

BRTA MATTERS

Volume 58 Newsletter of the Burnaby Retired Teachers' Association December 2021

President's Message

The opportunity to have a lunch with Burnaby Retired Teachers feels exciting. It's been almost two years that we haven't been able to get together. This luncheon, for me, is a return to normalcy. A number of groups have heard about the golf course and were trying to get their foot in the door. The reason for all the previous emails was to make sure that we had enough attendance to secure the venue. We have had positive responses from 76 of our members and we were, as such, able to gain the entire room. Because of this, we will still be able to accept requests for attendance.

Please note, that for this year, our Executive has decided to allow our members to bring a guest to the Christmas Luncheon. Members will be charged \$25 and non-members will be charged \$39. Payment will be made at the door (cash or cheque only). Our local receives funds from the provincial organization that allows us to subsidize what members pay. Everyone attending will have to show their provincial vaccination passport indicating a double vaccination.

If you haven't done so already, please send an email (rmaierle@telus.net) to let me know if you plan to attend and are bringing a guest. The email should indicate your name and that of the guest.

The buffet menu is spectacular!



EXECUTIVE MEETINGS-Feb 3, Apr 7, Sep 15, Nov 10 **CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON**-December 1, 2021

LUNCHEON DATES-Feb 24, Apr 28, Oct 6, Dec 1 (2022)

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No longer with us-Alison Anderson

BRTA TREASURER’S REPORT - November 2021

Balance as of August 31, 2021 \$11 339.81

Burnaby Retired Teachers’ Scholarship and Bursary Foundation

c/o Burnaby School District, 4054 Norfolk St, Burnaby, B.C, V5G OC3

Yes, I would like to support the Burnaby Retired Teachers’ Scholarship and Bursary Foundation. I understand the money will be used to support graduating students in their future studies.

Enclosed is my cheque for \$25 \$50 \$100 other

A tax receipt will be issued

 Signature

 Address

 Name (Please Print)

 City Province Postal Code

Looking for a Little Excitement in Your Life? Have you emptied your bucket list ? Does your Horoscope suggest finding new friends and hobbies? Are you plagued by insomnia? Do you wander around aimlessly searching for something meaningful to do? **This is a one-time non-prescription offer!** Get it now while supplies last! Not found in stores! Guaranteed not to rip, sag, bend at the knees or tear! The Burnaby Retired Teachers' Executive is now accepting new applications for membership!!!! Contact any member of the Executive from the list in this Newsletter and your request will be considered. If you can't afford to fly to Disneyland, this could be your "happy place". The motto of this Committee is "Da mihi castitatem et continentiam , sed noli modo!" ("Make me chaste and pure, but not yet!")

Newsletters-We have been inundated by requests from non-BCRTA members for copies of our Newsletter. All Burnaby retired teachers who chose to join the BCRTA are automatically members of the Burnaby Retired Teachers' Association and will receive newsletters. If you are not a member of the BCRTA you can phone 604 871 2260 and register.

We'll Always Remember You

**We could hardly wait to get to class, each day you made the magic start,
With lessons never from a book, but lessons always from your heart.
Your friendly smile, created joy, your love of teaching shining through,
That gift you had, inspired us, to a love of learning, just like you.**

**Not just our teacher but our guide, we never had to walk alone,
You built the bridges we could cross, then taught us how to build our own.
If we made mistakes, or lost our way, you always raised us up again,
You said that rainbows don't appear, until you've felt the falling rain.**

**The clock of time keeps ticking on, and many things can be erased,
But the gift you gave me of yourself, can never ever be replaced.
I still can hear your soothing voice, that memory will always stay,
And the hopes and dreams you helped create, still live within me every day.**

Canadian Trivia Quiz-Eh?

- 1. What is Canada's most visited National Historic site?**
- 2. What is the most purchased grocery item in Canada?**
- 3. What American movie star was married to a Canadian whose father founded the Brick?**
- 4. In what Canadian city did the Hawaiian pizza originate?**
- 5. Besides Lester Pearson, what Canadian PM won the Nobel Peace Prize?**
- 6. What % of Canadians are daily smokers? A) 10% B) 17% C) 22% D) 28%**
- 7. What Canadian beach is the longest freshwater beach in the world? A) Wasaga B) Lake Winnipeg C) Great Bear Lake D) Lake of the Woods**
- 8. What is the only official bilingual province in Canada?**
- 9. What Canadian golf club is the oldest in North America?**
- 10. The average Canadian eats how many eggs a year? A) 80 B) 120 C) 190 D) 220**
- 11. How many times has Canada hosted the Olympics?**
- 12. What Canadian city is the geographical center of North America?**
- 13. What is the national fruit of Canada?**
- 14. The world's largest lobster was caught in Nova Scotia in 1977. What did it weigh? A) 10.16 kg B) 12.45 kg C) 15.72 kg D) 20.14 kg**
- 15. What % of the area of Canada is covered by Nunavut? A) 1/16 B) 1/8 C) 1/5 D) 1/4**
- 16. What Canadian province does not recognize Daylight Savings Time?**
- 17. Who is the best-selling Canadian author of all time?**
- 18. Four foreign countries have flown their flags over Canada. France Britain and?**
- 19. What area of Canada has a lower level of gravity than the rest of the planet?**
- 20. What is the most popular cheese eaten in Canada?**

Answers on bottom of next page

BURNABY SCHOOL BOARD

HONOURING INDIGENOUS CULTURE WITH LASTING ART

Under the guidance of Indigenous artist and Squamish Nation **Elder Xwalactun**, work continues on a **Welcome Post** for the new **Burnaby North Secondary**. Both staff and students have had the opportunity to experience working with him and hearing his teachings, since last March. Together they're cutting and carving the old growth piece of red cedar that, when complete, will greet all who come to the new high school. Ideas for the design came from a collaboration with the school and the artist, with each aspect chosen for its meaning. As the final design takes shape, it will reveal elements of the sky, earth, and sea, as well as a medicine wheel representing the different nations and cultures at the school.

World Mental Health Day is intended to raise global awareness of mental health issues, and to mobilize support efforts. At **Burnaby North Secondary**, the Student Government, Leadership and Mentorship students, and the Mental Health Awareness Club encouraged all students and staff to acknowledge the day. Wearing purple was one of the ways they showed they care, and that no one is alone.

A RETURN TO CLUBS

There is much enthusiasm in Burnaby Schools with clubs up and running again, as seen here at **Alpha Secondary**. Clubs, such as these at **Byrne Creek Community School** provide an opportunity for students to work on their interests with their peers, learn, build friendships and contribute to the community. Students at **Cariboo Hill** and **Moscrop Secondary** were able to shop for their favourite at clubs day. Friends and "check mates" are already being made at Chess Club, which is up and running at **Burnaby Mountain Secondary**.

THE GIFT THAT GIVES BACK

With schools across the District holding their Terry Fox Runs in September, this month many students got to enjoy the rewards of the gift of giving. Students at **Inman Elementary** threw pies at their principal, after exceeding their fundraising goal by more than \$600 for a total of more than \$2000. The possibility of dumping cold water on willing school staff and the principal at **Stoney Creek Community School** led to a near tripling of last year's fundraising for the **Terry Fox Foundation**, with a total of more than \$1600. And at **Chaffey-Burke Elementary**, fundraising milestones led to different events, with a pie in the face of staff volunteers for raising \$3200 – and the ultimate prize of a large bucket of ice water dumped on the principal if more than \$4200 was raised. The fun, school spirit and desire to raise money for a good cause led to a whopping total of nearly \$5600 – over two thousand dollars more than last year.

Students at **Burnaby Mountain** recognized **Latin American Heritage Month**. They celebrated influential Latinx and their important contributions to our world.

Answers to Canadian Trivia Quiz-Eh- 1. Halifax Citadel 2. Kraft Dinner 3. Hillary Duff
4. Chatham, Ontario (1962) 5. Jean Chretien 6. 17% 7. Wasaga 8. New Brunswick 9. Royal Montreal Golf Club 10. 190 11. Three (Montreal, Calgary and Vancouver) 12. Regina 13. Blueberry 14. D) 20.14 kg
15. 1/5 16. Saskatchewan 17. Robert Munsch 18. Spanish and Dutch 19. Hudson Bay/Canadian Shield
20. Cheddar

Excerpt from “**Inkwells to Internet**” -**LEARNING BY PAPER DRIVE**-1939-Sam Roddan

I began my career as a teacher in Burnaby in September 1939, which neatly coincided with the outbreak of the Second World War. My class was in the old Kingsway West School in South Burnaby, where I was assigned to handle an overflow of grade 9 boys from the high school down the road. I always look back on my early teaching experiences at Kingsway West with awe and wonder. How I managed to survive still astonishes my friends, the education heavyweights of the time, and particularly, it astonishes me.

The principal of the high school informed me in no uncertain terms when I was hired that I was on my own and my job was to whip the grade nine boys into shape. I can still hear him in the office laying it on the line. “Well, Roddan, there were a lot of applicants for this job. It wasn’t easy making our choice and I hope we haven’t made a mistake in our selection process. Anyway, time will tell. Right now, your job is to gird up your loins and go forth bearing the standards of the high school and instill pride, school spirit good manners, citizenship, and a sense of tradition. But above all, if I may repeat for emphasis, whip those boys into shape.”

The words of my principal imbued in me a great sense of purpose. With his stern blessing I assumed the role of foreign missionary duly commissioned to save the thirty-five outcasts, abandoned to my care on the top floor of the school, from a life of ignorance. How well I remember facing my students for the first time on that September morn! As they rumbled through the doors, fighting and scratching for the prized back seats, what impressed me most was their enormous size and energy. Never had I seen such huge, bony lads, with shuffling gaits, loud voices, and big red fists.

My ordeal began promptly at nine o’clock. I nonchalantly adjusted my bow tie and glanced at my new Pocket Ben watch. “Will the class please stand for the recitation of the Lord’s Prayer,” I said firmly. Even today, forty-two years later, I can still hear the moans and groans, whines, whimpers, growls and grunts as the students finally got to their feet. I bowed my head and closed my eyes to set a good example-a foolish things to do in front of your first class. Fortunately I quickly learned that 20/20 vision and a strong set of vocal cords are invaluable assets to the novice teacher. On that first morning, with all the passion of an old-time revivalist, I shepherded my flock through the Lord’s Prayer. As the weeks went by, I learned, too, how to keep my eyes skimming the room for the dissidents and unbelievers and at the same time, maintain a firm hold on the reins as the class galloped breathlessly down the home stretch to “For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen.” One student, who later went into the ministry, always inserted a few extra “forever and evers.” My teaching load was heavy: English, Social Studies, Mathematics, Science, Health and Physical Education. I was also stuck with working in the favou rite ideals of my principal: pride, school spirit, good manners citizenship and tradition. I had little energy left for any of the frills such as man-to-man counselling or career planning.

One turbulent Friday afternoon I was called to the door and handed a large brown envelope by a messenger from the high school. Inside was a directive to be read immediately to my class. “All students are advised that the Annual Paper Drive will start on Monday morning. The class bringing the greatest number of tons will receive free tickets to the Exhibition at Hastings Park. The cooperation of every student is sincerely requested to make our Paper Drive go over the top”. My students greeted the announcement with cheers and a standing ovation. Almost immediately I sensed that a Paper Drive was the greatest innovation in education since the invention of recess. The Paper Drive was also the granddaddy of the school activity sometimes called the ‘field trip’. I have never seen a class as ready as mine to rally to the cause, put its shoulder to the wheel, and be so ready to dedicate unselfishly all their school time to that worthy endeavour. In one week my class collected enough paper to fill the aisles and cloakroom and erect a huge protective barricade around my desk in front of the room. The janitor feared the imminent collapse of the floor.

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One morning the school inspector, Mr. Brown, arrived to make his first review of my progress and capacities as a teacher. The bundles of paper were by now close to the ceiling. Mr. Brown could hardly squeeze into the room. I still remember his anxious questions. “but where are the students?” he asked, peering on tiptoe over the bundles surrounding my desk. “Most of them are out on the Paper Drive. It’s a great way for them to get to know the community. Others are behind that stack of papers near the window. They are doing research on current events.” I paused to get my breath, “They’re studying the obits and making a list of all the deceased who were born in South Burnaby.”

“But what about Math?” Mr. Brown persisted. “how can you teach math lessons in all this confusion?” I then quickly explained how my students in the last two weeks had learned to add bundles of paper, weigh them on the scales, divide by the number of rows and desks in the room, and generally average out the total weight of paper collected by each student. “But reading!” Mr. Brown shouted, getting red in the face. “How are they progressing in their reading?” “Progressing!” I shouted back enthusiastically. “Look at those students on top of the bundles near the ventilator. Those lads are up there learning to love language from the vernacular of the sports pages. And they’re learning good manners too, from the column by Dorothy Dix.” A few minutes later Mr. Brown stumbled down the stairs, shaking his head and mopping his brow. But the big point I must add here is that my class went over the top on the paper drive and cleaned up on all the prizes. Best of all, the handling, heaving, and hauling of tons of paper had whipped the students, and me, into first-class shape.

But after the Paper Drive was over, how hard it was to get back to studies? Once again we struggled with square root, the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, the properties of oxygen and hydrogen, and in health, the number of bones in the head. Some of the students became afflicted with sleeping sickness. Others were “forced” on Friday afternoons to attend funerals of distant uncles.

One noisy Friday when I’d almost lost faith and patience with the education process, humankind, and the whole catalogue of Christian virtues, there came a loud knock on the door. Again I was handed a large brown envelope from the high school and inside was an important message from the principal. “All students are reminded that the ticket sale for the annual school carnival will commence promptly on Monday morning. The cooperation of every student is requested for this worthwhile activity. Excellent prizes!” When I read out the announcement a chorus of cheers broke the doldrums and cries of “Give us the tickets!” filled the air. Needless to say, in the following weeks my class went over the top again, won all the prizes, and in the process conducted the most intensive door-to-door canvass in the history of South Burnaby.

At this point some education critics might wish to point out that it is little wonder young people today have gone to the dogs. The field trip has replaced discipline in the classroom. The schools have abdicated their responsibility to learning. Teachers are babysitters. Students have no sense of purpose. Ah, my dear critics! One moment, please! Out of that class of outcasts, misfits, and ignorant, rejected and callous youth at Kingsway West came some of the most notable citizens of British Columbia. Through the inexplicable alchemy of mind over matter, those lads girded up their loins and transformed themselves into lawyers, doctors, judges, a squadron leader in the RCAF, a newspaper editor and a teacher. On lad to whom I gave a C (pass) on condition he drop out and not come back to school in the following September, is now a millionaire and a public-spirited citizen living on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Oh, shame on all ye who have so little faith in our young people of today! And shame on those who believe in putting the human spirit into a straitjacket and who delight in setting tests and snares to trap the innocent and unwary! And shame, too, on all those still believe it is more blessed to know the number of bones in the head than the pulsing beats of the human heart.