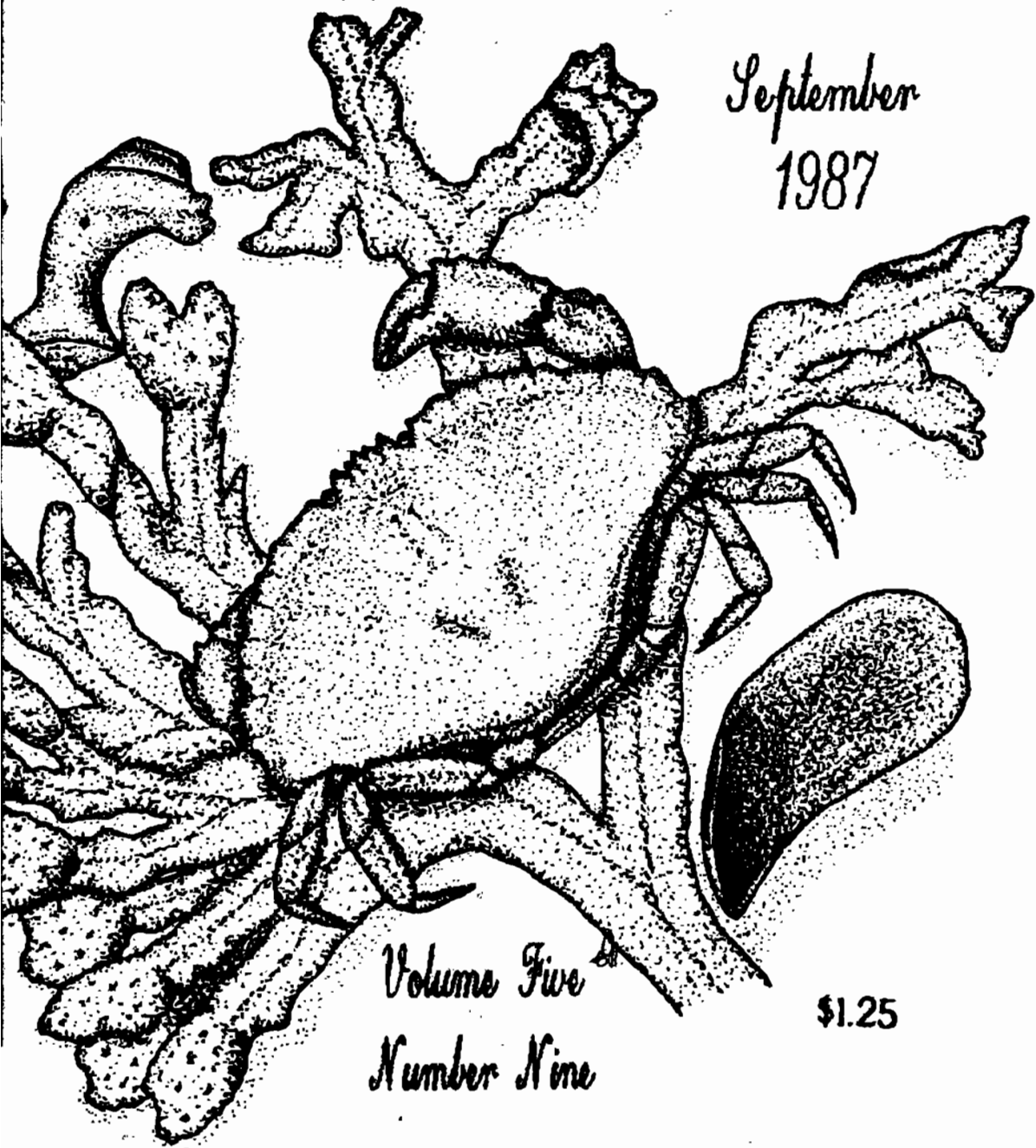


BARKLEY SOUNDER

A COASTAL JOURNAL ORIGINATING IN BAMFIELD

September
1987



Volume Five
Number Nine

\$1.25

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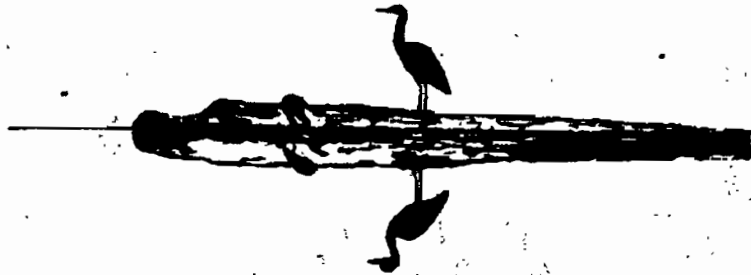
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THE MASTHEAD

BY
JEANNE FERRIS
CO-EDITOR

The fog comes in, soft, gently drifting sea gull, and stops to rest upon our pilings.

There is one family of mergansers, a mother, three little ones and occasionally a male who may be the father, who snooze upon one of our float logs at low tide. They nestle down in their portable comforters, beak under wing, and wait for the tide to come in. Then they go fishing. They're back almost every evening, to shake out their feathers and preen and settle settle settle, then rest and watch the daylight evaporate. Soon they will be heading south, I suppose.

Thank you to Graham Elliston, for whom the coming of September brought memories of his school days in Bamfield during the early forties. I always think of school in September too, partly because my Dad was a teacher, and partly because I would be quite happy to spend centuries in school, just learning. (We're talking architecture here, not civics.)

Thank you to Steve and Jacob Bergh, lighthouse keeper

and son, for filling in with the Cape Beale weather and a recipe for salal berry muffins while Norbie and Eva are vacationing in Ontario. If the powerful, office-bound bureaucrats in Ottawa decide to automate the lights, let's hope Cape Beale will be the very last to go.

Thank you to our cover artist for September, Cindy Gratto, for the Dungeness crab, (Cancer magister), and the rockweed, (Fucus distichus). After several years at the Marine Station, Latin seems kind of appropriate in the intertidal. As ageless as the rocks and surf.

A man from Korea was in Bamfield recently, to take back samples of Barkley Sound hag fish, locally known and unloved as slime eels. Apparently these little eels, who have lived a very primitive, unchanged life at the bottom of the ocean for at least the last fifty thousand years, can be tanned and made into a soft, very luxurious leather. Korea is the sole purveyor of this product to date. Wallets and pocketbooks and shoes are already on the market, made of this 'eel-skin'. Take a look, next time you're in The Bay.

All the teachers at the school are new this fall; the former Principal, Rod Burke, is in Tofino now, the Grades 3-4 teacher Bev Dayton is on an exchange program in Quebec for a year, and the half time Kindergarten and Grade 1 teacher Pat Lindsay is home with her new and charming son, Kyle James. The secretary is new too, as soon as they can

find someone--Shirley Pakula is now the fulltime secretary at the Bamfield Marine Station. Even the school boat driver is new--Peter Janitis retired this year, and is now working harder than ever, he tells me. Only Syd Baker remains, custodian and boat driver. We'll have news about the new folks next month, after they've had a chance to settle in.

BARKLEY SOUNDER

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Our congratulations to Pat and Geoff Lindsay on the birth of their son, **KYLE JAMES LINDSAY**. Kyle was born on August 10th and weighed 7 lbs. 8oz. at birth.

SCHOOL REPORT

RETURNING
NEXT
MONTH

.....
JOHN GISBORNE

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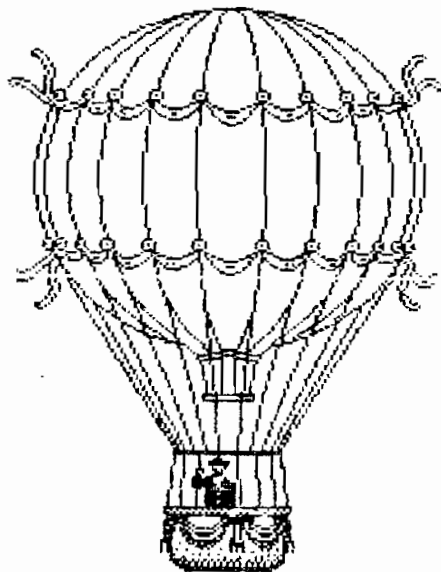
HEALTH HAZARD

Grappler Creek residents were awakened by a thunderous explosion around 2 a.m. this Labor Day weekend. Leslie Rimmer thought it was an earthquake, her cockateil thought it was the end of the world.

Eva Danulat was still up, washing some party dishes, and rushed outside to discover that the noise had been caused by the fall of an enormous snag.

The huge rotted cedar destroyed the steps where Eva had been saying farewell to her guests only 15 minutes earlier. It missed Leslie's cabin by a few feet.

It was a quiet night, with very little wind. The snag simply broke off about 10 feet from the ground, dropping a 30 foot length between Eva and Leslie's houses. In the process, it took down a B.C. Hydro return line, causing a power outage in the area. The damage was repaired by B.C. Hydro crews.



Tim and Tish are the happy parents of EMILY DAWN WENSTOB. Emily was born on August 13th. She weighed 8 lbs. 7 oz.

SUMMER



BAMFIELD WEATHER

By
Peter Janitis

MICHAEL H. HANSON

British Columbia Land Surveyor

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And a dry and warm July plus August weather combination we had this year. But not the driest on record. The Station's abstract books (started in 1903) show that in 1906 there were .90 inches of rain recorded, which is the lowest on record. This year we had the second lowest, with 1.17 inches. We have had only two months without rain, July 1922 and August 1942. In August this year we had one day with rain--.33 inches--that on the 13th. Total for the year so far to the end of August is 69.46 inches.

TEMPERATURES

There were twelve days with 20°C or over. The high of 28°C. was on the 31st. The low of 5.5°C. was on the 21st.

Mean Maximum: 19.15°C.

Mean Minimum: 9.19°C.

Mean Temperature 14.17°C.

This has been the second driest period since we've been here.

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FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE

by
Eva Brand

Pork Saté - for the Barbecue

(this recipe is from "Enjoy" by the Best of Bridge. I make this quite often - remember to marinate the meat well ahead of time!)

About 2 lbs. of pork tenderloin, cut in 3/4" squares.

½ c. butter

1 T. lemon juice

grated rind of 1 lemon

½ tsp. tabasco

3 T. grated onion

3 tsp. brown sugar

1 tsp. coriander

½ tsp. ground cumin

½ tsp. ginger

1 clove garlic - crushed

½ c. Indonesian soya sauce (Cominex, etc) or just Kikkoman Teriyaki Sauce

Salt and pepper to taste (don't oversalt).

Wooden skewers

Place pork in shallow pan. Melt butter, add remaining ingredients, bring to boil and simmer 5 minutes. Pour over meat, cover and marinate in refrigerator at least overnight, turning meat occasionally. Thread 5 or 6 pieces on meat on each skewer.

Grill on barbecue about 15 minutes or until done, turning frequently. Serve with remaining marinade, reheated, over a bed of rice.



Watkins

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IN MY OPINION
by
James Ferris, Co-editor

I am glad to see that the Bamfield Entertainment Co-op has almost reached its goal for the year. It does seem to me that this is the best way to pay for the channels we use. A special thanks to Roger Demontigny for his efforts. Without him, the whole thing would be impossible.

* * * * *

I am impressed with the speed at which the power poles and lines are approaching Bamfield. It should not be long before we have power from the grid. I understand there is a small problem with having the lines go over reserve lands. I hope that they can resolve this soon. It seems to me that in this case, the benefits accrue to all. The reserves need power as much as the rest of the community does.

* * * * *

We received a donation from a subscriber in the U.S. towards our television costs. They sent us \$55 to help with the cost. In a letter accompanying the check, they explained that they felt that it was important to have this window on the world. This is especially true of people who

cannot, for some reason, leave their homes. I thought it was a very nice thing to do. It should also, it seems to me, act as an incentive to those of us who live here to contribute. How about you?

* * * * *

I have commented many times about the battle with the salal. I thought I had it beaten when I acquired a green machine. I learned, however, that the battle is not won on that front. I therefore bowed to the inevitable, and had Tommy bring in his machine and clear away the stumps and salal. I am now in a position to gain an inch in my battle. If I can get it smoothed down and planted with grass before the salal can react, I might be able to win the fight, at least in that part of my yard.

* * * * *

We are starting to harvest some vegetables from the garden. I never thought it would be possible. The entire credit goes to Jeanne, since she insisted that we could grow a garden in that virgin soil. (I was sure that it could not be done.) Her persistence and hard work are bearing fruit, literally, and we are eating fresh strawberries, broccoli, squash, peas, beans and tomatoes.



Faith may move mountains, but persistence and hard work seem to work quite well, too.

*("You call for faith:
I show you doubt, to prove that
faith exists.*

*The more of doubt, the stronger
the faith, I say,*

If faith o'ercomes doubt."

Browning

* * * * *

Hasn't the weather been a marvel? It all makes living here worthwhile. I had not realized that the sun could shine so much on the west coast. It has really been a pleasure, and will make the long winter, rainy times much more bearable. I actually reached the point where I wanted it to rain. Never thought that I would live to see the day.

* * * * *

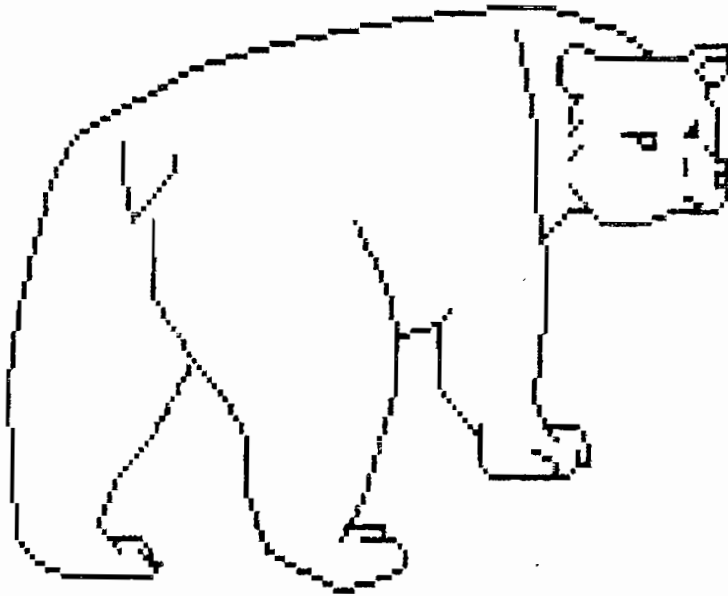


Anyway, Fall is almost here, school is about to start and we move into a different time and style of living. Have a good Fall. (Do yourself a favor and take a ride on the Coqahilla Highway. (Bennett's Folly?) It is going to cost you enough, you might as well use it for something. It must rank with the Montreal Olympics

as a sink for tax dollars. There is not enough money to grade the road from Port Alberni, but there seems to be enough to pay for that monster bash.

* * * * *

As a change of pace, here are some pictures for the kids to color. Adults can color them too, if they so wish.



FOUR SEASONS IN A DAY

by

Barb Desrochers

The day dawns clear and bright. A fine day. A perfect day for a hike. Better grab a jacket, you never know. Setting out, to nowhere in particular, the fresh, clean air revitalizes the senses. Eagles soar overhead, a mink scrambles over the rocks and a stream trickles into the sea. Bamfield, you can't beat its beauty on a sunny day.

A few wispy clouds play in the sky and are soon joined by

others. From out of nowhere hail begins to pound to earth, its crystals glittering in the sun. A nearby cedar provides a refuge but as quickly as it began the hail stops. There's no explaining it, might as well keep walking.

Soon the jacket is discarded as the day heats up. Lazy feet rest while the mind marvels at the eyes' observances. The wind picks up, carrying with it a chill and clouds. Grey, bloated clouds smother the sun, its warmth and its rest. Feet dance upon the sand and coat is drawn closer



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as the protective cedar is once again sought.

And then it comes...rain. A light drizzle is soon drowned by a torrential rainfall and the two vie for the skies as the weather sputters and hesitates, one moment misty spray, the next hard, biting drops. The cedar refuge loses its charm and its dryness ... time to head home.

Soaked to the core, home is a welcome sight. Warm, dry clothes, a cup of tea, a

crackling fire, another rainy afternoon in Bamfield. Settling down with a good book notice is scarcely taken of the peaceful reinstatement of the sunny skies.

By chapter two, steam rises from the land as the heat of the sun dries the mornings tears. Restless and selectively amnesic, feet carry body out the door to enjoy the sun and Bamfield. A perfect afternoon for a hike.

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BAMFIELD VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPT.
by
Bernice Stewart

The Bamfield Volunteer Fire Department held its Annual Fire Week from July 25th to August 1st. The money earned will be use to purchase training aids. The week of events started with a two day Salmon Derby. The entry fee was \$10 per person and the prizes were a percentage of the money earned from the tickets sold.

First Prize, \$80 and a dinner for two at the Tides and Trails Cafe, was won by John Matsen of North Vancouver. He caught a 34 pound Spring Salmon.

Second prize, \$48 plus a dinner for two donated by the Bamfield Inn, went to Shirley Smith of Parksville for a 27 pound Spring Salmon.

Third prize, \$32 and a large pizza from Pizza by the Sea, was won by Gordon Robinson of Bamfield, with a 20 pound Spring Salmon.

The prize for the greatest weight of all fish entered was won by Victoria Collinge of Port Alberni. The prize was \$40 worth of Beauty Care Products from LaCasa Dei Capelli of Port Alberni.

There were two prizes for combined hidden weights. One prize, two rod holders from Port Boat House of Port Alberni was won by Gordie Pierce of Port Alberni. The other prize, rain gear from Valley Outboard of Port Alberni was won by Scott Clements of Mercer Island, Washington.

Prizes for hidden weights were won by the following.

John Cogan of Redmond, Washington won a large tackle box, 11 lures and two weights from Ostrom's Machine Shop in Bamfield.

Gordon Robinson of Bamfield won 23 liters of mixed gas donated by Ostrom's Machine Shop.

John Cogan won a \$20 gift certificate donated by Barlows Home Entertainment Centre in Port Alberni.

Loni Collinge of Port Alberni won a \$50 gift certificate from the Kamshee Store in Bamfield.

The prize for the smallest fish entered, a medium Pizza from Pizza by the Sea went to Jay Cogan of Redmond, Washington.

The prize for the smallest Coho entered, boat wax from Valley Outboard of Port Alberni went to both John Cogan and his son Jay.

The Children's Derby First prize went to Thomas Wyton for a 3 pound perch. He won a kite and string donated by Alberni Pacific Charters of Port Alberni.

Second Prize, a fishing reel donated by China Creek Marina of Port Alberni, went to Tina Charles. Her catch was a 2½ pound black bass.

Third Prize, two B.V.F.D. T-Shirts went to Brandy Bozak for a 2½ pound perch.

12 large beach balls were donated by P.Y. Marine of Port Alberni. They were given to Linda Mather, Tabia Bourne, Sherella Wyton, Christiana Mather, Jamie Dunsmore, Cheryl Dunsmore and Ira Wyton for entering a fish. The remaining balls were given to other children at the hall.

After a busy two day derby, Monday was open house at the Fire Hall. Tuesday, July 28th was water sports day at the East Government dock, the Truck Brigade against the Fireboat Brigade. A lot of fun to watch but those participating were very wet. Various other competitions, all very wet were a lot of fun.

Wednesday, July 29th was Fire practice demonstration. The proper procedure for extinguishing a fire with a

fire extinguisher attracted a lot of attention.

Water Baseball, on July 30th was another wet affair and a lot of fun. Our fire week baseball is played by either swimming or rowing to the bases.

Friday, July 31st was Casino Night. \$10 bought you \$100 in play money to try your luck at the various games of chance. During the evening \$2 bought you a chance on our 1/75 Lottery. The winner received \$75. Once all the numbers were sold, the first number out of the bingo machine declared the winner, Christina Mather.

On Saturday, August 1st, the 5TH ANNUAL INTERTIDAL GOLF TOURNAMENT AND SALMON BARBECUE was held. The greens fee of \$10 included a complimentary golf hat and the salmon barbecue. On a course par of 63, we had 64 golfers and there were three first place winners. Kevin McKay, Sean Mather and Ken Masson, all with scores of 39. Brian McKay came in with a 40 and George Shipley with a 41. They each received a keeper trophy and their names will be on our house trophies which were donated last year by Eugene Romaniuk of Port Alberni.

Best costume went to Rick McLeod, who came as an Arab immigrant accompanied by his sponsor, Syd Baker. Rick and Syd come in costume each year, and even with the stiff competition this year, Rick's performance in bowing to his sponsor, the golf ball, the sun and anyone speaking to him gave him an Alaskan Mill, donated by Kingfisher Marina in Bamfield. Special mention went to Judy Lamb for her costume.

Salmon for the barbecue was donated by J.S. Mcmillan of Bamfield and the salads were donated by the many good cooks of Bamfield. Non-golfers paid \$3.50 a plate for their dinner. Dessert was ice cream cones for one and all from 2½ gallons of ice cream donated by the Bamfield General Store.

Previous to and during the week raffle tickets on an Indian Woven Bottle were sold. The bottle was donated by Malsie McPhee. It was won by Maureen Frederiksen of North Vancouver.

The week concluded with an evening dance, which was well attended. Throughout the week hamburgers and hot dogs were available, as well as potato chips and pop. Refreshments were available each evening at the bar. Freight for the bar refreshments and pop was

donated by T. Christian Trucking Ltd. of Port Alberni.

The success of our once a year drive for funds was made possible by the very generous donations. The officers and members of the Bamfield Volunteer Fire Dept would like to thank all of the donors as well as those who participated in our events.

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

At the Annual General Meeting of the Bamfield Volunteer Fire Dept held on August 19, the following officers were elected.

Fire Chief	Donald Amos
Deputy Chief	Mitch McPhee
1st Captain	Loretta Amos
2nd Captain	Bruce Burgess
Sec'y -Treas.	Bernice Stewart

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PARKS COMMISSION REPORT

by
Judy Gray

You may or may not be aware that the committee applied to the lotteries commission for a grant to assist with the purchase and installation of an adventure playground. We have been granted assistance up to \$5700. The money is granted on a one in three basis. For every two dollars raised by the community the grant will contribute one dollar, up to a maximum of 5700 grant dollars. This means that if the full amount is to be realized, the community must raise \$11,400. This would make a total amount for the playground of \$17,100.

Volunteer labor can be counted as a contribution by the community. It is calculated at the rate of \$6.00 per hour.

We have scheduled two weekends of work bees, Sept. 19th and 20th and Sept. 26th and 27th. We will also have a fund raising dance on Sept. 26th.

The result will be a smart looking adventure playground for our children, similar to

the one Tofino has recently received.

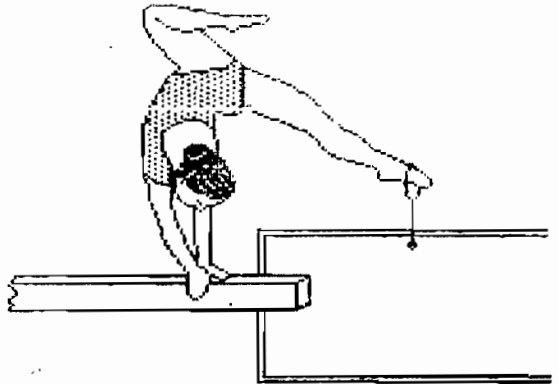
Please come out, bring a rake, a wheelbarrow, a chainsaw, your kids or just yourself, and help us to build a park we can all be proud of.

If you wish to help but cannot come at these times, please contact Kent Ollis at 728-3349.

We are also selling raffle tickets to help raise money for this project. Tickets can be purchased at the stores or from any committee member.

The committee members are:

Kent Ollis
Kerry Benton
Eileen Scott
Judy Gray.



REGIONAL DISTRICT REPORT

by
Al Benton

As we get into fall it is time to think about elections and referenda. This November there will be two referenda on the ballot - for Street Lighting and for an expansion to the Water System. I will have full details on both for you in next month's Barkley Sounder. On the Water System referendum, the Water Committee has asked Al McGill, the new engineer we are using, to prepare a call for tenders. I expect that this will be going out sometime this month, and will allow me to give you definite cost figures. I also hope to call a public meeting towards the end of October with Mr. McGill in attendance where you will be able to have any questions answered.

I am also up for re-election in November. Due to changes in the Municipal Act, this election will be for a three year term. Anyone who is interested in running against me can pick up nomination forms from the Regional District office in Port Alberni.

On August 24th, I attended a meeting with officials from Macmillan Bloedel regarding maintenance of the Alberni-

Bamfield Road and the financial responsibility of M&B for their vehicles on the road. On the latter subject, Mr. Gary Griffiths, the new General Manager of the Alberni woodlands, is supposed to be sending us a letter outlining their position. On the subject of maintenance, however, he gave us a commitment that in future times of strikes or shutdowns the road would not be allowed to deteriorate and that better maintenance would be undertaken by the Company.

As I'm sure all of you have heard, Bamfield Trails Motel's application for a Pub license was unsuccessful. I feel that the Christian's are deserve a lot of credit for spending the money to have the survey done. It finally enabled the entire town to officially voice their opinions on the pub. It seems that the closeness of the vote came as quite a surprise to many people. As I understand regulations, this means that no further applications will be considered for two years.

Further on liquor, it is a useful service to finally have a Liquor Agency store in Bamfield. Lindsay Quane just got her first order in recently at Bamfield General

Store. I was shocked to find out that she is required to pay the cost of all freight to bring her supplies in. This means, it seems, that she will actually lose money on every case of beer she sells. I'm going to try to get a more equitable arrangement through the Regional District's intervention, but in the meantime I urge you to curb your thirsts so that Lindsay doesn't lose too much money.

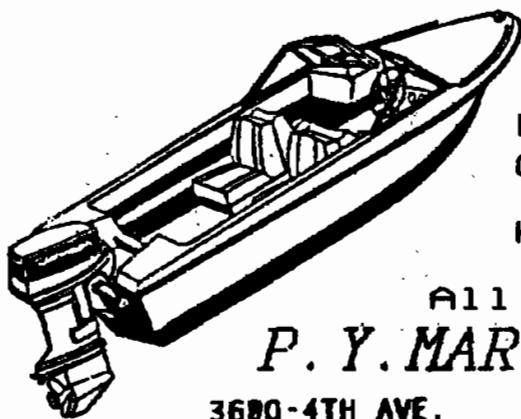
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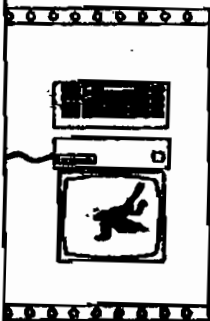
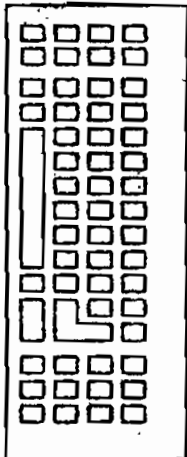
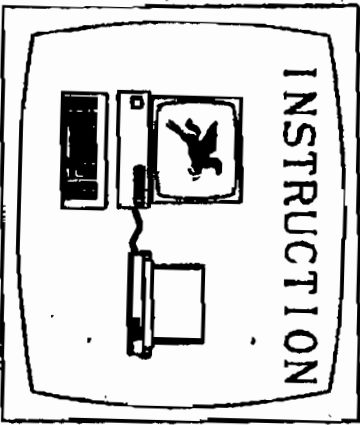
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and *we* !!



Ida Welland

FRAGMENTS

Why is it the mind retains
wisps of poems, and strains
of once-heard songs?
'Ozymandias-King of Kings'
How the lonely fragment rings
memorie's muted gongs.

'Break! Break! Break!'
Salt as a garboard-strake,
the tune of sound.
'Very old are we men'
That refrain again?
What port? Where bound?

'Over the hills and far away'
Who said 'Play fiddler--Play'?
Authors ancient or new,
and many unknown
who have cunningly sown
these seeds in you.

'To follow knowledge like a
sinking star'
These are the things that are
in my brain,
under the mundane hood
'Caught in a thicket of
dogwood-vivid as flame'.

'Sand-strewn caverns, cool and
deep'
Songs of quietude, that keep
re-curring. Why?
Could they add up to a meaning
totalled by an inner truth,
deeming
them too good to die?

'In what furnace was thy
brain'
All those words went down the
drain,
but some reverberate.
'Leetle Bateese--Not moch you
care'
Why in the world keep this one
there?
How can these coagulate?

'Dulce et decorum est'
This is the lie that East and
West
swept the land.
'The old man slew his son,
'and half the seed of Europe
one by one'.
Liberty lifts its hand.

And when the last bomb is
done,
returning the earth whence it
had come--
the end men sought,
will a steamy rag of matter
sing--
'And the dreams to which they
cling
come not?'

Pat Grace

Bamfield Co-op Entertainment



RAMFIELD CO-OP ENTERTAINMENT
NEARS ITS GOAL.

The drive for funds to maintain the television channels in Bamfield is nearing its goal. The hard work on the part of the committee is being rewarded by contributions from the community that will make continuation of the service possible.

There is still a need for additional funds, and anyone who has not contributed can still help to maintain the service for another year. There is an ongoing need for maintenance and operating expenses. We have been very fortunate to have Roger to help with keeping the system running. Roger does this as a community service, and it is appreciated.

The Barkley Souder received a donation of \$56 towards the service from an American reader, who wrote about the need for television service, especially for those who are shut in. Their donation is acknowledged with gratitude.

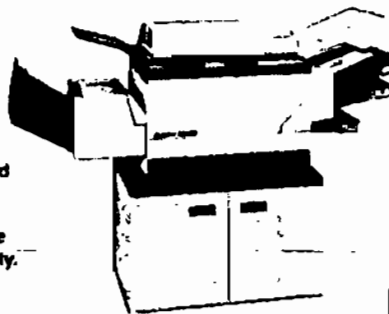
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LEITH BOULTER

The printed word plays an enormous role in our perception of what is going on in the world. Although newspapers, magazines and other publications relate the facts, thus informing us of what actually happened, there's another aspect that can throw us off track if we aren't careful.

That is the media's preoccupation with commentaries and opinions to go along with the stories. Many of these are slanted to conform to the theories the speaker wishes to convey. This is completely natural, since we all do it. But in the case of the average individual his or her opinions and views are interpreted as one person's opinion and we realize such may well be faulty.

Unfortunately, perhaps, when someone with the credentials of an expert does the same thing and it is aired or printed, we often accept what is said as having the force of truth. Sometimes it does, especially if we agree with the opinion, but often it does not conform to the facts. Subconsciously we associate the prominence of the person with the weight of his opinion, whereas he may not know his

assertions from a mine shaft on the specific subject.

I think this is especially dangerous when the views happen to coincide with our own. "You see," we say, "he feels the same way about it as I do. So I must be right." The danger grows in proportion to the importance of the subject under discussion and the prominence of the speaker.

Fortunately the laws of nature come into play in most cases and we get an equally prominent figure disagreeing and giving the other side of the story. So far, so good, but if one faction has more accumulated credibility than the other, we tend to be guided by that.

It has been revealed time and time again that there are limits to anyone's credibility. The most credible figures in history often had a weak spot. They were not supermen and therefore could be wrong now and again.

So be careful! It is important, nay crucial, that we hear both sides, or all sides, before we make up our minds. I think all of us can recall instances where we made judgments and later discovered there was another side to the story, one which resulted in a

change of mind.....sometimes too late to repair the damage.

Life is a constant and never-ending struggle to do the right thing.

Do you suppose that accounts for what we consider unconscionable delays on the part of those making rules or amending same? How come it takes so long to pass some legislative changes while others can be amended overnight?

Please, no cynical conclusions!

LIEBERMAN'S LAW: Everybody lies, but it doesn't matter, since no one listens.

DENNISTON'S LAW: Virtue is its own punishment.

STEWART'S LAW: It is easier to get forgiveness than permission.

GLYNE'S FORMULA: The secret of success is sincerity. Once you can fake that you've got it made.

QUOTES. Very little is known about the war of 1812 because the Americans lost it (Eric Nicol).

Once made equal to man, woman becomes his superior (Socrates).

Ignorance of the law does not prevent the losing lawyer

from collecting his fee (Puck Magazine).

The victor will never be asked if he told the truth (Hitler).

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CHURCH NEWS

by

Rev. Henry Boston

Talent Show

A talent show was proposed by the church board at a meeting on Saturday, August 8th. Those interested in helping to plan for this, or to take part in it, are invited to phone me at 728-3479 on the dates shown below.

Kitchen Table Discussions of Peace Issues

Recently I heard a well educated man say that the destruction of the human race one way or another was inevitable. Either we would wipe ourselves out in nuclear war or we would destroy the ecology, or we would be killed off by the AIDS virus, or something like it. A program to help people come to grips with one of these issues has been set up by the United Church of Canada. The project is called "An Invitation to the Kitchen Table". It is intended to help people who would feel comfortable sitting around a kitchen table to express their own thoughts in their own words about the frightening possibility of nuclear war, how to avoid it and how to work for peace.

The program is also intended to help us to relate our concern for peace with our faith in God, and in Christ. Promotional literature states "The arms race is a challenge to people of faith, whose normal ways of describing God and salvation seem only partially helpful in addressing the moral crisis of the post-Hiroshima era...No one will be commissioned to write a peace theology. The statement of our belief will be gathered together from the many kitchen table discussions", and the Division of Mission of the United Church will then organize a national Kitchen Table Discussion and present the result to the General Council in 1990.

I would like to invite anyone who is interested to participate in a kitchen table in Bamfield. We would meet around the kitchen table in the manse and lubricate our discussion with coffee, tea etc.

I do not believe that the planet is doomed, but I do believe that the human race is being challenged to change. I believe that the problem goes much deeper than nuclear weapons. The arms race is a final development in a spiritual sickness. The

global threat which it poses is a warning, not a sentence. That gives me hope.

I believe that we are all threatened regardless of our faith, and I want every concerned person to feel welcome to our discussions regardless of their faith or unbelief. Those interested please phone me at 728-3479 on September 4th, 5th, 18th or 19th, or tell me in church on September 6th or 20th.

Church Service Schedule

Alternate Sundays at 11.00 a.m.
September 6th and 20th
October 4th and 18th
November 1st, 15th and 29th.



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2. You do not think that you really need a haircut, even though your hair is two inches below your collar. (men only)
3. Someone mentions Brian Mulroney and you do not know who they are talking about.
4. You believe that fishing as an industry has a bright future in Bamfield.

5. You are convinced that tourists will flock to Bamfield to witness a winter storm.
6. You think that any footwear except gum boots is abnormal.
7. You develop a fondness for salal.
8. You see someone wearing a necktie and think that they must be trying to strangle themselves.
9. You begin to think that traffic is heavy in downtown Bamfield. (You want a traffic light installed.)

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ALBERNI VALLEY MUSEUM

GUEST SPEAKERS

Topic: Ice, Mammoths and
Hunters

Location: Echo Centre, 4255
Wallace Street, Port Alberni

Time: 7:30 - 9:00 p.m.

Date: October 5, 1987

UPCOMING TEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS

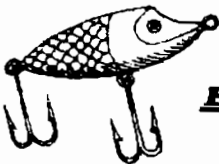
Titles: Mexican Folk Toys
Pinatas

Location: Alberni Valley
Museum, Echo Centre, Port
Alberni

Dates: From October 29-
November 22, 1987

This exhibit will be of special
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For further information contact:
Gord Bailey, 723-2181, local 263.



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FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE

A RECIPE FROM JACOB BERGH
Son of Steve Bergh

SALAL BERRY MUFFINS

Ingredients

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
2 eggs (well beaten)
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp salt
2 cups salal berries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup add'l flour (can be $\frac{1}{2}$
whole wheat if desired.)



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Cream the shortening. Add sugar gradually together with well beaten eggs and vanilla. Blend well. Stir in milk, flour, baking powder and salt, alternating ingredients. Mix well and add berries sprinkled with flour.

Fill muffin tins $\frac{2}{3}$ full and bake at 375° F for 25 minutes.

CAPE BEALE WEATHER

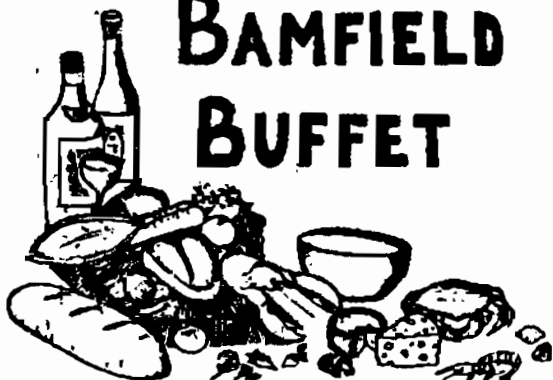
by
Steve Bergh
Assistant Lightkeeper
Cape Beale

The maximum temperature was 24°C on August 31st. The minimum temperature was 8.5°C on August 21st. The mean maximum was 16.7°C. The mean minimum was 11.2°C.

There were seven days with measurable rainfall. The heaviest rain was on August 12th when 10.2 mm fell. The total for the month was 14.2 mm.

In 1986 the mean maximum was 17.1°C and the mean minimum was 10.6°C. Rainfall was 24.6 mm.

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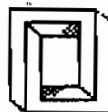
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BAMFIELD MEMORIES

SCHOOL DAYS

by
Graham Elliston

September approaches, and with it memories of school days in Bamfield.

Our first residence was in one of Bruce Scott's cabins near the beach at Aguilar point, and it was from there that we climbed the hill to school. Part of the way was on a boardwalk which seemed, to our young eyes, to be raised a considerable distance above the surrounding bush. It was here I first met Tommy Webb. I was struggling home with my wagon, which for some reason or other would not roll so had to be carried. "I'll help you to pack it," Tommy volunteered, to my puzzlement. I had never heard the word "pack" used in this way before. To me it had always meant to put thing into suitcases or trunks. I wondered how or why he proposed to do this with my wagon.

Some time later Tommy and Jackie Sim borrowed the same wagon, piled themselves aboard and went bounding down the school hill, which was every bit as rough as it is today. I'll never forget my feeling of dismay when I saw one wheel come loose and spin crazily off by itself while Tommy, Jackie,

and the wagon tumbled into the bush. I was worried about the wagon, of course.

At that time (1942/43) the present school had not even been dreamed of. The one we attended consisted, as far as I can remember, of one large room with an entrance hall. All eight grades were lumped together, roughly one grade per row. There was also a large wood burning heater which was tended by older boys during the cold weather. The "facilities", as they call them today, were outside in unpainted sheds, the boys' urinal being a bare slime covered wall, rotted visibly at its yellow-green base.

The first teacher I remember was Ralph Rosso who managed all eight grades single-handed. Teaching thirty or forty pupils and maintaining discipline in such a situation would seem to be a daunting task, but I can't recall there being any problem. Children from the upper grades would dictate our spelling to us, while others were writing, reading, doing their maths, or receiving the personal attention of Mr. Rosso. It would be interesting to hear the comments of the "older kids" on this

system. How about it, Carl or Roald?

Mr. Rosso seems to have been an energetic teacher and popular with children and adults alike. Bill Whaley used to tell me of fishing trips with him; and mountain climbing -- which eventually claimed his life -- was another of his passions. I believe a peak on Vancouver Island has been named after him.

The expedition I remember best would have been a tame one by Mr. Rosso's standards, but I'm sure he enjoyed it as much as we did. One summer day the whole school trooped off to Brady's Beach along the old sun dappled trail and over the final big hill from which we could smell and hear the surf pounding somewhere beyond the trees. It was a picnic, and we all carried our lunches and played games on the sand or in the water until we noticed Mr. Rosso and the older kids pointing out to sea where a rowboat was pulling into view from the direction of Bamfield.

At first it looked like two people in the boat, but as it drew nearer we found to our surprise and joy that the person sitting in the stern was actually a large barrel of ice-cream! Edgar Brady ran the boat ashore to a chorus of

cheers while many willing hands carried the precious cargo up the beach and began handing out the ice-cream cones. What heaven that was to us younger kids! Ice-cream was a rare treat in those days--something we looked forward to when we went to Port Alberni or Victoria for our dental checkups--but here we were suddenly getting all we could eat, for free! I finished two and a half. Couldn't get through the third one and had to throw it away, as no one else could handle it either. In my mind's eye I can still see it sitting upside down on a rock near the water, just as it had landed. My first conscious encounter with waste!

Our first move in Bamfield was to the east side, to a little shack at the north end of Jessie and John Logvinoff's property. I think it had only two rooms: a kitchen and a bedroom. There was no plumbing. The outhouse was on a float and all the water was dipped from an open well out back, just under the bank--delicious and cool.

Neena Logvinoff used to row us to school in her canoe. Her best friend, Celinda Paish, lived next door, and also rowed a canoe. They were

probably both in grade five or six and were always full of jokes and laughter. I can still hear them singing at the tops of their voices:

"The stars at night are
big and bright
(clap-clap-clap-clap)
Deep in the heart of
Texas"

Sometimes they would lose an oar when they stopped to clap their hands and would double up in convulsions of laughter while we hung on tight, wondering whether we'd ever make it to shore.

Neena taught us to row by tying a long piece of fish line to her canoe and shoving us off into the creek to find our own way back. I used the same technique several decades later when I sent Michael off on his first solo voyage on one of the ponds at Jericho Beach.

One time Mr. Rosso gave us bars of Ivory soap and an unusual assignment. We were to carve replicas of the Greek Parthenon at Athens. Dick Sim, whose heart was not really in schoolwork, turned in a carving which, even to my young eye, was a perfect masterpiece, reflecting all the beauty and delicacy of light and shadow for which the original is famous. Strange to think of an inattentive young Bamfield

schoolboy being in such close harmony with the ancient Greeks! Another time, perhaps when Mrs. Fort was the teacher, we staged "Little Red Riding Hood" and Billy Wiseman put so much enthusiasm into his role as the woodsman that he almost knocked out the poor wolf!

When we moved to Grappler Creek we had to take the school boat during the winter months. Jessie used her own boat, the "Neena", to pick us up and deliver us home again. We usually stood out in the cockpit, unless the weather was really foul, when we'd crowd down below and steam up all the windows with our wet gear. One Friday, as we were pulling away from the Cable floats, Ray Salmon swung his school bag and caught me smack in the eye, raising a shiner which lasted a week or two. Ray was bigger and older than I so I spent the weekend making a wooden sword which I wore to school on Monday morning, much to the amusement of Ray and his friends.

I never have been a fighter, but one day I found myself unexpectedly in a real dust-up with Norman Brevik. A circle of supporters cheered us on as we slugged it out near a muddy pool in the

schoolyard. I have no idea what it was about or how it ended, but I do remember going home with an egg-sized bump on my forehead. Norman and I were usually good friends, so I'm sure we patched things up afterwards.

Before I take leave of the old school, here a few more memories, in random order, just as they come to me.

I always knew when I was going to be late for school, because the birds would be singing along the trail. How I dreaded hearing those songs! I believe we had exercises at the flagpole every morning (or was it just on special occasions?). The flag would be raised and we probably sang "God Save the King" or "O Canada", but I wouldn't swear to it.

As already noted in my recollections of the war years, we played in the "jungle" and also on the big stump which still stands as a landmark in the schoolyard. I wonder how many children have scaled the walls of that castle over the years?

The grade eights sat in the row by the windows, at the far side of the room from me. I had a secret admiration for Margaret Wishart and used to watch the sunlight streaming through her reddish hair. She

had a tragic, world-weary look which somehow appealed to me at the age of 8 or 9. Mary Rock sat in the same row, a pale thin figure with dark hair. They never noticed me, of course!

When we returned to Bamfield in the late forties I was one grade ahead of the school, so had to take grades 9 and 10 by correspondence, beginning in January or February, 1949. Working at home was a distracting business, so it took me 1½ years to complete grade nine. The following year I took my papers to the school and did them there at the invitation of the principal, Mr. Torsky, who also undertook to teach me mathematics. I wrote all my exams under the professional eye of Avis Schutz, who had been a teacher herself some years before. Correspondence course are excellent for well-motivated students, but almost impossible for those who are less keen or easily distracted.

At one point I was tempted to give it all up after spending a happy day whistle-punking at Milligan's with my friend, Dick MacDougal. They were logging at the head of Bamfield Creek near Number 9 and Dick was

earning an unheard of \$1.25 an hour for sitting on a stump and relaying signals. At the same time I was splitting wood for \$1.00 a cord, so you can imagine how the glitter of gold fascinated me.

The temptation proved resistible, however. I completed grade ten and went to Victoria to finish high school. It was there that I learned how good the correspondence courses had been and thanked Dr. Edith E. Lucas and her excellent staff for the good study habits they had forced on me during those 2½ years of dedicated and persistent instruction. You never get away with sloppy work in correspondence courses!

I experienced many types of schooling in my childhood years, but undoubtedly the days I remember with the most pleasure are those I spent in the old one room schoolhouse in Bamfield when Mr. Rosso was there. I'm glad they named a mountain after him, but it wasn't really necessary. He's still alive in memory.



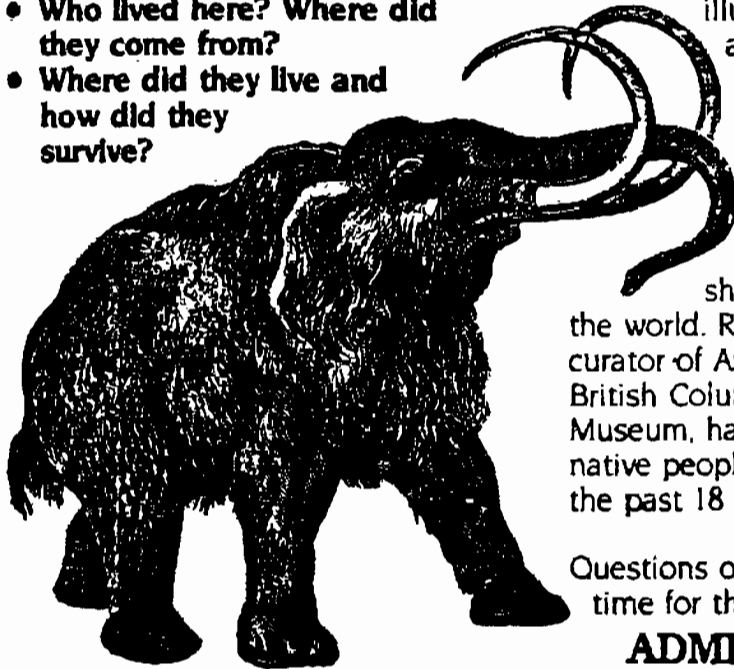
armadillo (Ayotochtli)



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