

The K.R.T.A. Bridge

Spring 2013

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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

CELEBRATING FORTY YEARS OF OUR ASSOCIATION



Photo by Marlene Olineck

PRESIDENTS PAST AND PRESENT FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

**Marie Laroche, Alf Law, Janet Doubt, Darrel Johnson,
Barb Stankiewicz, Donna Walsh, Irene Smith, Evert Krider,
Sheila Park**

FOUNDING MEMBERS OF OUR ASSOCIATION:

**J.D. Howard, J.J.Morse, Karl K. Knapp, Mrs Fanny Kenny,
Mrs. Aileen Olsen, Mrs. Dora Furiak, Mrs. Eileen McLennan,
Mrs. Marion Schilling, Miss K. Lawrence, Mrs. Wm. A. Farquharson, Miss T.
Nixon, Miss K. Bingham, Mrs. J. D. Howard,
Mrs. G. McGillivray, Mrs. Mary Lambert**

A special tip of the hat to Karl Knapp, whose brainchild we are.

Kamloops Retired Teachers' Executive 2012-2013

President	- Darrel Johnson	250-372-3194	dm.johnson@shaw.ca
Past President	- Donna Walsh	250-374-3087	donnaw00@telus.net
1st. Vice President	- Shelia Park	250-372-2806	spark1@telus.net
2nd. Vice President			
Secretary	- Glenda Miles	250-372-9228	glendamiles@hotmail.com
	- Bev Maxwell	250-374-2205	bjmax@shaw.ca
Treasurer	- Eva Harvey	250-375-2426	ekharveywallbanger@gmail.com
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Social Concerns/Advocacy /COSCO			
	- Darrel Johnson	250-372-3194	dm.johnson@shaw.ca
“Seniors Connector”	- Evelyn Baziuk	250-554-3409	
Membership	- Darrel Johnson	250-372-3194	dm.johnson@shaw.ca
	-Rita Chauhan	250-376-9254	
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	-Marlene Olineck	250-828-6897	marolin223@hotmail.com
Pensions	- Shelia Park	250-372-2806	spark1@telus.net
“The Bridge”	- Frank Veszely	250-376-2359	fveszely@gmail.com

Planning Meeting August 16 at Donna Walsh's at 10:00 a. m.

2012-2013 General (Luncheon) Meetings at The Cottonwood Centre 12:00 p. m.

Sept. 4, 2012 “To Hell with the Bell”

Sept. 28, 2012 Feb. 22, 2013 Charlie Bruce:Senior Games Video on Ajax

Oct. 26, 2012 Mar. 22, 2013 Bursary students visit, Silent Auction Fundraiser

Nov. 30, 2012 Apr. 26, 2013 Wells Gray Tours

Jan. 25, 2013 May 31, 2013 Gardening?

2011/2012 Executive Meetings at ABC Family Restaurant start at 11:30

Feb. 12, 2013

Oct. 16, 2012 Mar. 19, 2013

Nov. 20, 2012 Apr. 16, 2013

Jan. 15, 2013 May 21, 2013

Association Life 2012: Anniversary Luncheon in October



President Darrel Johnson opens the 40-eth Anniversary celebrations at our October luncheon. (Marlene Olineck photos all)



Displays of Activities over the years show TRU Bursary recipients, Harambee Africa, and the ever popular Mystery Bus Tours



Donna Walsh cutting the cake with Bev Maxwell stepping up to the plate(s).



Celebrating with a cup of coffee is Evert Krider, the President who brought us into the 21st Century, as he is standing in front of the large commemorative display, complete with photo albums. Our thanks to the many who have helped a lot!
THE KEYNOTE SPEECH

And yes, just to make sure that there is enough cake to go around, and that the more health conscious among us can also have a bite: we had a second cake:



Yummy-yum-yums!

Marie Laroche		(First installment)
	<p>As I have been working on the History of the KRTA as an Heritage project, Donna Walsh, President at the time, asked me to say a few words on the beginnings and growth of our Association. Don't panic! I'm not going to give you 40 years of history. I have chosen the first 10 years under the headings of Birth, Growth, Significant Facts and People of Service. Photo: Malene Olineck</p>	

Birth

It all began with Mr. Karl Knapp, an active retiree who saw a need for the equalization of pensions for retirees and the wives and husbands of deceased teachers who retired before 1970. He realized the need to change this discrepancy. He set a date and wrote letters and made phone calls to retired teachers to express his concern.

The first gathering was in form of a luncheon at Harold's restaurant in Valleyview on March 30, 1971. There were fifteen people at the meeting. Mr. Knapp explained his concern for those retirees who retired before 1970, who had the same amount of time in and were receiving less pension than those who retired after 1971. He knew that he could not pursue this alone and that more power to move the KDTA, BCRTA and the Government to do something about his concern would come from a group of organized people.

Miss Kay Bingham moved and Mrs. Kenny seconded "that an association be formed." It carried. An election of officers was the next order of business. The following people were elected:

- President: Mr. Karl Knapp
- Vice-President: Mr. J.Jock Morse
- Secretary; Mr. J.D.(Des) Howard
- Treasurer: Mrs. R.S.(Marion) Schilling(pr-Tem).

In 1972 Mrs. Vivian Duncan became Treasurer. It was moved by Mr. Morse, seconded by Miss Bingham that the association be called the Kamloops District Retired Teachers' Association. It carried and a motion was made by Mr. Morse, and seconded by Mrs. Lambert, "that we ask the BCRTA for permission to be affiliated with them". It carried. (This might seem strange, but at this time there was only one satellite and that was the Victoria Retired Teachers' Association.). Mr. Knapp, then explained his "Recommendation for Pension Equalization" and made a motion to be endorsed by the newly formed association, the KDRTA. It carried and a motion was made to have it presented to the Kamloops District Teachers' Association.

The fifteen members at the inaugural meeting were: J.D. Howard, J.J.Morse, Karl K. Knapp, Mrs Fanny Kenny, Mrs. Aileen Olsen. Mrs. Dora Furiak, Mrs. Eileen McLennan, Mrs. Marion Schilling, Miss K. Lawrence, Mrs. Wm.A. Farquharson, Miss T. Nixon, Miss K. Bingham. Mrs. J.D.Howard, Mrs. G. McGillivray, Mrs. Mary Lambert.

This seems to have been the only meeting held in 1971. Presumably, there were several executive meetings held between 1971 and the following AGM in 1972

THIS WAS THE BIRTH OF OUR ASSOCIATION. WE CAME INTO THIS ASSOCIATION FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE FOR OUR MEMBERS.

Marie Laroche
(To be continued: Growth).

History of the KRTA Bursary

The founders of the bursary, which was to benefit student teachers in our district, were five members of the KRTA, **Janet Doubt, John Philip, Alf Law, Warren Damer and Fred Shirley**. It was **Janet Doubt** who brought the idea of a bursary back from a BCRTA provincial AGM meeting. At that time, the group determined that it would be called "The Retired Teachers' Bursary" and was never to be named after any specific person. The fund was established in 1994 with \$4272, all of which was donated by the district retired teachers, of that time. In 1995, even though the fund received matching Provincial Government funds, the retired teachers continued to make heroic contributions to augment the fund until the total by 2001 was \$18,740.

The fund criteria read as follows: "Income and interest will provide two annual bursaries to students enrolled in a Bachelor of Education, who show commitment and demonstrate financial need."

As of March 2012, the KRTA Bursary Fund has grown to \$74,584.00. This has been due to the KRTA members who have donated their time, energy and financial support through legacy funds and many fund raising endeavors.

2012 Bursary Awards Ceremony

On November 22nd, 2012, Darrel Johnson, Donna Walsh and Bev Maxwell attended the ceremony at TRU to present the two \$1400 KRTA Bursaries. The recipients were Jessica Hill and Eric Beaulieu. Darrel also presented the R.R. Smith award to Justin Roszmann. We look forward to having the students attend our March 22nd luncheon.

Bev Maxwell
KRTA Bursary Committee

November Christmas at the Cottonwood Centre:



A picture is worth a thousand words: the ambiance of our Christmas Luncheon was surpassed only by the brilliant piano recital – the best Christmas program ever. Susan Legault, our program coordinator, had some anxious moments as the group she booked withdrew. She was imploring a local choir group who was also busy when one of the members spoke up, saying “I can help you.” And how! Bill Brown with Susan at the table (centre), with Norma Brown and Glenda Miles, left, and Donna Walsh and Bev Maxwell.



Concert pianist Bill Brown



Sheila Park, Herbert Steele, Mystery Person, June Riley, Bev Maxwell... winners all!

pharmaceuticals, establishing a national organ and tissue donor registry, the need for continuing care, long-term care, and palliative care, the contributions of unpaid caregivers, and mental health services. * Numerous questions are being proposed to be presented to candidates in the next provincial election. Funding is available for branches to work on election issues. This Non-Partisan work is to be done in association with local teacher associations. * Is any group in your area applying for the Silver Star Award program? \$1000! * Heritage grants are going to Gulf Islands, Prince George, Parksville-Qualicum, Columbia Valley, and Cranbrook. * Check our website for our Affinity Program. We hope to add a car rental option soon. * *Postscript* should be out very soon. * More information:

At that Monday-night workshop we applied The Ladder of Engagement to gauge the Level of Involvement of our members. Here is a rough diagram of the levels. Start at the bottom – those who are the least involved and climb to the level of the most involved.

6 LEADING

provincial executive, provincial committee members

5 OWNING

activists, local executives

4 CONTRIBUTING

will help the organization

3 ENDORSING

willing to do the minimum petitions, letters

2 FOLLOWING

there, but not involved: lunch and *Postscript*

1 OBSERVING

basically, non-members

Can you identify members in your branch who would fit in at the various levels? What percentage of our members are in the bottom half, levels 1 – 3?

The next Board Meeting is January 23 – let me know if you have concerns I should raise.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Doug

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Darrel Johnson's Report on Membership

We are now over 425 members. We have many members that live beyond the borders of Kamloops. Chase, Clearwater, Ashcroft, Lillooet and Logan Lake are the homes of many.

Further abroad are members that live in Alberta and Saskatchewan, while several more live on the Lower Mainland and Vancouver Island.

A couple of reminders for our members:



1. If you move please notify Kristi or Patricia at the BCRTA of your change of address. Many no longer receive their Postscript, BCRTA or branch mail outs. Call toll free to 1-871-683-2243 or e-mail to kristi@bcrt.com or pat@bcrt.com

2. We have a website on which we report some info to members. The site is www.krta.ca Current events and all previous issues of The Bridge are posted there. If you receive The Bridge by mail, but have internet, you could let me know and I will remove you from the mail list. I do have a folder for members that I do send a short e-mail to when it has been posted by our webmaster, Harvey Dalley.

Darrel Johnson, Membership Chairperson

Food for Thought

In this eclectic column I have cast a wide net of large mesh, patched with small-mesh netting here and there, believing that sometimes small things can be more significant than large ones. I have been including humorous items as well and brain teasers, believing that staying awake while reading is a good thing. I have been airing some serious concerns about issues I consider most significant: the growing political power of money, the slow but steady erosion of democracy, our personal freedoms and privacy, the creeping nightmare of Big Brother (not big government), of the now near Orwellian newspeak, of a growing potential for a dictatorship coming to a place near you, such that the world has never seen. Not for the lack of trying, of course, as every dictatorship used all available means of its day, but because power has never been more empowered than now.

The other day I watched a PBS documentary on drones. You know, the smallish pilotless planes that can hover as well as fly, that nowadays can be used to be chased by dogs in a park or be sent on state sponsored assassination missions from California to Pakistan and Afghanistan, on hundreds of missions at a time. Says one of the commentators on the film: "Whether our planes are manned or not, we are violating international law and engaging in a war – but we don't call it that." We see a drone equipped with a high resolution camera taking videos from ten thousand feet of a town, and the operator on the ground can enlarge any spot he wants to take a closer look at, nay tell the machine from what time to what time does he want to observe what is going on there, for several days back and presto! It is as if he was watching it from six feet above. We hear technicians extolling the virtues of being able to fly one of these things into a burning house to look around and see if anyone has been trapped inside. Now imagine a drone buff that's a thief or worse, with the same capability. One of the points the film makes is that not only the fifty-plus governments are pursuing the potentials of drone technology, but so are corporations and countless private individuals, ready to invest a couple of thousand bucks. What's more, scientists are working on "the (un)holy grail" of drones capable of working independently of controllers, with their own mechanized, computer-assisted brains capable of defending themselves and

making independent decisions either to avoid being killed or to kill themselves. The filmmakers thought that “the public should know.” Did you? Have you been informed?

Political spins are surpassed only by politicians’s spins. Judy Wallman, a professional genealogy researcher in southern California, was doing some personal work on her own family tree. She discovered that Senator Harry Reid's great-great uncle, Remus Reid, was hanged for horse stealing and train robbery in Montana in 1889. Both Judy and Harry Reid share this common ancestor. The only known photograph of Remus shows him standing on the gallows in Montana territory: On the back of the picture Judy obtained during her research is this inscription: 'Remus Reid, horse thief, sent to Montana Territorial Prison 1885, escaped 1887, robbed the Montana Flyer six times. Caught by Pinkerton detectives, convicted and hanged in 1889.' So Judy recently e-mailed Senator Harry Reid for information about their great-great uncle. Believe it or not, Harry Reid's staff sent back the following biographical sketch for her genealogy research:

"Remus Reid was a famous cowboy in the Montana Territory. His business empire grew to include acquisition of valuable equestrian assets and intimate dealings with the Montana railroad. Beginning in 1883, he devoted several years of his life to government service, finally taking leave to resume his dealings with the railroad. In 1887, he was a key player in a vital investigation run by the renowned Pinkerton Detective Agency. In 1889, Remus passed away during an important civic function held in his honor when the platform upon which he was standing collapsed."

Which begs the question, what is the difference between a spin and a deliberate lie? Not the deliberation! Spins are the weapons of mass deception. Another such weapon is spinningly called “fair reporting.” The reporter is instructed to report “the other side” of everything. This purpurts to show that he is “unbiased” and his reporting is “fair.”

Supposing he tells the truth. What is he obliged to report as well? The lie! So the truth is never reported without being brought into question. The result? Reader confusion: a desired outcome only if you *want* to confuse. And so in the name of fair reporting and freedom of speech (freedom of lies?), the populace – the democratic base of democracy – is prevented from making informed decisions if it relies on the privately owned media for information. So what can the citizen rely on? Not his elected politician and not on the media. The Internet? If there ever was a jumbled haystack of absolutely everything – and all sides of it – the Intenet is IT! Speaking of the Intenet...

More, unfolding horrors in Draculaland... More closely, the Szeklerland part of it. In the unpronouncable town of Sepsiszentgyörgy (meaning the town of Saint George of Seps, inhabited by several hundred thousand Szekler Hungarians trapped since WW I then II in Romania), a movement is afoot to seek autonomy. As I read it I wanted to sign it, too – and send it to Ottawa, *on behalf of Canadians*. For Canada, a British colony not long ago, after a brief whiff of independence following the repatriation of the Constitution, is smelling more and more like an American colony first under the Mulroney, and now under the Harper Government. As a Canadian, I think I would like some autonomy myself now! The declaration is worth a read. It should ring a few bells.

Declaration of the Demonstration for the Autonomy of Szeklerland held on November 24, 2012 in Sepsiszentgyörgy (Sfântu Gheorghe, Romania).

We, the free citizens of Romania and a uniting Europe, exercising our right of free association and free expression of opinion, cognizant of our responsibility to future generations, today, on November 24, 2012 in Sepsiszentgyörgy, as a sign of our common aspiration, hereby take a stand on behalf of our Transylvanian Hungarian communities and the autonomy of Szeklerland.

We do not have a further twenty-two years to wait for Bucharest to arrange our mutual affairs. Let us clearly state: *the sad experience of the past decades was that the centralized authority has, so far, caused us more problems than it solved!*

We have had enough of idle waiting for a miracle!

We have had enough of backroom deals made that affect us!

We have had enough of corrupt politicians squandering our children's future!

We have had enough that we have to pay for the bad decisions of every government!

We have had enough that the mere existence of the hub of our Motherland, Szeklerland, is denied! Szeklerland has existed, exists today and wants to continue existing. That is why we have gathered today.

We demand to feel at home in the homeland we inherited from our ancestors. It is our inheritance. We insist on it.

We want to use our mother tongue and national symbols freely. Hungarian must also be an officially recognized language in Szeklerland. We have a right to it. We demand independent education, from kindergarten to university. We must have a right to it!

We demand that our taxes be spent here to benefit Szeklerland and its people. We must have a right to it!

We want to be able to have control over our natural resources, not devastated by outsiders, leaving us to heal the ecological wounds afterwards.¹ We must have a right to it!

We demand that a governor, untutored in our ways, not obstruct our value-retention and value creation works.

We demand that we be able to make decisions in matters concerning us.

We want autonomy because autonomy is the solution. It affirms the dignity of our celebrations, makes possible the success of everyday work and confirms the confidence of the future. This is not negotiable. We will continue our struggle by peaceful and democratic means until we reach our goal. By ourselves, person by person, we will not be successful. We have need of everyone. We call on our churches! The retentive power of our faith, the Christian values, is our compass of past millennia. We call on our civil associations to make our lives more bearable! We must rebuild our communities. We call on our writers, scientists and artists! We can be rightly proud of the uniqueness of Transylvanian [Canadian] culture. We call on our politicians! You must make a unified plan for the achievement of autonomy that fulfills the unanimous wish of the[majority]Szekler people. And do not deviate from it, regardless of the party that helps get them elected. We call on the elders! We can build on their wisdom and experience. We call on the young! Their creative momentum carries us forward. We call out to the dispersed communities. Szeklerland – the core of the Motherland – will not forget them.

Our struggle for autonomy is part of the desire to have a Transylvania without the arbitrary and despotic interference of Bucharest. Thus, we seek a cooperative partnership with Romanians who also seek to regain the dignity of Transylvania!

If we must gather a million signatures so that Europe will finally pay attention to our cause, we will collect it.

If a hundred thousand signatures are required to press our just cause with the representatives in Romania's Parliament, we will collect it.

¹ Remember the Canadian gold mining firm responsible for leaching enough arsenic into a river in Transylvania to destroy all the fish not only there but the whole length of the Tisza in Hungary and the Danube in Serbia and Romania all the way to the Black Sea? Shortly afterwards, not batting an eye, the Company applied for a mining licence in Hungary. This was denied.

If we must raise our voices demanding autonomy in demonstration after demonstration, then we will take to the streets again and again. Not in opposition to any others but because we have right on our side.

With faith and humility, we will work responsibly and with dedication towards self-government: to protect our heritage, and towards improving our present and ensuring our future. May God bless us in this endeavor!

Sepsiszentgyorgy, 2012, December 6

It seems an awful lot of people the world over live oppressed these days. Why?

Is it the nature of the beast? As both the flora and the fauna from time immemorial attests: living creatures have a lot in common. a) *We are territorial creatures.* We seek a place under the sun, then we seek to defend it. Humans and baboons do a lot of chest beating and bearing of our teeth in fighting for our territories. Wisely, baboons and the other apes usually stop there. We kill. Plants also fight, but they do it in slow motion. Watch a time-lapse movie sometimes! You will be very surprised. b) *We compete for territory.* This should not be news to anybody who have watched a few nature shows. Our entire human history speaks volumes of it. c) *We seek to dominate.* In a pack of wolves, only the dominant pair mates. (Oh, if only we had been so wise!) d) *We are adaptable.* Thank goodness, or we would not have a chance of surviving. You see, the Earth is changing and has been changing all the time. Let's face it: our nature is not unlike all the other creatures that inhabit the Earth. But does our nature *justify* imperialism, or occupation of another country, justify slavery, justify the rule of a military (and increasingly mechanized) force, the abuses associated with the misuse of money? I think not. We have shown ourselves from time to time to be capable of being civilized (by definition accepting the rule of law.) To last, this has to be in a just society with fair laws. You know, where the dream of equal opportunity may be realized once in a lifetime. Otherwise we have seen what "laws" may mean to whom. Do what I say, or else! Not to mention the rule of double standard. No week goes by without a swindler claiming not having been engaged "in any wrong-doing!" Is it okay in a civilized world to rob another lawfully? Should not, as the Szeklers say, a people feel at home in their own homeland? We can't blame nature for our dog eat dog world. There is such a thing in nature as symbiosis. Flora and fauna can live side by side, aiding each other's existence. Dominance is not the only natural model.

A public school teacher was arrested today at John F. Kennedy International airport as he attempted to board a flight while in possession of a ruler, a protractor, a compass, a slide-rule and a calculator. At a morning press conference, Attorney General Eric Holder said he believes the man is a member of the notorious Al-Gebra movement. He did not identify the man, who has been charged by the FBI with carrying weapons of math instruction. 'Al-Gebra is a problem for us', the Attorney General said. 'They derive solutions by means and extremes, and sometimes go off on tangents in search of absolute values.' They use secret code names like "X" and "Y" and refer to themselves as "unknowns" but we have determined that they belong to a common denominator of the axis of medieval with coordinates in every country. As the Greek philosopher Isosceles used to say, "There are 3 sides to every triangle." When asked to comment on the arrest, President Obama said, "If God had wanted us to have better weapons of math instruction, He would have given us more fingers and toes."

Murphy's other fifteen laws. 1. Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak. 2. A fine is a tax for doing wrong. A tax is a fine for doing well. 3. He who laughs last, thinks slowest. 4. A day without sunshine is like, well, night. 5. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine. 6. Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't. 7. Nothing is foolproof to a sufficiently talented fool. 8. The 50-50-90 rule: Anytime you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, there's a 90% probability you'll get it wrong. 9. It is said that if you line up all

the cars in the world end-to-end, someone from Alberta would be stupid enough to try to pass them. 10. If the shoe fits, get another one just like it. 11. The things that come to those who wait, may be the things left by those who got there first. 12. Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he will sit in a boat all day drinking beer. 13. Flashlight: A case for holding dead batteries. 14. God gave you toes as a device for finding furniture in the dark. 15. When you go into court, you are putting yourself in the hands of twelve people, who weren't smart enough to get out of jury duty.

For Pun Seekers Only. I tried to catch some fog, but I mist. • When chemists die, they barium. • Jokes about German sausage are the wurst. • A soldier who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran. • I know a guy who's addicted to brake fluid, but he says he can stop any time. • How does Moses make tea? Hebrews it. • I stayed up all night to see where the sun went. Then it dawned on me. • This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I'd never met herbivore. • I'm reading a book about anti-gravity, and I can't put it down. • I did a theatrical performance about puns; it was a play on words. • They told me I had Type-A blood, but it was a Type-O. • A dyslexic man walks into a bra. • PMS jokes aren't funny, period. • Why were the aboriginals here first? They had reservations. • Class trip to the Coca-Cola factory-- I hope there's no pop quiz. • The Energizer bunny was arrested and charged with battery. • I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me. • How do you make holy water? Boil the hell out of it! • Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils? • When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble. • What does a clock do when it's hungry? It goes back four seconds. • I wondered why the baseball was getting bigger. Then it hit me! • Broken pencils are pointless. • What do you call a dinosaur with an extensive vocabulary? A thesaurus. • England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool. • I used to be a banker, but then I lost interest. • I dropped out of communism class because of lousy Marx. • All the toilets in New York 's police stations have been stolen. Now the police have nothing to go on. • I got a job at a bakery because I kneaded dough. • Haunted French pancakes give me the crepes. • Velcro-- what a ripoff! • Cartoonist found dead in home. Details are sketchy • Venison for dinner? Oh deer! • Earthquake in Washington obviously government's fault. • I used to think I was indecisive, but now I'm not so sure.

We are all familiar with a HERD of cows, FLOCK of chickens, SCHOOL of fish and a GAGGLE of geese, and a PRIDE of lions. However, less widely known is: A MURDER of crows (as well as their cousins the rooks and ravens), And, presumably because they look so wise: a CONGRESS of owls. Now consider a group of Baboons. They are the loudest, most dangerous, most obnoxious, most viciously aggressive and least intelligent of all primates...And what is the proper collective noun for a group of baboons? Yep. A PARLIAMENT OF BABOONS! Pretty much explains everything doesn't it?



An Exaltation of doves



A Parliament of baboons

BEAR ON THE RUN

by Eva Harvey

Kamloops was introduced to the latest denizen of the Kamloops Wildlife Park recently. There he was on CFJC news, newly rescued Clover, the white Kermodi bear, the fabulous Spirit Bear of the mist-laden cedar forests of the northwestern coast. The one- and- a -half -year old bear was nonchalant in his new temporary home, a holding cage, that had held grizzly bears, black bears and a cougar securely over the years, and he was at ease with those who wanted a view of Kamloops' latest celebrity. He acted more like royalty than a mere celebrity.

No running, stumbling or trying to hide for this monarch of the forest. No, just pure elegance and poise. Intelligence radiated from the calm, pale face. Joe and I watched silently, enthralled. Then Joe said quietly, "That's one smart bear."

The next day Joe noticed a helicopter flying over the Dallas area. It wasn't until the evening news that he learned that it was searching, not for a lost person, but an escaped white bear! Clover, whom Glenn Grant of the Park had called "smarter than your average bear," had escaped through a tiny weak spot between the side and top of the cage, forcing his way through the chain link fence! He had made his way about a mile south and was eating berries when spotted. Tranquillized, he was returned to the KWP.

Joe quickly dubbed Clover "Yogi Kermodi" after the cartoon Yogi Bear "your smarter than average bear" and "Kermodi" the scientific name of this bear, a sub-species of the black bear. Neither of us likes the moniker "Clover", which sounds like an effeminate bunny from a Disney movie. (I think the KWP should have a contest to choose a better name for our boy, one that has a powerful meaning and reflects the image of a northern monarch.)

Now here is where things get weird. Years ago, there was a white bear in the little zoo at Beacon Hill Park in Victoria. That was not a polar bear living in that lonely pit. No, it was a bedraggled Spirit Bear named Ursula. Ursula looked like she had eczema or some other skin disorder and even as a child I could sense her misery. A famous scientist, Dr. William Hornby, had classified her sub-species and named it "Kermodi" after Francis Kermode, the curator of the nearby B.C. Museum.

Then, years later when I was teaching at the Westwold School, I met a teacher called Bill Kermode, who was related to the Clemitsons, a pioneer family of the area. He told me Francis Kermode was his grandfather! Talk about a small world! I was thrilled! One of the thousands of strings that float around in my world had just attached itself to another string and with the KWP's acquisition of "Clover", this string has been further strengthened.

The KWP is building a "home" for its Spirit Bear worth half a million dollars. I don't know how a desert can be home to a bear from the land of mists, but they are going to try. Good for them. Clover will be their star, much as the tiger was years ago, and should be a huge tourist draw. I'm sure Clover will perform regally and live up to all the great expectations of the folks at KWP. A word of warning, though; Clover's an escape artist and "a smarter than average bear"!

Poetry Corner

Pity the man

Pity the man who does not own a garden,
knows not the many joys the arbor brings:
from bursting blooms and bulbs to branches laden,
like ornaments, with many-splendor'd things.

Pity the man who does not see the garden
awakening from frost in early spring,
stays closeted in his city apartment
and shuts out air when shuts out the wind.

Pity the man who can't sit in his garden
on sunny days and see the trembling light
flutter on birds' wings, feel his spirit hearken,
feel bliss of life, find flowers of delight.

Pity the man who can't plant in his garden
the seeds of hope, the promise of return:
Who cannot see his fruits of labor ripen
on summer days or when the fall's flames burn.

Pity the man who knows not that a garden
is more than labor, more than fighting pests --
that man is also nature's ardent warden,
committed to a life-preserving quest.

But pity most the man without a garden
when life's last flames are burning in his hearth,
his calcified existence, like bones, hardened --
no solace left: no earth to claim his heart.

For man should always cultivate his garden,
in just the way the great Voltaire had said,
and lead his life in deed and spirit laden
with toils of love and joy until the end.

Frank Veszely

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS! Seniors Action team for Gardening and Education

Gardengate, run by Open Door Group, is an innovative **year-round**, horticultural project that aims to promote healthy eating and active living to the community of Kamloops. Gardengate exists on 2.8 acres of land on Southhill Street, where we grow a variety of flowers, fruit, vegetables and herbs with the support of our program participants and community volunteers. The SAGE Project (Seniors Action team for Gardening and Education) is currently seeking individuals aged 55+ interested in volunteering through gardening and food security related activities (canning, freezing, nutrition and wellness) at Gardengate. They may provide mentorship in these areas through workshop facilitation, or simply by participating in the activities themselves. Volunteer opportunities may include: -Seeding-Transplanting-Weeding-Small construction projects-Cooking workshops-Gardening workshops- Supporting Gardengate's annual events like the Salsa Challenge and Pumpkins of Light Festival. Volunteers with SAGE may participate on a 'one time only' basis at special events or projects, or consider more longterm opportunities. If you are interested in learning more, please contact Amber at 250-554-9453. Transportation assistance may be available if needed. Thanks.

Nicole Beauregard, CITY OF KAMLOOPS Direct Line: 250-828-3653 Fax: [\(250\) 828-3619](tel:2508283619)

Book review: The General's Son – Journey of an Israeli in Palestine by Miko Peled

Not since *Two Cups of Tea* have I read a book so hopeful, thoughtful and liberating from lies as this one. Miko is the fourth child of a prominent Zionist family imbued with Zionist values until his beloved niece is killed by a suicide bomber. Bereaved, he joins a support group in San Diego, whose members include many Palestinian Arabs. Overcoming his prejudices, he finds he has a lot in common with them and makes friends. For the first time in his life, he is confronted by the other side of the story. His image of a heroic David fighting the Arab Goliath is brought into question, when he discovers and verifies the truth: it was the Israeli militias who attacked and burned the Arab villages. Confused, he researches his father's papers. He finds that his father, who successfully argued for taking a preemptive strike destroying the Egyptian Army, and was a national hero, was against the Army taking the West Bank. He finds that his father considered it an ill advised land grab and a major shift from creating a Jewish State for Jews to something else: creating a binational state. Writes his son: "He did not accept the double standard that we, the Jewish people, deserve to live on the same land as the Palestinians and yet deprive them of their rights. He also had grave concerns for the nature of the Jewish democracy, and he knew, that the occupation of another people would destroy the moral fibre of society and of the IDF. [Israeli Defense Forces] He did not want to see the IDF turn into a brutal force charged with oppressing a nation that would be sure to rise to resist the occupation." (57) Father Peled foresaw an occupation of increasing brutality, spinning out of control. Indeed, he soon verifies a case of such senseless, murderous atrocity. A principled man, shaken, he duly reports the incident to the Prime Minister in person, but nothing is done. At 45 years of age, not liking the new direction, he cuts a promising career short, turns down lucrative positions offered to him in business, government and politics, and becomes a scholar and a Professor of Arabic literature in Tel Aviv University. Writes his son: "For him, building an army for the Jewish state was a matter of principle. Becoming a scholar of Arabic literature fulfilled his interests." (p.51)

It seems the General saw across the enemy lines and, like his son was to find later, found human beings capable of forgiveness and wanting to live in peace there, in their own state. The son becomes

convinced that living together with Palestinians in a secular democratic state with equal laws for all is now the viable option. This is what Arafat fought for. Peled believes this would inevitably happen, if people were allowed to get to know one another. If more Israelis could cross to the other side and see what is happening there, they would be willing to share the land with people they have so much in common. Alas, “for security reasons,” Israelis are forbidden to go to “territory A”-s by law, where the Arabs live in numbers, even within Israel. Peled believes it to be intentional fear-mongering, (138) intent on maintaining the status quo: regarding the Arabs as the “others,” denying them dignity, and making their lives as miserable as possible, to persuade them to leave. “A mountain of laws and an ocean of restrictions” separate Arab citizen from Jewish citizen in the Israeli state of today. Visiting the West bank and the Gaza strip with the Arab friends he made, he encounters racism and apartheid, two sets of laws for Israelis and Arabs, abuses of power on a daily basis, characterized by hateful, senseless cruelty. With his Rotary friend he sends 1000 wheel chairs over, 500 earmarked for Israeli children, 500 for the Arabs. The Customs people want to forward none of it to the Arabs. When he insists that half the chairs go to Arab children, the Israeli chairs are forwarded right away, but the Arab ones are held up for months “for security reasons,” and charged \$ 7,000.00 for storage fees before the chairs are released. [133] His Arab friend who travels with his extended family on an American Passport for his first visit to his homeland in fifty years, is detained until late at night without food and water, even though they had young children and even a baby in their group. His friend had to beg the crew driver and pay him \$300 to come back for them to drive them to town miles away. They were held back until the last public transport was gone and released into the middle of nowhere after midnight. Visiting Gaza, Peled is struck by the fact, that most of the population there are children. (Remember the very wide base of the age pyramid in undeveloped countries?) Yet the State of Israel has been launching punitive, whole scale military operations against a nation that has no army and a majority of whose citizens are children. A fellow Israeli soldier, serving in the navy, relates to Peled that patrolling the coast in a war ship they from time to time would approach an Arab fishing boat, order its occupants to jump off the boat before they blew it up. Then they tell the fishermen “to count to a hundred and when they were finished to start counting again.” Then the crew watched as, able to tread water no more, one by one they drowned. The point? “To set an example and teach the Arabs who was boss.” (159) Hearing this story, Middle East Correspondent Charles Glass is quoted in the book as writing to Peled:

“It reminded me of the story that *The Chicago Daily News* killed when I wrote it. The Israeli Navy was blowing up boats of kids off Tyre and they had to swim back to town. I met the kids and I saw the boats and I wrote the story. At age twenty-three I was innocent enough to believe it would be published. I learned something then that was taught to me again and again over the years: you cannot write even simple facts about what Israel was doing if your editors cannot accept that Israel would do such things. I don’t know if they didn’t believe the story or they wanted to protect the image, but it happened with just about every American news agency I ever worked for.” (160) This enforced silence enables hatred running its course unabated. Yet what strikes one reading this book is not the horrors it delineates but the hope it gives. Indeed, joint Arab-Israeli groups are starting to get formed aimed at reconciliation not only in the diaspora, but in Israel itself, and there not only of the bereaved. We learn from the book that now there is an organization consisting mostly of former Israeli soldiers and Arab resistance fighters who have formed “Combatants for Peace.” Change is coming to Israel from the bottom up. The time is near when both peoples have had enough of myths and lies and will want to carry on with their lives in peace. Telling are the women’s reactions.

“Nurit quietly sipped her Earl Gray tea. ‘He must have done something really terrible and now he is afraid for his life,’ my sister said, comparing the hawkish politician [Netanyahu] to Mafia bosses who had blood on their hands. As she saw it, every Israeli politician who did not end the Israeli occupation and oppression of Palestinians was responsible for the deaths of Israelis and Palestinians. She reasoned, and still does, that this is not a question of policy or inability to reach an agreement, but callousness, greed for land, a desire to rule, and a lack of will to end the conflict.” Nurit lost her child but she does not blame the Arabs. Reconciliation is possible indeed. To live in peace the people do not need to change. The politicians do. In between, the lying has to stop. F.V.

Ethnic Humor

The economy is at the edge of the abyss. But next year we will take a giant step forward! *Why are Hungarian trains running so slowly? To give the appearance that we still live in a large country. * My wife and I went to a hotel where we got a waterbed. My wife called it the Dead Sea. * We always hold hands. If I let go, she shops. * Did you hear about the bum who walked up to a Jewish mother on the street and said: Lady, I haven’t eaten in three days.” “Force yourself,” she replied. A drunk was in front of a judge. The judge said: “You have been brought here for drinking.” “Okay,” said the drunk, “let’s start!”

Happened to notice. This is the tenth time I have put The Bridge together. So I’ll drink to that. (As good an excuse as any, no? Alas, I’ll end up paying for it, too!)

Picture Essay



Darn, I'm older than dirt! Someone asked the other day: “What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?”

'We didn't have fast food when I was growing up,' I informed him ,, 'All the food was slow.'

'C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?'

'It was a place called 'at home,' I explained. 'Mom cooked every day and when Dad got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, & if I didn't like what she put on my plate, I was allowed to sit there until I did like it.' By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table.

Here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I figured his system could have handled it. Some parents NEVER owned their own house, wore Levis, set foot on a golf course, traveled out of the country or had a credit card.

My parents never drove me to school. I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed, (slow). We didn't have a television in our house until I was 10. It was, of course, black and white, and the station went off the air at 11, after playing the national anthem and a poem about God. It came back on the air at about 6 a.m. and there was usually a locally produced news and farm show on, featuring local people...

I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line. Pizzas were not delivered to our home... But milk was.

All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers -- my brother delivered a newspaper, six days a week. He had to get up at 5AM every morning. Movie stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the movies. There were no movie ratings because all movies were responsibly produced for everyone to enjoy viewing, without profanity or violence or most anything offensive.

If you grew up in a generation before there was fast food, you may want to share some of these memories with your children or grandchildren. Just don't blame me if they bust a gut laughing. Growing up certainly isn't what it used to be, is it? (Internet Forward)

[How should we know?]

Older Than Dirt Quiz :

Count all the ones that you remember ,, NOT the ones you were told about !! { or change the color of the print }

Ratings at the bottom.

- 1.Candy cigarettes
2. Coffee shops with tableside juke boxes
3. Home milk delivery in glass bottles
4. Party lines on the telephones
5. Newsreels before the movie
6. TV test patterns that came on at night after the last show and were there until TV shows started

again in the morning. (There were only 3 channels!)

7. Peashooters
8. Howdy Doody
9. 45 RPM records
10. Hi-fi's records
11. Metal ice trays with lever
12. Blue flashbulb
13. Cork popguns
14. Studebakers
15. Wash tub wringers

◇

If you remembered 0-3 = You're still young

If you remembered 3-6 = You are getting older

If you remembered 7-10 = Don't tell your age, &

If you remembered 11-15 = You're older than dirt like me!

Well, I might be older than dirt but those memories are some of the best parts of my life..

And One More for the Road...

My Dad is cleaning out my grandmother's house (she died in December) and he brought me an old Royal Crown Cola bottle. In the bottle top was a stopper with a bunch of holes in it.. I knew immediately what it was, but my daughter had no idea. She thought they had tried to make it a salt shaker or something. I knew it as the bottle that sat on the end of the ironing board to 'sprinkle' clothes with because we didn't have steam irons.

The Funny page is back

