWN

- 1 ACCORDING TO
- 2 FORMER
- 3 TURNED IN CHIPS
- 4 CHEM. SYMBOL
- 5 BEWILDER

- 7 ROUGH COPY
- 8 STRING TOY
- 9 ORDER OF LEOPOLD
- 10 GOVERNS BY TWO RULERS
- 11 ALIEN
- 12 ROYAL TREASURER *abbr.*
- 14 AT ONE TIME
- 15 ILL WILL
- 17 CREATURES IN GREEK MYTH.
- 18 SPEAKER
- 20 SCENTED BAGS
- 22 ACTOR KEVIN
- 24 CAL. CITY
- 25 ADOPT
- 27 HEELED
- 28 FARD IS. WIND

- 30 FUEL ADDITIVE
- 31 PREFIX THREE
- 32 ___ VANA
- 36 START UP
- 38 AMER. STATE
- 40 A SIBLINGS SON
- 42 ADORNED
- 43 CHOOSES
- 44 COPY
- 45 INCITE
- 47 CATCH SIGHT OF
- 50 DECLARE
- 51 CAN. MILITARY
- 53 UNITE
- 55 PREFIX AGAIN
- 56 PLURAL ENDING
- 58 SOUTHERN STATE 59 EACH (ABBR)

No. 8 by C. CRESSY

