

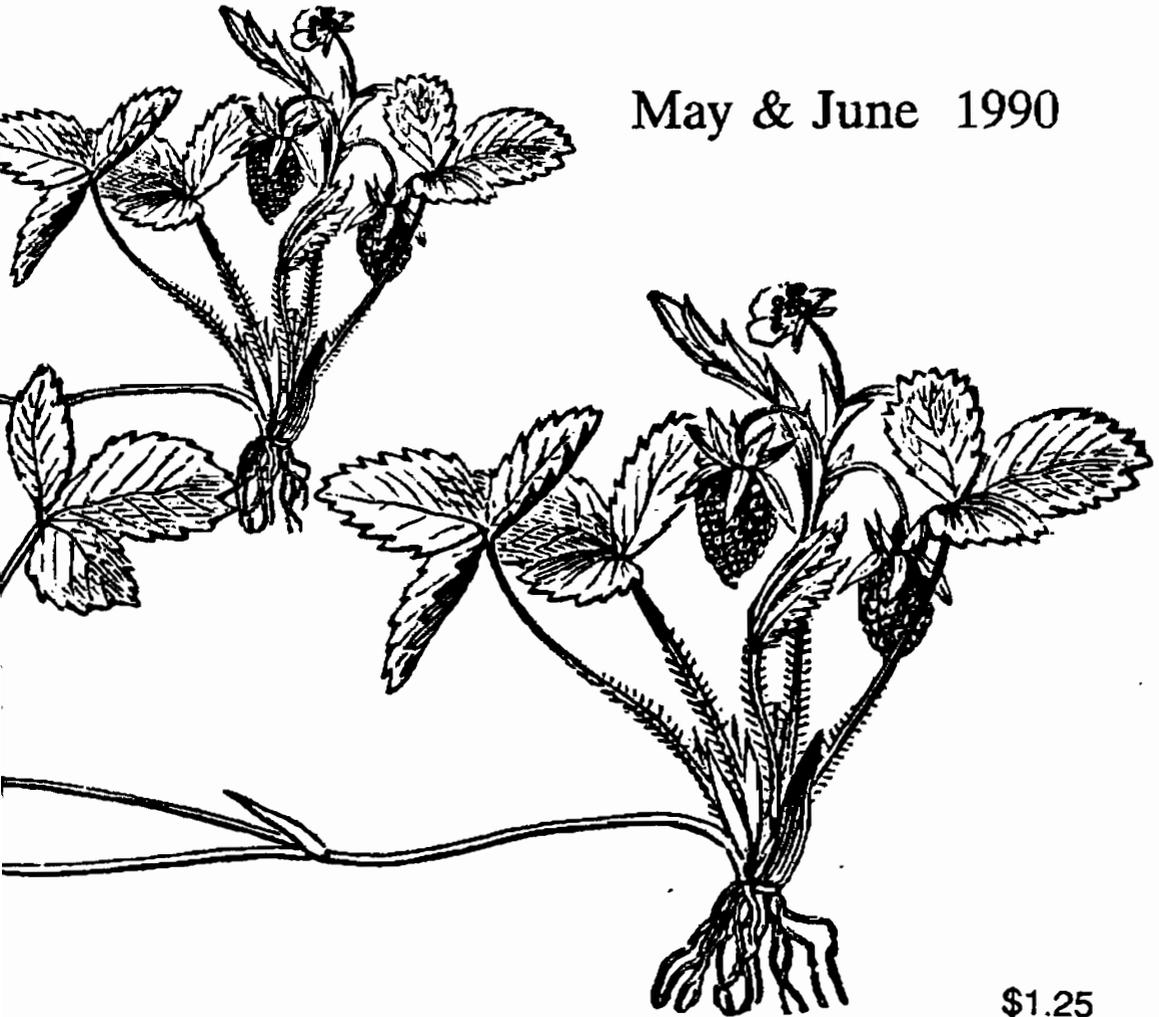
BARKLEY SOUNDER

A Coastal Journal Originating in Bamfield

Volume Eight

Number Five

May & June 1990



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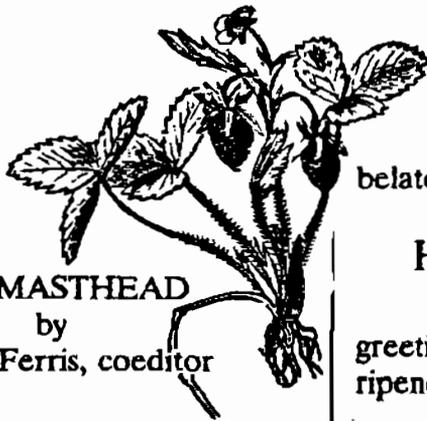
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THE MASTHEAD
by
Jeanne Ferris, coeditor

You are no doubt wondering just how it is that this journal comes together each month; perhaps wondering harder because we, like sunshine in Bamfield, didn't come out in May. Well, Norbie delivered his and Eva's columns for May by helicopter, and his June weather by radiophone; Brenda handed me her wedding announcement as we passed on the Motel hill; Ida brought Fred's poem to the Marine Station when she came in to dissect the rat; Pat Garcia and Rev. Fowler left their columns at Kamshee Store; Eileen brought her column, and some beefsteak tomato seedlings Jimmy started from seed, to our NIC centre; Peter phoned in his weather reports; Graham sent his story to us on a floppy disk; Donnie faxed us the fishing news from west Bamfield...the list goes on. Community spirit, like the rhododendrons and strawberries, is blossoming in Bamfield despite the grey skies and rain. Thank you all.

I would like to extend rather belated

Happy Mother's Day

greetings to all mothers, fresh and ripened, and to my Mom, too.

And, in time for Father's Day,

Happy Father's Day

to all you fathers, young and old, from all your offspring, young and younger.

Our May/June cover comes from a woodcut done in the 19th Century by an unknown artist. I only wish we could hand colour the strawberries and leaves, preferably with fresh strawberry juice. By the way, did you know that strawberry juice held on the teeth for five minutes will remove brown stains? Let me know how it works.



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BARKLEY SOUNDER

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IN MY OPINION

by
James Ferris, coeditor

Through circumstances beyond our control, **The Barkley Sounder** was not published in May. We apologize for that. It is the first issue we have missed in seven years, but I feel badly about it.

The Hawkins — Bowker wedding took place in May. We had hoped to have an article about it in this issue but the author of the article was unable to finish it in time. It has been promised for the next issue. Look for it.

The Hook and Web Pub has a large mural covering one wall. In next month's issue there will be an article about the artist. I have seen the mural and it is very impressive. It adds a great deal to the appearance of the pub.

This is a non-controversial month in Bamfield. In view of the controversy going on in the rest of Canada over Meech Lake, it seemed as though a placid, easy-going issue of the Sounder would be a good idea. Our Regional

Director set the tone in his column and I will follow suit. Maybe we should call June the love everybody month.

One small exception to that would be the feelings we have about the person or persons who did the damage at the Bamfield Park. Actions of that sort are inexcusable. A lot of effort and thought has gone into the Park and why anyone would want to destroy it is difficult to understand. Anyway, I hope whoever did it will get the message. Why would you want to foul your own nest?

Jeanne was one of the people who bought Rhodos from Ken Gibson. I had no idea that Ken had an interest in Rhododendrons, and such a deep interest at that. I saw the article in **Western Gardener** and his house is a true showplace of lovely flowers. He is to be congratulated.

I predict that the sun will shine in June. It will be nice to sit in the yard in the sun and just enjoy the beauty of the place we live in. We lose track of it, sometimes, and end up not seeing the forest for the trees.

Have a pleasant summer.

BAMFIELD WEATHER

by
Peter Janitis

The weather here for the last couple of months has not been something that you would make a special effort to write to your distant friends or relatives and boast about. But then again we did not have any earthquakes, hurricanes or floods. In short, if you liked grey color and gum boots you were doing all right.

PRECIPITATION

Totals for April and May. This year we had 24.46 mm (9.6 inches). Last year we had 20.14 mm (7.9 inches). Total for 1990 at the end of May is 130.76 mm (51.5 inches). Last year's total to the end of May was 105.16 mm (41.4 inches).

TEMPERATURES

The high temperature of 23°C (73°F) occurred on April 20 and May 4. Last year the high was 25°C (77°F) on April 30 and 19°C (66°F) on May 4.
Mean Maximum 14.4°C (58°F)
Mean Minimum 7.8°C (46°F)
Mean Temp for May 11.1°C (52°F)
Last year the mean temperature was 10.6°C (51°F).

CAPE BEALE WEATHER FOR MAY

by
Norbie Brand
Principal Lightkeeper

TEMPERATURES

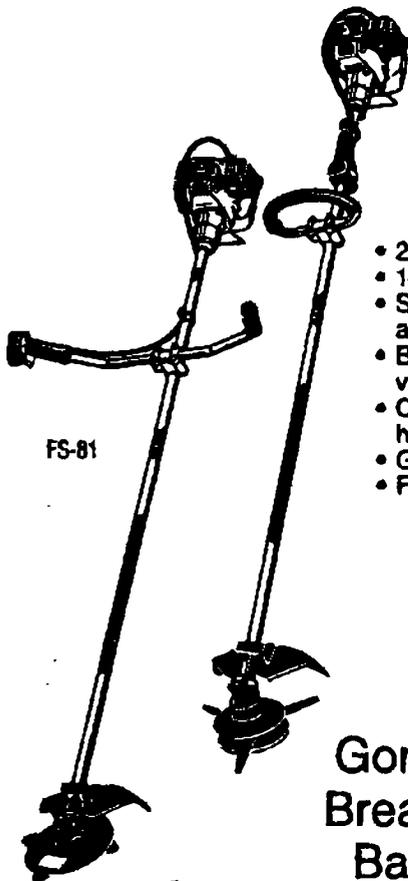
Mean Maximum 13.3°C
Mean Minimum 8.3°C
The high temperature of 16.5°C was on May 30 and there was a low of 6°C on May 8,9 and 30. In May of 1989, the Mean Max was 13.6°C, the Mean Min was 8.1°C.

PRECIPITATION

There were 116.7 mm (4.7 inches) of rain. There were 15 days without rain.
In 1989 there were 71.4 mm (2.7 inches) of rain with 15 days without rain. Last year was just a bit warmer and a lot drier than this year.

Our daughter Sarah found a one foot diameter glass ball floating near the gap at Cape Beale. Part of the net and some gooseneck barnacles were still attached to it. It was floating 20 to 30 feet from the rocks in the gap. A few glass balls have also shown up at Carmanah.

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REGIONAL DISTRICT REPORT

by
Al Benton, Regional Director

The sun is shining, the birds are singing and the fish are starting to bite. It's much too nice a time of year to be controversial or even argumentative, so I'll just bring you up to date with what's happening in the Regional District office.

After many years of keeping a very tight cap on staffing levels while steadily increasing the work load on our staff, this year we have had to increase the staff. Last Fall, with the departure of Bob Kelly, we commissioned a staffing review by a Mr. Mel Shelley from Vancouver. Following his recommendations, we replaced Mr. Kelly with two people: an Administrative Assistant to look after the drafting of bylaws, liaison with Victoria and Statutory requirements of Provincial legislation, and an Accountant to look after the financial end of things. In addition, the increasing workload for the Building Inspector made it necessary to hire a second inspector, and a continuing backlog in the Planning Department made it neces-

sary to hire a Planner for 12 to 18 months to help catch things up.

The Administrative Assistant is Ms. Elizabeth Brennan, a graduate of UVic's Public Administration Program and a veteran of two years with the Ministry of Municipal Affairs in Victoria. The other half of Bob Kelly is Mr. Tom Gowan, a CGA who was previously with Harbour Quay Chev-Olds. Both are very pleasant and competent individuals who seem to be fitting in very well at the office.

The new Building Inspector is Mr. Harold Drabowski. It is not an easy task for anyone to come in to a department that has been noted for its helpfulness and problem solving assistance under the direction of John Hornquist. I am pleased to report that Harold seems to be cut from the same mold as John, and you can look forward to just as positive a response from him as you have always had from John.

Finally, we have John Sellars in the Planning Department. John comes to us most recently from Alberta, although he took his training in Vancouver. He seems to be a very hard working and conscientious man who is developing a good understanding of the Region's problems. I'm sure that you will find him

very helpful should you have cause to deal with him.

The biggest change in the office will occur at the end of June with the departure of Al Kilpatrick as our Administrator. Any of you who have had cause to deal with the Regional District will probably have met Mr. Kilpatrick, and will realize what a loss his departure will be. His combination of easy going conviviality and firm direction to the staff is what has enabled us to operate such an efficient operation for the almost ten years that Al has been with us.

Al's replacement will be Mr. Bob Harper, a 36 year old CGA who has been Deputy Administra-

tor of Thompson-Nicola Regional District. Bob brings glowing references with him, and we all look forward to working with him.

When you combine all these changes with the likelihood that up to eight of the ten Regional Board members will probably change in the elections this winter, you will appreciate that my successor will face interesting times at the Regional office. There is also, of course, the advantage of a fresh look at things on the Regional level that will occur.



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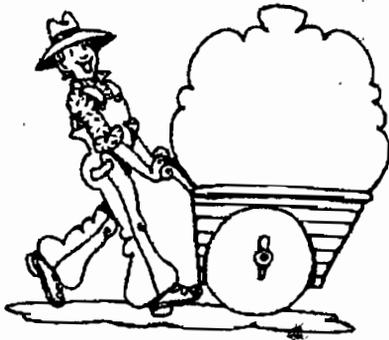
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BAMFIELD PARK REPORT

by
Eileen Scott

Two work bees were held in the



park on May 12 and 19. The play area was extended to hold new equipment, and sand was spread and raked. The top area is now ready for seeding.

The Centennial Park Sign, which was carved in 1967 by Nelson Duncan, was brought down from its original site and repainted. It will be placed inside the park entrance.

The Parks Committee wish to thank all the volunteers who turned out and accomplished so much.

One sad note. After the last work session, "Somebody" rolled the

big log which was across the road leading through the park, pushing it down into the grass area. They then drove through the raked area. To put the log back into place a machine will be needed and this will cost the park money.

It would be nice if all this extra energy was applied to building up and not destroying the hard work of others.

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UNITED CHURCH NEWS

by
Rev. Marv. Fowler

The Board of the George Pringle United Church Camp, where my wife and I are manager/caretakers, have decided that I must be there on weekends when groups are in camp so the Service held on May 20 will likely be my last one in Bamfield. That makes me feel sad because I have been enjoying both the church and the community very much and had hoped to be coming for several years. I'm quite sure we will be back for visits and may someday come back to stay.

However, I'm also happy because the Rev. Mrs. Mary Steele and her husband Harry will be arriving in August. It is far better to have a resident minister than to have someone "drop in" for a few days every couple of weeks.

Thank you for your hospitality.

SIMPLICITY

*I am conscious
of the rough-barked
lives of trees,
standing in the dusk
above my head --
and leaves and boughs
of these.
The damp musk
of humus
touches its fingers
like two worlds
blended
in the earthy cycle
of living.
The coarse feel
of a leaf on my skin
is akin
to the fleeting brush
of the world
on one mind,
without its rush
towards hubris.
And I stand
among friends
strong and patient
with wisdom
of that which lends
its power
to those who know
the verb 'to grow'.*

UNCLE JAKE
AND
THE RAIN-FISH

by
Graham Elliston / 15may90

One day, several years ago, I was cycling along a road on one of the Gulf Islands. It was raining and I was happy to see ahead of me a sign with the welcome words, "The Pub", on it. My wet glasses steamed up immediately upon entering the warm room, so I was unable to appreciate my surroundings until I had found a seat in the corner near the fire and wiped off my lenses. The place was much like an English pub, with its regulars sitting around talking quietly in a desultory way. No-one seemed to notice me at all, so I made my way to the bar and asked for a pint of draft. Back at the table, while I sat sipping and wondering whether this would be a good place to eat and spend the night, I slowly became aware of an old man at the next table. His face was grizzled and gnarled and he wore that kind of blue and red checked shirt which you generally see on outdoor types, like loggers and fishermen. He nodded and said, "Haven't seen you before, where're ya from?"

"Bamfield", I replied, expecting to have to follow this with the usual explanation that Bamfield is not Banff or Bamberton, etc.

"Oh yes", he said, without a trace of surprise. "Bamfield, that's a **real** wet place. I used to live there once, many years ago, long before your time, though. Did some hand-loggin' along the Canal, and fished there too for a few seasons."

What a pleasant surprise! I wasn't living in Bamfield any more, but still felt homesick for it, and continued to think of it as my home, even though it really wasn't.

"Whereabouts did you live?"

"Up the head of Grappler. Had a little shack on the beach. It was on logs which floated at high tide. No neighbours up there in those days. I anchored the gasboat offshore, just far enough out to keep her afloat."

I was about to ask him who he could remember from Bamfield when he came out with a strange question. "Ever heard of the rain-fish? Days like this always remind me of 'em."

"We called them rainbow perch", I replied. "The kids still catch them off the floats in Bamfield."

"No, no! Rain-fish ain't nothin' like perch. They're much smaller and have large fins, but the real peculiar thing about 'em is that they swim in the rain."

"All fish swim in the rain", I replied. "It doesn't make much difference to them whether it's rainy or sunny, unless you're talking about salmon heading for the rivers when the rains start."

"Nah, that's not what I mean," he said. Then, leaning towards me in a confidential manner, he added, "Rain-fish swim in the rain."

"You mean, they swim in the rain, not the water? Have you ever seen this?"

"Yup. 'Twas up near Kildonan, one of the rainiest spots on the coast. Mind you, I'd heard about 'em before that, but didn't pay much attention."

The guy didn't seem to be drunk, and his manner was so casual that I didn't know what to make of him. I called for another beer and offered him one, which he politely refused.

"Don't drink much any more. Bugged up my kidneys long ago. Used to drink a dozen beers at a sittin'. Now I just take it easy. One's enough to last me a week."

He fell silent for a while and didn't seem inclined to carry on the conversation, which only increased my curiosity.

"What about the rain-fish?"

"What rain-fish?"

Oh, them!

That was long

ago. We were hikin' up the river towards Henderson Lake. It was rainin' like hell, so hard we could scarcely see more than a few feet. We'd just broken through the bush to a bend in the river when we saw 'em, flittin' about over the water like butterflies. They were about two inches long and swam into the drivin' rain like a bunch of salmon goin' upstream. They were definitely swimmin', a couple feet above the water. Some people tell me they must have been jumpin', but any fool can tell the difference between jumpin' and swimmin'. We watched 'em for several minutes



before they disappeared round the bend. Never saw 'em again."

Then he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, rose from his chair, said "See ya", and left the table without another word.

Apart from a rumoured sighting at Calamity Lake, that's the only time I've ever heard of rain-fish. If any of you Bamfielders know anything more about them I'd sure be interested in hearing from you.

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TREEPLANTERS SAY THANKS

We, the crew of Brinkman and Associates Reforestation, under Dwight Smith, would like to take this opportunity to thank the residents of Bamfield for the reception we've had here.

Treeplanters can often be imposing, especially on a small community. It really helps when we feel welcome.

From March 6 to April 30, 1990, our crew of 24 planted 600,000 trees.

So for everyone we've met, for all the favors, gifts and good times, all from people too numerous to mention, thank you very much and we hope to see you again next year.

Yours truly,
The Crew

Dear Mr. Ferris,

Our visit to Bamfield last year was so enjoyable, we are repeating it this year. My mother Hilda McNichol (nee best) brought a 1910 picture of Bamfield School which you printed in the **Barkley Sounder**. If any old timers would like to visit with my mother we will be arriving on the *Lady Rose* July 7.

I am enclosing my subscription renewal for the **Barkley Sounder** which we look forward to reading every month.

Sincerely
Lois Evans

I spent an interesting half hour with Hilda McNichol when she visited Bamfield last year. She is an interesting lady and well worth saying hello to. Ed.

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OF BARBES AND BUSES

by
Mike Goldrick

About the author

Dr. Michael Goldrick lives in Toronto where he teaches political science at York University. He spends the summer on Saturna Island where he is identified as "that dreaded T person." He was born in Vancouver and as a child heard much about Bamfield because his parents had lived there in the late 1920s (before Mike was born). His father was an officer with the Pacific Cable Board.

Mike saw Bamfield for the first time in the summer of 1989.

The only trouble with the whole trip was that the car motor got turned off, unnecessarily as we later learned, and it simply wouldn't start again — which really wouldn't have mattered at all if we hadn't already spent most of our money buying fresh fish. And then to be saved by the ubiquitous barbecue! Oh, the wondrous conjunction of the natural and the material. But more about that paradox in a minute.

This small drama unfolded in Port Alberni following a three hour voyage up Barkley Sound from Bamfield on the venerable coaster, the *M.V. Lady Rose*. But as usually is the case with such things, elements of the drama developed a good deal earlier.

Our party of trekkers had successfully, if laboriously and sorely — navigated about half the breathtaking West Coast Trail. We had walked 40 kilometres from Thrasher Cove as far north as the fierce Nitinat Narrows. It had been a truly remarkable experience; one that left no doubt why the Haida and the Salish and other coastal people are mystics. Consider that on one side of the Trail there is the mighty Pacific, delivering majestic green-water waves that you would swear had last seen land in Japan or the Aleutians, a sea often shrouded in fog banks that seem ensnared by the trees till noon, and extraordinary sea life, lots of it: grey whales, otters, seals, porpoises, sea lions roaring - and stinking if up-wind. There are raging tidal channels and secret worlds in tidal pools; driftwood bleaching on the beach and rotting in the dense Salal, hurled there by the furies of past winter storms; there are glaring crescent beaches and grinding

black-boulder bays. In-shore trawlers, hull-down freighters, shrimp-men and sportsmen; horns and bells and flashing lights. There's the sharp smell of salt, of stranded kelp and weed, of drying sand and shell-fish awaiting the balm of flooding tide. The place is redolent with sensation.

Then, on the other side of the Trail is the deep, mysterious, moss-laden rain forest; giant cedars and firs so dense that there is no underbrush, rooted in a kind of polder of decaying wood and needles which has a rich, organic, extravagant smell ... and quiet: no birds, the breath of wind in the tree tops and beyond, the quiet rhythm of the surf. It is indeed a magic place.

So it was just beyond Nitinat at Tsuquadra Point that we met and subsequently were joined by a woman who was trekking alone in our direction. On the previous day, she had struck up a conversation with a man who had put the following proposition to her. He had driven his car to Port Alberni, taken the *Lady Rose* to Bamfield, the northern end of the Trail, and then, hiking south to Port Renfrew, faced the choice of either returning to Port Alberni for his car when he completed the trek or, much more

conveniently, finding a northbound trekker to drive his car to Victoria for him. If he could find such a driver, he would be saved a bus trip back to his car and some lucky trekker would be given assured transport at the northern end of the Trail. Our new acquaintance had accepted the offer and shortly after meeting us asked if we too would like to share the comfort of an auto journey. So it was decided. Instead of having to dash by cab from the dock in Port Alberni to the bus depot, and then in Nanaimo rush for the connecting coaches to Vancouver and Victoria, we had the pleasant prospect of a leisurely two and a half hour drive to conclude a very satisfying expedition.

As well as enjoying the convenience of the car, this arrangement meant that our dwindling resources could be invested in something more exotic than mere transport — like fresh salmon, to be exact. Our pooled funds produced seven fat, clear-eyed Coho, neatly wrapped in individual packages, boxed and securely bound for transport from Bamfield to Vancouver. That left us collectively with \$72, enough, we calculated, for our fare and coffee on the *Lady Rose*, gas for the car and a snack during the drive.

The evening light was softening to wonderful purples and burnished-golds by the time the *Lady Rose* was snubbed tight to her moorings at Government Dock at Port Alberni. The car was supposed to be parked a couple of blocks from the dock and it was retrieved without delay. In the meantime, our small mountain of luggage, along with the precious box of salmon had been assembled ready to load into the car. Soon it swung to the curb. It was a station wagon; lots of room for gear in the rear compartment and large seats for passengers. It's arrival was a fateful moment, however, for it was then that the motor was shut off so that the key could be used to open the rear gate. It was established, subsequently, though pointlessly, that the gate could have been released remotely from the dash. But who knew and, until a moment or two later, what did it matter? In went the packs and wedged with them were our seven Coho. We piled into the car and waited expectantly to get under way ... the driver turned the key ... but nothing happened, not a murmur, not a thin breath of life. Try again, and again, and again. Do the headlights go on? Yes, then it's not the battery ... but we knew that anyway. Check

leads to the starter; seem alright. Turn the key again ... nothing ... still nothing. Clearly, it was not going to start. We solicited assistance from a passerby; no luck. Then an amiable giant in a camper from Wisconsin had some promising down-home advice. Still nothing. Others offered their favourite remedies - all-purpose cures, it seemed, like patent medicines.

So quickly now, we considered our options. If the car was not going to work and we couldn't get it repaired in the late evening, we had to revert to our original plan and take the bus. But by that time it was very likely it had departed. It would have been a close thing anyway, even if we had gone directly to the depot from the dock. While we futilely tried for the last time to coax a response from the car, someone phoned the bus station just in case and asked if departure of the Nanaimo bus could be delayed for ten minutes ... with the inducement of extra paying passengers. We were in luck, though the answer was somewhat distant, "Well, O.K., but don't be any longer. We've got connections to make in Nanaimo, you know." Another call for a taxi. That soon materialized, miraculously, it seemed, wreathed in a halo of mid-

summer dust. We furiously emptied the station wagon, roughly piled the gear into the taxi, and roared off for the depot. The driver "did his stuff", speeding across town before sliding to a spectacular stop smack in front of the Island Coach Express. A slightly harassed bus driver just managed to maintain his good humour in the face of the delay and this muscular display of cabmanship.

It was only as we handed our things to him for stowage in the cargo compartment that we thought about bus tickets and the alternate use we had made of our remaining cash. Off we ran to the depot and there quickly learned that while we had enough money to get our Vancouver compatriots home, another heading for Victoria could only get half way there, to Nanaimo. In precise terms, we were exactly \$11.03 pockets-turned-out short. The bus driver now urgently demanded some resolution and as a parting shot, inspired by desperation, the ticket agent was asked jokingly if she would trade a fresh Coho for a bus ticket. To our astonishment, she said "You bet, if the price is right!" Suddenly a glimmer of hope. But then, thinking of how the fish were swaddled in a tightly trussed box, it didn't seem

possible. What we didn't need were half a dozen fresh salmon flopping about loose on the floor of the bus! So a little dejectedly, we trooped out to take our seats. But as we did so, we saw our box of fish on the pavement, at the foot of the steps, waiting to be taken aboard. It had not been packed with our other luggage but rather awaited our return. The bright sticker which declared it to be 'accompanied baggage' explained why. Lucky. Otherwise we wouldn't have realized that because of the several transfers and rough handling, the carton now was a little travel-worn and sagging in its essentials; in fact, the individual packages of fish had become more accessible than we had imagined. So we dove into the box, extracted, with some difficulty, one Coho and, over the bemused protest of the forbearing driver, burst upon the startled ticket agent brandishing the noble salmon. "Here it is, here it is ... will you give us \$22.03 for it?" "Yes", she laughed, expertly hefting its weight and confirming its species. "That's tomorrow night's barbecue!" With that logistical problem solved, she grabbed a ticket blank and whapped it with a stamp for Victoria with energy that proclaimed it to be ... a deal well done!

NEW REGULATIONS FOR WEST COAST TRAIL

from
Howie Hambleton
Environment Canada

The Canadian Parks Service recently announced two new regulations that affect hikers who plan to backpack in the West Coast Trail Unit of the Pacific Rim National Park.

Beginning on May 12, 1990, backpackers will be required to register and obtain a free permit prior to commencing their hike as a way of ensuring their awareness of trail hazards, minimum impact camping techniques, and map and tide table use. Permits must be picked up in person, and will be available every day between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. at the trailhead information centres in Port Renfrew and at Pachena Bay near Bamfield.

Built at the turn of the century as a lifesaving trail for shipwrecked sailors, the 77 kilometre West Coast Trail demands stamina, self-sufficiency, and expertise in hiking and camping. By requiring registration and permits the Parks

Service will be able to better protect both visitors and park resources.

The second new regulation, also effective as of May 12, increases the maximum group size allowed on the trail to 10 people from 8. The change will make organized trips to the trail more economically feasible, yet keep the impact of group activities to a minimum. The increase is in keeping with the Canadian Parks Service's dual mandate of encouraging park use and appreciation while aggressively protecting natural and cultural resources.

Leaders of organized groups (schools, outfitters, and non-profit organizations) should contact the West Coast Trail information centres in advance of their arrival to allow park staff to schedule hikers in a way that prevents congestion at campsites.

TRAIL INFORMATION:

Port Renfrew Information Centre:
(604) 647-5434

Pachena Bay Information Centre:
(604) 728-3234

Long Beach Information Centre:
(604) 762-4212



Bob and Dolores Bowker wish to announce the marriage of their second oldest daughter, Brenda Dolores, to Murray Robert Hawkins, youngest son of Jim and Donna Hawkins.

The wedding took place on May 19, 1990 at the Bamfield United Church.

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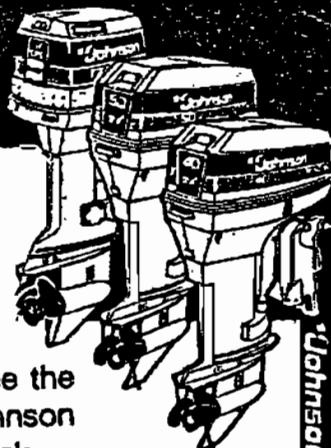
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RHODODENDRONS

by
Jeanne Ferris



Ken Gibson, the powerful-looking man who was here during April and May to drive pilings and construct wharves at the Marine Station and on other shores around Bamfield Inlet, is known at home in Tofino as the Rhododendron King. Mr. Gibson started growing rhododendrons as a hobby in 1956 and now has over 1800 plants of more than 900 named varieties. While he was in Bamfield, he graciously consented to present a slide show and talk about rhododendron culture on Vancouver Island.

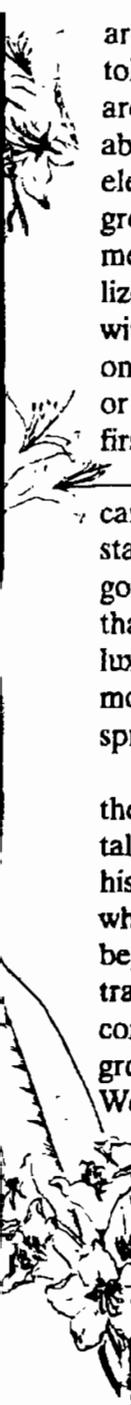
He brought scores of photographs of one of his favorite types of rhododendron, the rare, lily-fragrant and fragile maddeniiis, originally from Burma. He also brought pictures of the climate on the west coast: summer fog, dewy mornings, storm-tossed waves assaulting the beaches, skies of billowing grey, rain-soaked days, patches of clear sky at sunset; you get the picture. Humid weather. And humidity is what rhododendrons love.



The first rhododendron nursery in B.C. was established in Ucluelet in 1894 by George Fraser when he was 40. For the next fifty years he brought seedlings to the wet west coast from his native Scotland as well as from England and the eastern U.S. Rhododendrons from the Fraser homestead were what inspired Ken Gibson to begin serious collecting.

He passed along several rhododendron growing tips to those of us who were lucky enough to hear about and attend his talk. For starters, don't worry about moving your rhododendron to a better site if it isn't doing well. Rhododendrons like their leaves dripping wet and their roots comfortably dry. They have fairly shallow roots, so can be dug up and moved, or just elevated, without being stressed. I should mention here that while moving an 8 metre high rhododendron won't stress the plant, it may seriously stress the planter. Mr. Gibson is lucky enough to have a crane which he uses after work to move his rhododendrons around. A sloping site, well-padded with compost and wood chips, is ideal for rhododendrons.

Mr. Gibson also recommended using dolomite lime once a year, in February. Rhododendrons



are not acid loving, they are acid tolerating. By raising the pH around February, they are better able to absorb iron and other trace elements at the beginning of their growing season. As well, he recommended use of a slow release fertilizer like Osmacote or something with an 18-6-12 rating. He advised one Tablespoon per foot of height, or less, and no fertilizer after the first of June.

After the blooms are spent, careful removal of the blossom stalk will prevent the plants from going to seed. This will channel that energy into producing more luxuriant foliage, which will result in more and better blossoms next spring.

Many of those who attended the talk and slide show were able to talk Mr. Gibson into selling some of his 'homegrown' plants in Bamfield, where rhododendron fanciers are beginning to bloom. Perhaps a tradition started in Ucluelet and continued in Tofino will further grow and flourish in Bamfield. We've got the weather for it.

NATIVE SPECIES ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

I looked up the rhododendron species listed in Lewis J. Clark's wonderful book, **Wild Flowers of the Pacific Northwest**, and found two which are supposed to occur on the west coast of our Island. *Rhododendron albiflorum* is a white or cream-flowered species found in the mountains above 800 feet. According to Dr. Clark, attempts to transplant this species to lowland gardens "are resented completely and with finality". It can be obtained from nursery stock which has been grown from seed over a period of seven years.

Rhododendron macrophyllum is a compact, 4 to 6 foot bush with large pink blooms; the state flower of Washington. There are isolated stations of this magnificent native shrub on the Island. This native plant also can be obtained from nurseries. Digging up wild plants, aside from being gross and disgusting, is against the law.



WILLIAM EDDY BANFIELD ARTICLES

Number Three
WHALE KILLING BY
THE NITINAT INDIANS
August 19, 1858

Nitinat proper extends from Pachinett on the east, to Ohiat head (marked on Imlay's chart, Currasco Point) on the west, covering a seaboard of thirty miles. It is a rockbound shore, without a single safe anchorage for vessels of any size. The tribe that inhabits this coast number about five hundred, and during the spring and summer months they divide themselves into different encampments, or kinds of clanships, each having a recognized chief or head of a house; but withal acknowledging one as supreme. They are different in this respect, from any other tribe I have met with. The principal chief's name is Maacoola, a man about forty years old. The Nitinats fish halibut and salmon in great quantities.

A large number of whales frequent the waters on this coast, and the Nitinats, as well as the

Macaws, kill a great many in a season. They manufacture their own harpoons and gear, and it is a sight well worth seeing, their mode of attack and killing a whale. The season is looked forward to with intense interest, and preparations are making for months prior to the time. It is considered a sacred season, and much discussion takes place at the festive boards antecedent to commencing operations. Much speculation is indulged in, and feasts of fat blubber are beheld in perspective. Very few attain the honor of using the harpoon — probably some twenty men. This is an hereditary prerogative, descending or bequeathed from father to son. However there are instances of its being attained by merit, but they are invariably most dexterous with the weapon, and its use likewise gives them a seat in the council board of their tribe. They have the choice of their own crews, and go with eight — sometimes nine — in a canoe. These canoes are magnificent models, and are handled admirably. For two moons previous to commencing operations, they have to conform to stringent regulations — sort of a savage lent. Sexual intercourse is strictly prohibited and they are restricted to a certain description of food,

compelled to make frequent ablutions, morning noon and midnight, also to rub their flesh with a rough stone, as well as to undergo other ceremonies too tedious to enumerate. Should an accident occur during the season, such as a canoe being stove or capsized by a whale, it is considered certain that there is a Jonah among the fishermen. An inquiry is instituted at a council board, witnesses examined and domestic affairs inquired into, with a keenness at cross-questioning that would do credit to an attorney. Should any inculpatory fact be elicited, or even the shadow of a suspicion fall, woe betide the poor wretch! No benefit of a doubt is granted him. He is excommunicated by bell, book and candle, for months.

When the whales near the



coast, the canoes are out all day, blow high or blow low. They do not go in a body, but each have different cruising grounds, some little distance apart. The gear consists of harpoons, lines, inflated sealskins

and wooden or bone spears. The harpoons are very delicately made. A piece of the head iron hoop of a stout bound porter cask is what the most of them use. It is cut with a cold chisel into the shape of a harpoon blade, and affixed by the means of gum onto this iron are two barbs made from the tips of the antlers of deer. Attached to this is a stout piece of line, made of sinews, and served round with the same tough material. This then is spliced on to a long line, about three inch stuff, made from cedar twigs by the hand. They use no wench, but put a good lay in the rope; it is also moderately strong. Within about two fathoms of the harpoon, a number of large sized inflated skins are seized on. The harpoon is then stopped on slightly to a long wooden handle made from the yew tree, about ten feet in length.

When they get near enough to a whale to strike, the harpooner who is in the bow of the canoe, throws his weapon and in most cases with effect. Sometimes the iron will double up; instantly the barb enters, the stop breaks and the wooden handle becomes detached from the line. The whale directly he feels the harpoon, starts down at a great rate with the seal skins

attached to him, which tend to impede and cramp his movements. The fishermen are always well supplied with length of line. Presently the whale will again appear on the surface in the vicinity of another canoe, the fishermen in which are ready to attack him in the same manner, until he gets from forty to fifty large buoys attached to him, which prevent his disappearing below the surface of the water. He now beats and plunges in a fearful manner, overturning and breaking canoes, till at last he becomes fatigued, so much so that they surround him in their canoes and goad him with their short spears until he becomes exhausted and dies; but it sometimes happens he carries all before him, snaps ropes, harpoons, seal-skins and all go with him; the savages seldom give up the combat with one failure. Pursuit is made by all hands, at times successfully; but should the whale escape and afterwards die from wounds, and be washed up on shore on the territories of another tribe, or picked up at sea, the harpoons, rope, buoys etc., are returned to their original proprietors with a present of a large piece of the fish.

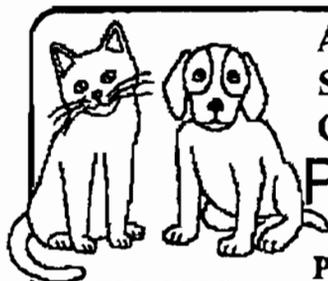
Frequent tribal disputes are occasioned by dead whales. It happens at times that one is found on

shore about the boundary line of two tribes, then a dispute will invariably ensue, and a quarrel of months duration is the consequence, if not an intertribal war. Intercourse and intertraffic are forbidden on both sides, until each feels the beneficial effects of the no-trade interdict; then they have recourse to diplomacy. Much tact is shown in the choice of their envoys. A quiet, conciliatory individual is usually chosen, of fluent and persuasive powers, and if possible connected with the other tribe by marriage, and from the patrician order. He is sent off with a squaw in a small canoe, the Indians never risking two men on such occasions. Much anxiety is manifested until his return. The first terms are never acceded to. Scores of objections are raised, counter-proposals made, rejected, and made again. Six or eight embassies are very common before a final settlement. Sometimes hostilities are declared at the outset. The envoys invariably go under flag of truce — the white tuft of an eagle's tail.

The noise attendant on killing a whale is fearful, the whole crown of savages yelling horribly from the first attack until the death. When they succeed in killing him, all hands clap on, and with a song

that would paralyze a strange white man, move off with him cheerily, keeping time with their paddles. In my next I shall give a description of the Indian method of dividing the fish, the various uses they make of it, etc.

W.E.B.



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Mean Maximum 11.8° C

Mean Minimum 6.8° C

TEMPERATURE EXTREMES

Maximum 19° C on April 15

Minimum 4° C on April 3 & 28

Precipitation for the month was 146.1 mm (5.7 inches) of measurable rain. There were 15 days without any rain.

In 1989 the Mean Maximum was 13° C and the Mean Minimum was 6.7° C. Precipitation was 137.6 mm (5.4 inches) with 18 days without any rain. Last year in April we had a few days with temperatures ranging over 21° C so it was a lot hotter and drier than this year.

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FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE

by
Eva Brand

Chocolate and White Chocolate Chip Cookies

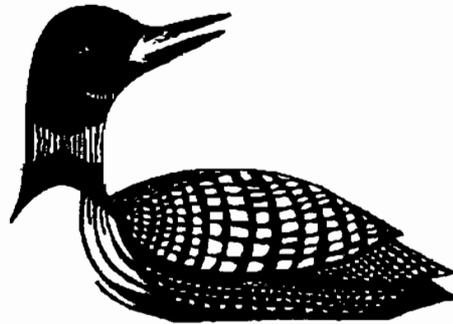
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Butter
1 cup White Sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Brown Sugar
2 teaspoons Vanilla
2 Eggs
4 squares unsweetened Chocolate,
melted
2 cups Flour mixed with 1 teaspoon
Baking Soda
1 package (225 gm) White Choc-
olate Chips
1 cup (or more) Chocolate Chips
1 cup chopped Walnuts

*Beat
butter, sugars,
vanilla, eggs
and melted
chocolate until
fluffy. Stir in
flour mixture,
then chocolate
chips and nuts.
Drop by spoon-
fuls onto ungreased cookie sheets.
Bake at 350°F for about 10 minutes.*



*Wait a few minutes before
removing from sheets as cookies are
quite tender. These cookies are very
rich and have a strong chocolate
flavor.*

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MIKE HARCOURT

Leader of the Official
Opposition

The myth of a balanced budget

The Vander Zalm government is spending your tax dollars to keep alive a myth -- that they have balanced B.C.'s budget. The facts say it's time that myth was put to rest.

New light is being shed on the current government's so-called "balanced budget", and it tells a much different story.

First the Auditor General, the public's independent watchdog on government finances, weighed in. He scoffed at the claim of a balanced budget, calling the figures misleading and inaccurate. The government's 'budget stabilization fund,' more commonly known as the B.S. fund, is "strictly an accounting technique to alter the bottom line," he said, adding: "I'll keep asking the government not to refer to that set of figures."

Then came a review from the most prestigious accounting firm in B.C.: Peat Marwick Thorne. They said flatly, "the accounts are in a deficit," and said the expected

deficit for this year is \$2.6 billion -- a far cry from a "balanced budget."

*it's not the first
time the Socreds
have been caught
fudging the books.*

Peat Marwick Thorne went on to accuse the Vander Zalm government of creating general confusion with the B.S. fund, to help disguise the facts about B.C.'s finances. No wonder the finance minister gets all tangled up trying to explain his B.S. fund. The title explains it all.

If it all this sounds familiar, it's not the first time the Socreds have been caught fudging the books. Remember the Coquihalla fiasco and its \$500 million overrun?

There's no denying the Coquihalla is an impressive and important highway. But the current government said it would cost no more than \$375 million, when the final price tag was close to one billion dollars. It took a judicial inquiry to expose the truth behind that one.

The inquiry's final report found "the financial reporting of the Coquihalla project to be tainted with an atmosphere of deceit." It went on to say the Socred govern-

ment's "deliberate and planned actions were politically motivated, and designed to give the impression that the Coquihalla was on budget."

So there you have it -- the Vander Zalm government wants to keep us in the dark about the true state of B.C.'s finances. The only news they want out is from their phoney TV "news updates." It serves their purpose to perpetuate the myth that they are the only ones who care about your tax dollars.

Unfortunately for them, the Auditor General and Peat Marwick Thorne deal in facts, not myths. And the words they've used to describe this government's financial bookkeeping -- artificial, arbitrary, meaningless -- should help explode the Sacred myth of a balanced budget.



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COMMUNITY HALL UPDATE

by
Pat Garcia

MARCH

On the 10th of March a group of "fishing guides" rented the Hall for a meeting and on the 26th the Regional District held a Court of Revision. The Hall directors held their meeting on the 28th.

March 14 saw Dr. Stephen holding a veterinary clinic from 9 am to 12 noon. This has turned out to be a very popular service, fully booked each time. Rose Jay is the contact person and can be reached at 728-3260.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with a dance, the Hall suitably decorated. Eighty tickets were sold and dancing was to Art Budding's tapes. Gary and Jan Dwolinsky were the bartenders. The door

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continue, due to increased
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service.**

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Port Alberni, B.C.**

prizes were won by Trish Schulte (a bottle of Bailey's Irish Cream) and Sandra Young (a pizza kindly donated by Pizza By The Sea).

APRIL

On the April 9 the Bamfield Preservation and Development Society held their regular meeting and on the 16th a Community Affairs Meeting was held. The Regional District held a Public Hearing on the 24th.

Easter Saturday was the choice for the Easter Egg Hunt this year. The under sixes searched around the Hall/Church and the older ones searched along the trail and beach. This year the crows decided to take part prior to the Hunt. Thanks to Sherron Dunsmore for standing guard and keeping them at bay until the hunt started! Unfortunately a group from Anacla were late and missed out, but not altogether, a few packages were found by the hidiers later!

A popular part of the event was making Easter hats. Thanks to Bev McInerney and her helpers.

On April 21 the Parent Advisory Team rented the hall for a Family Pot Luck Supper/Dance.

MAY

On the 15th the School Board rented the hall for a School

Board meeting. The whole Board came in for the regular meeting. The only spectators were Sherron Dunsmore and the Bamfield teachers.

The Parent Advisory Team rented the Hall on the 5th for a very successful dance.

Jim Ferris rented the Hall on the 7th and 8th for collating some material he needed lots of room for!

The Bowker/Hawkins wedding occupied the hall for two days on the 18th and 19th.

ENERSAVE

We are still in the process of converting! New poles and wires have to be put in now. I will have a report on costs etc. when it is finished.

ROAD

When Pat Hawkins puts in the poles for the Enersave he will also put in the culvert and smooth out the road.

ACTIVITIES

The Fitness Club and Playschool continue, and basketball sometimes! Bingo continues every Thursday 7pm to 10 pm. We welcome everyone who would like to help our "free" activities continue.

Evening Mist

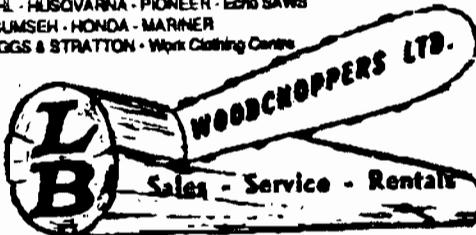
Tendrils curling, soft
unfurling
Slipping wraith-like through
the trees
Ghost of sunset faintly
glowing
Into hollows gently flowing
Riding on the evening breeze

Creeping, drifting, slowly
sifting
Sliding stealthy down the
slope
Laps the trees in sea of milk
Pearling all the spider's silk
Skeins the webs in jewelled
rope.

Fred Welland

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BEACHED BIRD SURVEY

Through Dr. Alan Burger and the Royal British Columbia Museum, I am starting up and coordinating monthly beached bird surveys in the Bamfield/Deer Group/Pachena areas. If you would like to join in and add to the growing number of volunteers doing beach bird surveys, please contact Ms. Kelly Nordin at the Bamfield Marine Station (728-3301). I can let you know what beaches are already covered, what information needs to be collected, how to record the information and "register" you with the B.C. Museum. The following article was written by Dr. Alan Burger for the B.C. Naturalist and gives some background information on beached bird surveys and their importance to the possible impact of oil spills on our beaches.

BEACHED BIRD SURVEYS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

by
Alan E. Burger

Last winter, over 20,000 seabirds died off Washington and British Columbia when the *Nestucca*

spilled its load off Gray's Harbor. During the subsequent investigation, biologists realized how little was known about natural mortality patterns in seabirds, and how difficult it was to interpret the impact of the oil spill. How many dead seabirds normally wash up on our beaches? What species and age classes are they? How often do oiled birds come ashore as victims of small, unreported oil spills?

In an attempt to answer some of these questions, a series of beached bird surveys is being established along the B.C. Coast. The Royal British Columbia Museum is sponsoring the pilot program, and I have been asked to contact potential volunteers around the province, co-ordinate the monthly surveys and establish a data base to store the information.

What is a beached bird survey? Basically, it means walking a section of beach once a month and recording the types of dead birds found. For the information to have maximum value, the surveys must be done systematically: once a month over the same length of beach, with roughly the same number of people, and for as many months as possible. The birds should be identified accurately. That can occasionally be a problem.

when you encounter a rather smelly pile of bones and half-buried feathers. But never fear, there is now a field guide to dead beached birds! A good one too, prepared by the Point Reyes Bird Observatory. Difficult specimens can also be identified using reference skeletons at the Royal British Columbia Museum.

We're playing catch-up in B.C. as far as beached bird surveys go. They have been done systematically in Britain since the 1960s, and in California there was an unbroken series of surveys for 13 years. Survey programs have also been established in Belgium, New Zealand, southern Africa, Newfoundland, Washington and the eastern U.S. All of these programs rely on volunteer naturalists to do monthly beach walks. In most cases the surveys were initiated following a major oil spill, when authorities realized how little information was available on natural mortality patterns.

Once the surveys were initiated, it was often realized that many seabirds were dying from minor oil spills which were often not reported. For example, surveys over 15 years in Belgium showed that 70% of the beached carcasses were oiled. In Washington, oiled

birds normally made up less than 2% of the carcasses, but this figure increased to 15% in 1984, following two spills. The impact of minor, chronic spills, other forms of pollution and even natural catastrophes like paralytic shellfish poisoning, could be assessed much better if data were available from regular beached bird surveys.

The Royal British Columbia Museum is also using beached bird surveys as a means of obtaining valuable specimens. Freshly dead birds can often be made into study skins. Skeletons can usually be retrieved, even from decomposed carcasses. A recent review of the RBCM collections showed that skeletons were needed for all seabirds, including common species such as the Glaucous-winged Gull. Carcasses that have been scavenged sometimes have only the wings remaining, but even fresh wings can be added to the collection, where they are essential for studies of moult, aging characteristics and systematics.

Regular beached bird surveys are being made at Long Beach, part of the Pacific Rim National Park, with the support of the park staff and volunteers from Victoria and Tofino. This pilot survey has already yielded some interesting

data and specimens for the museum's collection. Other surveys have been initiated near Victoria and Powell River. Eventually we hope to see a series of surveys on beaches in many parts of the coastline.

The museum is looking for individuals or groups who would like to participate in the beach surveys. If you are someone who enjoys walking on beaches near your home, has some interest in birds and would like to contribute to this monitoring program, please

let us know. Forms for recording data and detailed instructions on what to do are available.

If you are at all interested, call Kelly Nordin at the Bamfield Marine Station (728-3301). For information for other areas in B.C. call or write Alan Burger, Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria, B.C. V8V 1X4 (387-1224).



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3 Whole Day Off Sale	4	5	6 Father's Day Specials June 6 - 17	7	8	9
10	11	12	13 Father's Day/Summer Sale June 13 - 24	14	15	16
17 Father's Day	18	19 1.49 Day	20	21	22	23
24	25	26 Senior's Day	27 Canada Week Specials June 27 to July 2	28	29	30

WOODWARD'S

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call free to 723-5641



Letters to the Editor

Dear Barkley Sounder,

I enjoy my copy of the *Sounder* each month. Out of its pages steps a real community with all its warts and lumps visible, but also revealing its joys, sorrows, beauty and vitality. One of the features I particularly appreciate is the *In Memory* pieces by Ebba Jennings. Although I have only occasionally known the people that she writes about, I always read her pieces with interest. She writes with such quiet appreciation about the lives of people whose histories are intertwined with the history of Bamfield. Her accounts are factual, detailed, and unsentimental; yet they vividly recreate an image of the real person in a manner worthy of a good novelist. Thank you, Ebba, for using your talent to

enrich the culture of this community.

Lynne Phillips

Part-time occupant of a cabin in Bamfield West.

Dear Jeanne Ferris,

I wonder if you can help me solve a problem? My family is coming to Bamfield this summer (July 22 to 29) to commemorate my father's life. He died in March, but we are meeting in his memory in Bamfield because it was a place which he loved and where he spent many happy years. We have a small, primitive cabin in Bamfield West off the trail above the Red Cross Hospital lot. We need additional accommodations. I obtained the current Accommodations Guide published by the province, but it mentions only the Bamfield Inn and the Trails Motel across the water. What happened to the cabins which used to be for rent near the wharf? There were two built quite close to the trail which would be ideal for my family, because they are only a short walk from our cabin. My mother has an arthritic hip and it is difficult for her to get in and out of boats or to walk long distances. Can you help me by passing this letter on to someone who could help us to find suitable accommodations for

my mother and my brother for July 22 to 29? If so, please accept my sincere thanks in advance for your kind assistance.

Lynne Phillips
Box 244
Montrose, B.C.
V0G 1P0 367-7467

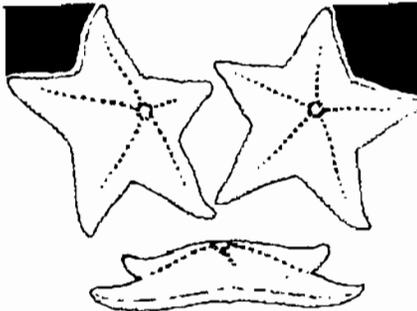
Can anyone help here? If you have accommodations that would suit her needs please call or write to Lynn Phillips. The Editors

Dear Jeanne:

At the first BMS Happy Hour I attended you asked me about my research. When I told you I studied starfish, you asked if I would give you the remains of the specimens I studied to use in your garden. I was astounded to learn this is an old custom on Vancouver Island. This is the first such use of starfish I have heard of since I read in a book by Johnson on marine life that the only known starfish use was as fertilizer by the ancient Egyptians. I would be most interested to learn if any of the *Sounder's* readers can advise me as to how widespread the practice is, what species are used, and the origin of the custom. Many thanks for your

help. I've thoroughly enjoyed my stay at the Station and at Bamfield.

Best regards,
John Lawrence
Professor of Biology
Univ. of South Florida
Tampa, Florida, U.S.A.
33620



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Office Hours
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Dr. Brian Altenkirk will
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**HELP
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DAVE HEGSTROM
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Nori Workshop:

Cultivation of Porphyra in British Columbia and Washington: An Update

June 5, 1990
Bamfield Marine Station
Ross Lecture Theater



- 08:30: Introduction
- 08:35: Dr. John Merrill, Applied Algal Research
Introduction of Porphyra (nori) mariculture to western
North America: the Puget Sound experience.
- 09:35: Dr. Richard Neve, Pacific Link Co.
Growing nori in Washington State: another perspective.
- 11:00: Mr. Gordon Smith, Canada West Nori Products
Economics, problems, and practical issues in growing
nori in British Columbia
- 13:30 Dr. Robert Waaland, University of Washington
Domestication of native species of Porphyra.
- 15:00 Discussion: Future of nori farming in western North
America.
-

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RECYCLING TIPS

by
Monica Odenwald

Let's talk trash. While garbage may not be an appealing topic, the time has come to confront our waste. Why? Because it is confronting us. So much garbage! Is there an alternative to wallowing in our own mess? Fortunately, the answer is yes.

A modest rethinking in our habits and choices can bring this environmental problem under control. The dirty mix we call garbage is actually valuable resources in disguise. The key to its transformation is called recycling. In a broad sense, recycling involves everything from choosing what to buy to reusing envelopes you get in the mail. It includes using no more of anything than you really need to, and avoiding exhaustible and non-degradable materials. Recycling also means reusing everything you can, or passing it on to someone else who will use it. It means choosing long lasting products and sorting your waste (like paper, aluminum and glass) for efficient processing.

The strategy for converting potential pollutants into valuable resources is a three part plan: **REDUCE** the amount of garbage you create, **REUSE** everything you can, and **RECYCLE** or reprocess wastes into new materials.

Our trash is 41% PAPER, 18% YARD WASTES, 8% GLASS, 9% METALS, 7% PLASTICS, 8% FOOD WASTES and 9% other. An average person produces 4 to 6 pounds (2 to 3 kilos) of solid waste per day. About 10% is incinerated, 10% is recycled and 80% goes to landfills.

Reducing Tips

Don't accept a bag from the clerk unless you absolutely need it.

Reduce your junk mail.

Avoid packaging made from nonbiodegradable materials like plastic.

Buy items in bulk, thus avoiding excess packaging.

Bring your own reusable bag or bags.

Plastic jugs can be reused as water containers, to mix frozen juices in, to water plants, or to collect used motor oil.

Use cloth rags instead of paper towels and cloth rather than paper napkins.

Use cotton handkerchiefs.

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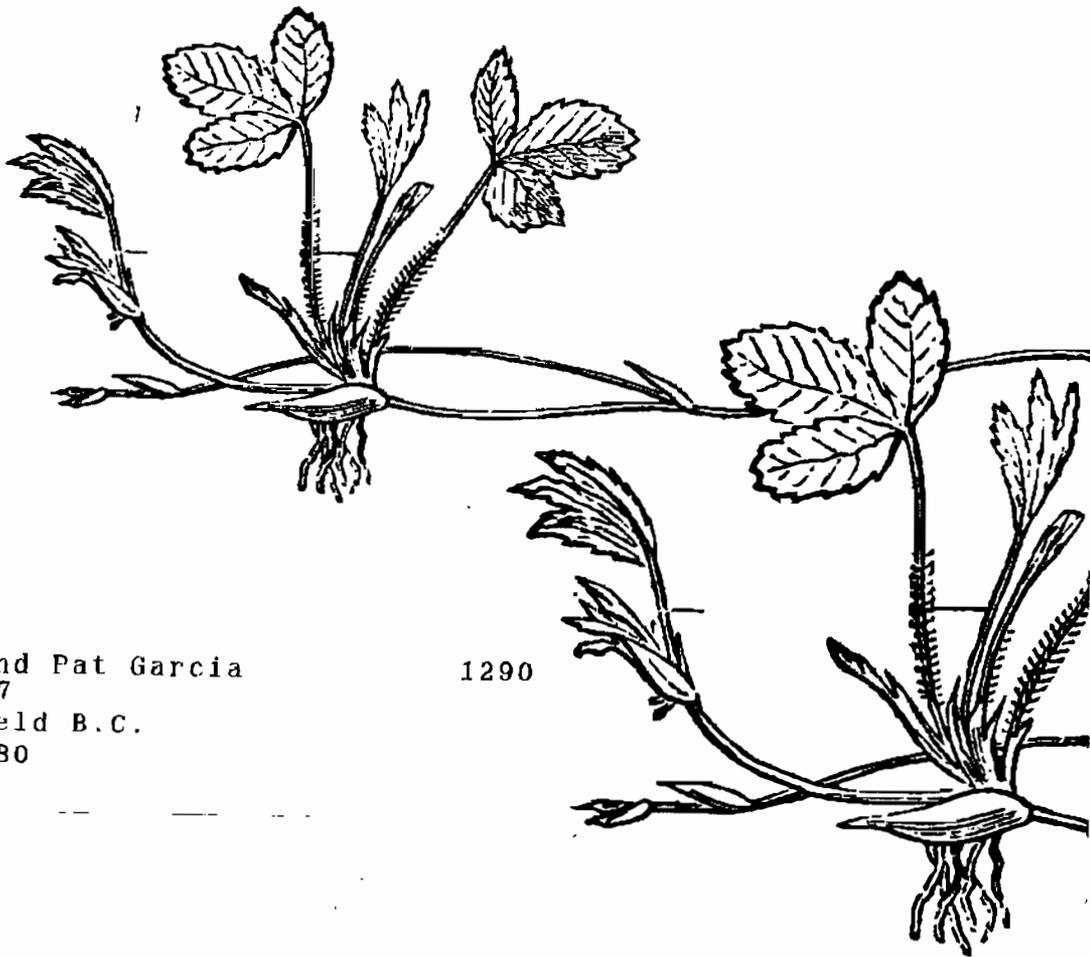
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