

seaview breeze

YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD NEWSLETTER

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Oyster River Beauties by BARBARA PROWSE

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“I need the sea because it teaches me.”

– Pablo Neruda

Warmest greetings as we cross over from fall into the winter . . . *as always, many thanks to all who contributed with great material and photos, especially to Bill Mathis and the Pottage family for our two wonderful feature articles. To see past issues of the Newsletter, Booklist, Phone Book, and In Memoriam articles, see the last page for links to the Seaview Road Archives. To send out notices that are time-sensitive, please email to: seaviewbreezenews@gmail.com. Have a safe, healthy, and happy holiday season!*

Elaine Prodor (Editor), Lois Clyde and John Hyde (Proofreaders)

The Pottage Family Sets Deep Roots

by BILL MATHIS

Wading across the Black Creek with a human cargo about seventy-five years ago, Frank Pottage was focused on a real estate vision for his thousand acres of mostly logged land with a long stretch of prime waterfront. But he unknowingly was charting a course for at least four generations of his family.

Intent on showing the sandy beach below the creek to a BC Parks manager in hopes of arranging a land deal, Frank was undeterred by wet feet. The government man preferred to stay dry.

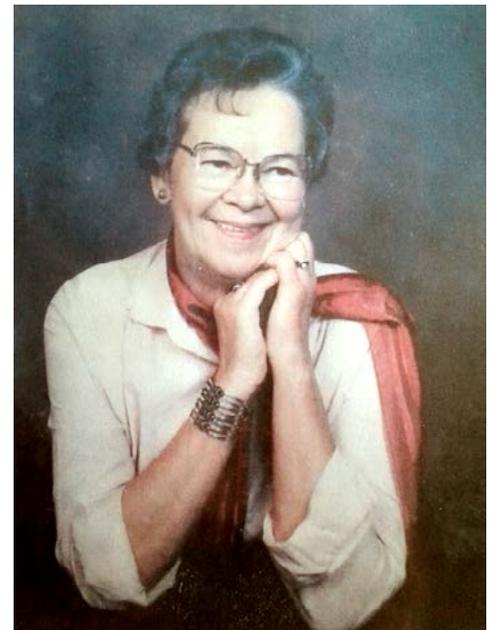
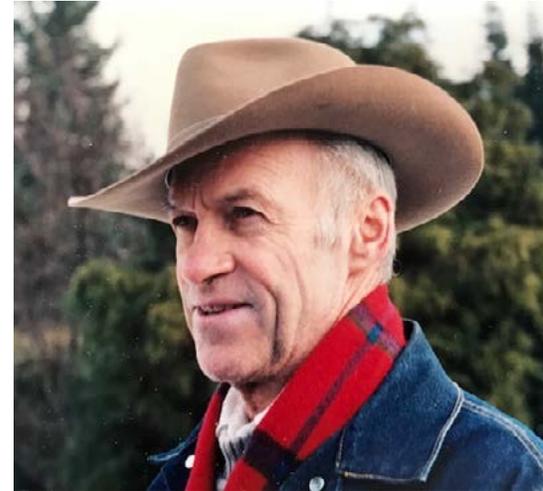
“The parks official was ready to go back” after coming down from the Saratoga Beach area, said Frank’s grandson Larrie. “Nothing to see. Frank piggybacked him across the creek. He loved the sand bars.”

Eventually an agreement was reached: Frank would donate waterfront and sell other acreage at his cost for the creation of Miracle Beach Provincial Park in exchange

for the government building a road from the highway to the parking area. Miracle Beach Drive arrived in 1952, setting the stage for development of the remaining property Frank had purchased.

For Alan Pottage, Frank’s son, the property provided challenges to keep him occupied for a lifetime while raising a family with his wife Junita (Jan). After surviving being shot down in Nazi Germany, Alan built houses for the property Frank developed in Victoria’s Cordova Bay before turning his attentions northward.

Frank’s acreage extended from Maple Drive along both sides of Clarkson down to the current Seaview Game Farm and up to the Raven forest boundary. Alan subdivided the land along and near the Salish Sea into residential lots, with three hundred upland acres carved out for a farm. In 1953, he laid a gravel road from the park to run between the farm property and the water, and he built and sold the Miracle Beach Resort. Two other resorts were built on Seaview Road, but all of the tourist ventures faded away one by one while the farm has endured because of



Clockwise from top right:

Alan Pottage

Junita (Jan) Pottage

Alan's original Miracle Beach Resort

Dora and Frank Pottage on their wedding day

Miracle Beach, V.I. B.C.

hard work stacked on hard work with all family members participating.

The development created a distinctive and likely unique residential area bordered by the sea, two farms, and a provincial park. The Pottage Farm's extensive hayfields are out of public sight, but its beautiful forest buffer helps to define the character of Seaview Road from end to end. And the Pottages themselves have contributed significantly to that character while setting down deep roots. The farm has been home to three generations. Third and fourth generation members live adjacent to it. Including Frank's initial ownership, that makes five successive generations on the original acreage, a rarity.



Clockwise from top middle:

Alan, Murphy, and a big one

Alan, Larrie, Gaileen, and Murphy

Some of the land was cleared for growing hay

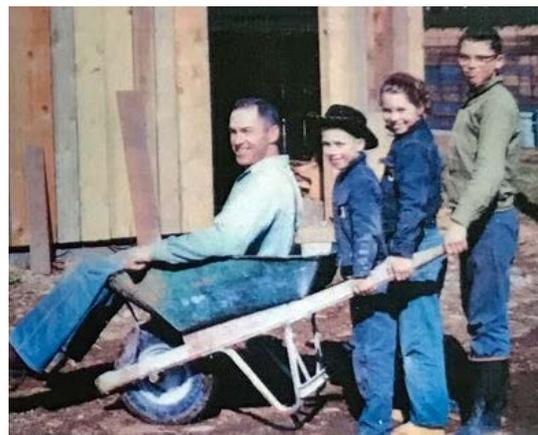
Cowpokes Larrie and Gaileen

Larrie trying to cut down the tree at Bob and Janice Lee's house

Alan was born in 1924 in High Prairie, Alberta and raised there. His father Frank left Ontario to become a pioneer lawyer in the Peace River area, entrepreneur, and civic leader. He owned two city blocks in the centre of town and thrived before

By age twelve Larrie knew that he wanted to be a farmer, while his brother Murphy left to become a teacher and his sister Gaileen, after working as a naturalist at the nearby park her grandfather helped to create, served with Parks Canada for thirty-two years and retired as Senior Park Interpreter at Gulf Islands National Park Reserve.

Larrie said Alan built the family farmhouse high on the hill overlooking the ocean in about 1962 after first living on the waterfront near the end of Seaview Road. With Alan and Jan aging and finding it increasingly more difficult to maintain the property, Larrie returned to live at the farm in 1985 with his wife Bern — also raised on a Black Creek farm and accustomed to plenty of chores. Alan and Jan moved into a new home next door. Larrie and Bern got the old home, and they eventually moved into the newer one after the Pottage parents passed on. Alan died in 2012 at eighty-eight and Jan in 2014 at eighty-nine.



moving to Victoria in 1942. Frank planted extensive gardens on the property. With fruit, vegetables, cows, horses, chickens, and a pig to be tended, Alan and his sisters Elizabeth and Cosby — along with their mother Dora — were kept busy.

"There was so much work laid out for me to do it seemed endless and thankless," Alan wrote in his memoir Shot Down.



The children of Larrie and Bern — Shyla, Mat, Josilyn, Kainen, and Toby — were raised on the farm. Mat and his wife Kelsi, who were married in one of the hayfields, and Josilyn and her husband Curt — also married on the farm — have built homes next to the farm and are raising families. Kainen and his wife Jessica also chose a farm pasture for their wedding ceremony. Now residing in Victoria, they along with Toby come back to lend a hand when needed. Shyla and her husband Brad have returned from Alberta to live on the farm.



He rebelled as a youth, but years later he followed his father's example with the development of his own farm and by setting work expectations for the children.

Alan took a varied approach to make the farm viable by selling raw logs, raising beef cattle, and establishing hayfields. Larrie said the hayfields, now covering eighty



acres, initially came from draining wetlands created by beavers.

"When Dad was hiking the land to see what he had, he came upon a large series of beaver dams. These became the hayfields."

Without modern machinery, much of the work to create the fields was done by hand. Removing the dams, draining the water, and clearing away spruce and cottonwood trees and their stumps was just the beginning.

"After that," said Larrie, "it was years of picking sticks and rocks to get a seed bed." Larrie recalled starting chores on the farm at age seven, and he and his siblings

maintained a dreaded after-school routine for clearing the fields.

"We would come home on the bus and there would be the same note every day for what seemed like forever: 'Be in the fields in twenty minutes.' I hate that job to this day when we do break a field to reseed."

While the children had their responsibilities, their parents had lots more unrelated to hayfields or log selling.

"Mom and Dad worked damn hard," said Larrie. "There was firewood to get in, gardens to weed, cows to clean up after, rocks to pick, always more to do."

Larrie liked haying while growing up, and now he and the family spend three to four weeks in the summer on a harvest that is extremely weather sensitive. Mat helps with haying, as do the other children when they can, because it's a demanding job requiring cutting, fluffing (called tedding), raking, baling, loading, and stacking the bales in the barn.

After starting around seven in the morning, it makes for long, tiring days, said Larrie. "Many days we would be eating supper around midnight. You don't farm to make



money. It's a lifestyle — a love of the land and respect for it that is deeply rooted. We give of ourselves and the land gives back."

After taking over the farm Larrie eventually made some changes.



"Methods evolved. The biggest difference would be that Dad shipped raw logs and I selectively log and mill an end product."

He and Bern also began selling firewood, which has heated many area homes, and



Clockwise from top right:

Larrie in the woodlot

One of two farm waterfalls

Jan and Alan relaxing

Alan and Jan at Josilyn's wedding

in recent years they have raised chickens for eggs that feed family, friends, and neighbours. To assist financially, Bern also works off the farm. Brad and Shyla have added to the farm offerings with garden produce sold roadside on Sundays during the summer.

Larrie, 67, knows that his body will one day need to ease away from the tough physical work. Mat is prepared to assume duties, and with his siblings willing to help, the Pottage Farm tradition will carry on.

Bern and Larrie know that they're "blessed" to have their family so close, and to have three of their four grandchildren living on Seaview.

While the Pottage Farm physically enhances the entire street, the family's personal contributions have warmed the neighbourhood's soul. Alan and Jan set a high standard for being good neighbours and



their descendants have maintained it. Many residents have experienced the special

brand of Pottage kindness and generosity. And for anyone wondering who scooped out the bank of ice from their driveway entrance after the snow plow came through, Larrie was the likely angel.

The Pottage Farm and family story, of course, circles back to Frank, who died in Victoria at seventy-three in 1959. He was a man with a restless eye for investment and development, said Larrie, and that charac-



teristic created opportunity for his descendants to settle on Seaview Road. "I remember Dad saying that if Frank knew he was selling a property, he was buying another before that money even came in. Never had money on hand; it was always invested."

Alan was different, a man who invested his heart, soul, and body into a farm. But father and son were the same in their dedication and drive to achieve a goal, traits passed on to their descendants. Frank would have been proud to see the outcome of what he started with his family on that High Prairie property, with his purchase of a thousand North Island acres, and with his wet traverse of the Black Creek. ≈

(All photos courtesy of the Pottage family)

Clockwise from top middle:

Haying in progress

Josilyn's kids Brantson and Emilia are holding Kainen's daughter Mia and Mat's son Mattex

The Pottage farm garden

The Pottages: Mat, Shyla, Bern, Larrie, Kainen, Toby, and Josilyn



Alan Pottage, the First Allied Airman Rescued from Nazi Germany

by BILL MATHIS

The man largely responsible for the development of Seaview Road came breathtakingly close to being killed or captured several times after being shot down in Nazi Germany, a course of events that shaped the future of the Pottage family and this neighbourhood.

Alan Pottage enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force at the age of 19, eagerly aiming to be a pilot. He settled for tail gunner, a role in high demand, because he wanted to be in the air and in action. In his memoir *Shot Down*, Alan revealed that he slowly came to realize the dangers that accompanied being tucked into the cramped rear of a bomber with four machine guns for up to ten hours at a time.

As he flew mission after mission through the darkness out of a Yorkshire airfield in England, Alan noted that the crew turnover was startling. Familiar faces quickly disappeared and new ones arrived to complete bomber runs that typically included hundreds of planes at once. Usually enemy anti-aircraft or fighter plane fire brought



Alan and sisters Cosby and Elizabeth with parents Frank and Dora.

the bombers down, but sometimes they crashed in thick fog while returning to base. Alan's squadron of twenty Halifax heavy bombers lost eighty-eight aircraft in just over two years, with 557 casualties. Like Alan, they were largely young men of nineteen or twenty. The casualty rate was seventy-five percent.

Tail gunners were required to complete thirty bombing missions before being rotated for a month's rest and other temporary duties such as instructing. On his twenty-second mission on Nov. 4, 1944, Alan's tight quarters filled with flames after his bomber took shells from a Junkers 88 night fighter near Bochum, Germany.

"Instantly everything was ablaze and I was in the middle of it," he wrote.

When the skipper ordered his crew of six to bail out, Alan wasted no time. But he had neglected "to unfasten my oxygen tubing and intercom wire, causing my helmet to be jerked off my head. The plane went into a spiral dive. The roar of the wind and fire was like a flaming tornado. The slipstream hit me and flung me back. My feet were in the turret; the rest of me was flopping outside."

After Alan's body worked free of his boots, he floated downward spinning like a top, unaware of how his chute opened. Unable to see anything in the darkness, he tried to stop the spinning by pulling on the tattered shrouds of his parachute one side at a time. Nothing worked and soon the hard ground of a farm field greeted him with an excruciating embrace.

"My back felt like I'd broken or crushed something. I lay there gasping with pain for a while wondering if I'd be able to move."

But Alan did not have the luxury of time because he heard motorcycles in the distance and saw lights flashing. He found a large ditch nearby and buried his gear there, then he burrowed into a pile of sugar beets. When his pursuers left, he moved to an open-walled shed and made a protective



Alan Pottage, who enlisted at the age of 19 and became a tail gunner.

nest in wheat bundles, which seemed safe. But he awoke to sounds of a foreign language and saw soldiers jabbing pitchforks into the wheat as part of the search for the bomber's survivors. Just as a soldier raised a pitchfork right in front of him and he feared being pierced, he tried to surrender verbally but his mouth was too dry to emit a sound. Then suddenly the soldiers were ordered to go to the other side of the shed. The voices soon disappeared and he realized that his location under a double brace support caused the order to avoid probing there.

Over three days Alan watched a group of prisoners of war come and go as they worked on an apparent artillery gun placement. After a young boy discovered him, just as his hunger and thirst became desperate, Alan moved on. He had already scoured the area during the night for food or moisture without success. Now he stopped at the first house he saw and knocked on the door. He took a high-risk gamble, but it proved to be a winner. The house occupants, a Dutch family consisting of a recently widowed young woman — Aaltje — with two daughters, her brother, and her nephew, were slave labourers working for a nearby German farmer. While knowing well the deadly fate of those who harboured a Nazi enemy, they generously and courageously took Alan in. With

the new name of Jan de Jong, work clothes, and wooden shoes to replace the boots he lost during his exit from the bomber, Alan



The Halifax Bomber was the plane Alan flew in, "tucked into the cramped rear of a bomber with four machine guns for up to ten hours at a time".

took on a new identity to help shield him from the Nazis.

With the Allies so close by, everyone in the house thought an advance was just days away. But the Allies paused before crossing the Ruhr River, increasing the perils for everyone expecting to be rescued. An apparent short-term kindness became a lengthy moral test for Aaltje's family, but they didn't waver.

Alan learned to communicate in Dutch and assumed the duty of peeling the potatoes that everyone ate as their meals noon and night with an onion gravy. He settled into a routine to avoid detection. Mostly he stayed in the attic, but then gradually ventured out of it. When German soldiers or neighbours came to visit, he disappeared, or Aaltje said he was a slave labourer from a nearby farm.

Friendly forces posed other dangers. Allied artillery raked the area from positions just six kilometres from the nearby German lines. Allied bombers roared overhead, threatening calamity, and once the bombs landed close enough to knock Alan down. A bunker provided shelter, but often it was impossible to get there as artillery shells suddenly exploded shrapnel in every direction.

Just before Christmas the Nazis readied to relocate their lines to resist the coming Allied push and ordered all civilians out of the area. Aaltje's brother Marten found a lame work horse and with Alan hiding in the bottom of a rickety cart beneath the family's belongings, the group set off for a town near Cologne. They carried several chickens to bribe soldiers for safe passage and had to use them all. Twice the family took shelter from Allied air raids while Alan

had to remain in the cart hidden from view but not from danger.

When they reached their destination, the home of Aaltje's sister and brother-in-law, refuge for Alan was not assured. Also slave labourers, the family of seven rightly feared Nazi retribution for sheltering an enemy. The brother-in-law finally relented reluctantly but insisted on pretending Alan didn't exist, so he stayed out of sight as much as possible.

Since he was meant to be invisible, Alan couldn't share the bunker used for the frequent air raids and artillery attacks. So he dug a small fox hole by his window and became adept at jumping into it. But when the Allies began an offensive in March 1945, firing a mass of artillery shells into the area, Alan took refuge in a large creek culvert.

"The artillery barrage was terrifying, like a massive earthquake along with flying shrapnel. We wondered how anyone could survive such an onslaught. We thought it would be a miracle if we lived through it, and we prayed for that miracle."



Alan was promoted from sergeant to flight officer while missing.

Soon American soldiers were everywhere, and Alan began the long process of proving his identity. Aaltje had wisely brought along his battle dress when they moved, and that helped. But it took several interrogations with tough and skeptical intelligence officers, both in Germany and England, before Alan was confirmed as a missing Canadian airman. His story made the U.S. Army publication Stars and Stripes, and he became the first Allied

airman to be rescued from within Germany. In Alan's bomber crew of seven, two survived capture as prisoners of war, one suffered serious wounds but made it to safety, and three died. When he returned to his squadron in Yorkshire to see old friends and familiar faces, none were left except for ground crew. The Second World War had



Alan became a member of the Caterpillar Club, "for those who parachuted to safety from a disabled plane".

taken a brutal toll in many ways, and Alan felt both fortunate and bewildered that his fate had been different.

He had become a member of two exclusive clubs: the Caterpillar Club for those who parachuted to safety from a disabled plane, and the Royal Air Forces Escaping Society, for those who escaped or evaded capture after being shot down in enemy territory.

Alan's first order of business after rescue was to send a telegram to his parents Frank and Dora in Victoria. For more than four months they had worried after being informed he was missing in action. He arrived back in North America just as Victory in Europe Day was declared, and soon he was discharged with the rank of flight officer and several medals.

Saying goodbye to the Dutch family members who had been his saviours was difficult for Alan. But it was not a climax to their relationship. He helped Marten and his family immigrate and settle in Victoria, then he did the same for Aaltje and her family. Both families prospered.

Almost one hundred years after Alan's birth, and in proximity to Remembrance Day, his story still resonates with its heroism, unlikely survival, and evasion from capture through the selfless kindness of family members who had nothing to gain from extreme risk-taking except a good friend for life — should any of them survive the daily horrors of war. Against the odds, they all did. ≈

On the Road







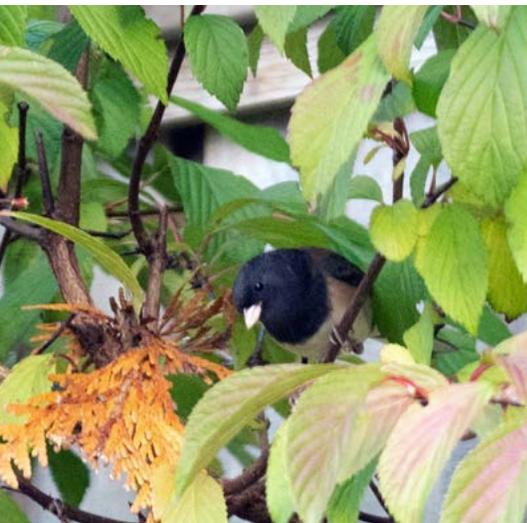
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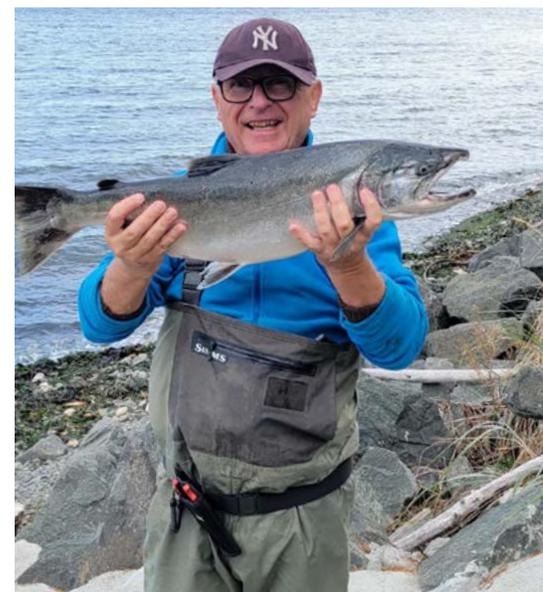
Clockwise from top right: 'Sunset at the Comox Pier'

BARBARA PROWSE, *Bottom and Middle Left:*

'Fluke' and 'Deck Yoga' **ELAINE PRODOR,**

Top Left: 'Junco Looking Out' **MAX FOSSUM**





Top: 'Early Fall at Miracle Beach' BARBARA PROWSE Bottom three: 'A Good Fishing Day: Caught Right off our Beach!' BETH CARTER



Top: Fluke's Wave', Bottom Right: 'Raccoon's Perch',
Bottom Right: 'Looking Back' All by MAX FOSSUM

A New Development on the Old Saratoga Beach Development

Many Seaview residents will recall a proposed development at the end of McLarey Road dating back to 1997—a substantial piece of land adjacent to the Saratoga Beach golf course and the old highway. This historical real estate project is resurfacing as 400 Saratoga Properties, and it's making quite an impact.

Here are key details about the 400 Saratoga Properties development:

- The proposal seeks to rezone lots for increased density—432 lots and 544 dwelling units.
- The envisioned area will require the establishment of a new community sewage system.
- Effluent from the sewage system will be piped into the Georgia Strait approximately 1.5 kilometers from the shoreline.
- The property is in close proximity to the recently approved Saratoga Motor Sports race track, drag strip, and campground.

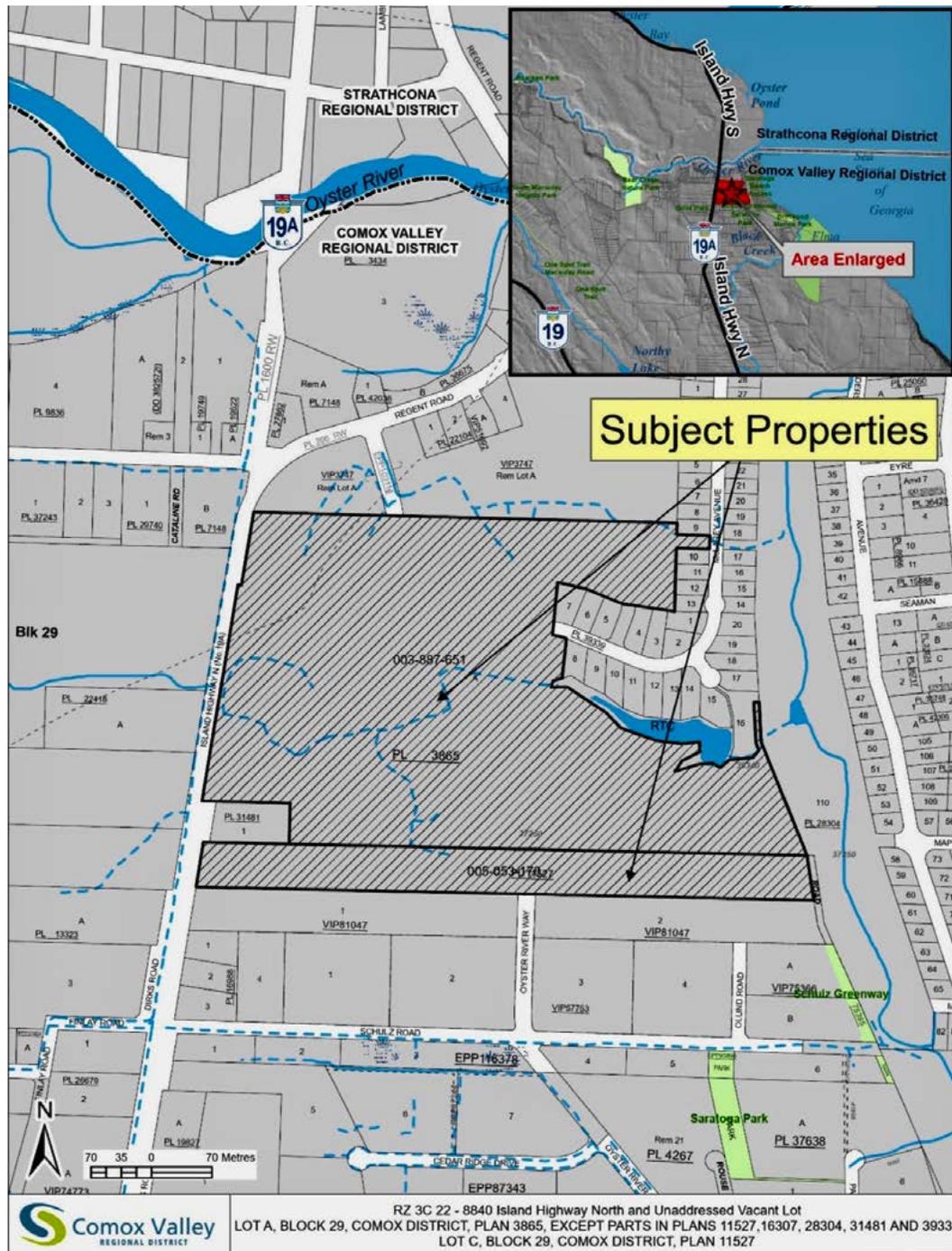
For in-depth information, including maps and explanations, refer to the comprehensive PDF submission available at the following link: https://cvrdagendaminutes.comoxvalleyrd.ca/Agenda_minutes/CVRDCommittees/EASC/14-Aug-23/z14%2020230811%20Warren%20SR%200942492BCLtd%20Introduction.pdf

This project prompts crucial questions, particularly regarding the potential impacts on sewage and water systems. While discussing the sewage system may be premature, improvements to the water system are underway, and there are actionable steps you can take.

For the past decade, we've been aware of the outdated and failing Black Creek Oyster Bay water system. The Comox Valley Regional District has lifted water connection suspensions and forewarned of increasing water service costs through property taxes (Parcel Tax) at 28% per year from 2024 to 2028.

Learn more about these changes and engage with CVRD representatives at the Oyster River Firehall from 5 PM to 7 PM on Thursday, November 30th.

Shelter Point Farms and Saratoga Speedway are identified as water sources for the



area's new developments. With 544 connections planned for 400 Saratoga Properties, plumbing contractors may find reason to celebrate.

In my opinion, property owners should voice concerns about water management and infrastructure development. Contact CVRD

Planning and Development Services at 250-334-6000 or fill out the online contact form: <https://www.comoxvalleyrd.ca/connect/contact-us/contact-cvrd-departments/planning-and-development-services>

— John Hyde

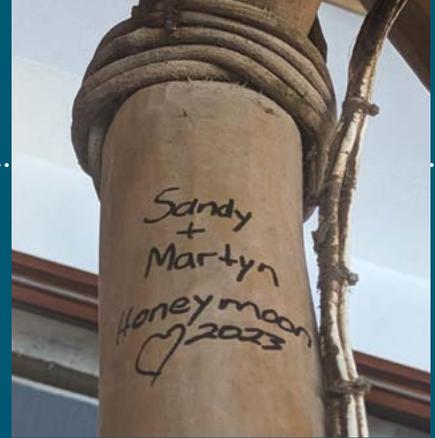
A Honeymoon in Bucerias, Mexico

So many of you have shared in our excitement over the past year. We thought for those interested we would share a bit of our beautiful honeymoon vacation in Bucerias, Mexico.

It was truly like living a dream. A whole month of big decisions like: should we hang by the pool, walk the beach or swim in the ocean today? Oh right. We had time for it all!

Paddleboarding was very different there and humbled us into feeling like we are beginners. We would call it surfing, really. It was a real challenge getting out without getting pummelled by waves. Then an equal challenge getting back in as that last wave can have a different idea than yours. It was also a challenge standing up and staying that way! So worth it though. Our biggest treat was being surrounded by playful dolphins while on our boards . . . something we will never forget.

A one-day adventure we were not planning was level 4 Hurricane Lidia. She was a bit of a prickly hag. But she only came out for a day and then she left in a huff



really gave us a firsthand chance to see how hard working and positive minded the people are who live there. We lost power for a short time, but crews were out there late on a Sunday night, flashlights in hand, to get things back to normal for us again. Lidia came and left so fast it was hard to believe it even happened.

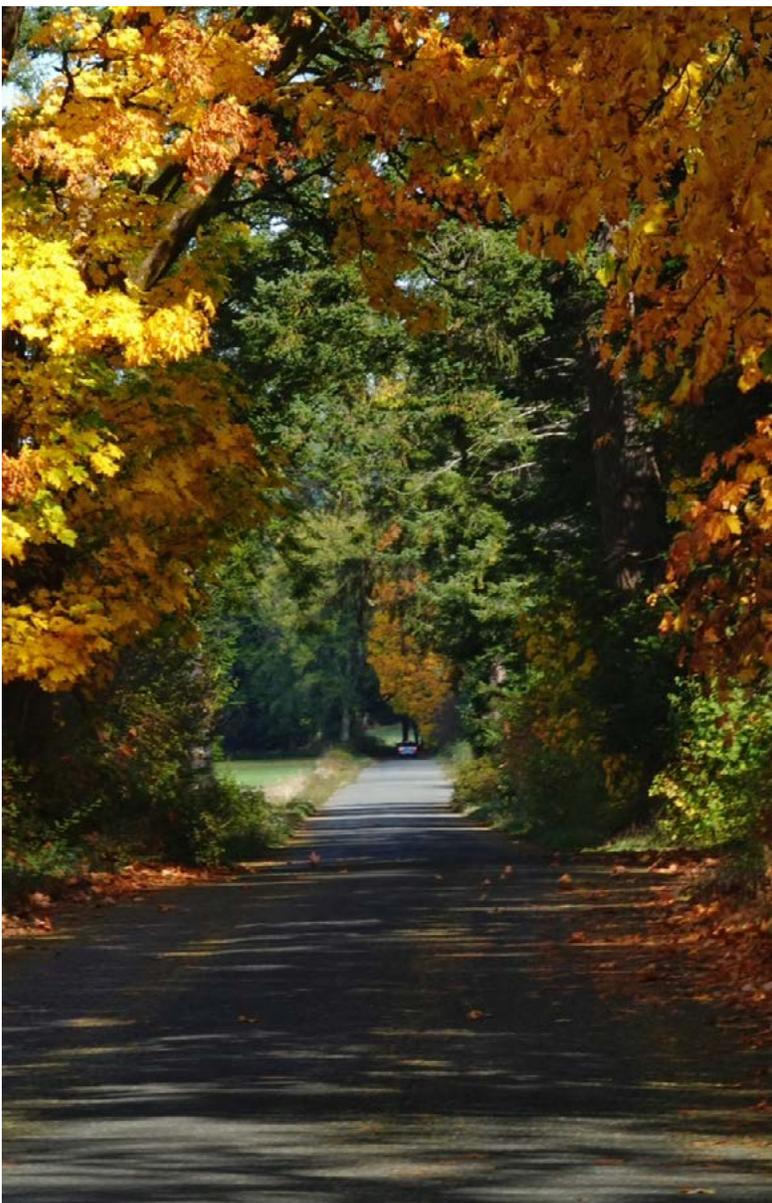
Rhythm of the Nights was recommended as a 'must do' and we agree. Picture a Cirque du Soleil performance in the jungle. The island was lit up with over 3000 tea lights and over 500 tiki torches. We felt like we were going to tribal council. It was a fun boat ride there and back and they put on an amazing dinner. What we wanted to know: who lights all those candles? Truly amazing.

We met so many beautiful people and it was sad to say goodbye to our new friends. We hope to do it again next year. Hasta que nos encontremos de nuevo!

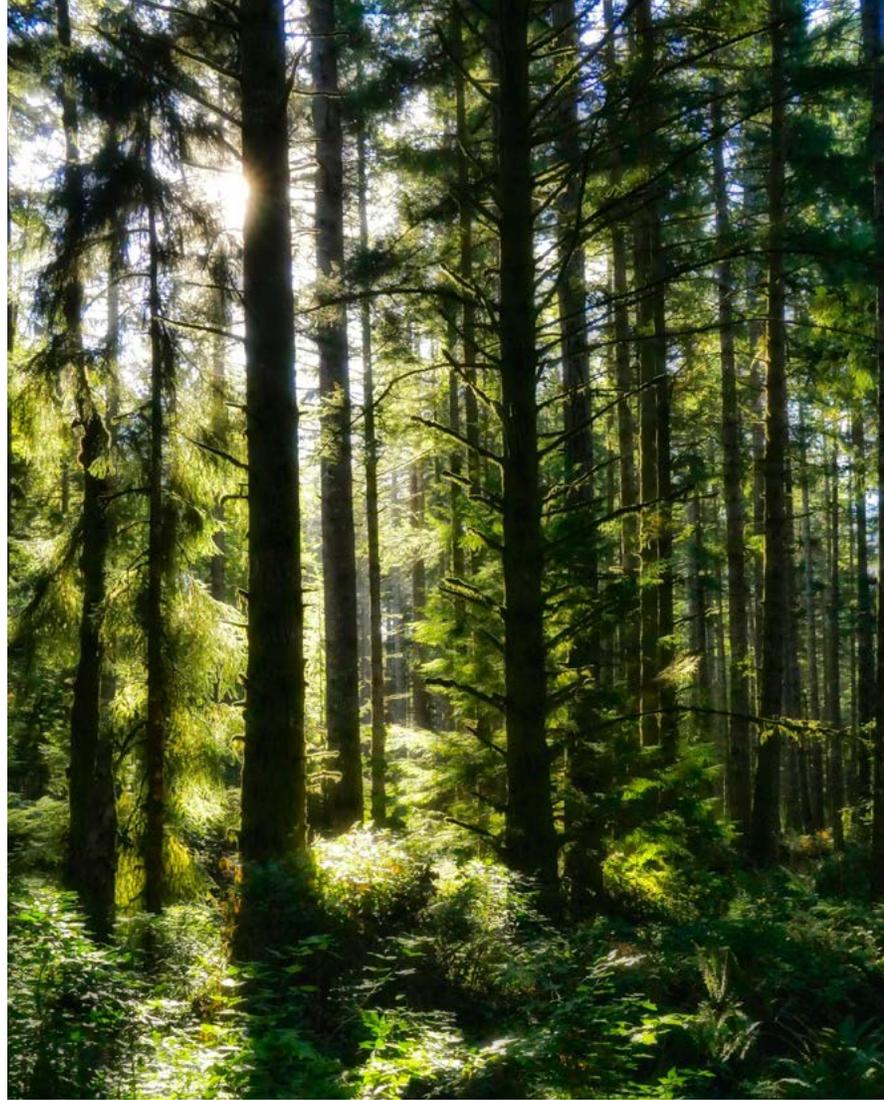
— Sandy and Martyn Reid



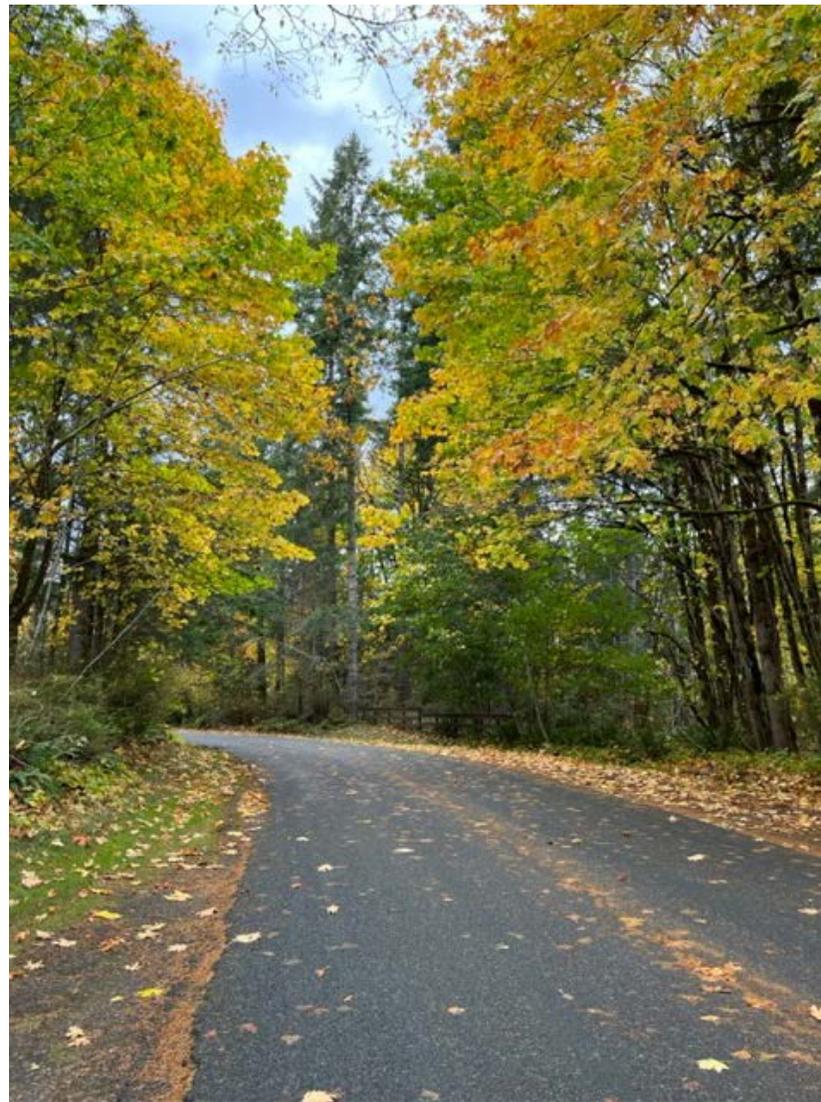
PHOTO GALLERY II



Top right and left, and bottom right: 'Leave the roads; take the trails.' (Pythagoras), 'Beautiful Bridges Road' and 'Sandy and Martyn's Dahlias' by BARBARA PROWSE, Bottom left: 'Acrobat' MAX FOSSUM



Clockwise from top left:
'Mini Mushrooms' SHELLY HOLLINGSHEAD
'Forest at Seal Bay' BARBARA PROWSE
'Among the Daisies' MAX FOSSUM,
'Amanita' BILL MATHIS
'Leaf Print' JOHN HYDE



Top two photos: 'Autumn Leaves' LOIS CLYDE

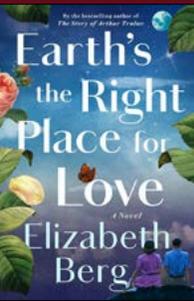
Bottom left: 'Moon's Showy Stage' ELAINE PRODOR

Bottom right: 'Neighbourhood Fawn' BARBARA PROWSE

Wintertime's 'Hot Reads' Booklist

Some favourites from some of the road's avid readers...for your own pleasure or for gift giving! Send your book reccos anytime to:

seaviewbreezenews@gmail.com



EARTH'S THE RIGHT PLACE FOR LOVE

by Elizabeth Berg

Full of unforgettable characters and written with Berg's characteristic warmth, humor and insight, this book demonstrates the power of kindness, character and family and how love can grow when you least expect it. (available from VIRL and in large type)

— Linda Ashbaugh

A LIGHT BEYOND THE TRENCHES

by Alan Hlad

Based on the true story of the first school to train guide dogs for the blind. A fascinating, poignant and life affirming tale of heroism and resillience in WWII. (available from VIRL and in large type) — Linda Ashbaugh



BRIGHT YOUNG WOMEN

by Jessica Knoll

This novel's premise is the case notorious Ted Bundy, the first of the so called 'celebrity' serial killers. However, although the novel's narration is a bit awkward, the author takes care to dispel the myth of Bundy as charismatic, intellectual who charmed his victims. In fact, Bundy was a failed student, and not that intelligent, with a grandiose sense of his own importance. Moreover, the evidence shows he was at best irritating to women, and had to fake injury or distress in order to lure his victims. I think the author's intent is to give this story back to the women, to give them the dignity and identity they lost when the world focused on the sensational aspects of Buddy's trial, his ridiculous attempts to seize the spotlight, not to mention the legions of women who lost the plot and were attracted to a merciless killer on death row. — Lesley Bird

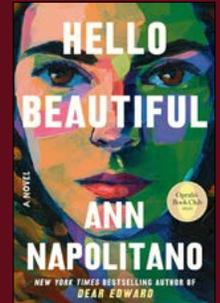


HELLO BEAUTIFUL

by Ann Napolitano

Life with the Padavano family, the highs and lows. Great read!

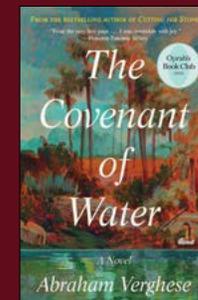
— Lois Clyde, also recommended by Elaine Prodor



COVENANT OF WATER

by Abraham Verghese

Author of 'Cutting for Stone'



This is a stunning epic tale of 3 generations of a family who share a life-altering secret. It is set in Kerala, India. We follow a 12-year-old girl who travels by boat to meet her 40-year old husband. It is a worthwhile investment of reading time - taking you to bygone India - filled with emotional attachment to many different & connected characters. An excellent read.

— Patricia Smith

THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF SAM HELL

by Robert Dugoni

Born with ocular albinism, small town eye doctor Sam Hill must finally face a past tragedy that caused him to turn his back on his friends, his hometown and the life he's always known.

A journey that makes him realize what truly matters. (available from VIRL and in large type) — Linda Ashbaugh

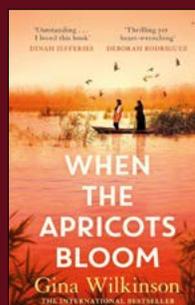


WHEN THE APRICOTS BLOOM

by Gina Wilkinson

Life in Iraq pre war! Three courageous women confront the complexities of trust, motherhood and betrayal under the rule of a ruthless dictator and his brutal secret police!

— Lois Clyde

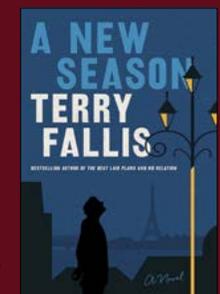


A NEW SEASON

by Terry Fallis

This novel explores aging, love, loss, family, travel all wrapped up with Terry's trademark wit and humour. It also touches upon historical writers and artists of the 1920's era in Paris.

— Barb Staton



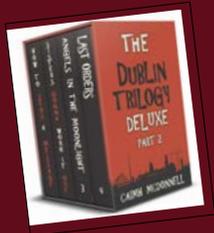
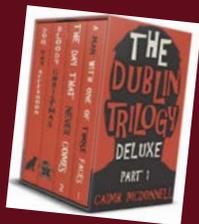
**THE INCREASINGLY
INACCURATELY TITLED
DUBLIN TRILOGY:**

- A Man With One of Those Faces
- The Day That Never Comes
- Bloody Christmas
- Dog Day Afternoon
- Angels in the Moonlight
- Sisters Gonna Work It
- How to Send a Message
- Last Orders
- Dead Man's Sins
- Firewater Blues
- The Family Jewels
- Escape from Victory

by Caimh McDonnell

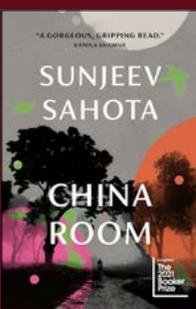
Irish renegade
Guarda ie. cop, Bunny
McGarry,
(a bit on the rough
side) and his unlikely
cohort bring down the
big bad guys of corrup-
tion. Not serious reads
but recommended.

— Doranne DeMontigny



CHINA ROOM

by Sunjeev Sahota
(Long listed for The 2021
Booker Prize)



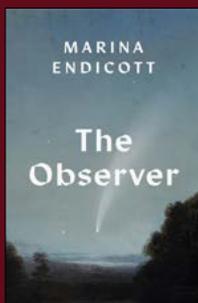
A short but intense
read. It's described as: "A
breathtaking novel of love,
oppression and the pur-
suit of freedom. It twines
together the stories of a
woman and a man separ-
ated by more than half
a century but united by
blood."

— Doranne DeMontigny

THE OBSERVER

by Marina Endicott

I love Endicott's
spare and poignant
writing style — she's
a great storyteller
and lives in Saska-
toon, my home town.

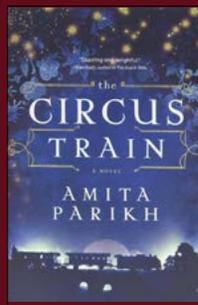


Goodreads says, "The Observer is an essential story from one of our most beloved storytellers. Endicott writes with the sure pacing and insight of a master novelist, piecing haunting details into a quietly devastating revelation of the fragility of life and law in a tightknit community."

— Shelly Hollingshead

**THE CIRCUS
TRAIN**

by Amita Parikh

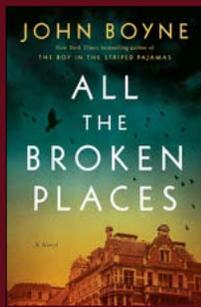


"A must-read for fans of The Night Circus and Water for Elephants, The Circus Train will take readers on a heart-wrenching and spectacular two-decade journey across Europe. When all is lost, how do you find the courage to keep moving forward?"

— Elaine Prodor

**ALL THE
BROKEN PLACES**

by John Boyne



Ninety-one-year-
old Gretel Fernsby
lives a quiet, com-
fortable life, despite
her deeply disturb-
ing, dark past. She

doesn't talk about her escape from Nazi Germany at age 12 or about her father, who was the commandant of one of the Reich's most notorious extermination camps. Goodreads says, "A devastating, beautiful story about a woman who must confront the sins of her own terrible past, and a present in which it is never too late for bravery."

— Elaine Prodor

Thanks to everyone who submitted to The Booklist. The Seaview Road Bookline is now bi-annual; the next submission deadline will be in the spring — will send out a reminder a month beforehand. I'm also interested in articles that feature works of a particular author or that focus on a book series — one per issue — first submitted, first printed. Fiction only, please. Poetry is welcome. seaviewbreezenews@gmail.com



POETRY CORNER

WHITE-EYES

by Mary Oliver

In winter

*all the singing is in
the tops of the trees
where the wind-bird*

*with its white eyes
shoves and pushes
among the branches.
Like any of us*

*he wants to go to sleep,
but he's restless—
he has an idea,
and slowly it unfolds*

*from under his beating wings
as long as he stays awake.
But his big, round music, after all,
is too breathy to last.*

*So, it's over.
In the pine-crown
he makes his nest,
he's done all he can.*

*I don't know the name of this bird,
I only imagine his glittering beak
tucked in a white wing
while the clouds—*

*which he has summoned
from the north—
which he has taught
to be mild, and silent—*

*thicken, and begin to fall
into the world below
like stars, or the feathers
of some unimaginable bird*

*that loves us,
that is asleep now, and silent—
that has turned itself
into snow.*

PHOTO GALLERY III

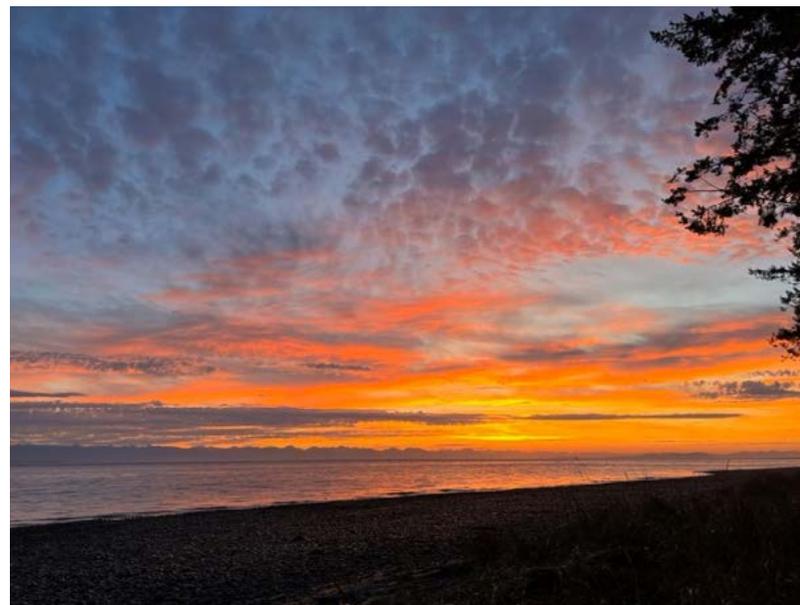


Top: 'Waiting for the Eclipse' CRAIG HOSKINS
Bottom Right: 'Walsh Cove' ELAINE PRODOR,
Bottom Left: 'Free as the Wind' JOHN HYDE



Top:
'East Redonda'
ELAINE PRODOR

Bottom:
'Comox Harbour'
BARBARA PROWSE



RISE AND SETTING: *Top left: SHELLY HOLLINGSHEAD, Top Right & Bottom Left: ELAINE PRODOR, Middle left & right: CRAIG HOSKINS 'Soon Dawn was born, her fingers bright with roses', Bottom right: LOIS CLYDE*

The best way to celebrate the holidays is with some delicious food — here's to tickling the taste buds!

SOUTHWESTERN PUMPKIN STEW *An easy and tasty stew for the fall pumpkin season!*



INGREDIENTS

1 med onion, chopped
1 large carrot, sliced
500 g (around 4) boneless, skinless chicken breasts, cut into 1 inch pieces
1 T veg oil

1 C sliced celery
1 small red bell pepper, cut into 1 inch pieces

1 3/4 C solid pack pumpkin (16 oz can) or can use fresh i.e. cooked purée
1 3/4 C chicken broth

1/2 C sour cream
1 1/4 C hominy (available at Abuelo's or use frozen corn niblets)
3 T chopped cilantro
1/2 tsp salt

1/2 tsp black pepper
1/2 tsp oregano
1/2 tsp cumin
1/2 tsp nutmeg

METHOD

Saute first four ingredients in oil over medium to high heat, until chicken is no longer pink.

Add celery and bell pepper and sauté for 3-4 minutes.

Add pumpkin and broth into pot and stir.

Stir in the remaining ingredients and simmer over low heat for 10 – 15 minutes

Top with more sour cream and cilantro to serve.

— Beth Carter

BUTTER TART SQUARES *Butter tarts are so Canadian. And so delicious. I like these because not only are they much easier to make than actual tart shells, you can have a little piece and not feel too guilty.*

Makes 25 squares

CRUST

1 C all-purpose flour
1/4 C sugar
1/2 C unsalted butter, cold

FILLING

1/4 C unsalted butter
1 C packed brown sugar

1/4 C corn syrup
2 eggs
1 tsp pure vanilla extract
1/2 tsp baking powder
1 1/2 tsp all-purpose flour
1/2 C raisins — optional

Prepare pastry by combining flour and sugar in a large bowl. Cut in butter with a pastry blender or in the food processor until butter is in tiny bits. Knead gently until dough just comes together. Pat into the bottom of a buttered 8x8-inch baking dish that has been lined with parchment paper or aluminum foil with overhanging sides for easy removal later. Bake in a preheated 350F oven for 20 to 25 minutes until lightly browned.

For filling, cream butter with sugar until light. Beat in corn syrup and eggs one at a time. Add



vanilla. Combine baking powder with flour and stir into filling.

3. Sprinkle raisins over prebaked crust. Spread filling over top. Bake 25 to 30 minutes longer until set. Cool completely on a rack. Remove from pan in one piece. Cut into 25 squares.

— Cynthia Barnes

THE ULTIMATE POTATO GRATIN *This is the ultimate comfort food. Simmering the potatoes in broth and cream makes all the difference. It can be adapted to your taste and food preferences ie. vegetarian.*

Serves 8 – 10.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 T olive oil**
- 1 leek (white and green parts only)**
halved and thinly sliced
- 4 slices bacon (optional)**
- 1.35 kg yellow-fleshed potatoes peeled**
(if you like) and sliced into 1/4" rounds
- 1.5 c chicken broth**
- 1/2 c milk**
- 3 sprigs fresh thyme (or 1/2 t dry if you like)**
- 2 cloves garlic, thinly sliced**
- 1/2 t each salt and pepper**
- Pinch nutmeg**
- 1 c shredded gruyere cheese**

TOPPING

- 1 c fresh bread crumbs**
- 1/2 c shredded Gruyere cheese**
- 2 T butter, melted**

METHOD

In large skillet, heat oil over medium heat; cook leek, stirring occasionally, until softened and light golden, about 4 minutes. Transfer to bowl, set aside.



In same skillet over medium heat, cook bacon until crisp, 6 - 8 minutes. Drain on paper towel, chop bacon and set aside.

Drain fat from pan; wipe clean. Add potatoes, chicken broth, cream, mild, thyme, garlic, s and p and nutmeg; bring just to simmer over medium heat, about 10 minutes. Reduce heat to medium-low; partially cover and simmer, stirring occasionally, until potatoes are fork-tender but still hold their shape, about 12 minutes. Discard thyme.

Using slotted spoon, transfer half of the potatoes to greased 13 x 9" (3 litre) baking dish. Sprinkle with Gruyere cheese, leek and bacon; top with remaining potatoes. Scrape cooking liquid over the top. Topping: Stir together fresh bread crumbs, Gruyere cheese and butter; sprinkle over the potato mixture.

Bake in 400F (200C) oven until sauce is bubbly and topping is crisp and golden, 25 to 30 minutes.

— Shelly Hollingshead

BEET HUMMUS

Sensationally tasty and garlicky.

- 4-6 medium sized beets**
- 2-6 garlic cloves (your preference)**
- 2 Tbsp tahini**
- 1/2 to 1 Tbsp cumin (I used 3/4)**
- 5 Tbsp lemon juice**
- 1 Tbsp lemon zest**

Salted, baked pita chips

Wash beets and place onto a foil lined rimmed baking sheet. Roast in 400 degree F oven for one hour. Peel cooled beets. Put into a food processor with rest of the ingredients. Blend well, and serve chilled with veggies or crackers or chips.

— Elaine Prodor.



SHORTCUT SEAFOOD CHOWDER *Perfect for cold weather and company too, this delicious seafood chowder's flavour boost comes from canned bisque and clam juice, eliminating the time-consuming task of making a rich seafood stock. Add sweet and butter-basted lobster tails for a special occasion garnish.*

Serves 6 to 8 as a main course.

INGREDIENTS

1 large onion, chopped fine
 3 cloves of garlic, chopped
 1 C chopped celery (if desired)
 2 cans clam and lobster bisque (see pic)
 1 bottle clam nectar
 2 cans clams (use juice as well)
 vegetable stock, 2 to 3 C
 1/3 C tomato sauce or puréed
 canned tomatoes
 1 tsp saffron, crushed
 1 bay leaf
 3 C cubed potatoes
 1 C frozen corn (if desired)
 1 C frozen peas (if desired)
 1 tsp tabasco
 salt and ground pepper, to taste
 1 C whipping cream or milk (optional)

Seafood/Fish additions: 4 to 6 cups of shrimp, scallops, mussels, salmon, cod, halibut, crab, etc. (your choice of any combination)

Option:
 1/2 C fried
 and crum-
 bled bacon

**Optional
 garnish:**
 1 lobster tail
 per person,
 cooked



METHOD

Fry onions and celery on medium heat until onions are soft, then add garlic, fry for a minute longer. Then add remaining ingredients, up to cream and seafood/fish additions. Low boil until potatoes are almost tender.

At this point, soup can be stored in the fridge for up to a couple of days. Fifteen minutes before serving, gently heat until almost boiling, remove bay leaf, add

cream, if using, seafood and fish until cooked, about 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve with a garnish of parsley or lobster tail on top. And crusty bread with butter, of course!

To bake lobster tails (butterflied, brushed with butter, bake at 15 min at 375).
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nXxeNmitWIE>

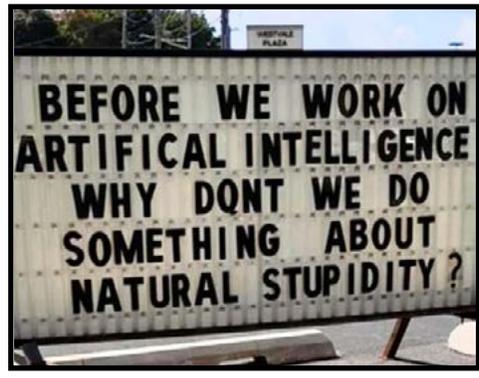
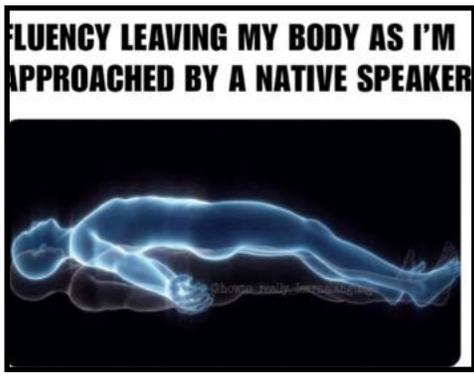
— Elaine Prodor

*The most indispensable ingredient of all good home cooking:
 love for those you are cooking for. — Sophia Loren*

I wanted to post a joke about Sodium but I was like Na, people won't understand



Shout out the person at a social event who's the first to say they're going home and breaks the seal for the rest of the guests to be like, "Guess we'll head out too"



Where do Bad Rainbows go? Prism It's a light sentence, and gives them time to reflect.



O proud left foot, that ventures quick within Then soon upon a backward journey lithe. Anon, once more the gesture, then begin; Command sinistral pedestal to writhe. Commence thou then the fervid Hokey-Poke. A mad gyration, hips in wanton swirl. To spin! A wilde release from heaven's yoke. Blessed dervish! Surely canst go, girl. The Hoke, the poke--banish now thy doubt Verily, I say, 'tis what it is all about.



Everyone needs a friend they probably shouldn't be allowed to sit next to at a serious function.



ain't no extreme sport like doing ur homework while the teacher going around the room collecting it



The three hardest things to say are:

- 1. I was wrong
- 2. I need help
- 3. Worcestershire Sauce.

Practice safe text, use commas, (and never miss a period.)

I was wondering why the ball was getting bigger.

Then it hit me.

Déjà Poo

(adj.) The feeling of having heard this crap before.

My wife sent me a text that said, "Your great."

So, naturally, I wrote back, "No, you're great."

She's been walking around all happy and smiling. Should I tell her I was just correcting her grammar or leave it?

I have a few jokes about unemployed people, but none of them work.

Incapable = not capable.
Inflammable = flammable.
Invaluable = very valuable.

Thanks for nothing English.

Light travels faster than sound. That's why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.

When life gives you melons, you're dyslexic

Introducing and Welcome to . . .

We wanted to introduce ourselves to the Seaview community. We are Kim and Dallas McClung, of 1441 Seaview Road, and we moved here November 2022, the day before it snowed a foot! We are from Maple Ridge, BC, and we bought this house three years ago. My oldest daughter Nicole and her family lived in the home until they found their own home in the area. Our other daughter, Lauren, and her family live on Miracle Beach Road. Three of our four grandchildren go to Miracle Beach Elementary (the other grandchild only just turned one), so our reason for moving here, obviously, was to be close to our family.

I would love to know the history of this house. If anyone has any details, I understand that whoever had the house built never lived in the house. I have the original plans and the detail of the millwork is impressive. We did a renovation this past year by Coast Catalyst Construction and tried to keep to the original millwork that is throughout the house — I must say it turned out beautifully.

Dallas is retired, having been an owner/operator of his own business as a gravel truck contractor for the past 40+ years, and he is looking forward to restoring his '51 Chevy. I am still working part-time in Campbell River as a Registered Pharmacy Technician.

We love living here and feel quite lucky to have found this area by the ocean and all that it has to offer. — Kim and Dallas mmclung@shaw.ca



Island Voices presents 'Images'



Island Voices Chamber Choir will fire the imaginations of their fall concert audience, as many of their pieces will evoke powerful images. But for one song, actual images will take the place of imagination. As choir director John Hooper explains, "I happened to meet Sasha Kondakov, a street photographer who had recently emigrated to Courtenay from Ukraine. I was fascinated with Kondakov's photographs from Ukraine – not pictures of war but images of children sliding down a snowy hill, a grandmother carrying groceries, a wheat field." Kondakov has agreed to let Island Voices show some of his Ukrainian photographs as they sing 'Ukrainian Alleluia'.

For the other pieces, the audience will have to use their imaginations, but in 'O Captain! My Captain!' it will not be difficult to picture the doomed captain slowly sliding to the deck at the end of battle. After the concert, audience members will be able to chat with the song's British composer Jonathan Rippon, who will be flying all the way from the UK to the Comox Valley to hear what will be the Canadian premiere of his work.

'Perseus', a work of elemental force, will conjure up images of the Greek hero, "an army of one" as he enters the lair of Medusa. The beautiful 'Evening Prayer' uses the words of Swedish poet Karin Boye as she asks for the cares and clamor of the day to be set aside. In an entirely different vein, a jazzy 'They're Red Hot' by 1930s blues songwriter Robert Johnson extols the virtues of a street vendor's hot tamales.

If you are ready to use your imaginations, Island Voices will be in concert on Saturday, November 25th at 2:30 pm at Comox United Church, 250 Beach Drive in Comox, and on Sunday, November 26th at 2:30 pm at St. Peter Anglican Church, 228 South Dogwood Street, Campbell River.

Island Voices Chamber Choir
presents
Images
Dr John Hooper, Music Director
Saturday November 25th at 2:30 pm
Comox United Church, 250 Beach Dr, Comox
Sunday November 26th at 2:30 pm
St Peter Anglican Church, 228 South Dogwood St
Campbell River

ISLAND VOICES
House of Color, 249 5th St, Courtenay
Blue Heron Books, 1775 Comox Ave, Comox
Music Plant, 619 11th Ave, Campbell River

Tickets (cash only in store) — Adults \$25 — Youth \$10
Online tickets available at QR code and islandvoiceschamberchoir.bc.ca/concert-dates

Concert-goers can purchase their tickets online at islandvoiceschamberchoir.bc.ca (\$25 adults / \$10 students) A limited number of paper tickets will also be available – cash only – at Blue Heron Books (Comox), Benjamin Moore House of Color (Courtenay) and The Music Plant (Campbell River). ≈

— Jo-Anne Preston

GIFT GIVING FIND (or for yourself!)

As the weather gets colder, I have my eye on one of these cozy blankets designed by artist Andy Everson. Available at a wonderful local Indigenous Owned Business, Totem Design House in Comox. They design all their own products, and produce many of them onsite as well. Worth checking out next time you are gift shopping, in person or online. <https://www.totemdesign-house.com/collections/home-decor/products/ultra-fleece-blanket?variant=44522178117884>



SEAVIEW ROAD LINKS
TO BOOKMARK:

The Seaview Road Archives:

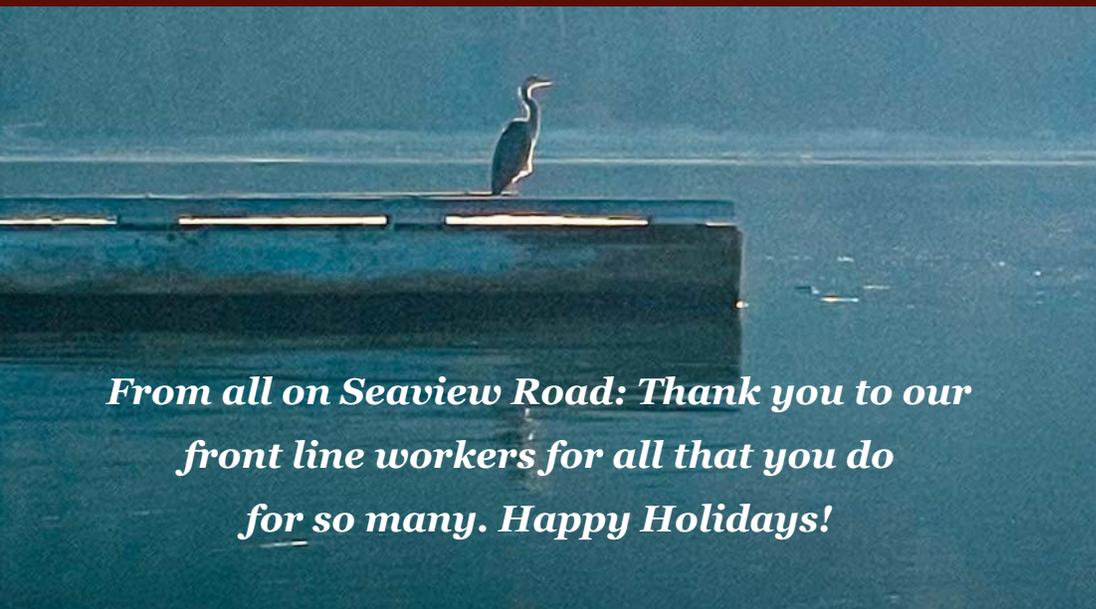
Using the link below, you will find past issues of the **Seaview Breeze Newsletter**, and the **Seaview Road Bookline**. As well, you can now find **In Memoriam articles** in the Archives. The Seaview Road Archives has been created in lieu of a web site and can be updated as the years go by. Hope that you find it useful!

<https://indd.adobe.com/view/50e-68d9a-5247-4baf-be51-b2f-26cb713f8>

The Seaview Road Phone Book:

Thanks to Dave Pye, a Seaview Road Phone Book has been created and will be updated periodically. To submit additions or changes to the phone book, please email Dave directly at: pye.dave@ymail.com. The new phone book is also accessible through the archives (link below):

<https://indd.adobe.com/view/b98435f5-9201-4d82-a84e-2351b375f75b>



*From all on Seaview Road: Thank you to our
front line workers for all that you do
for so many. Happy Holidays!*

Stay e-connected
with your neighbours
by the sea . . .

Send your news & notices to:
seaviewbreezenews@gmail.com