BARKLEY SOUNDER

A
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ORIGINATING
IN
BAMFIELD

VOLUME III
NUMBER 9

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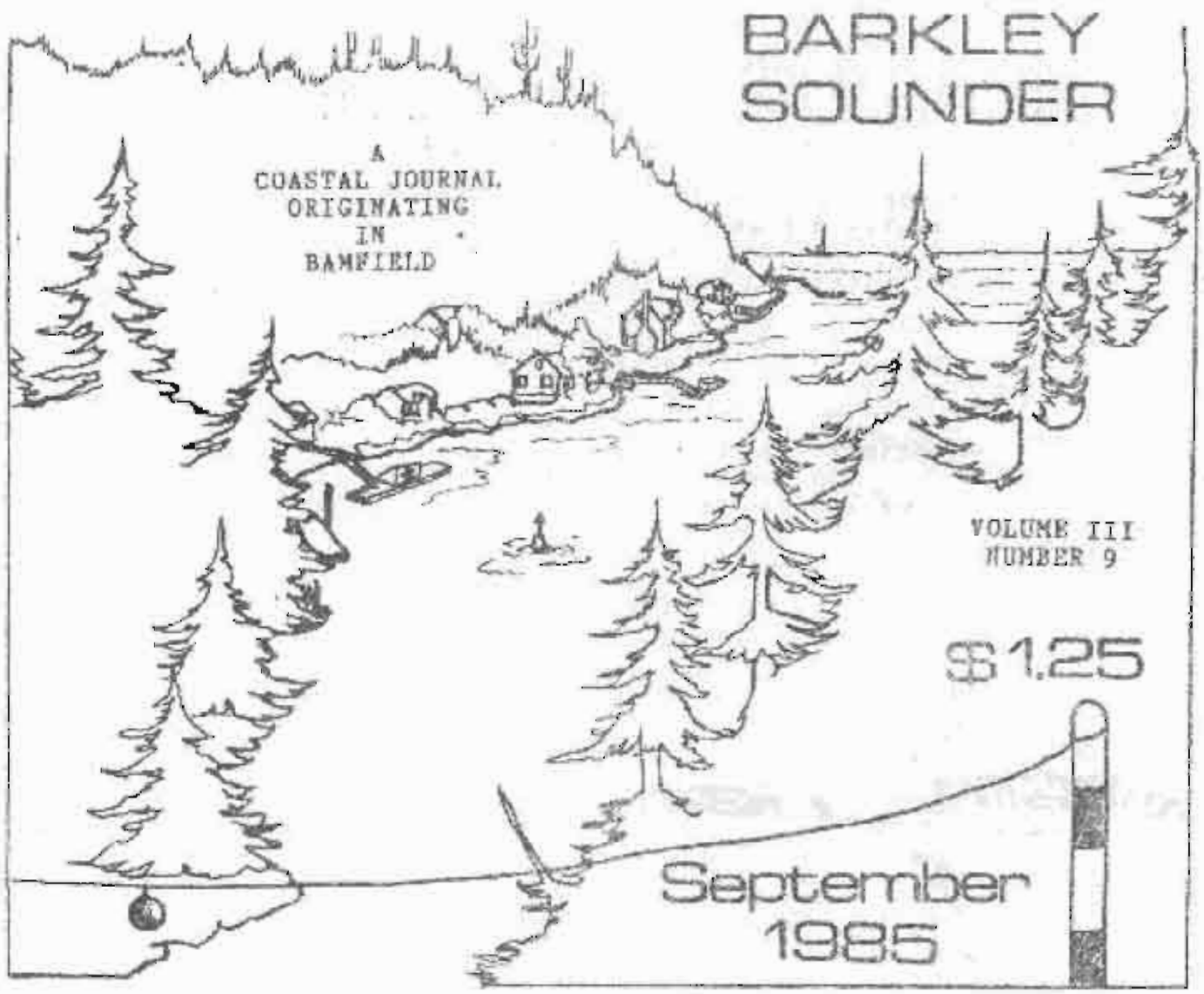

September
1985

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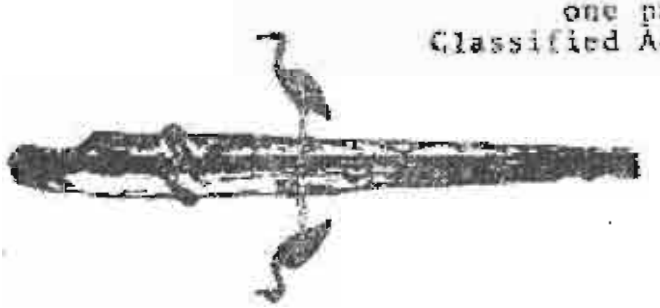

THE MASTHEAD
by
Jeanne Ferris, Co-editor

September has always been one of my favorite months, when the air and the MacIntosh apples are cool, crisp and delicious. It's the only month of the year when there are actually too many tomatoes, too many beans, too many blackberries and all of them homegrown, with no long ride in U.S. boxcars between the picking and the eating. School starts in September, and I always get the urge to go back and learn about something new.

This September is especially memorable, because we're spending it at the Cape Beale Light Station. More to the point, we're putting out the Barkley Sounder from Cape Beale. Why? Well, why not?

It has made for a few extra wrinkles (not, I hope, in the copy you're reading). We brought the plastic-garbage-bag-wrapped computer and monitor and printer to Cape Beale in a special trip in Norbie Brand's zodiac--he's the keeper Jim is standing in for--but we had to leave the photocopier and thermofax and duplicator and paper cutter in Bamfield.

We printed sixteen pages before we left, including this month's cover by Catherine Jennings, who grew up in Bamfield and now teaches art in Vancouver. Catherine took time out from preparations for her annual summer pottery sale and garden party to draw a cover for us. The view looks out through the Narrows towards West Bamfield and Barkley Sound. Thank you, Catherine!

You may recognize the poppies on the back cover from JULY on Michael Jay's 1985 Westcoast Calendar. Thank you, Michael!

So, we brought the sixteen pages to Cape Beale. Then Dave Hegstrom came out through a light chop and a low southwest swell to deliver his two articles, along with our mail.

A few days later, Bernie Wyton emerged from the salal to deliver her gardening column, accompanied by her sons Thomas (nine) and Ira (six). They walked back the same day--this is a three-hour walk each way through rainforest along the old Lifesaving Trail. Plus an hour of kayaking from the end of the trail to Bernie's dock. The New York Times should be so lucky to have columnists with such dedication!

Then Peter called in the weather, Pat called in the Fall Fair, and our new principal, Mr. Rod Burke, called in his

first column. All calls had to come in over the Brands' radiophone, so anyone with a radiophone could listen. Maybe there will be a few new sets of knobby knees at the Fall Fair!

Once we had the paper computer-printed, Jim took a 8 am Saturday morning walk to Bamfield, ran off the remaining pages, and jogged back to Cape Beale in time to do his afternoon weather reports. He and Ira could do a Lifesaving Trail commercial: Hiked by Kids from Six to Sixty !

We then collated, stapled and stuffed envelopes at our yellow kitchen table, and finally sent the **Barkley Sounders** with the rest of our mail by Coast Guard helicopter to Mary and Judy at the Post Office.

Whew. Grab a coffee, sit back and enjoy this month's **Sounder**. We sure did.

Barkley Sounder

September 1985

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[The article, "This Kind of Weed's Good for Your Garden" appeared first in The Islander, Victoria Times-Colonist, June 9, 1985.]

HELLO, BAMFIELD!

by
Rod Burke

"Oh, another principal," you may be saying. I must agree that there have been many comings and goings in that capacity from the school over the last few years.

By way of introduction, my name is Rod Burke and my family and I would like to take this opportunity to thank everybody for the warm welcomes we have received since our arrival in Bamfield. My wife, Dale, is busy getting things organized on the home front, Andrew our eldest boy has departed already for Port Alberni to attend Mt. Klitsa Junior Secondary School, and Cameron is rapidly finding his way around the school in Grade One this year. --All of us, I'm sure, will enjoy our new experiences.

Prior to our arrival in Bamfield, we lived in Port Alberni where I was teaching for eleven years. The last two years we spent back in New Zealand renewing friendships and familiarising our children again with their grandparents and other relatives.

As for the school, we are gradually getting our routines established and getting some idea of our wants, needs and expectations. Our enrollment to date is 46 and we anticipate the return of several other students. I would like to say that I'm looking forward to working with my returning teaching staff; Mrs. Bev. Dayton in the Grade 3-4 area and Mrs. Pat Lindsay who has a very complex K through Grade 2 class in the mornings. The other support staff, Mr. Syd Baker, Mr. Peter Janitis and Mrs. Marie Nookemus are all back in their official capacities, all doing their best to keep things rolling along smoothly. As yet we have no secretary as this position is currently being advertised.

Thanks again to all. We are all looking forward to a very successful year!

A RIGHT BRAIN CHALLENGE

Thanks to Gordie Doyle for this one.

This test does not measure your intelligence, your fluency with words and certainly not your mathematical ability. It will, however, give you some gauge of your mental flexibility and creativity.
We will give you the answers next month if we can find them. We are having some problems with #'s 6,12,13,18 and 21. If you find the answers to these, please let us know.

INSTRUCTIONS

Each question below contains the initials of the words that will make it correct. Find the missing words:

EXAMPLE: 16 O. in a P. -- 16 ounces in a pound.

1. 26 L. of the A.
2. 7 W. of the A. W.
3. 1001 A. N.
4. 12 S. of the Z.
5. 54 C. in a D. (with the J)
6. 8 P. in the S. S.
7. 88 P. K.
8. 13 S. on the A. F.
9. 32 D. F. at which W. F.
10. 18 H. on a G. C.
11. 90 D. in a R. A.
12. 200 D. for P. G. in M.
13. 8 S. on a S. S.
14. 3 B. M. (S. H. T. R.)
15. 4 Q. in a G.
16. 24 H. in a D.
17. 1 W. on a U.
18. 5 D. in a Z. C.
19. 57 H. V.
20. 11 P. on a F. T.
21. 1000 W. that a P. is W.
22. 29 D. in F. in a L. Y.
23. 64 S. on a C.
24. 40 D. and N. of the G. F.

Good Luck !!!

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE
by
Eva Brand

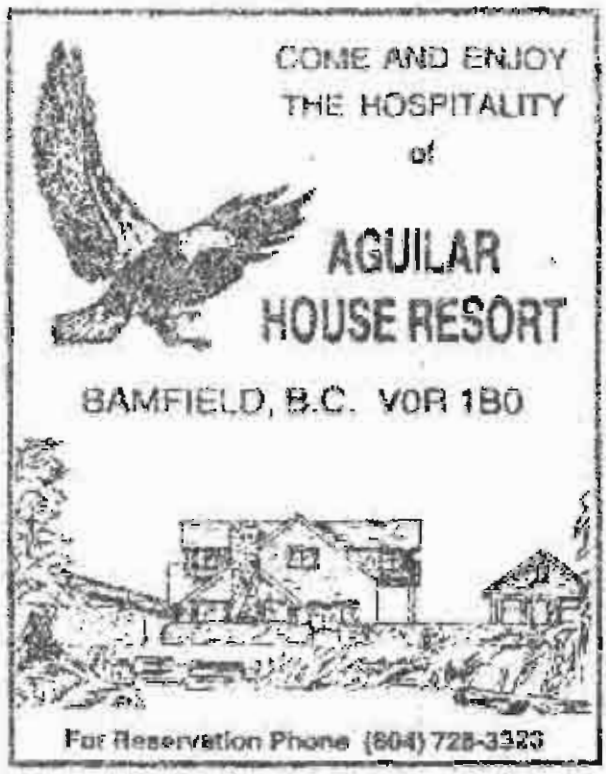
To use up some of your zucchini, tomatoes and fresh herbs.

Tomato-Zucchini Casserole

1 cup grated cheddar cheese
1/3 cup parmesan cheese
1 tsp each fresh chopped basil and oregano, or substitute dried.
1 clove minced garlic
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 good dash cayenne pepper
3 medium zucchini
2 large tomatoes
¼ cup butter
2 tbsp. minced onion
½ cup dry bread crumbs

Combine cheeses, herbs, garlic, salt and peppers. Slice tomatoes and zucchini. Butter an 8" pan.
Arrange in pan: ½ zucchini, ¼ cheeses, ½ tomatoes, ¼ cheeses
repeat layers.

In pan, sauté onion in butter, add crumbs, stir until the butter is absorbed.
Spread on casserole. Cover loosely and bake @ 375° F. ½ hour, uncover and bake another 20 minutes or so.



PAGES FROM THE PAST
by
R. Bruce Scott

History of Bamfield School

The residents of Bamfield held their first school meeting on December 28, 1908, in Pioneer House, the home of the pioneer family of J.B. McKay. They elected Messrs. McKay, McKee and Captain Gillon of the Lifeboat Station as school trustees.

Thanks were extended to A.W. Neill, M.P. and his company for their kind offer of two lots for a school site, and to the Barkley Sound Cedar Company for a discount on the price of lumber. Local donations of $78 were acknowledged.

A temporary one-room school was built on the McKay property and the first teacher was Miss Wood of Alberni. There were about twelve pupils attending, including the McKay, McKee, Godson and Johnson children.

The following year there was a new teacher, Miss Grace Cox, also of Alberni.

Mrs. Irma Cashin (nee Jennings), who first attended the Bamfield school in 1921, remembers the early days:

"Marion Godson was the teacher at that time," she said. "She was Geoff Godson's sister and later became Mrs. Burr. There were about twenty-two children attending, including the McKee girls, Jessie and Nina, Douglas and Tottie Lynn, Don, Jack and Avis McGee, myself, and those from up Grappler Inlet, who included one of the Hoskins and two or three of the Russian family of Dedenko. I think the Dermots were still living out at Pachena Bay. I don't think they went to school at that time because it would have meant a three mile walk over the old Lifesaving Trail each way.

"Then there were the Godson children, Buster and his sisters Eileen and Betty and the two boys who were living with them, Reid and Harold McGilversy. I think that was about all. Just the one teacher taught all grades from one to eight.

"It was like that until I passed grade eight. When I left, there were about forty children. The teacher seemed to manage all right. She had a good timetable. She gave you your work and you did it. There was no nonsense. The children weren't pampered.

"Mr. Sykes was the next teacher. He was an Englishman. He was very fond of music and used to spend a lot of time on singing, which didn't go over very well with a lot of parents. They thought he spent too much time on singing. He was only there for about two years and then we had a Miss deCew from Vancouver. She was here for one year and then we had Marjory Bagshaw, who married Percy Bailey of the Cable Station. We had her for about three years.

"She boarded with the Michelsens for the first year and then she boarded with us for two years. Then her sister, Dorothy, came after her, but I was not attending school at that time. She, too, married a cable man, named Henkel.

"We used to have pretty good times at school. You had to do more for yourself. You had to look up subjects in the Book of Knowledge or in an encyclopedia and make notes on them.

"As you know, we had a school boat, instead of a bus, to pick up the children. The first boat was run by a fisherman named Lindberg who lived up Grappler Inlet near John Janet. He used to pick the children up in his fishboat.

"At that time the school boat ran only in the winter months because the fishermen fished during the other seasons. The children had to row themselves to school after April, when the fishing season opened, until the first part of the fall.

"Jessie Logvinoff ran the school boat for quite a while. Then Alec McKay had it for a long time, using his boat the **Naida**. He was followed by Bert Jones and Peter Janitis. Of course some of the children in Bamfield West had to walk to school. No, they were not afraid of bears or cougars like they are today. Some carried a tin can with small stones in it and they rattled these if they thought a bear was around.

-to be continued next month-

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STROKE, STROKE!
Rowing the Broken Group
by
Graham Ellison

Many years ago, when I lived in Bamfield, I used to look wistfully across the Imperial Eagle Channel (Middle Channel in those days) at the islands of the Broken Group as if they were at the ends of the earth. Their remoteness symbolized for me the unexplored reaches of creation -- the "misty isles" of Nordic legend. One of them was even called Gibraltar Island, named perhaps after the place where I was born. I wondered if it really looked like "The Rock".

Once, in 1959, when I was fishing with Al Cloke on the "Invictus" we ran to Ucluelet through the Coaster Channel, an experience which only increased my desire to explore the islands at leisure. But I was not living in Bamfield then and almost twenty years had to slip by before Alex McKay took our family to Nettle Island on his sloop, the "Argonaut". That was a good start, but still the dream persisted.

It was my intention to travel as simply as possible. In 1979 we bought a 14 foot fibreglass Whitehall rowboat with 7 foot oars from John Rabeneck in Nanaimo and began making one-day trips to the islands of the Deer Group. I always carried plenty of food, a chart, and warm clothing, to which was added a sleeping bag and ground-sheet as the trips became longer. Most of my supplies and equipment are stowed in a food cooler where they are relatively safe from the wet and readily accessible. The rest is covered by the canvas ground-sheet. I also take the camera and a book.

By the end of summer '82 I had explored the shorelines of all the islands of the Deer Group and ranged as far as Flatty Basin and Rooke, so felt confident enough to take on the Broken Group. On July 23rd, at 9:20 in the morning I set out from Bamfield in the "Lady Rowe". The weather was glorious and the sea was glassy smooth all the way to Swale Rock, which I reached at 11:45 after a short rest stop at Sandford. I must admit I felt rather apprehensive before venturing into the Middle Channel. The years had done nothing to diminish the feeling that I was on the brink of a "great adventure" and thoughts of sudden squalls and denizens of the deep kept surfacing in my imagination no matter how resolutely I tried to keep them down. The crossing proved

continued on Page 13

"Give It A Shot"
by
Leith Boulter

For most of my life I've been an inveterate reader. It started when I first learned to read at the age of four. My first novels, at age eight, were "The Man from Glengarry" by Ralph Connor and "The Roaring U.P. Trail" by Zane Grey.

Over the years I've become more selective, and now it's mostly autobiographies and serious stuff like books about the meaning of life and the influence of the metaphysical on our stay on earth.

My latest is a pocketbook by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro called "Messages from Michael". An American psychic medium and her friends started experimenting with a ouija board and contacted an intelligence from a higher plane called the mid-causal. That's about halfway to the top, where our soul fragments return to the infinite source.

The book is mostly about the nature of the soul, what happens between incarnations, and various universal truths and how we can learn to apply them to our lives.

Whether or not one believes there is a purpose to human life beyond this earthly experience, the point of view is fascinating. And one set of sentences is striking. Michael, the evolved soul or entity, is talking about experiences, truths, and the script that has been written for each of us. He says:

"Unfulfilled expectations are the sole cause of anger. We know of none other. When you stop expecting, there will be no anger." And continuing:

"We remind you that your expectations need not be pleasant. Anxiety and anticipation of disaster are also expectations."

We expect certain standards from our family, our business associates, the government--you name it! How would things work out for us if we accepted others as they are, instead of how we would like them to be? Could we trust the other fellow not only to do likewise with us, but to produce to our satisfaction without having our expectations directed at him? Followed by our anger if he failed to measure up?

I look at my own life. It has been reasonably free from such things as pain, prosperity and punishment. Despite being fortunate in the things that really matter, I am angry most of the time because so few measure up to what I

expect from them. I wonder if my life would fall apart if I expected nothing? Might I not end up happier?

I settle down to think about some of the things I am angry about--my anger varying in intensity according to the scope of my expectations. My conclusion is that most of my expectations aren't going to be influenced one tiny bit by my concern, so it is all a waste of time.

I am angry at the 6/49 people because number 42 is drawn far less often that the other forties, thus defying natural laws. I expect anything I write to be printed exactly as it is, with no typo's or omissions. When errors creep in I wonder how those responsible manage to keep their jobs. I expect my government representatives to be frugal, wise and completely honest, and become angry when they develop feet of clay. And I get particularly incensed at those whom you can stir only when their own ox is gored.

What good does this do me? All it does is divert my attention from ways in which I could improve myself, leaving others to live their own lives. I spend useless time trying to improve others while neglecting my own chances of amounting to something in the cosmic scheme. And I also promote the progress of potential ulcers and several other things I could do without.

I conclude that my innate sense of responsibility will prevail if I get out of its way, and that others do not stumble any more than I do. If they can live with my poor performance, how can I realistically expect so much of them? I conclude that I have wasted most of my life concentrating on the performance of others, to my own personal detriment.

Can I improve? Can I trust you to do right by me? Experience says no. Common sense says maybe. And my inner voice says, "Give it a shot!"

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uneventful, however, and it gave me my first view of Folger Island from the angle which must have inspired its local name of "Ship Island". From a point near Swale Rock the island looks exactly like an old-time freighter approaching on the starboard tack with funnel and bridge amidships.

My plan was to circle each of the islands in the eastern half of the group, ending up at Effingham and heading home from there. The first island in this itinerary was Reeks. The water was beautifully clear on the northern side and the old Indian village site on Nettle Island across the way looked so inviting that I coasted along that shore to enjoy the idyllic scene. The peace and quiet among these islands has to be experienced to be believed. I pulled around Turner Islet after leaving Reeks and headed for Gibraltar which, for me, was a disappointment because it bears absolutely no resemblance to the original Gibraltar. It must have been named for some other reason, perhaps for a ship. It is an attractive enough island though and has a good campsite with fresh water. This is the spot where the "Lady Rose" maintains a float to drop off and pick up kayaks and canoes on its Ucluelet run. I stopped there for lunch before looping the island to visit

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Jaques Island, which was not as interesting as I had anticipated from its appearance on the charts. The problem with much of our coastline from the point of view of the "armstrong explorer" is that it presents an impenetrable wall of rock and bush right down to the water's edge. It is literally impossible to get ashore in most places and if you do manage to gain a foothold you are lucky if you can make your way more than a few feet inland. Jaques is, for the most part, this sort of place with very few open or beach areas. My trip revealed other quite different spots, on Effingham for instance, where the combination of beauty and "user-friendliness" was almost breath-taking. Jaques and Jarvis Islands are joined together at low tide so I read my book as I waited for the rising tide to open up a passage for me before proceeding around the southern shore where I found an old log cabin buried in a cedar forest behind a small beach. It is completely invisible from the water and would have escaped my notice if it hadn't been marked on the public map at the campsite on Gibraltar Island. It's a large one-room building with a huge drum heater, some very basic furniture, and an upstairs loft. It is well built but suffering from neglect and in a very gloomy location among the trees. This is where I decided to spend the night after eating my chicken dogs and potatoes on the beach by the light of the setting sun. The mood was sublime, as you can gather from the notes I made at the time: "The sun will set somewhere to my right, the wind is barely stirring, the waves are lapping quietly on the pebbles, birds twittering, and the whistle buoy away off in the distance." It was with reluctance that I quitted the beach and walked up to the cabin for the night. What a time I had getting settled! No sooner was the light out than the place came alive with scuffling and scraping sounds which my imagination had no difficulty in turning into very nasty creatures. As it turned out, they were only mice and I finally drifted off to sleep after a physically exhausting but most rewarding day.

I woke at 7:30 and was off for Dempster by 9:30 (I'm not a fast starter in the morning). It is a scenic island with a sandy lagoon on the north side and plenty of driftwood. I rowed into two huge caves on the south shore, the first of which seemed to be about 200 feet deep and 30 or 40 feet high. As I approached a flock of cormorants flew out like so many large bats. At the far end of this cave was a beach of white

boulders and the walls were coloured with patches of pink. The neighbouring cave was more awesome, as the incoming swells caused a loud "whooshing" sound deep in the bowels of the rock accompanied by a violent shuddering, quite like an earthquake. I was glad to be out of there. I guess most of us have experienced the strange attractive/repellent quality the caves present. I can never resist exploring them, but am always relieved when I reach the sunlight again.

Keith Island was next on my tour. It is another Indian Reserve and definitely the most attractive island I had yet seen in the group. It has a perfect little beach with a tidal island at one end -- obviously the site of a village in earlier times. I had lunch there and could easily have stayed longer but, in the words of Robert Frost, "I had promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep."

-to be continued next month-

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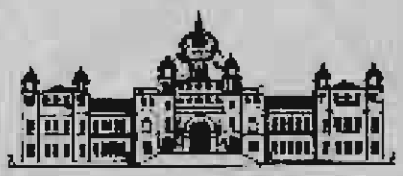

Many people are expressing concern that there is little being done at the government level to alleviate the serious unemployment problem which still exists in this Province.

Concern about unemployment and the state of our provincial economy are recurring themes in the many letters I receive in my legislative office each week. Many of the people who take the time to write have tragic stories to tell about their firsthand experience as victims of the economic recession.

I am convinced that we could be doing much more in this province to combat unemployment. I would like to see a comprehensive strategy for alleviating the problem, which would include a plan aimed at creating employment opportunities for those who need them most. These are the "new poor", who never expected that they would find themselves on unemployment insurance or social assistance, and the chronically unemployed, who, because of lack of training or attention to their special needs and circumstances, have always had difficulty finding jobs.

(over)

An employment stragegy can be developed on a regional basis, involving the provincial and municipal governments in consultation with business, community and labour groups. Many of our regional economies are still suffering in recession despite the fact that the Lower Mainland economy is picking up.

The latest unemployment statistics for July show that jobless figures on Vancouver Island jumped by 4,000 over the previous month. We must turn our attention to getting all regions of the province back to economic prosperity. We have the creativity, the energy and the talent in this province to conquer this lingering problem and return B. C. to the well-being we have experienced in the past.

Despite the failings of the present government, I am convinced that we can beat the unemployment problem. British Columbians will meet the challenge if the leadership is there to show the way.

CHURCH NEWS
by
Rev. Vern McEachern

Here is our schedule for September and October:

Sept. 1st, 8th and 15th
- Services at 11:00 am.

Sept. 22 - No service scheduled.

Sept. 29 - Service and Holy Communion at 11:00 am.

Oct. 6 - No service scheduled.

Oct. 13th, 20th and 27th
- Services at 11:00 am.

What a fabulous summer this has been! Since early June we have been blessed with a succession of clear, sunny days, with no rain to speak of. I can't remember another summer just like it during my time on the west coast. But, as I type this, the rain is coming down steadily after a midnight start and the parched lawns and gardens are loving it. The sports fishermen don't look quite so happy as they swish to and fro in their boats, swathed in raingear. But they have had a good innings and we need the rain.

So it seems that summer 1985 is ending and we are on the verge of fall. Soon the children are back in school for another year and most people will be back to their regular routines. During the summer we have had our usual quota of out-of-town visitors at our services. These have helped keep our attendance up and on some Sundays the visitors have outnumbered the regulars. Our guest register records visitors from Australia, Texas, several places in Washington State, Ottawa, Abbotsford, Sidney and Vancouver, B.C.

On August 4th and 11th we were 'specially blessed by visits from Cam and Lois Murdock and Albert and Kathleen Toews, of the Shantymen's Christian Association, and on August 11th Cam Murdock gave the sermon. They spent two weeks in residence at Pachena Bay, meeting and greeting West Coast Trail hikers as they passed through.

Our best wishes and prayers go out to Sigurd Tveit, recovering from extensive surgery in Victoria General Hospital, and to Cliff Wyse, in Vancouver for eye examination and treatment. A speedy recovery and return to Bamfield to both.

Until next time, a happy fall season and God bless . . .

THE BAMFIELD GARDENER

by

Bernadette Wyron

Last month I attempted to unscramble the nomenclature that describes some of the more common herbs we use in North America. Now a few words on the growing and harvesting of these herbs....

If you wanted to put all of your herbs together in one area a general soil prescription would be:

one part sand
two parts topsoil
one part compost.

If this was to be the site of a hardy perennial garden, such as the Knot gardens of England, you might include chives, sage, thyme, winter savory and hyssop. In an annual herb garden there might be basil, summer savory, chervil, anise, nasturtiums, chili peppers and dill. Parsley, being a biennial, is one of those in-betweens.

The only herbs that actually prefer a moist, rich soil are parsley, chervil, mint, lovage and bergamot. Most of our daily use herbs are perennials that prefer a light, well-drained, well-limed soil situated in a warm, sunny location. This would include oregano, marjoram, rosemary, sage, winter savory and tarragon. They are good subjects for hillside planting and many, like thyme, are well-adapted for rock gardens.

Most herbs can be started from seed, although rosemary and tarragon are especially difficult. Many of the other perennials, like oregano, have very tiny seeds which are slow to germinate and to get established. It is therefore easiest to start such plants from root divisions. All of them can also be propagated from cuttings.

Harvesting can take place at any time for fresh use but the major cutting is usually done in late summer just before flowering, when the leaves have their maximum content of volatile oils.

Drying should take place fairly quickly in a dark, well-ventilated area with a temperature of 70-95°F. (Parsley is the only one that needs a higher drying temperature: 100-200°F). If the leaves are overheated or if they get damp they will darken and the flavor becomes greatly impaired. In this part of the country it would be best to invest the time and energy into making a vegetable dryer of some sort. The leaves should be paper dry before storing in airtight jars. If possible, the leaves should be left whole until they are needed. One part dried herb is usually the equivalent of six parts fresh herb.

Freezing whole leaves is also an excellent way to store herbs and is an especially successful method with chervil, tarragon, parsley and basil.

An alternate way to deal with smaller amounts of herbs is by making herbal vinegars, jellies or oils. A classic herb vinegar is made by putting one part fresh herb into four parts vinegar. After two weeks strain and replenish with another equal amount of fresh herb. In two weeks strain again and store with a sprig of the herb for decoration and identification.

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AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

by
C.Lynes

Relentless: it cares not what's
in its way. It doesn't think
about the hour, if it's night
or if it's day.
Out at sea and across the
land, it can kick up dust
or flatten things if they
stand in its way.
The wind--west north-west at
20 or south south-east at
5, when you're on the ocean
it almost feels alive.
It whips up the waves and
tosses the seas and sometimes
it gusts like a giant sneeze
from heaven.
It makes things rattle and it
makes things roll; it filtres
through a mind and enters
the soul to torment, bent
on its mission to blow.

ELLA JACKSON OF KILDONAN
by
Mary Scholey

"Ella has gone home."

This was not an unusual message, for Ella Jackson was a frequent passenger on the Lady Rose, going from Port Alberni or Bamfield to her home in Kildonan. But this time the smiling, happy basket-weaver made her final journey home.

Born Ella Jack in Sarita about 1898, she grew up in Sarita, Dodger's Cove and Bamfield. When she married Steven Jackson, they moved to Kildonan. They had several children, but none of them lived past their teens.

Ella was a very independent lady; wise, strong and happy catching sockeye in the river, paddling her canoe all over to gather basket grass and sea food.

I have some happy memories of her a year ago when she went picking grass with Lizzie Happynook and I. Her leg was bothering her so she couldn't climb around to pick. Instead, she sat on a log and cleaned the grass, singing an old Indian song about the 'Chitupt' [the grass used for basket weaving].

She liked to rock the little babies and sing them Indian songs. Some of her songs are recorded.

Ella was well known for her basket weaving--she even met the Queen. When she was a princess, Elizabeth watched Ella weaving a basket.

People from the Archaeological Museum came to talk to Ella, and gathered information from her about the history of the Ohiat band. She had seen a lot of water run over the pebbles in her river!

Ella was predeceased by her husband Steven Jackson, their children, one brother and one sister. She is survived by one nephew, Barnie Jack of Parksville; nieces Mrs. Amelia David and Mrs. Walter Watts of Port Alberni; Mrs. Bill Happynook of Victoria, Mrs. Ethel Johnson and Mr. Art Peters of Pachena Bay, and Rita Pratt of California.

Ella was well-known and loved by the crew of the Lady Rose and all of us who knew her as she spent her time between Bamfield and Port Alberni and her home in Kildonan. Her happy smile won her many friends. We have lost a great treasure, but we are glad to know that even though she left a new house in Kildonan, a better one awaited her.

FALL FAIR
at the Community Hall
by
Pat Garcia

"Hey, hey! Come to the FAIR!"
September 14, 1985

We hope we can entice you to participate, whether by:

- entering your flowers, garden produce, needlework, artwork, etc.
- entering the children' section
- entering the Men Only division
- joining us for a hamburger supper
- taking part in the fun of bidding at the auction of goodies donated by the entrants
- buying raffle tickets
- or, just by swelling the crowd to make it a fun social time for all!

The entry lists are at Kamshee, the General Store and Oakrow.

For the CHILDRENS' DIVISION, we would like all the exhibits entered and displayed between 3 pm and 5 pm on Friday, September 13th.

The ADULT DIVISION will be entered and displayed between 9 am and 12 noon on Saturday, September 14th. For added convenience this year, arrangements can be made for entries to be received Friday evening. That is only for those absolutely unable to enter on Saturday morning.

Doors will be opened at 4 pm. Hamburgers, etc. will be served prior to the auction. There will be a Raffle or two and Fish Pond for the kids.

For more information, call:
Dorothy Robins at 728-3326 or
Pat Garcia at 728-3338.

For added fun we will stage for the second year the Knobby Knees Contest, for men only. The reigning 1984-85 Knobby Knees King being Wade Gaylord.

We look forward to seeing you and yourself

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THIS KIND OF WEED'S GOOD FOR YOUR GARDEN

by

Jeanne Ferris

[Note: Bamfield readers substitute 'herring skiff' for 'pick-up truck' and 'whale' for 'harbor seal' and Kelp Bay, Helby, the Narrows, etc. for Victoria's seaweed sites.]

Gardening with seaweed has been popular for thousands of years. The Romans knew about using seaweed to improve their vegetable gardens. Sixteenth century farmers in Scotland used seaweed manure to improve their sandy soils. Potatoes and other vegetable crops, barley and oats were said to profit from seaweed. In the Aran Islands, off the west coast of Ireland, seaweed is still mixed with sand to make 'lazy beds' for potatoes. Pulling the fall crop from this mixture is much easier on the lower back than digging traditional potato beds.

In our own country, the Polar Record for 1943 reported a mixture used successfully to grow vegetables at some of the northern posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their compost recipe started with a 6 inch layer of seaweed, topped with a 2 inch layer of fish scrap or kitchen waste, another 6 inch layer of seaweed and 2 inches of sand. It was kept moist until the seaweed rotted, then mixed and used to grow 'particularly successful' vegetables.

More recently, Harrowsmith magazine's 1985 prize for the most innovative garden went to a family on the west coast of Vancouver Island. One of their prize winning innovations? Seaweed. The Lawsons dump seaweed on their raised beds in the fall, turn it in and dump on more seaweed in the spring. After the seedlings have sprouted, they continue to mulch with more seaweed. Combining sandy soil and seaweed, the Lawsons grow most of the produce used by their family of five.

Seaweed in compost or fresh seaweed applied directly as a mulch is highly recommended for strawberries, potatoes, beans, carrots, tomatoes, asparagus and the brassicas--Brussels sprouts, broccoli, cauliflower and cabbages. It enhances the color, perfume and life of most flowers, especially freesias, begonias, chrysanthemums and azaleas. It's even recommended for trees, especially firs and pines.

This makes sense when you consider that seaweed has a wider range of trace elements than barnyard manure. Over

time, it will actually improve your soil's structure and water-retaining ability. And seaweed is always free of weed seeds, spores and other garden pests.

Seaweed also works as a pest and disease deterrent. Red spider mites and aphids don't seem to like the taste or the smell of seaweed. Brown seaweeds contain a natural pesticide which has been observed to act as an appetite supressant in houseflies, cotton leafworms and rice weevils. Natural hormones in seaweed, cytokinins, have been used to increase the resistance of tomato plants to nematode invasion.

This all sounds wonderful, you say. Where do I go and how do I get some for my garden?

Vancouver Island gardeners are unique in that they are completely surrounded by seaweed. Depending on your choice of beach, it can take anywhere from two to twenty minutes to collect a green garbage bag full of fresh seaweed. Don't worry about the salt content; seaweeds dilute the salt in the water they absorb, and so are themselves less salty than the sea.

The best beaches for seaweed collection are rocky. Seaweed doesn't grow in sand, but you will find it on rock outcrops along sandy beaches. Whiffen Spit, near Sooke is a great trove of many different types of seaweeds, all fine for gardens. The rocks around Parksville Bay support the tough little high-water Fucus species, commonly called rockweed. The breakwater along Beach Ave. has different communities of seaweeds at different seasons.

Seaweeds are color coded, appearing either as reds, greens or browns. The greens are near the top of the intertidal, where the sunlight is strongest. Greens decompose quickly in the garden. Browns grow from the driest to the wettest parts of the intertidal. The browns found in the lowest section of the intertidal, accessible only when the tide is very low, decompose the fastest. The browns found high up, like rockweed, decompose more slowly and are good for improving soil structure over several years of application. Gardeners report finding healthy plant roots growing into rockweed fronds they long ago buried in the soil. The reds grow mainly at the low end of the intertidal, under water most of the time. They are fantastic for strawberries.

Those rotting piles of seaweed tossed up by storms are generally smelly and full of driftwood. They're best left for the large scale gardener with a strong back and a pick up truck.

→

The two most important things to remember when collecting seaweeds are the tides and the future. The tides are given with the weather map daily on page A2 of the Times-Colonist. Plan to arrive at your chosen beach an hour before the low tide, so you can follow the sea out in your gumboots, collecting at a leisurely pace.

The future of seaweed as a natural resource is important. Be conservative. Never collect more than half of the seaweed growing on any rock. The fronds harbor all sorts of tiny organisms which serve as food for other organisms which serve as food for small fish which serve as food for bigger fish which are all part of the food chain which includes us.

Plan to spend a little time on your seaweed gathering expedition. Wear a sweater and take along gumboots if you have them. You'll need a couple of green garbage bags, and a small knife or kitchen shears. Bring along a thermos of tea or coffee. After you've gathered your seaweed, you might sit for a while on a barnacled rock or a big log and take a few deep breaths. Watch the water, the birds, the tide. You could see a mink or a harbor seal or a clam spouting water. Get ready to pack those bags of seaweed back to your garden. Your tomatoes will thank you.

IN MY OPINION
by
James Ferris
co-editor

I sit and watch the fog, and wonder. The more I see people in small boats, the more I think that licenses for boat driving should be mandatory. I watched a small boat, in the fog, go around Beale. It was inside the reef line. No radar that I could see, and no sense at all. I guess what he had was a compass and a lot of faith in God--
or a real death wish.

$ $

The whales were out in force. It was something to see. The small boats didn't seem to bother them at all. The whales are magnificent animals.

$ $

EXPO 86 is gearing up and the publicity mills are grinding away at full steam. I hope that all of you are planning to see it. You are certainly going to pay for it.

$ $

I have lived on the West Coast for about twelve years, and believed that I had become water oriented. I had never really seen how quickly conditions could change, though, until I came out to Cape Beale. The changes are rapid and spectacular. I have a better understanding of how quickly fishermen can get in trouble. My respect for them and their trade has increased. They earn their money.

$ $

I wasn't going to mention it, but for some reason I cannot leave it alone. Another tourist season is about over, and we have survived with no permanent scars. It seems to become easier each year. I suppose because it becomes familiar and expected.

$ $

Have you wondered about the word 'gracefully'? It is used to describe the way that we do things that are not pleasant. We grow old 'gracefully'. We tell people difficult truths 'gracefully'.

I think it is just a 'graceful' way to tell a lie.

How many times have you heard,

"You're fifty (or forty or sixty) years old? You don't look it." It doesn't matter if you look 110, people are not going to tell you about it. They will lie to you 'gracefully'.

If Mary has a new dress that you think is absolutely horrendous, you will not say so. You will say something graceful. "Gee, Mary, it is certainly different."

Perhaps the best thing that we can do is not to say anything at all. It is not necessary to tell me that I do not look my age. I didn't ask you. Why do you have to tell me? To make me feel better? It doesn't. I know what I look like. I look my age!

Lying gracefully is not easy. Politicians have developed it to a fine art. I think the rest of us should be careful not to lie for the sake of lying. It would be nice to be able to have some faith in what people say.

---

and August. It was in the year 1942 that no rain was recorded for August.

Temperatures: the high of 27.5°C was on the 16th, while the low of 7°C was on the 20th.

Mean maximum	19.0°C
Mean minimum	9.2°C
Mean temperature	14.1°C

COAST GUARD
by
David Hegstrom

The Bamfield Coast Guard has had 68 incidents this year as of August 21, 1985. This compares with 60 incidents last year.

On August 10, 1985 a 22 ft. pleasure craft capsized on Miller reef. Three men were in the water for 1½ to 2 hours. One person died.

Be sure that you wear your life jacket, floater coat or other PFD (Personal Flotation Device).

Keep a close watch on the swells and be sure that you have and use charts of the area.

BAMFIELD WEATHER
by
Peter Jaulitis

August in Bamfield normally is the month of the year. Good weather and good fishing. For some people a month of relaxation but, for some, frustration. Otherwise it was dry and warm. Only 1.70 inches of rain, practically all of it on the 30th (1.20 inches). The average rainfall for August is 2.75 inches.

On the record there are only two months without recorded rainfall--July

Letters To The Editor

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Ferris,

We'd appreciate having a one year subscription to the **Barkley Sounder**, please.

Came across one copy of it (Feb. issue) in the waiting room jointly shared by Drs. Zens and Dr. Bleakley. It was like a visit with long time friends. Appreciated the writing, including Ebba's good obituary pieces.

It's a very readable publication, and we look forward to receiving it.

Sincerely,
Lorne & Dorothy Rhodes
Port Alberni, B.C.

# # # # #

Dear Jim,

Just a note to let you know I'm still here although I've had quite a time. Sort of flu or something, but I'm coming along. Guess it's as the saying goes, only the Good die Young. I am sending you a cheque for your paper.

As ever,
Jessie Logvinoff
Sumner, Washington

# # # # #

Dear Jeanne and Jim,

Thank you for the papers. So good to read about Bamfield. Nothing new to tell. Thanks again.

As ever,
Liz and Bill Happynook
Victoria, B.C.

# # # #

Dear Jeanne,

Please renew the subscriptions for Helen Denbigh, John Denbigh and Tom or Anna Neale Gerencir.

We really enjoy the news of Bamfield. It makes me feel I'm not so far away after all. Bamfield and it's people will always be a part of my life.

Have a good time at the lighthouse.

Sincerely,
Helen Denbigh
Spencer, West Virginia

# # # #

Dear Jeanne,

Enclosed find a cheque to renew our subscription to your interesting and much enjoyed journal.

We feel as though we are getting to know some of your people, at least by face if not by name, as we go to Bamfield about 5 or 6 times per year. -- Also by reading of your community life.

We also are enjoying your recipe book.

Incidentally, the wild flowers on

the front of this note paper came from the parking lot of the Park Entrance to the West Coast Trail.

Yours sincerely,
Helen Wall
Victoria, B.C.

# # # # #

THE CLASSIFIED AD

For Sale: New Zealand spinning wheel, Vancouver-made carding machine and three bags of brown New Zealand wool. Asking $150. for the lot. Phone: 728-3267.

*

The longest recorded individual fight with a fish is 32 hours and 5 minutes. This record is held by Donald Heatley of New Zealand. The fish was a Broadbill that was 20 feet long and weighed 1500 lbs. The fish towed a 12 ton boat for 50 miles.

*

DID YOU KNOW ?
by
Dave Hegstrom

*

Bats on Vancouver Island carry rabies.

*

Lund, 24 km north of Powell River on the sunshine coast , is often considered the end of Highway 101. From a Canadian view, it could be considered as the start of Highway 101, going down through the U.S.A. and ending up in Mexico City.

*

Vernon, B.C. was incorporated in 1892, making it the oldest city in the interior and the fifth oldest city in British Columbia.

*

Mr. Roger Guy English, of La Jolla, California, kissed 3,000 girls in 8 hours--a rate of one per 9.6 seconds.

*

In 1974 the city of Galveston, Texas unveiled a plaque to the deaf-mute lifeguard Leroy Colombo. Mr. Columbo saved 907 people from drowning in the waters around Galveston from 1917 to 1974.

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