



THE SEAGULL

Looking Back

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friend first and then her hairdresser!" You can well imagine how surprised this lady was and how lucky I felt. Jill and I chatted for some time. She shared her version of wonderful stories and talked about the beautiful and spacious home of Mr. & Mrs. Butt, the many incredible parties and how her friend, Margaret, loved to entertain and was very hospitable. She always was the perfect hostess and apparently an incredible cook herself. The tables were filled with delicious food that Margaret and Jessie prepared. Our conversation stirred up many memories and Jill felt very nostalgic on that foggy Monday morning. George Butt died in the late sixties and Mrs. Butt decided to move to Taylor Way where she purchased another house. The beautiful home by the water was simply too big for her. Somehow I knew I had to tell Jill, that her friend's house, where so many people had gathered over the years, was gone. The house by the water was now a memory and belonged to an ever-changing tapestry of our history. My honesty didn't prepare her for the news and I could sense a sadness in her voice. I thanked Jill for her time and willingness to share her memories. I hope in time Jill will come to see the new house that has taken its place.

Tidbits of information became moments of discovery while I was working on the ex-Lions Bay residents' list. Bernice Pullen (our Village Clerk) handed me a copy of a 1969 Lions Bay directory. Mr. & Mrs. Van Drimmelen were the

new owners of the waterfront property. Gordon Kern, who is always willing to share stories about the old days, told me about Mr. Van Drimmelen's floatplane. He was in the lumber business and left town on his many trips. Taking off from the waterfront and flying to the Prince George area became a scheduled occurrence. Mr. Van Drimmelen and Art Knight must have had many happy landings on our shores. The Lions Bay Avenue of the '90s seems rather quiet in comparison to the days gone by.

When we moved to the village in 1974, Lions Bay Avenue was very quaint and different. Many driveways were unpaved and led to hidden cottages, that were surrounded by hedges and tall trees. It was the friendly street where everybody seemed to gather for their walks. Children would ride their bikes and for many it became the street where they would ride for the first time without training wheels. Dogs were always a part of any gathering and the two friendly and beautiful retrievers, Mulligan and Winston used to be the Kings of Lions Bay Avenue.



The Butt's house in September 1960

