

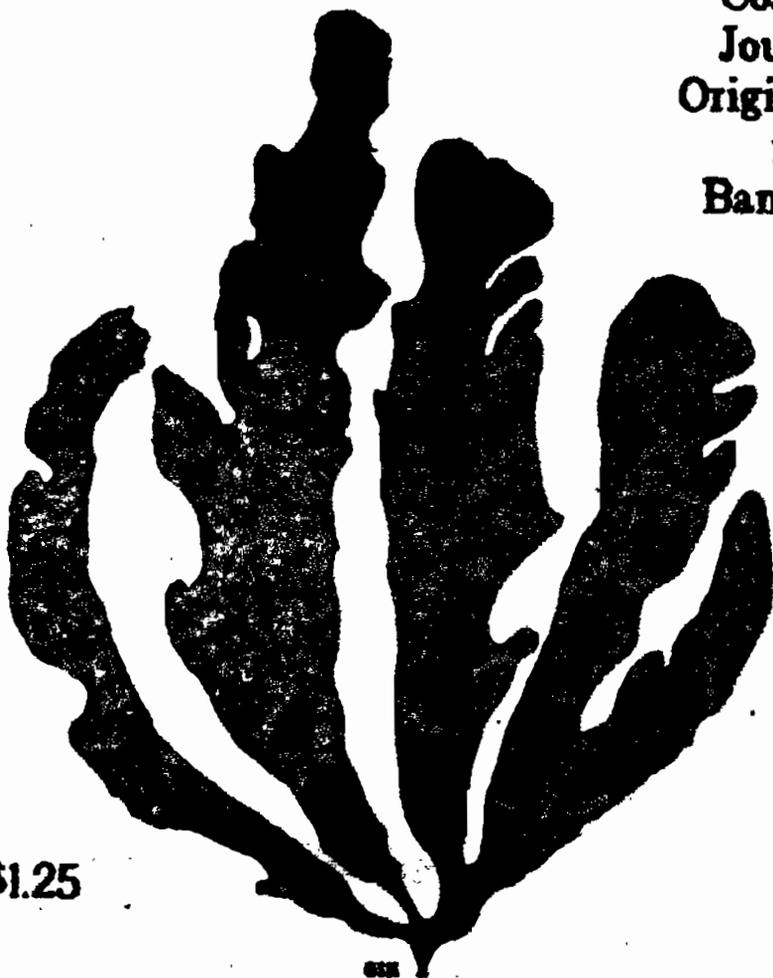
BARKLEY SOUNDER

VOLUME FIVE

NUMBER FOUR

APRIL 1987

A
Coastal
Journal
Originating
in
Bamfield



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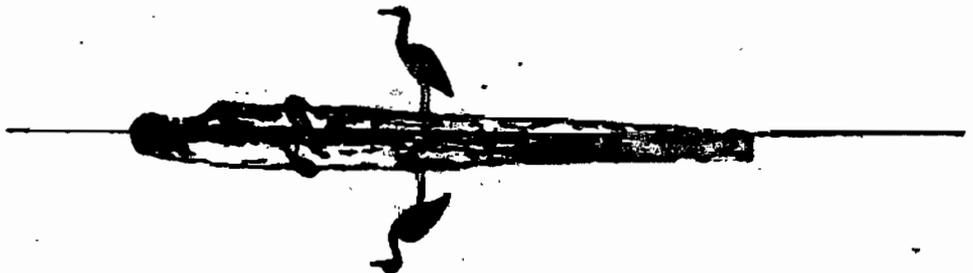
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THE MASTHEAD

BY
JEANNE FERRIS
CO-EDITOR

The two plants on our April cover are seaweeds, also known as red algae. Both are found in the more exciting, exposed areas of Barkley Sound; cliffs exposed to full surf and surge channels--those narrow gulleys where the sea rushes in and out. Neither has been given a common name, yet, but the plant on our front cover may have a chance. It is called Dilsea californica, and is closely related to several red algae that are known to have potent anti-viral (particularly anti-herpes) activity. Both plants were collected and drawn by Gayle Hansen, who will be teaching a course in algae at the Marine Station this spring. According to Dr. Hansen, many marine plants and animals are now being screened for natural products that might be useful in medicine.

The plant on our back cover is known to the initiated as Erythrophyllum delesserioides. It is not known to be a cure for anything as yet. Thank you, Gayle.

The children in Mrs. Lindsay's class have sent us their poetry this month; spring poems just in time for spring.

Like the early hummingbirds, you'll come upon them as bright surprises in this month's Sounder. Thank you, boys and girls.

Easter will soon be here, and with it more prolonged bouts of warm weather, I hope. This year I plan to try my hand at Hot Cross Buns, using Eva's recipe (see Page 36). If mine don't work out, we'll just have to hike out to the Cape Beale light and try some of Eva's; I know hers will be delicious.

Thank you also to Rich Palmer, who was inspired by Lorne's article on New Zealand to share with us a few of the highlights of his recent stay in Europe.

May the sun shine on your lettuce and tulips all month long.





THE BARLEY SOUNDER

April, 1987

Volume Five

Number Four

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BAMFIELD WEATHER

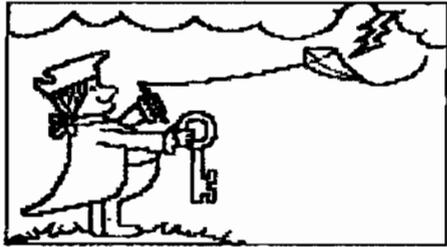
By
Peter Janitis

Mean Maximum.....11.47° C
Mean minimum.....2.97° C
Mean Temperature.....7.22° C
Precipitation was 14.24 inches.
Average for March is 11.4 inches.

So the winter is finally over. It was quite a tough one. Strong winds, high tides, plenty of rain, but it was a mild one. Only a trace of snow at the end of February. From Dec. 21st to March 21st, 90 days of records, there were only eleven without precipitation.

The total for the year at the end of March is 44.75 inches. Last year we had 48.86 inches.

In March this year, it was wet until the 18th. Almost continuous rain. But then it improved. On the first day of Spring, we hit a balmy 16° C. The high temperature of March, on the 31st, was 19° C. The low of -1° C was on the 28th. There were only five nights with freezing temperatures.



FLOWERS

GROWING, BLOOMING
IN THE GARDEN
BLOWING, PICKING
FLOWERS



MARENA DENNIS - GR. 1

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

by
Rod Burke

March was a rather short month with Spring Break giving all a well earned break. March came in miserably, but with the spell of good days recently we have been spending an increasing amount of time involved with outdoor activities. We have been able to get in some good training runs in preparation for the Milk Run which will be held on April 29th at noon. This run is sponsored by B.C. School Sports Assn and consists of a 3 Km run, jog or crawl which will begin and end at the Govt Dock on the west side. All of the students are eager to participate and to any parents or residents who wish to join us, a welcome is extended. At the conclusion of the run a carton of milk provided by McKinnon's Dairy of Port Alberni will be given to every finisher. Students will be collecting donations for the run, the proceeds of which will be passed on to Rick Hansen, Man in Motion.

I would like to thank Chester Clappis for his time and trouble in arranging a bottle drive at Anacla Reserve. Over \$80 was collected. Thanks, Chester!

We are busy putting the final details to our School field trips. We propose to take the senior students (Gr. 4-8) to Victoria for two nights to enable us to include a variety of cultural and educational visits.

The primary classes are planning a day into Port Alberni later in April. Both groups are very excited. As a fund raiser we are planning a dance on Saturday night, April 11th. This is billed as a 50's dance so dig to the bottom of the drawer, put on your dark glasses and come and have a good time. Music will be provided by Fred Schmidt who has promised a good selection of appropriate tunes. Tickets are advertised at \$8 single and \$15 double. Lots of raffles and a lucky ticket prize to be won.

Our enrollment has remained relatively constant. We were sorry to have Sonia McRae and Aaron and Shayla Hall leave the school in March, but we welcome Genevieve Phillips in Gr. 4.

**Benefit for
the School
SPRING
DANCE**

Saturday, April 11th

GOSSIP

by

J.P. Adams

"Did you hear that....And you wanna' know something else....They say that...."

It goes by many names. The Rumor Mill. The Whispering Telegraph. But Pascal, the French scientist said it succinctly: "Putting two and two together and making it five."

Everybody does it but few will admit to it. The word "gossip" has a kind of taint to it; something that is necessary but rarely alluded to in positive terms. Tattler, idle chatterer, newsmonger are hardly words to describe yourself.

In small towns where people, faces and their activities are so familiar, the day-to-day stuff is routine and predictable and the environment is inflexible there comes a point when the tiniest change, the most subtle of alterations in that regular life is not only noticed but pointed out to everyone else with greater and expanding detail. The imagination gets vent and soon there is a full blown story which could match any John LeCarré novel for intrigue and suspicion.

Whole marriages get tossed on the rocks, upright citizens are lost in the melee of idle chatter, laborious efforts become herculean prowess and the quiet girl on the street marries into the Club of Rome.

But in a small town this is often the life-blood of the community. It provides good entertainment when there are no movies to attend and the television is downright tedious. So people talk to people about other people when they are not around.

Its major function is to keep people informed about who is doing what to whom and, perhaps most important in small towns, why. When the newspaper is only a monthly affair there must be another way of keeping posted on the day-to-day events. And besides, the Post Office is not always the appropriate place for some of the more "pertinent" information.

Truth and good intentions usually form the core of the topic but with the multitude of repetitions and personal comments tossed in for good measure, it soon becomes difficult to find the wheat in all the chaff.

But alas we have built-in mechanisms to help us. We put

it all into context or into a holding pattern waiting for the next piece of the puzzle.

"Well, Jane told me she saw John's boat tied to Betty's float the next morning..."

Automatically a caution flag goes up because you have heard stories from Jane before and well... and she never really liked John that much anyway even though they are related....

There is always a threat of it becoming incestuous with too many people knowing too much about you. But in small towns where conversation around the kitchen table is heard across the still waters of the Inlet there must be very little we can hide, even if we wanted to.

KITES
FLYING, BREAKING
IN THE TREES
CRASHING, FLOATING
KITES

LONNIE NOOKEMUS - GR. 2

KITES
FLYING, FLOATING
IN THE AIR
TWIRLING, SWISHING
KITES

KERRI DENNIS - GR. 2

REGIONAL DISTRICT REPORT

by
Al Benton

Last month I mentioned the Federal Government tax-assistance program for all residents of isolated communities. Since then I have obtained a copy of the press release announcing the program. Bamfield is not one of the communities specified in the release, but Phase 3 of Pacific Rim National Park is. The Regional Board agreed to write on behalf of Bamfield, requesting our inclusion, but this should not stop you from writing yourselves. Letters should be sent to Ted Schellenberg, our M.P., and he can take the matter to the Minister of Finance.

Two members of the A.P.C., Bill McDermid and Syd Baker, are up for re-election this month. I hope that there will be a good turnout at the Community Affairs Meeting this month to elect two members for a two year term.

The matter which is likely to provide a major topic for discussion for the next couple of months is an old favorite-Liquor Licensing. Tom Christian has informed me (and subsequently the Regional District has received a letter from the Liquor Control and

Licensing Branch confirming) that he is going to proceed with a survey of Bamfield to determine whether or not he should obtain a Pub license for the Bamfield Trails Motel. I welcome such a move, for it will finally get the issue out into the open, where an independent survey will determine whether or not the majority of Bamfield's residents want a Pub in the Village. If 60% of you say yes, Tommy will get his Pub. If not, the issue will be dead for two years (at least that is the situation under current regulations). There will be advertisements in the newspaper three weeks before the poll is held, so that both sides of the controversy should have ample time to try to convince their neighbors. Please shake hands, go to your corners and come out fighting.

COMMUNITY AFFAIRS

7:30 p.m.

MONDAY, APRIL 20th

IN THE COMMUNITY HALL.



The Canadian Red Cross Society



British Columbia Yukon Division

Be Wise — Immunize

We don't hear much about epidemics in Canada these days, except for the flu, thanks to vaccination programs for children and adults. It's important we continue to protect our children by immunization to prevent future outbreaks of communicable diseases.

Recommended childhood immunization program

The provincial and federal health departments recommend children receive the following:

OPV (oral polio vaccine) — at two months, four months and 18 months, and a supplementary dose just before entering school;

DPT (diphtheria, pertussis, tetanus) — injections at two months, four months and 18 months and just before entering school; diphtheria and tetanus boosters should be given at 14 years and about every 10 years thereafter;

MMR (mumps, measles, rubella) — injections at 12 to 15 months; (all women of

childbearing age with no immunity to rubella — German measles — should be vaccinated at least three months before becoming pregnant).

Some doctors also recommend **HIB (hemophilus influenza B)** vaccination at two years; it combats a common germ causing infection, but is not covered by public health.

Adult immunization

It is recommended that those over 65 should have an annual influenza vaccination.

Adults born after 1956, and susceptible to measles, should be vaccinated. Young adults with no history of mumps should be vaccinated.

Rabies vaccine is given to those working in areas of occupational risk such as veterinarians, forest rangers, and animal handlers.

BCG vaccines (for tuberculosis) are given to children and adults in high-risk areas (communities with high rates of TB infection include Indian, Metis and Inuit, and some health care workers).

Other vaccines for those spending time in high risk areas would include hepatitis B, meningitis, plague and typhoid.

BAMFIELD MEMORIES:

THE WAR YEARS

by

Graham Elliston

"Tell us about the War, Daddy."
"War is Hell--foxholes, barbed wire, bombing raids, dog-fights, URB's (unexploded bombs)--I've seen 'em all, kids...(and loved every minute of it)."

We came to Bamfield in the early forties, not long after the raid on Pearl Harbor. The local Japanese residents were being evacuated at the time and we eventually ended up living in one of their houses, the one up Grappler Creek which is now owned by Jack Graham. I still remember my feelings when we first moved into that house. Personal belongings were strewn all over the floors and half-finished food lay on the tables. Young as we were, the scene filled us with awe and sadness and made us feel like trespassers. For a long time afterwards we played with the chop-sticks, net-mending shuttles and crockery which had come with the house.

The excitement which followed the reported shelling of the Estavan Lighthouse was especially keen in Bamfield, because the generally accepted

belief was that the Japanese submarine had been off course and had really intended to fire on the Cable Station. If this were true, then it was not too far-fetched to expect another attack, better directed, at any time. The Station itself was protected by the Army and was surrounded by great coils of barbed wire, some of which may still be lurking in the bush, disguised as blackberries, most likely. The soldiers were quartered in barracks on the site of the old tennis courts, near the Cable Hall, another building which has disappeared since then. The only regimental name I remember is the "Van Doos" who came from Ontario in 1942 or '43.

How did all this affect us kids? In many ways. Most obviously in the games we played. We seemed always to be flying about the school-yard with arms extended to the sides and making noises like "nnnnnyyyyyrrrrrrrrrr", punctuated occasionally by staccato bursts of gunfire ("a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-", or "eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-", depending, I suppose, on the calibre of our armament). From time to time one of us would peel off into a dive with a high pitched scream, "NNNYYyyrrr". We knew the

names and profiles of all the planes from our Sweet Caporal cards, so felt competent to undertake virtually any type of mission. I recall the bombing raids vividly. Two or three of us would squeeze into the spaces between the rows of wood in the shed, start up the engines, and be off for the entire recess, blasting everything that came into sight on the ground below. Other missions were fought in the "jungle" where we would climb into the young cedar trees and sway about, sometimes as fighter pilots, sometimes as cowboys — proving that the war hadn't taken complete charge of our imaginations.

It must have been shortly after the shelling of Estevan that the school authorities decided we should have hide-outs in the surrounding bush. I shared an old burned out cedar stump with Norman Brevik and some girls, whose names I cannot recall. It was quite open, concealed only by some salal, and we all sat in a row on a log facing outward. The girls had fixed up some crepe paper streamers which the boys didn't dare take down, even though we thought them "dumb". We could see the sky from where we sat, and would discuss excitedly what we'd do if a

Japanese Zero were to dive at us suddenly. We all agreed that it would be best to play dead if there was an actual invasion. "And always remember to lie face down so they won't see your eye-lids fluttering." The best hide-out I saw was the one Tommy Webb and Edgar Brady excavated deep under the roots of an old cedar. You had to squirm into it through a small hole, but once inside there was plenty of room, with all kinds of twistings and turnings — and no crepe paper.

The most frightening adventure of the whole War, for my sister Sybil and me, was our experience with the "UXB". It all started quite innocently with a social visit to the Red Cross Hospital. While Mum was inside talking to the nurse, Sybil and I were exploring the grounds where we quickly unearthed an intriguing orange-colored metal canister — about the size and shape of a household fire extinguisher. What fascinated us most was that it rattled when shaken. When we brought it into the house we learned that it had been picked up on one of the beaches and (more importantly) that we were welcome to take it home with us.

To the west of our house, along the shore, there must have once been a cannery. All that remained of it then were some pilings and stringers, across which lay a couple of rusty boilers, jutting out over the water. One of these was my secret fort, and this is where Sybil and I retired with the mysterious cylinder. We were determined to find out what it contained, and felt the best way of achieving this was by driving a hole through a nipple at one end. I started bashing away, using a rock and nail, while Syb cupped her hands and waited. As I proceeded she began to have second thoughts about using her hands, so substituted a cookie sheet just as I started to pour the contents. Panic seized us when, to our horror, the container started to hiss and the granules seemed to jump up and down on the pan.

We dropped everything into the water below and were instantly enveloped in clouds of white smoke, which belched from the ruptured can and spread rapidly all over our corner of the creek. To say we were frightened wouldn't begin to describe our state — we were absolutely petrified. For all we knew, this was the end of the world. We experienced

the sort of numbing confusion which will sometimes make a child walk away from an emergency and put it out of mind, an emotional turmoil compounded of guilt for having done something wrong, shame at the prospect of having to confess, and fear of the unknown consequences of the act itself. At the very least we expected a mighty explosion; at the worst — we dared not think of that.

I never discussed this episode with Mum afterwards, but there is no doubt she shared our panic, for she bundled us very quickly into the rowboat and pulled across to the Janet's house, from which we watched the plume of smoke as it slowly dispersed and died away. Later on a boat crew arrived in Bamfield to investigate the "fire" and we learned that our bomb had actually been a smoke flare which had failed to ignite when it was dropped from a plane somewhere at sea. Of course, this explanation did nothing to erase from our minds the memory of those endless, terrifying moments when everything we held dear seemed threatened with immediate destruction.

My other memories of the War years in Bamfield are

random fragments, like the sight of Alec Hoskins chugging down the creek in his launch warning everybody to keep windows covered during the blackouts, mysterious messages on the radio ("A is for apple ..."), the "Maquinna" in her coat of grey, the Russian crew from the ship-wrecked "Uzbekistan", and Donald Grant in his sailor suit.

Donald was one of the "old kids" at the school, or maybe he was just out of school, which is more likely. He never seemed to tire of playing with us kids, even though we must have tried his patience sorely at times. When he showed up one day in a naval uniform I was convinced that he was off to the War. My desire to go to sea was probably born that day, and endured many years, as evidenced by the inscription under my picture in the Victoria High School annual: "when school's out it's Navy for this boy." The dream was finally laid to rest a few years later, out on the Big Bank, as I lay draped across the lee rail of Al Cloke's troller, the "Invictus", feeding my guts to the fishes.

That's when I began to feel grateful for what I'd missed during the War!



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A CALL TO ARMS

from
Bruce Burgess

We are looking for the few, the brave, the absurd. The Bamfield Writers' Group is in the process of creating a book about our little town for the outside world. It will be, in its simplest form a collection of short pieces written about Bamfield by locals for all those others who aren't quite as fortunate. If you are interested in contributing writing or artwork come to our meeting on the 25th of April at

7:30 in the offices of the Barkley Sounder. Come armed with 500 to 1000 words concerning your own personal reflections about some aspect of Bamfield, or artwork on the same topic. BE FAMOUS. Everyone is invited to contribute. For further information contact Bruce at 728-3301 (days) or 728-3408 (evenings).



IN MY OPINION

BY

James Ferris co-editor



I like to say that I do not watch much T.V., but of course I watch it more than I like to admit. We are fortunate to have CBC here in Bamfield. With all the growling we do about our government and our leaders, the fact remains that we are free to criticize and complain without fear of retribution. We are lucky indeed. What is remarkable about the system is the fact that the most vitriolic criticism is voiced by the broadcasting system that is operated and owned by the government it assaults. Quite remarkable.

* * * * *

One of the public service programs, I think it was Venture, had a section on the emergence of Japan as the leading financial power in the world. There are strong indications that they will surpass the U.S. in the near future as the world leader in economic strength. The program called it a war. Interesting. If you can't beat them one way, do it another. The Japanese have certainly been able to regain "face" in a relatively short time. If I were Japanese

I would smile, at least a little bit.

* * * * *

Information is wonderful stuff. It is useful and interesting. With the advent of modern technology, the amount of information available has become enormous. We seem to be gathering information just for the sake of gathering it. Is it really useful? At the push of a button, I can tell how many words I have written, how many printable characters are in the article, the average number of words in my sentences, the number of words with two or more syllables, and the grade level of my writing. The question is, do I really need to know? Instead of helping it seems to intimidate. They say that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Perhaps too much is just as dangerous.

* * * * *

Can you believe it? Oral Roberts received a check for one million three hundred

thousand dollars (I had to spell it out, it is so large an amount) so God wouldn't take him to that great home in the sky. Talk about sacred cows!

* * * * *

There is a great deal of publicity about the latest pyramid scam that is sweeping the country. These schemes are outlawed because the chances of coming out ahead are quite small. Almost non-existent. Making these schemes illegal and letting the lotteries thrive seems to me to fly in the face of good sense. Of course, it makes some difference who gets the profits. To look at the lotteries as anything other than a different form of taxation is to be naive. If people want to buy lottery tickets, that seems to me to be their privilege. It is wrong, however, to call other schemes immoral while extolling the virtues of your own. It seems that almost anything is moral as long as it is done under the auspices of either government or the church.

* * * * *

.....
JOHN GISBORNE

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I have written about the hair producing abilities of long haired dogs in previous columns. It comes as a surprise to me to find out that what dogs are to hair, finches are to feathers. We have two finches, weighing about five grams apiece, that produce feathers in enormous quantities. I don't know how much weight is involved, but the volume is truly huge. I have been thinking of making a finch feather comforter.

* * * * *



MORE ON OLY STARCHINOFF

by

Norm D. Plume

Author's note: A few issues ago, the first little insight into Barkley Sound's most famous old-timer resulted in a veritable flood of demand for more information that was apparently unprecedented in the history of the **Barkley Sounder**. [Editors' note: It sure was!] In response to that letter, I paid another visit to the Starchinoff household to find out more about Oly's life.

Unfortunately, my return visit got off to a bad start. After I knocked on their door and received permission to enter, I found that the door was stuck. So I gave it a good shove. How was I to know that at that same moment Oly's wife Ella was approaching the door to help me. Well, the door flung about half-way open, there was a loud bump, a woman's scream, a cat's howl, followed by Oly's hyena-like laughter. I stepped into the house to see Ella floundering around on the floor like a beached Beluga with the cat struggling to get out from underneath her. Oly just sat there and laughed and laughed and laughed until Ella bit him in the leg. As I helped

Ella up from the floor, she spoke to me with unexpected cordiality and cheerfulness. Then she knocked me to the floor with a forearm smash and pinned me with a crushing full body press. By this time Oly had stopped the bleeding on his shin. He bent down on all fours next to me and gave me the mandatory 10 count. Never a dull moment in the Starchinoff's I thought to myself. I tried thinking it to them but it didn't work. Oly sat back down in his kitchen chair. Ella got off of me, offered her hand and yanked me to my feet with one easy pull.

"Qvit vit da hanky-panky vit my wife," said Oly.

"You do and you might as well not visit any more," said Ella, waddling into the living room.

"She's yust kidding" Oly reassured me needlessly. "Some kinda voman eh?" he said with a wink.

It was obvious to me the Starchinoff's were in unusually good spirits this morning. Oly offered me some but I gratefully declined. Ella returned to the kitchen and plunked down a huge porcelain mug full of the home brew in front of me and commanded "Drink! All of it!" I respected her wish.

About an hour later I awoke with one heck of a headache.

"Yeezuz, yeezuz, yeezuz," said Oly, "youze young guys shure don't got no schtamina."

"Whaddya mean?" I joked, "I got lots of stem-in-a-vase at home. You see you take cuttings and put them in water to propagate plants."

"You propagate plants if you vant. I'll schtick vit vemen," said Oly with that old familiar glint in his eye. I offered to try to get it out with my hankie but he refused.

Ella came into the kitchen and set a mug of coffee in front of me, again instructing me to drink. I refused but quickly

reconsidered as Ella demonstrated her new headlock hold to me. I downed the contents of the mug in one gulp. My entire body went into convulsions as the coffee-home brew mixture hit my stomach.

"Hair of the dog," Ella advised me.

"Hair vat about vat dog?" enquired Oly.

"His hearing ain't so good no more," Ella told me.

"Like hell," said Oly, "My herring's schtill da best on da hole damn island. It's all in da picklin' brine you know."

"You mean brine Mulroney? He sure is in a pickle these days isn't he?" I said chuckling

BAMFIELD GARBAGE SERVICE



Box 100 Bamfield, B.C.

We would like to thank all our customers of the past year and give a friendly reminder that May 1st is renewal time for service.

As of May 1st garbage pickup days will be Monday and Friday.

Truck and skiff are for hire on other days for all your moving and debris removal needs.

For more information please call:

Chester Clappis 728-3448



at my own joke because somebody had to.

Ella shook her head, went back to the living room and started throwing combinations at the punching bag. She tried 'Left-19, Right-33, Left-27' for openers. I told Oly I'd like to hear more about his earlier years.

"Vell, bout tree years ago I vas fishin' and I seen dat famous scaley fella."

"Moby Chinook? You told me that story last time I was here," I reminded him.

"No,no" said Oly. "I mean dat Bob Skaley fella. You know, dat guy in da government. Not many peoples round here ken say dey seen him you know."

"You can say that again," Ella yelled. So Oly did.

"What was he doing?" I asked.

"He vas yust fishin'. All by himself he vas. Dat kinda soorprised me you know cause every single time dey mention his name on de T.V. dey say he's always wit Andy P. but shure as Ella's a sexy voman, he vas alone."

My silence was deafening, broken only by the sound of Ella giggling in the living room. I explained to Oly that by earlier years I meant 40 or 50 years ago. Like when you

talked about Moby Chinook I told him.

"Oh," said Oly "Moby Chinook. Yeah, vell bout 40 years ago..."

"No,no, please," I screamed. "Tell me about something else".

"Quit your damn yelling!" bellowed Ella.

I did. Finally I got Oly talking about the 'good old days'. This time he started reminiscing about logging.

"Back den, dere vas really big trees. But of course dey vas da first ones ve cut eh?"

"Mainly fir?" I asked.

"Mainly fer lumber. Da bigger da tree, da more lumber you know."

"Cedar?" I tried again.

"Vere?" said Oly, jumping up from his chair to look out the window.

Not seeing anything unusual, Oly mumbled something about me being weird. That was O.K. because I thought Oly was kind of strange himself sometimes. For instance, every once in a while, and sometimes twice in a while, Oly would leap out of his chair and hide under the kitchen table, looking around fearfully. Strangely enough I noticed later that this behavior always coincided with my mention of the word 'timber'. Old habits die hard I thought to myself. You think a lot of

things to yourself when Ella's within striking distance.



"I tried to make a living logging once," I told Oly, "but to no avail".

Ella, who had been suspiciously quiet as of late, came running into the kitchen, holding a dolly up to her face, singing "To know, know, know a vell, is to love, love, love a vell..."

"Looks like a moslem," said Oly. "I don't like dem moslems much."

"It's not muslin, it's lace," replied Ella.

"Ella, I've got a great idea," I said. "You keep wearing that thing and I'll organize 'vell-watching' tours for the city slickers. We'll make millions."

"Millions uf enemies is da only tng you'll make vit yokes like dat," advised Oly.

Ella, humming to herself, returned to the living room. I kidded Oly that I thought maybe she was only playing with half a deck. Oly denied it and, reaching behind him into a drawer, pulled out a pack of cards and assured me it was a full deck.

"Letz play poker," he said, dealing out the cards. I looked at my hand. It was crumby. I wiped it off and looked at my cards.

"Hmmm," I hummed, contemplating my cards.

"I double you, eh," said Oly.

"I haven't even bet yet."

"Nope," said Oly, off in his own little world. "Dere weren't no damn 'I-double-you-eh' around ven I vas logging. I had to vork hardt and sell hardt. Nobody bargain fer me. I vas vat you call independent."

"What's independent?" I asked.

Ella came strolling back into the kitchen, clutching the locket that hung around her neck in her hands. "Oh, just a picture of Oly and I when we were young," she sighed, showing me the tiny, old, indiscernible photograph inside her pendant. Looking down, Ella, noticing a flaw in one of her stockings commented, "Oh, I've got a run."

"I vin!" exclaimed a jubilant Oly. "I've got four trees." He threw his cards on the table. "Four big trees vich I better get sawed. Dese trees are so nice, dey gotta be sawed to be beleafed. I've gotta run," said Oly grabbing his chain saw and heading out the door. →

I put my cards on the table and bid Ella a farewell. She saw my farewell and raised me a foot....a foot off the ground. I folded when I hit the floor. I got up and promptly left, then right, and managed to duke around Ella and get out the door.

"What an ace," I thought I heard Ella say as I walked away.

"Come again," Oly yelled over the sound of his screaming chain saw.

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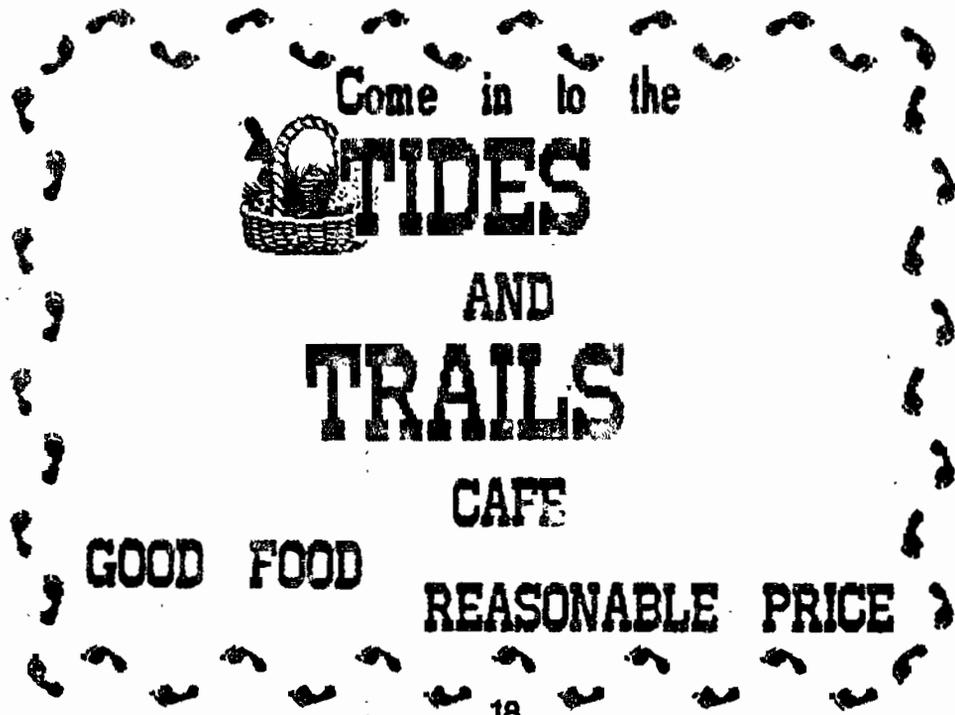
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I dream;
and the shadows move
revealing no identity,
but the motion
hints at things
concealing
truths that prove
another world.

I think,
and what is lucid
drips
like heavy syrup
with myriad meanings
that also ran,
and running, trips
the triggered fluid
of query.

I look,
and know my eyes
see neither atom
nor molecule,
and wonder
what else is blind?
In the datum
of sight, what lies
behind?

I live,
and the incomplete
fragments
around me
sometimes seem
more real
in my dream!

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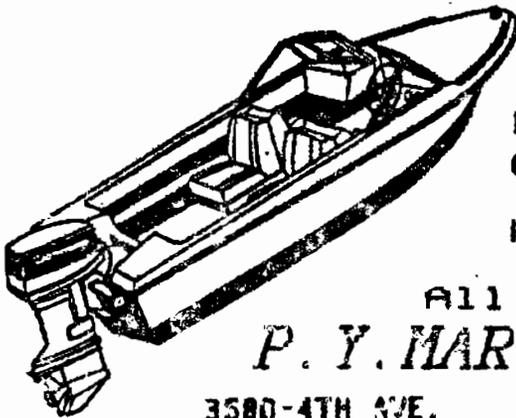
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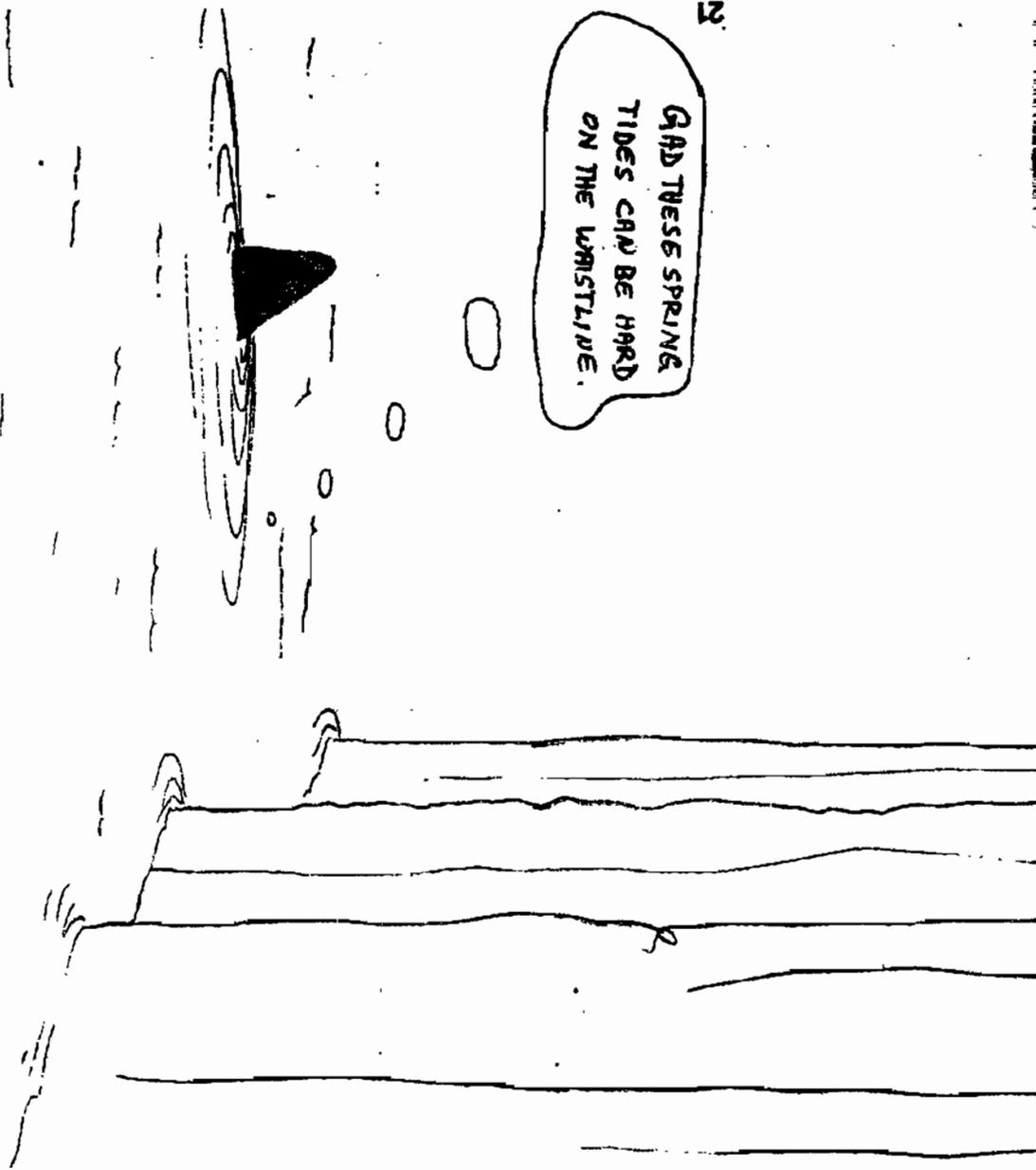
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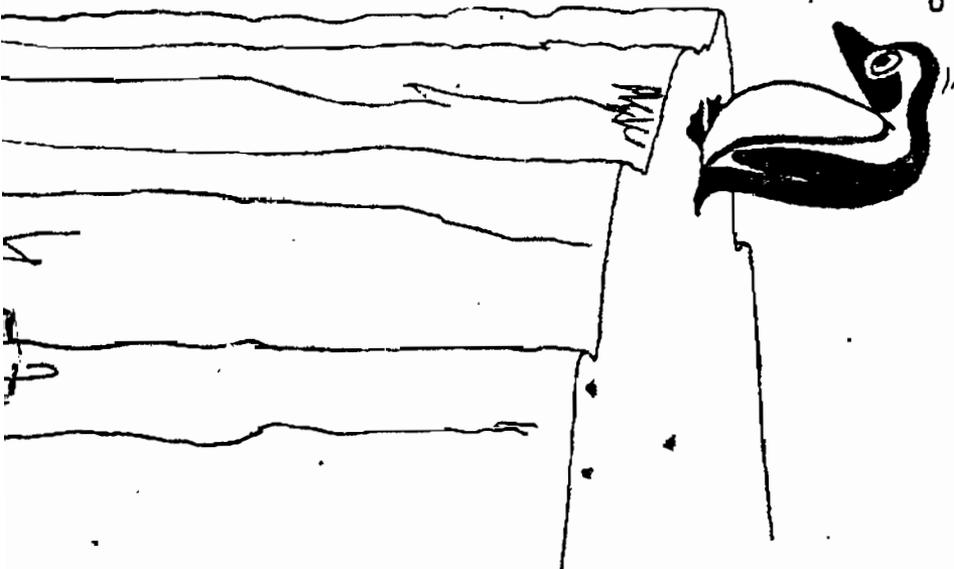
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ON THE WRISTLINE.



GRAD THESE SPRING
TIDES CAN BE HARD
ON THE WHISTLINE.



Rory
Lytson

LITERARY REVIEW

by
Fred Welland

As I promised last month, it is my intention to carry on with a series of literary reviews whenever time permits. This month we will explore the deeper nuances and symbolism underlying one of the finest works of poetry to be found in the English language, namely, that old classic "The Owl and the Pussycat", by Edward Lear.

The Owl and the Pussycat

"The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea"

Now, the Owl is a bird, and the Cat is a natural enemy of the Bird. Obviously, the author was endeavouring to portray the classic labor-management confrontation which will undoubtedly ensue, given the probable state of inexperience to be found in such an unlikely crew.

"In a beautiful pea-green boat"
Although all illustrations I have seen purporting to depict the initial sailing of this inaugural voyage show the vessel as being constructed of a peapod, I do not believe that such

materials would have been passed by the Steamship Inspection, nor would they have met the standards set by the insurance underwriters. I am therefore led to the conclusion that the author was, in a delicate way, by referring to the color "green", indicating the likelihood of seasickness being a factor to consider with this unseasoned crew.

"They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five pound note"

This diet obviously falls far short of the minimum ration scale agreed upon by the Sea-farers Union and the Council of Maritime Employers, although it may be considered as being rather rich.

"The Owl looked up at the stars above
and sang to a small guitar"

I am sure that the Seafarers Union will have words to say about this—a clear case of management usurping the place of honest tradesmen. If music was required, they should have shipped an orchestra. An alterna-

tive explanation is that the Owl was observing the heavens in pursuance of his task of navigating the vessel, and finding himself incapable of carrying out his duties, endeavored to conceal his incompetence by singing a little song.

"Oh lovely Pussy! Oh Pussy my love
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
you are, you are
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

An obvious case of sexism!
They are barely out of sight of land and already Owl is forcing his attentions upon Pussy.

"Pussy said to Owl You elegant fowl!"

Discrimination! Racism!
She should have said "You elegant being!"

"How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh let us be married! Too long we have carried!
But what shall we do for a ring?"

It seems that this unlikely crew were known to each other prior to the inception of the voyage. Indeed, to judge by the Pussy-cat's anxiety that the nuptials be delayed no longer than was absolutely necessary, it is possible

- indeed, highly probable - that their previous acquaintance was somewhat more than casual. One can regret their thoughtlessness in failing to include a competent ship's doctor in the crew.

"They sailed away for a year and a day"

They must have become very tired of honey by the end of that time-also, it is rather likely that the urgency of their proposed union had ceased to be of prime concern by the time they reached their destination.

"To the land where the Bong-tree grows.

And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood

With a ring at the end of his nose."

Watch carefully now, we are about to witness a blatant example of third-world exploitation by an agent of the industrialized powers.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling

Your ring?"

See!?!

"Said the Piggy I will'."

Shades of Manhattan Island and the twenty-four dollars!



"So they took it away"

The first authentically-recorded case of an organ transplant.

"And were married next day by the turkey who lives on the hill."

-No comment -

"They dined on mince and slices of quince
Which they ate with a runcible spoon"

After a year and a day's diet of honey, an undoubtedly welcome change to the menu.

"And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
they danced by the light of the moon the moon
They danced by the light of the moon."

They had nothing else to do anyway. Their vessel, constructed as it was of decidedly inferior materials, had capsized and gone down, leaving them stranded.

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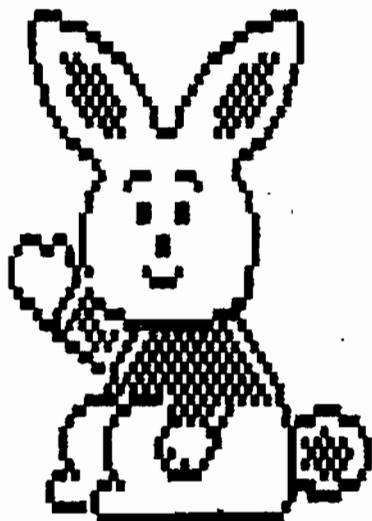
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However, although the immediate situation seemed bleak, all was not lost. The Owl got a job working in a drugstore, the cat found employment in the quality control section of a large tuna cannery, and they lived happily ever after.

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AN NATURE I
by
Don Halward

Fishing and hunting, as I understand it, were part of my father's day-to-day existence when he was a youth in Southern Ontario. The game he and his father and brothers brought home was an important part of the diet of that family of eleven at a time when money was more scarce than now and mouths to feed were more plentiful.

I remember my father's shoeboxfull of photographs. Over half of the shots were of men standing behind or beside collections of game or fish which would throw a modern conservationist into tachycardia. It was not uncommon for a weekend of hunting to produce thirty or forty or more cottontails and jackrabbits between two men, or a like number of pheasants and partridge, or ducks and geese, or bass and lunge—or trout—depending upon the season.

For reasons that are unclear to me, my father wanted his sons to enjoy hunting and fishing also and, as a result we spent parts of our youth learning how to handle a shotgun, how to paddle properly, how to fish for bass, lunge and trout. Some of it, I

enjoyed, and some of it I did not.

I liked walking frosty fields with my dad and brothers, but didn't care whether I shot anything or not. I loved getting out on the pond at Omeemee in a flat-bottomed punt, but didn't care if I caught any fish. I liked to set up camp, to construct a fireplace, cook meals and to arrange things comfortably—but then I wanted to stay around camp and enjoy it. Even at that early age, the seeds of my urbanization had sprouted.

Of course, things had changed greatly from the days of my father's youth, even when I was quite young, in Southern Ontario. Whereas in his youth, he could hop a train for an hour's trip to the country, hunt all day within walking distance of a rural station, and return that evening laden with game—now the hour's travel barely gets you into the suburbs, and five hours' tramping of fields, even with good dogs, is not likely to scare up more than two or three rabbits or a couple of pheasants in that part of the country.

As for fish, most of Southern Ontario's bass and lunge waters have been pretty

well fished out, and the provincial Ministry of Lands and Forests' restocking programs barely manage to prevent species extinction of all but sunfish, perch, suckers and the like in many waters. The stream forty miles north of Toronto, where we used to fish for speckled trout seven or eight inches long, produced speckled's two to three pounds in my father's youth, he alleged. Now most of that same stream is in culverts underground, fishless, to accommodate upper middle-class urban commuters' concerns for child safety, after they bought up the surrounding land when it was cheap, to build huge houses in the "country".

As he grew older, my father lost interest in hunting and fishing. Now I am an urban outdoorsman. That's the only term I can think of to describe one who likes all the appliances and trappings of an outdoor life, but who seldom actually gets into the outdoors. Moreover, when I do get there, it tends to be in the city, or in civilized woody situations calling for little expenditure of energy. I'm kind of a couch-potato nature-lover, with limited interest in nature beyond enjoying it

quietly, peacefully, and lazily.

When people meet me, they see the Swiss Army Knife in its lovely leather sheath on my hip; they note my hundred dollar walking shoes, my khaki shirt with epaulets and two breast pockets, my eighty-five dollar hiking pants, my red surveyor's vest with many laden pockets, my expensive Gore-tex anorak--and they usually size me up for a real outdoorsman, a man who loves to get out there and struggle with the forces of nature in the wilderness--perhaps even a man skilled in such matters.

What they cannot see is that the pockets contain--not tools of a man of action, but the tools of an urban outdoorsman--five pens and pencils, pads, a calculator, a mini-flashlight, lists of books which I am collecting, a checkbook, sunglasses, extra car keys, identification, reading glasses, a change purse, wallet, house keys and a handkerchief. If I could afford them, I might add a small tape recorder, a miniature T.V., and some other stuff, but I'd have to carry them some other way. All eight pockets on the vest are full, as are three of my pants pockets. My Gore-tex jacket

has large pockets too, but there is usually a book in one of them at least. For an excursion lasting longer than two hours, I need more space to carry things I like to have with me.

When this problem first presented itself to me many years ago, I was inspired by a character called Japhy, in Jack Kerouac's *Dharma Bums*, to solve the difficulty after his fashion of solving it. Japhy used to have two packsacks, one for the city and one for the country. I have two packsacks, one for the city and one for the country. In the country sack, I carry an assortment of wonders some of which must

surely be developing collector's value: An altimeter, a compass, a surveyor's pocket level, a Russell Belt Knife, a set of Bulldog pots for one, a nylon waterproof poncho, a mini first-aid kit, a trowel, extra socks, a hat and waterproof matches. All of that is permanent gear—the basic stuff which is there perpetually (and has been for twenty years)—before I actually pack for a hike.

In my city bag, the assortment is more esoteric, as befits city concerns: two canvas bags for books, a sweater, a pair of light work gloves, a beret, a small 35mm camera, a small pair of Minolta 8X30 binoculars, a nylon windbreaker, a knife sharpener, a set of Buddhist

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prayer-beads (Japhy's idea), a harmonica, a miniature chess and checkers set, likewise for cribbage, a note-pad, two pens, a floppy frisbee, an extra pair of reading glasses, a small book about chess (I play it very poorly) and a mini-tripod.

My friends think that these are odd things to take with me on walks around the city. I feel naked without them. They feel that I am making life unnecessarily difficult for myself. I feel that I am ready. "Ready for what?" they ask. What can I say? A Buddhist prayer (if I knew one), a chess game, reading, warmth, seeing distances, storing visual images, cribbage, writing? What would the point of defending myself be? Would it convince them of anything? "Ready to enjoy myself," I say.

Why do people spend many hours and much money to catch fish and kill animals they do not eat, build campsites in the wilderness for two days' use, or even spend time and money to bury streams in culverts? What is the point in doing such things, compared with the wisdom of wandering city streets by yourself, prepared for anything, damaging nothing?



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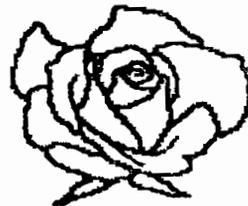
Will you please print this letter in your April Berkley Sounder. I feel badly I did not get it to you in time to have it in the March issue.

Banfielders have been so wonderful during the time of Sigurd's illness and I have had such kind messages, cards and

beautiful floral bouquets it seems to me I can never thank them all enough. However this is the best way I can think of to try. All the folks and their various kindnesses and thoughtfulness were really marvelous and I can not think of a better place to have lived.

Thank you for this valuable source of medium to say thanks to everyone. God Bless.

Sincerely,
Val



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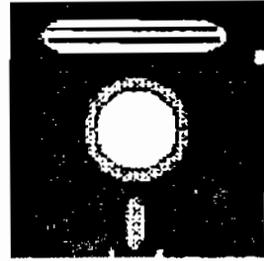
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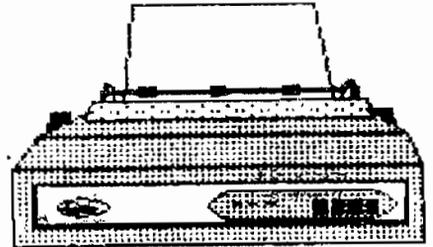
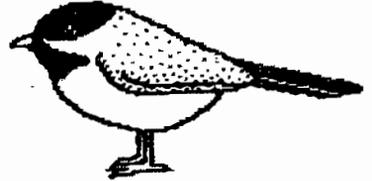
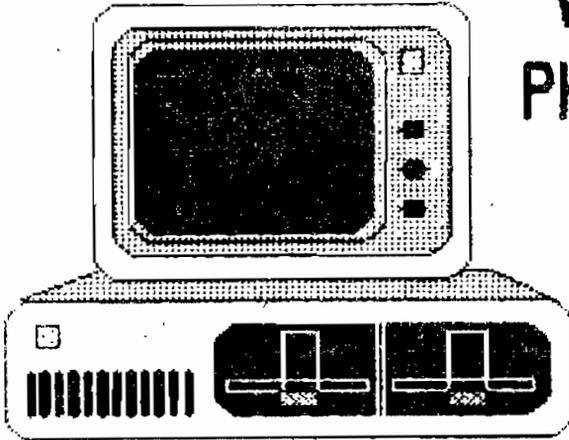
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IS HEAVEN IN MEXICO?

by
Leith Boulter

Many of us dreamers spend countless hours planning on what we will do when our numbers come up in the 6/49 lottery. Depending on age, we dream of sending a polite note to the office informing the boss that we are indisposed that day...and maybe tomorrow...perhaps next week as well...etc., and cannot make it to the job. We elder citizens may plan to endow various members of our families with a goodly share, on the grounds that it is better now than to have the feds take a cut out of our estate when our time comes to depart the worldly scene. Also, why should we have to endure alone the worries and responsibilities inherent in suddenly becoming wildly wealthy? Let's share that with the kids!

I have at least ten ways to split mine, hopefully next week when my numbers are sure to come up. The amounts vary with lottery carryover jackpots, always portioning it out so that there isn't too much left for me to handle comfortably.

Many people think they could leap from poverty to

millionaire status without changing a thing. Winners tell the media they intend to carry on as usual, go to work, and live frugally and without pomp and show. In about two days they reverse course and decide there are other ways to go. They also maintain they'll retain their current lifestyle in other respects...until the time arrives to pick up the check from the genial minister in Victoria, the Hon. Elwood Veitch, and then the scene changes.

There's been a lot of domestic pressure on me this winter to spend the next one in Mexico, win or lose. My wife spent a week there last summer. Now she's put the arm on me to go for three or four months, probably starting in the coming November.

My initial reaction was negative. I like it here, I tell her, and have no desire to go to a country where I cannot speak the language and spend my days lolling around on a sandy, sheltered beach, afraid to drink the water, worrying about possible illness involving a lengthy stay in hospital, etc.

So I have gone out of my way to converse with returning tourists, and friends of people already in residence in

Mexico, hoping to come up with arguments which would tend to discourage Anne from pursuing her dream.

I found that the interest rate on deposits of dollars ranges from 85 per cent over two months to 93 over three months. I figure any country that can afford to pay rates of interest which will practically double your stake in three months must be unsound and untrustworthy. But the darned figures are repeated to me by others who have been there.

I now hear that a retired Nanaimo couple has moved there permanently, not far from Puerta Vallarta, plans on putting up condos for their Canadian buddies and will meet you at the airport, arrange accommodation, deposit your money for you before you go, and in short, shepherd you through the early days and weeks.

All who have been there speak in glowing terms of the hospitality, concern, lack of pretense on the part of the natives, almost non-existent cost of living, and so on far into the night.

Arctic workers stay in the north long enough to build up an eagle-sized nest egg, then go to Mexico and stay until the money runs out....then it's

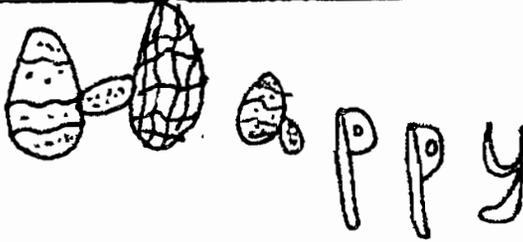
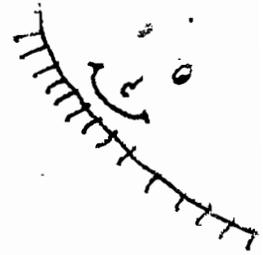
back to the Dewline or the Beaufort Sea rigs for another stint of high pay, isolation, bad weather, until the old bank account is in shape once more. In the meantime I guess they keep warm and comfortable with their memories and plans for next time.

Everywhere I turn in my search for negatives, I come up with positives. It is made to sound like Utopia, or Heaven, and my long-developed sense of wariness about the pie-in-the-sky fantasies, as opposed to hard reality when you get to that sky, falters periodically.

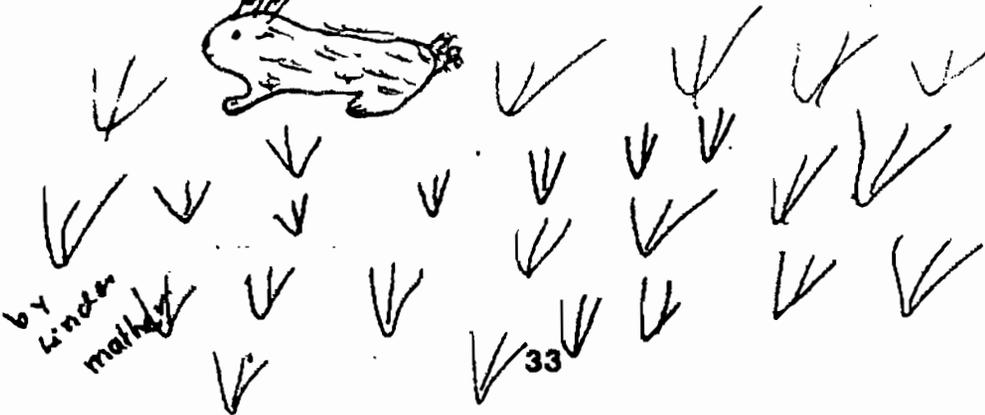
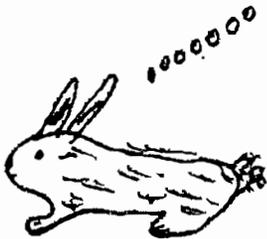
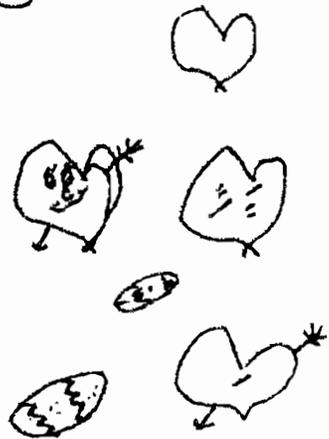
Since I must be totally honest with everyone I am in contact with, often to my chagrin as to how that forthrightness is received, I have to tell my wife everything I hear. I know I am wrecking my own defence, careless about being hoist with my own petard by not being devious, but the thought of Anne going alone and taking all her money with her is almost unbearable.

Each night when I retire, she puts on her Spanish language cassettes, gets out her notebook, and until I fall asleep I am beset by "por favor", "Gracias, senor", and perhaps "Vaya Con Dios". As I

drift off, Marty Robins and "Felina", Gene Autry and "South of the Border", and "Cross The Brazos at Waco", are poised and ready to take over my reality and haunt me all through the night. Why me, Lord?



Easter
Everyone



by
Linda
Mather

CAUSTIC WIT
(It's OK to be a critic)
by
Bruce Burgess

Since Mr. Ferris seems to be a little confused on the subject, I think it is an appropriate time to talk about caustic criticism.

My Merriam-Webster dictionary defines caustic in two ways. The first definition is "corrosive". Battery acid is corrosive, so is the sea spray we breath every day the wind blows over the inlet. They eat away at things. A pair of blue jeans is quickly demolished by acid. The sea air acts on a car in a much slower, but no less certain way. The end product is garbage; a pile of broken threads or a heap of rust.

The second definition of caustic is "sharp and incisive" as in a "caustic wit". Many people are witty and use that wit to point out the ridiculous in everyday life. This is usually a revelation. We often do things without thinking why, just because that is the way we always do it. It may sting, but if it helps you to change your ways for the better then it is a positive force. Bitter medicine.

It follows logically that if you can define caustic two ways, and you can use caustic to describe criticism, that there must be two types of criticism, one destructive and one constructive. When somebody criticizes someone about a thing over which they have no control (insults them) they are being destructive. Racial jokes, short jokes and sexual innuendo fall into this category.

There is, however, a type of caustic criticism which can have good benefits. Criticism which provokes thought has a very important place in our society. Thought is essential for our free Western life-style. We can not allow others to think for us or we will lose the privilege.

The point that the critic is trying to make is irrelevant. You can agree or disagree as long as you take a stand and have a valid reason for it. There is nothing like a good stream of vitriolic contempt to get your blood flowing. You are forced to think about the reasons behind your belief and to support them. Even if the speaker is a complete jerk, he has made you think, and that isn't all bad.



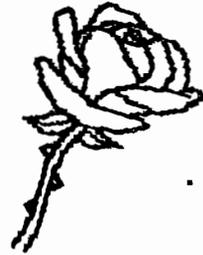
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by
Eva Brand

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1 pk or T. yeast
1 c. milk
1/4 c butter or margarine
1/3 c sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
2 eggs, beaten
1 1/2 to 5 1/2 c. white flour
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
3/4 c. raisins, currants or glacé fruit
1 egg yolk
2 T. cold water
confectioner's sugar icing (optional)

Put water in large bowl. Stir in sugar and yeast. Let stand 10 minutes. Stir well.

Heat milk and butter until the butter melts, stir in 1/3 c. sugar and the salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast. Add cinnamon, eggs and 1 1/2 c. flour. Beat until smooth. Stir in enough remaining flour to make soft dough. Knead until elastic, 8 to 10 minutes. Let rise in greased bowl until

double in bulk - about one hour.

Punch dough down. Turn onto floured board, knead in raisins. Divide into 18 equal pieces. Shape into balls, place balls into 2 well greased 8" round cake pans. Combine egg yolks and water. Brush buns with mixture. Let rise until doubled.

Slash tops with very sharp knife to make a cross on each bun. bake at 375° F 20-25 minutes, or 'til done.

Cool on racks. While warm, frost with confectioner's sugar frosting, if desired.

Confectioner's sugar frosting

Combine 1 c. sifted icing sugar, 1/4 tsp. vanilla and sufficient milk to make a stiff icing.



BAMFIELD VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPT.

by
Bernice Stewart

All the proceeds from the very successful Firemen's Ball on February 28th went for the Fire Relief Fund for Tish and Tim. Included as well was \$298.12 that was in the donation jar at the hall, plus a donation from the Coast Guard RHIOT school of \$38.17. The donation jar that came from the Valentines Dance at the Community Hall contained \$100.00. The Dept. has received a very nice letter of thanks from Tish.

Door prizes at the dance were won by Polly Garcia, who won a fire extinguisher and Jacquie Lee, who won a smoke alarm.

Captain Loretta Amos attended a two day seminar in Parksville at the end of January. The course dealt with the development of a training program using various training

techniques. From knowledge gained at the seminar the officers and members have devised their own training program. They plan to follow the certification program using the Volunteer Fire Fighters standards. These standards were developed by the B.C. Government so that fire fighting training throughout the Province is at the same level. Referendum upgrading is near completion. Work is now being done on the fire truck which will be located in West Bamfield. We will shortly be asking for volunteers to help with pouring the cement floor and constructing the garage to house this vehicle.

The Department will be having our annual "Fire Week" starting July 25th and 26th with a fishing derby and will end on August 1st with the 5th Annual Intertidal Golf Tournament and Salmon Barbecue.

SWIMMING
SPLASHING, DIVING
IN THE LAKE
JUMPING, TWIRLING
SWIMMING



DANIELLE BAKER - GR. 2

CAPE BEALE WEATHER
by
Norbie Branu
Principal Lightkeeper

Temperatures
Mean Maximum 10.7° C.
Mean Minimum 5.5° C.

Temperature Extremes
Maximum .. 16.0° C. on March 31
Minimum .. 1.0° C. on March 1

Precipitation
We had a total of 352.3 mm. (13.8 inches) of measurable precipitation, with only 10 days without rain.

Compared to 1986
Maximum..14.0° C. on March 20
Minimum.. 2.0° C. on March 31

Precipitation totalled 378.4 mm (15.0 inches). There were only three days without rain, so we had it a bit warmer and less rain this year.



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CHURCH NEWS
by
Rev. Vern McEachern

Here is our schedule for April and May:

April 5th and 12th: Service at 11:00 a.m.
April 19th: Easter Service at 11:00 a.m.
April 26th: No service
May 3rd, 10th and 17th: Service at 11:00 a.m.
May 24th: No service
May 31st: Service at 11:00 a.m.

This is the season of Spring: a time for the rebirth of life both in the world of nature and the realm of the spirit. Spring is the season of resurrection of things earthly and things heavenly. For Christian people it is the most joyous time of year as we celebrate the resurrection of Christ from the grave on Easter Sunday, April 19. Easter is the climax of the season of Lent which began March 4th this year. Sunday, April 5, the fifth Sunday in Lent, is known as Passion Sunday in the Christian Church, with special remembrance of Christ's suffering during the last days of His earthly life culminating

in His death on the Cross on Good Friday, April 17.

Palm Sunday, April 12, recalls the triumphal entry of Christ into the city of Jerusalem on His last visit to that city. We invite everyone to join with us in the celebration of these most important days in the Christian calendar.

Good news came from Victoria recently in the report that Mrs. Bessie Wickham had a cataract removed from one eye, the operation was a success, and Bessie can now see clearly again. Congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. Wickham. Good wishes and prayers also for Clifford Wyse who has been in hospital in Port Alberni for several weeks. Get well soon, Cliff! We're missing you.

A happy Easter season to all. May new life be yours in abundance now and always!



**KITES
FLOATING, FLYING
IN THE SKY
CRASHING, BREAKING
KITES**

CAMERON BURKE - GR. 2

RED CROSS GENERAL MEETING

The general meeting of the Red Cross will be held on Wednesday, April 22nd at 1:30 p.m. at The Red Cross Outpost Residence.

For further information please contact:

Ida Welland.....728-3373

or

Joyce Mather.....728-3384



**FLOWERS
GROWING, SWISHING
IN THE GARDEN
BLOOMING, PICKING
FLOWERS**

TINA CHARLES - GR. 1

TRAVELS WITH RICHARD

by

Richard Palmer

[Richard Palmer has spent most of the past year as the sole resident of Helby Island, where he runs his MacIntosh with a 500 watt generator. Commuting across Trevor Channel from the Deer Group to his snails at the Marine Station has sometimes been glorious, sometimes a little rough and sometimes downright impossible. He spent four months of his sabbatical year in Great Britain, studying the snails of Wales. From there, he made several short trips around England and Germany. The following is an excerpt from his and Rossi's sojourn through Bavaria.]

One of Rossi's old college friends, Arno Mann, then met us and drove us south to Kaiserslautern, where Rossi went to college. We mainly visited with her friends at the university, although I was introduced to a culinary treat there which will stick in my mind forever...a garlic pizza. One of the local, cheap restaurants near the university does superb Greek cuisine (i.e. no fear of strong flavoring) and as a sideline they do

pizza. The garlic pizza is just a conventional crust with mozzarella cheese over tomato sauce, but lying between the cheese and sauce are yellow pepperoni peppers, sections of pepperoni sausage, and the slices of about ten cloves of garlic...hot damn, what a pizza! You (and your friends) do have to like garlic, however, because even 24 hours later you are still an effective werewolf deterrent.

Arno lent us his car as we left Kaiserslautern, since he was heading off to Hungary for a couple weeks, and we then took off on our own junkets. The first was a hard-core tourist loop to the Bavarian Alps to visit a couple of the fantasy castles built by Ludwig II (the so-called 'mad' king of Bavaria from 1864 to 1886). Ludwig II became king at a young age (18) and probably as a consequence was not taken very seriously by the remainder of the government.

As he wasn't able to initiate his grand plans for developments in the then capital city of Munich he became more and more of a recluse. He embarked on building a remarkable string of castles, using the family fortune to try to recreate his

romantic image of middle-ages castles in full splendor. He built three, two of which we saw.

The most spectacular is Neuschwanstein (near Fussen), a replica of which you have all seen in the opening scenes of Disney shows and which exists in Disneyland...that castle in Disneyland isn't just a pipe-dream of a North American public relations firm. It really exists, and is even more spectacular in its original setting on a rock pinnacle at the foot of the Alps with a gorge, a 149 foot waterfall and the snow-crowned Bavarian Alps behind, plus rolling Bavarian farmland stretching to the horizon in front.

Although it was never fully finished on the inside (the king died under mysterious circumstances after having been declared 'insane' by some of the royal advisors), it is an extraordinary building with a huge hall for operas, a plush royal bedroom where a team of carpenters and woodcarvers spent four years making the royal bed, exquisitely detailed wall paintings, ornate chandeliers, and on and on. A principle advisor to the king in his designing of the castle was a stage designer from the Munich theatre; no doubt a

source of much of the flamboyance of the castle. Although packed in with a group of other tourists and paraded ignominiously about with a guide, I couldn't help but share Ludwig's enthusiasm for his remarkable romantic dream.

Neuschwanstein sits near a far more mundane (but practical) castle, Hohenschwangau, built by Ludwig's father on the edge of a lake from which both castles may be seen. The day we were there was gloriously clear and sunny so we rented a rowboat and spent a couple of hours meandering about the lake, taking pictures of the truly fairy tale setting and soaking up the sunshine.

The following day was overcast, but we headed off anyhow towards Linderhof, about 50 miles to the east and the only one of Ludwig's castles to be completed. Aside from the complete tourist pandemonium (we were there during the last three weeks in August), which meant spending about four hours in lines for about 45 minutes inside the various buildings, it was also a memorable visit. The main castle is not so much a castle as a royal mansion, surrounded by extensive, symmetrical and ornate gardens (it was intended to be a scaled-down mimic of Versailles).

[More next issue!]

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