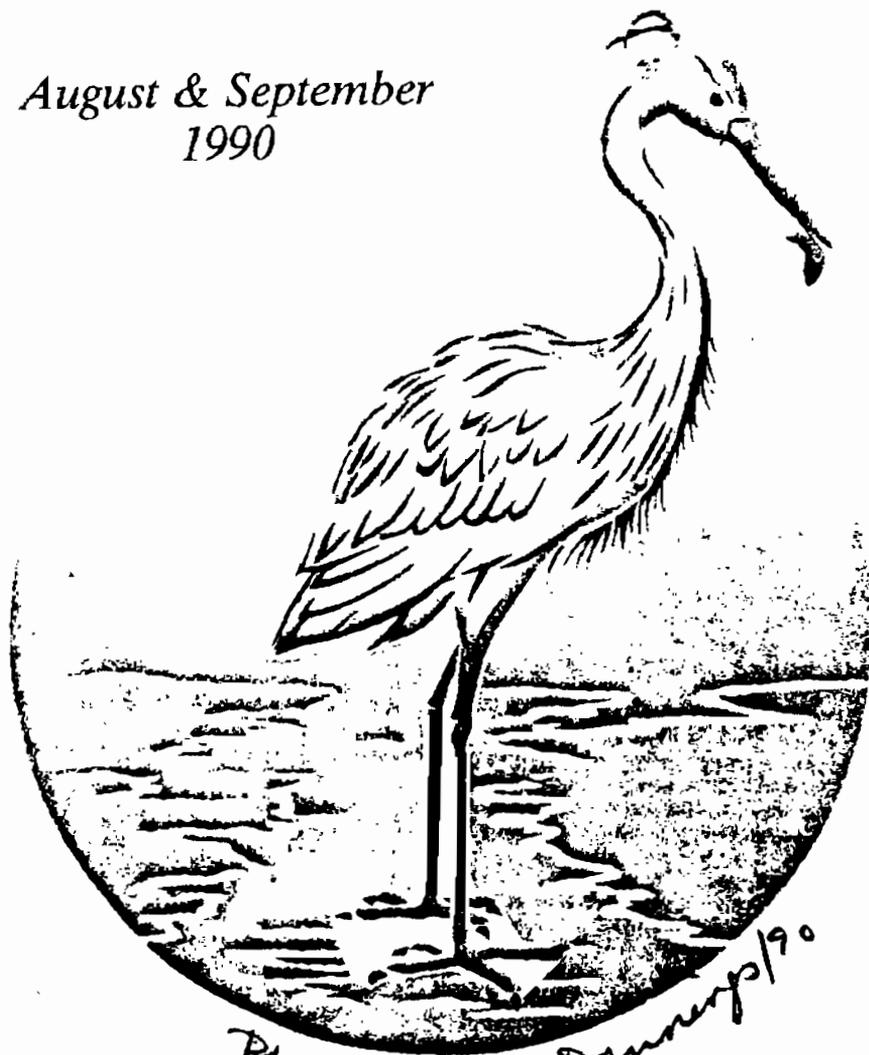


BARKLEY SOUNDER

A Coastal Journal Originating in Bamfield

Volume Eight Number Seven

*August & September
1990*



Blue Heron & Jannop/90

\$1.25

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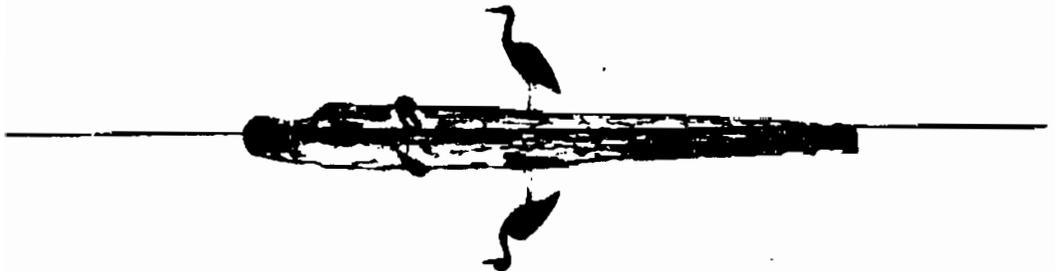
Subscriptions may be ordered or renewed by phoning our Bamfield number:
(604) 728-3267
or by writing to us:

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Box 91
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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, coeditor

Thank you to K. Jennings for the heron on our fall cover.

We're making a change in the **Barkley Sounder**. Starting with this issue, the **Sounder** will be coming out bimonthly. That means the final issue for 1990 will be published in mid-November. We will then aim for six instead of twelve issues in 1991, coming out in February, April, June, August, October and December. Our subscription rates, which have not changed since 1985, will remain unchanged. We hope this will enable us to publish a better journal, packed with solid information, divergent opinions and creative writing. Who knows, we may even have the time to put some color into our covers.

Two of our subscribers told me they walked 45 miles to renew their **Sounder** subscription this month. Nancy and Ethel flew from Atlanta, Georgia to Victoria and then hiked the entire West Coast Lifesaving Trail, right into the Aquarium room at BMS to pay for their subscription. Now that's loyalty!

FALL FAIR

Dig something, pick something, bake something or put the finishing touch to something and enter it in the Fall Fair. There are all sorts of categories for entries and lots of ribbons to be won. The more entries we have, the more fun it will be for everyone to see the show and appreciate what has been growing in Bamfield, both literally and figuratively. The Fair is on Saturday, September 8. See the ad further in this issue for details.

DINOFLAGELLATE BLOOM

According to Dr. Louis Druehl, the planktonic marine organisms which caused the coffee-coloured blooms in the waters of Bamfield Inlet were dinoflagellates. 'Dino' comes from the Greek word meaning 'terrible'. These microscopic creatures usually have two whiplike flagella which they lash back and forth to move themselves through the water. There are hundreds of different types of dinoflagellates, some of which have little barbs on their bodies. They can become trapped in the gills of fish, causing the fish to produce mucus and sometimes to suffocate. ◊



CHRISTMAS CRAFT FAIR

The date is set for the Christmas Craft Fair. It will be held on Saturday, December 1 in the Community Hall. Start making your wonderful surprises soon, so we will be able to choose from a great array of gifts and ornaments. As usual, everyone who sells at the Craft Fair is asked to donate cookies, cake or squares for us to sell with coffee so we can cover the cost of renting the Hall. Let me or Loretta Amos know if you would like to have a space to sell your wares.

Watson's



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Our deepest sympathy to Barb Bunting, whose mother passed away in August, and to Eva Brand, whose mother passed away in September.

BARKLEY SOUNDER

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BAMFIELD WEATHER

by
Peter Janitis

A very, very strange weather in July and August this year. In July, 18 days with 20°C and over, with a high of 29°C (85°F) on July 20. In August, 21 days over 20°C, with a high of 27°C on the 4th.

Last year we had a high temperature of 19.5°C (68°F) on July 25, and in August two days over 20°C, with 21.5°C on the 12th of August.

The low temperature in July of this year was 9°C (48°F) on the 19th, in August the low was 8.5°C on the 24th.

For July:

Mean Maximum	24.5°C
Mean Minimum	11.3°C
Mean Temperature	15.9°C

For August:

Mean Maximum	20.7°C
Mean Minimum	12.3°C
Mean Temperature	16.5°C

RAIN

In July, we had two days with rain, with one inch of precipitation. In August, we had 10 days with rain, totalling 1.56 inches.

So, at the end of August this year, we have 61.89 inches. Last year at this time we had 51.15 inches.

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IN MY OPINION

by
James Ferris, coeditor

Two articles in this issue comment negatively on the impact of the sports fishery on our village. Al Benton also recommends a permanent police presence in Bamfield during the summer months. I agree. I would rather not have the situation that demands this solution. but as things are, we have almost no protection from the visitors who vandalize our town and make a mockery of catch limits. I realize that there are regulations and laws in effect that were designed to protect us, but without enforcement the laws are as useless as paps on a bull.

* * * * *

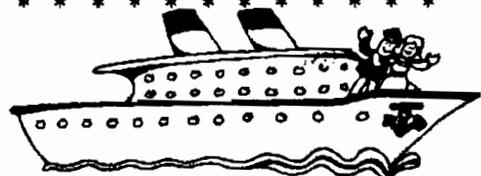
Most of you are probably aware of the fact that our local TV channels 10, 11, 12 and 13 are supported by contributions made by community members. The original cost of supplying the service was absorbed some years ago by the first subscribers. The annual costs for satellite service, maintenance and electricity are paid from user

subscriptions. At present that cost is \$65 a year, but the more subscribers we have, the smaller each individual contribution would have to be. If you use the service and would like to make a contribution please contact Eileen Scott at 728-3357.

* * * * *

An article in the AV Times indicated that School District #70 Alberni trustees were considering another approach to try to get funding for much needed improvements to the system physical plants. Funding for a new High School had been promised for two years in a row, and in each case had not been supplied. The School Trustees felt that perhaps repairing could replace rebuilding in some cases. In the listing of locations and improvements to be applied for no mention was made of the Bamfield School. Perhaps someone in the community with a real interest in improving the school in Bamfield should consider running for a spot on the School Board. The only member that Bamfield had on the board was Linda Jackson, several years ago. It is worth a thought.

* * * * *





THE COLLEGE IN YOUR COMMUNITY

North Island Begins
1990/91 Year
in Bamfield

by
Jeanne Ferris, Tutor/Advisor

North Island college is offering some interesting new courses this semester. We already have eight people signed up to take the new computer course, Microcomputer Fundamentals-DOS (CPS 141), and three who are beginning or continuing the WordPerfect computer course (CPS 098).

As well, there are two so far who are interested in taking the biology course, making use of the lab space generously provided for

North Island College students by the Bamfield Marine Station. If this course appeals to you, get in touch with me right away so we can keep everyone together through the labs and assignments.

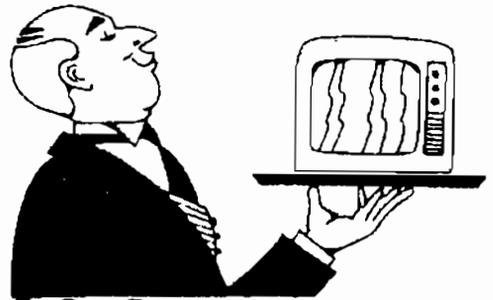
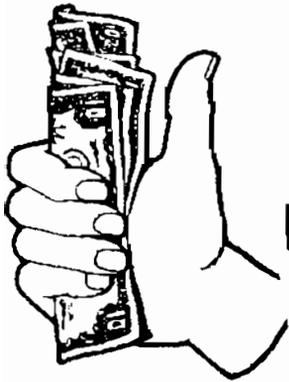
Another course in which people have expressed interest is Introduction to Creative Writing (ENG 107). This course can be taken for university transfer credit, which involves writing a short story, a play and several poems, or it can be taken as 'Lifewriting', a course for mature students who want some guidance with writing their own family life experiences, perhaps for their children and grandchildren to read.

All North Island courses now include a tuition fee plus a fee for textbooks. If you would like to know more about these, or any other courses, please give me a call. My office hours for North Island are on Friday mornings from 8:30 to 12:30 at the Marine Station.

NORTH ISLAND COLLEGE COMES TO BAMFIELD

*For More Information
Call*

*Jeanne Ferris at either
728-3267 or
728-3301*



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The current channels are:

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9	THE KNOWLEDGE NETWORK
10	B.C. TV, VANCOUVER
11	N.B.C. DETROIT
12	C.B.S. DETROIT
13	Y.T.V.

For further information about the system and how it is supported by local contributions please call 728-3357.



**CONGRATULATIONS
BAMFIELD VOLUNTEER
FIRE DEPARTMENT!**

Fire Week was great — great fun, great camaraderie and great food (inexpensive, too!). But what impressed us most was the Fire Hall Open House and Demonstration. Clearly the Bamfield volunteers are dedicated and sophisticated fire fighters. They are totally deserving of support from all Bamfielders — fulltime and summer residents.

Louis Druehl and Rae Hopkins
Port Desire

Dear Editor,

Some startling statistics from Ministry of Forests Annual Reports reveal that:

*From 1911 to 1989, we have logged 2.5 billion cubic metres of wood in this province. That is enough lumber, (if we stacked it waist high and axe-handle in width)

to circle the globe at the equator 63 times!

*Even more frightening is that it took from 1911 to 1972, sixty-two years, to cut the first 50% of this volume. We have cut the second 50% in the last 17 years.

*The contrast is even more striking in the Interior, where it has only taken from 1977 to cut the second 50% of all that we have ever cut in the Interior.

The heroic perception of loggers topping spar trees and burling logs on raft booms has been usurped by mechanized harvesting, corporate greed and government acquiescence.

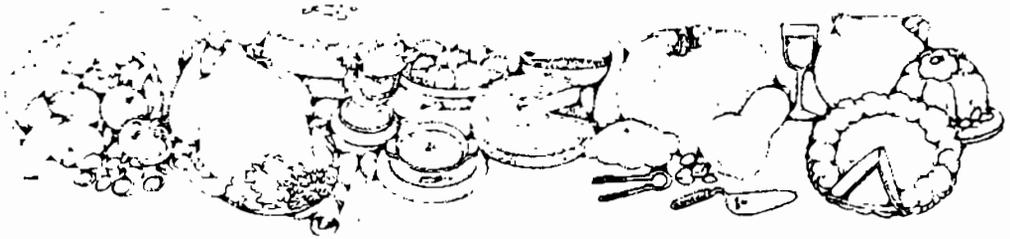
There is a green gold rush taking place in British Columbia and it is time that we woke up before we have been strip-mined of our future.

Yours truly,
Jim Pine
Victoria

Larry K. Myres, C.A.

**Hedden
Chong
Smith**

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BAMFIELD COMMUNITY HALL SOCIETY

FALL FAIR



Saturday Sept. 8th

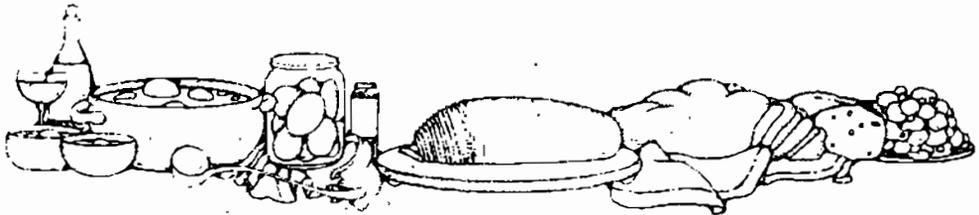
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, BAKED GOODS,
PRESERVES, NEEDLECRAFTS, PHOTOGRAPHY, PAINTINGS AND
OTHER ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Entries: -entry rules and categories are posted at local
business locations.
-all entries, including childrens, must be brought
to the Community Hall between 9AM and 12 noon
Sat. Sept. 8th.

Exhibits: doors open at 4 PM for viewing the exhibits.

Refreshments: served starting at 5 PM

Auction: starts at approximately 7:30 PM.



REGIONAL DISTRICT REPORT

by

Al Benton, Regional Director

Now that we have survived another Summer tourist invasion, perhaps we should regain some measure of control over our Community in the Summer months. I don't know about you, but I'm not particularly impressed by people using the ditches as toilets, and by the inlet looking and smelling like my septic tank. Then there's the minor irritations such as watching your boat smash against the dock after some inconsiderate slob roars past the dock at full throttle.

I think it is vital that we have a police officer stationed here next year for starters. I realize that some of you will feel that this will cramp your style, but I honestly believe that if we continue to allow the unruly behaviour of our visitors to go unchecked violence will result.

I must also confess that I am having second thoughts about the Community Pride program that was suggested last year. I really feel that some forum is needed whereby we can discuss the evolution of Barnfield and attempt to guide it while

we still can. At the time that I moved we shelve Community Pride until the road issue was settled. I honestly believed that a decision was imminent. I should have known better.

I hope that all of you who are eligible registered to vote for the Regional District. The deadline was August 31. It was advertised by mail and in the AV Times. I have yet to hear of anyone who is definitely running for the Regional Board, but for anyone who is considering running, the deadline for nominations is Monday, October 15 at 12:00 noon. Nomination papers are available from the Regional District office.

I'll be attending the Union of B.C. Municipalities Convention this month, so I should have more information for you next month on recycling, roads, and other items of interest. Until then you can hold this thought as you look at our polluted water, paths and ditches. Tourism is a nice clean industry!

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Minutes of a Meeting
by
Hannelore

The view onto Brady's Beach was screened off by a blue Toyota truck.

I skirted it to the left, found myself on a driftwood log with a man who put his arm around my waist before we had a chance to meet.

"Wanna beer, honey?" he drawled. Below the log, in the sand, a line of male bodies, five of them, roasting well-fattened skin under fog fed August sun, feet pointing landward, beers at hand, eyes glinting under black shades.

They leered up at me.

"Wanna beer, honey?" they said, not all of them in words.

"No, thanks, guys," I said, "I'm on my way to meet our local MLA."

I walked past the Teepee shaped rock where twenty years ago, when I was first here, a flock of native kids had been splashing in crystal surf and Auntie Ella was butterflying the big August Springs, staking them around an aldersmoke fire. The whole community of Barnfield was fed barbecued salmon that

day, a kind of West Coast Harvest Celebration with everyone knowing Salmon are gifts from the sea and we should be grateful for their annual return.

A girl in a black bikini lay sheltered from the wind behind the rock now. I wouldn't have noticed her except she had her ghetto-blasters on, Beachboys playing on the tape, her toes curling to the beat.

The sea was brown, the colour of forest floor decay. For a moment I wondered: was the sea throwing up, like the Mediterranean did last year when green slime covered the beaches of Rimini, the tourists couldn't swim all summer and the Greeks were getting their calamari from Argentina?

No, has to be Red Tide. I felt the water. It was warmer than I ever remembered it to be. Has to be Red Tide. This ocean is too big to throw up — yet.

I walked up the steps of the big house, entered a large room with a wide-angle view of West Coast Cedars, sands and rock. Blue patches shifted over brown sea as the Westwind played ball with August fog, wiping it off the sky intermittently, reflecting a heavenly blue on an angry ocean.

The aroma of fresh coffee hung in the room, a slice of lemon pie manifest itself on a plate in my lap. Opposite me, backlit like a shadow puppet against awesome West Coast Landscape, our local Representative of Government sat in an armchair rocker. Spread on either side of him a sea of faces. Some I had known for two decades, some new to the community.

He spoke: "your request is indeed an unusual one for a settlement this size," he said. "It is a unique request in all the history of development in British Columbia, perhaps in all of this great country of ours, Canada. You reject a road-link to the system of highways out there in the world, ask my help preventing that which is an inviolate North American dictum: every person's right to drive a car. You say you do not view road access to your community as either beneficial or progressive, rather as a threat to your way of life. This makes you unique, you West Bamfielders. Yours is a singularly unique request."

I looked out at the brown ocean. "Throw up, sea", I pleaded silently. "Throw up the garbage, the herring strip wrappers, the styrofoam trays, the sewage, the pulp mill effluents, the mosquito

fleet sludge, the supertanker oils that clog your skin. Spill it into this living room, leave the slime trembling on lemon pie, carpet and rocking chair. Shake this room with your choking gasp as you dive back into your tainted bed for yet another attack of nausea. Make them listen to 'unique' 'cause 'tried and true' ain't working out no more."

A young man spoke up: "I bought a business here a couple of years ago. I knew there was no road, it wasn't part of my business plan. I do fine. I make money. People come to my place precisely because there is no traffic, no smell of exhaust fumes. They come to hike and fish, to enjoy the beauty of the coast. We could use a scow landing, though, to haul things across the inlet."

"We might like a footbridge over to East Bamfield," said Fred. "Could be a suspension bridge hanging from hydro poles." "And," says Amy, "a little assistance from Highways to spruce up The Boardwalk would be appreciated. A lot of people come to Bamfield just to see 'The Boardwalk'. But two people can't walk side by side, it needs to be widened, last time they made the rails too high. Some lighting installed at waist level would keep

people from slipping on dogshit at night."

The MLA speaks again: "The department of Highways at this time is conducting a feasibility study concerning the roadlink accessing West Bamfield. Merely a feasibility study, mind you. I expect by the time environmental studies have been done, Native Landclaims have been acknowledged, property has been expropriated and a reasonable tax levy has been established we shall be well into the year 2000. I quite frankly cannot predict the state of our economy that far into the future. It is your guess as well as mine to project whether your community will be able to afford a road or not. It's going to be expensive, that much I know. But, if the majority of residents vote yes in a referendum we have to respect their preference as the deciding factor in this issue."

"How much is being spent on this feasibility study?" asks John.

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars?" gasps Margaret. "But we don't even want a road. Why not spend that money on upgrading local designated roads that Highways are already responsible for? So people can haul their stuff more easily from the government dock. So

older people people can walk to the Post Office and store without slipping on loose gravel rocks?"

"It's too late to stop the study now," says Mr. Janssen. "The survey has already been contracted out to Private Enterprise."

"I guess," says Margaret, "that's why they didn't trim the hedges on the sides of the roads this year. They must have been busy studying the feasibility of other roads."

"No," says Mr. Janssen, "they said they just forgot this year."

"You are our elected member of government, Mr. Janssen," I say. "You represent

our voices in the Legislature. We have all spent three hours with you on this summer afternoon. We have talked to you about a way of life in our community which for many years you have enjoyed also, as a guest. Look at us. Look outside through these windows onto our West Coast Land. How do you feel about this peninsula linking up to the highways of the outside world?"

"It would destroy your way of life."

Mr. Janssen paused barely a moment. "It would destroy your way of life," he said, flatly.

I would like to extend Mr. Janssen's prediction:

A roadlink to West Bamfield would not only destroy a way of life for those who chose to settle in a community devoid of the automobile pressure in larger centres. It would destroy a place where every minute of the day is comprehensible and meaningful, where there is time in a day to chat to neighbours, pick blackberries, go fishing, watch sunsets and see the Northern Lights. Where half of your paycheque may still go to rent money but you don't live in a box that you reach by walking on pavement, getting into an elevator, walking down a hallway breathing fumes of curry from Number 38 and pickled fish from Number 40 while you turn the key in Number 39.

Your wooden shack on the Boardwalk may be draughty and your well may run dry in late August - but - you can hear the eagles sing and watch them dive for a fish just outside your front door. You can take a break from work at lunchtime, walk on a quiet path through cedar trees.

You made that choice when you came here. That way of life will

be destroyed when you duck out of the way of the automobile.

And what about the way of life of nature? What of asphalt that comes with cars? There isn't a lot of room for asphalt on the Bamfield Peninsula. Not enough to accommodate the influx of tourists who will want to see the West Coast by car. The earth will choke under all that pavement, the trees will die of broken hearts, the ferns will wilt and the bears will be driven West until they fall into the ocean.

Pretty soon this town will be like any other West Coast tourist town: Drive in, go to the Pub, check into the motel, trailer your boat down into the chuck, spend the day fishing, do a little shopping, read the menus on restaurant windows and grab a bag of food from the Take-out Joint. You're tired. You want to eat in bed and watch TV. Tuck in early, slack tide's at four a.m. And tomorrow is your last day of fishing. Back to the grind on Monday in Big Smoke. Sure glad they finally built that road to West Bamfield. It was getting awfully crowded on the East side of town. Couldn't find a parking spot for the camper, found the local yokels let the air out of my tires cause I blocked someone's driveway. They're building some **BIG** Parking

Lots in West Bamfield now. It's not crowded - yet.

But, you know what happens to places that used to be off the beaten track. Remember Ucluelet?

I'd give Bamfield two years after they build that road.

So, go soon.

It's still unique.

They don't have a road to the outside world.

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School District 70 Alberni

4690 Roger St., Port Alberni, B.C. V9Y 3Z4 Ph. 723-3565

PUBLIC NOTICE

The Board of School Trustees of School District No. 70 (Alberni) wishes to clarify the electoral areas of the trustees. The present description of the electoral areas can lead to confusion, hence the desire to clarify the electoral boundaries.

The geographic boundaries of School District 70 (Alberni) and the Regional District of Alberni - Clayoquot are coincident, therefore the electoral areas of the School District will be revised to read:

Four trustees representing the City of Port Alberni;

Two trustees representing the Regional District areas of:

- Area A — Bamfield,
- Area B — Beaufort,
- Area D — Sproat Lake,
- Area E — Beaver Creek,
- Area F — Cherry Creek;

One trustee representing:

- Village of Ucluelet,
- District of Tofino, and
- Regional District Area C — Long Beach

For further information, contact the Secretary - Treasurer of the School District at 4690 Roger Street, Port Alberni, B.C. V9Y 3Z4 telephone 723-3565.

CRONE

by
Fred Welland

Hobbling through the market-
place
Rapping stick on cobbled stone
Sifting through the jostling
crowd
Glancing, peering, muttering
loud
Limping grey-wisped mumbling
crone.

Silence falls where'ere she goes
Grown folk avert their eye
Children sudden cease their
play
And hide their face from light of
day
As the old hag hobbles by

"Her time is nigh" you'd say of
her
And yet if truth be said
You'll rot away beneath the sod
Your soul in flight toward its god
She'll watch it go ahead

Limping through the pushing
throng
Quick peering darting glance
She stops - looks up, she's
standing there

Her eyes seize yours in flinty
stare

Your soul is held in trance

Weights up your life in one hard
gaze

A cold appraising look
Dull chill strikes through to
marrow's core

She nods her head and nods
once more -

And turning, limps off bent and
crook

You're sudden chilled and weak
and faint

Joints aching all awry
The hag creaks on, tho' faster
now

Her step is lighter, so you'd vow
Than when she first came nigh.

You draw some water from the
well

The ripples form and smooth
You peer down deep to see your
face

But shrinking back avert your
gaze -

The crone stares back at you!

Late that night 'neath harvest
moon

She twists and turns and whirls
Capers awkward, gaunt and
slow

Stick legs a-jerk in moonlit glow
And laughs out like a girl!

While you feel faint and years of
age
and creep in to your bed
Whence came this sudden ache
of bone
This feeling of being all alone
As if your soul was dead?

JOHN GISBORNE

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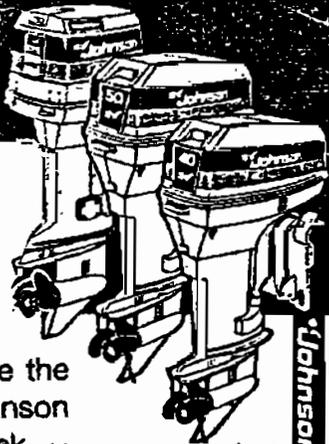
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Exploration of the Sea & Shore At the Bamfield Marine Station

The Bamfield Marine Station, a modern university-sponsored marine research and education facility, is located on the south side of Barkley Sound, on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. The great diversity of marine and terrestrial habitats and local history make it an ideal location for a variety of natural history field trips. The program cost includes accommodation in cabins, meals, and instruction. For further information and registration please call the Bamfield Marine Station at (604) 728-3301 during office hours (08:30-16:30, M-F)

ETHNOBOTANY & NATURAL HISTORY OF COASTAL PLANTS

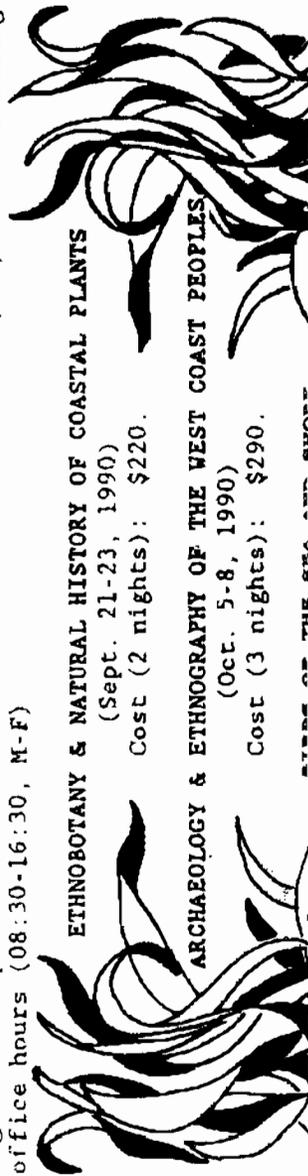
(Sept. 21-23, 1990)

Cost (2 nights): \$220.

ARCHAEOLOGY & ETHNOGRAPHY OF THE WEST COAST PEOPLES

(Oct. 5-8, 1990)

Cost (3 nights): \$290.



STATE OF THE SEA AND SHORE



PLUNGE INTO THE PACIFIC WITH A SCIENTIST
(Nov. 2-4, 1990)
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**WILLIAM EDDY BANFIELD
ARTICLES**

**Number Five
Ohiat District
August 28, 1858**

The Ohiat Indians are a large tribe, about four hundred and fifty or five hundred strong. They inhabit the eastern side of Nitinat (Barkley) Sound which is distant from Pachinett about thirty miles, and about eighty from Victoria. It is, properly speaking, a distinct Sound of itself; a belt of islands separating it from Nitinat Sound. It has a good entrance, and not the least danger need be apprehended by giving Currasco Point a good berth, some sunken reefs lying immediately off that point. Ships of any size can find excellent anchorage and shelter in from ten to fifteen fathoms water fifteen miles from the mouth, and there are scores of beautiful harbors for small craft. It contains a complete Archipelago. The Indian villages are numerous from the very point. They are traceable for twelve or fourteen miles up the Sound, but in winter they assemble in one encampment, showing a full mile frontage. One

chief controls the whole, his name is Cleshin.

The waters of this Sound abound with salmon and other fish. Herring come on this coast in February and March in immense quantities, equal to anything that ever I have seen either on the Scotch, Yarmouth or Cornish coasts. They are caught with a small bag net. These Indians also catch a number of whales, and make a quantity of oil from dog-fish and seals. They are likewise great hunters of bears, land-otters, martins, beavers, mink, raccoons, and sea-otters. They exchange these commodities with white traders and the Indians in the interior for blankets, tobacco, powder, shot, calico, etc. The timber is fine on this Sound and of large growth. It is the place best adapted on the Island for export of lumber mills and spar material.

From this head-land the Nootka Sound is the land always first made by ships from San Francisco or the Sandwich Islands, bound to Victoria or ports on Puget Sound; and frequently sailing ships are a week, at times a fortnight, in gaining their port of destination after sighting Ohiat head. In the summer this delay is occasioned by calms and powerful currents, in the winter by strong southeast winds

which prevail five days out of seven. Its passage would obviate the intricate circumscribed navigation of Puget Sound for sailing ships, and without exaggeration would make a difference of at least ten days on the voyage. Much English capital is directed towards Puget Sound at present, purchasing lumber and spars for the English, South American and China markets, that might be more profitably invested on this island.

This Sound runs up about fifteen miles. It then meets the Alberni Canal, where there is a small tribe of about eighty Indians called Howcheaklesets; they are also fishermen and great hunters. Large quantities of oil and skins, furs, etc., are procured here. These Indians and the Ohiats are friendly and well disposed towards whites. Many finely modeled canoes are made at Ohiat, large cedars abounding in the vicinity. They trade these canoes off to the Macaws for muskets, etc.

The Ohiat Indians intermarry more with the Macaws than with their neighbors on the Island. All the Vancouver (Island) Indians are much inclined to intermarry with other tribes, not only to form an alliance that will strengthen them against the inroads and war-

like incursions of stronger tribes, but, as far as I could understand, (and I have made particular inquiry) to prevent as far as possible the degeneracy of race. Even where they marry in their own tribe, (which the poorer orders invariably have to do) two brothers children's children cannot marry. The ungainly method of flattening the head is prevalent among the Clallams is not resorted to here to any extent of disfiguration. The Ohiats are much accustomed to wear a pearl shell in their ears and nose. Here and among the Nitinats, both these organs are perforated in infancy for the purpose of suspending these ornaments.

The Alberni Canal is narrow, and has great depth of water. For some distance on each side, high hills, very thickly wooded and almost perpendicular, obstruct the traveller's view. As one nears the head of navigation, the country becomes gradually less wooded, and at its head a beautiful grazing country or deer park for miles discloses itself. This is one of the finest locations on Vancouver Island, for agricultural and pastoral pursuits. Copper ore has also been found in this locality. A small tribe of Indians, (about twenty) wholly devoted to the chase, live here. ♦

They intertraffic with the Ohiats and Howcheaklesets, as well as the Indians of Nanaimo, from the head waters of the Alberni Canal to the nearest point, (marked on Imray's charts, Point Araus,) on the east side of Vancouver Island, is not above twenty-five miles. Nanaimo is no considerable distance, an Indian trail connecting them.

It would be no Utopian idea or absurd opinion to hazard the prediction that five years of the future will produce an Anglo-American Liverpool in the immediate neighborhood of this Sound, connected by an iron road with Nanaimo, the Newcastle of the North Pacific, on which the swift wings of steam power will transport merchandise and mails from the head-waters of the Alberni to Nanaimo, and thence across the Gulf of Georgia to the mouth of the Fraser. This scheme is nothing impracticable or improbable, but feasible in every shape. Two hours, at twenty miles per hour by railroad, would accomplish the distance from the head of the canal to Nanaimo, (the topography of the country being suited to railways,) and four hours more, allowing for transshipment and other incidental detentions - would carry a steam-

boat across the Gulf to the mouth of the Fraser.

The Nitinat and Ohiat waters are in every way adapted to form a great commercial emporium and mercantile depot on Vancouver Island, embracing, north and south, many ports, extensive, commodious, and safe receptacle for ships of any class, from the little Leviathan to her mammoth namesake. The waters team with fish, and the land is good and varied. Woodland, agricultural and pastoral sections, mineral deposits both of coal and copper are known to exist in the vicinity. It is the nearest port to San Francisco, and a good ocean steamer could accomplish the trip easily in three days. A magnificent inland steam navigation is open for vessels of one thousand tons to the head of Alberni Canal. All that is wanted to create a city is for immigrants to see it, settle and develop it. My next will be a continuation of description of the harbors and tribes of Indians in Nitinat (Barkley) Sound.

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(Salami, green pepper, Olive, mushroom)	7.75	10.50	14.00
Extra Cheese	.75	1.00	1.50

NATURE NOTES BIRDS, ET CETERA

by
Ida Welland

This is summer — no question about it. Day follows day of glorious sunshine. Granted, we have had one good rainfall in — how long? Peter Janitis tells me we have had days of sunshine with only inches (okay okay) mm of rain. A summer to remember!

All this excess of heat does appear to have a few drawbacks, however. The woods are very hazardous and fire season extends on and on. Our share of sunshine has sometimes been diluted with early (sometimes late morning) fog, but the temperature is just now beginning to moderate, e.g. 50 degrees or even down into the 40's. In some northern areas snow has been reported. Poor devils! Still, if you insist on living somewhere else other than Bamfield, you have to expect a few environmental brickbats.

Come to think of it, even Bamfield has been suffering. Numerous cases of an affliction normally unknown in this corner of the world have been reported. Indeed, its

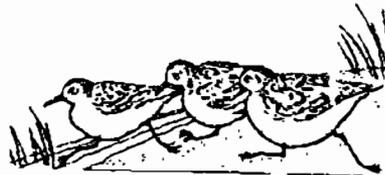
occurrence here is extremely rare. It was only after much consultation and poring over abstruse medical texts that it was finally diagnosed as *sunburn*.

We recently found remnants of an adult Bald Eagle washed ashore, as well as those of a seal. Human slaughter? Or Natural causes? or What?

* * * * *

Freddie and I wandered down to Brady's Beach on one of our sporadic summer outings. It was not long before we came upon small flocks of Sanderlings scurrying along the water's edge, busily searching the wet sand for tiny crusta-

ceans
or any
other
tiny
titbits.
Stand
still



near the surf line and they will work their way past you with hardly a glance, all the while following the waves in and out, busily dipping their sturdy black bills into the sand, ever searching for their specialties in the sand food mart.

Special for you, Jim S., the vital statistics. Common name: Sanderling — Sand Snipe or

Whiteye. Scientific Name: Now there's a problem. I have two scientific names to choose from. Most frequently used in the reference books is *Calidris alba*. However, in Peterson's Field Guide to Western Birds, the Sanderling is called *Crocethia alba* — so take your choice, kind sir. Size: Stated to be from 7" to 8¾". It is difficult to judge but (I thought) they were midgets in bird-land. Few water birds are as transistorized as these mites.

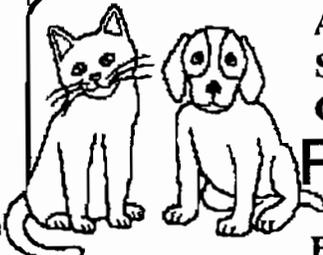
These little birds are pretty hardy stock. In Springtime they travel from as far south as Timbo River, Peru, way way up to Ellesmere Island, Victoria Island, and thereabouts in the Arctic Circle — a trip which takes about 100 hours of flying time. They are reported to zoom along, flying at speeds of 40 to 50 miles per hour. Of course, they stop to rest and feed — at any location where there are such dainties as Sand Crabs. These world travellers winter along the coasts of the United States, Great Britain, China, the Southern Hemisphere, as well as the Hawaiian Islands, and southern coast of British Columbia to points south.

They nest on the stony tundra where they lay 4 buffy-colored spotted eggs. I believe I've seen

these birds during the winter months, but in any case they are busy on the local beaches now and can hold one's attention for quite a spell, trailing them along the surf-line.

Well, don't want to be too long-winded, so guess that's it for this time. I'll endeavour to report more of the odds and sods things next time.

Happy Birding Folks!



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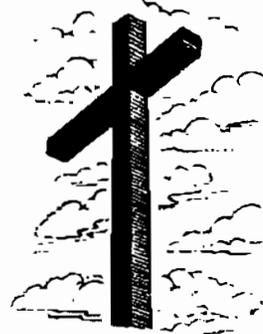
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728-3388**

United Church News

by
Rev. Mary Steele

On August 14, my husband, Harry, and I arrived in Bamfield from New Brunswick. For the last five years we served in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, location of the east coast marine biological station. Now we are very happy to have come to the west coast.

As we shall be living in Bamfield, services will be held every Sunday morning at 11:00 a.m. We look forward to serving the community and getting to know you all.



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FIRE WEEK

by
Bernice Stewart

The Bamfield Volunteer Fire Department held its annual Fire Week August 4 to 11 to raise funds for renovations and improvements to the Fire Hall.

The first event was a Fishing Derby. The entry fee was \$10 per person. The prizes were a percentage of the money from the tickets. First prize of \$152.50 went to Tom Weir, who weighed in a 45 pound Tye. Second prize of \$91.50 was won by Jim Danbury with a 33 pound Tye. Third was won by Jim Wood, weighing in a 31 pound Tye which made Jim richer by \$61. Hidden weight prizes went to:

Fred Formasa, Steve Demontigny, Dan Bingham, Ian McDonald, Dick Buirier, Jim Varette, Jim Rutherford and Ken Cameron.

The children's derby prize for the biggest fish caught went to Gary Bozak, who weighed in a 2 1/4 pound rock cod and won a Koala Bear from Australia, donated by Harold and Clara Freer. Prize for the most fish entered went to Christina Mather who won \$25

donated by McKay Bay Lodge. A radio, donated by Barlow's Home Entertainment Centre was won by Danny Robles for the most unusual fish entered, a sea anemone. A racing boat, donated by P.Y. Marine, was won by Ben Bozak for the only sea cucumber entered. Prizes went to Christina Mather for the only coho entered, to Jamie Dunsmore for a quarter pound spring and to Kyle Cashin for the only perch. Prizes for various sizes of rock or tommy cod went to:

Kirsten Mikkelsen, Sean Cashin, Brandy Bozak, Graham Barber, Heather McLeod, Violet Robles, Kyle Cashin, Drew McMurtrie and Mark Myers.

Many thanks to Kingfisher Marina for the use of their dock for the weigh-in. The Fishing Derby dance held in the evening was very well attended.

The Ladies Auxiliary added a new attraction to Fire Week, the First Annual Bamfield Bake Off. Winners were:

Cakes: Rae Hopkins, Marian Stokes and Nancy Sanders.

Cookies and Squares: Marie Ostrom, Irma Cashin.

Pies: Agnes Hall, Irma Cashin and Polly Garcia.

Breads: Polly Garcia, Audrie Bailey and Rae Hopkins.

Children's Entries: Jessica Hicks, Brooke Cameron and Heather McLeod.

The pool and dart tournaments were won by Andre Courtemanche and Linda Mather.

At the Children's Midway ticket purchases gave them chances to win prizes from a fish pond, dart throw, ball throw, ring toss and an obstacle course. The children could have their faces painted and buy helium balloons from a clown. The highlight of the events for the children (and many adults) was the water drop. Everyone wanted a chance to put Donald Amos or Dave Hutchinson in the tank of water. Thank you to the Marine Station for supplying the tank.

Bingo was held later in the evening. Thanks to Roger Demontigny and Roxanne Lang for calling and to Loretta Amos and Monica Odenwald for collecting the cards.

Sand castle building at Pachena Beach was next. Best individual castle went to Megan Myers. Prizes in the six to eight year old division went to Ira Wyton, Russell Hicks, Jamie Dunsmore, Mark Myers, Silas Spence and Noah Spence. Winners in the age nine to eleven division were Dean and Kyle Cashin, Alex Cameron, Chris

Hansen, Tina Charles, Christina Mather, Jessica Hicks, Jennifer Hicks and Lana. Twelve to fourteen year old prizes went to Linda Mather, Jenny Hansen and Scotty Amos. Prizes in the family division went to Brandy, Ben and Gary Bozak and their mom, Sue and to Laura Whitney, Grant Dybdal and Jillian McKnight. Many thanks to Don Levitan, Nancy Sanders and Kathryn Cook for judging and to Eileen Scott and Louise Shipley for help with hot dogs for lunch. That evening there was a Fire Practise demonstration and viewing of the newly purchased Fire Truck.

Water baseball at the Marine Station provided a great deal of entertainment. Thank you to Marine Station Director John McInerney for allowing us the use of the dock.

Friday Casino Night winners were: Heather Campbell, Steve Hawkins and Louise Shipley.

Winner of the 8th Annual Intertidal Golf Tournament was Brian McKay, with a score of 42. Second prize went to Sean Cashin, with a 43 and third to Ray Kemp's with a 44. Highest scores recorded on the par 63 course went to Linda Mather and Danielle Baker, who each scored 115.

Our golf tournament would not be complete without the many costumes that our golfers wear. Where else can you golf in rubber boots. Costume prizes went to the Tu Tu Sisters, Rick and Don McLeod and to Chris Baker, who came as a robot. This year with the weather cooperating the tables were put up outside which made it a very festive outdoor barbecue. The evening golf dance was well attended.

Many thanks to the individual donations for Fire Week, and to the many businesses in both Bamfield and Port Alberni who donated

prizes. Fire Chief Ben Bozak and officers and members of the Bamfield Volunteer Fire Department would again like to thank all sponsors and all those who participated in the events. You helped to make our Fire Week a huge success.



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QUESTIONS

If I were to drop
a stone into the pool
of thought,
and watch the ripples
roll towards the shore,
who is to say
that stone
was not dropped before?

And, as its echos
whisper upon the beach
of time
one after one after each
like repetitive rhyme,
who is to know
those words
were yours or mine?

And so lives fall
out of the limb-locked
throes of men,
and new ripples roll
towards the strand.
Who is to tell
what wave
shall reach the land?

— Pat Grace

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Scubasily Stupidity

by

John Boom

Seven severely stoned scotch-sipping scuba-sillies snorkelled somnambulently seaward, surveying submarine scenery. Several sleek, sordid, savage sharks sliced swiftly shoreward, sensing some sustenance.

Suzy Smart Scuba-silly, sensing something strange, suddenly shrieked, "Sharks! Sharks! Six sordid savage suckers! Swim Shoreward! Swim Shoreward!"

Sally stupid Scuba-silly swam slowly, so slowly. She sank, sampling some scallops, stroking some sea stars.

Sammy Smartshark, sizing Sally's shoulders, smiled, "She seems succulent! She's screwed!" Sammy soon snipped Sally's shin, subsequently seizing Sally's supple shoulder.

Stevey Swiftshark slickly sucked Sally's side, slurping Sally's spleen.

Soames Sleekshark scrunched Sally's skull, sending Sally's sweet cerebellum squirting suddenly seaward.

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*Saul Shrewdshark shredded
Sally's shank; simple shank stew
satisfied Saul.*

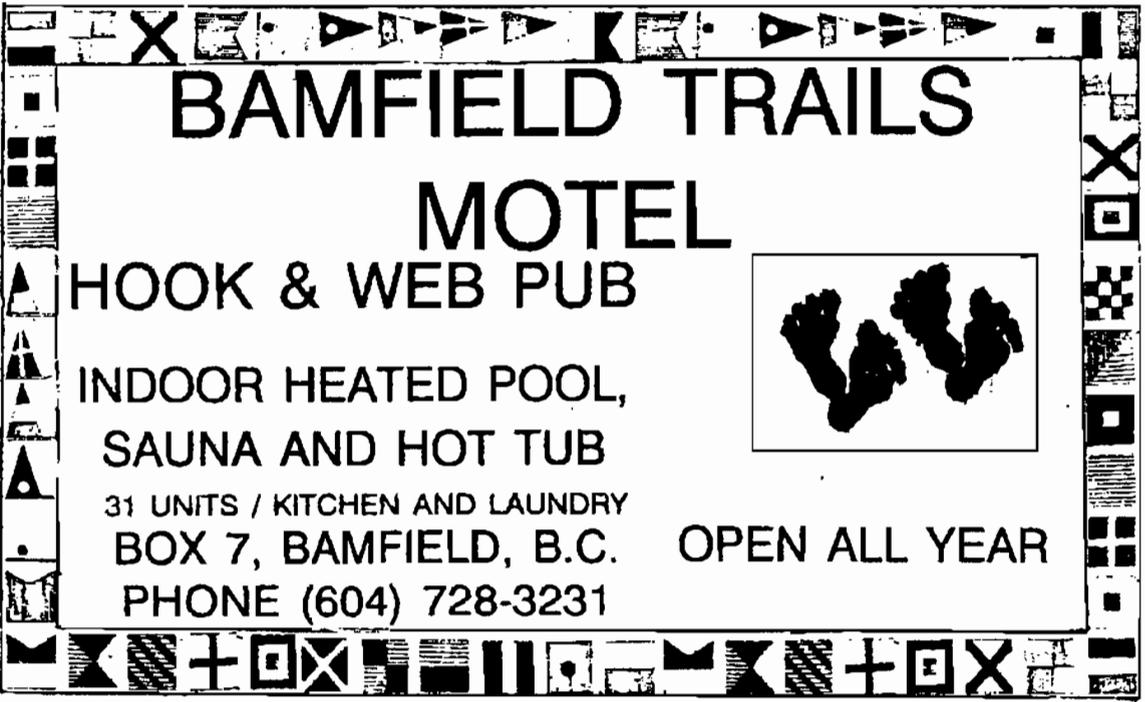
*Spleen sauce sur cerebellum
souffle sufficed Stevey's supper.
Sammy simmered some sauteed
shoulder soup. Sally supremely
served several sharks.*

*Six severely sobered scuba
sillies scrambled swiftly shoreward
sensing salvation, savouring several
scotch.*

ETIQUETTE

In Papua New Guinea the cannibals struck
And sacked the temples from eave
to gutter
Their greatest delight that terrible
night
Was to feast on the victims after
the fight
And the commonest cry they were
heard to utter
Was "Hey, down there, please pass
the Buddha!"

Fred Welland



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3 lbs. fresh tomatoes, cut in chunks
 4 cloves garlic, minced or whole
 8 fresh basil leaves
 2 tablespoons brown sugar
 1 teaspoon salt
 freshly ground pepper, minced
 parsley, fresh dill.

Place tomatoes, garlic and basil in a covered pan, cook on medium until tomatoes are liquified. Cool, remove basil, and puree the tomatoes and garlic in a blender (whole garlic cloves may be removed with the basil, for a milder soup). Season with brown sugar, salt and pepper.

Reheat before serving, and sprinkle each serving with freshly minced parsley and/or dill.

Serves three or four.

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CAPE BEALE WEATHER

by
Donnie, Lightkeeper

For the month of August at Cape Beale, the high temperature was 21.5°C and the month's lowest temperature was 10°C. (That's about 70°F and 50°F.)

Mean minimum was 11.6°C
Mean maximum was 14.5°C.



Cape Beale received a total of 64.5 mm of precipitation (about 2 inches), with 21 days without any rain.

Compared with August of 1989, the high temperature then was 15.9°C and the low was 11.4°C (between 50°F and 60°F). There were 20 days without precipitation, and a total of 45.3 mm of rain. This August was warmer and wetter than last year.

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Here's a recipe to use some of that prolific crop of zucchini, the vegetable that loves Bamfield weather.

3 cups grated zucchini
3 eggs
1/2 cup flour
1/4 cup vegetable oil
1 1/2 teaspoons salt

Drain zucchini on paper toweling to remove excess liquid. Beat eggs very well--this makes the pancakes light. Blend zucchini into eggs with oil and salt. Add flour and stir just until blended (batter will be slightly lumpy).

Pour 1/4 cup of batter per cake onto a medium hot griddle greased with a few drops of oil; tip skillet to spread batter thinly. When bubbles form on the top of each pancake, flip and cook a few more minutes. Serve immediately either with maple syrup or rolled up and topped with applesauce or yogurt.



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