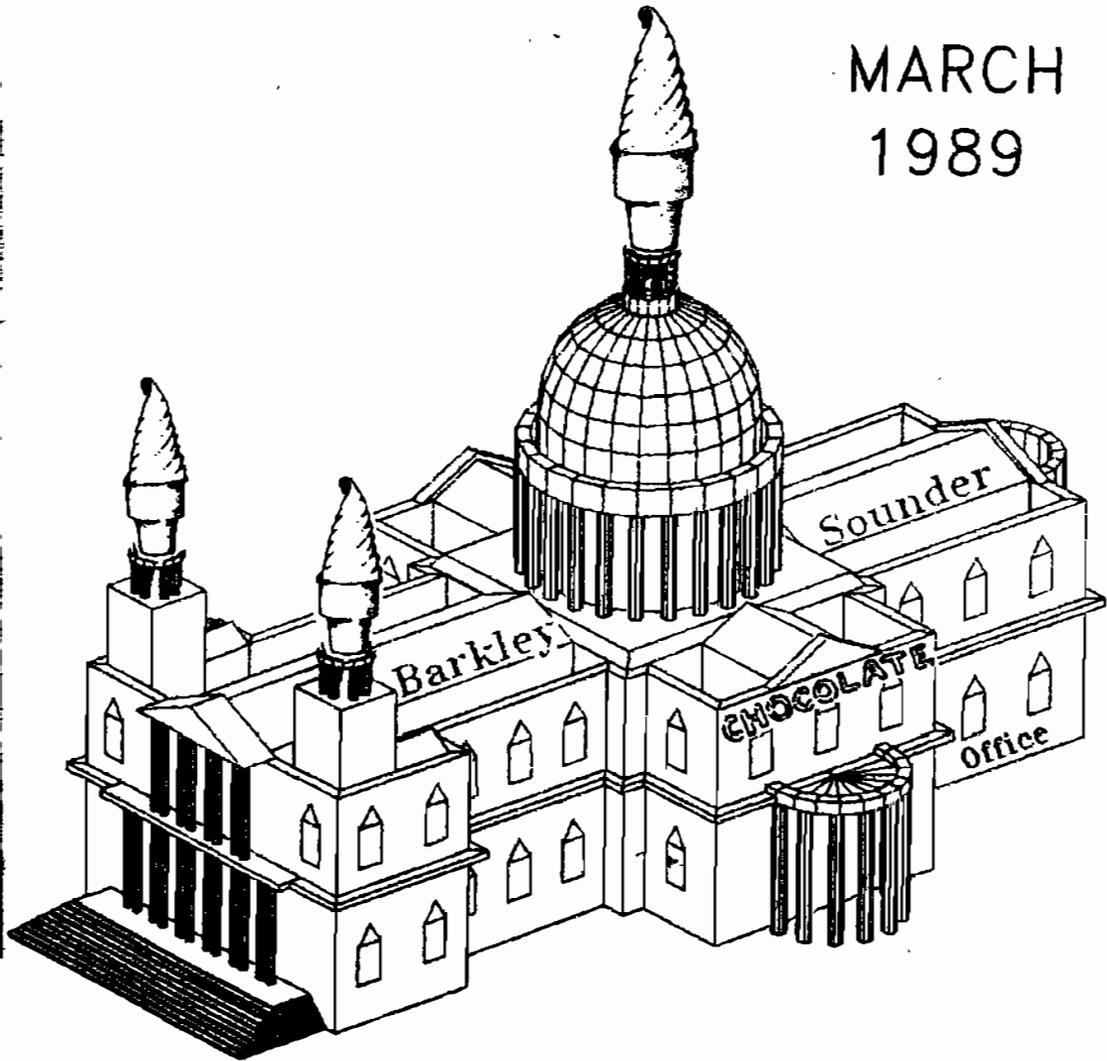


Barkley Sounder

A Coastal Journal Originating in Bamfield

MARCH
1989



Volume VII Number 3

\$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 180

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

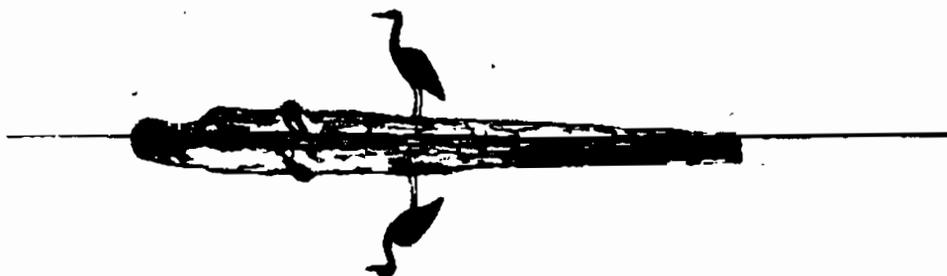
1/8 Page \$10.00

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

In case you're wondering about this month's cover, the somewhat modified drawing of St. Paul's Cathedral is to announce our new **Barkley Sounder** office. Not being too adept at the marvels of draftsmanship available on our Computer Assisted Drawing program, we were unable to draw the actual office we've constructed in the backyard. The available 'ready drawn' choices were a spaceship and the cathedral, which at least is a building. Moving the **Sounder** out of our living room and dining room will turn our house into a home again, and give us some room for other 'hobbies'. All we need now is a neon sign.

You might notice that the **Sounder** is remarkably cohesive this mad month of March. We have several articles dealing with politicians, and

Johnny Schnarr is mentioned by two different people. We even have an article on garbage, something high on most everyone's list of things to do. I must confess that these events are the product of coincidence, and not editorial design motifs.

The garbage problem interests me; probably not as much as it interests the black bears, but enough. Why couldn't we get one of these environmentally aware programs going in Bamfield? Each garbage-producing unit could be responsible for sorting its own garbage into bottles, tins, burnables and compost.

The run to Port Alberni could be to a bottle and tin recycling spot one week and to the Port Alberni burnables dump (if they have such a thing) another week. We might be able to establish our own Compost Mountain, and sell the finished stuff to energetic gardeners. Bear business could only enhance such a pile.

Pie in the sky? Maybe. It would certainly beat diapers in the ditch and freezers in the chuck. Interesting, that a small body of water is called a 'chuck' around here. Wonder how that started.



Have a fun St. Patrick's Day, enjoying the green of daffodil shoots, and a pleasant long Easter weekend. I've been looking for a rabbit that lays eggs (I don't like chickens) and finally saw one on that chocolate egg commercial. She's even wearing Walkmuffs. Anything can happen in this world.

COMING
 MARCH 11TH
 "Have a nice day!"

AT 11:00 am
 GARAGE & BAKE SALE
 at the Firehall.

AT 7:30 pm
 The Pre History of
 Barkley Sound.
 BMS Lecture Room

From 6:30 to 11 pm
 POTLUCK DINNER
 AND DANCE
 Community Hall

BARKLEY SOUNDER

Volume Seven

March 1989

Number Three

Bamfield Weather	Peter Janitis	5
BVFD Women's Auxiliary	Loretta Amos	6
Revuocnav, a book review	Graham Elliston	8
Regional District Report	Al Benton	10
Church News	Rev. Henry Boston	12
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING		15
In memory of:		
Florence Beck	Ebba Jennings	16
Lawrence Sport		
Billy Fullerton		
"Maturity"	Pat Grace	20
Land of Bam	Fred Welland	22
Working, Part III	Graham Elliston	24
Best of a Bad Lot?	Leith Boulter	28
Socred Scandals	Gerard Janssen, MLA	30
CARDS & LETTERS		32
In My Opinion	James Ferris	34
Cape Beale Weather	Norbie Brand	36
Alice's Poppy Seed Bread	Eva Brand	36
Community Affairs Meeting		38



BAMFIELD WEATHER

by
Peter Janitis

February this year started out white and cold. Two inches of snow on the ground but most of it soon disappeared, staying only where the sun could not reach it. It was quite nice indeed to be on the sunny side of the street.

For the first three days of February we did not even reach the plus temperatures. There were 16 consecutive days with freezing overnight temperatures, topped [or bottomed?] with -9.5°C on the 2nd of the month. We had highs of 10°C and 9°C on the 9th and 21st.

Mean Maximum ... 3.9°C

Mean Minimum ... -1.9°C

Mean Temperature ... 2.0°C

PRECIPITATION

We started out white and ended white in February. On the 28th of the month $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of snow again came down. The rest of the month,

rain. The first 16 days were without precipitation. The total for the month was 5.5 inches. The total for the year to date is 21.67 inches. Average rainfall for February is 12.8 inches.

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

Please give us a call
for any Real Estate concerns.

W BLOCK BROS. NATIONAL REAL ESTATE



JOE VAN BERGEN

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

MID-ISLAND REALTY LTD.

Alberni Mail Branch, 3550 Johnston
Port Alberni, B.C. V9Y 7W8

WOMEN' S AUXILIARY

The Women's Auxiliary would like to thank all the kids for making a success of our Saturday Matinee last month. We are encouraged to do this again and we will let everyone know.

Coming up on April 15th, 1989 we will be having a Ladies' Wine and Cheese Evening at the Fire Hall. We will be arranging rides up the hill for those of us who already get enough exercise.

See you there, Ladies.

Watson's

Paints and Stains
OLYMPIC

PAINT CENTRE LTD.

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

4268 TENTH AVENUE

723-3824

 GENERAL PAINT



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.

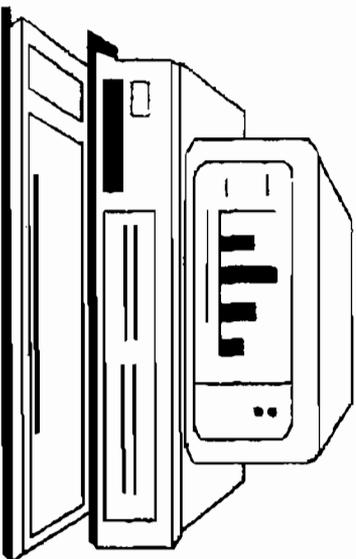
BARKLEY SOUNDER COMPUTERS AFFORDABLE COMPUTERS

Printers * Software * Instruction

After Sale Service Second to None

Call 728-3267

Barnfield, B.C.



REVUOCNAV

BY

Graham Elliston

BOOK REVIEW: *Rumrunner; the life and times of Johnny Schnarr*, by Marion Parker & Robert Tyrrell. Victoria, Orca Book Publishers, 1988. illus., 225 p. \$24.95

Now here's the kind of book I'd like to see Bamfielders writing about themselves and the old days. Down-to-earth, racy, conversational, informative and unaffected, *Rumrunner* could well be taken as a model for anyone who wants to reminisce about the past. Many of you will remember Johnny. He used to live up Grappler on the island near Hoskins' place and fished for salmon in his troller, the *Margaret N.* That's about all I knew about him until I finished reading his book just before Christmas.

Marion Parker, his niece, has performed a true labour of love by transcribing and editing Johnny's own words from tape recordings which she made over a period of five years. The effort was well worth it, as Johnny has a fascinating story to tell and a gift for making it come alive.

As the title promises, this book concentrates mainly on the Prohibition era when Johnny ran cargoes of liquor across the border into Puget Sound and points south, even as far as Mexico. During the years 1920-33 he made over 400 runs, had many close scrapes, but was never caught, in spite of a \$25,000 reward which the U.S. Coast Guard had posted for his capture. Most of this work was done in winter, when the nights were darkest, and at high speed. Bullet holes, bent shafts, and mangled propellers were normal occupational hazards, not to mention the threat posed by hijackers and informers.

Speed was so important in this game that Johnny designed his own boats. He would whittle a scale model out of a chunk of cedar and take it to a builder on Chatham Street in Victoria. When the boat was ready Johnny installed the engines himself. These were usually designed for airplanes. His fastest and most powerful boat, the *Revuocnav*, was 56 feet overall, had twin 860 hp Packard engines, and two 600 gallon fuel tanks. She cruised at 18 knots, but could easily do 40 with a full load of 250 cases (about 5 1/2 tons) of liquor aboard.

The name, *Revuocnav* (Vancouver spelled backwards) deserves a word of comment, as it illustrates one of Johnny's basic principles in the rumrunning trade: that he be difficult to identify afterwards. Who on earth would be likely to recall a name like "Revuocnav"? His boats also had to be V-bottomed for speed, high-powered, low in profile ... and black. The rest was supplied by Johnny's nerve and a generous helping of plain good luck.

It is unfortunate that there seem to be no surviving photographs of the

vessels Johnny designed for the rumrunning trade. This is a shame, as these boats were perfection of a kind and it would be nice to have some pictorial record of what they were like. Here are their names: *Moonbeam*, *Miss Victoria*, *Miss Victoria II*, *Kitnayakwa*, and *Revuocnav*. If any of you has a picture of any of these I'm sure the publisher would like to hear from you. Now I'll stop and let you get on with reading this exciting book for yourself.

B. BROWN & SONS DRYWALL SYSTEMS

PAINTING, DECORATING, ETC.

WORKING HOURS

*We will get here most days
about 9 or 10.*

Occasionally as early as 7

But some days as late as 12 or 1.

We usually go home around 5:30 or 6

And occasionally about 4 or 5

But sometimes as late as 11 or 12

Or as early as 1 or 2.

Some days or afternoons

We aren't here at all,

And lately, we've been here just about

All the time

Except when we're someplace else,

But we should be here then too."



Call Bernie

at: 724-5257

Regional District Report

by

Al Benton, Director

This month I plan to regale you with rousing tales of garbage. Some would contend that garbage is what I normally write, but this concerns the type of garbage that is taken to the dump.

Six months or so ago I informed you that the Regional District would be taking over the operation of the dump from MacMillan Bloedel this year. At the time it seemed like a pretty straightforward matter, but in today's bureaucratic maze nothing is straightforward. M&B agreed to the transfer and the Regional District put in its application. In due course (about two months later), Waste Management Branch (the people in Victoria responsible for licensing Landfills) informed us that, as a condition to taking over the dump, we would have to "bear-proof" it. Their suggestion was that we should build a concrete bunker twelve feet high, twelve feet wide and thirty feet long, with a locked gate on the end. Garbage would be taken out and deposited in this bunker, then removed and

covered with fourteen inches of soil every twenty days (or more frequently if necessary). The cost just of building this "bear pit" was estimated at over thirty thousand dollars, which is beyond our financial resources without a referendum (and I had a pretty good idea what you, the taxpayers, would think about shelling out thirty grand for a concrete box).

We then decided to see if M&B would be willing to continue to run the dump, and we could pay them for the cost of handling Bamfield's garbage. They agreed to look into the matter, and now we have received the results. One of their main reasons for wanting to give up the dump was the fact that they have no equipment stationed in the vicinity during the summer, so the cost to them of bringing a Cat and truck down to maintain the dump is prohibitive. They therefore asked for bids to do the maintenance. Instead of the \$12-16,000 that the Regional District had estimated, the low bid was \$28,000. On top of this, Waste Management Branch now insists that M&B must also "bear-proof" the dump. The result is that M&B is definitely giving up the dump.

The Regional District could still apply to have the permit transferred, but even if we could get around the "bear-pit" problem and the high cost of covering the garbage, another new development makes this impractical. When John Hornquist, the Regional District's Garbage Guru, made an on-site inspection of the dump last Fall, he felt it could serve our needs for another twenty years or so. Waste Management Branch has now come up with aerial photographs that show a leachate problem developing, making it unlikely that the site will be viable for more than two or three years.

Where does that leave us? It would take about five years to identify a new site and get it approved. This would be a costly process, and would still leave us with the fairly heavy maintenance costs.

Last Fall, a suggestion was made that we could haul our garbage into the Port Alberni Landfill. Surprisingly, we had a price quote on providing this service that was quite feasible. I therefore forwarded a request to the Alberni Valley Committee of the Regional District that they consider this alternative. They turned it down.

However, in view of subsequent developments, I intend to resubmit my request. If this is not successful, the Land of Bam may become the Land of Gar.



Aquilar House

LARRY K. MYRES

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT

**ACCOUNTING
CONSULTING**

**PERSONAL INCOME TAX
CORPORATE INCOME TAX**

CALL 728-3323



CHURCH NEWS AND COMMENT

by
Rev. Henry Boston

SCHEDULES

Services in February were cancelled owing to weather conditions being unfavourable for travel. Hopefully we will be able to hold worship services at 11:00 a.m. on March 5th and 19th.

I have been pleased to hear from Linda Myres that she plans a Saturday Church School with the children once a month, with the help of Agnès Caravati.

TROUBLE IN THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

This is a sad time for the United Church of Canada with some members and even congregations breaking away. I am staying with the United Church, and I don't believe the congregation in Bamfield has any thoughts of breaking away.

I don't think that those who are breaking away have understood the General Council, or the problems with which the Council struggled. Critics have said that the Council decided to ordain homosexuals. That was not

true. General Council does not ordain, nor decide whom to ordain. Candidates for ordination are chosen by congregations, supervised by Presbyteries and ordained by conferences after appropriate examination and approval.

Hamilton Conference, some year ago, decided not to ordain homosexuals. This was the context of deliberations at the Council. There were those who would have liked Council to have overturned the decision of Hamilton Conference. But they did not. Instead they affirmed the present ordination/commissioning procedures.

Perhaps the most controversial action of the council was to reaffirm a statement which had been made four years earlier by a previous Council that "It is inappropriate to ask about the sexual orientation of those in the candidacy process." This still left it open for a conference to refuse to ordain a self-professed homosexual, but ruled against asking questions which might lead to such a disclosure.

We will be helped to understand what is happening if we distinguish two sets of ideas about revelation, authority and Christian unity.

a) According to the one view the scriptures are the word of God and free from error. What is written has authority and may not be questioned. Unity is the agreement of those who accept the authority of scripture.

b) According to the other view God is revealed in history, in Jesus Christ who is the Word made flesh, in creation, in our sense of right and wrong and in human love. The scriptures bear witness to this revelation, but are written by fallible human beings suffering from human limitations. This human witness is sharpened in the accumulated experience of the church, and in the researches of scientists, who, although they may not recognise God, nevertheless explore what God has created.

Obviously, the second view (b) is much more complex than the first (a). For those who hold this second view it is not so clear what God has revealed as it is for those who hold the first view. So they welcome dialogue and research to resolve what God's will requires. Even conflicting views sincerely held are tolerated. Unity has more to do with mutual respect and toleration than

with agreement about what is revealed.

Those who believe that the scriptures are the inerrant word of God do not understand, and do not want to understand, the more complex belief in God's revelation. They regard this other view as an insincere manipulation of God's word providing a soft option on such difficult subjects as homosexuality and abortion. They do not recognise the difficulty that the Councillors had in dealing with the homosexuality issue.

This difficulty was compounded by a number of factors, e.g. 1. Biblical condemnation of homosexuality. 2. Biblical command to love understood as accepting people the way they are. 3. The claim made by some homosexuals that they were unable to change. 4. The decision of the American Psychiatric Association to remove homosexuality from its list of psychiatric disorders. 5. The disclosure that some respected clergy had been undeclared homosexuals all along. 6. Members protesting against homosexuality. 7. Homosexuals feeling excluded.

In trying to resolve the problem the Councillors admitted, "We confess our continued confusion and

struggle to understand homo-
sexuality ... and our inability
at this time ... to find con-
sensus regarding a Christian
understanding of sexuality
including homosexuality." In
view of this uncertainty they
called the church to further
study and dialogue regarding
"sexual responsibility".

Dialogue we have, but not
enough respect or desire to
understand. Feelings are
hurt. Congregations break
away. Some day we may look
back and say: "It was a
growing experience, and we
suffered growing pains".

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

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





**GERARD JANSSEN
M. L. A.**

Victoria
Legislative Buildings
Victoria, B.C. V8V 1X4
Telephone 387-6004

Constituency Office:
4859 Johnston Road
Port Alberni, B.C. V9Y 5M2
Telephone 724-4454
Home Telephone 752-1212

Office Hours
10 to 1 and 2 to 5
Monday thru Friday



**FOR SALE
MARINE ENGINE**

5 HP water cooled diesel with
reverse reduction gear.

\$600.00

Plans and laminated stem for
30 foot plywood speed cruiser
or gillnetter.

\$90.00

Call

723-2274



**WANTED
TO RENT**

Responsible re-
searcher at the
Marine Station
seeks a cabin,
trailer etc. to
rent for all or
part of the
summer or long-
er.

If you have a
place or know
of such a place
please call me,
Dawn Renfrew,
at 728-3265
evenings or
week ends.

In Memory of

by
Ebba Jennings

Florence Beck

January 30th marked the passing of Florence Beck in Williams Lake, following a long year of illness. Florence, her husband Harold and their three children Jean, Bonnie and Jimmy lived in Bamfield in the house where the Lambs now live. Harold fished for salmon and shark livers and beachcombed. (I remember that some of the basking shark livers were so big they filled seven 45 gallon drums.)

After some years passed the family decided to go back up North, where Harold was from. There they went into ranch style work and tourism lake fishing.

Time passes and rolls on, people return for a brief visit and then one hears of their passing. Scattered school friends will remember Bonnie and Jean in Brownies and Guides and Bonnie as the May Queen.

My thoughts go back to the 40's and 50's, to the fun and good times, and someone who was almost forgotten is once more remembered. Once

they participated in the many activities of Bamfield living, their lives among those here and others who have moved away were once entwined together.

To her husband Harold, their children Jean, Bonnie and Jim and their families our sympathy and remembrance.

Lawrence Sport

The sudden passing of Lawrence Sport in Port Alberni in January came as a shock to family and friends. Lawrence was raised in this area, first in Sarita and Dodger's Cove and then on the Grappler Creek reserve where he and his wife Ethel built a home. He first was a putter fisherman in a canoe, along with Ethel. When he bought a big boat, latterly the *Shirley Rose J*, Port Alberni became his home base.

Lawrence too was part of an era that is no more. He went from paddling his dug-out to the small troller, the putter fleet, and then to the larger boat--changes in his life spanning some 60-odd years.

Our sympathy to his wife, Ethel, his other relatives and those children he took

under his wing; they too will remember him and mourn his passing.

Billy Fullerton

February 15th marked the passing of Billy Fullerton in his 81st year. Born in Viking, Alberta, William Fern Fullerton came to Bamfield in the 30's with his father, Bill. They came to visit Billy's sister Alice and her husband Caspar Peterson, who was on a scow buying fish for Canadian Fish.

The two Bill's stayed and worked at various jobs from wood cutting to crewing on seine boats. On the seiner *Victoria* Billy went as an engineer, his Dad as cook. Billy acquired a small boat, the *Taurus*, and went fishing and travelling as far as Kyuquot with friends Walter Hegstrom and Pete Nicholls. When Caspar left his job operating the store for S.G. Ryall and moved to Alert Bay, Billy took over.

The 30's marked the beginning of changes in Bamfield, leading to a busier community life during the 40's and the War years. In 1939 the Outpost Hospital opened, with a young, single nurse named Isabell Mallard in charge. Before long, Billy had persuaded her to leave her

nurse's uniform and the dispensing of medications to become his wife and helper behind the counter at the store.

He purchased the store from Ryall, but living quarters at the back of the store were not the best for raising a family, so Billy purchased the steep piece of land next to Lamb's from Gladys Henrickson and her Aunt Mary Mitchell.

Rather than building from scratch, he floated down one of the Saltery or Cannery houses from up the Alberni canal and winched it up the bank to the top of the hill where it stands today, currently owned by Kevin and Lisa Munson. People passing by told Billy he was crazy, but the house didn't slip, although the work of renovation was far from an overnight procedure. If there were cracks, he fixed them. A cement retaining wall had to be built, as well as stairs from the beach, etc.

Meanwhile, the Co-op Store went up in smoke, so the McCubben's, who wanted to stay in Bamfield, purchased Billy's store and Billy took over Bones Hoskin's job as engineer for the Life Boat. When the renovations were finally finished, Billy and Molly moved from the engin-

eer's house on the Cable Station.

Not one to be idle, and with time on his hands between working hours, Billy decided to build a boat on the hill. What with building a boat house shed, and building the boat, and keeping the light plant and furnace going at the school, he was busy. Just as the house went up the hill, one day when the tides were right down the hill came Billy's new boat, the *GoGo*.

Getting a commercial fish licence in those days was neither as complicated nor as pricey as it is today, and Billy soon joined other day boats on the fish grounds off Village [Effingham Island]. He fished with Johnny Logvinnoff on the *Neena*, Johnny Schnarr, Merle on the *Thelma* and Mac on the *Seabird III* to mention a few who have also passed on to that other ground. And there were his friends in the putter fleet, which is also slowly becoming history due to changing fisheries regulations.

About ten years ago, around the time of their 40th anniversary, health problems caused the Fullertons to move to Parksville. At the farewell gathering the community was sad to see them go, but realized it would be



easier for Molly. Billy took the *GoGo* around to fish in the gulf and off Parksville. He wasn't 'close' to his boat like in Bamfield and so sold the *GoGo*, which returned home to Bamfield skippered by Paul Tennant, who just this spring sold it up the coast.

Billy was a lively person, full of fun and tricks, never dull, working away at this and that. He leaves behind a host of friends and memories, of which I've only touched on a few. I recall him as the caller at square dances, the MC in the old Community Hall, the man who stood by a freighter in trouble for days and nights.

I vividly recall the time I was counting heads for the census. The life boat crew on the tender was about to hoist me up in the sling from the gap at Pachena Point to the lighthouse. Billy yelled at them to stop, as he noticed that the sling was not hooked up correctly. The thought of that near drop made me decide to walk the ten mile trail back to Bamfield after counting heads at Pachena Point, rather than go back aboard the tender ship.

To his wife, Molly, son Billy and wife, Sue, grandchildren Bill and Jennifer,

our deepest sympathy. To sisters Alice, Mary and Freida, brothers Leonard and George and step-sisters Babe Hegstrom and Ardie Logan and families, our sympathy. By request, there was no service following cremation. In lieu of flowers donations can be sent to the Canadian Red Cross at the Bamfield Outpost Hospital.



Service with
Confidence

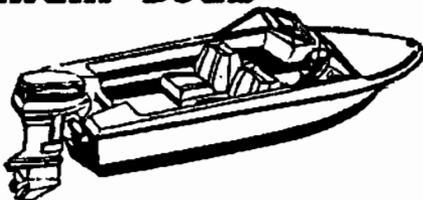
BRIDGESTONE

4938 Dunbar St. Port Alberni
Phone 724-4465

Johnson
LEADS THE WORLD

COME AND
SEE OUR
1989
MOTORS

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



P. Y. MARINE LTD.

3680 - 4th Ave. Port Alberni 724-2322

MATURITY

I THREW A STONE ONCE
WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG,
ABOUT TEN I THINK.
IT WAS EARLY SPRING,
AND WHEN THE RING
OF JUNCOS SCATTERED
IN THE AIR,
ONE WAS LEFT THERE
IN THE GREENING GRASS.

EXULTANCE FLOODED ME --
A HUNTER'S SAVAGERY.
I'D GOT ONE! I SPRANG
ACROSS THE TURF,
STOPPED, STOOPED,
AND PICKED IT UP.
IT WAS WARM IN MY FINGERS,
WITH ONE BRIGHT DROP
OF RED BLOOD ON ITS BEAK,
THE SCARLET LEAK
OF LIFE --
AND TRIUMPH DIED.

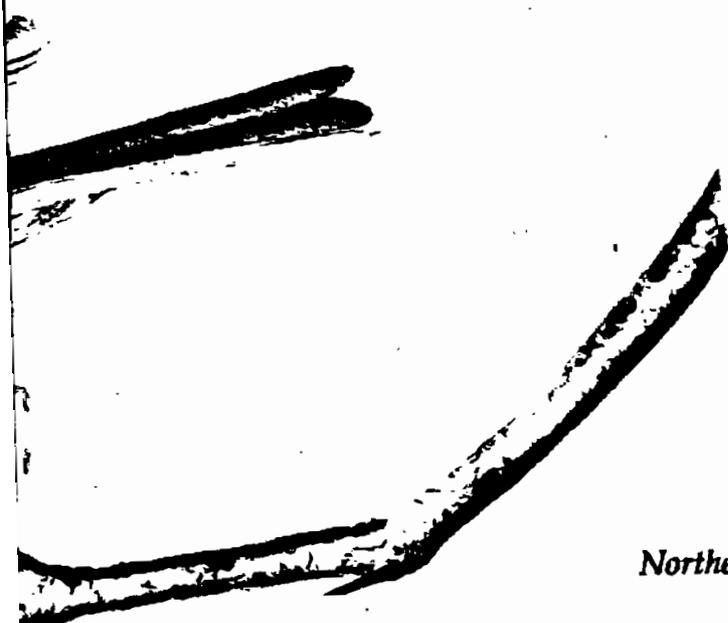
COMPASSI
AND WET
GIANT
HORROR D
IN MY HE
NO MORE
NO SUN,
NO GATHE
GRASS --
AGAIN IN
OF MEN.
WHICH, F
GREW NEAR
THE FINAL
THAT WOU



DRIED MY THROAT
MY EYES, AND A
W ITS PICTURE
RT --
AWNS!
OR SKY --
NG IN THE DEWY
NEVER TO FLY
THE WORLD
I FELT THE FEAR
R AWAY,
TO ME --
LONELINESS
D BE.

I DUG A HOLE AND WRAPPED
IT IN MY GRIMY HANDKER-
CHIEF
AND BURIED HIM --
AND BUILT A TINY CROSS
TO STAND BESIDE,
IN LIFE'S STRANGE TIDE
I HAD GROWN A LITTLE,
FEELING THE FIRST TIME
THE ONENESS OF ALL
LIVING CREATURES --
THE RHYME OF TRUTH --
A FLUNG STONE
TO THE WHITE BONE.

PAT GRACE



Northern Junco [Snow Bird]

LAND OF BAM

by
Fred Welland

Much has been written of the sturdy self-reliance displayed by those who dwell on the far rim of the Land, and indeed, such proves to be the case, although by reason of circumstances it may be regarded as not so much a virtue as a necessity. Indeed, visitors to this Land are oft taken aback to see with what nonchalance the inhabitants do face up to the most daunting and devious problems posed to them both by the elements and by their neighbours. And yet, paradoxically, this seeming self-reliance doth breed a willingness to remain apart from the general ruck, and to entrust the conduct of their community affairs to any who do feel the calling. As a result, therefore, representation of the will of the inhabitants in the higher councils of the land is made by those who hold the affairs of the Land of Bam deeply to their hearts, and who are willing to devote their energies towards the betterment of all.

Fortunately for the wellbeing of the Land, there has been no shortage of such public-spirited citizens, and

affairs in general have enjoyed a direction remarkably unvarying in its thrust. Indeed, during the past two scheduled contests for the honour of representing this Land in the councils of the governing, so satisfied were the inhabitants with the existing state of affairs that no man came forward to dispute the post, thus freeing the inhabitants from the necessity of choosing whether or nay they wished the incumbent to continue his guardianship of their affairs.

Little has been recorded to date of the religious practises obtaining in the Land of Bam. Indeed, there is little to say on this matter other than to observe that the whole of Bam must be considered as the very archetype of the proverbial stony ground, for the seeds of faith scattered thereon by diverse well-meaning souls appear to have perished without trace.

It would seem that rather than adhering to the established religions of their forefathers, oft times in the Land of Bam a fresh fervour will build around some new Crusade. Congregations will assemble under one banner or another, and at the direction of one Messiah or another, to forward the cause of the

moment, and with much zeal will the word be spread and converts ardently sought. As with most religious works it is difficult indeed to separate the self-serving from the truly devout, and only by a careful sifting of their public utterances in contrast to their private conduct can the truth of the matter be got at.



Fortunately for the peace of the Land, the population is but few in number, and so but one major crusade may be mounted at a time, otherwise a fierce competition for the beliefs of the populace would undoubtedly ensue, with dire consequences. Truly, as has been remarked previously, passions among the drifting western mists can run high, and the various creeds and motives do assume a seeming importance all out of proportion to their actual worth.

To be continued next month.

BAMFIELD TRAILS MOTEL

BOX 7 - BAMFIELD, B.C.
VQR-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 MEMORIES

by
Graham Elliston

WORKING AT THIS AND THAT

PART THREE

Most jobs came to me by chance in Bamfield and my brief career in fishing was no exception to this rule. I believe it was at a New Year's dance that Al Cloke asked if I'd like to deck-hand for him that coming season. His boat was the "Invictus", a 36 foot troller of the old style, with trunk cabin and wheelhouse, built in 1938 by Matsumoto in New Westminster. I was thrilled at the prospect, but my parents warned me not to take it too seriously as Al would probably have forgotten about it by morning. They were wrong, however, and during the Easter holidays we made a short trip to Ucluelet to test my sea legs.

This introduction didn't discourage me, but when I went out again in the summer I was discouraged, so much so that I opted to stay ashore and work on the Pachena Trail instead. This defeat bothered me so much, however, that I finally asked

Al if he'd be willing to give me another chance. He agreed, and in the summer of 1959 I ventured out on the "Invictus" once more, determined this time to succeed or die in the attempt. I seemed to have the sea-sickness beaten by the end of the first trip, but unfortunately it came back with a vengeance from then on, moderated only when I finally turned to pills. I found they quelled the nausea all right, but brought on so much drowsiness that it was hard to remain fully conscious while taking them. As deck-hand, I was expected to cook and wash up, clean the fish, break ice in the hold, take my turn at the wheel, and keep the boat generally tidy. Al ran the gear and iced the fish himself but very generously called me his "partner", an honour which I never really earned, much as I would have liked to.

If you've never been seasick you've missed something which deserves to be missed. I'm now thankful that Al had such high rails along the sides of the "Invictus", but at the time I couldn't have cared less. I'm sure nothing else kept me from tumbling overboard and disappearing into the depths

of the sea. When you are seasick every move you make is a deliberate act of will. Getting up in the morning, for instance. After considering it for a good while, I'd slip out of the bunk, scramble up the three steps to the wheelhouse, and dive for the rail in one swift motion. Then I'd return to the galley to prepare breakfast. "Scrambled eggs you want? Yes sir, coming right u-u-u-up!" Obviously, split-second timing was essential. After slapping the eggs onto the pan, I might have to dash up on deck once again, then back to the stove in time to flip them onto a plate. Meanwhile, somewhere out there in the cockpit, miles away, not really in the same world as me, Al would be whistling "Fly the ocean in a silver plane"

Breaking ice down in the hold was a killer too. The "Invictus" had two hatch-covers, both of which had to be closed tightly in order to keep the cold air in. Al was very particular about that. I'd go down there and bash away at the ice, slipping and sliding and spinning out of control half the time, until my stomach could take it no longer. Then I'd leap for the hatch, wrench off the

covers, replace them carefully, and hurl myself at the rail. It was entirely predictable. I imagine Al must have amused himself by timing me. "Let's see, he's been down there for ten minutes now, almost a new record. Oops! here he comes"

I can't write about fishing without trying to describe the sensation of running at night or in fog. It's the closest thing to a nightmare I can imagine. My most memorable experience of night travel was when, after a particularly good trip, Al decided it would pay us to run down to Victoria. We had been fishing the Swiftsure, so the difference in distance between Port Alberni and Victoria was not really that great. We hauled up the gear a bit earlier that day and pointed ourselves toward the southeast.

I was in the wheelhouse steering while Al tidied things away in the cockpit. Being on sea-sick pills, I was in my usual half-drugged state, and every so often Al would shout to ask which way I thought I was going; he'd do that, even when he was icing fish down in the hold. I could never relax. It was going to be a long night.



It was already dark, as I recall, and we were sliding along through the seas which followed on the starboard quarter. I was steering by compass only. All I could see ahead was the red glow of the port running light reflected against the galley stovepipe and beyond that a swirling mass of black and white water. The "Invictus" did its best to slip out of my control (not a difficult matter) and broach into the trough. My head kept nodding forward and snapping backward as I fought the exhaustion which was overwhelming me. Every so often my heart would jump into my mouth when I thought I saw a huge log wallowing in the seas just ahead. Too late to do anything about it! Wait for the shattering bump! Nothing -- another false alarm. In his book, *Life on the Mississippi*, Mark Twain conjures up the mind-boggling confusion of night running very well: "You boldly drive your boat into what seems to be a solid, straight wall (you knowing very well that in reality there is a curve there), and that wall falls back and makes way for you." The only problem was that I didn't know that object out there wasn't solid. How I sweated during that trip!

It must have been towards midnight when we came into the vicinity of Race Rocks. By this time it was thick fog, so Al figured we'd better drop the hook and wait until daylight. He left me in charge for the first watch with instructions to sound the foghorn whenever I thought a freighter was getting too close for comfort. In two minutes flat he was fast asleep on the bunk below and I was sitting alone on the hatch straining my eyes and ears for every sign of movement in the surrounding blackness. The things you imagine out there are beyond description! Suddenly I'd hear the "whump-whump-whump" of a freighter as it approached and then receded into the night without showing itself. The darkness began to assume menacing shapes. Then that threatening sound again, "whump-whump-WHUMP-WHUMP!!" Oh, my God! This must be it! Press the switch on the horn -- "toot-toot". How pathetically inadequate it sounds out here! Al doesn't even stir. Should I waken him? "WHUMP-whump-whump ..." The intruder has gone. How much time has passed? Only THIRTY minutes! The cold begins to find its way into

my bones and I wish I could go inside to warm myself, but don't dare to, even for a minute. Think of things to make the time pass: mental calculations, mind games, cowboy songs ... anything, but whatever you do, don't look at that blasted watch!

Then, after an eternity, the darkness began to thin out a bit and the shoreline became visible. The fog was dispersing and the sky was brightening in the east. It was 3:30 in the morning and Al, who usually arose at that time, was stirring. Soon he was on deck and it was my turn to slip into the bunk and pass out to the tune of the anchor chain rattling overhead and the smell of coffee in the pot. How good life can be at times like this!!

So, that's about it. There were other jobs, such as stacking groceries in the back room of the B.C. Packers Store for Curt Butterfield, shovelling gravel onto a scow with "Concrete John" Logvinoff and his Lifeboat crew on one of the islands, digging a shallow well with Bruce Scott at Aguilar House, and patrolling the Pachena Trail, already described in

my reminiscences of Bill Whaley.

In general terms, these experiences taught me to take pride in work well done and to recognize the link between effort and reward. The certain knowledge that I could earn money with my hands, convert my own energy into cash, never ceased to be a wonder to me. That relationship was much more basic and direct then than it is now, even though I'm working as hard as ever and earning a good salary besides.

When I look back over the Bamfield days three names stand out above all others: Dave Wishart, from whom I learned that "slow and steady does the job"; Johnny Bourne, who showed me the sheer adventure of work; and Al Cloke, whose cheerfulness and patience will always remain somewhat out of my own reach. I thank them all and do my best to reflect the things they taught me in my own life.

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

LEITH BOULTER

If we subscribe to the theory that politicians generally adhere to the wishes of the majority, we must accept the corollary that the results are our fault.

Those results include the outcome of elections. If we re-elect governments it means we are basically happy with their performance. or does it?

Could it perhaps mean that particular crew (party) is seen to be the best of a bad lot, and are being returned to power as the least of the assorted evils facing us as choices?

Take the last federal election and the events leading up to it. Add the about-face in tactics once the ballots were counted. Mix in our previous uneasiness and stir.

My mental oven has produced a dish which I have not yet been able to name. I know how I felt before the election and I know how I feel now. I feel like putting together a lethal mixture and applying it liberally to the political landscape.

But then I falter in my resolve. I wonder what kind of fool am I to allow myself to become so gullible over

the years that I accept the crap that comes out of the political mind and mouth. And the answer is obvious. I have been conned ... taken to the cleaners ... set up ... hoodwinked ... seduced. Not to forget bribed with my own money. So the responsibility for what has happened comes home to roost on my own doorstep.

At this point I look around to see if anyone else is hanging his head and crying *mea culpa* along with me. And out of the mists roll great waves of sound, from Goose Bay to Gibsons ... from Toronto to Tuktoyaktuk ... and I feel slightly better ... but not much. Misery may like company, but all it really does is spread itself around.

Somewhere along the line we have allowed ourselves to overlook the myriad of mistakes made, ostensibly on our behalf. In our thirst for improvements in such things as efficiency and progress we have lost sight of the principles on which they are based. Things like common sense, conscience, economy of operation, honesty, morality and other basic virtues to which we still pay lip service are really not foremost features

of government in this day and age.

We know this, government knows it, and they know we tend to overlook it where they are concerned. Naturally we get on our high horse now and then, usually over some secondary issue where we feel hard done by at the moment. Immigration, abortion and the like use up our energies while governments wait for the momentary furore to spend itself. And then it is business as usual.

No matter now much we would wish to deny it, and do, the overall morality of society is "not what it used to was", as my grandfather might put it. As we do not live up to it ourselves, so we do not insist that our leaders do likewise.

I would not dream of being so presumptions, and evangelical, as to suggest I have any answers. Like others, I'll just have to wait for the natural forces that control the universe to reach the point of activating the truism that what goes around comes around. But I do owe it to society to at least think about it now and then. And while drifting off to sleep, housed and fed, spare a thought for those who are doing their best to keep us

on a reasonably even keel despite ourselves.

I know they're out there somewhere.

BURLO ISLAND CONSTRUCTION Ltd.

Building • Renovations

Drywall • Cabinets • Painting

Flemming Mikkelsen

728-3219

Cliff Haylock

728-3219

Box 37

Bamfield, B.C.

Free
Estimates



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

Gerard Janssen, MLA

1988 has been an eventful year for Alberni politically. We have elected a new M.L.A. in a Provincial by-election, a new M.P. in a general federal election and new members of city council and the school board. We owe thanks to those who retired from political life for their service and also to those who were not successful in their bid to represent us but took part in the democratic process.

This past year in provincial politics was eventful to say the least. Unfortunately for British Columbians it was a year characterized by a seemingly endless list of Socred scandals and very little action on the important issues facing our province.

March 7, the B.C. Supreme Court struck down B.C. abortion policy.

March 10, Vander Zalm's Socreds refused a NDP request for a deeper probe into the Coquihilla's \$500 million overrun.

March 24, the 1988-89 budget raises taxes and fees \$700 for the average B.C. family; medicare premiums 38-45% and seniors' fees

for long term care jump to 85% of their income.

April 11, Socreds cut \$50 from single mothers on social assistance.

May 11, Knight Street Pub license is reviewed after the plebiscite is questioned.

June 28, Attorney General Brian Smith quits the cabinet.

July 5, Grace McCarthy quits the cabinet.

July 26, Brian Smith admits to infiltration of pro-choice group and spying on NDP convention.

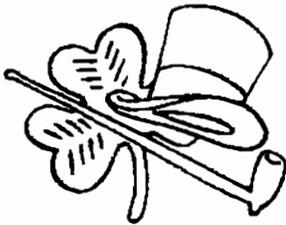
October 21, Socreds overwhelmingly endorse Premier Vander Zalm and his policies at their annual convention in Penticton.

November 16, David Poole is given \$100,000 severance pay-off and reported \$75,000 in pension benefits after only 18 months as the Premier's principal secretary.

Having now opened our office in Port Alberni, I am looking forward to a new and challenging career. I have already taken on the task of ensuring that Alberni's needs are met by pursuing the long term care facility that has been promised for so long. I will also be working hard to see that the present road

into Alberni is upgraded and that the Cowichan-Port Alberni-Cumberland route and the proposed airport receive **HIPRIORITY** from the Minister of Transportation.

I believe the Alberni's have an exciting year ahead and I look forward to working with you on making 1989 a banner year.



HANSON AND KENYON

British Columbia Land Surveyors

Michael H. Hanson, B.C.L.S.

Robin W. Kenyon, B.C.L.S.

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

Suite #104-35 Queens Rd.,
746-4745 Duncan, B.C. V9L 2W1

*On
March*

WOODWARD'S PRESENTS ...

Garden Shop opens March 14th

WHITE SALE March 8th to April 2nd

SPRING BREAK SALE March 8th to April 2nd

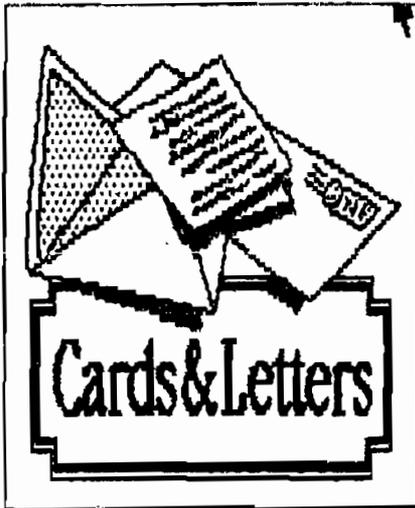
1.49 DAY is Tuesday, March 14th.

Shop 9 to 5:30 on Tuesday, 1.49 DAY.

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

WOODWARD'S

BAMFIELD
AREA
RESIDENTS
CALL TOLL
FREE



29-January-1989

3804 West 22nd Avenue
Vancouver, B.C. V6S 1J7

Dear Jeanne & Jim,

I'm surprised that Muriel doesn't remember that pickled snake in her parents house. Could it have been such a common sight for her that she simply didn't notice it? ... or, and I hesitate even to think such a thought, could I have been mistaken? What would make me see a snake which wasn't there? The answer is horribly obvious: I must have drunk the contents of that bottle while no one was looking. Then visions of snakes would

quite naturally have followed. But I didn't see any pink elephants. I swear I didn't!

All kidding aside, there must be some rational explanation for this. Can any of you old-timers offer a clue?

Yours sincerely,
Graham Elliston

Feb. 12, 1989

Dear Sir or Madam,

I recently read your Jan. 1989 issue of the **Barkley Sounder**.

You people have done an excellent job with this paper. My husband and I haven't been to Bamfield recently but used to visit that area for many years.

We really enjoyed reading about that area and find the articles are well written and very informative.

Enclosed is a cheque for a year's subscription to be sent to my parents (I can read it when I visit).

They also know and love that area of the country.

Thank you very much,
Heather Marrs

Dear Jeanne and Jim;

Enclosed please find my cheque to cover the cost of 1989 subscription plus one Marine Life Calendar 1989. Thank you and best wishes to you both and all at Bamfield for a happy, healthy and prosperous New Year.

Vernon E. McEachern

Jean and I appreciate your help in keeping us informed on Bamfield happenings! We enjoy your articles.

H. Russell Ross



Another satisfied customer!

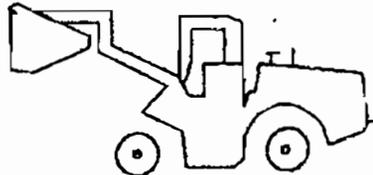
PACIFIC
PET SUPPLY
4521 GERTRUDE (N. PORT)
NEXT TO GALAXY RESTAURANT
723 2322



McKAY CONSTRUCTION LTD. GENERAL CONTRACTING

INCLUDING: All types of electrical -
plumbing - carpentry - drywall -
design - renovations and
backhoe service.

Call Brian at:
728-3255



BOX 116, BAMFIELD B.C.



IN MY OPINION

by
James Ferris
co-editor

After living through the February cold snap, I have a much greater respect for the joy of the warm weather that we usually enjoy. Like many others, I was lulled into a false sense of security by the warmth of the past few seasons. I had promised myself that I would insulate the pipes and make ready for the cold but I put it off and paid the price. It took me a full day to repair the split pipes caused by the freeze. It also meant going for a few days without running water. So much for procrastination. Never again, Right?

It was nice of the Dept of Highways, or whoever is responsible, to grade the main road and add some much needed ballast to the surface of the road. They never did get around to grading the side roads, and the road that passes my property has not been graded in living memory. I cannot even seem to find out who is supposed to be responsible for the grading. Perhaps when the parking lot

for the Cape Beale Trail users is completed, there will be enough complaints to force whomever is responsible to finally do some grading. In the meantime, the holes get large enough to bury an elephant and are numerous enough to make ducking them impossible. The government never seems to have any difficulty in finding us when it comes tax time or water front usage time. When it comes time to provide the services our taxes are supposed to pay for they seem to find it difficult to locate Bamfield.

The Fire Dept Auxilliary is showing real initiative in providing support to the department. It is good to see. Why not make an effort to attend their Garage and Bske Sale and show the support that the department needs. You might have a good time, too!

Another Herring Roe season has started, and again I get a feeling of nostalgia for the days when it was a busy and profitable part of our lives in Bamfield. The sense of excitement and anticipation is missed. So is the money that most of us were able to earn during the season. More and more we

come to realize that the days when Bamfield was really a fishing port have passed. Somehow, even though they are important to us, whale watching and sports fishing do not have the same excitement. The days when Bamfield was unique have also pretty well passed. We are becoming a normal, small, tourist-oriented community. We have lost something in the transition.

* * * * *

The situation regarding garbage disposal in the village is coming to a climax. It seems certain that M & B will not continue to maintain the present dump, and there is really no reason why they should. Bamfield cannot afford to pay for the changes that would be necessary to make the landfill usable and so other alternatives must be found. Al Benton, in his column, explains the situation and what he is doing about it. I wish him luck in finding a solution. The fact is, of course, that if all else fails residents will go back to the old ways. Dumping the garbage in the chuck or beside the road outside of town. Garbage and trash are a by-product of living and we will continue to produce them. That means that we will have to find some-

thing to do with the refuse we create.

* * * * *

The hullabaloo over the oil spill seems to have passed. It is amazing how quickly we forget. The people who cause these things rely on that fact. They know that in a relatively short time the uproar will pass and they can go about their business. We should not let them forget. We should not let them shirk their responsibilities. They should be forced to pay for the damage they caused. I hope the government follows through.

* * * * *

March is the month of hope. The days get noticeably longer, the sun has gained strength and thoughts of gardens and green grass emerge from hiding and make themselves known. It feels good. Have a good Spring.

E. Pardy Construction plans residential light commercial
phone **724-5053**
4695 N. PARK-DR. PORT ALBERNI



CAPE BEALE WEATHER

by
Norbie Brand
Principal
Lightkeeper

TEMPERATURES

Mean Maximum ... 5.8°C
Mean Minimum ... -0.05°C

Temperature Extremes
9.5°C on Feb. 25th
-10°C on Feb 2nd

Precipitation for the month of February was 166.5mm or 6.5 inches of measurable rain. There were 18 days without any precipitation. We also had 7 mm of snow last month.

In 1988 the Mean Maximum was 9.2°C. The Mean Minimum was 4.5°C. Precipitation was 224.2 mm or 8.7 inches of measurable precipitation.

This year February was a lot colder with more snow than last year. We certainly cannot call Out West the tropics of Canada any more.



FROM THE LIGHT HOUSE

by
Eva Brand

ALICE'S POPPY SEED BREAD

4 beaten eggs
2 cups brown sugar
1 1/3 cups oil
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 tablespoons poppy seeds
1 teaspoon of lemon or orange rind.
1 1/2 cups milk powder
1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
1 1/2 cups white flour
1 1/2 teaspoons baking soda

To beaten eggs add brown sugar, oil, vanilla, poppy seeds and rind.

To 1 1/2 cups of instant milk powder add enough water to make about 1/2 cup of thick milk. Beat the milk into the first mixture.



Sift together whole wheat flour, white flour and baking soda. Stir into the egg mixture. Beat it about 100 strokes.

This bread should be baked in a greased tube pan at 325°F for about one hour.




**Easter
Greetings**


**Community
Affairs
Meeting**
Feb. 14, 1989

Thirty-two people attended the Community Affairs meeting on February 14th, including our new MLA Gerard Janssen and our new MP Bob Skelly. The format of the meeting was changed to a question and answer period between our provincial and federal representatives and the members of the community in attendance.

Concerning future oil spills, Bob Skelly replied that there is an enquiry planned.

Concerning the foreshore floats tax and the Northern Residents Allowance; no relief on the former, and no decision yet on the latter.

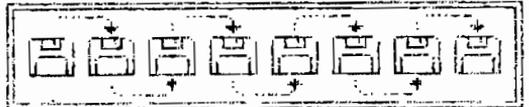
Concerning the Day Care Centre, no monies are available either provincially or federally.

Concerning the road to west Bamfield, which occupied most of the discussion over the evening's meeting, step one is still a referendum, according to Mr. Skelly. This may just be a stalling technique of the Regional District, as a referendum still doesn't secure any funding. Mr. Skelly suggested those interested in the road might

recruit help and funds to do it themselves. Letters may help.

And finally, both representatives were asked what is on the list for future political priorities. For the province, Mr. Janssen replied that the Port Alberni airport, Port Alberni roads and M&B's future cutting are the top issues. Federally, Mr. Skelly replied that defense, disaster relief and taxes are the major issues.

The meeting was called to order at 7:10 by acting chair Jim Ferris and adjourned around 9:30. Life goes on.



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, Bracket, Cowl Area, Fender, Door &
Unibody Alignment Problems.



AUTO BODY & PAINT SHOP

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

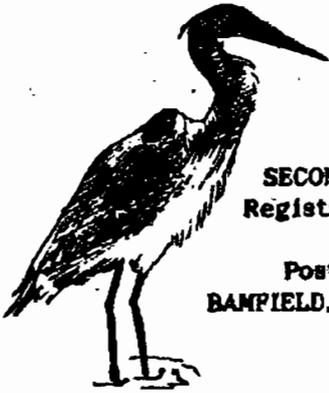


Super Tow Ltd.

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE AUTO &
HEAVY DUTY TOWING & RECOVERY

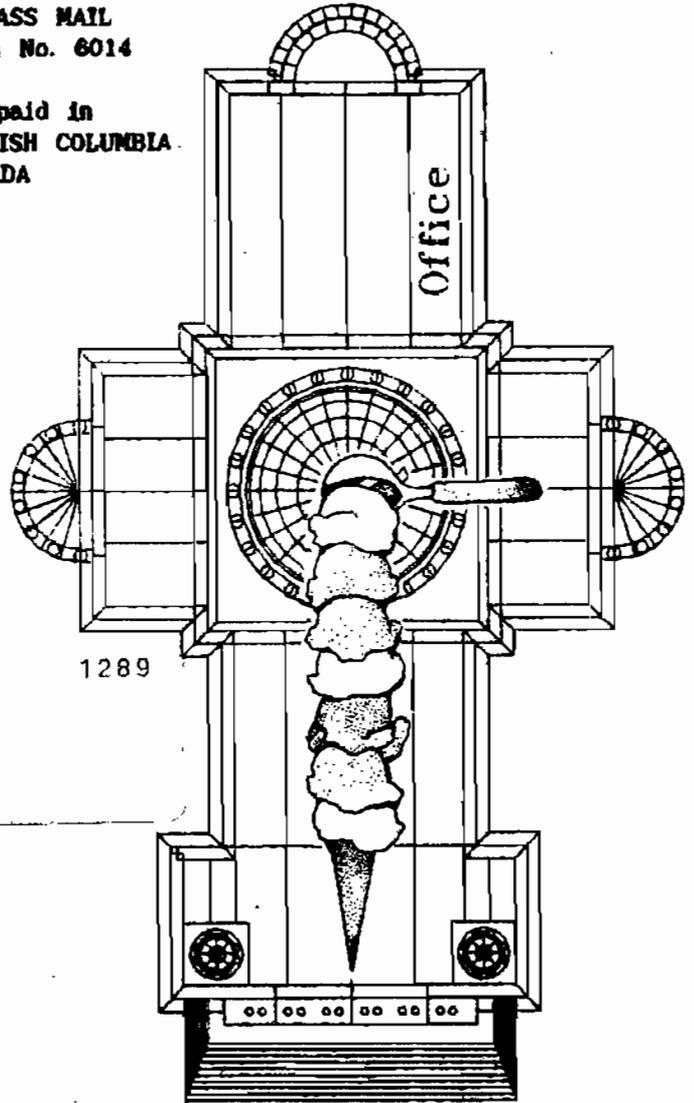
**FOR 24-HOUR
TOWING**

Phone 723-5023



SECOND CLASS MAIL
Registration No. 6014

Postage paid in
BAMFIELD, BRITISH COLUMBIA
CANADA



Joe and Pat Garcia
Box 47
Bamfield B.C.
VOR 1B0

1289

STARS THROUGH