

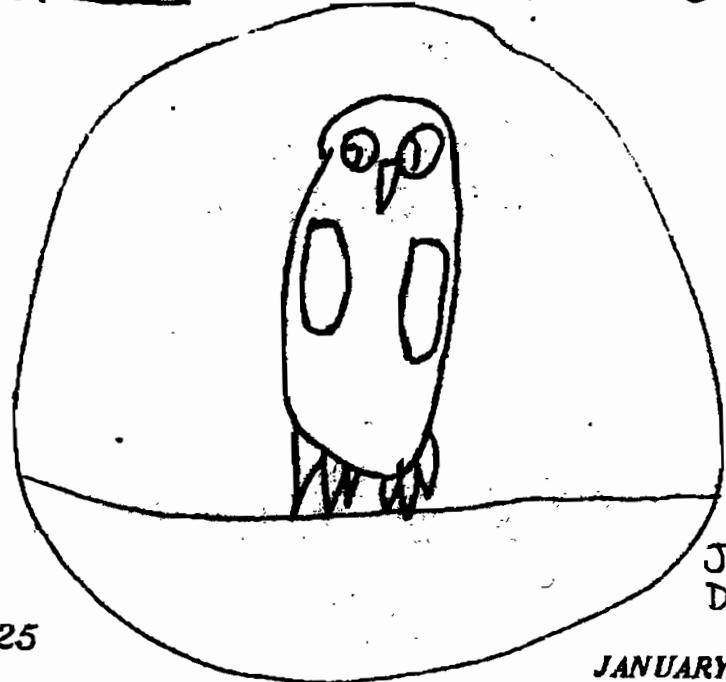
# BARKLEY SOUNDER

A COASTAL JOURNAL ORIGINATING IN BAMPFIELD

VOLUME VI      NUMBER 1

Presenting the

Bamfield  
howler



by  
Jamie  
Dunsmore

\$1.25

JANUARY 1988

The **BARKLEY SOUNDER** is printed monthly in  
Bamfield, British Columbia, Canada. Second class  
mail registration number 6014. Post Office of  
mailing -- Bamfield, B.C.

Subscriptions may be ordered or renewed by phoning  
our Bamfield number:

728-3267

or by writing to us:

**THE BARKLEY SOUNDER**  
BOX 91  
BAMFIELD B.C.  
V0R 1B0

Subscription prices for 1987

In Bamfield - \$10.00 for 12 issues.

Rest of Canada - \$13.50 for 12 issues.

U.S.A. - \$18.50 Cdn. for 12 issues.

Overseas - \$18.50 for 12 issues.

Overseas First Class - \$33.00 Cdn. for 12 issues.

#### **ADVERTISING RATES**

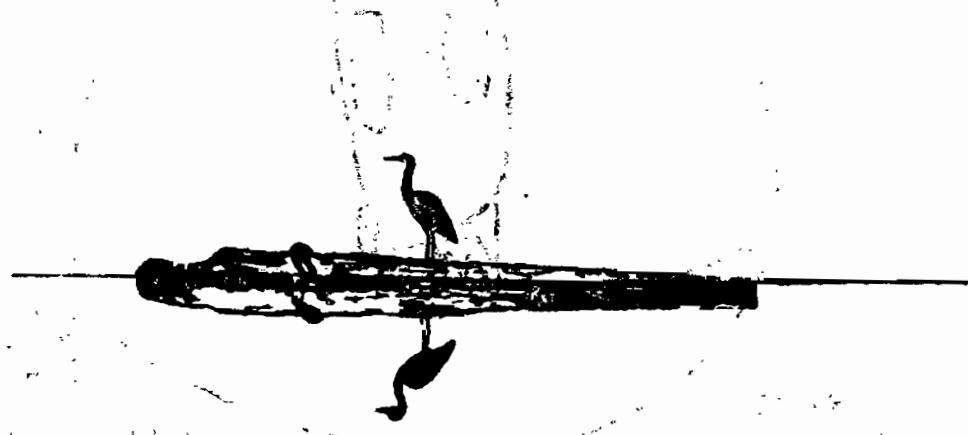
1/8 Page . . . . . \$6.00

1/4 Page . . . . . \$12.00

1/2 Page . . . . . \$18.00

Full Page. . . . . \$36.00

Classified ads are FREE!





The Barkley Sounder has moved over this month to make room for THE BAMFIELD HOWLER. We usually have a pretty slow month in January, with most of our contributors recovering from Christmas and New Year's Eve celebrations. But not in 1988! This is the biggest issue yet, thanks to the wonderful, imaginative and entertaining contributions from the children of Eric Godson School.

They were inspired to create their own magazine to present to Sylvia Funston, editor of OWL magazine, who flew into Bamfield last fall to show students and readers how OWL is published in Toronto.

Thank you to Jamie Dunsmore, Grade One, for the fine feathered howlers on the front cover of THE BAMFIELD HOWLER, and to Genevieve Phillips for the back cover illustration of a Sunev, inhabitant of Venus.

With 36 contributors this month, we have over 10% of the total Bamfield-Anacla population appearing in print. A fine, even spectacular!, way to start the new year.

Not inappropriately, Graham Elliston reminisces on the timeless moments of childhood, Don Halward speaks out on dilapidated schools and Leith Boulter confronts fantasy.

In his column on the Bamfield Christmas bird count, Alan Burger even reveals his technique for attracting Bamfield Howlers (the feathered variety).

Here's a math poser for the senior students. If the last page of our journal is numbered 46, but the paper actually starts at -5 and includes a page 0, how many pages are really in THE BAMFIELD HOWLER ?

Thanks again to all our contributors, junior and senior, and all our readers, too. We took on 23 new subscribers in 1987, and already have our first new subscriber of 1988, Mr. W.E.G., who wins a free trip to MacDonald's.

Have a great '88!

Jeanne Ferris, co-editor

# BARKLEY SOUNDER

<u>Volume Six</u>	<u>January 1988</u>	<u>Number One</u>
Cheese Tomato Quiche	Eva Brand	-3
Dr. Zed's Projects	Marlene Clappis	-2
The Sunev of Venus	Genevieve Phillips	-1
All In Fun	Sheila Charles	-1
Buba	Neil Hegstrom and Linda Mather	0
Melecar	Brooke Cameron	1
Sachadon	Sari Harper	2
Pitujur	Trudy Warner	2
Dogs and Cats	Melanie Rose Williams	3
Zain Dee Sleetha	Kyle Shaw	3
Urge	Pat Grace	4
In My Opinion	James Ferris	5
West Coast Trail	Alex Cameron	6
Execution Rock	Danielle Baker	7
Letter to the Editors	Fred Welland	8
Word Scrambler	Cheryl Dunsmore	9
Chronogram	Jim Bowker	10
Math Perception	Lonnie Nookemus & Andy Clappis	12
Church Newsletter	Rev. Henry Boston	13
Another Man's Opinion	Randy Robertson	14
Letter to the Editors	Judy Gray	18
Words	Andy Clappis, Lonnie Nookemus & Ian McPhee	20
Spelling Scrambler	Charlie Clappis	22
Classified Ads		23
Fantasy	Leith Boulter	24
When Time Stood Still	Graham Elliston	26
More Words	Andy, Lonnie & Ian	29
Bamfield Weather	Peter Janitis	33
Christmas Bird Count	Alan Burger	34
Birdland Rescue	Ida Welland	36
School Buildings	Don Halward	39
The Nuke of Mars	Patrick Phillips	42
Peanut World	Marlene and Kathy	44
The Jackal	Sari Harper	44
Theodor and the ABC's	The Class	45

**CHEESE TOMATO QUICHE**

Eva Brand

(Quiches are improved if allowed to sit for 10 minutes before cutting)

**Pastry for Quiche pan**

4 bacon slices, chopped  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup onion, chopped  
1 cup grated swiss cheese  
3 eggs, beaten  
1 cup light cream  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt  
1 tsp. chopped fresh basil,  
or  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. dried basil  
dash fresh ground pepper  
2 medium tomatoes, sliced  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated swiss cheese  
(optional)

Partially bake crust at 425°F. for about 8 minutes (watch carefully).

Cook bacon until almost crisp, add onion, saute until soft.

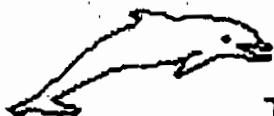
Sprinkle bacon, onion and 1 cup cheese in crust.

Combine cream, eggs, salt, basil, pepper and pour into shell.

Arrange tomato slices over top. Bake at 425°F. for 10 minutes, reduce heat to 350°F. and bake for another 35 minutes until set. If desired, sprinkle  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cheese over tomatoes for last 10 minutes.

**TIDES AND TRAILS**

**CAFE**



**FINE MEALS**

**FACILITIES FOR**

**SPECIAL PARTIES**

**CALL**

**728-3464**



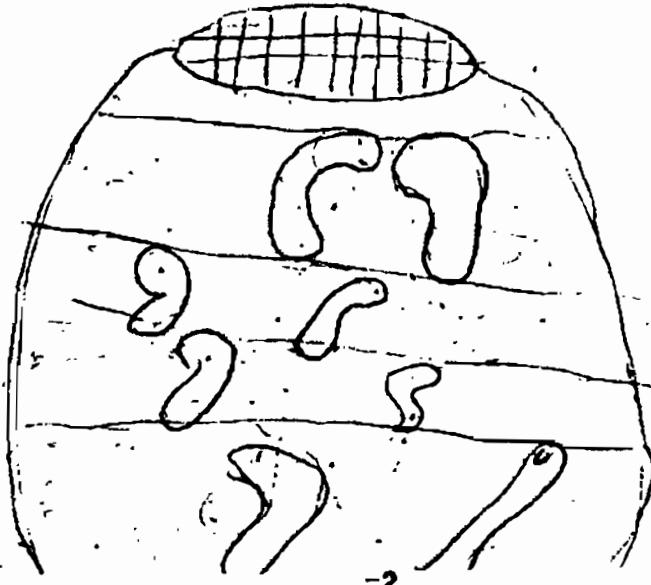
# DR.Zed's Projects

We had done one of  
Dr. Zed's Home for worms.  
It did not turn out, for  
some reason, the worms  
went moldy! We have to get  
some more worms for our  
worm farm because the ones we had  
died.

---

Done By Marlene Clapp.

E.G. M.S.  
Bamfield  
Gr. 4.



ALL IN FUN  
by  
Sheila Charles

THE SUNEV OF VENUS  
by  
Genevieve Phillips

The temperature on Venus is 475°C. There is lots of light because it is the second nearest planet to the sun.

There is Sulfuric acid and clouds as high as 20 to 30 miles high. Some people think there is water on Venus. Venus has a round orbit and it rotates backwards.

The name of my creature on Venus is Sunev. The protection Sunev needs and it lives on Venus are described below:

Sunev has a freezer built in to it, so it won't be too hot. It has super vision so it can see through clouds. Sunev can jump high and that's how it runs. Every time it hits darkness it disappears in to the ground and goes to sleep. It eats the clouds. The cloud goes through it and it becomes pregnant.

This planet is called Moosic. It is called Moosic because that is the main thing on this planet. The surface of this planet is rocky. The planet has ten rings. Each ring gives the planet heat because it gets cold so it's kind of like a furnace. This planet is the farthest out. This planet is by Pluto, so it does not get that much heat from the Sun. This planet has 203 hour days on the planet. These creatures sing, rock, dance and they also watch "Another World." These creatures eat only music. They eat it in the tape place which is their mouth.

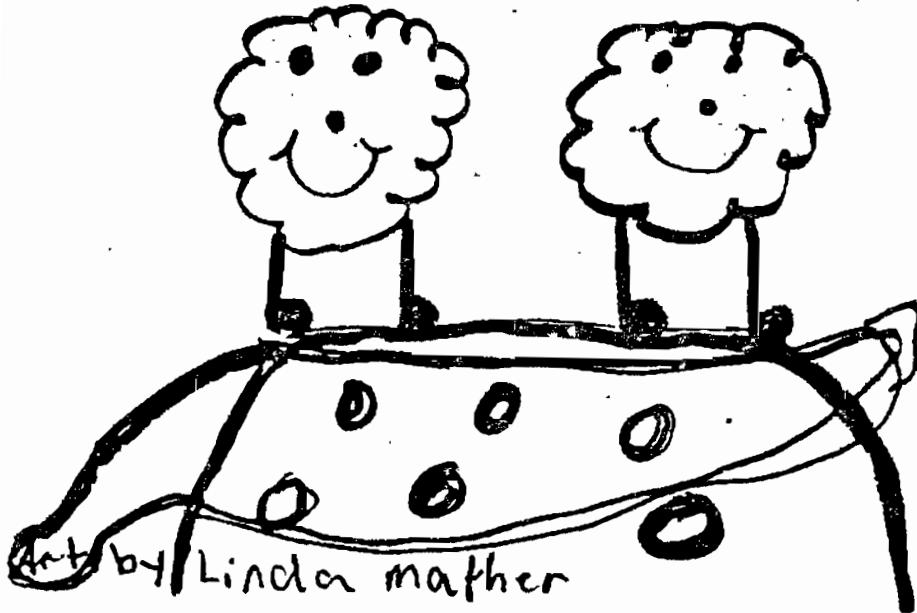
Creatures from Venus are called Veners. They were discovered by a young German astronaut. He called them Veners because they resembled hot dogs.

BUBA  
by  
Neil Hegstrom

This planet is near Saturn. It's name is Buba. It is a big planet. It has craters and rocks.

The planet has seven moons and 2 rings. The planets days are long. It is hot here. There is life on the planet. There are gases mixed up of hydrogen and helium.

A little round two foot furry creature lives on this planet. This creature has small feet, big nose and a long tongue, big blue eyes and lots of fur on his body.



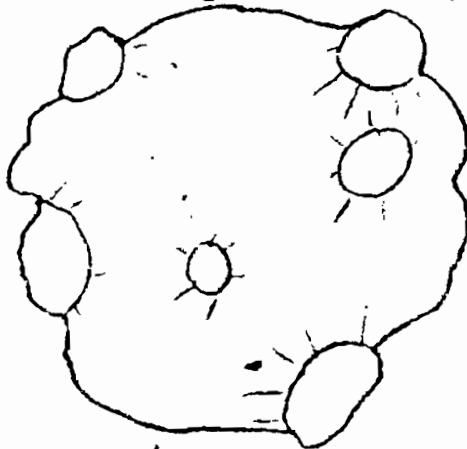
## MELECAR

by  
Brooke Cameron

The planet Melecar is a rather cold planet and is made of dry ice. It has a weak gravity pull because of it's great distance from the sun. The planet's day is 7 earth days. It takes 54 earth years for it to revolve around the sun. The planet's diameter is 2,150 km and it is 71,121,003 km away from the sun. Because of this distance the planet is very cold, cold enough to freeze the planet's blazing fires of gases. Meteorites seldom hit the planet. Very few species live on the planet. One of the most interesting is the Mella.

The Mella is a jelly like creature. The jelly is made of a type of gas that doesn't freeze. The gas hardens on the outside and becomes very tough. It's almost impossible to cut or tear it, it's so hard. When the jelly hardens it is still bendable. The planet has strong enough wind to blow the Mella around but it's not strong enough to lift it in the air. Also the gravity is just strong enough to hold the Mella down. The Mella never dies unless something like a small meteorite kills it or it gets crushed by other larger creatures on the planet. Mella is formed from

gases that are poured out on the surface because the ice has cracked. Then the wind blows it around and as it flip flops across the surface it gathers other none freezable gases and they stick to it's outer covering and then they



Mellacar

harden. Soon the creature is very large and once it gets too large it starts to lose it's gases and gets back to it's normal size. After that the wind smooths out its surface and makes its surface too smooth for it to gather gases.

The Mella has many interesting and fascinating features. However, our scientists are puzzled and unable to explain some of them. Perhaps one day we will know them as well as the back of our hands.

LIFE ON THE OTHER PLANETS  
????????????????????????  
Unlikely, but in a galaxy not  
so far away ...

SACHADON  
by  
Sarie Harper

Out somewhere in the Universe not yet discovered, in another place kind of like the Milky Way there is a star like our sun but twice the size.

The planet is the third closest to that sun and there are six planets all together. This planet has red coloring and is the size of two earths. This planet is not round; it is more bean shaped with a surface temperature of 2400°C.

This planet does not dry up from the heat of the sun. It is made with a certain hard to explain covering.

Years ago this planet was round but century after century the part facing the sun started to cave in and in a couple hundred centuries the planet might split in half and there will be two planets.

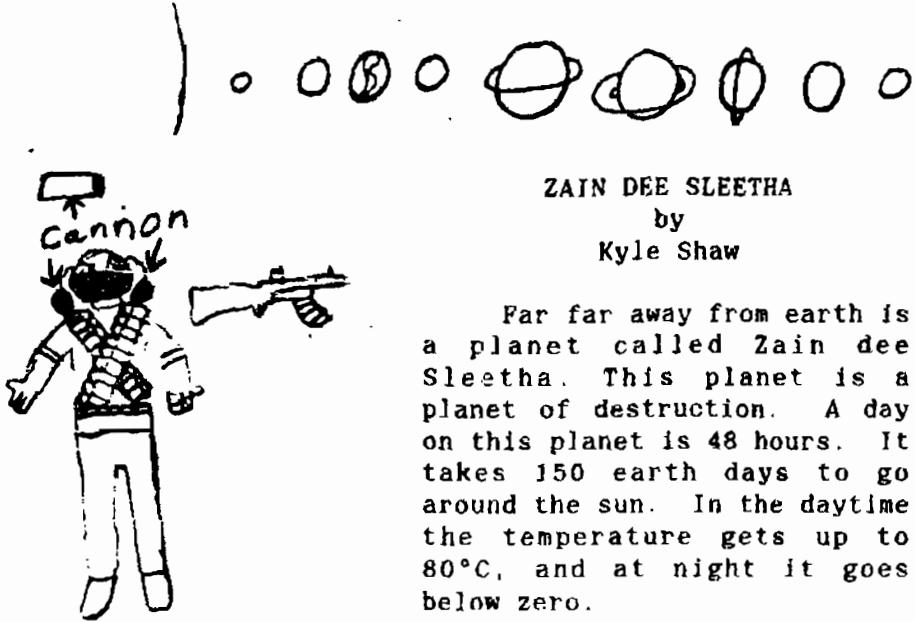
This creature has a very little brain but no heart because if something goes wrong with it, it will damage the creature and it will die. Inside one out of eight Sachad-

oths is a seed that will drop after two years, and the seed will grow up like a plant. The creature's food is a mixture called sundrothees that tastes like vinegar, oil and apples that are dried.

---

PITUJUR  
by  
Trudy Warner

On the planet Pitujur there are no living things because the planet is very, very close to the sun and nothing would ever be able to survive. As a matter of fact it is the closest planet to the sun. This planet doesn't have rings, however it does have one moon. Pitujur is dry and has a rough surface. Days on this planet last fifty hours and it takes sixty-five to seventy earth days to make up one year. This planet is also very rocky, actually Pitujur is mostly made up of rocks. Pitujur also has craters, not many but some.



## ZAIN DEE SLEETHA

by  
Kyle Shaw

Far far away from earth is a planet called Zain dee Sleetha. This planet is a planet of destruction. A day on this planet is 48 hours. It takes 150 earth days to go around the sun. In the daytime the temperature gets up to 80°C, and at night it goes below zero.

The planet is made of metal and steel. There are creatures that eat steel. The creatures are called Obmocs. When the Obmocs get too old, they explode and part of the creature turns into smaller creatures. It shoots red rays at its prey.

## DOGS

by

Melanie Rose Williams

Dogs are sensible.  
They are cuddly. They are cute, they are chubby. They all have different relations to each other, especially to the big cats that live in the JUNGLES.

## POEM ABOUT CATS

by

Melanie Rose Williams

The cat is not scared of dogs as in little puppies. Little cats don't know, little puppies don't know, because they are just little animals.

Another satisfied customer!

PACIFIC

PET SUPPLY

4521 GERTRUDE (N. PORT)

NEXT TO GALAXY RESTAURANT

723 2322

## URGE

THE SMELL OF WOOD-BLOOD  
DРИPPING FROM SAW-SLITS  
ACROSS THE HARBOR,  
SWEAT OF THE BARBER,  
MAN, FROM THE ARM-PITS  
OF MILLS, AND PULP-SUD.

THE LAWNS AND HEDGES  
OF A CREEK-MOUTH --  
RUSSET, GOLD-GREEN,  
WASHED AND CLEAN.  
WIND IN THE SOUTH  
THROUGH ROCKY LEDGES.

AND, BREAKING OUT OF THE BAY  
THE SEA SPEAKS  
WITH RESTLESS TONE,  
MATCHED BY THE BLUE-BONE  
AUTUMN SKY. THOSE V-STREAKS  
TRAIL THE GREY-GOOSE ON HIS WAY.

THIS IS THE KIND OF DAY  
THAT NUDGES A MAN'S CLOYED  
ROUTINE, AND BIDS HIM STRAY  
TO FLING HIS LIFE ADRIFT  
FROM QUIET DESPERATION --  
TO GO AND SMELL THE SALT-FLO  
THAT BLEW INTO HIS VEINS  
A MILLION YEARS AGO.

---

PAT GRACE

## IN MY OPINION

by

James Ferris, co-editor

1988 - It could be quite a year. Free trade, Arctic sovereignty, a possible Federal Election, a road to West Bamfield, all on the table and all possible. More privatization, free passes for ex-MLA's on the ferries, increased ICBC premiums and many other great things. Keep yourself posted.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Bamfield Howler is high-lighted in this issue. The children at the school do fine work and have wonderful imaginations. We don't often realize what goes on at the school, and this gives us a small peek into the minds of the youngsters. Just great!!

\* \* \* \* \*

We would like to welcome Larry and Linda Myres, the new owners of Aguilar House, to Bamfield. Larry and Linda have three children, Matthew, age 10, Megan, age 7 and Mark who is 5 years old. Larry is a Chartered Accountant and is available for accounting or consul-

tation. Aguilar House will continue to provide the unique service it has been noted for in the past. The best of luck to the new operators.

\* \* \* \* \*

Want to help yourself financially in the new year? Try to keep from paying interest charges on anything that you buy. It is one of the biggest favors you can do yourself. Why give away what was so hard to earn?

\* \* \* \* \*

There are three kinds of people: Those who make things happen, those who watch things happen and those who don't know what the hell is going on. (author unknown)

\* \* \* \* \*

Whenever you get up tight about the weather in Bamfield, take a trip to the other parts of the country in December or January. You will welcome your return to Balmy Bamfield.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is not much feeling of controversy in me this month, so I'll leave you until February. (I have a cold!)

\* \* \* \* \*



*"Just a Puffin along!"*

## Pacific Rim Airlines Ltd.

*Chartered and  
Scheduled Service*

**FOR FLIGHTS TO:**  
*Bamfield, Tofino, Nanaimo,  
Port Alberni, Vancouver,  
West Coast Trail, Ucluelet,  
Hot Springs Cove and Tahsis*

**PHONE**

**PORT ALBERNI - 724-4495  
BAMFIELD - 728-3466  
TOFINO - 725-3295**

**CHARTERS AVAILABLE TO:**  
*U.S.A., VICTORIA, VANCOUVER  
AND PORT RENFREW*

**PACIFIC RIM AIRLINES LTD.  
BOX 1196  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.  
V9Y 7M1**

LET'S LEARN ABOUT  
THE WEST COAST TRAIL  
by  
Alex Cameron, Grade 4

The West Coast Trail is situated on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. The beginning of the trail is near Bamfield. It is 72 km long and ends at Port Renfrew. This trail was constructed by the Federal Government in the 1900's so they could help shipwrecked sailors on this section of coast known as the "Graveyard of the Pacific". The trail is now a challenge for the experienced hiker and can be completed in 6-10 days. Although some sections are wide and easy following scenic, sandy beaches, the southern portion remains strenuous, requiring hikers to ford fast moving streams, climb vertical ladders and cross steep gullies. The coastline remains rugged and rich in wildlife.

(Taken from The Canadian Encyclopedia, Volume 3)

**MacDERMOTT'S INSURANCE AGCY. LTD.**

**BRIAN MACDERMOTT**

**JOHN PANAGROT**

**4907 ARGYLE ST., BOX 572  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C. V9Y 7M9  
724-3241      TELEX 044-64548**

## THE LEGEND OF EXECUTION ROCK

by

Danielle Baker Grade 3

Execution Rock is on 2nd Beach in Bamfield. An Ohiat tribe lived there. At night they were attacked by an enemy tribe. They tried to escape through a hole. The hole went straight down and at the bottom

split in two ways. Most of them went the wrong way and died. Some went the right way but died of starvation. Two sisters and brothers lived. The brothers each married a sister and both couples had babies. This is how the Ohiat tribe survived to this day.



Editor, Barkley Sounder:

Dear Jim:

An article recently appeared in the Alberni Valley times in connection with the formation of a study group by the Bamfield Preservation and Development Society. The basis of the article was the announcement of the groups' formation, and its purpose. However, the article as it appeared in the AV Times contained several embellishments courtesy of the newspaper staff writers, in particular statements about the crime rate in Bamfield. To set the record straight, the announcement as supplied to the AV Times by the Society was as follows:

Bamfield Development Under Review

"Sure we have something worth preserving. It's a way of life that'll cost you a mint in any part of the country." With these words President problem Fred Welland of the Bamfield Preservation and Development Society announced the formation of a study group designed to make development recommendations to the Society and to the pertinent Government departments.

"Preservation of a life style doesn't mean a freeze on development," he said. "Responsible development can actually enhance an existing environment, just as the fast buck artists can degrade it. The job of the study group will be to examine ways the community can grow to provide a living for the young people coming along without turning into a transistorized Coney Island."

It is expected that the group will be making recommendations on such issues as a connecting road between east and west Bamfield, and the desirability of paving the Bamfield-Port Alberni road.

Yours sincerely,

Fred Welland

MICHAEL H. HANSON

British Columbia Land Surveyor

*Legal and Topographic Surveying  
Subdivision Design and Planning Services  
Building Siting and Location*

Suite #104-35 Queens Rd.,  
Duncan, B.C. V9L 2W1

Bus.: 746-4745

Res.: 748-3288

## Bamfield Marine Life Word Scrambler

Fill in the blanks with  
the proper spelling and  
check your answers by  
turning the page.  
JUMOP APTISDN



created by:  
Cheryl Dunsmore  
Gr 2

1) inolsifh \_\_\_\_\_

2) ctppSuo \_\_\_\_\_

3) hleaw \_\_\_\_\_

4) eas amoenen \_\_\_\_\_

5) tP0s d. te g sonm  
soft ed soud ods ⑤

Answers: ① starfish ② sea urchin ③ octopus  
④ whale ⑤ dolphin

## HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR CURRENT ROCK STARS?

B A S O B O L S O I C  
S D T G E N E S S I C  
C A P R I Y T A D E R Y L P M  
E - I B I N T E E P E C K E R  
L S U R C E L T O M I  
S U R H O S I D P N I  
O R G I S S R A T S R W N  
R O O D I U F E L O D I U R  
T O O D O O G U R G O O D O O H O T E R S C

Find your favorite "Rock Stars" names and circle them. Then list

the letters you did NOT use, un-scramble them and find the "Hidden Mystery Word(s)."

LETTERS NOT USED

HIDDEN MYSTERY WORDS (2)

JOURNEY  
LOS LOBOS  
MONKEY  
MOTLEY CRUE  
PETTY  
POISON  
PRINCE  
SIMPLY RED  
STARSHIP  
WIRE

ADAM  
BON JOVI  
BOWIE  
CROWDEDHOUSE  
CULT  
GABRIEL  
GENESIS  
HOODOO GURUS  
HOOTERS  
TOOL  
JONES

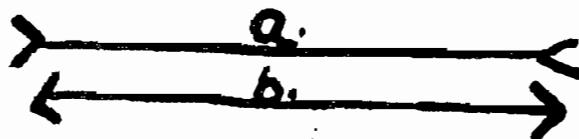
scramogram by Tim Bowker

## ENTER THE "BAMFIELD HOWLER" MATH PERCEPTION GAME!

JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION  
UNDER EACH MATH TEASER  
AND SEND YOUR ANSWER TO: Lonnie  
Nookemus or Andy Clappis, c/o  
Eric Grodson School, Bamfield,  
B.C. V0R 1 BO

---

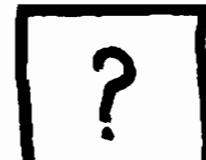
①



Which line is longer?

---

②



- (a) □ (b) △ (c) ◇ (d) □
-

## CHURCH NEWSLETTER

To Members and Supporters  
Bamfield United Church

June and I wish you a happy Christmas, and peace and prosperity in 1988.

In the New Year I propose to use a different kind of worship service. I believe that changes are needed if young people are to be attracted to worship. If they are not, then those who are supporting worship now will be discouraged. Young people favor a different kind of music. We have to learn songs which appeal to them, and we would welcome their help in selection of music.

The other change which I propose to make is to stop preaching sermons in church, and give a message sitting over coffee instead. Questions and discussion will be encouraged. This is not simply to appeal to youth, although I hope it will appeal to some of them. It is also because I need dialogue. I need to know if the thoughts which I express awaken responses in other people's minds. I will supply the coffee, milk, sugar and cookies.

Those who have not been to church lately will see some

changes next time they come. In 1987 we were grateful to receive new pews as a gift from the University of Victoria, and just before Christmas the interior of the church was painted.

I thank all those who have supported worship during the past year, especially Ebba Jennings, who has carried the responsibility of secretary-treasurer, Irma Cashin, who has provided music, and Loretta Amos who has played the organ when Irma has been away.

I regret that I have not been able to call on all the families connected with the Church. If you would like me to call on you, or if you would like to call at the manse, please phone me so that something can be arranged. My Bamfield phone number is 728-3479. My number in Victoria is 386-4699. If you are in Victoria, give us a call. We would like to see you.

At Christmas we remember "Emmanuel" which means God with us; I hope you will be with us too in 1988.

Sincerely,  
Henry Boston

## ANOTHER MAN'S OPINION

by  
Randy Robertson

Once again the road to West Bamfield issue is on everyone's mind and lips. This article is written in the hope that Bamfield can get together for once and we all work for a win/win situation. We will probably end up win/lose, but the way we are going it will be lose/lose. I will try to address the problems a road would create and what no road will create and hope that a road is the answer to the way we should go and get this divided community back together.

Some of the problems about a road and possible solutions or consequences are as follows:

1. "What would happen to the boardwalk?"

I think it could easily be taken over by and maintained by the community. It was originally built by the community. It could be maintained with heritage grants or funds from camping fees. That would keep money spent on it in the community instead of Dept. of Holidays (sic) Bridge Crews from Nanaimo spending their wages in their home town. I know we could do a better paint

job! Nobody on the boardwalk wants to see it go. Maybe we could even extend it. We would have more pride in it if we knew it was ours instead of the Dept. of Highway's.

2. "I don't want to see cars parked at Brady's Beach."

A couple of information signs saying "NO PUBLIC PARKING BEYOND" and the establishment of a parking lot at the so called Ball Park would solve the problem. You need flat land for parking and a new access and some gravel and it would be done. Also no campers overnight parking allowed.

3. "I like going to Brady's Beach and not seeing tourists."

What about the hundreds of tourists the Rose Imports now? They are already there. Nobody uses it in the winter except locals and some of them without boats are denied it now. Pachena Beach with access and camping is deserted in the winter. Maybe with road access tenters would not be so inclined to camp on the beach and foul the upland owners' property. Garbage wouldn't be a problem as we could have garbage pickups anywhere in West Bamfield,

instead of overloading the wharf as happens now. Rest rooms are going to be installed down by the wharf by the Inn by next summer, so that problem will be solved.

4. "We would have no need for the Outpost Hospital and they would shut down."

Why? If anything it would see more use. People from the East Side would have better access and wouldn't risk catching pneumonia in a gale in their weakened condition. The nurse wouldn't have to be called out as much. The Coast Guard has needed her in a hurry before and she has been away when needed. That maybe wouldn't have happened if there was better access. Maybe the beds would see more use. With vehicle access immediate evacuation of a critical patient would speed up and handling would be easier and smoother if no plane was available at night. The extra handling of patients could kill someone. CPR is next to impossible in a boat or airplane and impossible on a carried stretcher. A van is the only way to go to the hospital in town if CPR is involved.

5. "I don't want to see (or hear) the traffic."

This one is going to be a problem if you are on the road.

On the boardwalk you would only hear East side traffic and the airplanes. We have speed limits. Fences help too. Some of the traffic on the back trail now has no insurance and/or mufflers. That would be ruled off the road if it was a proper road. Winter traffic is negligible. East Bamfield doesn't have traffic problems. They do have a parking problem from West side residents plugging up East side parking!

6. "The East side criminal element would come to the West side." (A.V. Times in an article inserted by a local resident.)

I bet the Eastsiders got a kick out of that one! I've had dealings with this element. They must come raiding over on the West side sometimes. I've lost plastic barrels, gas and gear out of my boat, lumber and the odd pike pole and peavey. I lost a battery out of my truck. Maybe that wouldn't have happened if my truck was in my driveway on the West side. Vehicles look abandoned on the East side.

7. "Our taxes will go up."

They are going up already. My assessment went up 120% last year. Why? Because

of absentee landowners with money to spare buying West Bamfield land. And it's not going to stop while West Bamfield is so attractive to someone who only comes here a few weeks in the summer. Look at the number of For Sale signs on the West side now. Some have been there a long time. If a local was going to buy he or she would have by now. They will only get sold to the seasonal well-to-do. Every time a place sells it drives up the assessments in the immediate area. That's what happen to me. The seasonal dweller doesn't contribute to this community economically in the winter.

8. "I don't want to see it change. I like it the way it is."

Well, you'd better pull your head out of the baggy and give it a shake! Your head that is. West Bamfield is already changing. Here's what has happened in the last ten years on the boardwalk. Ten years ago there were 10 owner residents on the boardwalk. Now there are 4½. I'm the half ... half the time in Port Alberni and half on the boardwalk. Only two new owner residents - me and Lindsie ... oops, one-and-a-half! That's 4½ owner residents for 13 places

not counting the teacherage, hospital, cabins and trailers. We have lost seven owner residents in that time. That works out to 7/10th's of a residence per year. At that rate we will lose 4.2 more in the next six years for a net sum of +.3 owner residents left. There are currently 26 places empty on the West side. I think there are only 12 on the East side, not counting motel rooms. There are four full time new residences on the West side in the last nine or ten years. The East side has built twelve new full timers since Kirk's.

You'd better consider this next paragraph on changes very carefully.

What would happen to West Bamfield if the East side petitioned for better Postal Service? They have a growing majority and have every right to better service or access to the Post Office. Post Offices in stores is the new Postal policy now. Open 5 or 6 days a week, no dogs and the added draw to the store too. Ebba does a lot of mail now and for no pay, too. She might as well get paid for it. If (or should I say when?) the Post Office goes would Lindsie's store survive? She says she would. Most of her business

is boat traffic. If the boats went to a new Post office wouldn't they also shop there? Two birds with one stone as it is now. She says her business could survive but I wouldn't bet on it. What would West Bamfield be like without a store and Post office? Not the same need for a boardwalk then, is there?

If the store closed would the school be far behind? The school board won't rebuild when needed with no cheap access. They favor a new school instead and have acquired land already for that purpose on the East side. I doubt that they would run a school boat for 7 students at \$30,000 plus. It's cheaper to board them out, or parents could take them to school themselves.

In conclusion, we on the West side can't be selfish and keep West Bamfield to ourselves or East Bamfield maybe will play by the same rules and want the Post office, school, and to hell with the store ... it's a no vote anyway! Maybe the hospital too. It's only a mobile unit and could be moved onto available land on the East side. Maybe the teacherage or hospital could use the manse.

We are getting change whether we want it or not. We have a choice on the change but

we can't stay the same. A choice of a harder or an easier way of life. To me a road to West Bamfield is the lesser of two evils. Some think it's harder. Those who don't want a road are going to have harder whether the road comes or not. Between a rock and a hard place. Think of us who want it easier. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours by giving you a deal or a load of firewood delivered to your driveway. Make those rainy winters downright pleasant.

**Pearson Tire Ltd.**



Service with  
Confidence      BRIDGESTONE

4938 Dunbar St., Port Alberni  
Phone 724-4465

# Letters to the Editors

Jan. 3, 1988

Dear Editor,

When I wrote my letter to the **Barkley Sounder** last month I had absolutely no idea that the "Road Issue" was alive again. I understand that there will be a meeting in January on this issue. I'm sure it will be one fiery meeting.

I would also like to point out that after a conversation with Fred Welland that I have made a recommendation to the Study Group of the Bamfield Preservation Society to explore the possibility of constructing a walking bridge to connect East and West Bamfield. My thought is that it would be possible on tall pilings along the Hydro right of way to Burlo Island and onto the West side. I cannot foresee too many problems with this idea. It may limit access of trollers to number 9. Extending the boardwalk could only enhance the aesthetic beauty of our village. I wish the group success with Highways and Hydro. (Don't get me wrong, I'm not committing myself either way, for or against.)

Now on to another of my pet peeves. Vehicles in West Bamfield. There are now legal roads in West Bamfield and a fair few people have vehicles of one sort or another. Everywhere in this fine country of ours, no matter how remote, vehicles by law are required to carry insurance. With the exception, it appears, of West Bamfield.

One day last Fall when I was walking to Brady's Beach with my children and some friends a vehicle came around a corner and scared the you know what out of me. I am sure there was little hazard but I did not hear the vehicle coming and they were going quite fast.

Now let's suppose someone does (God forbid) have an accident, does hit a pedestrian. Ah, no insurance, who's liable? But no, it wouldn't and couldn't happen in West Bamfield!! Could it? Let's show some responsibility and pay ICBC our annual fees

rather than risk an entire life savings.

For some reason or another, and I'm not quite sure why, the RCMP tell me that there is nothing they can do. I'd find it interesting to hear what they would have to say if there was an accident!!!

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

Judy Gray

4268 TENTH AVENUE

723-3824

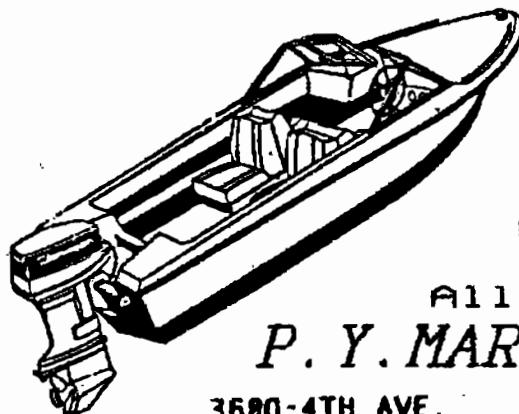
*Watson's* +

PAINT CENTRE LTD.

- PAINTS • WALLPAPERS & SUNDRIES
- FLOOR COVERINGS • ART SUPPLIES
- CERAMIC TILE • PAINTING CONTRACTORS

*Johnson*  
LEADS THE WORLD

Sales and Service



Check our Layaway, interest free plan.  
1988 Commercial Model is here NOW!

Highliner Trailers

All Boating Accessories

P. Y. MARINE LTD.

3680-4TH AVE.

PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

724-2322

Fart S+ Can YI  
eep Words I.

Worm Nikon

Boun<sup>n</sup>

(Bounce)

Mountain

Dots

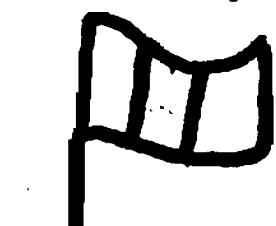
balloon

(Dots)

ITCHY Wor

love pumpkin TALL

u Make  
ok Like They are?  



L  
A  
G  
P  
O  
L  
E



bomb candle

wiggly  
look

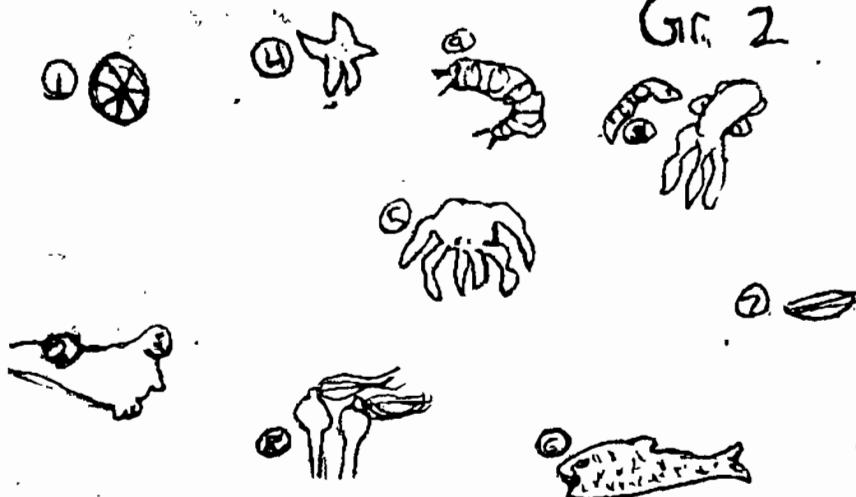
by

Andy Clappis, Gr. 4  
Lonnie Nookemus, Gr. 3  
Ian McPhee . Gr. 4

# Bamfield Marine Life Spelling Scrambler

by Charlie CLAppis

Gr. 2



① esa niurch \_\_\_\_\_

② aes nile \_\_\_\_\_

③ uigqds \_\_\_\_\_

④ rtas isfh \_\_\_\_\_

⑤ bcar \_\_\_\_\_

⑥ hisf \_\_\_\_\_

⑦ akm \_\_\_\_\_

⑧ llbu epikp \_\_\_\_\_

⑨ aes rmwo \_\_\_\_\_

# **CLASSIFIED**

FURNISHED COTTAGE AVAILABLE  
FROM FEB. 1 TO JUNE 30

EAST BAMFIELD

CALL 728-3266

FOR SALE

One only

12 Person RFD

12MM MK6

Serviced Dec. 1986

Survival Pack plus brkt

Asking \$3000 00

Contact Nancy Christney  
Bamfield Marine Station

Telephone 728-3301

### FOR SALE

IN EAST BAMFIELD  
5 ACRES WITH  
68', 3 BEDROOM  
MOBILE HOME  
WOOD HEAT  
FULLY SERVICED

CALL 728-3266

### FOR SALE

3+ BEDROOMS  
MOBILE HOME  
ON EAST SIDE  
ROAD ACCESS  
FULLY SERVICED  
CALL  
728-3355



## LEITH BOULTER

There's one advantage in contributing fantasy to the Sounder. I never get criticism in letters to the editor. Whereas some might take this to mean that I never write anything of more than passing interest, I choose to interpret it as unbounded enthusiasm for the stuff that appears in this space.

Even though I know deep down that I am wearing glasses of that well-known color, it's easier to live with than taking the pessimistic view that probably few bother reading it. So I let myself go, as I did last month when I suggested that some day down the road we'd be able to sit at a computer keyboard connected to an interterrestrial tourist agency and punch in any destination and year we wished to visit and, as long as our credit was good, we'd get the booking.

Fantasy, you say? Well, I wonder. I know full well that the younger among us tolerate a bit of mental gymnastics from senior citizens, but let me assure you that I am in full possession of my faculties, it says here. Remember there is a thin line separating genius from idiocy and that many of our most prized discoveries

have come from those who fantasized.

Now that I have established my credentials, suppose I expand my look into a probable future when time travel becomes a reality. And don't tell me you haven't had your own projections in this regard! After all, I am not the only dreamer around these parts.

You will recall the prediction that some day soon only two percent of the population will be working. Technology will reach the point where that two percent will produce everything society needs. The rest of us will not have to work, so in order to keep from stagnation we shall have to engage in volunteer activities, helping to make life more pleasant for one another. And that will mean exploration of other activities, probably at minimal cost to the individual.

This will set the stage for trips to other eras, starting with the past and later extending into future time travel. So it doesn't hurt to be mentally prepared in case the day comes sooner than we think. I am not the first to expound on this, as the bookshelves are packed

with stories about time travel, as is the television screen and the film industry.

But I may be among the pioneers in suggesting the potential reality of it all. I know I probably have too much time on my hands, and I have graduated from the ranks of wage earners and get my government cheques every month, thank you, but please do not write me off.

Instead, I ask you to join me and produce your own dream vacation plans .... in writing. I want to know where you want to spend a holiday, with whom, and when. Just remember that Shirley MacLaine is already booked.

One thing, though. Remember that in order not to disturb the existing reality you will not be visible to those whom you visit. That's easy to rationalize since your visible presence would change history, and we can't justify that. You will be an unseen observer.

Who is to say there isn't a visitor looking over my shoulder as I write, wishing he or she could get through to me and tell me it's time somebody realized that you and I already are being visited from their present ... our future!

Get those letters in! We need something to take our

minds off free trade, taxes, deficits, waste in government, and the rest. Without realizing it, I may well be responsible for giving you a completely different outlook on the whole scene of life. Besides, some of my readers may find the inspiration for a book or a magazine article. Don't forget I want 15% and a dedication.

A prosperous and happy journey through the year ... 1988, that is.

Please give us a call  
for any Real Estate concerns.



BLOCK BROS. NATIONAL REAL ESTATE



JOE VAN BERGEN  
SALES REPRESENTATIVE  
bus. (604)724 3207  
res. (604)723-6159

MID-ISLAND REALTY LTD.  
Alberni Mall Branch, 3550 Johnston  
Port Alberni, B.C. V9Y 7W8

JOHN GISBORNE

- British Columbia Land Surveyor ◦
- Subdivisions, Repostings ◦
- Topographic ◦
- Foresore Leases ◦
- 
- Bamfield 728-3467 ◦
- Office 753-9181 ◦
- Nanaimo 722-2391 ◦

## BAMFIELD MEMORIES WHEN TIME STOOD STILL

by  
Graham Elliston

Years ago, when I was very young and the only way to get around in Bamfield was by walking the trails or rowing a boat, distances seemed very different. Everything was bigger and spaced farther apart. Adventures were more plentiful in those days too, as I recall. The early morning smell of the beach at low tide was an adventure in itself and excitement was always in the air.

Sometimes Billy Wiseman and I would pack our lunches, take a couple of jam jars, and head boldly up the trail which ran south from the Cable Station. At the point above Wishart's Bay where the trail divided we would spurn the right fork and walk straight up the hill into the country which lies among the gaunt old cedar snags. If we kept going far enough we'd get to "Three Mile" where the Mabens lived, or even to Pachena Beach, but we were not going that far. Our destination was a pond which lay just a few paces off the trail to our right. Maybe it had been excavated in some bygone age by Bill Logan or Charlie Wickham to provide gravel for the trail, but this never

occurred to us. As far as we were concerned, it had been there since the beginning of time. It was almost completely surrounded by stunted salal and huckleberry bushes, but there was one small clear patch on the far side which was carpeted with various types of moss, including that intriguing one which wanders about like a nest of furry green snakes.

Here is where we would stash our lunch pails and sit down to roll up our pant-legs before venturing out in search of our elusive quarry. For the next few hours time stood still as we moved quietly about in that tepid water dipping tadpoles and other creatures into our jars. Then we would lounge on the bank munching our sandwiches and gazing at the sky while dragon flies hovered and swooped over the pond and other insects clicked and buzzed to and fro. Sometimes a garter snake - black, yellow, and red - would slide down the bank and swim gracefully towards the other side. Being typical small boys, we didn't sit spellbound at this wonder of creation. Instead, we armed ourselves with rocks and did our best to obliterate every trace of its existence. Often as not, it

would get away, perhaps because something deep down in our unconscious selves warned us that it might be dangerous and that it would be best not to get too close to the head end. Besides, it would have ruined a perfectly good adventure if we had allowed ourselves to admit that the deadly serpent was really quite harmless. Eventually, the declining rays of the sun told us that it was time to pick up our tadpole-filled jars and head home for supper.

If, at the fork, we had taken another trail and gone towards the water we would have ended up at Wishart's Bay, where the Community Hall now stands. Sybil and I came here often when we lived nearby in Logvinoff's little cabin. Of course, we simply rambled along the beach, as it wasn't necessary or even practical to use a trail. At a spot somewhere under the ramp which now leads up to the church there used to be a small patch of grass, just above the crushed shell beach and the high water mark. This is where we came to look for wild strawberries. We never found many, but the reward was all the greater for that. Each berry was a thrill and a treat beyond price. To us, the spot was enchanted and we spent

hours there chattering about our dreams and schemes. But let one adult intrude and poof! - the spell was gone. Then it would be time to go home again.

My mother sometimes rowed us up into what is now called Bamfield South, to the little tidal island which lies across from Ferris's house. The sand around there is distinctly muddy, the rocks are studded with barnacles, and the bush is thick and spiky with dead branches and thorns. But we were in paradise, on Treasure Island, the only people on earth, explorers in an unknown land. Time was on our side - it didn't exist - we were free.

Since that time I have revisited all the old spots and found them almost unrecognizable. The tadpole pond is now a stagnant mud-hole, full of broken glass and discarded tires. The wild strawberries don't grow under the ramp anymore, and the island isn't as remote as it used to be. But there are still many magic spots, fortunately not large or grand enough to attract signposts or government grant money. Anni and I have spent some lovely sunshine hours in a swamp near the Brady's Beach trail with our lunches and our

plastic jars. "Polliwog Park" is what we decided to call it, and now the very mention of that name brings happy memories to each of us. Then there's the tidal slough up Grappler where we watched a bear picking berries one lazy afternoon. Early mornings are magic times, and crabbing is a good way to get out and see raccoons, seals, otters, and mink as they forage along the shore or play together in the water. The trick is to stay still long enough, in body and mind, to let the magic world unfold. It's always there, only we are often somewhere else.

When Billy Wiseman and I were in our early teens and building one of our well-known "secret forts" we broke up an old bench to use for the floor. This bench was located in a quiet spot, away from everything, up behind the Cable Station. If we had stopped to look we would have seen that it had been placed so as to command a magnificent view across the mouth of the creek, over the Mills Peninsula and across the islands to the mountains beyond. Later we learned that one of the older members of the Cable staff, Mr. Beck, had been in the habit of strolling up to this tranquil spot to enjoy the view from the very bench we had

so thoughtlessly dismantled. We replaced Mr. Beck's seat, but I doubt if either of us really appreciated then how much it meant to him.

Now that I'm ready to stop running, and longing to slow down and take time to "set a spell" with myself or a friend, I feel I am beginning to catch up with Mr. Beck and the person I used to be when the summers were long and the distances were great. The only problem is, where to find the time?

## Esso Ostrom's Machine Shop Ltd.

Fishermen's Supplies • Hardware  
Imperial Products • Marine Railway

Marine Fuel Station

Automobile Gas

Nautical Charts • Tide Tables

BAMFIELD, B.C. V0R 1B0 / TELEPHONE 728-3321

MORE!

Can You Make  
Words Look Like They are?





FORM No. 1

LAND ACT

**NOTICE OF INTENTION TO APPLY FOR A DISPOSITION OF CROWN LAND**

In Land Recording District of Barclay

Where land is  
located, name of  
Ministry, Minister,  
District, Branch,  
Village, and  
Community.  
and situated Bamfield

Take notice that The Regional District of Alberni-Clayoquot,  
or Port Alberni, as a Regional Government Corporation,  
intends to apply for X CROWN LANDS of the following described lands:

Where land is  
located, name of  
Ministry, Minister,  
District, Branch,  
Village, and  
Community.  
(a) [Give legal description] Blocks 21, 22, 23, 24, 41, 42 and 43, Section 19  
TWP 1, Plan 942

containing 7.35 acres

Where land is  
located, name of  
Ministry, Minister,  
District, Branch,  
Village, and  
Community.  
The purpose for which the disposition is required is Public Use - Park and  
Fire Hall Site.

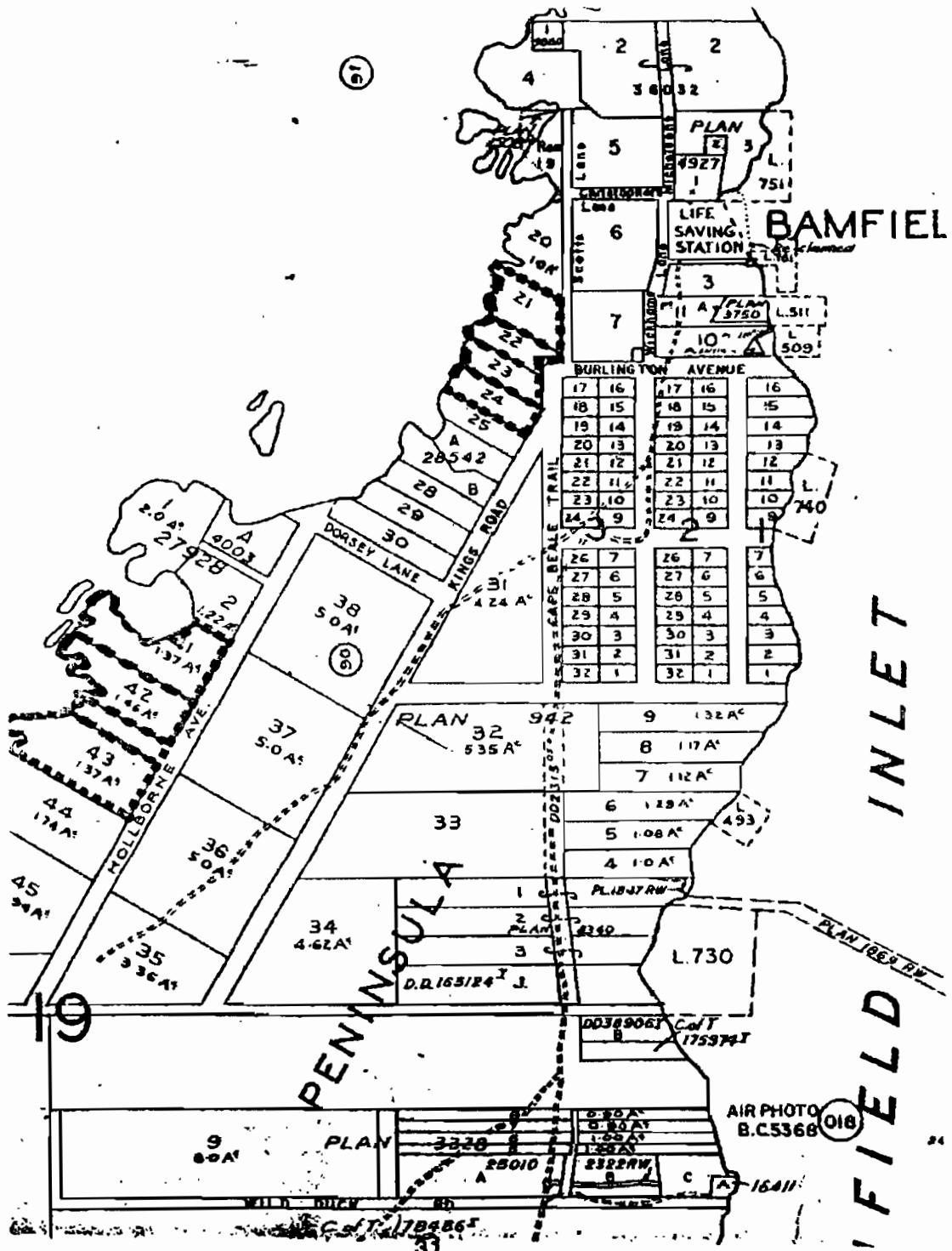
Comments concerning this applica-  
tion may be made to the Ministry  
Forests & Lands, 851 Yates St.  
Victoria, B.C. V8W 3E7 387-5011  
File # 1404453

Dated January 8th, 19 88

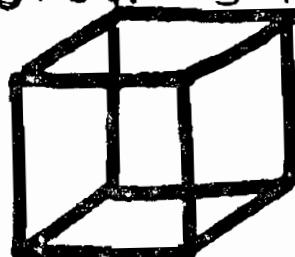
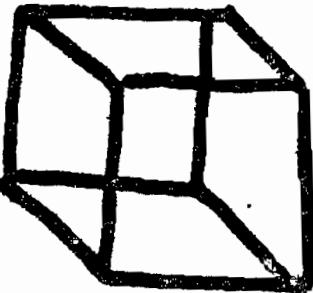
Robert M. Kelly

(Name of applicant in full)  
Assistant Secretary-Treasurer

(Name of agent if applicable)  
Regional Dist. of Alberni-Clayoquot



Stare at the following figures



and you will see change.

### BAMFIELD TRAILS MOTEL

BOX 7 - BAMFIELD, B.C.  
VOR-1B0 604-728-3231



21 KITCHEN UNITS  
10 SLEEPING UNITS  
POOL  
SAUNA  
WHIRLPOOL

REASONABLE RATES  
ENJOY - SEA LIFE, SCUBA DIVING  
FISHING, BEACHCOMBING  
DAY HIKING ON BEACHES AND TRAILS

## BAMFIELD WEATHER

by  
Peter Janitis

Now I understand why so many people head down south to the islands come winter. Simply, it is short's worth of southeasters. Our travelling partners were Aileen and Jack. The day before leaving Jack said, teasingly, and I quote, "I hope that it rains and blows like hell while we are gone."

Mother Nature fulfilled his wishes. Anyhow, December here started out with powerful southeast wind and rain. There was very little of C.A.V.U. as entailed in the logbook by Jimmy, who looked after the station. C.A.V.U. means ceiling and visibility unlimited. In the second part of the month it turned cold.

No snow. Twelve days without rain. 13.15 inches for December this year. December is the wettest month of the year with average rainfall of 16.8 inches. Total rainfall for 1987 was 101.51 inches. Average annual rainfall is 108.73 inches.

### TEMPERATURES

Sixteen continuous days, starting on the 11th, with temperatures zero or below.

The lowest of  $-4.5^{\circ}\text{C}$  was on the 13th, 17th and 18th.

Mean maximum	$6.3^{\circ}\text{C}$
Mean Minimum	$-0.5^{\circ}\text{C}$
Mean Temperature	$2.9^{\circ}\text{C}$

In conclusion, for the readers who are weather conscious, while we were staying in Lahinia (located on Maui Island) the sun was getting to be too much. So, I decided to get inside and get in touch with the local weather man there. The information he gave me is as follows:

Average rainfall in December is 1.6 inches.

Average rainfall annually is 19.84 inches.

However, on the mountain called Kukui, which is in comparison like Pachena Cone from Bamfield, the average rainfall is 400 inches.

As for temperatures up there in Lahinia, the mean maximum is  $83.8^{\circ}\text{F}$  ( $28^{\circ}\text{C}$ ). the mean minimum is  $19^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

Another incredible thing are the tides. There is only roughly a two foot difference in them. also, no sea gulls, no crows and unfortunately, no kelp. Happy New Year!

## BAMFIELD CHRISTMAS BIRD COUNT

by Alan Burger

One of the good things about Christmas Bird Counts is that they encourage one to look more closely at the familiar surroundings, and often reveal interesting birds right in one's backyard. Along with all the crows and gulls, the eleven people who participated in the bird count on 27 December, also turned up some interesting species. Alan MacLeod, who drove up from Victoria just for the count day, found a Bewick's Wren lurking in the shrubbery near the Sarita River mouth. This wren is more strongly marked and slightly larger than its very common cousin, the Winter Wren. This was the first record of Bewick's Wren for the Bamfield/Pacific Rim National Park region, although they are common in gardens in Victoria.

We recorded a total of 67 species and 4014 individual birds during the day. Bamfield's mussel growers will probably not be too enthusiastic to hear that the most abundant bird was the Surf Scoter. We counted 663 birds, but there were probably lots more.

Glaucous-winged Gulls (663 birds) were common and so were the little Bufflehead ducks (372), seen almost anywhere in the inlets. And of course the Northwestern Crows were near the top of the list, clocking in with 332 birds.

Most people will be surprised to learn of the diversity of waterbirds around Bamfield. Did you know that we commonly get three species of cormorant here? Double-crested, Brandt's and Pelagic Cormorants can often be seen roosting together on coastal rocks. We also have four species of grebes (Western, Red-necked, Horned and Pied-billed) and three species of loons (Common, Pacific and Red-throated). I will not list all the ducks - there were 16 species in all, and most of them can be seen in a boat trip around Bamfield and Grappler inlets. Sally Carson's father, John, who was visiting from Newfoundland and participating in his first Christmas Bird Count, saw many of these species for the first time.

One of the highlights of this year's count was to go owling. If one plays a tape of an

owl's call, the bird will often respond by calling back and sometimes flying up close to see what is calling. Using this technique we discovered five Western Screech Owls in the woods around Bamfield. This is the common little owl that one sees flying across the road at night. I also found a Pygmy Owl, which is even smaller, sitting on the top of a snag in a cut-over in broad daylight. Unlike most other owls, Pygmy Owls often forage by day.

Birds of prey always raise some excitement. In between counting Buffleheads and Mallards, John and Bev McInerney also saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk. These long-tailed hawks are smaller than a crow, but are very dashing and agile. They have to be - they live off other, smaller birds such as starlings or sparrows. Cliff and Linda Haylock, Nancy, Roald and Carol Ostrom and Roger Sant recorded no less than four Red-tailed Hawks at the Sarita River, and we ended up with a total of 46 Bald Eagles.

The Haylock-Ostrom party also had the pleasure of counting the Trumpeter Swans on the Sarita River. Along with a few also counted on the Pachena

River, we ended up with a total of 36 swans, including several family groups. These birds were almost extinct a few decades ago, but are now coming back strongly, and its pleasing to see that they are relatively undisturbed by people in this part of their wintering range.

It was a successful day. Our data, along with those from nearly 2000 other counts across North America, have been sent to the Audubon Society for analysis and publishing, and so, along with having a good day of birding, we also provide some useful scientific data. How did we compare with other places? Well, I heard that Edmonton had nearly 1000 people participating, but probably got fewer species than we did. Victoria set a new Canadian record of 145 species, but they had almost as many birders as birds. So, in the friendly competitive situation which is part of birding, Bamfield held its own. Next Christmas we'll do even better. Join us then.

## BIRDLAND RESCUE!

by  
Ida Welland

I can tell right now, this is going to be a day of utter confusion. When I first sat down to write this column, the skies were grey, a fine rain was drizzling down, and the world looked pretty colorless. That's the mood I started out in. Now, only three minutes later, the sun is shining brilliantly and it's a brand new world out there. So, instead of trying to keep up with today, I'm going to tell you about last fall - to be specific, one day last fall when I truly earned my Brownie good deed badge.

First, the setting. Every morning the four hounds are taken down to the beach for their morning romp and other doggie rituals. One brilliant morning last November, after a crisp night that had left the grasses gleaming with a sparkling crust of frost, I called the roll and started my flock down the lane leading to the beach. It was a beautiful morning, and truly to me the old saying "God's in his heaven

and all's right with the world" never seemed more justified.

Appearances can be deceiving, it seems, to quote another hoary saying that turned out to be very much applicable to the occasion. As I wandered along the trail behind the dogs, happy, dumb and entirely at peace with the world, my attention was drawn to the undergrowth off to one side. Somewhere in there was an extremely unhappy bird, judging by the plaintive cries. I abandoned the hounds to their own devices (they're strictly one-family dogs and never leave the home territory unescorted) and ploughed off into the underbrush. Couldn't find anything amiss, and the distress cries stopped as I came closer. Finally, a Red-Breasted Sapsucker flew up into the lower branches of the Laburnum tree just a few feet away, calling plaintively. Several other small birds were gathered around too, including some Kinglets, who chirped encouragingly at me.

(Anthropomorphism is a great thing, isn't it?)

I looked carefully through the adjacent underbrush but could see nothing amiss and was just about to return to the lane when a

plaintive call sounded from only a few feet away. There it was - a Red-Breasted Sapsucker - trapped with its outstretched wings entangled in the fronds of one of the large ferns that grow so prolifically on the Hill. Luckily I had my work-gloves on, because the Sapsuckers are equipped with a long sturdy beak; and all the time I was working to free its trapped wings, it beat on me most severely. However, after I had finally freed it and checked it over for any obvious injuries, I set it on a lower branch of a nearby maple, whereon it went straight to its work of looking for insects in

the bark, apparently none the worse for wear. After watching for a few minutes, I returned to my impatient flock, clad in a warm cloak of righteousness and goodwill, while a Towhee cheered and the Fox Sparrows and Kinglets added applause.

Does this lift me one cycle on the Wheel, Hannelore?

A disturbing thought. Is it possible that some of our ferns are turning carnivorous? If you don't hear from me some issue of the BS, [the 'Bark', ed.'s] please check - and if you find nought but my hat lying on the ground near a king-sized fern, please be good to the plant.

## BREAKERS MARINE



Inboard and Outboard Engine Repairs  
Fiberglassing and Fiberglass Sundecks

We have Marine Engine Parts, Gear Oil,  
Spark Plugs and Fiberglass Supplies in stock.



Call Gord at:

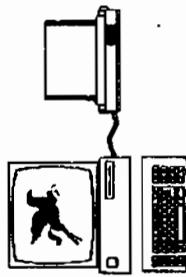
728-3281

BARKLEY SOUNDER COMPUTER SERVICES

PRESENTS LASER XT-AT

CALL  
728 -  
3267

INSTRUCTION



LASER



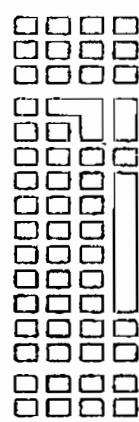
THE BEST IN

AFFORDABLE

COMPUTERS



SOFTWARE



We're compatible

Odyssey

## SCHOOL BUILDINGS

by

Don Halward

Our schools are like mirrors in which one can see reflected the past, present and the future of our society. Because they are taught by people who were themselves raised at least twenty years ago, and perhaps as much as sixty years ago, the values and attitudes and skills emphasized are often out of keeping with many of those which will characterize the "style" of the present generation. Yet many of those same values, attitudes and skills will be quite serviceable for generations to come. Honesty, honor, striving, fairness -- these never pass out of fashion. The language changes somewhat; new slang emerges and new words are invented for new technologies. Some words pass out of usage altogether. Fashions erupt. (Today's strong language and sexual frankness). Teachers reflect the full spectrum of generations, but in varying degrees, just as some parents

are more present or past or future oriented.

But the people in the school are not the whole school. They are not only the things causing effect upon one another. The buildings have a part in the process too. Inevitably, any building exerts a conservative effect upon its users -- simply because it is built, there to be seen and, even if avant-garde, it has become part of the established order of things. In relation to the general population, its effect may be immediately progressive if it is advanced in its spatial concepts or design. More usually, if it is a public building, the building is likely to be, at best, a reflection of that segment of the present which is most tolerable to the greatest number of voters. That may not necessarily be a tragedy, the public purse does not see itself as the cutting edge of innovation.

Some of the old schools in Vancouver were originally developed as centers of learning and what remains of the core of such places often shows the tradition-oriented

graciousness which may have once characterized the whole building. At some point, expedient decision-making permitted (perhaps even required) additions to be constructed economically whether or not they suited the original conception of the place. From the resulting appearances, one would imagine that this was the era during which schools were widely believed to be places where factory-model values were being instilled. Be on time; do not talk to your neighbor; be as productive with your time as you can be; remember that you are only a cog in the great machinery of society.

These schools are ramshackle collections of expedient decisions and from the inside or out, they shout the message that what goes on in there is not important in itself: What is important (such places say) is the product that emerges from the assembly line. And if (so the theory goes) the machinery is working smoothly -- gets enough oil to silence the squeaks-- then the result should be an educated "unit" of production.

Children see through such foolishness. They know the difference between the inside feel of a new high-tech office

tower downtown and a warehouse for the storage of unusable goods. In many cases they get the latter.

On the other hand, the schools in other, more prosperous parts of the city often reflect an effort on the part of their builders to show respect for the past, affection for the present and interest in the future. Even where additions have been made to such places, there has been an effort to integrate them with whatever charm there might have been in the original plant.

Students tend to be proud of the beauty of such surroundings, just as they tend to be ashamed of the other type and, by extension, students tend to be more self-respecting in the more gracious surroundings and to indulge in less of the self-destructive, alienated behaviors of delinquents in the alienating environments of the factory/warehouse buildings of poorer districts.

In the interests of economy of scale, secondary schools reach populations of 3000 in some areas, but in others are closer to 1000. Do you remember what it was like to move from a small elementary environment of 300 or 400

to the lost-in-the-crowd environment of even 1500?

Is it any wonder that teenagers are in touch only with themselves and out of touch with their parents? Teachers in large schools are foremen, not educators. The rule of the factory applies: produce or we forget you.

Yet in spite of this, teachers do struggle against the environments they have to work with, to establish and maintain contact with students, to influence them in positive ways, to help them to learn, to make them want to learn. And sometimes, where the family is working towards the same end, they succeed, in spite of the buildings.

In some parts of the city, where recent waves of immigration have flooded already stretched buildings, the face of the future is being presented to newcomers to Canada: Large factories without grace or charm and warehouses where student bodies are stacked pending disposition upon the order of the Minister responsible.

Fit for human consumption? It's your money.

## Our Reputation Is Based On Service... Our Copiers On Not Needing It!      Gestetner Inc.

60 solid years in Canada backs us up.  
And, a progressive approach to innovative products  
gives us the future!

Gestetner  
Model 2130ZD  
Plain Paper Copier

Automatic double-sided copying linked with zoom reduction and enlargement deliver the ultimate copier flexibility.



The Automatic Document Feed handles up to 50 originals and along with the Automatic Magnification Selector and the Automatic Exposure Control makes the 2130ZD an exceptional performer.

## Gestetner Inc.

(604) 382-5181

### STEPHENS SHEET METAL LTD

Stainless Smoke Pipes  
Ventilators  
Water and Gas Tanks  
Aluminum Freezer Trays  
General Sheet Metal  
Phone  
723-2116 or 723-7623  
4921 Bute Street

**THE NUKE OF MARS**  
by  
**Patrick Phillips**

**SENSORS:** These are used to find its food. They are also used to sense any danger around them. If the Nuke senses any sort of danger its head automatically tucks into under its shoulder until the danger is gone.

**HIGHLY DEVELOPED BRAINS:** My theory is that the Nuke once had a brain like ours but in order to live it needed a bigger more developed brain.

**NECK JOINTS:** The Nuke needs this joint to get its food. Without it it would die.

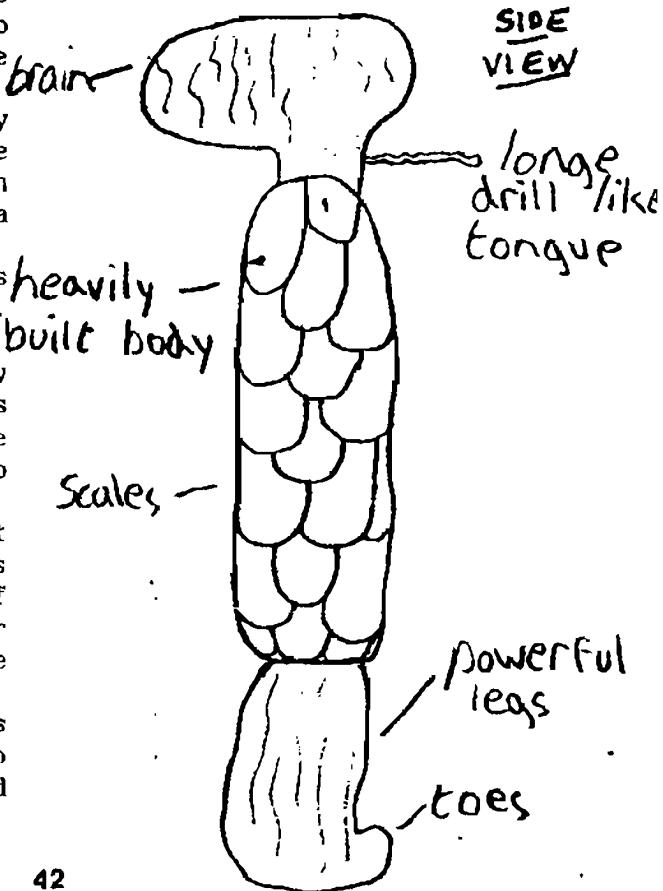
**HEAVILY BUILT BODY:** The body which weighs 200 pounds is used for the protection of the head and it is also used to keep the Nuke on the planet.

**SCALES:** The scales protect its body from the dust storms that are driven by winds half the speed of sound and other things that pass through the atmosphere.

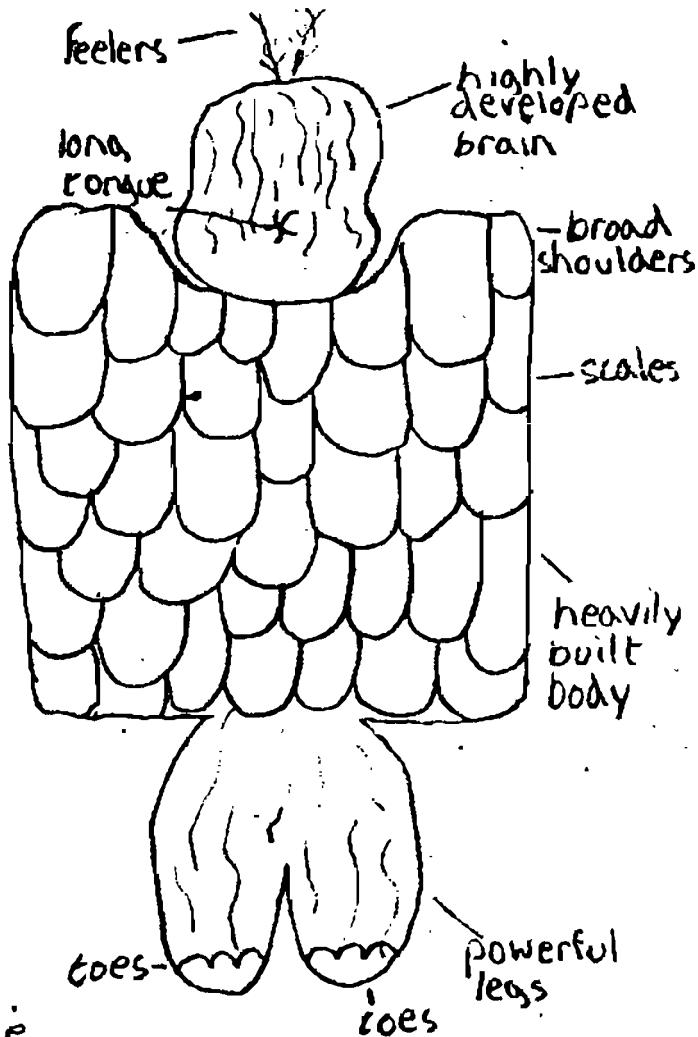
**POWERFUL LEGS:** The Nuke's food is very scarce on Mars so it needs powerful legs to find

its food. The Nuke can run up to 100 m.p.h.

**TOES:** It has toes to help keep its balance which is very important when it gets going at over 100 m.p.h.



FRONT  
VIEW



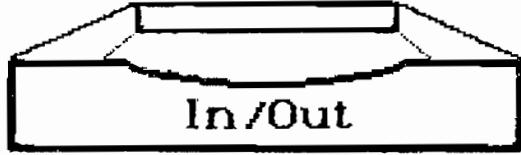
The Nuke

by  
Patrick Phillips

**PEANUT WORLD**  
by  
**Marlene and Kathy**

Our planet is called Peanut World. The surface of our planet has a lot of trails as you see on Peanut World. There is a lot of rings that look like they are braided. Our planet has five moons and a 150 hour day. The temperature on Peanut World is the same as the Earth's temperature. Actually it is a bit colder than the Earth's temperature. There is life on Peanut World. The people are living things. They are very well shaped like a peanut. They have two legs and are very funny looking. They don't have any babies at all, and they live until they are all gone.

**LARRY K. MYRES**  
**CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT**  
ACCOUNTING  
CONSULTING  
PERSONAL INCOME TAX  
CORPORATE INCOME TAX  
**CALL 728-3323**



**Black-backed  
Jackal**



**THE JACKAL**  
researched by  
**Sari Harper**

The jackal is found in the eastern hemisphere. Jackals are medium sized wild dogs. Jackals hunt in packs and groups mostly at night. There are lots of kinds of jackals that live in the Eastern Hemisphere. The common jackal is found from southern Europe across and to Burma. It is also found in North Africa. A slightly larger jackal is the Himalayan which roams the highlands of Burma and Thailand. Two other jackals are the black-backed jackal and the side stripe jackal. They make their home in Africa, south of the Sahara. The jackal feeds on all kinds of small animals and the flesh of dead animals. They also feed on vegetable matter.



## STORY TIME

### THEODOR AND THE A,B,C'S

There once was a bear called Theodor. He lived in a big house and stayed with a little girl named Marnie. Theodor was Marnie's favourite teddy and she loved to play with him all summer long. Theodor was an old teddy. He was six years old and had been with Marnie ever since she was born. Everywhere Marnie went Theodor went also.

Theodor's fur was all tangled, one of his paws had ink stains on it, and his tail was all chewed up. but Marnie still thought he was the best teddy ever.

Theodor loved to be with Marnie except ... when she was at school. This is the story of how he learns to like it....

It was early September and school had just started. Marnie was in the 1st grade and the thing she liked most was show and tell. the teacher told each member of the class

to bring their best toy and Marnie was taking Theodor.

Theodor was scared and didn't want to go.

"Why not?" Marnie asked.

"Because." Theodor replied. "It's scary, and besides bears don't go to school. they like to play at home and climb trees."

"Well, you will like it." Marnie said with confidence. When they got to school Marnie took out Theodor and sat him on her lap.

"Today, class," Marnie's teacher said, "We are going to learn our A.B.C's.

"Who are they?" Theodor asked Marnie.

"You use them to spell words, I think," Marnie answered.

"When will we meet these words?" he asked her.

"I don't know," Marnie replied.

"Then wh.....," Theodor began.

"Just listen," Marnie interrupted.

"Now class," Marnie's teacher said, "This is the Alphabet." She then began to write the alphabet down on the board.

"Aw," said Theodor, "I was looking forward to meeting the A.B.C's and now they're not even coming.

"No." Marnie answered.  
"They're the same thing."

Soon the whole class was repeating the alphabet over and over again until they memorized it. It was then when Theodor began to smile for the first time while they had been at school.

"Hey, I know it off by heart now, listen," Theodor told Marnie.

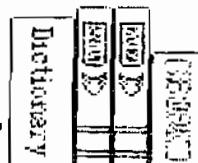
"O.K., say it then," she said.

"A, C, D, F, M. There," he said proudly.

"Ha, you said it wrong but you'll learn," Marnie said.

All day long Marnie and Theodor played and had fun and by the end of the day Theodor had even learned his A.B.C's. On the way home Marnie asked if he'd like to go again.

"I guess so." he said calmly and quietly. But deep down Marnie knew he'd love to.



**WOODWARD'S**  
**LOOK AT US NOW**  
**BAMFIELD AREA RESIDENTS  
CALL TOLL FREE 723-5641**

2907-3RD. AVE.  
PORT ALBERNI

AT WOODWARD'S  
IN  
JANUARY

JUMP INTO JANUARY CLEARANCES  
ON TIL JANUARY 31ST

Design for living sale  
January 8th to February 7th  
Much more than white sale  
ends January 24th

1.49 day is tuesday, January 19th  
Shop 9 am to 9 pm 1.49 day

# Alberni Custom AutoBody Ltd.

4780 Tebo Avenue P.O. Box 1250 PORT ALBERNI  
A. Daneliuk, President

Phone: 723-6812

- MODERN FRAME AND MEASURING EQUIPMENT
- SPECIALIZED PAINTING
- SAND BLASTING
- HEAVY EQUIPMENT REPAIRS
- UPHOLSTERY REPAIRS
- AUTO GLASS REPLACEMENT

## WAXOYL

Anti-Rustproofing  
(7 year Warranty)



## Super Tow Ltd.

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE AUTO &  
HEAVY DUTY TOWING & RECOVERY

## Fibreglass Repair



## FOR 24-HOUR TOWING

Phone 723-5023

- Complete Collision Repairs & Painting  
- Cars, Trucks, Motor Homes, Boats,  
Buses, Logging Trucks & Heavy Equip.

SECOND CLASS MAIL  
Registration No. 6014

Postage paid in  
BANFIELD, BRITISH COLUMBIA  
CANADA

A S U N E V

