

The K.R.T.A. Bridge

Spring 2012

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. Our motto: "It's great to remember but the bliss is to forget."

Online The Bridge may be seen at: www.krta.ca



Ha-ha-happy New Year! Investment tips for 2012. Watch for these consolidations later on this year: 1.) Hale Business Systems, Mary Kay Cosmetics, Fuller Brush, and W. R. Grace Co. will merge and become: Hale, Mary, Fuller, Grace. 2.) 3M will merge with Goodyear and become: MMMGood. 3.) Zippo Manufacturing, Audi Motors, Dofasco, and Dakota Mining will merge and become: ZipAudiDoDa . 4.) FedEx is expected to join its competitor, UPS, and become: FedUP. 5.) Fairchild Electronics and Honeywell Computers will become: Fairwell Honeychild. 6.) Grey Poupon and Docker Pants are expected to become: PouponPants. 7.) Knotts Berry Farm and the National Organization of Women will become: Knott NOW! And finally... 8.) Victoria 's Secret and Smith & Wesson will merge under the new name: TittyTittyBangBang... (Sorry about the last one. It's just a rumour - buy the rumour, sell the news!)

Kamloops Retired Teachers' Executive 2011-2012

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Kamloops Retired Teachers' Association Cottonwood Centre 2011/12 General Meetings

Feb. 24, 2012 Nicaragua project or guest geologist
Mar. 30, 2012 Bursary guests and Silent Auction
Apr. 27, 2012 Mystery Master Gardener
May 25, 2012 Elizabeth Duckworth, Klps Museum
June – Year End/Interbranch (to be booked)

Planning Meeting

August 25 at Donna W's at 10:00

2011/2012 Executive Meetings ABC Family Restaurant

Feb. 14, 2012

Mar. 20, 2012

Apr. 17, 2012

May 15, 2012

Your President moved, and your Executive seconded the motion:

WE WISH YOU ALL A CAPITAL YEAR!

KRTA Life

In October Ken Wou gave a wondrous Workshop on Photography



Presenter Ken Wou,



Seeking Ken's advice after the presentation are Pat Petley, Norma Brown, and Alf Law

Salient points of Ken's presentation

On buying a camera: Know what you want and what you are getting for what. *Point and shoot \$100-300, "Prosumer" [Sic.] cameras \$ 300 – 900, (Ken uses a Canon).*

Know your modes! •Program •Auto •AV (Aperture priority) •TV (Shutter priority) •Manual •Bulb •Long exposures 10-30 seconds or longer •Tripod required **Simpler modes:** • Sports mode •Camera picks faster shutter speed•Freezes the action•Macro mode •Real close and personal•There are limits•**Scenic/landscape modes** Increase blues and green•**Night modes** Longer exposures in dim light. Need tripod •Portrait mode. **What's in the menus?** •Controls self timers •Controls screen brightness •Controls white balance •Sets date and time •Controls audible sounds •Controls flash •Controls colour/B&W/tone

Camera orientation •Landscape•Portrait•Fill the picture!Bright colors can add vibrancy, energy and interest - however in the wrong position they can also distract viewers of an image away from focal points.Colors also greatly impact 'mood'. Blues and Greens can have a calming soothing impact, Reds and Yellows can convey vibrancy and energy. •Get the eyes sharp •Use a tripod •Increase shutter speed •Use manual focus**Composition** •Rule of thirds •Backgrounds •Lighting •Glare•attention to Symmetry, Patterns and Lines. Consult Reference Books •Magazines•Other websites

Resources on the web: •www.dpreview.com •www.photographyreview.com •www.camerareview.com •www.dcresource.com •www.stevesdigicams.com•www.fredmiranda.com

Kamloops Photo Club •Every Wednesday night •Showcase •Lighting, portraits, photoshop •Night trip, outdoor trips,•Guest speakers•Low cost (\$35/year, \$20 after Feb) •Henry Grube centre

As a senior citizen was driving down the motorway, his car phone rang.

Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, " Vernon , I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on M25. Please be careful!"

"Hell," said Vernon, "It's not just one car... It's hundreds of them!"

In November, students from Beattie Elementary entertained us.



Jennica Alpaugh conducts the Beattie School Choir that came out in force: 70 plus singers! The children got into the act, presenting tableaux (below) as well as singing and were very well received. The performance included three part singing of quite good quality. The selection included Christmas songs and some others the children were working on. All in all, the performance justified all expectations and we were happy to see the childrens' faces light up the room. We had quite a variety of presentations over the years, but none more welcome than this. To be sure, consciously, unconsciously or both: we miss the kids!



This, our early Christmas luncheon, was well attended as always. As welcome and as truly interesting and rewarding our programme presentations are, judging from the banter and the programless September meeting, we are enjoying each other's company no less.

In January, our Meeting featured gentle exercising

Complimenting the healthy food choices there were gentle, healthy exercises offered for all participants. We did what we could to move our variously rusty joints to the best of our abilities. Good fun was had by all. We'll be looking forward to the rest of our spring programs, not to mention next fall's. You should be able to read about those in the fall issue of The Bridge, God willing. Speaking of God, it's confession time: your editor played hooky (Who knew what day it was?) so there are no pictures of us in gym attire here. Damnation or relief? I'll go with "God is merciful."

Reminder

A Passion for Sharing, Second Edition is for sale while copies last. Contact Marie Larouche!

Membership issues by Darrel Johnson

HOW DO YOU RECEIVE YOUR BRIDGE?

Fewer than 170 are now receiving The Bridge by mail. The rest are either picking up a copy at the meeting (Oct. and Feb.) or reading it on the website. I have a file on my computer of members that do not attend or receive notice of meetings that I send out in February and October to remind members when the new issue has been posted on the website. If you would like to receive such notice and no longer receive a mailed copy, please email me at dm.johnson@shaw.ca. Our website is www.krta.ca. Our goal is to reduce the cost of our mail out. I have had a couple of our lifetime members who have sent a card with stamps for mailing. That is not necessary. We have a healthy bank account.

EMAIL ADDRESSES

The head office of the BCRTA has started adding email addresses to their data bank which enables them to put out information to members in a more timely fashion if necessary. You can also choose to receive the Postscript online at the BCRTA website at www.bcrt.ca. Please send your email address to Kristi@bcrt.com or pat@bcrt.com. I also ask that if you change your address and/or email address that you inform the BCRTA and the KRTA. Several have made changes in the last few months and have not given me notice. When I go to send an email it then hangs up in my outbox until I identify the problem address and remove it from my list. As I have been away most of the last three months. My wife removed the names to get email out about meetings. If you are no longer receiving notice and wish to, please notify me at dm.johnson@shaw.ca. I do try to call but also have not got answers.

MEMBERSHIP AND LUNCHEONS

Our membership has grown to 425 members. We received a certificate of recognition at the AGM last fall as we had an increase of 5%. For our luncheons at the North Shore Community Centre the caterers have been changed several times starting in October. The Manager also changed in December as Dwight Høglund retired. We have had a real issue with getting an accurate count that is now wanted by Wednesday at noon. Thus, it is important that I have responses from email and phoners by no later than 10:00 Wednesday morning and preferably Tuesday evening. I have some e-mails that are perpetually late and I now have to say no unless I have also received a late cancellation. This issue is to be discussed by the Executive at our Feb 14th meeting. Stay tuned to email or the websites for

updates. [Editor's note. As you may know Darrel has had health issues and has been attending to his mother who passed away from cancer recently. Through it all, as the above indicates, he has never dropped the ball. To no small measure, the KRTA is what it is because of him. Thank you Darrel for your unselfish, varied, long standing, most dedicated service!]

A rich man with a rare blood type needs a blood transfusion. A computer search identifies Kohn as a match. Kohn is willing, but when he discovers that the rich man is an Arab, he thinks it better to consult the rabbi. "Son, he is a human being also, help him out," advises the rabbi. A week later Kohn receives a thank you card and a gift box containing a gold ingot from the Arab. All is well for a while, but a few years later the Arab is in need of a transfusion again. This time, Kohn is eager to help. On cue, he receives a thank you letter and a gift box, containing four bars of chocolate. Upset, he seeks out the rabbi again. "The last time I received a gold ingot, and now he sends me four chocolate bars," he says, "this is an insult. I am outraged." "Don't forget," says the rabbi, "he has your blood now!"

Heritage Committee – Report by Marie Larouche

The Heritage Committee's newest project is a history of the Central Mainland (Kamloops) Branch of Retired Teachers' Association. As we have been in existence for forty years (since March 30, 1971), Donna Walsh, President, has asked me to research the history for a celebration in 2012. Researching the history of the KRTA was the next project I had suggested we work on for publication. However, a request from Warren Demer's family to re-publish *A Passion for Sharing* as we had sold all of the first edition took priority. The plan is to list all the Presidents and Executives over the last forty years, interview as many of them as are willing to share their experience and accomplishment during their terms. If you have any pictures of the Executive you were on, we would be glad to have them for the book. Please put names and dates on the back of the picture.

The first chapter of the new book has been written by Marie. Reading it we learn that the inaugural meeting was held at Harold's Restaurant, the movers and seconders to form the association were Miss Kay Bingham and Mrs. Fanny Kenny. The business consisted of naming the association (KDRTA), [When and why did we drop the D?], asking to affiliate with the provincial body (BCRTA, already formed). The meeting endorsed Karl K. Knapp's "Recommendations for Pensions Equalization" proposal and asked the KDTA to endorse it also. There were fifteen members at the meeting, and Marie lists them all, numbered in this order: J. D. Howard, J.J. Morse, Karl K. Knapp, Mrs. Fanny Kenny, Mrs. Eileen Olsen, Mrs. Dora Furiak, Mrs. Marion Schilling, Mrs. Eileen McLennan, Miss K. Lawrence, Mrs. William A. Farquharson, Miss T. Nixon, Miss K. Bingham, Mrs. G. McGilvray, Mrs. Mary Lambert, Miss K. Lawrence and Mrs. J. D. Howard. Election of officers were held with the following result:

President: K. K. Knapp
Vice-President: J. J. Morse
Secretary: J. D. Howard
Treasurer: Mrs. M. Schilling

The BCRTA President's Bill 12 Update to February 6, 2012

Colleagues

For us it all started with a letter. In mid-November we each received a letter from the BC College of Teachers stating that our present status would be changed forever on January 6, 2012. These letters were greeted with surprise, shock, and outrage. The BCRTA sent off an official letter to the Minister of Education, and many letters from individuals and branches followed. The Advocacy Committee was designated to plan our responses and asked for a meeting with the ministry before Xmas. On December 22 we met with the Deputy Minister, James Gorman, and his associates at the BCCT offices in Vancouver. We asked for an extension of the deadline, but were told it was a legislated date and only the legislature could change it. We asked to be able to maintain our present 'non-practising' status. We were told there would be only one classification of certification, that of active teachers. We asked about Options 2 and 3. We were told that those retired teachers who did not renew their certification would have no black marks against their names. Their college membership merely ceased with the legislation that dissolved the college. Personnel records would be maintained and available should a retired teacher seek to obtain a practicing certification in the future. The Deputy Minister was very positive and concerned about our feelings. He said there was no intention to insult or alienate retired teachers.

On February 1, 2012, we met with the Minister of Education, George Abbott, and James Gorman and Chris Sandve in the Premier's Vancouver Office at Canada Place. The Minister was sincere and apologized for the perceived slight the retired teachers had endured. We presented our desire to establish a transition period up to June 30, 2012, to allow those members who have not learned of the transformation and those who did not fully understand the three options to make their reasoned decisions. We also restated our interest in maintaining our present status, at an appropriate fee, under the new regime. Our reception was very positive, and our requests received and will continue to receive due consideration. The Minister wishes to honour retired teachers and will explore a variety of means to do so. We have been offered space in the new version of the College magazine where we can express our views. We all plan to meet again in about three months. In addition, we want to meet with the new Teachers' Council when it is established. It is this council that could create a certificate classification for non-practising teachers.

We have now a very good working relationship with the Ministry. The communications we sent, individually, collectively, and officially, really established the BCRTA as a viable concern for educational issues.

The impact of Bill 12 is still being felt, and those questions that remain still need to be answered. We are much more hopeful now than we were in November just after we received our letters.

Sincerely,

Douglas Edgar, President

Being Retired... from Eva Harvey

When is a retiree's bedtime? Three hours after he falls asleep on the couch. How many retirees to change a light bulb? Only one, but it might take all day. What's the biggest gripe of retirees? There is not enough time to get everything done. Why don't retirees mind being called Seniors? The term comes with a 10% discount. Among retirees what is considered formal attire? Tied shoes. Why do retirees count pennies? They are the oonly ones who have the time. What is the common term for someone who enjoys work and refuses to retire? *Nuts!* Why are retirees so slow to clean out the basement, attic or garage? They know that as soon as they do, one of their adult kids will want to store stuff there. What do retirees call a long lunch? Normal. What is the best way to describe retirement? The never ending Coffee Break. What's the biggest advantage of going back to school as a retiree? If you cut classes, no one calls your parents. Why does a retiree often say he doesn't miss work, but misses the people he used to work with? He is too polite to tell the whole truth. ***And, my very favorite....*** What do you do all week? Monday through Friday, NOTHING..... Saturday & Sunday, I rest. * Reporters interviewing a 104-year-old woman: 'And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?' She replied, 'No peer pressure.' I've sure gotten old! I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license! * I feel like my body has gotten totally out of shape, so I got my doctor's permission to join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour. But, by the time I got my leotards on, the class was over. * An elderly woman decided to prepare her will and told her preacher she had two final requests. First, she wanted to be cremated, and second, she wanted her ashes scattered over [Wal-Mart](#). 'Wal-Mart?' the preacher exclaimed. 'Why Wal-Mart?' 'Then I'll be sure my daughters visit me twice a week.' * Know how to prevent sagging? Just eat till the wrinkles fill out. * It's scary when you start making the same noises as your coffee maker. * These days about half the stuff in my shopping cart says, 'For fast relief.' Always Remember This: You don't stop laughing because you grow old, you grow old because you stop laughing.

From Brian Thompson: Paradoxes

Boxing rings are square. * We have noses that run and feet that smell.*We park in a driveway and drive in a parkway.*Why is a slim chance and a fat chance the same thing? Why is a wise guy and a wise man the opposite? Your house can burn up while it is burning down.*An alarm goes off by going on.

***Last call for dinner.** Bursary fundraiser dinner on Sunday, April 15th between 5-8 p.m.. Tickets available at Feb. Luncheon. Menu: Salmon, steak, chicken, salad. Cost \$ 10.00 per ticket. A 50-50 Draw will also take place. Have a low cost dinner and support a good cause!

2011 Bursary Awards at TRU



All smiles: Jennifer Martin, Donna Walsh, Shawna Torres, Jamie Allen, Darrel Johnson

Missing from the picture is Bev Maxwell, who is front and centre of our Bursary Drive, and has been working ceaselessly and tirelessly raising funds to make our Bursary self supporting and not dependent on yearly fundraisers. Thanks largely to her leadership and a lot of cooperative effort, we are now close to reaching that goal. This has been a major effort lasting for many years, and Bev deserves all the recognition in the world.

This year *Jennifer Martin* and *Shawna Torres* received our Bursary, while *Jamie Allen* (in red), received the R.R. Smith Bursary. We have received thank you cards from both of our recipients. Jennifer wrote: Dear KRTA, THANK YOU for the Bursary that you awarded me. Your generosity could not have come at a better time and is greatly appreciated. The financial assistance you have provided will ensure that I will be able to continue my studies in the coming winter semester. I look forward to meeting everyone in March and having the opportunity to thank everyone in person. Thanks. Jennifer Martin. Shawna wrote: Thank you so much for the generous donation. Even though you have retired from your teaching career, you continue to make a difference in the lives of students. I appreciate the gift greatly! Sincerely, Shawna Torres

Food for Thought

A) A not-just-personal story. Our daughter, Laurel, invited Judit, a 28-year old relative from my old country, to spend six months with her in Revelstoke, including the ski season. The girls have met in Hungary before, and liked each other well. Laurel was looking forward to spend more time with Judit, and through her to get to know her Hungarian family better. Judit was keen to travel before she got married and to hone her English. They planned on skiing, hiking and biking together a lot. Their plans were over a year in making, and were soon to be realized. Judit obtained an unpaid leave of absence from her job, bought her own ticket, and duly arrived at Vancouver's YVR airport on December 1st She

was to be met at the airport by her father's friends, an older Hungarian couple with whom she was to stay for two nights, take the bus to Kamloops to stay with us a day or two until Laurel came to take her to Revelstoke. We were all looking forward to have her here for Christmas. Alas, she never made it. Oh, she got to Vancouver all right. She sent me an e-mail from the airport to let me know that she had arrived. But she was trapped by Immigration officials at the airport and deported to Hungary. I asked her to write down exactly what had happened to her. Here is her letter, translated by me.

Dear Uncle

I would sum up my experience in Vancouver as demeaning, my treatment impersonal and dehumanizing, but I would not call it torture, although at times it felt like it.

When I arrived at the luggage control, the first officer, who took my papers and saw that I would like to stay for six months, shook his head and expressed his disapproval. When it was my turn a girl my age looked at my luggage and found everything in order, but was asking me questions all the while. Why am I coming to Canada? Why do I want to stay for six months? Do I have a job? Am I unemployed? She asked several more questions in this vein, to which I responded patiently and politely. Then she asked for the phone numbers of my Canadian contacts. I gave her my slip of paper with the information and she left. *[Immigration did talk to Revelstoke realtor Randy Jones, who confirmed that he and Laurel were expecting Judit to stay with them for six months, that they had a room ready for her, and were looking forward to her visit. Asked what the purpose of her visit was, he told them it was a family visit. He found it strange that they should be pressing him if Judit could find a job there but, thinking it might be helpful, he said that he thought that he could possibly find Judit a job at the resort hotel, if needed. From their line of questioning Jones gathered, correctly, that that was what they wanted to hear.]* When the officer returned, she claimed that she could only make contact with one of my contacts and put it to me that the purpose of my trip is to find illegal work in Canada. I protested that it was not so, I have no need for work as I have both money and a job, I work as a chartered accountant in Hungary. I showed her my bank card, to prove I had no shortage of money. It did not help. She seemed to find the amount suspiciously large, for she asked where did I get all that money from? I responded that my mother had died two years ago, and the money, regrettably, was my inheritance from her. Another officer arrived, who took from me and proceeded to look into both my mobile phone and the laptop my fiancée and I share, and started to look through our documents, his and mine, which, I thought he had no right to do. Among my documents he found a letter I wrote over a year ago, applying for an au pare position in England. Yes, I have been wanting to better my language skills, and had been exploring my possibilities, but he only saw this as confirmation of his suspicion that I am looking for work here. More questions followed, then he asked me to wait and left. I waited for about an hour, till about four p.m. He returned and took me to a room, where three officers were waiting for me. They said, there is no problem, I have a 50% chance I can stay. The officer summed up the official-sounding minutes of their investigation, which was beyond my kitchen English. I asked for an interpreter. The interpreter spoke to me on the phone, and explained to me what was in the minutes. My immediate reaction was that it was not true, I never said what they said I had said. They maintained that their minutes are

valid with or without my signature. I can waste time by refusing to sign; I shall have to remain here anyway until I do, but in the end it will not make any difference whether I sign or not. The translator confirmed this to me. They did not tell me my rights, nor did they inform me of any recourse by law. By this time I have not slept for 36 hours, the room was swimming around me, and was very upset. I thought I was going to faint. I was not prepared for this. I felt violated, disenfranchised and helpless. I have never experienced anything like this in my life. I became scared, and to fear the worst. I was very concerned about the accusation that I am breaking the law here, fearing for my job at home. My position there was one of trust and I could not afford to get a criminal record. I told them so. Smiling for the first time, they reassured me that this will not be the case, that I won't have to worry about anything else, either. There will be no repercussions against me in Canada. I can try reentering Canada again a year from now. Wanting to end the ordeal, I signed, though I knew that what I was signing, namely that I was seeking illegal employment in the Sutton Hotel, was not true. I have never heard of that hotel, I did not talk to anybody there, therefore they cannot know me; I didn't even know where the Sutton was. After I signed, they asked me if I wish to speak to a lawyer or to the Office of the Hungarian Ambassador. Feeling as I did then, and on the basis of what I have been told, I declined. I did not know then what awaited me. At this, they confiscated all my belongings and from then on I appeared to have become a criminal in their eyes. They declared that they will put me in handcuffs. I said there was no need for that and asked where they were going to take me. They responded that to a room where there will be a TV, a shower, and toilet facilities. [This turned out to be a holding cell.] I asked to phone my family and my contacts who are waiting to hear from me and must be worrying, but they said they will notify them for me. They lead me to the basement uncuffed, possibly because of the sight of a girl wearing antlered slippers and holding a rubic cube in her hands might have looked ridiculous in handcuffs. In the basement I had to strip to one layer of clothes. They body searched me, weighed me, measured my height and photographed me, and made me sign another piece of paper. They did not answer my questions. They also pressed a piece of paper into my hand with a strange phone number. When I asked what the number was they said they did not know. They lead me to a cell and locked me in. I can't describe my feelings. I was shivering cold, was very afraid of not knowing what comes next, I was really worried about being locked in with a real criminal. I was alone for a while. Later they brought in a Korean girl my age. Based on what she told me, with similar charges. They brought food, but I could not eat. I lay down and tried to sleep, but could not. I tried to hold myself together, but I was crying. They locked me into a 2x2 meter cell for the night that contained a cot and a toilet. From this moment on my sense of time had stopped with the clock which also stopped. When I asked when will they open the door they did not reply, when I asked what time it is they did not tell me. In the morning they opened the door and told me the time. They brought me breakfast and more papers I had to sign. They said they will come for me at 12:30 and take me to my plane. While waiting, I had a chance to talk to the Korean girl again. It turned out that she came to Vancouver from New York, planning to stay in Vancouver for four months, but they did not let her. She too had a degree, and have been working hard, hoping to be spending her saved up holidays. For her they came at 10:00 a. m., then I was alone again. They came again at 13:00, handcuffed me and took me through the baggage checking area. Then they took me to a waiting cell, where I waited for a while before they returned my belongings to me and I could telephone

at last. They lead me to the terminal and I could board my plane. This was a great relief for me, and I finally had a good sleep on the plane, and could think more clearly at last. Looking up the Sutton Hotel out of curiosity on the internet, I see it is a hotel near the airport in Vancouver. I have no idea where they dreamed up the story that I wanted to stay and work there, when they would have known from Randy that I am going to Revelstoke? [A good question. Here the letter ends.]

Corollary to the story is that the people awaiting her in Vancouver were left to fret and wonder for five hours, wondering if Judit had missed her connection, yet not daring to leave, fielding frantic cell phone calls from Hungary, before they were told only that they can go home now, Judit is in custody. No explanation was given to them why she was detained. Nor did they tell them that she was to be deported. They found that out from me when they phoned me. For I, too, have been making enquiries that proved to be very difficult to obtain. I challenge the reader to find a phone number to call to inquire about someone being detained at YVR. I found no number for Immigration at YVR, and Directory Assistance found no number listed. When I finally managed to get a cooperative airport employee to connect me to Immigration (she would not disclose their number either), I was told tersely that Judit "had made a statement, and as an adult she has to accept the consequences of her statement." She would not tell me what that statement was. She divulged only that Judit will be deported to Hungary the following day, and hung up. Judith's frantic father and boyfriend meanwhile contacted the Hungarian ambassador in Ottawa, who made inquiries. (The strange number she had been given may have been that of the Embassy, duly delivered to her after she decided not to talk to the Ambassador, in the same manner she had been informed of her right to contact a lawyer only after she had signed the self-incriminating "evidence" against her.) Meanwhile, the Ambassador was told that Immigration "had written proof that Judit was intending to break the law by seeking employment in Canada and therefore she will be deported." They had Jones' number, but did not call him back to inform him that Judit won't be coming. Interrogation and "evidence" gathering mission completed, deportation effected, the case was closed.

But the manner of the whole procedure begs the bigger question: quo vadis, Canada? Has this manner of inquiry and following protocol now become routine? Where does the Sutton hotel come into this? Did they just substitute a hotel name they knew, not bothering to look up the name of the hotel Jones spoke of? Or is the matter more insidious? Is the hapless Sutton being incriminated along with Judit, as part of gathering "written proof" against some hapless manager there who, like Judit, had unwittingly aroused their suspicion with something? I have a feeling from Judit's narration that these guys know how to "prove" their suspicions and know how to nail you, effectively circumventing your recourse to defend yourself. Evidently, as Judit's story reveals, they are empowered to do so if not by the spirit of Canadian law, by its current practice.

Sadly, when I came to Canada and for many years after, none of these thoughts would have entered my head. I had come to the land of freedom and democracy where such things could not happen because high-handed officials would be held accountable. I really thought then that I had left Big Brother's State behind me. True, there was no GPS then, your financial transactions were not followable electronically, there were no hidden and

unhidden cameras everywhere. There were no pictures of your house on the internet, no one cared where you stayed, and your private mail was rather bothersome to read. Did I mention that there was a prosperous middle class here then, that families lived on one salary, not two, that jobs were dependable and “debt” was a four letter word? Food for thought all. The event perturbed me for quite a while, until Iceland restored my serenity with this picture I found on the Internet.

B) Visual essay: “Cold Beauty”



C) These are from a book called, Disorder in the American Courts, and are things people actually said in court, word for word, taken down and now published by court reporters that had the torment of staying calm while these exchanges were actually taking place.

ATTORNEY: What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning? WIT: He said Where am I Cathy?" ATT: And why did that upset you? WIT: My name is Susan! ATT: Now doctor , isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning? WIT: Did you actually pass the bar exam? ATT: Were you present when your picture was taken? WITNESS: Are you sh_tting me? ATT: So the date of conception (of the baby) was August 8th? WIT: Yes. ATT: And what were you doing at that time? WIT: Getting laid. ATT: She had three children , right? WIT: Yes. ATT: How many were boys? WIT: None. ATT: Were there any girls? WIT: Your Honor, I think I need a different attorney. Can I get a new attorney? ATT: How was your first marriage terminated? WIT: By death. ATT: And by whose death was it terminated? WIT: Take a guess. ATT: The youngest son, the 20-year-old, how old is he? WIT: He's 20, much like your IQ. ATT: Can you describe the individual? WIT: He was about medium height and

had a beard. ATT: Was this a male or a female? WIT: Unless the Circus was in town, I'm going with male. ATT: Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney? WIT: No, this is how I dress when I go to work. ATT: Doctor, how many of your autopsies have you performed on dead people? WIT: All of them.. The live ones put up too much of a fight. ATT: ALL your responses MUST be oral, OK? What school did you go to? WIT: Oral. ATT: Do you recall the time that you examined the body? WIT: The autopsy started around 8:30 PM ATT: And Mr. Denton was dead at the time? WIT: If not, he was by the time I finished. ATT: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse? WITNESS: No. ATT: Did you check for blood pressure? WIT: No. ATT: Did you check for breathing? WIT: No. ATT: So, then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy? WIT: No. ATT: How can you be so sure, Doctor? WIT: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar. ATT: I see, but could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless? WITNESS: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law.

D) Thought-provoking television? When I won the "Y" Dream Home last year for next to nothing, I thought I could splurge a little and retain the state of the art media room equipment set up there with its projection screen and TV recording equipment I may not have thought of buying otherwise. Having watched only day time and prime time television all my life, I had a pretty low opinion of television production in general. I was wrong. Since I can record promising sounding programmes 24/7 and watch them at my leisure I am finding so much thought-provoking, informative programming I can barely keep up. In no time at all, it seemed, I have developed a visual library well worth seeing and talking about. To give you a sample:

Series worth watching include but are not limited to: **Great Performances** (Don't miss Anna Deavere Smith's "Let me down easy!" dissecting health care, or "Lang Lang at Carnegie Hall"), **Independent Lens** (Don't miss "Have you heard from Johannesburg" to see what it took to end apartheid and who were in the way in five installments), **Frontline** ("The Meth Epidemic," "Opium Brides," "From Jesus to Christ – The first Christians"), **The Nature of Things** ("Programmed to be fat") **Nature** ("The Himalayas," [!!]"My Life as a Turkey," "Animal Houses," "Birds of the gods.") **Nova** (Don't miss Brian Greene's five films on the cosmos, especially "The Illusion of Time", "What Darwin never knew.") **Reel, NW** ("Gandhi: the road to Freedom," "Lord, save us from your Followers,") **Great Canadian Parks** (and not just "Jasper"!), **Great Canadian Rivers** (And not just "The French!") **Inside Nature's Giants** (Don't miss "The Sperm Whale!") **The Secret World of Gardens** ("Frogs") **Need to know** and **Independent View** (a listening program on TV!) also provide insightful news. **Perception-changing power has** Michael Pollan's two great investigative journalistic pieces "Food, Inc." and "The Botany of Desire." NHK World Special's "Fallout: The Last Days of Litate Village," A document film on the real life consequences of the recent tsunami-induced nuclear meltdown in Japan. Surreal! Robert McNamara's "The Fog of War," (And you thought there can be peace?) Ron Mann's "Grass." (Should politics and lawmaking ever mix?) As well: "Inside LSD." [Of course!]

Visual-musical spectaculars include "Concierto de Aranquez," (Of Joaquin Rrodriguez) "Grand Canyon Serenade" (with classical music), "Over Hawaii" (with Hawaiian music),

Also very visual top of the line musical experience is provided by “Ode to a Requiem” (A unique, analytic performance of Mozart’s Requiem in the Cathedral in Montreal, dedicated to the victims of 911), and “Goldberg Variations “ (No, not Glenn Gould on the piano but a full flavor presentation by a trio of violin, viola, and bass superbly performed and staged for visual effects.) Sheer heaven in a surround sound mini movie theatre all!

Imported jokes

We are not dying. This is how we live. * If you don’t succeed on your first try, parachuting is not for you. * Money talks. It says; „Goodbye!” * I am not happy that my treatment was a success. Last year I was Napoleon, now I am just me. * Dear Dad, please send me \$5000 so that i know you are not suffering financially! * I did not know he was dead. I thought he was English. * Neurosis is an inherited disease. I got it from my children. * If this is coffee, please bring me tea. If it is tea, please bring me coffee. * I am not worried about my debt. It is big enough that others should worry about it. * If you don’t go to the appointed place it does not matter how late you are. * Never buy anything that has a handle. It will put you to work. * There is not enough water in our chlorine. * The people are insatiable everywhere. They are always demanding that they be given what they have been promised. * My father was Chinese, my mother Japanese, and I can barely see. * In matters of suicide I accept advice only from those who have already succeeded.* What makes you think you’ll get into a good shape by swimming? Have you seen a whale? * Life can be really painful. Like when I am ironing the pants I am wearing. * Wise sayings are easy to invent. One simply writes down the opposite of what one does. * I am not jogging. I would like to be sick when I die. * Smoking shortens your cigarette. * One can live with an empty head, but not with an empty stomach.* From sleeping I get hungry; from eating I get sleepy. Life is beautiful.

[I believe the jokes in each country reflect life and values there as well as anything. Jokes from another country often show a remarkable similarity, considering the language barrier between cultures as well as sometimes surprising perspectives on life itself. And yep: humour has teeth.]

The Vancouver RT Tabloid on MS Premiums

Barbara Parrott wrote a telling article in the Tabloid, reviewing B.C.’s Regressive Tax Shift. by Marc Lee, Iglia Ivanova and Seth Klein, June 2011. Salient points she makes:

1. No one should pay Medical Services Plan premiums.
2. Any tax that is equally paid, regardless of income is an unfair tax.
3. The B.C. Government collects more revenue from this tax than all business corporate taxes combined.
4. Eight Provinces and three Territories pay health care costs from general revenue. Only B.C. and Alberta does not, and Alberta is moving to do that now.
5. Why not B.C.?

We learn from the Tabloid that VRTA, North Vancouver, Kimberley and 100 Mile have put a formal request to the Government to do so, and that COSCO is actively lobbying on our behalf right now. Apparently they had sent out letters to municipal leaders province wide asking for their support and have received numerous responses, pledging such support.

Elsewhere in the Tabloid you see members being implored to receive the Tabloid by e-mail. We learn that the annual income from membership is \$ 15,600 and that six Tabloids cost \$ 11,683.49 to deliver into the hands of members who requested a paper copy. Postage cost eight thousand plus(!), printing twenty-six hundred plus(!). Although we are doing much better by comparison, it makes sense for us to read the Bridge online at our website www.krta.ca. The color pictures in this issue alone are worth the try.

Another article discusses using the Internet for medical search. It advises you to counter false information by reading all information. Alas, you may never leave your computer if you take that advice literally. If you are curious about a medical procedure you are about to undergo beforehand and are not squeamish about it, you can look up just about any procedure on U Tube, and see what they are going to do to you. (Just what you needed!)

Activity ideas. Vancouver teachers have a Walking Club, and even a Slow Walking Club. They are organizing a Reading Club now, and they have a Scrabble Club that meets once a month. Does not sound too onerous to me. Are we interested? Let's find out!

Important Reminders by Darrel Johnson

*This month's Luncheon is on February 24 at the North Shore Community Centre (Cottonwood's). Doors open at 11:30 a.m., business meeting at 12:00 and lunch is at 12:30. The cost is \$15.00. The program this month features Ryan Hrycan, The local firefighter involved with the Nicaraguan project. He will talk about his experience as well as collecting all donations of items used for sewing including materials, thread and zippers are in great demand. Bring your items to the meeting. If you cannot make the meeting, then contact Suzanne Legault (250-828-0133 or suelegault@shaw.ca) or myself to arrange a pick up.

*The Bursary Committee is fundraising with: **A) Mystery Bag Draw.** Tickets are \$1.00 each. **B) Bring a book,** Take a book will also start. Many have had books for the summer. Cost is \$1.00. **C). Spare change.** Empty out all those dishes that gather coin and bring it along. **D). 50/50**

*The manager and the process of catering with some 10 different providers of food have changed. By Wednesday morning I must give a FINAL head count for lunch. So please respond by no later than Tuesday, February 21. I can take cancelations to 10:00 am on Wednesday morning.

*Special Note: March is Silent Auction. If you have items you wish to donate but are unable to deliver, please contact Bev Maxwell (250-374-2205 or bjmax@shaw.ca) or myself to arrange pick up.

*Last call for dinner. Bursary fundraiser dinner on Sunday, April; 15th between 5-8 p.m. Tickets available at Feb Luncheon. Menu: Salmon, steak, chicken, salad. Cost \$ 10.00

Poetry Corner

WAITING By Norm Moss

She stood watching me from the trees,
Silhouetted against the river fog.
I knew it was her., I knew by the
Way she held her head. I knew by her coat.
Staring out the window from the warmth
Made me wonder why she didn't come in.
I could have made her some tea.
She did not move. She just hung in the
shadows waiting.
Was she a day older I wondered?
Why does she torment me so? I love her.
Maybe if I just opened the door,
She will come in and talk; talk
About the accident.
She remains there; a still, hovering shadow.
The only movement inside and out is the
Silent tear running down my cheek.



In Memoriam



LEROY MORRISON

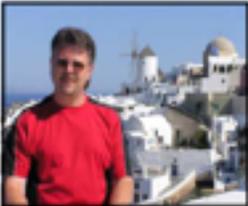


DAPHNE STYLES

Long time teachers in the district, Leroy Morrison and Daphne Styles have passed away. They will be fondly remembered and sadly missed by all of us who knew them. (Daphne came from Newcastle, N.B. and taught for 37 years. I remember a tall, very smart lady with great humanity; Leroy hailed from Vancouver, smiling. I cannot remember a time when he did not. When he retired, rumour has it they had to reinforce the building.)

(Photo credit for above pictures: Laurel Veszely)

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For what it's worth

Two of the *Frontline* programs I recently watched are worth talking about. One was about student debt in the U.S., the other was called "Opium Brides."

Apparently student loans are a multi-billion dollar business for several banks (City Bank of New York leads the pack), and now constitute the largest debt of all, exceeding house mortgages as well as all other kinds of personal debt. The average student loan, rising for several years now, has reached \$40,000. Young people are encouraged to take debt on in hopes of landing good jobs, but good jobs are scarcer and scarcer to find. Only the top of the top schools seem to still deliver on the premise, second tier schools, almost as expensive, do not. The program showcased a very bright young woman, who did brilliantly at school, and has earned her Masters Degree with distinction. Scholarships covered only some of her expenses and, as she was orphaned at a young age, she did it all on her own, taking on debt

she was readily given. She has two resumes: one for what she is qualified for, the other for low entry jobs. Her debt load is now \$80,000. If she misses a payment, she has to pay hefty fines. With the help of the Internet, she has gathered tens of thousands of signatures seeking relief from being a slave to interest payments. Not your average dummy, she has gone political as well. We see her joining the "Whoa Wall Street and Control the Corporations" movement carrying a telling sign that reads:

"1% of Americans are millionaires.
47% of the House of Representatives are millionaires.
54% of the Senate are millionaires.
Whose democracy? Whose interests are being served ?

"Opium brides" narrates the plight of farmers in Afghanistan, caught between a rock and a hard place. The crops they are allowed to grow cost more than what they can sell them for. The only crop that pays is poppy seeds. But they need seed money. Drug smugglers lend them the cash for the promise that they will be repaid from the crop. Alas, the Karzai Government comes with its enforcers and destroys the crop. Come harvest time the drug dealers show up to demand their money and interest. Enter Afghan tradition if not Sharia law: if you cannot pay your debt, the person you owe money to is entitled to take your child for payment. Fact: girls as young as ten are routinely taken by drug lords from farmers' families and are forced into prostitution to recoup the drug dealers' money. These are "the opium brides." Fathers or mothers are kidnapped on a regular basis and are kept unless and until the remaining parent yields a child or two for ransom. The program documents the case of an innocent school teacher visiting his brother (who did the borrowing), being nabbed with his brother by the drug lords. He can secure his release only if he gives two of his children for security, until he raises the money. It is demanded he pay \$40,000. He tries. It takes him two years to raise \$ 20,000. The drug lords give him his nine year old daughter back, but keep his twelve year old boy. A while later they voluntarily release the boy, who has taken very ill. Two days after his release the boy dies. The teacher is now seeking to leave the country to protect himself and his family. If he is really lucky, he may be coming to a place near you soon. Assuming, of course, that Immigration lets them. They are tightening the immigration laws just as we speak.