



THE SEAGULL



Lions Bay
Historical Society

Looking Back

by Trudi Luethy

The house that is no more...

(continued from the June Seagull)

I cannot recall who owned 270 Lions Bay Avenue in 1974. When Janice and Jim Poyner purchased "the house that is no more" it seemed to come alive. The quiet walls were filled with children's laughter. The Poyner family blended well into our community and they enjoyed the lifestyle Lions Bay had to offer.

Janice and Jim employed a Swiss nanny. Priska from Switzerland was popular with the children and was often mistaken for the younger sister of Janice. She was blond, very pretty, enjoyed the beach and had a very infectious laugh. It was in that year when Priska lived with the Poyner family that I got my first private tour of the house. I must say it was truly amazing to see the spacious house. Priska of course used Jessie's familiar quarters below. The property now had a swimming pool and it got plenty of use with the Poyner's and their many friends.

In 1985 Stephanie, their daughter, was in the graduating class at Gleneagles School. When Janice heard that the organizing committee was looking for a beautiful house and the right location, she immediately offered her house. She graciously and generously invited the 50-plus Gleneagles School grads, their teachers

and the parents who were responsible for the party. With open doors she welcomed everybody on that gorgeous day. Everybody had a great time, the kids were invited to the pool and the grad party was a huge success.

When the Poyner family decided to move to West Vancouver a good-bye party was held at Janice's house. No matter how many people would attend I never felt crowded in her home. One particular memory springs from that still-talked-about party. The food was delicious and plentiful. The punch bowls were filled with just enough of (you know what) to make our laughter slightly louder and merrier. We always managed to have plenty of fun (in the good old days) before the duties of motherhood would call. Shouting thank-yous and good-byes up and down Lions Bay Avenue we happily went our separate ways. Barely home I started feeling sick and nauseous. Thinking that I must have picked up a flu bug I quietly retired to bed with a hot water bottle. The following day one of my friends called. She had also been a guest at the luncheon. To our amazement she seemed to have been afflicted with the same illness. After a few more phone calls the telephone lines in the village started to turn "hot". We realized that all of us except two

lucky souls were spared. The guest list included approx. 30 people. If my memory serves me right our wonderful friend Rosalind MacPhee was so sick she ended up in hospital. After being questioned by the Health Inspector we knew that we suffered from food poisoning. We all recovered in due time. You can well imagine how our hostess with the open heart felt after she got the latest village news.

"The house that is no more" was sold in 1987 to a retired couple from Toronto. The new owners stayed for one year before the *For Sale* sign appeared once again by the roadside. The couple that followed the historic trail to 270 Lions Bay Avenue were the Ericksons. Elsie and Ron gave the house a major face lift. They turned the open carport into a new addition and a new garage was built by the creek.

My friend Jessie had moved from her apartment in West Vancouver to a retirement home. Every so often my friend Heather and I would take Jessie for an outing. Oh, how she loved those outings. One beautiful sunny day I asked Jessie if she wanted to drive to Lions Bay. Her face lit up and her Scottish eyes sparkled like diamonds. As we turned the corner at Horseshoe Bay I felt like Jessie was going home. Slowly I drove into the village and down the hill, across the train tracks and along Lions Bay Avenue. Who knows what must have been going on in my friend's thoughts. Not a single word was spoken. It was shortly before lunch when we arrived at the driveway at 270 Lions Bay

Avenue. Secretly I hoped that someone would be around. Sure enough there was Ron, topless with tape measure in hand, pencil behind his ear, workboots on and an attitude: "What doesn't get done today, I will tackle tomorrow!" I had brought Jessie out to Lions Bay for "a nostalgic tour". When I explained to Ron that the lady in the car was once the housekeeper for the Butts during the sixties, he invited us in without a moment's doubt or hesitation. Jessie stepped across the threshold and before I knew it she started touching the magnificent mahogany wood paneling with her fingers. She seemed to inhale the house with each step. Slowly we descended the staircase to where the bar stood. Ron looked at Jessie and said: "These must have been your quarters!". "Yes, they were!" Jessie answered. "We had a lot of fun when I worked for Margaret & George Butt!" The highlight of our private tour was when we walked into Mr. Butt's office. Standing there, waiting a moment for her to reach the memories from long ago Jessie said, "It was to these four walls that George Butt would come, when the pressures of family and business would get too much for him! Here he would find his equilibrium while assembling more new flies for his next fishing trip!" The beautiful view overlooking Howe Sound and Brunswick Point lay in the distance and to Jessie this must have been like watching a movie. Thankful for our golden opportunity we said good-bye to Ron and drove south to Horseshoe Bay where we stopped for lunch at Trolls.

After lunch I suggested we

(Continued on page 9)