

Barkley Sounder

A Coastal Journal Originating in Bamfield



JANUARY 1989
Volume VII Number 1

\$1.25

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:
(604) 728-3267
or by writing us:

The Barkley Sounder
BOX 91
BAMFIELD, B.C.
VOR 1B0

Subscription prices for 1989
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 Cdn. for 12 issues
Overseas First Class - \$33.00 Cdn. for 12 issues

ADVERTISING RATES FOR 1989

1/8 Page \$10.00
1/4 Page \$15.00
1/2 Page \$20.00
Full Page \$40.00
Classified ads are Free!



THE MASTHEAD

by

Jeanne Ferris, Co-editor

It's snowing in Bamfield, for the first time in two or three winters. Normally I love to see snow; it's such a wild, creative way to use up raindrops. But this year there is an oil spill coming ashore on Pachena and Keeha and Brady's beaches. Pacific Rim Park officials estimate that there are 3,000 birds dying from oil soaked feathers. The oil makes it impossible for the birds to fluff up to keep warm, so they die of exposure in the cold and snow; 'our' birds, on 'our' beaches.

Every summer I've watched a little merganser bring her latest brood of ducklings to fish in front of our house. They line up on one of our float logs during the long summer sunsets to preen and snooze. By the end of summer they've grown so that it's difficult to tell which one is Mamasan duck. I hope she hasn't been killed. I'm getting a little tired of watching Human G. Error destroy what's left of our natural environment; aren't you?

January, 1989 marks the beginning of our seventh year as the Barkley Sounder.

Once again I'd like to say thank you to all the writers and artists who have contributed their time and energy to this journal. To Loyal Leith, Fearless Fred, Idyllic Ida, Energetic Ebba, Persistent Pat, Advocating Al, Effervescent Eva, Noble Norbie, Generous Graham, Precipitous Peter; to all our talented cover artists, to everyone who has written in, to all our loyal advertisers and of course, to Jolly Jim,

THANK YOU! DON'T STOP!

The 'locals' on our first cover for 1989 were drawn by Claude Bibeau who's had shows in several Vancouver galleries this past year. Thank you for sharing your talents with us, Claude.

We received our first computer disk article this month. Graham Elliston sent us a story long enough for 10 Sounder pages, the first part of which appears this month. All Jim had to do was insert the disk in our machine, give it the Word-Perfect macro which formats text for Sounder columns, and watch the computer put it all together. Sure beats re-typing.

All the best to you in 1989. Time to get those seed catalogue orders in the mail!

Cleaning Oil-soaked Sea Birds

A cleaning and drying facility has been set up at the Bamfield Marine Station to take care of any oil-soaked birds you may find along the beaches or inlet. If you find a bird, wrap it in cloth so that it will not continue to attempt to clean the oil from its feathers by itself. Then bring it quickly to the Marine Station.

After about four hours, most birds with oil-soaked feathers are too far gone to recover. Once the bird has ingested crude bunker oil, the oil apparently will dissolve the intestines. To

prevent eagles and other predators from ingesting oil, put any dead oily birds in a plastic bag and bring them to the Marine Station for disposal. The SPCA advises that birds found which appear extremely docile, and who bob their heads, are already too far gone and should be mercifully 'dispatched'.

Birds at the Marine Station will be carefully washed with Joy Two and kept in a warm pen until they recover their natural oils and are able to float again. Please call BMS (728-3301) or Fred Welland (728-3373) if you have any questions.

BARKLEY SOUNDER

Volume Seven

January 1989

Number One

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|----|
| EGMS Newsletter | Mary Ann Lewis | 3 |
| In My Opinion | James Ferris | 6 |
| Cape Beale Weather | Norbie Brand | 9 |
| Carrot Muffins | Eva Brand | 9 |
| Bamfield Weather | Peter Janitis | 10 |
| 1988 Rainfall Graph | | 11 |
| Christmas Concert Well Done | | 12 |
| The Land of Bam, Part 3 | Fred Welland | 14 |
| "Retrospect" | Pat Grace | 16 |
| Church Schedule | Rev. Henry Boston | 17 |
| New Books in B.C. | Leith Boulter | 20 |
| Bamfield Memories: Working | Graham Elliston | 22 |
| Back to Birdland | Ida Welland | 27 |
| Wife of Marine Missionary, Part 2 | Greta Rodgers | 28 |
| Cards and Letters | | 31 |
| Cape Beale Trail Completion | | 32 |

E. G. M. S. NEWSLETTER

from

Mary Ann Lewis, Principal

Some well-deserved praise to the students of E.G.M.S. for a wonderful Christmas 1988 concert. The students worked very hard to share the Christmas spirit with their families and friends. Perhaps one of the best aspects was the way in which they co-operated with each other especially in our coaching sessions, and in providing positive feedback during rehearsals.

A number of parents, Liz Hicks, Agnes Caravati, Lisa Munson, Linda Myres, Liz Spence, Sherron Dunsmore and Judy Gray attended school, measuring costumes, running actors through scenes, constructing props and giving welcome advice. They had many homework sessions too, with glue guns and sewing machines. The sparkle and glitter did much for the students' enjoyment in addition to adding to the production. The nicest thing for the staff was that these ladies simply asked, "How can we help?" and then proceeded to do it.

It's a comfortable feeling having the children's families here. We hope we see more

of these ladies and others in 1989.

Watson's

Paints and Stains
OLYMPIC

PAINT CENTRE LTD.

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

4268 TENTH AVENUE



GENERAL PAINT

723-3824

BURLO ISLAND CONSTRUCTION Ltd.

Building • Renovations

Cabinets • Painting

Flemming Mikkelsen
728-3219

Cliff Haylock
728-3219

Box 37
Bamfield, B.C.

Free
Estimates



IN MY OPINION

by

James Ferris co-editor

They keep telling us that. In the meantime, though, there is an oil spill off the coast of the U.S. and we pay the price here on our coast. I am not sure how many ecological disasters the world ecology can survive. The tragic thing is that most of these catastrophes are preventable. They are usually caused by human error or carelessness. Paying for the cleanup does not undo the damage. It does not relieve the ones who did the damage from the responsibilities for their actions, either.

* * * * *

We had hoped to have Al Benton's column for this month. He had told us that he would have an update on the Fire Dept. However, the computer at the Regional District has been out of order for the past little while and the information was not readily available. Al has promised that he will have the information for us next month.

* * * * *

I am still unable to determine who is responsible for the roads in Bamfield. The condition of the road from the Pachena Bridge to town is a crime. It is dangerous. Someone has to be responsible for its maintenance. I wish whoever it is would do something about it. I am not asking for a paved road but at least they could grade it once in a while. If the rest of the road between here and Franklin camp was not maintained, I could perhaps be a little more understanding, but that part is graded.

Perhaps if everyone in town telephoned the highways dept and screamed something would be done. Maybe we should try it. (It's a free call from Bamfield.)

* * * * *

It is always a pleasure to hear from Jessie Logvinoff. She is truly a remarkable woman, and I want to wish her a fine 1989. Her sense of humour and understanding of people is a pleasure. Skinny or not, I hope she lives forever. She certainly will in the memories of those who know her.

* * * * *

The invasion of the clam diggers in Bamfield Inlet was, I understand, a sight to see.

If you haven't already heard the story, a herring skiff with a dozen Vietnamese people pulled into Bamfield Inlet over the Christmas holidays. They went ashore on the stretch of crown land across from the Happynooks, Haylocks and Ferrises and started digging clams. An eye witness reported to us that they had dug at least 50 pounds of clams before the Fisheries officials could get here to stop them.

I understand that fisheries has charged some of the diggers. I hope the charges stick.

The argument that our culture is new to the diggers and that their actions are forgivable because of that is garbage. New Canadians are lucky to be welcomed here and given an opportunity to make a new life for themselves. They have an obligation to follow our laws

and rules. If they do not do so, then they should be punished the same as any other Canadian.

I have heard, also, that several people from the community tried to tell them that digging was not allowed here but were ignored. It is this type of confrontation that can breed problems that we do not need here.

I hope it does not happen again.

* * * * *

It looks as though our ferry service is to be curtailed. The *Lady Rose* will be making fewer trips and carrying less freight. They have been trying to cut this service for some time. I suppose the freight and passenger service can be handled in other ways, but there is still a sentimental feeling and tourist value about the good old boat. I would imagine that Port Alberni is not happy about a cut back either. Perhaps enough public pressure will help the ferry corporation to take another look.

* * * * *

The proposed expansion at the Bamfield Marine Station sounds exciting. If it happens, it will certainly provide additional opportunities for Bamfielders. The Station is a first class facility and anything that improves it is to be applauded.

IMPORTANT MEETING SCHOOL DISTRICT 70

At the Bamfield Community Hall
on Wednesday, January 11th
at 7:00 p.m.

There will be an update on
the Bamfield Community School
Project.

School District 70 Trustees
and Mr. Larry McFarland,
the architect, will be present.

CAPE BEALE WEATHER

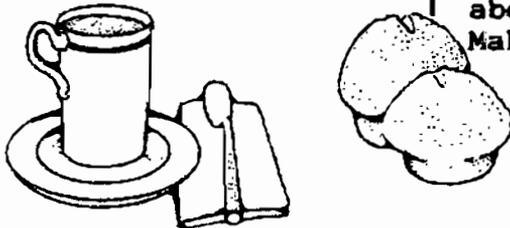
by
Norbie Brand
Principal Lightkeeper

Mean Maximum ... 8.5°C
Mean Minimum ... 4.4°C

Temperature extremes for the month of December were a maximum of 12°C on the 1st and 4th and ½°C on the 15th and 19th.

Precipitation for the month was 337.2 mm or 13.4 inches of measurable precipitation. Total precipitation for 1988 was 114.7 inches, darned close to the average on Cape Beale. There were seven days in December without any rain.

In December of 1987 the mean maximum was 8.1°C and the mean minimum was 2.8°C. Precipitation was 329.5 mm or 12.6 inches of rain. There were ten days without rain. This year was certainly similar to last year in wetness. This year, though, the temperature never dropped below zero as it did last year.

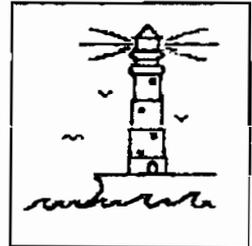


FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE

by
Eva Brand

CARROT MUFFINS

1 c whole wheat flour
1 c all-purpose flour
1 T baking powder
1 c grated carrot
½ c brown sugar
1 t cinnamon
1 egg
pinch allspice
½ c molasses
½ c melted butter
1 c raisins
or nuts



In a large bowl combine whole wheat flour, all-purpose flour and baking powder. Blend in carrots, sugar, cinnamon and allspice. In another bowl beat the egg and blend in milk, molasses and butter. Add to dry ingredients. Stir until just moistened. Stir in raisins or nuts. Spoon into muffin pan and bake at 400°F for about 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 large muffins.

BAMFIELD WEATHER

by
Peter Janitis

We should not have any complaints about the weather in December this winter. December is the wettest month of the year, with an average of 16.8 inches of rain. This year we had 12.73 inches. The total for 1988 was 114.64 inches. The average is 108.73 inches. There were six days without rain. No snow at sea level but some on the surrounding hilltops. Only a couple of good southeasters.



TEMPERATURES

Temperatures this year were warmer than last year. We had several days when our high temperatures were the same as the national high. But on December 7th, with 11°C we were number one.

The high for December was 13.5°C on the third. The low was -2.5°C on the fifteenth. There were nine days with freezing temperatures. Last

year in December we had sixteen.

Mean Maximum ... 8.15°C
Mean Minimum ... 3.05°C
Mean Temperature ... 5.6°C

In 1987 the December mean temperature was 2.9°C.



Aquilar House

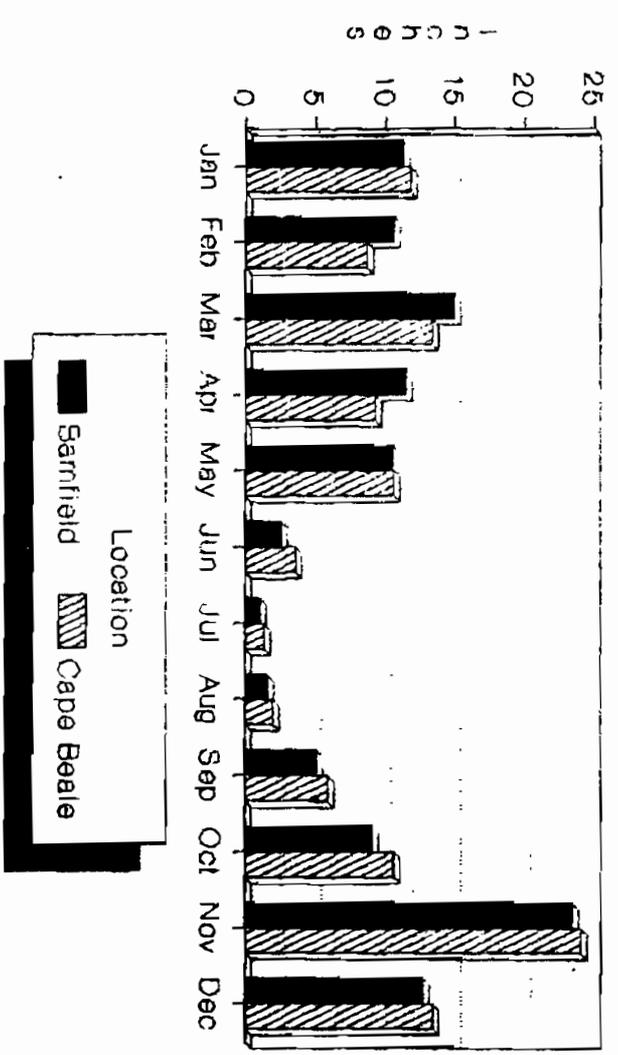
LARRY K. MYRI
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT

**ACCOUNTING
CONSULTING**

**PERSONAL INCOME TAX
CORPORATE INCOME TAX**

CALL 728-3323

1988 RAINFALL BAMFIELD AND CAPE BEALE



Totals: Bamfield 114.64, Beale 114.7

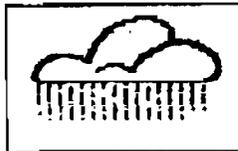
THE LAND OF BAM

by
Fred Welland

Part three

As was mentioned earlier in these chronicles, many travellers, although initially intent on exploration into the quaint habits and mores of the hinterlands, come to value the deceptively simple lifestyle of the Land of Bam, and take refuge here from the cares and travails of the outside world. Truly, in this remote corner of the land life does indeed amble on at a slower pace than elsewhere, and this apparent placidity does entice those weary of the pressures of the world without to sink back into the comfortable cushions of lethargy and drink deep of the waters of Lethe.

The original inhabitants of the Land of Bam, inured as they are by exposure to all manner of natural hazards and hardships, not least among them the possibility of succumbing to mildew during the rainy season, were tolerant to an amazing degree of the influx of newcomers



into their peaceful world, and by and large remain so. Of late, however, certain schisms have developed within the ranks of those recently arrived, and it seems that even in this remote eddy of the currents of life, the crassness of the everyday world is beginning to intrude upon the idyllic rural countryside. It is interesting to note, however, that even among the ranks of the earlier inhabitants there are those who decry the uniqueness of their mode of life here in the Land of Bam, and who yearn for conformity with the outside world. Inasmuch as many of them are unused to the hurly-burly of the world without, and at best have had only a brief exposure to the pressures of civilization before hurrying back to the sanctuary of Bam, it is to be marvelled at that they will so boldly advocate a mode of existence so foreign to them.

Let it not be thought that those who choose to dwell here do so out of pusillanimity, or a reluctance to face up to the problems those of us who frequent the ruder avenues of civilization take as a concomitant of everyday life. Passions can run just as hot in the rain-drenched thickets of the western

shores as in the most crowded cities. It may require a lengthier time to kindle the flames, but once ablaze the heat is just as intense, and only the mode of expressing those passions differs. Not for the inhabitants of the Land of Bam is satisfaction gained through an exchange of pistol fire at twelve paces, or an encounter with bare steel. It is difficult to wreak much damage on your opponent when your powder has devolved into a watery gruel in the pervasive drizzle, or your steel blade has metamorphosed into a

soggy lump of rust. Instead, the resourceful inhabitants of this land of wonder have developed their own code of encounters. Crepe Suzettes at five paces - that is the accepted method of seeking satisfaction here in the Land of Bam. Would that the world without would follow the fashion set by these intrepid people! Indeed, even confined as it is thus far to the fields of honour in the Land of Bam, it has provided much lightening of spirit to those who must dwell apart from this fortunate land.



778 GOLDSTREAM AVE.
VICTORIA
PHONE 478-6211

MORE THAN JUST A CHAINSAW STORE

HONDA MOTORCYCLES - POWER EQUIPMENT
STIHL - HUSQVARNA - PIONEER - ECHO SAWS
TECUMSEH - BRIGGS & STRATTON
WORK CLOTHING CENTRE

PHONE **723-5841 or 723-5818**

3509 Third Ave. Port Alberni, B.C.

RETROSPECT

Ah! the things of youth!
I recall Mrs. Roff
stopping me on a
late Fall day --
I, in my bare feet
and ragged clothes --
"Richie," she said,
and frowned, "walk
with your head up!"
and she marched away.
How could she have
known that an indian
tracker kept his eyes
on the ground!

And Eric Dunn,
that friend who was
the high-school boss,
saying, that day
at the magical 3 P.M. --
"Richie -- you stay."
I shuffled my feet
and stirred. "You have
been,"
he said, "three months
in this school, and have
never spoken a word!
One day you will go out
into the world. You
must learn to communicate
with people!"
How could he comprehend
that Zane Grey, and
Curwood, and Ernest
Thompson Seton had
built a steeple of
worship in my mind --
a previous plan --
mainly that strength
was a strong --

and silent man!

And that day at the
Indian Carvings,
in the sun, when
Gus Cox, the agent,
watching a circling
gull said -- "Richie --
do you know the
indian word for
sea-gull? It is
'Co-oin-ee', just
like it sounds."

How could he know
that he set a boy
listening to the sounds
of the earth -- drinking
the voice of the sea --
wondering if color had
sound -- or how spoke
the verb 'to be'!

There is a gap
twixt adult and boy.
A rift no reason
can deploy!

Pat Grace.

.....
JOHN GISBORNE

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

**CHURCH SERVICES
FOR
FEBRUARY**

by
Rev. Henry Boston

Church services will resume in Bamfield at the Bamfield United Church starting in February.

Services will be held on the first and third Sundays of the month.

In February the dates will be the 5th and 19th of the month.

I look forward to seeing you there.

Please give us a call for any Real Estate concerns.

NRS

BLOCK BROS. NATIONAL REAL ESTATE



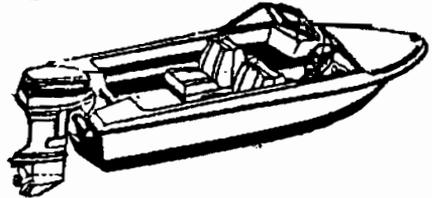
JOE VAN BERGEN
SALES REPRESENTATIVE
bus. (604) 724-3207
res. (604) 723-6159

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

Johnson
LEADS THE WORLD

Sales and Service
O.M.C. Parts
Gregor Welded Aluminum Boats
Double Eagle Boats
Highliner Trailers
All Boating Accessories

**COME AND
SEE OUR
1989
MOTORS**



P.Y. MARINE LTD.

3680 - 4th Ave. Port Alberni 724-2322

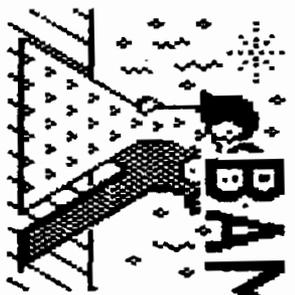
...s open at 7 p.m.

**Prime Rib Dinner at 7:30
followed by dancing**

Tickets \$25 per person

Only 60 tickets to be sold

**Call Judy Gray at 728-3266
for your tickets.**



**BAMFIELD CENTENNIAL
PARK**

CHARITY BALL

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14TH

Dinner and Dance

Bamfield Marine Station

Live music by N-SYNC

LEITH BOULTER

It is closing in on four years since I wrote my first column for the *Sounder* in March, 1985. When we say time flies we're not just whistling Dixie!

The thought occurs that again I didn't make it to Bamfield in 1988. I keep either promising or vowing that this will be the year but it never works out. Perhaps there's an inner voice saying: "Don't do it. You won't want to come back!"

I was transferred to Whitehorse in the late 40's ... in the Canadian Army. Before Christmas 1948 I had left Toronto most reluctantly, moving from 30 above to 30 below in three days. When I left Whitehorse in the summer of '51 it was even more reluctantly. I have retained that experience, and others, to the point that I guess they may subconsciously color my attitude toward travel. Like not going in the first place is easier than having to leave later. Crazy!!

My youngest son commutes between Vancouver and Los Angeles about every two weeks. When he muses about where he may go next, I advise him to look at each new setting as an experience in living that may result in

his finding his dream location. I say: "Never turn it down," and quote from my own life.

Meanwhile, life goes on as usual at the old homestead. The Christmas stockings have all been filled - a tradition carried on through the years even though our five offspring now range in age from 34 down to 24. Mommy uses pillowcases for stockings now, stuffing them with her bank account, figuratively speaking. Even I get one. They end up costing more than regular gifts and are still exciting.

This is the time of year when authors come out in droves. In my dual capacities as newspaper columnist and television interviewer I get my share to talk to. Barry Broadfoot has another book out called "Next Year Country", an account of individual experiences coping with the prairie life over the years. It's on the B.C. best seller list.

Joe Garner, also of Nanaimo, has his third called "Never Chop Your Rope" - a history of B.C. life over the decades in the forest industry - everyone from fallers to H.F. MacMillan getting his share of attention. It covers most of Joe's 78 years. He knew and worked with all of them. As I write, it is sold out.

Charles Ferris of Qualicum has written "Twelve Dimensions", a firsthand account of a visit to a reality with 12 gateways to the next world, the one he believes we go to after leaving this one, with the dimension we enter depending on the progress we have made in this life. He writes that his actual visit took place while he was unconscious after his car ran over a cliff in Africa in 1952, but only revealed to him starting in 1986, when he was first able to recall it and get it down on paper, along with enough for eight more books to come.

Along with those I mention, there are others poised and ready, the local ones usually underwriting their own efforts and hoping they'll sell enough to recover expenses. I usually hear about them, sometimes read them in advance, and have progressed to the point where I even dare to offer suggestions! Looking old, wise, thoughtful and experienced does help!

There's another book out called "Time And Again" - a novel by Jack Finney which kept me up all night. An American artist comes in contact with a secret government group working on time travel. He joins them, manages to get back to the 1880's,

stays there a while, brings a girl back to the present with him and finally decides to go back there with her and stay. It seems the New York of that time was much preferable to that of today. Now readers may get a clue about my fixation on Brigadoon.

Happy New Year to each and every one!



E. Parly Construction
plans
residential
light commercial
phone **724-5059**
4695 N. PARK DR PORT ALBERN

B. Brown & Sons
Drywall Systems
"Who You Gonna Call"
724-5257

ly inside until we had seven cords piled up to an imaginary line about three or four feet above the gunwales. Then, on the highest tide of the month, Billy Fullerton would tow us to the smaller Cable Station wharf and help us fling the whole lot up onto the deck. Once it was there Bert, Pete, George Cobb, Gerry Staples, and whoever else was working on the Station at the time would run it up the hill on the trolley and add it to the long pile which extended like a wall most of the way up the Cable Hill. For that special job I believe I received \$1.50, which as I've already said, seemed plenty to me. Dave also sold unsplit stove wood to anyone who needed it. The rounds were strung together with staples or dogs and towed to the purchaser's foreshore for about \$8.00 a cord. Sometimes I'd be invited to split it for another dollar or two. Lord! how the money rolled in!

There were plenty of other odd jobs besides. Once a month the "Maquinna" delivered a large shipment of goods, mostly canned or frozen, to the Cable Station for a staff food co-op which they called the "Canteen". For about fifty cents I trundled these goods to many of the

households by wheelbarrow or wagon. I also carried groceries across the creek to the Lights' house; the place where Tish and Tim are living now. From time to time I lugged coal over there as well. This was also brought to Bamfield on the "Maquinna" and left in a large pile on the wharf. John Gordon and I once ferried a cord of wood to the Cable Station from a little bay near Port Desire. We did this with a couple of row boats and a dugout canoe, making innumerable round trips over several days to earn our \$8.00. At least that was better than the splitters had got for their pains. Doug Sommers and a friend (George Robinson, I think) had cut the wood sometime before with the same end in mind, but had given up when faced with the prospect of transporting it all the way to the Station.

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. VOR 1B0 / TELEPHONE 728-3321

For a time I even raised chickens and sold the surplus eggs. One of the electives for my high school correspondence course was agriculture, for I then had a vague idea I wanted to be a farmer or rancher when I grew up. One of the requirements for this course was that I must rear a brood of chickens. So we sent an order to a farm in Westholme, near Duncan, and in due course received a neat but noisy little box containing 26 day-old chicks. After a few weeks nestled beside the kitchen stove the whole bunch was moved outside into

a henhouse which the previous occupant of our house had built. I ended up with 24 chickens, half of them hens, and the other half a slowly diminishing band of fryers, each desperately hoping to become a rooster. Only one of them escaped the axe to reach this status, and his story is worth telling.

I never enjoyed chopping the heads off my birds and approached each beheading with reluctance, my stomach tied in knots. One day I grabbed our next meal by the legs, laid his head across a stump and brought the axe

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

down across his neck, dropping the corpse at my feet as I did so. Imagine my surprise when, a moment later, the bird hopped to its feet and started running around the yard! Apparently his neck had slipped into a notch in the stump so that he had only been stunned by the blow. After such a miraculous delivery I couldn't bear to harm him, so banded his leg and let him keep company with the hens. Some time later when Chong, one of the Chinese workers on the Station, was looking at my

chickens he noticed this and exclaimed, "Only one loositer with all those hens? Him lucky loositer!" From that time on we called him "Lucky Loositer". This name described him perfectly until one sad morning when we found his decapitated body lying in the middle of the run. His head was dangling from the mesh of the fence, high above the ground. Had a raccoon taken a fancy to him? ... or had the axe finally fallen?



PORT

BOAT HOUSE



MARINER
OUTBOARDS

"BETTER IN THE LONG RUN"

CAMPION AND AQUASTAR BOATS

Lund Aluminum • Road Runner Trailers
MARINE ACCESSORIES-FULL PARTS AND SERVICE

3483 THIRD AVENUE
PORT ALBERNI, B.C. V9Y-4E4
PHONE 724-5754



BACK TO BIRDLAND

by

Ida Welland

Well, here it is into the New Year - Happy New Year one and all.

The old year went fluttering out on tiny wings for my neighbour Joyce and I, when a couple of tiny feathered gate crashers joined us at the close of a pleasant evening spent watching "The Sound Of Music".

I had stepped out the door on my way home when a couple of feathered bullets shot past me, and lo and behold, two wrens in the

house - with no apparent inclination to leave! Took a lot of maneuvering, but by dint of much successive closing

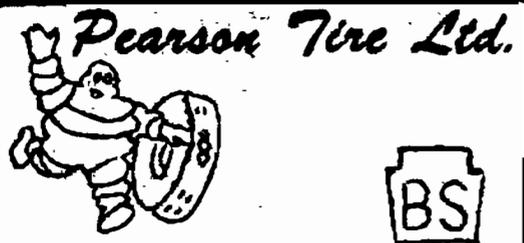
of doors throughout the house, and a final opening of the doors to the outside, the cheeky little beggars were induced to leave - reluctantly, I think.

To tell the truth, I was somewhat reluctant to see them go. It was rather enjoyable to see them perched sedately on the Christmas Tree along with all the tinsel and other glittering



decorations, as they did at one stage in their explorations of Joyce's house.

Have a good year, guys! You too, all you readers out there in bustling downtown Bamfield!



Service with Confidence

BRIDGESTONE

4938 Dunbar St. Port Alberni
Phone 724-4465

STEPHENS SHEET METAL LTD

Stainless Smoke Pipes
Ventilators
Water and Gas Tanks
Aluminum Freezer Trays
General Sheet Metal

723-2116 or 723-7623
4921 Bute Street

**MY ROLE
AS THE WIFE
OF A
MARINE
MISSIONARY**

by
Greta Rodgers

Part Two

When we arrived in Bamfield, July 1953, we had a repeat performance of what happened in Alert Bay, renovating and furnishing the manse. We lived on the boat for three months until this work was completed.

On the West Coast Mission we also visited the many logging and fishing camps and float houses we found in our exploration of the area from Pachena to Nootka Sound, a distance of about 125 miles. This type of life was new to us and fascinating.

Unlike Alert Bay, where we could walk ashore and shop, in Bamfield the essential commodities such as grocery stores, post office, schools, community hall etc., were on the opposite side of the inlet from where we were situated. I was to discover, much to my astonishment, that I would be responsible for getting the groceries, mail, and myself to any special event while Roy was away. In order to do that, I had to

learn to operate a clinker built putter. No big thing I was given to understand! All the ladies of Bamfield operated their own boats! At that time Bamfield couldn't boast of roads or cars. The residents travelled by boat, and walked the picturesque board walks or trails. To make a long story short, after a few incidents - which I'd rather not disclose, I finally got my papers and went out in all types of weather. One night I got caught in a thunder and lightning storm and rough seas. That was the night my husband's hair turned grey as he paced back and forth on the manse float wondering if he would ever see his beloved first mate again! However, the good Lord either felt that I wasn't ready for the ethereal state, or I had more work to accomplish on earth, for I returned safely.

After we moved into the manse in October, it started to rain, and it rained for months. We soon found we had to buy proper rain outfits and boots for Bamfield weather, as we couldn't get into a cosy car and ride to our destination, but had to face the wind and rain in an open boat.

The school ferry called at our dock at 8 every morning.

It was an early rise in order to get the children ready. It was dark in winter months. One morning our son Gary slipped on the school float, fell backwards on the rocks and was rushed to the Red Cross hospital, unconscious. I was alone at the time and it was an agonizing time until the nurse, Miss Miller, phoned and assured me he would be O.K.

Another time Gary, a star performer, was blown off the manse float while Roy and Dick were making repairs to it. It was in March and he was wearing a heavy coat which aided him to disappear quickly. Roy, far from being an olympic swimmer, jumped in and managed to get him safely ashore. I didn't see this happen, so when they appeared at the kitchen door, dripping wet and blue in the face, I was badly shaken. I rallied enough to get them into hot baths and tucked in bed with hot water bottles. Gary, owing to this adventure, had to be flown to Port Alberni hospital with bronchitis and had to be put under oxygen.

Gary, prone to accidents, was playing with brother Keith when he was accidentally flipped over Keith's shoulder and consequently received a broken collar

bone. Another rush trip to Port Alberni hospital just before Christmas that year.

Mother, not to be outdone by son Gary, had to be taken to hospital that same Christmas with an infected finger. I was decorating the manse and getting ready for "open house" when I was pricked by the holly thorn. Thanks to my good friends of Bamfield our Christmas dinner was cooked and everything went off as planned.

I organized and directed a Junior Choir and appreciated the help of Annie Brewer, housekeeper at the Red Cross hospital, as organist. The children sang at all the church services which were held at the Cable Station and Community halls. We appreciated the faithfulness of our organist Irma Cashin who turned up for every service regardless of the weather. We also considered ourselves lucky to have in our congregation Pauline Scott who taught piano lessons and who played on special occasions for our church services.

We organized a Sunday School, which was held every Sunday. Church services were held when Roy or the Anglican minister could be present. We had a small crew at the Bamfield mission, but

what a crew! The Cable Station people were wonderful, setting up their hall for our services and assisting us in many ways. We cannot forget Ebba Jennings with her beautiful floral arrangements and her great knowledge of Bamfield, which helped in organization.

I would like to have space to mention all the good friends we made at Bamfield, but must pay tribute to our good friends Dick Parady, our engineer and his wife Margaret, who were always an inspiration and help through our good and adverse times in setting up the West Coast Mission.

Because there was no electricity in 1953 in Bamfield (most people had diesel generators), we had no television, no Hi Fi, no luxuries such as an electric iron, toaster or sewing machine, things we take for granted today. However, we had our children and I spent a lot of my time reading to them, supervising their homework and music, and entertaining their friends.

I read at night when Roy was away to fight the loneliness. I soon ran out of books and to keep myself occupied I was driven at times to reading the Encyclopedia Britannica. During the

day I kept busy with household duties, visiting, doing my bit for the church and community, kept the home fires burning and looked forward to seeing the *Melvin Swartout* return after an absence of three to four weeks.

It was a busy, worrying, challenging but worthwhile life and I value the wonderful experience.



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

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



Dear Jim,

I am enclosing a poem I found in a book and it seems to say just how I'd like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a brand new year. Seeing my niece lost my address book everyone I know will see it thru your **Barkley Sounder**. I see by it lots of the real old **Bamfielders** are leaving our world for the promised.

I hope you and yours are well and happy and lots of luck and happiness for the New Year. I'm still alive, but pretty skinny.

Love and XXXX
Jessie Logvinoff
Victoria

MY FRIENDS

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Over the years I've made many friends
Friends I hold most dear
Some I shall never see again
as I shed a silent tear.
Like me my friends have older grown
and as the years go by
Friendship links another year
and stronger grows the tie.
Now friendship is the greatest gift
and when you're growing old
Friends like the ones I've got
are worth their weight in gold.

A handshake here, a handshake there
a kiss upon the cheek
A smile that says I love you still
No need for one to speak.

Thoroughly enjoy keeping up with "what's happening" in **Bamfield** via the **Barkley Sounder**. Keep up the good work.

Micky Riley
Port Alberni

Muriel Chisholm phoned from **Ucluelet** to say she remembers the piano in **Graham Elliston's** December story, but she sure doesn't remember any snake in a bottle sitting on that piano!

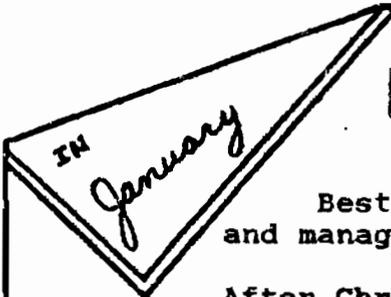
Cape Beale Trail Upgrade Completed

The trail to Cape Beale, Tapaltos and Keeha Beaches has been widened and improved. Money obtained through the efforts of Kay Monrufet and Ida Welland, acting through the Bamfield Preservation and Development Society, provided wages for 4 young persons for 4 months.

Park Warden Gary Bows supervised the work. In addition, Parks contributed

about \$10,000 worth of pre-fab bridges and boardwalk lumber which were airlifted to the site by helicopter.

The two youths who worked for the entire 4 months were met at the end of the trail in mid-December. Representatives of the BPDS, including Ida Welland, Kay and John Monrufet, Ebba Jennings, the Myres from Aguilar House, the Brands from Cape Beale and



HAPPY NEW YEAR

Best wishes for 1989 from the staff
and management of Woodward's

After Christmas Clearances continue
White Sale ends January 16th
Home Fashion Sale January 2nd to February 5th
1.49 day is Tuesday, January 17th
Shop 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Tuesday, 1.49 day.

2907-3rd. Ave.
Port Alberni
PHONE
723-5641

WOODWARD'S

BAMFIELD
AREA
RESIDENTS
CALL TOLL
FREE

the Ferrises greeted the young men with sandwiches, juice and Barkley Sound T-shirts. After formal pictures of the ribbon-cutting ceremony and many congratulations for both the workers and those who provided support, the young men left the trail to hitch a ride out of Bamfield and return to civilization.



Another satisfied customer!

PACIFIC
PET SUPPLY
4321 GERTRUDE (N. PORT)
NEXT TO GALAXY RESTAURANT
723 2322

**GORD'S
FLOAT
BUILDING
AND
REPAIRS
TREE FALLING
MARINE TOWING**

CALL:

728-3363

OR

723-2223



**EXCELLENT
WORK
REASONABLE
PRICES**

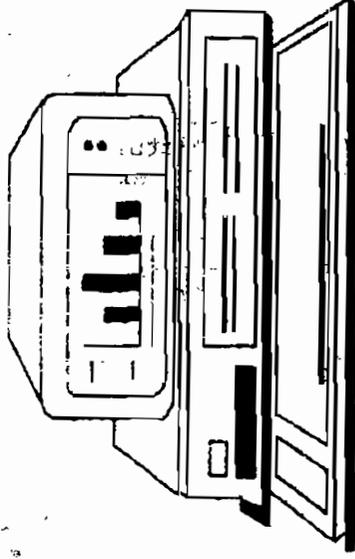
BARKLEY SOUNDER COMPUTERS AFFORDABLE COMPUTERS

Printers * Software * Instruction

After Sale Service Second to None

Call 728-3267

Bamfield, B.C.



Alberni Custom AutoBody Ltd.

PHONE 723-6812

Al Daneliuk, President

4780 TEBO AVE.

• Complete Collision Repairs & Painting

Cars, Trucks, Motor Homes, Boats, Buses, Logging Trucks & Heavy Equip.
Modern Frame and Measuring Equipment



Call Us Today... We'll Get The Job Done Right!

THE TRI-SCAN LASER

Designed To Solve Your Underbody, Rear End, Front End, MacPherson
Strut Housing, Motor Mount, Brackets, Cowl Area, Fender, Door &
Unbody Alignment Problems.

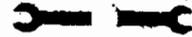


4780 Tebo, Port Alberni **723-6812**

Fibreglass

Repair

APPROVED AUTO
REPAIR SERVICES



Alberni Truck & Tractor Shop



Before



After

The new 4,400 sq. ft. Truck Shop is equipped with a 7-ton Crane and has the capabilities to handle major or minor repairs and custom painting of any large commercial vehicles such as logging trucks, buses, tractors as well as motorhomes, campers, etc.

Emergency Road Service



Super Tow Ltd.

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE AUTO &
HEAVY DUTY TOWING & RECOVERY

**FOR 24-HOUR
TOWING**

Phone **723-5023**



SECOND CLASS MAIL
Registration No. 6014

Postage paid in
BANFIELD, BRITISH COLUMBIA
CANADA

