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SPRING 2023



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PostScript

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Cover Photo by Arnie Lambert
Spring Blossoms

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As I write these words, sunlight is streaming in my office window and birdsong is coming from the trees. I would much rather listen to the twittering of birds than read the tweets of humans. The birds never hit a bad note. One cheerful voice we can always count on to be on pitch belongs to **Paul Swennumson**. His lovely segment here is “Whistling All the Way”. It is a unique confession, a musical diversion, a sweet reminiscence, and it has already brightened my spring.

Some very serious medical research has revealed that laughing is good for you, and this quarterly dose of PostScript means to keep you healthy, with some clever pieces in this issue from **Fern G. Z. Carr, Stephanie Koropatnick, Geoff Hargreaves** and a returning favourite of our readers, **Chris Harker**.

For those who itch to get on the road we have some wonderful travel ideas. **Tim Brownlow** invites us to join him on a culture-soaked tour of France, while **Janet Nicol** takes us south to New Mexico and the rich art scene of Santa Fe. Closer to home, **Brenda Dineen** travels to Haida Gwaii and her words and images transmit the power of this BC treasure, both the place and its people. Meanwhile, PostScript award-winning writer **Helene McGall** lets us in on her latest adventure - teaching in the stark beauty of remotest Northern Quebec, where her young learners are proudly reading their first pages - in three languages.

After her popular article on mystery writer Josephine Tey, PostScript's own Assistant Editor **Karen Cooper** is back with a multi-layered profile of another writer of the same era, Dorothy Sayers. Best known for her Lord Peter Wimsey mystery novels, Sayers had a fascinating, somewhat hidden life that informed her work. Avid readers will like this piece.

We report on some important work being done by BC's **Seniors Advocate** on the topic of long-term care in our province. You can get involved by assisting in the gathering of information through a survey of care home residents in your community - see page 70 for details. There's also an opportunity on page 8 for you to play a part in improving the life of Canadians by advocating for a long-promised cornerstone for our health system, Pharmacare. We strongly encourage you to take this chance to be heard.

PostScript wouldn't be complete without some good words on health, finance and a few calisthenics for your brain, too. Enjoy it.

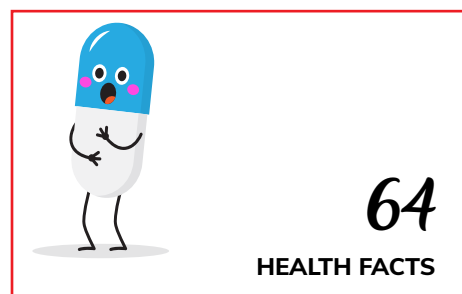
Wishing you all the best this spring!

Yours truly,

The Editor
posts-script@bcрта.ca

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SPRINGTIME MEANS MOTION

Spring - the season of anticipation, fresh starts, and new arrivals. At our house, one of first signs of spring is waking to the morning call of the red-winged blackbirds. The early arrivals keep heading north, but those that come later nest here in the reeds on the pond, and continue to provide more than a month of melodies.



Photo by Arnie Lambert.

A few hummingbirds hang around all winter, but as it warms we hear the hum of their wings as they come to sip on our camellia blossoms. Add in the Brandt Geese migration, the robins on the lawns, and ducks on the pond, and it is quite a bird frenzy!

Snowdrops and Glory of the Snow blossoms emerge, then the crocuses and daffodils, along with cherry and maple blossoms; the first wonderful bursts of colour since the Christmas lights disappeared.

Along with the busy activity of the birds and the sprouting of plant life, springtime also heralds renewed activity at the BCRTA. One important undertaking for me has been the resumption of branch visits, something that our previous president Grace Wilson was unable to do during COVID. We have already visited a few branches close to home: Parksville-Qualicum and Alberni, and down the island to the Lower Vancouver Island Branch where we met at the lovely Esquimalt Gorge Park Pavilion. By the time you read this we will also have visited BCRTA branches in Cowichan, Nanaimo, Langley, and Vancouver. Warmer weather will see us travelling to the Interior, and also up to the Peace country.

Why all these branch visits? Because BCRTA's connection to members across the province is important, and we want to show that. Our website notes that "the mission of the BCRTA is the maintenance and enhancement of the quality of life for its members specifically and other seniors generally." Branch visits provide an opportunity to help fulfill that mission, allowing us to inform members of the Advantage program benefits, the details of our pension plan, highlight available trips, and the health, travel and home insurance coverage we provide through our partnership with Johnson Insurance. And, of course, to listen to what is on your mind. These conversations are part of a healthy cycle of support and renewal for our association.



Migrating geese. Photo by Arnie Lambert

I have to thank those who have made the Branch visits possible; the Branch Presidents. Cathy, Janis, Sharon, David, Les, Gail and Edie have worked hard to organize the meetings, and to provide excellent meeting facilities for both the members and presenters, and that list will continue to grow in the coming months.

I also have to add a big “thank you” to Lisa Hansen from Johnson Insurance, who works incredibly hard to help our members, and who has accompanied me on many of the branch visits.

There are only so many days available for travel and meetings and this is a large province, but if we have yet to visit you, it is our hope that we can do so in the coming year. In the meantime, be sure to access our trip, insurance and advocacy information on the BCRTA website at bcрта.ca.

It is my hope that spring renews opportunity and adventure for each of you. •

ARNIE LAMBERT is President of the BCRTA



Redwing blackbirds. Photos by Arnie Lambert.



Advocacy In the News

PLEASE SUPPORT BCRTA'S CAMPAIGN PHARMACARE NOW



BCRTA LAUNCHES ONLINE ADVOCACY CAMPAIGN

Where is the Pharmacare program that has been promised to Canadians for the last three elections?

Canada has the unique distinction of being the only country with universal public health care that doesn't include prescription drug coverage. Meanwhile, drug costs are rapidly rising.

Pharmacare will reduce drug costs by \$14 billion or more per year. Canadians pay the third highest drug prices in the world. After three elections of promises, and the "Liberal/NDP Delivering

for Canadians Now, a Confidence and Supply Agreement" the federal government should be delivering Pharmacare NOW.

BCRTA President Arnie Lambert and our board of directors are asking BCRTA members to join our online campaign to demand action on this file.

Our quick online petition will direct a letter in your name to your local MP, MLA and health ministers.

Please visit the link below and be heard!

bcрта.ca/pharmacarenow

BC'S SENIORS ADVOCATE REPORTS ON LONG TERM CARE AND AFFORDABILITY FOR SENIORS

In the past several months BC's Seniors Advocate Isobel Mckenzie has released new reports on the how the current economy and health care system is impacting the lives of seniors in BC. You can learn more about her findings and view the complete reports at the OSA website.

On February 23, 2023 the Seniors Advocate released her report *We Must Do Better: Home Support Services for B.C. Seniors* which highlights issues relevant to seniors in need. Despite recent increases in funding, the review demonstrates that the program is not keeping pace with the needs of a

growing seniors' population and the service remains unaffordable to a large number of seniors.

On September 22, 2022 the Seniors Advocate released a report *Seniors Falling Further Behind* which highlighted the challenges for low-income seniors in particular in a time of high inflation and soaring housing costs. Our Member Wellness Committee continues to monitor the OSA's work on these issues.

You can view the reports in the 2022-23 tab at:

<https://www.seniorsadvocatebc.ca/reports/>

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PostScript Letters

Crime and Nourishment

I read a letter in the Winter 2022 edition from Dorothy Sleigh.

Dorothy was Vice Principal at David Thompson Secondary when I was an ESL Teacher there; about 1975-76. She was the Administrator responsible for ESL and I remember her leadership very fondly.

One memorable incident occurred when we went for a Departmental Lunch at the German Club. Just prior to, or maybe after, our arrival there had been a robbery that somehow involved the cook. And our lunch took too long and Dorothy contacted—pre-cellphone—Mr McKenzie and Mr May who covered our classes until our lunch was served and eaten.

ESL was just being recognized as a legitimate subject and an essential program and Dorothy was very supportive of our ESL Department.

Sally Ringdahl

PostScript Pavlova

Every issue is wonderful!

Shannon Riedlinger
Surrey

Thanks for PostScript – truly sublime!

Doug Hillson
Abbotsford

Sunny Side of Street

On behalf of so many, I would like to express my appreciation to Barrie Street for taking the time to outline his decades long dedication to supporting the Canadian Blood Services. (Fall 2022) Having personally benefited from the generosity of blood donors I would like to emphasize my gratitude to all who donate.

My wife is alive today because of their generosity. In 1978, after a disastrous delivery my wife received approximately 20 units of blood without which she never would have survived. For that, we, our children and grandchildren will be forever grateful. We have had an additional 44 years to enjoy life with a family that, without the generosity of blood donors would never have existed. Barrie was already donating at that time and it is nice to think that perhaps he was one of those who saved her life.

Thank you, Barrie, for taking the time to remind people that blood donation is a gift that changes the lives of so many recipients.

Jim Scorgie
Kelowna

Blast from the Past

I am a retired teacher from #27 in the Cariboo where I taught for 34 years in 100 Mile House. This morning I watched your [PostScript Awards] interview online with Helene McGall, who I know from years ago. In Nelson, perhaps 35+ years back when Helene was working on Music for the board there my wife's mother worked with her.

Thanks for that great interview and for the work you do on behalf of all us retirees.

Tim Matlock
Retired from SD27

EV Driver Charged Up

I found [Olev Edur's] comments about driving range and charging to be a little on the negative side. We have had a Hyundai Kona EV for two years and have yet to encounter problems. We certainly don't charge our car daily. We are retired – no more commuting! We bought a fast charger for our garage and have only used it twice in two years! We just plug the car into the wall socket when it gets down below 30% (perhaps once a week) and, yes, that's slow, but it does the job over a couple of days when we don't need to drive.

We did a 12-day, 2000+ km road trip in the summer of 2021 to test our resilience to "range anxiety" and passed the test with flying colours. The first day took us from Victoria to Campbell River, the next to Port McNeill, then we took the ferry from Port Hardy to Prince Rupert and drove home via Smithers, Prince George, Quesnel (with side trip to Barkerville) and Cache Creek. This was during the heat dome, so you can bet we were using the AC! You might have to think a little about the placement of your motels and B&B's. If they don't offer charging then find accommodation within walking distance of the shopping centre or visitor centre, or as we discovered in Quesnel, just plug into the regular plugs provided for block heaters during the winter. In Port McNeill the chamber of commerce had free chargers! One day we stopped at a rural rest stop for a picnic lunch. We had scouted it on our charging app. As our car charged, we lay in the shade in a grassy meadow of daisies, read our books, maybe even closed our eyes for a while... we had no deadline!

I see no reason (other than availability) to "hang on to your gas-guzzler for the time being", as your author suggests. Take the plunge and go electric, you won't regret it!

Veronica Allan
Victoria

collette

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We Have a Winner!

In June of 2022 I looked at the Trip Merchant BCRTA Travel Newsletter email and read:

WE HAVE A WINNER FROM BCRTA!

COSTA RICA TRIP CONTEST

Thank you to everyone who entered this Costa Rica trip contest for the opportunity to win a trip to paradise, staying at the beautiful Isla Chiquita Glamping Hotel! We had an overwhelming response and clearly there is a lot of interest in this destination.

Click below to see if you are the lucky winner...

I'm not a great traveller, so I'm not sure why I even enter contests. Still, I vaguely remembered entering this one, so I clicked on WINNER and saw my name. I was contacted by Ryan Mikucki at *Trip Merchant* who assured me that no, it wasn't a scam—I really had won this trip! Ryan described the Glamping Hotel, and I decided it would be a great opportunity to reconnect with an old school friend from Regina who now lives in Ontario. We have kept in touch, and I knew she had been to Costa Rica and enjoyed it, so I took the plunge, and we arranged the trip for the end of November.

Isla Chiquita (Little Island) is as lovely as described in the brochures. We loved our “tent” and even enjoyed hearing the howler monkeys every dawn and dusk; a whole family passed by us one day as we sat on the patio. We took in the Bioluminescent Night Boat Tour (amazing), Bird

Boating Tour (wonderful) and I took the Nature Tour (incredible). The guides were also amazing, wonderful, and incredible, as were the hotel and restaurant staff. Heber, one of our reception hosts, paints to raise money for his kids' school; I bought his painting of a macaw. On the last day, we took a paddleboat out and, and I also got up the nerve to try a paddle-board. My friend took a kayak, which I also should have done. I never did manage to stand up on the board, and when we went around a point, I got caught in the current. My friend headed back to shore and get help. I furiously doggie-paddled the paddle-board for about 20 minutes, aiming for a tree on the shore but seeing it get farther and farther away. I started to get some angina, so I stopped... and then started thinking about the alligators and stingrays that we saw on the Night Boat tour and wondered if there were sharks... and started paddling furiously again as I decided it would be better to die of a heart attack than a shark attack.

Two staff members, Chris and Eric, came out in the one of the tour boats to save me. My friend was hysterical, so she waited on the shore for us. I think it must have been about half an hour, all told, and even when I thought I was going to be swept out to the Pacific, I was enjoying the view and thinking it wouldn't be a bad way to go. I was pretty calm by the time they got me. I realized I was going to get rescued and was trying to just enjoy the view. I was quite embarrassed about having to be rescued, but the staff were so nice, and it does make a good story now!



*My friend finding a beautiful shell on the beach.
Photos by Barbara Burnet.*

My friend decided that she would go on to take Spanish lessons in San Jose after our stay at the Glamping Hotel. I asked Ryan to arrange a trip for me to see some birds in Costa Rica. He put together a trip to the Cloud Forest and some tours on my way back to San Jose for my trip home.

This part of the trip was just as well-organized. It started with a private transfer to Monteverde. I loved the hotel there, Poco A Poco, which featured a Charley Harper poster.

On a half-day tour at the Monteverde Reserve, a very hard-working guide was able to spot the Resplendent Quetzal in his scope!

He even got a video on my phone of it. That was the highlight, but the entire tour of the Cloud Forest-plants, flowers, insects, and history was fascinating and the scenery breathtaking.

The next day was a “Skywalk”, five bridges across the canopy of the cloud forest, with yet another wonderful guide. I also fit in the Hummingbird and Butterfly Gardens.

On the way to the Poas Volcano Lodge, the driver stopped at an historic ox cart factory near Sarchi where I had a private tour to see how the carts were traditionally made and painted. Lunch was at an incredible restaurant near the Alajuela strawberry farm, where they had pictures of Costa Rican birds all over the walls. They specialize in strawberry shakes and desserts and much more, everything locally grown.

I only had one night at the Lodge, with its beautiful grounds, many trails, and the comfy lodge itself, its library full of bird books and binoculars if you needed them. I want to go back for more! The next day Wilberth, a guide from the Lodge, took me to



La Paz Waterfall Gardens. I was blown away by the Aviary; I was lucky that Wilberth knew the Toucan “handler”, so I was able to meet Stuart, the rainbow toucan!

Other fascinating exhibits included butterflies, frogs, hummingbirds, snakes, jungle cats, monkeys, and sloths. “Casita De La Paz”, a reproduction of a traditional farmhouse from a hundred years ago, showed tools from that era and had samples of coffee and milk (fresh), and tortillas. In the barns were oxen that pulled those famous ox-carts. I certainly didn’t see everything; there was even a “Trout Lake” where people could go fishing.

Then five thunderous waterfalls with incredible views!

After this visit and a wonderful lunch at the Gardens, I was picked up again for a private transfer to the Hotel Autentico in San Jose. The next

morning, another day tour with another incredible driver and guide, Mario, to the Irazu Volcano, Orosi Valley, Paraiso, Cartago, and Lankester Botanical Gardens. I could say so much more about these tours, but I’m running out of room. I’ll just say, I want to go back and do the same tours again; Ryan arranged the best possible trip for someone who is a bit hesitant to travel solo.

The whole voyage was magical for me, minus airports and airlines. Even with those discomforts, I fell in love with Costa Rica. I’m very grateful to BCTRA and Trip Merchant for turning me into a traveller again at 71 years old. But I’d better hurry and book another trip; now I want to see the Three-Wattled Bellbird! It’s in the Charley Harper poster shown on this page. •

BARBARA BURNET taught in Armstrong and worked also in speech pathology in Campbell River, Richmond and Vancouver. She retired from full time work for the Vancouver School Board in 2009.

EXCUSE Me,
but
Your Hair IS ON FIRE

BY FERN G. Z. CARR



The phrase “substitute teacher” evokes images of downtrodden wretches with bullseyes on their foreheads and “Kick me!” signs taped to their backs, wretches bombarded by spitballs and paper airplanes. Yet whether they are known as “subs”, “teachers on call”, or “supply teachers”, it is still the same glorious job. I should know, since in addition to my careers as a corporate-commercial lawyer, full-time classroom teacher, poet, and writer, I chose to substitute teach. People were horrified at this perceived masochism, all except my young nephew, who was intrigued. “Tell me another teacher story!”

The job certainly had its moments, like developing a sudden case of laryngitis while teaching Grade 8’s or having had an entire class bellow a staggered chorus of sonorous moos à la “Cow Days” (a South Park episode). Nevertheless, it was not only fun but a great opportunity to interact with new staff and students while being exposed to a wealth of fascinating knowledge.

Apart from the students who attempted to have a day off at my expense, and as with any job, there were minor annoyances. It was my practice to arrive early in the morning to review lesson plans and prepare for any surprises. Before I could even get to that point though, I often had to grope around in the dark in a strange classroom for several minutes just to find the light switch. When I was finally able to see, I frequently discovered there were no lesson plans, or if there were, they were saved onto a flash drive with no available laptops. True to the Boy Scouts’ motto, “Be prepared”, I always brought along a bag of tricks for such situations. I also quickly learned to keep a change of clothes in the trunk of my car. Arriving at work in a dress and high heels was not conducive to going on an outing to plant trees or for a track and field day at the local stadium.

SURPRISE!



Any experienced teacher will tell you they can size up the tenor of a room in a matter of seconds. Kittens or tigers? Generally, it was some sort of hybrid situation, but when the tigers did come out to play, well, almost every student asked, “Where is the real teacher?” With a glazed look, I would simply reply, “I don’t know. I just walked in off the street, and nobody has caught me yet.”

Although I had specific areas of specialization, I was nevertheless called in to teach all levels from kindergarten to Grade 12. Each grade presented its own set of idiosyncrasies, making for enjoyable challenges. Kindergarten, for instance, was light-years harder to teach than high school physics. I commend kindergarten teachers and would nominate them for medals of bravery. By way of illustration, one morning before the bell rang to start the school day, four of my “kindies” were crying because they wanted their moms, while another child ran into the hallway and hid inside a locker, refusing to come out.

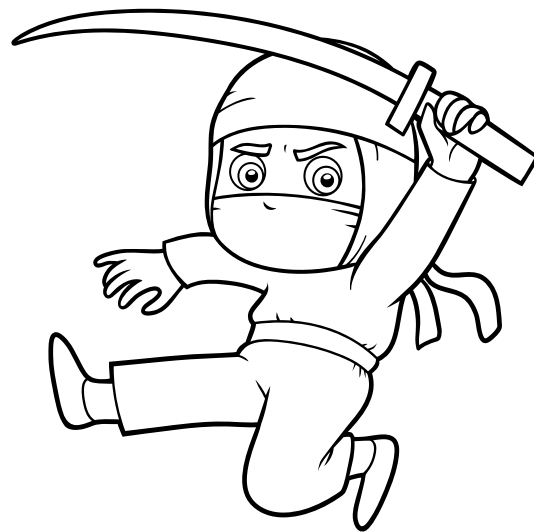
On another occasion, a kindergarten class was returning from the library with me right before lunch. There were only a few minutes to go before the bell, so I asked them to sit together and read their books. A very wise cherub proceeded to look up at me and said, “But Madame, we are just in kindergarten. We don’t know how to read!” (I was called “Madame” because one of my specializations was in French Immersion.)

Of course, not all the situations I encountered were so humorous. I have been trapped in an outdoor portable classroom with middle schoolers during a lockdown due to an active shooting in the neighbourhood. For everyone's safety, the superintendent's office expressly instructed teachers to keep students quiet and huddled under their desks. No one was permitted to leave for any reason. My class was mostly composed of rowdy boys so silence would have been difficult even under normal circumstances. To aggravate matters, the emergency occurred over the lunch hour; students were hungry and needed to use the washroom. One girl was in the throes of a panic attack. I did my best to comfort her. Although this nightmare lasted for 1.5 hours, it seemed much longer. I did not dare tell the students the lock on the portable classroom door was broken.

I did have one more-serious disciplinary issue. A Grade 12 student in a Grade 10 Math Essentials class was doing his best to be disruptive. It was not a particularly motivated group, so I wanted to nip this unruliness in the bud before the others got carried away, too. Jason (not his real name) was throwing pencils at the ceiling trying to lodge them in the acoustic tiles. I put a quick stop to that. He then started to shout out swear words, while pretending to have Tourette Syndrome, a neurological disorder that can sometimes cause the involuntarily uttering of obscenities. Again, I got him to stop; this behavior was simply inexcusable on so many levels. When I returned to my desk, I thought I heard Jason say something untoward, so I walked back and questioned him about it. He proclaimed loudly, "I wasn't calling you a b**ch, I just said you were acting like one."



That was one of the very few times over the years I called an administrator for help. Fortunately, the vice-principal who came to assist was well-known to me. Possessing a black belt in martial arts, he was my ninja warrior. The three of us went into the hallway for a private conversation away from curious ears. The VP spoke to Jason, then told him to go to the office. It was no surprise when Jason refused. "No! I want to hear what she has to say." I smiled inwardly as I fantasized about the ninja moves about to be unleashed.



In any event, the situation was quickly and equitably resolved. It turned out Jason was a visiting student who was due to appear in court that afternoon. He received a suspension, and I was told if he ever turned up in another class of mine, he would be removed.

On separate occasions, a student had an epileptic seizure while in class and another accidentally almost set my hair on fire with his lighter. These incidents, though, were extremely rare and far outweighed by many classes of engaged and productive learning. All in all, I have had very few problems with discipline. I was quick to establish my knowledge of the subject matter and most students simply did not want to waste their day. When I did encounter a goofy contingent, usually at middle school, I looked after it promptly. More often than not, the other students would speak to me privately after class to apologize for their friends' behavior.

Humour was another reliable tool in my arsenal. I recall teaching an overly chatty French Immersion high school group. They were lovely but were not as quiet as they should have been. I thought I would try an experiment. I had a popular app on my phone at the time. It was called “Talking Tom”.

The app recorded speech in any language and had an on-screen animated cat repeat the dialogue in a high-pitched, cartoon-like voice. Instead of giving the group yet another reminder to not be so noisy, I furtively recorded a message in French to have the request come directly from Talking Tom. I then solemnly walked to the front of the class and with a straight face, raised my iPhone to play my surprise for them. Even though they were in Grade 12, they thought this was hilarious. We all had a good laugh and the situation was resolved.

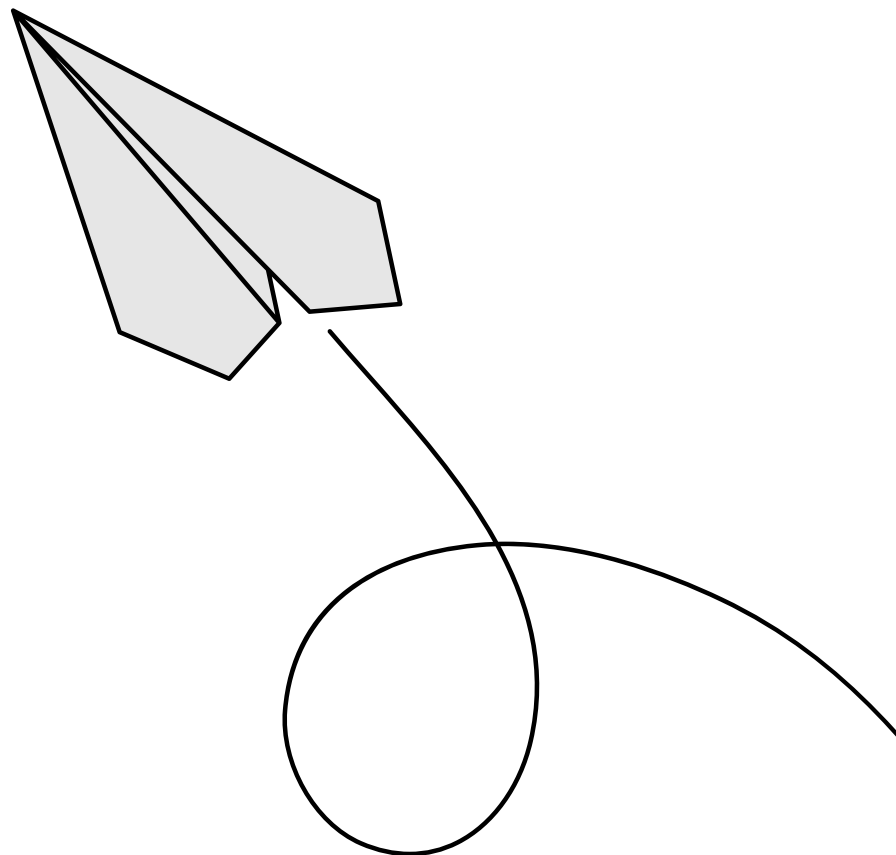
On one of my final days as a substitute teacher, I was assigned to a school in the district that did not

possess a stellar reputation. I enjoy a challenge, so I accepted the job. The students decided it was going to be one of those “Bug-the-Sub” days. A future aeronautics engineer attempted to get a rise out of me by flying a paper airplane around the classroom. With the precision of a fighter jet, I intercepted the airplane mid-flight and excitedly asked him for permission to keep it. I told him I was retiring soon, and it would make a wonderful souvenir. He was completely flabbergasted and that ended his flying career.

I reminisce about these times with fondness. Yes, the life of a substitute teacher does have its ups and downs, but as with any job, attitude can save the day. My experiences with children and teens have enlightened me, providing perspectives I might not otherwise have gained. Not only did my students learn from me, but I was fortunate to learn from them as well. •

FERN G. Z. CARR is a former lawyer, retired teacher, and past president of the SPCA (Kelowna) and Project Literacy. She composes poetry and prose in six languages including Mandarin. Her poetry is in permanent orbit around the planet Mars aboard NASA’s MAVEN spacecraft.

www.ferngzcarr.com



THE PRINCIPLE OF PARKING



BY CHRIS HARKER

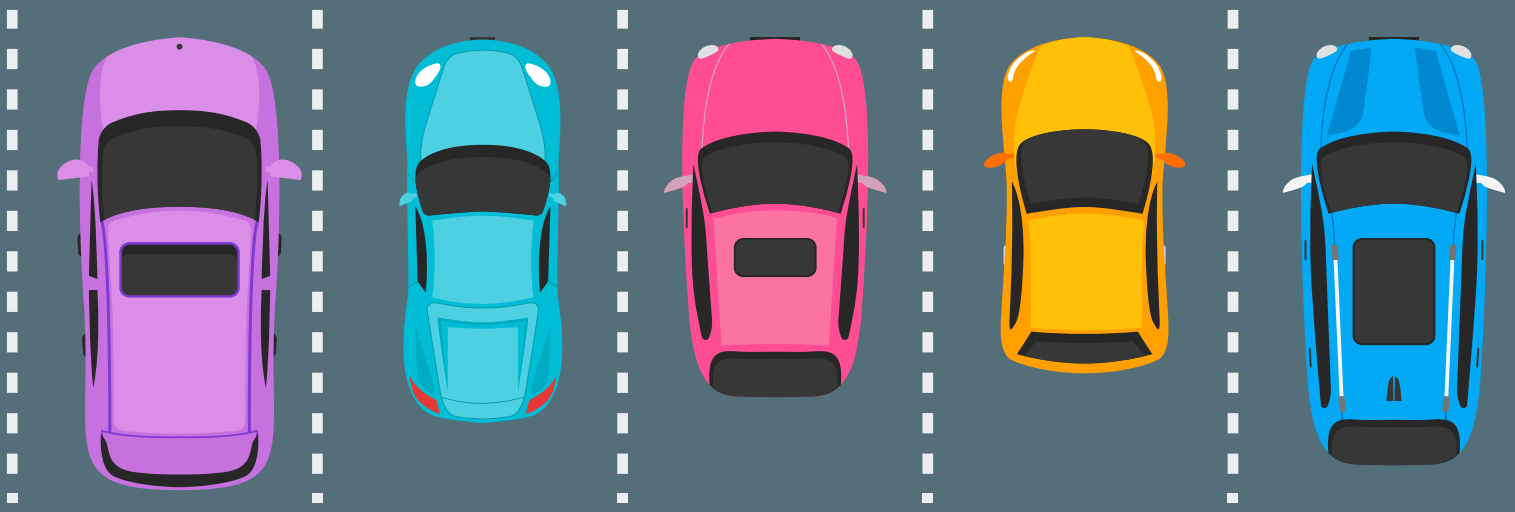
It was late September 1972, during a morning break, the staffroom at capacity. Coffee was being poured, lunch bags opened, conversations in full spate. Mr. Tinker, the principal, opened the door, glanced around the room until he saw me, looked me right in the eye and then said, in a very loud voice, “I suppose that’s the way they do it in Africa?”

There was immediate silence. Puzzled silence, as no one knew what he was talking about, though everyone assumed I did. I didn’t, though it was obvious he was talking to me; no one else in the room had ever been near Africa. I had recently returned to Canada after a three-year stint of teaching in Tanzania.

“Er, the way they do what in Africa,” I asked, hoping that the reply was not going to embarrass the ladies in the room. After all, at that point in time, we’d all grown up with an understanding that that certain topics were not mentioned in the presence of the opposite sex.

“Park facing out, instead of facing in like everyone else,” he stated, staring at me in a most severe manner. He allowed the point to sink in for a moment and then turned on his heel and left.

The room was silent for another moment and then exhaled in conversation. “What’s he talking about?” “Is he serious?” “Pass the sugar.” And so on.



Things came into fuzzy focus for me. I was the driver of a carpool and came to school almost an hour before classes began. On arrival, I took the time, unlike others, to back into a parking stall. It was something I always did, everywhere; one of my idiosyncrasies. Granted, my car, a small-wheel-base, right-hand drive Range Rover I'd brought with me from Tanzania, was a little conspicuous. And I'd only been at the school a few weeks and had yet to re-adjust fully to the Canadian way of life.

Was there some rule of which I was unaware? After a few minutes of discussion, the consensus was that, "Tinker was joking." No one could believe he'd be concerned about a tiny detail in how someone parked a car.

I had to collect some papers from the office before the end of break, so I left the staffroom a few minutes later and made my way down the hall. Mr. Tinker emerged from his office as I was checking my box.

"I hope you don't mind me having a go at you," he said.

"Of course not, Mr. Tinker," I replied with an ingratiating smile. "I can take a joke," I chuckled.

Tinker whirled about. "Oh, I wasn't joking. I was out in the parking lot a while ago and saw your car is parked facing out."

"Yes?" I queried.

"Everyone else is parked facing in."

"Is that a problem?"

"Well, what am I going to say if a member of the School Board arrives at the school and wants to know whose car that is?"

"You could say it belongs to me," I said. "I'm afraid I don't see what the problem is."

"Well, it looks as if you want to leave early," stated Mr. Tinker.

"I can take a joke," I chuckled.

Tinker whirled about. "Oh, I wasn't joking."

“But I do leave early,” I replied. A member of my pool had to get home to babysit right after school so that his wife could go to work.

“That’s not the point,” said the principal. “I’d like to see you park facing in like everyone else.”

I was edging towards irritation but felt that a rationale rather than an outburst would be best. “It’s an old car Mr. Tinker. I’ve had some problems with the starter. If I face it out, I can run down the hill and jump start it if there are problems.”

Tinker seized on this opening. “Look,” he said. “You park facing in like everyone else and if you ever have a problem, I will guarantee you fifty kids to push you out and down the hill.”

I had visions of running over half the soccer team. It was time to be forthright. “Mr. Tinker; that’s just the way I park. I’ve always done it that way. I’m not making any statement, but I don’t think it has anything to do with the way I teach or how I relate to kids.”

To my amazement, the principal, an ex-navy officer, snapped to attention. I wondered if he was going to salute. Instead, he said, “It’s against Board policy to park that way, against the building. It’s a District rule.”

“I will guarantee you fifty kids to push you out and down the hill.”

I had visions of running over half the soccer team.



It was true that the section of the parking lot where I generally parked was near a building, though concrete baffles prevented any vehicle from making contact. There were no windows in the vicinity, but it occurred to me that perhaps there might be some concerns about exhaust marks or fumes. However, the parking area was L shaped. The other leg of the lot was nowhere near any structure. “If that’s the problem Mr. Tinker, I’ll park in the other section.”

“You’re just making a lot of trouble for yourself,” he announced. “Park where you want but do what I’ve asked. Park facing in and not facing out.” And with that he turned, walked into his office, and shut the door.

The school secretary had witnessed this interchange and was now sitting at her desk, dumbfounded.

“Is that true? That there’s a parking rule?” I asked.

“I’ll call the District office and try to find out for you,” she answered.

At that point, the bell rang and I returned to class. During the lunch hour, I had reported my dialogue with Mr. Tinker, and the parking edict was discussed at some length. Reactions varied from solemn acknowledgement to derisive snorts. No one had heard of any rule, but no one was sure there wasn’t one.

I could stand on principle, assert my independence, and risk an on-going rift with my boss...

Midway through the first afternoon class, the school secretary appeared outside my door. I sidled over. “There’s no rule anywhere about parking,” she reported. “They thought I was nuts to ask.”

Parking was again the topic of the afternoon break, as I announced the information I’d received.

That night, I wrestled with the issue. Should I comply with the principal’s request? Doing so seemed foolish, had nothing to do with my teaching, but it would identify me as compliant and a team

player. Or I could stand on principle, assert my independence, and risk an on-going rift with my boss.

I decided to delay the moment of decision as long as I could by persuading my pool to arrive much later than usual.

I drove into the parking lot in amazement. Only the vehicles of the principal and vice-principal were facing in. The rest of the staff, every one of them, was facing out. •



CHRIS HARKER grew up in Vancouver and taught in Burnaby, Ottawa, England, Nepal, Tanzania and Australia before settling into a career with the Saanich School Board. He retired as vice principal of Claremont secondary in 1999 and then, with his wife Catriona, escorted safaris to Tanzania for 16 years.

MEMORIES OF ZEBALLOS

BY STEPHANIE KOROPATNICK

I grew up and attended school in one of the large suburban municipalities near Vancouver. When I finished my degree and teacher training at Simon Fraser University in 1984, I imagined obtaining a teaching job in the same district, or perhaps one nearby. I never anticipated that a province-wide 'restraint' policy would mean that I would work in a factory for three years before finally becoming a mid-year maternity replacement in the tiny community of Zeballos, 30 miles of highway and another 50 miles of logging road from the nearest town.

Zeballos was part of the sprawling district of Vancouver Island West, which encompassed several small sea-side communities separated by hundreds of miles of untamed west coast. Surrounded by moss-drenched ancient forests on three sides and on the fourth, by a steep and narrow fjord running some 10 miles up from the Pacific Ocean, it was beautiful, and an adventurer's dream location. In my rare free time, I revelled in solitary walks along the paths by the river, drinking in lungfuls of rain-forest-rich air.



As grateful as I was to finally secure a teaching position, an adventurer I was not. An avid consumer of big-city culture, I was in a sort of shock to find myself in a town of roughly 200 humans and several thousand eagles. Shopping was non-existent; the solitary store in town had burnt to the ground a month before I arrived. (The event was front-page news on the classroom newspaper project for the teacher I replaced.)

The night-life was only slightly more promising, with only a single hotel in town, though it boasted a pub nearly large enough for the entire town to attend at one time. Not that I had any time for night-life! I was a very raw, beginning teacher, and two weeks into my first-ever contract, a province-wide 'bell-to-bell' job-action began which meant I had to leave school by 3:15 every day. To survive, the only choice I had was to surreptitiously carry home the mountains of materials I needed under my coat, then spend hours every evening at the kitchen table of my tiny 'teacherage', preparing lessons and units and keeping

An avid consumer of big-city culture, I was in a sort of shock to find myself in a town of roughly 200 humans and several thousand eagles...

His proudest moment was when he famously shot a bear with a crossbow on the front steps of the school...



up with marking for my very complex, multi-grade class. After all, I reasoned, the job action was designed to put pressure on the employer, not to crush a beginning teacher.

One night, after I had been in town for a few weeks, but before I began to feel any sense of calm or mastery of my situation, or even any sense of belonging in my new surroundings, one of the long-time local teachers unexpectedly knocked on my door. Dave, the 'high-school teacher' in our tiny K-10 school, was a character. Born in Canada, he had joined the U.S. Marines as a young man, learned to speak Russian (on the premise of 'know thy enemy'), and visited Moscow, where he met and married his beautiful wife, before bringing her home to this isolated community. He had chosen to move here because of the opportunities for hunting and fishing. His proudest moment was when he famously shot a bear with a crossbow on the front steps of the school.

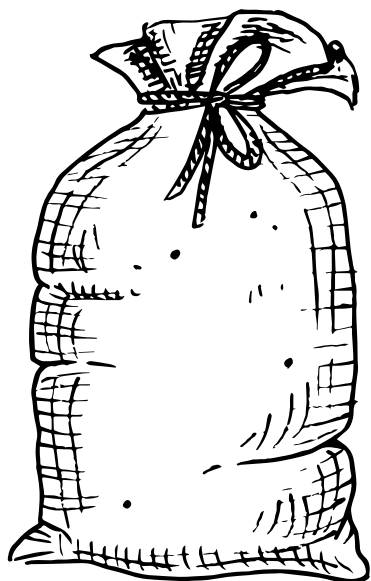
Dave knocked on my door and announced, "We're all going to the pub!" I protested that I had too much work to do, but he insisted, arguing that I should not be working on a Friday night. When I continued to resist, he 'threatened' to throw me over his shoulder and carry me to the pub. His shoulders were certainly wide enough to make good on the threat, so I quickly grabbed my jacket and joined him.

The pub was full and noisy. The staff of Zeballos Elementary-Secondary school were gathered in a booth. There were three women: me, our Principal Kathy, and the K-4 teacher, Cathy. Dave and Harry rounded out the group. Popularly known as "Harry-Harry Secretary", the school secretary, janitor, and bus driver also drove the two grade 11/12 kids out to Port McNeil on Mondays and back home on Fridays.

In the center of the pub, where one might expect a dance floor, were large piles of grain sacks and a wooden sledge. A travelling show featuring 'Barley-Pulling Contests' was in town, and everybody had come out to see it. The announcer was inviting men to try their luck in the competition.

Every faction in town was promoting their biggest and strongest worker to represent them; heavy-equipment-operators, buckers, fallers, first aid/safety, and every crew from the town's biggest employer put forward a candidate or two. Each took their turn fitting a harness around their hips to pull the heavily laden sledge along a 10-foot 'race-track' at center stage. Each man had several trials, with increasing numbers of 50-pound sacks of barley loaded onto the sledge.

The crowd cheered, and drank, and cheered some more as their favourites tugged and dragged the laden sledge ever more slowly across the finish line, gradually



The crowd cheered, and drank,
and cheered some more...

being eliminated one-by-one. Finally, only one man was left standing, having pulled over 1200 pounds of barley across the line. The cheers were deafening.

After an exhausted pause, and some more drinking, someone across the room began to chant, 'Let the women try! Let the women try!' It didn't take long for this chant to gain momentum and in no time at all, I was 'nominated' to represent the school in the Women's Division of the Barley-Pulling Contest. Known in my youth as 'Anything-for-a-Laugh-MacDonald', I was powerless to refuse and soon found myself lined up with 9 or 10 other women at center stage.

We each started with a single 50-pound sack of barley on the sledge. Strapped into the rope harness, we found the first pull to the finish line 10 feet away embarrassingly easy. The group from our booth cheered me on happily. Four trials later, half the women had dropped out, and some other groups' cheers began to fade.

A few trials later, with 600 pounds of barley on my sledge successfully dragged across the finish line, the cheers were loud and long. I was left with a single competitor, whose two adorable children comprised one-third of Cathy's K-4 class.

On my next trial, the 650 pounds of barley was just too much for me, but my far sturdier challenger accomplished it with ease. I applauded her and stepped down with as much grace as I could muster, given my aching hips, butt, back, and legs. My brief shot at triumph crushed, I went home feeling nevertheless pleased with my dubious accomplishment.

When the town's main logging company pulled out of operations at the end of that year, the already small population of Zeballos dropped dramatically. The enrollment at the school went from 33 students K-10 to fewer than 25 students, so my 5-7 class was scheduled to be closed and the remaining students regrouped into a K-6 class and a 7-10 class. While I was happy to return home to the 'big city', this memory and many others of the tiny and quirky little town where I started my career hold a special and long-lasting place in my heart. •

STEPHANIE KOROPATNICK is a BCRTA director. She taught in Vancouver for almost three decades and now lives in Oceanside with her dog, her cat and her husband.

important dates

Canada Pension Plan and Old Age Security

Includes the Canada Pension Plan (CPP) retirement pension and disability, children's and survivor benefits.

Payment dates 2023

2023

- January 27, 2023
- February 24, 2023
- March 29, 2023
- April 26, 2023
- May 29, 2023
- June 28, 2023
- July 27, 2023
- August 29, 2023
- September 27, 2023
- October 27, 2023
- November 28, 2023
- December 20, 2023

Teachers' Pension Plan

Here are upcoming dates that pension payments are directly deposited to accounts.

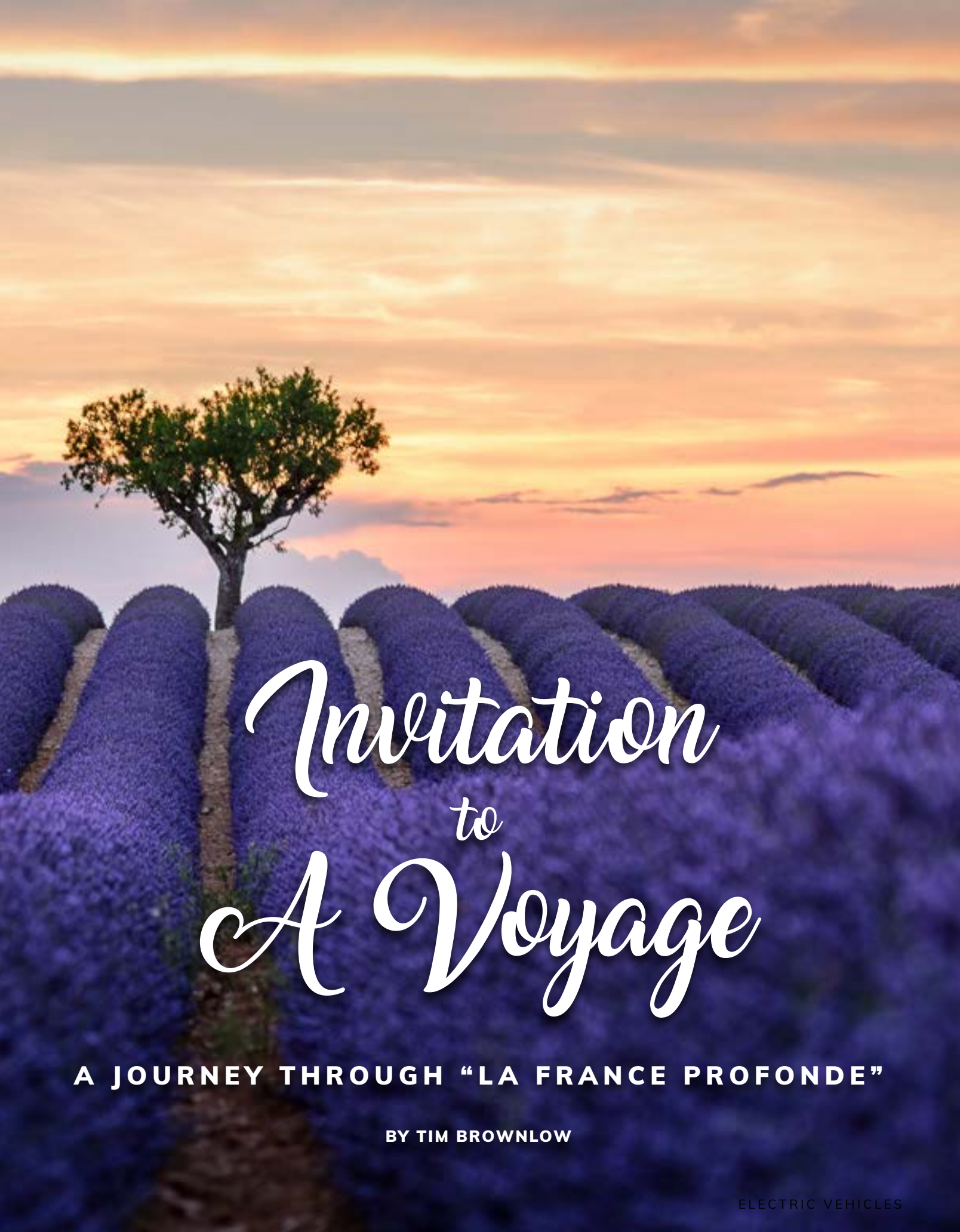
Payment dates 2023

2023

- January 30, 2023
- February 27, 2023
- March 30, 2023
- April 27, 2023
- May 30, 2023
- June 29, 2023
- July 28, 2023
- August 30, 2023
- September 28, 2023
- October 30, 2023
- November 29, 2023
- December 21, 2023

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Invitation
to
A Voyage

A JOURNEY THROUGH "LA FRANCE PROFONDE"

BY TIM BROWNLOW

ELECTRIC VEHICLES



Facing page: Lavender fields, above: Avignon (Getty/iStock) Below: The accidental lunch (photo by author)

With the undulating, spire-punctuated landscapes of central France still floating rapidly past my mind's eye, a succession of images by Corot, my sister and I disembark the high-speed train from Paris at Avignon. The *mistral* is blowing, doors in our small hotel swinging and slamming all night, people edgy, taxi-drivers manic and shouting. No matter, the romance of Avignon comes through; did not Petrarch during one of his sojourns in the region (he had a house in the Vaucluse region nearby) catch his first glimpse of Laura in the streets of Avignon? Did we not as children sing “Sur le Pont d’Avignon”? And here it is, a fragment of pure beauty, its remaining arches striding halfway across the strong currents of the powerful Rhône.

My sister and I explore the old streets behind the fourteenth-century city walls, tempted by intimate restaurants that would drain our holiday finances within a few hours, and settle for one in a gravelled courtyard with tables scattered under stately sycamores, their peeling barks looking like abstracts by Braque or Klee. During dinner, we admire the dignified grandeur of the large house, whose bottom floor comprises the restaurant: high Renaissance-style 32-paned windows, decorative cornices, window eyebrows, and handsome door-frames. We ask the young waiter about the house, and learn that it was for centuries the home of the Talleyrand family, whose most famous member, Charles de Talleyrand-Périgord (1754-1838), was prominent in the ancien régime, then in the revolutionary period when he managed not to fall foul of Robespierre. He then became an intimate of Napoleon, and survived it all to the restoration of the Bourbons.

Avignon was the seat of the Papacy from 1309 to 1376, and the Palace of the Popes is sumptuous. Our first encounter with an irascible taxi-driver occurs as we ask to be taken to “Le Palais des Papes”. Either accidentally or on purpose, he thinks we want to be driven 20 kilometres out of town to the village of Châteauneuf du Pape. We are way out of town when an altercation with the driver induces us to accept our fate and soon, we arrive in the village, one almost completely devoted to the production and marketing of wine, its papal crest embossed on every bottle.

We are deposited right beside an attractive-looking bistro with open-air tables, mostly occupied by families or couples taking their dogs out to lunch; the French love of small dogs is one of their best characteristics. We order steak aux frites with a salad and a glass of very good local wine. The owner of the vineyard actually



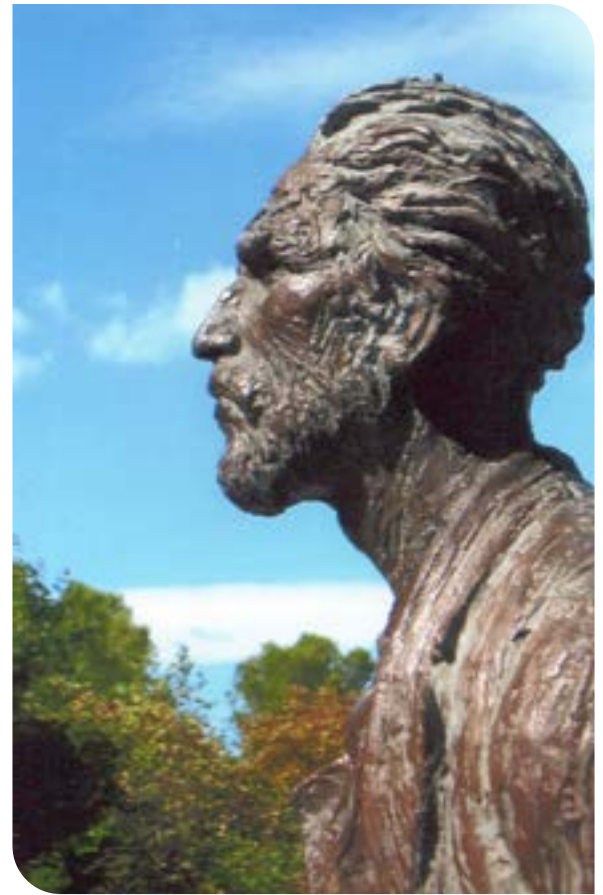
having lunch two tables away. We toast him and tuck in, now glad of our *contretemps* with the taxi-driver. We also toast the memory of our mother, whose 108th birthday would have been this day.

Then we spend an idle afternoon strolling through the steep cobbled streets, wine-tasting, admiring the *finesse* of a pair of shutters perfectly matching the pale lilac of climbing wisteria, and wondering where the locals buy everyday goods besides the food and wine to which the whole village is dedicated. At the top of the hill stand the ruins of the castle built by the Popes as a summer residence, later blown up by the Germans during the Occupation, where we have a panoramic view of the roughly three hundred vineyards that come under the appellation Châteauneuf du Pape.

Back in Avignon, we find a restaurant nestled in the corner of the massive town walls, mostly out of the wind, Restaurant Les Artistes in the Place Crillon. The fish soup would awaken the most jaded palate. In spite of gusts of wind, we remain in the awning section, surrounded by flapping canvas walls as if on a yacht.

The next afternoon, on our way to our river cruise ship, docked nearby, we strike a chord with our taxi driver by divulging that we are from Dublin, since his wife, too, hails from there. No more arguing or manic driving. Once on board, everything, including the pleasant staff, was dedicated to the greater glory of our pampered bodies, minds, and souls. The ship begins a short trip south early the next morning, docking at a wide bend of the Rhône in the ancient city of Arles, where many civilisations have left their mark, especially the Romans. We wander through the streets, seeing the Roman theatre, still seating 10,000 people, then on to Les Arènes, an astonishing amphitheatre with a capacity of 22,000, still used for bullfights. Highlights in the town are the sites associated with Van Gogh, who lived here and nearby in 1888 and 1889. The old hospital with its central geometrical garden has been restored to look exactly as it appears in Van Gogh's painting of it when he was a patient here. The bistro "La Maison Jaune" is another unmistakable landmark in modern painting, its loud, bilious yellow guaranteed to put you off your food.

In the afternoon, we take a coach to Saint Rémy, in whose hospital Van Gogh convalesced. Peace here "comes dropping slow" as the harsh but enchanting landscape of Provence with its umbrella pines, lavender-scented air, and crisp light, slows one down. The cloisters of the old monastery above which the painter had his room are perfect, another geometrical herb



*Bust of Van Gogh at Saint-Rémy
(photo by author)*

garden in the centre. Many famous paintings were completed here, as Van Gogh perfected that swirling, manic style that no one confuses with that of any other painter.

The coach continues to the mountain village of Les Baux de Provence, a jagged rocky fortress founded by a descendent, so he claimed, of Balthazar, one of the wise kings of scripture. The lower slopes of the village have been expertly restored and contain shops too expensive to linger in, with their quality goods. A cup of coffee behind high walls and in a nook of sunlight recovers the flagging culture-vulture spirits. The view of shattered ridges of ancient rock formations, descriptions of which inspired Dante in the Hell section of his *Divine Comedy*, is exciting. The region was one of the centres of the French resistance, and Samuel Beckett spent much of the war in a small village in the Lubéron. The austerity of the landscape suited the contours of his hermit-like face and seemed to work its way into his ultra-ascetic style. No Irish soft talk and shades of green here.

The ship returns to Avignon, then moves upstream, docking at dusk in the medieval village of Viviers. We

A guest once asked, “Why did the Romans build so many ruins?”

take a midnight stroll through this place of hanging lanterns, oriel windows, tiny alleyways, and crazily leaning houses. Then on to dock upriver at Tournon, where a travelling circus on the quay is resting its animals. On the other side of the Rhône are the Tain L’Hermitage vineyards, where we get a tasting and lecture. Nearby, we take in an art show, and sample the local chocolate at the Valrhona factory.

We are sailing slowly through milder landscapes now; we dock at Vienne, once headquarters for Julius Caesar in his conquest of Gaul. The almost perfectly preserved Temple of Augustus and Livia is another reminder of the Roman presence, a gem surrounded by busy cafés and shops around a square. Another Roman theatre seats 13,000 and the Archaeological Garden is a pleasure to walk around, with students having their lunch on benches among the shattered columns and ancient carvings. The canine theme continues, young toughs in leather with tiny toothy dogs on leads bring one back to the present.

Next stop is Lyon, the third-largest city in France and centre of a magic food circle boasting more Michelin stars than anywhere else in Europe. As a foretaste of shopping delights, silk merchants come on board and give a demonstration. I buy a scarf incorporating a poem by Baudelaire for my wife, Jenny. Some of my mother’s



Roman temple at Vienne (photo by author)

ancestors were Huguenot silk-merchants in Lyon. Ejected from France in the seventeenth century, they settled in County Meath. There is a Museum of the Resistance in Lyon, and street names that remind one that the new Republican government during the Terror in 1793-4 set up a guillotine—nicknamed “the national razor”—in Lyon, where the record was broken for heads falling per hour, not peasant versus aristocrat as the simplistic image has it, but French citizen against French citizen. We dine at a delightful bistro, Chez Abel, recommended by friends, where the décor, conviviality, and food come straight out of La Belle Époque (c.1870-1910).

In the morning I walk around the old part of the city, finding an Irish pub celebrating Arthur Guinness day. The proprietor comes from Dun Laoghaire. Lyon, a UNESCO World Heritage Site, is a very handsome city, rivalling Paris for public monuments, and less frenetic in its traffic and pace. The Romans were here from the first century A.D. and it is particularly rich in Renaissance buildings. Apart from silk, printing and banking have enriched the city. We sail in the afternoon, joining the Saône, a quieter, narrower river, en route to Châlon-sur-Saône and Burgundy.

Two marvellous side trips entice us from Châlon-sur-Saône, starting with a morning drive through the gentle hills of southern Burgundy, with glimpses of châteaux behind walls and through gates. We come to Cluny, site of the once-largest church in Christendom; its



Example of everyday French “finesse” (photo by author)



Vineyards of the Cote d'Or (Getty/iStock)

fragments are still of daunting size. In the Middle Ages, this was one of Europe's sacred places. Kenneth Clark writes of Cluny: "The Romanesque carvers were like a school of dolphins." The poet Lamartine used to stay at the comfortable Hotel in the square. His volume, *Méditations* (1820), brought a new Romantic melancholy into French poetry. Meditating on things otherworldly and poetic, I indulged in a local chocolate mousse.

The afternoon found us spotting vineyards along the Côte D'Or, famous name following hard on famous name: Pommard, Meurseault, Volnay, Montrachet, Nuits-Saint-Georges. We arrive in Beaune, tour the Hôtel-Dieu, established as a hospice for the poor in 1443, with its fantastic, coloured rooftops. The dogs in Beaune are especially pampered, and I was so busy

people-watching, dog-watching, and restaurant-hunting, digitally snapping all the while, that I needed the wonderful *pâtisseries* at a Salon de Thé on the Rue Monge. And so back to the ship for a farewell dinner, when the chef pulls out all her international expertise. The witty Dutch host on board for the week amuses us with stories of past trips: a guest once asked him, "Why did the Romans build so many ruins?"

A short train journey brings us to Dijon. The moustachioed and chatty ticket collector is straight out of school-book drawings of archetypal French characters. We barely catch the train to Paris, via rapid platform changes, footbridges, and heavy luggage. Once again, the landscape blurs past and before we know it, we are at the Gare de Lyon, and whisked in a taxi through central Paris, past Maxim's and the Place de la Concorde, up past the Opéra to our hotel. Baudelaire (1821-1867), author of the poem "L'Invitation au Voyage", from which I have borrowed my title, stayed here for an extended period. Our meal that night was on the Boulevard Saint Germain, at Vagenende, all wood and glass from the Art Nouveau era. My sister, accustomed to the excellence of grass-fed Irish beef, sent her steak back, much to the chagrin of the haughty waiter. No smiles, no apologies.

Next day, we want to see the current Monet exhibition at the Grand Palais, but are discouraged when told the line-up will take three hours. Instead, we have a long lunch on the Champs-Élysées, one of the indulgences of our trip; the truffle soup becomes a fond memory. Then we embark on a *bateau-mouche* for a cruise on the Seine,



Restaurant Vagenende (photo by author)



Left: Street performer plays the hurdy-gurdy, and his cats. Right: Monet's garden at Giverny. (photos by author)

getting a good view of that fabled restaurant, La Tour D'Argent, with its view of Nôtre Dame.

We then window-shop along the Rue de Rivoli, and as we pass a boutique, my sister says, "That beret is Jenny, you must buy it now." We receive the old-fashioned French service I remember from the 1960s (which was, on the whole, missing on this trip). The proprietor, Denise Francelle, tells us that her mother had opened just before the German invasion of Paris, and the family have kept it open ever since. Denise pulls out dozens more berets, but we have made our decision, and leave with many thank-yous and bows in possession of a very chic item, beautifully wrapped. A remarkably inexpensive omelette on the Rue de Rivoli sets us up for the evening.

For the final day of our French sojourn, we take a train from the Gare Saint-Lazare to Giverny, a forty-minute ride into Normandy. Here, we spend the day at Monet's house and garden, full of mild autumnal colours. At every turn, a familiar painting is brought to life, and there is the rowing boat under the willows and the Japanese bridge. Monet's life was prodigiously

productive, and for the existence of this place alone, he would be famous, but when food and painting are added, the mixture is heady. Exhausted by all this richness of sensation, we find another Salon de Thé in the village, and among a profusion of dahlias, have a Tarte Normande soaked in Calvados.

So, it is back to Dublin for my sister, and Montreal and Vancouver for me. The trip, as always in France, was endlessly enriching, in spite of *gendarmes*, argumentative taxi drivers, supercilious waiters, and crowded trains. Perhaps the most treasured memory I take away is that of a middle-aged man playing the hurdy-gurdy on a Paris street, with two extremely contented cats in a wicker basket on top of the instrument. France, like everywhere, has succumbed to modernism, with its mad speed, its sense of entitlement, its bad manners. But also, like everywhere, there are exceptions that make up for the dissatisfaction. Denise Francelle, Mr. Hurdy-Gurdy and your cats, the nice young Australian who helped us with luggage, the friendly couples from Arizona and Australia on the ship, and dozens of other kind people, thank you. •

TIMOTHY BROWNLOW is Professor Emeritus of English Literature at Vancouver Island University. He has published a scholarly book, a book of essays, and several books of poetry, as well as many articles and reviews. He often teaches for Lifelong Learners in Duncan (formerly ElderCollege).





THE SPIRIT OF HAIDA GWAI

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY BRENDA DINEEN

I had the good fortune to go to Haida Gwaii on a group tour in early July of 2022. There was so much to absorb and to see.

Named for its largest island, the magnificent archipelago of Haida Gwaii lies 100 km off the northwest coast of British Columbia. Called the “Queen Charlotte Islands” from 1787 to 2010, and now often called “The Islands at the Edge of the World”, they are sometimes compared to the Galapagos due to the great variety of marine species and wildlife found there. A journey to these remote islands leads to discoveries of rich Indigenous culture and untouched natural beauty, towering poles, rainforests, ancient villages, and more.

Haida Gwaii escaped the glaciation of the last ice age and so is home to trees, plants, and animals that are unique to this area. The beauty and awesome power in nature feel very raw and wild here. Heavy rainfall creates a lush rainforest thick with mosses, western red cedar, and Sitka spruce. They don’t get much snow but they do get massive storms during the winter months.

Graham Island (*Haida Gwaii*) and Moresby Island (*T’aaxwii Haida Gwaii*) dominate in terms of size, but there are also over 400 smaller islands. Most of the southern part of Haida Gwaii is unspoiled wilderness. *Gwaii Haanas* (which means “Islands of Beauty”) is designated as a National Park Reserve and Haida Heritage Site and occupies much of *T’aaxwii Haida Gwaii* (Moresby Island) and 137 other smaller islands and is a major attraction for nature lovers who like to explore rugged beaches while watching whales, bald eagles, and sea lions. Some people also go hiking on *T’aaxwii Haida Gwaii*, though there are no major trails so you would need experience and a plan.

Haida people have lived here for thousands of years. After Europeans landed here in the 1700s, successive



waves of smallpox, measles, typhoid, and flu nearly wiped out the Haida, reducing their population on Haida Gwaii from at least 10,000 in dozens of villages to around 600 at the most in only a small number of villages including *Daajing Giids* (Queen Charlotte City), *Hlgaagilda* (Skidegate), and *Gaw* (Old Masset).

Life for the surviving Haida people changed further when the Canadian government enacted the Potlatch ban of 1885 and Indian Act of 1876. No longer were the Haida allowed to carve or raise their poles (“totem” is not a Haida word: the Haida say simply “poles”). The potlatch, a gathering that emphasizes feasting and lavish gift-giving, was banned. This ban was only lifted in 1951. Current Haida generations continue to make determined efforts to preserve and protect their land, culture, and traditions.

Haida people belong to either the Eagle clan or the Raven clan and they marry into the opposite clan. Their culture is matrilineal, meaning the ancestral descent is traced through the maternal instead of paternal lines. As our guides spoke to us and told us their stories, I felt the deep love and respect they have for nature and their culture and sensed how much they have imbibed of their history. They are the wisdom-keepers and fulfill their mission to always pass on these stories and the history. Like many Indigenous cultures, the Haida have retained the primacy of their oral traditions.

A hundred years ago, the Haida language (called *Xaad Kil* in the north and *Xaayda Kil* in the south) was spoken in all the villages. This is no longer the case. We saw signs in Haida in a few places, such as *Daajing Giids* (Queen Charlotte City), but the Haida language is listed as critically endangered by UNESCO. The Canadian government’s efforts to wipe out Indigenous languages mean that there are only a small number of fluent speakers remaining today. It will be a major effort to preserve this language.



Several Indigenous guides travelled with us and showed us poles, longhouses, and more. One day we travelled by boat going west through *Hlgaagilda* (Skidegate) Narrows with James Cowpar as our guide. We stopped at *Chaat'l Island* for lunch (barbecued salmon and salads) on the rocky beach. James took us on a short walk into the woods where we were shown the remnants of his clan village, also *Chaat'l*. I loved the old totem in the middle of these woods and was moved by a glimpse of the community who had thrived here for many generations. As we travelled further in the boat, we saw sea lions basking on the rocky shore and a flock of tufted puffins swooping around us through the misty air.

Most of the population lives on *Xaaydaga Gwaay* (Graham Island) in villages close to the ocean. The one main road takes you from Daajing Giids (Queen Charlotte City) north to *Hlgaagilda* (Skidegate), *Tlell*, Port Clements, *Gaw* (Masset), and *Taaw Tldáaw* (Tow Hill).

A guide at the very worthwhile Haida Heritage Centre leads visitors through the history of the islands and the Haida people. A beautiful pole is displayed inside, and there are several towering poles outside this Centre. There are many kinds of Haida poles, including clan, house, mortuary, and welcome poles. It is a major task to carve a pole and to raise it to a standing position. Master carvers carve their poles from cedar trees. The poles are maps of Haida lives and histories, often depicting crests and animals (raven, bear, eagle, beaver, etc.) associated



with families and their heritage. Most poles are erected facing towards the water.

The figures at the tops of some poles are watchmen, posted at strategic places to survey the villages. One evening as we were leaving on our bus from *Uttewas* (Old Masset), we were treated to the auspicious sight of a bald eagle perched on every single power pole along both sides of the road. These eagles were the watchmen over us that day.

On another evening, we were treated to a memorable Haida feast in *Hlgaagilda* at the home of elder Roberta Olson, Keenawii's Kitchen. Beautiful Indigenous artifacts, canoe paddles, and more hang on her walls. She introduced the dinner with her eagle feather and a prayer. Venison soup was followed by an appetizer with bannock and seaweed, then an entree including salmon from the smoke house and salmon that had been freshly caught that day, all incredibly delicious. Meanwhile, a young Haida woman sang and played her drum for us.

Leslie Brown and her family and friends hosted another special evening at their longhouse in *Uttewas*. After serving us dinner, Leslie and her family danced, sang, and drummed in Haida regalia. They invited the audience to join them in a traditional dance. First the women, then the men joined in. As they danced, I sensed their connection through the floor to the Earth and how their ceremonies and practices grounded the Haida people.



A highlight of our visit was a trip to Taaw Tldáaw Ecological Preserve, on the northeastern tip of Graham Island. We took the boardwalk trail to an opening through volcanic rock, arriving to stand on a platform above the beach. The scenery in both directions took my breath away. While most of Haida Gwaii has very rocky shores, this area has long expanses of flat beach that stretch for miles in both directions. As you look to the northeast you can see the tip of Niikun (Rose Spit), the very top of Haida Gwaii. Far beyond that lies Alaska. This is pristine wilderness at its best.

Perhaps this article has encouraged you to consider your own trip to Haida Gwaii. May you be inspired by these islands at the edge of the world.

I give thanks in Haida for this wonderful experience:
Haawa. •

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EDITORS NOTE: Where possible, Haida place names have been used. Many of these are now also official names under the Canadian Government, and others are in the process of becoming so. The special typeface used in this article for Haida language terms and place names was required not only for emphasis, but because some characters do not render properly in our standard typeface.



PLACE NAMES

- ᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭ Gwaay (or Haida Gwaii - Graham Island, and the archipelago as a whole)
- T'aaxwii ᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭ Gwaay (Moresby Island)
- Taaw Tldáaw (Tow Hill) Ecological Preserve
- Daajing Giids (Queen Charlotte City)
- Hlgaagilda (Skidegate)
- Gaw (Masset)
- Uttewas (Old Masset)
- Niikun (Rose Spit)

Source: <https://www.haidanation.ca/haida-place-names/>





AN ART-FILLED
WINTER HOLIDAY IN

Santa Fe

BY JANET NICOL

Photo by Getty/iStock

Inspired by what I'd heard of the high desert city of Santa Fe, including its half mile of art galleries on Canyon Road, and its tendency to attract creative spirits, I packed a sketch book in my carry-on luggage and embarked on a ten-day solo trip last winter. The result was a dream-like cultural experience in the New Mexico capital, spiced with Christmas magic.

The journey started with a Vancouver-Albuquerque flight on December 5, followed by a one-hour train ride to Santa Fe. The train rolled across dry, sparse land, with distant mountains and a big sky streaked in yellow and orange hues by the setting sun.

The next morning, I set out from my hotel, surrounded by low-rise Pueblo-style buildings, in the 'old town' quarter. All roads led to the main square and adjacent cathedral, the Basilica of St. Francis of

Assisi. Layers of history were visible everywhere, not surprising given that Santa Fe is America's third-oldest European colonized city. Five nations have ruled since 1610: Spain, Tewa Pueblos, Mexico, the Confederate States, and the United States.

The district proved to be pleasantly quiet during this off-season and "pandemic recovery" time. At dusk, Christmas lights and a Chanukah menorah lit up the square. One evening, I attended 'Las Posadas', a candlelit procession around the square accompanied by a biblical re-enactment of Joseph and Mary's search for shelter. Afterward, carolers took over the bandstand as volunteers served hot beverages.

The chill in the dry mountain air escalated to a dusting of snow on the second-last day of my

stay, with lots more covering the surrounding mountains. Adapting to a high altitude and cool temperatures meant wearing layers of clothing and drinking lots of water. The best part of the seasonal chill was warming up inside art galleries heated by locally chopped wood crackling in their fireplaces. Indulging in a steaming cup of hot chocolate at Kakawa Chocolate House was another treat.

I learned a great deal about art by conversing with friendly gallery employees, owners and artists, who were eager to share their knowledge and stories. Here's a sampling of the galleries I visited, all within reasonable walking distance of the square.

The Georgia O'Keefe Museum houses a sizeable art collection from Santa Fe's most celebrated artist. Art, painting materials, biographical artifacts, and photographs belonging to O'Keefe (1887-1986) were on display in a new exhibit entitled Georgia O'Keefe - Making a Life. Browsing the gift shop afterward, I purchased *Weekends with O'Keefe*, a memoir by local poet C. S. Merrill about her visits to the artist's home at Ghost Ranch in the 1970s, where O'Keefe, though partially blind by this time, continued to live artfully. The ranch is now a popular tourist destination—and on my must-see list for next time.

The Antieau Gallery, recommended to me by other enthused tourists, features the unique fabric art of Michigan-based Chris Robert-Antieau (1950-).



I wasn't disappointed. Detailed and colourful "fabric paintings" composed of appliqué and embroidery tell visual stories. Antieau does not have professional training and her creativity was discouraged at a young age, making her elaborate textile art all the more inspiring.

Jackson Ballard Gallery is owned by another remarkable artist who sidestepped art school. Ballard (b. 1970–), of mixed Indigenous and Irish heritage, paints in a folk narrative style, his art depicting Hispanic and Pueblo life. He also buys and sells traditional Indigenous clothing out of the gallery; a pair of men's knee-high, snow-white deerskin moccasins sat with the gallery's ceiling light casting a ghostly shadow of the footwear across the wall.



Photo montages by the author

The accomplished work of New York photographer Tony Vaccaro was showing at the Monroe Gallery of Photography. His black and white photographs provide a glimpse into the horrors of the Second World War in Europe. A contrasting group of his pictures capture the glamour and exuberance of post-war American life. “I suppose Tony Vaccaro has passed away,” I inquired to the gallery attendant, feeling moved by the powerful images. “As a matter of fact—no,” the attendant answered. “He’s one hundred years old.”

Paintings, prints, and ceramics depict Navaho women in traditional dress at the R. C. Gorman Gallery. Highly successful in his lifetime, Navaho artist R. C. Gorman (1931-2005) employed flowing, simple lines and dramatic colours in his work in a wide range of media, from sculpture to woodcuts. An abundance of beautifully rendered art

fills this gallery, including a substantial collection of prints. Another R.C. Gorman Gallery is in nearby Taos, where Gorman spent most of his adult life.

Canyon Road: The highlight of my trip was a walk up one side of Canyon Road and down the other, stopping half-way for lunch at The Teahouse. The road is lined with more than 80 private galleries, most in Pueblo style homes. One of the larger properties was once a schoolhouse, and several have sculptures displayed in their yards. Adding variety to the route are cafes, craft shops, and clothing boutiques. Canyon Road offers a visual feast for the senses and my winter trip will remain in my memory as a remarkable, unique cultural adventure. •

JANET NICOL lives in Vancouver. She is a retired high school history teacher, freelance writer and author of *On the Curve: The Life and Art of Sybil Andrews* (Caitlin Press, 2019)

SANTA FE: LINKS TO EXPLORE

okeeffemuseum.org

ghostranch.org

antieaugallery.com

jacksonballardart.com

monroegallery.com

rcgormannavajogallery.com

visitcanyonroad.com

Photo by Getty/iStock

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AN AFTERLIFE IN THE THEATRE



BY GEOFF HARGREAVES

When I retired from teaching Spanish at Frances Kelsey Secondary School in Mill Bay, I went to live in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, a handsome colonial town in the centre of the country. There lived well over twelve thousand expats, mostly from the United States, and the wider community was largely bilingual.

The cost of living in Mexico is lower than in Canada and the States, so it attracts lots of retired professional actors from theatre, film, and TV, whose pensions are far from enviable. Every two weeks, a group met to read a Shakespeare play; it was at such a meeting that I was “discovered”. I was reading a minor role in one of the history plays. A professional theatre director was looking for actors for an upcoming play at a local theatre and after the reading finished, he offered me a part in his play. Though I’d never acted on stage, I said, “Okay.”

The play was set during World War Two. My character had not been conscripted into the armed forces because an injury to his leg left him limping badly. In the first rehearsal I did my vigorous best to limp badly. “No, no, no!” bellowed the director from the back of the theatre. “You’re not playing the Hunchback of Notre Dame! But carry on for now. We’ll solve the problem tomorrow.” The next day, his solution was a dried pea. He had me insert it into my shoe and after that, I hobbled around most convincingly.

This director loved authenticity. In his next play, there were threats with a gun so he brought along his own revolver. When the actor pulled the trigger, the gun fired a bullet. Luckily, it hit the ceiling. Phew! But the lead actor broke down in tears of horror and couldn’t continue the rehearsal. Everything was canceled for the day.





“He was the only actor he knew who could deliver his lines while eating a sandwich...”

Egotistical leading actors (almost a pleonasm) would obey the director’s instructions scrupulously throughout rehearsals but then, in public performances, would perform in their own chosen, different way. The director could only splutter impotently. One of these, a big star in New York, boasted to me that he was the only actor he knew who could deliver his lines while eating a sandwich. Actors can do either one separately, he said. He could do both simultaneously. Unfortunately, there wasn’t a sandwich around to prove or disprove this, but I was sort of impressed.

Most of the actors were from the USA. Since I had nothing remotely like a US accent, I was often given the role of the bad guy, the villainous misfit. After several of these roles, my wife said to me, “Do these people know something about you that I don’t?”

Later, I acted a minor role in a play I wrote myself. As I struggled through a long, undramatic speech, I found myself wondering: “Who on earth wrote this turgid crap?”

When COVID arrived, the live theatres shut down. Short plays were still being performed via ZOOM, so I focused on writing some. These plays were streamed by theatres in Chicago, New York, and New Jersey, and even by the Globe Theatre in London.

But the ups and downs of that are a different story. •

GEOFF HARGREAVES worked in SD65, teaching at Cowichan and Frances Kelsey Secondary Schools. He was an active member of the BCTF, contributing articles to the monthly magazine.



PHOTO BY ROBERT YORK



PHOTO BY ROBERT YORK

My North

BY HELENE MCGALL



Kangirsuk (photo supplied by the author)

In March of 2021, the second full year of Covid had destroyed any chance of travelling or socializing. One Saturday evening, I was scrolling through Facebook out of boredom when an advertisement popped up, 'Teach in the North'. That idea had always intrigued me, though I had never followed through. A first careful look turned up no age requirement; indeed the requirements seemed to line up with my qualifications, except for the up-to-date teacher certificate. Mine expired in 2012 when I stopped paying my fees. The preliminary application was pretty standard, so I sent in all of the required paperwork, just for something to do.

The next day, I received notice back that my application had been received and could I please re-submit the passport and driver's licence, so like any good job applicant, I did. That night I could not sleep a wink as I asked myself, 'What if this was a scam?' I had sent all of this information without even checking out the school district to see if it was legitimate. At 2:00 in the morning, I was scrolling through Google to see if I could find a school district called Kativik Ilisarniliriniq. Fortunately for me, there was!

The following Tuesday morning, a lovely lady and gentleman began by apologizing for their English, then I apologized for my high school French, and somehow we got through the interview. Regarding

my expired certificate, they said that I could simply apply for the Quebec teaching certificate. At the end of the hour, the interviewers asked when I could start. "Perhaps next week?", the lady asked. I told them the earliest I could start would be the Fall of 2021. They replied that would be great, and could I walk for 15 minutes? Yes, of course.

Within a few days, I received a job offer to teach Grades 3 and 4 English in Kangirsuk, a small, remote, Inuit, fly-in only community of 500. I could hardly believe it. At the time I was 72, pushing 73.

Among the requirements were high school transcripts, university transcripts, and letters from previous employers with hours, months, and years I'd worked for them. Three school districts could not provide employee records that went back that far, and only one school district of the seven I had worked for could provide with me the total hours I had worked. It took 6 months to get my paperwork in order, to get the Quebec Teaching Certificate, and to be certified to be paid to scale.

I remember August 8, 2021 well. I was wearing my ski jacket, ski pants, warm winter boots, scarf, and toque. The principal and a staff member met me at the little Kangirsuk airport. What a wonderful greeting that was, and what a great start we got off to!

KANGIRSUK

Kangirsuk, which means ‘the bay’, is way above the tree-line. From a distance, it appears to be all rolling hills made of granite rock. There are also huge boulders everywhere, dropped here during the last ice age. When you walk along the paths and look up at the hills, you might even think that these enormous rocks are the spirits of the elders, and that they are watching.

The Far North has beauty in its barrenness, but you have to look for it. Up close, there are many colours of lichens, and among the lichens there are tiny shrubs, and blue and red berries. Our current governor general, Mary Simons, is from a nearby community, and I had heard her say that one of her favourite things is to go berry picking. I thought this was like picking strawberries or blueberries, only to discover these berries are tiny, about ¼-inch wide. The local women can’t wait to rush out and pick them using little rakes they create just for this purpose.

We live right on an inlet of Payne Bay, 5 miles up from Ungava Bay. In 1975, the James Bay and Northern Agreement was signed, creating Kativik Ilisarniliriniq, the Nunavik territory that houses the 14 communities around the perimeter of northern Quebec. This is the school district.

The little communities are built along the water’s edge because they all used to be Hudson’s Bay posts. Starting in the 1940’s and 50’s, the Inuit were required to send their children to school. At first, they’d camp near the posts so kids could go to school; then they began to build permanent communities.



Helene’s classroom (photo supplied by the author)

CURRICULUM

Sautjuit School has 140 students and 65 staff, most of whom are Inuit. From Kindergarten through Grade 2, the students learn to speak, read, and write only in their own language, Inuktitut, which is written with a pictographic script (Kangirsuk is **ᑭᑎᑭᑭᑭᑭ**). Research shows that with this solid grounding in their first language, they can then take on a second language. They continue to learn Inuktitut for at least 45 minutes each day and add English or French beginning in Grade 3. They can stay in Sautjuit School through Grade 12 or go to Montreal to a special high school for Inuit students.

Curriculum is complex for English and French teachers. The students in my class did not speak, read, or write English when they started with me, so many curriculum materials for students that age did not work for them.

DAY-TO-DAY LIFE

Day-to-day life is busy, too busy to worry about a lot of things! It’s about a 10-minute walk to and from school. I go at 7 every morning. The school closes over lunch, but I stay and work, so by the time I get home around 5, I’ve usually had enough.

I have to make all my own food. There are no restaurants and no ‘take out’. I spend Sundays cooking up and freezing food for the week. We can buy staples at one of two co-operatives in the town, which are like old-fashioned general

stores, though everything is flown in, and so is very expensive. We can also order food and are given a \$10,000 stipend to pay for cargo. I don't use that stipend, however, as I live very simply and eat a lot of soups, beans, and lentils.

The fresh fruit and vegetables which are available aren't great, so I buy a lot of frozen fruit, and I grow my own mixed greens and tomatoes hydroponically—they are really very nutritious, and fresh and delicious, too!

I've tried 'country food' a few times, too. Country food is anything taken from the land, including berries, muskox, caribou, seal, baleen whales, and fish like arctic char, which are so plentiful here they practically jump into your boat. This is the healthiest food for Inuit people, who have lived on this land for many thousands of years. The village pays hunters and provides them with shells and gas. The results wind up in a frozen warehouse and are available to anyone who needs it.

I've only eaten country food at feasts, where, for example, they might bring in a whole hind-quarter of an elk, frozen. Everybody sits on the

floor on cardboard. They use ulus, a sharp curved implement to cut pieces from the meat, which they eat raw and frozen, with some salt or soya sauce for flavour. I also went on a seal hunt, where they shot the seal, hauled it up on the ice, and began cutting it up and eating it right there. The taste of seal is OK, it has no real flavour to it; I tell myself it's like eating sushi.

Kangirsuk is a dry community by choice; you can't buy alcohol here. Though I could have it flown in, I choose not to, because I want to be a good role model in the community.

In the summer, I do a lot of walking. In the winter, it's very cold, and I only walk to and from school. I still get about 12,000 steps every day, though most of it at school this time of year.

In my first year, I didn't do much socializing. White people come and go, and usually stay less than a year, so the residents don't tend to invite you into their homes until you've been here at least a year. I wasn't lonely, though, because I was much too busy, essentially having to create teaching materials every evening.

A northern sunset (photo supplied by the author)



CHALLENGES OF LIFE IN THE NORTH

Summer here is from June to October, and then it is winter; there's really no fall, and no spring. In summer, the flies are as big as light bulbs, and they bite!

You'd think the extreme winter weather would be a challenge, but it's really not, even though it's been -50°C here for over two weeks, which is breaking records for the last 50 years. It's just a question of wearing the right clothes and having no skin at all exposed, since otherwise you'll have frostbite or worse within minutes.

You are on your own in certain ways here, so you better be able to ask questions. You need to know exactly why you are here: to teach children. Then you just do your job and not worry much about what's happening around you.

Technology can be a problem in such an isolated community. Within a few days recently, my year-old computer started making a noise like a race-car. A colleague cleaned the fan and gave it back to me saying it was fixed. It's not, so I use it very sparingly and hope it doesn't just 'blow up'. Then, I got a call from the fraud squad saying that my card had been used for an escort service, and purchases at a gift store. So, I cancelled the credit card. Finally, my cell phone stopped accepting the School District internet for some reason, and my internet at home



Helene's garden (photo supplied by the author)

is very weak. So, I had to try and get Zoom on the school computer. It took three days for the IT guy to get back to me with help. Now that sort of works, but the network blocks access to my Chinese students from a few years ago. I'll have to get back to civilization to get some help, or to get new stuff.

Work communication can also be difficult. Staff meetings, for example, are conducted in three languages, Inuktitut, French, and English, and require two translators. While my French has improved, I can still feel like one of the 'unwashed'!

END OF YEAR ONE—INTO YEAR TWO

I retired at the end of the year because I felt I was a little old, and worried that at my age, health could be an issue. On August 17, 2022, at ten in the morning, I was practicing my clarinet in a practice room at the University of Victoria when I got a question from the Inuit director of the school about the house that I had lived in. I told him I'd left all that information taped to a wall in the house. But during the conversation, I politely asked who was replacing me, and he said, 'No one'.

'What would happen to those children?' I asked. He said they would get someone local. I knew what that meant; when no teacher is available, they bring in someone from the village, which might just be a high school student. If no one is available, the class goes untaught. I asked him what the village would think if I came back. He said I would be most welcome and encouraged me to phone Human Resources. Within the hour I had been reinstated as the English teacher for Grades 3 and 4. A week later, I was back at work.

There are some differences this year. I have more friends, mostly other staff, and we visit each other more. We have teachers from Cameroon, Madagascar, Quebec, and Ontario. I'm the only one from 'the Colonies' (British Columbia). Half of the staff are retired from public school systems, mixed with some younger people.

I also brought my clarinet this year and try to practice every day.

AM I HAVING FUN YET?

Of course. This year, my greatest joy is seeing how these little children are growing, and learning to socialize, to seek information, to use it, to think, and to read. It is amazing.

We have a cooking program. Thanks to BodyNetix, my gym, we have brand new aprons, and the kids sure love them. We started with green smoothies, with greens from my garden. Next came veggie and chip dips, and then we'll make healthy pizza - yahoo! One of our tutors helps me, and it's all been a great success. We can now make the meal, set the table, eat at the table, and then clean up. These are all big steps forward.

We are learning our second chord on the ukulele and learning how to chord on the chime bells. Concepts of rhythm and beat are improving because we have started our dance program.

In spite of their many learning issues, every child in my class can read now, including children with autism or other heavy-duty special needs. Just think: a year ago they didn't know the letter 'a', but now they are reading well enough that we will have a reading competition at the end of the school day today!

NEXT YEAR

I am Metis and was head of Indigenous Services for my school district in BC. To that background, I can now add my two years of teaching in the Far North. Health permitting, I will return next year to the most remote and northerly settlement in Kativik, Ivujivik. Inujivik has a population 400 and I am told it is the coldest residential settlement on earth. The person who hired me two years ago is now the principal there. She told me this place has polar bears roaming the village, has retained the Inuit culture because of its remoteness, and that there is greenhouse and garden project with a controlled environment ready and waiting for me. I can hardly wait to prepare for this adventure.

I plan to be like my grandmother, who did not quit until she was 85!



Sautjuik School (photo supplied by the author)

RECRUITMENT

All fourteen communities in Kativik need teachers; the school district is 84 teachers short. There are hundreds of kids who need to learn basic reading, math, and social skills. These are things that many of our retired folk can teach at the drop of a hat. Teachers are well-paid, get subsidized housing, and have three paid flights to and from Montreal per year.

The situation is dire, and it is here in Canada. These positions are unbelievable, amazing opportunities to make a real difference in your own country. Fulfill your curiosity about the North. Inquire, and inspire tomorrow's leaders. •

HELENE MCGALL is a former BCRTA director. She won a PostScript Excellence Award for her article "My China" which appeared in the Summer 2021 issue. You can view a video interview with Helene about her experiences in China on the BCRTA website. Click the search button (magnifying glass) and enter "McGall".

LEARN MORE

Kativik Ilisarniliriniq School District is recruiting for a variety of roles ranging from logistics and administrative support to teaching, curriculum development and more.

<https://career.kativik.qc.ca/>

Contact email: hragent@kativik.qc.ca

WHIMSY MOST VILE

DOROTHY SAYERS AND THE RISE OF LITERARY CRIME FICTION

BY KAREN COOPER



Some years ago, my daughter urged a project on me: she wanted us to read every one of Dorothy L. Sayers' Peter Wimsey and Harriet Vane short stories and novels in order. What about these works, written by a woman born in 1893, so captivated a 19-year-old and a 48-year-old that we eagerly persisted at the task?

Four "Queens" ruled over the "Golden Age" of detective fiction (1920-1939): Ngaio Marsh, Margery Allingham, Agatha Christie, and Dorothy L. Sayers.* Each was a strong writer, and Christie's delightful detective fiction, like Sayers', has never been out of print. Yet Sayers' work makes a unique claim to both longevity and literary merit.

Golden Age detective fiction has its own fascinating history, a braid of many strands. For centuries, police

forces did not exist. Rather, groups of citizens were required by law to raise the "hue and cry" and to intervene personally if they knew a crime was in progress. Jails existed primarily to hold people until they or their families could pay their debts or fines. Justice was executed by the lords of the lands, who might hire sheriffs as their personal representatives. As towns grew, they hired constables and night-watchmen at the local level to prevent crime.

In the early 1700's, with the onset of urbanization, thief-takers, often taking a cut from both criminals and victims, could be hired to try to recover the proceeds of crimes, but their activities rarely addressed crimes of violence such as murder. As late as the early 1800's, while public trials and hangings were immensely popular, these punishments were meted out primarily for theft. Murders certainly occurred, but murderers were rarely caught, a total of around 15 per year in all of England, and the public's awareness of and fascination with murder was nearly non-existent. A true police force did not yet exist.

* Josephine Tey was also a contemporary bestselling mystery author but her lasting reputation as a writer has never been acknowledged at the same level. See my profile of Josephine Tey in the Winter 2021 issue of PostScript.

But by around 1810, the intertwined emergence of greater literacy, more-efficient printing processes, cheaper paper, and dense enough urban populations to make mass-market publishing financially viable meant that accounts of crime, and murders in particular, began to be widely read. Sensationalized murders helped fuel the desire for order, leading to the proliferation of even more privately funded “constables”. The Metropolitan constables initially carried on the work of crime prevention, but in 1842, the Detective Branch was created to solve crimes after they occurred, and true professional detectives finally came into being, largely replacing the by-now thoroughly distrusted thief-takers. It was only in 1929 that London instituted its Metropolitan Police Force, the first of its kind in the world.

A new fascination with true crime arose alongside these developments, initially fueled by scandalously inaccurate descriptions in the emerging “press”. Sensationalist crime fiction followed shortly after, with the advent of “penny dreadfuls”—short books printed on ultra-cheap recycled paper. More serious novelists took note. In mid-century, Charles Dickens’ daily routines and work reflected these changes to urban life and the fiction of the day. He was fascinated by the true crimes and court cases of his day, attending trial proceedings and hangings. Crimes in his books include robberies and murders, and both police detectives and thief-takers help discover the perpetrators.



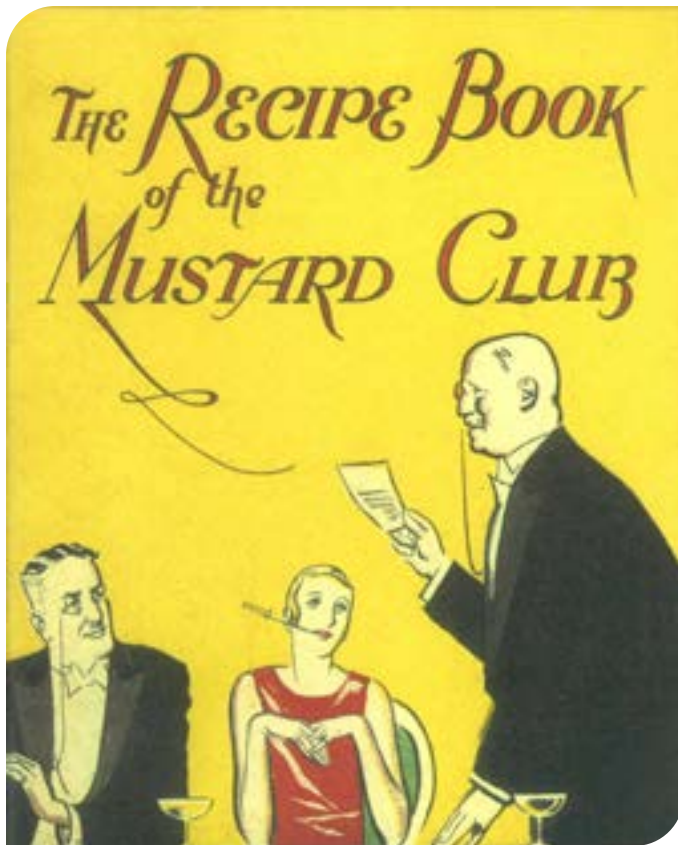
A series of police scandals in the 1860’s and 1870’s shifted fictional depictions substantially away from police detectives (such as Dickens’ Inspector Bucket) to private detectives, (such as Sherlock Holmes) and amateurs (including Vane and Wimsey). This focus largely prevailed until the Second World War.

By around 1920, one form of detective fiction had evolved into what we now call “cozy murder”. These books were marked by an absence of graphic violence and involved the “game” of a crime where all the clues were made available to the reader as the usually-genteel sleuth became aware of them. Given that murder is by definition violent, often gory, and frequently motivated by operatic passions, these curious conventions are a mystery of their own.

Historians point to the trauma of the population at the end of World War I and to the wild shifting of social mores between the wars as forces driving the public’s desire for fictions where the violence which occurred was resolved at the end by full knowledge of motives and means, with the restoration of the established order. Despite their own frequent personal choices against the social mores of the time, most of the well-received crime writers were social conservatives when it came to questions of class and the organization of society. The phrase “the butler did it” exists for a reason; maids and other underlings were over-represented as criminals.

Dorothy Sayers’ life and writing embody this fulcrum of social and literary change. Her father was an Anglican priest, and while she described her rectory childhood as “hedged about with moral restrictions”, she also recognized that her parents had revelled in and fostered her obvious intellectual gifts. Her mother taught her to read at age four; her father set her at Latin at age six. She bested the entire country, male and female, at school-leaving in the Gilchrest Scholarship exams, winning a scholarship to Oxford, where she enrolled at Somerset College, the only truly academic women’s college at the University.

She had written poetry and fiction throughout her childhood; at Somerville she found an audience beyond her family as she and her friends founded the “Mutual Admiration Society”. Despite its tongue-in-cheek name, it provided its members with a place not just of support but of intelligent critique. This group remained friends, and throughout



Sayers created the ad campaign for the Mustard Club, a promotional gimmick that drew in half a million members.

her life Sayers sent them works in progress and received rigorous analysis in return. Sayers thrived at Somerville, earning the equivalent of a First with Honours, though she would not receive the actual degree until five years later when Oxford finally granted them to women. While she was a star, some would say the star, of her generation of Oxford undergraduates, she knew she was too robustly social to want the life of an academic. What she wanted was to make her way as a writer, while supporting herself.

Her years between 1915 and 1922 were precarious financially, romantically, and as a writer, but her experiences during this time would fuel her writing life. Sayers tried teaching (where 80% of Oxford's

female graduates landed), then edited at Blackwell after they published a book of her poetry, became a secretary at a boarding school in France, and finally, after another brief stint teaching, settled in Bloomsbury where many literary and artistic women were seeking accommodation. She did translations, at a shilling a page, and finally, from 1922-1931, worked as a copywriter at S. H. Benson, a top advertising firm, her first stable, well-paid employment.

She remained at Benson through the publication of her first seven novels. She distrusted the stability of her writing income, but she also genuinely loved the work and the workplace, with its hustle and bustle and comradery. She was also very good at it. She originated most or all of the text copy, and many of the ideas, for two of that agency's most famous campaigns, the Guinness "Zoo" ads, and the Colman's "Mustard Club" campaign, which by the time of its close had accepted over 500,000 memberships." The Mustard Club even had a set of "Rules" which prefigured the equally whimsical "Rules" of the later Detection Club she soon founded with leading crime writers of her day.

Her romantic relationships across this time were disastrous in wildly varied ways. She followed a crush to France, despite his assurances to her father, no less, that he had no romantic inclinations toward her. Once back England and established in Bloomsbury, she began a relationship with the melancholy John Cournos, who believed that "You can't be both a 'best seller' and a great man", and who furiously blamed his own works' unpopularity on the public's lack of discernment. He was manifestly unsuitable even as a friend, let alone as a lover, for a woman seeking by now to write detective fiction, which he despised and denigrated as "low-brow nonsense". He wanted sex, and the use of contraceptives; Sayers sought a deep married relationship and had a "practical Christian" opposition to contraception. She refused to sleep with him.

Her romantic relationships across this time
were disastrous in wildly varied ways...

Cournos was followed in 1922 by “cheerful, roguish, and fun” Bill White, though as she said at the time, “intellect [was] not exactly his strong point.” He took her dancing and he instilled her lasting love of motorcycles. Sayers had changed her views in a number of ways, and began a casual, sexual relationship with him. Despite using the best available contraceptives, she discovered she was pregnant in the Spring of 1923. White at this point revealed that he was married and had a 7-year-old daughter in Dorset. In a plot twist, White’s wife, Beatrice, once convinced that Sayers had no intention of seeking to marry White, helped Sayers to hide the pregnancy from her family and her employers. Sayers went down to Beatrice’s hometown, where Beatrice’s doctor brother attended the birth. Beatrice and her daughter in turn moved into Sayers’ London apartment to receive and forward her mail and maintain the illusion that she was home with serious exhaustion.

Sayers was convinced (and certainly right) that she would not be able to keep her job at Benson, nor to continue her publishing career, as the mother of an illegitimate child. She further knew that she could not support her son were she to have no proper employment, so with only agonizing choices available to her, she asked a cousin who fostered children to



raise her son, John. John grew up there financially supported by “Cousin Dorothy”. While he had some suspicions, he only confirmed that Sayers was his mother when he applied for a passport after Sayers’ death and saw his birth certificate for the first time. All the others involved also kept the secret until after Sayers was gone; her employers never knew, and, alas, her parents never discovered they had a grandchild.

Sayers finally married in 1925. Mac Fleming was a journalist and auto racer. Their first few years seem to have been happy, companionable ones, but he began to suffer the long-term effects of physical and mental damage from the war, and began to resent Sayers’ success. Soon he was spending most of his time at a house they owned in Essex, while Sayers kept her Bloomsbury apartment. The relationship remained distant and unsatisfying until his death in 1950. Sayers seems never again to have attempted romance, though a man who interviewed her in mid-life privately noted her energy and sex appeal.

Meanwhile, by the time Sayers first settled in Bloomsbury, she had decided to attempt popular, and financially viable, detective fiction. Like most true intellectuals, she had no problem with popular literature, plays, and other entertainments. She had already consumed the crime-related works of Wilkie Collins, G. K. Chesterton, and others. Her bedside table, according to a friend, held highbrow French poetry alongside a stack of penny dreadfuls. She continued reading crime novels long after she was a successful crime writer herself; she reviewed 364 detective novels just between June 1933 and August 1935 for papers such as *The Sunday Times*. She was also an avid consumer of real crime and detection. She acquired murder trial transcripts, heavily annotating them, with analytical “end-notes” running to 1700 words in one case. Had she turned to journalism over fiction, she would likely have been a journalist in the mode of Michelle MacNamara (the Golden State killer) or Bernstein and Woodward (the Watergate Conspiracy) – someone who not only reported on, but helped solve, serious crimes.

Instead, like many other women, she turned to detective fiction in an effort to make her living, a decision still out of step with broader society’s ideas of the proper roles for women: if they must be

educated, they ought to find themselves happy as nurses or teachers, and then only until they married. All four Queens of Crime lived unconventional adult lives. Several were as openly gay or bisexual as feasible at the time, often in life-long relationships. Others were merely “fast”. Several chose not to marry, or like Sayers, only rarely lived with their spouses. While she maintained her entire life that she was attracted only to men, one of Sayers’ first published poems was a lesbian love poem, “Veronica”, in *Quora*, the first openly homosexual periodical to appear in the UK. She reserved the right to dress not just in trousers but in very masculine attire any time she felt like it.

All these women more than “made their livings” in the end, though only after a hard struggle to gain recognition, and while continually making choices between respectability and living the lives they were called to personally and as writers. Eventually, Sayers’ view became that the attempt to maintain respectability caused more real crime, and indeed more murders, than any other motive.

Amidst a daunting set of free-lance and other jobs, she laboured away at the first Lord Peter book, *Whose Body*. She had vowed to herself and to her parents that if her book was not a success, she would take a permanent teaching job. In the Spring of 1922 she became a copywriter at Benson, and found an agent. By July 1922, she had a book contract in the USA, and in April 1923, Fisher Unwin became her publisher in the UK, though before they published, they insisted a clue that mentioned “circumcision” was too risqué and forced Sayers to change it.

While the book’s sales were modest, they were adequate, and Sayers would write another ten novels, and several short story collections featuring Lord Peter Wimsey, over the next 12 years. She uses many aspects of her life in the novels: her experience at Benson in *Murder Must Advertise*, her fenland childhood in the *Nine Tailors*. But it is after she

introduces Harriet Vane in the fifth novel, *Strong Poison*, that she most reveals herself. Sayers has her fictive revenge on John Cournos by making him the model for Harriet’s callow and dominating murdered lover.** The overwhelming consequences of her relationship with Bill White, with the awful choices entailed, here find literal “life and death” form.

Sayers originally intended Peter and Harriet to be engaged to marry by the end of *Strong Poison*, but could not bring herself to make it happen, feeling it would be “false and degrading.” Instead, Peter falls utterly, abjectly in love with Harriet, but Harriet believes that there is no possibility of a marriage of equals between a man and a woman, and rejects him.

Harriet repeatedly rejects Peter until the end of *Gaudy Night*, some five cases later. She only sees the union as possible when he offers her detailed, deep criticism of the state of her writing, thereby showing her that he takes her, and her work, seriously – as seriously, please note, as Sayers’ female friends from Somerville had done. One can sense Sayers, book by book, and against her entire lived experience of romance with men, striving toward a vision of the kind of relationship she had wanted, one containing both passion and equality. To get there, Sayers must deepen Wimsey as a character and clarify Harriet’s understanding of precisely what she wants. Of this book, Sayers said that she found herself saying “the things that, in a confused way, I had been wanting to say all my life.”

After *Gaudy Night*, she wrote only one more novel, and then resisted her publisher’s and fans’ ardent requests for more of Wimsey and Vane, stating, “I wrote the Peter Wimsey books when I was young and had no money. I made some money, and then I stopped and began to write what I’ve always wanted to write.” The looming threat, and then reality, of World War II also left her “actually telling people that real difficulties, such as sin, death, and the night-bomber can’t be ‘solved’ like crosswords.” So she turned to other work, especially stage and radio

** “Corns” was recognizable enough, and therefore peeved enough, that he wrote an unflattering portrayal of Sayers in his next novel. The joke, of course, is that Sayers’ book was widely read and Cournos’ almost not at all.



Image credit: BBC Radio

plays, many with a religious focus. Somewhat later, she began her translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, often still viewed as one of the best.

Her BBC radio series, *The Man Who Would be King*, was her attempt to re-invigorate the story of Christ, and annoyed both the atheists, who thought it was Christian propaganda, and the conservative Christians, who abhorred the idea of having common actors with ordinary colloquial voices, playing the roles of Jesus and his disciples. That these characters evidenced real, human faults and emotions further inflamed her critics. C.S. Lewis, on the other hand, praised the series, and afterward read the scripts every year at Easter.

When others suggested that she had only "taken up" spiritual interests in middle age, she was insistent that her intertwined academic and theological interests were the deep throughline in her life, with the detective novels as her necessary way of making a living. At her request, she was buried under the bell tower of St. Anne's, the London church where she had been a church warden for 16 years.

Near the sudden end of her life at 64, she recognized the public's abiding interest in and affection for Peter and Harriet. She began to sketch out another novel, *Thrones, Dominations*, in which the couple are living out their co-equal lives, while the society around them expects Harriet to give up her last name and her writing to inhabit the role of "Lady Wimsey." (See sidebar note below.)

Sayers authored a total of 16 novels, six separate short story collections, 24 non-fiction books of various kinds, four volumes of poetry, seven major translations, and ten plays or scripts, plus the 12 linked radio plays for the BBC. She edited four major short story collections and three poetry collections, and collaborated on several other novels and collections.

Sayers was recognized by P. D. James for her "innovations in style and intention," including her early feminism and sympathy toward Jewish characters in the face of the antisemitism of the day. Lucy Worsley "would make the case for Sayers as one of the great writers of the twentieth century." While she used the form of the detective novel, she wanted to free it "from the bad legacy of sensationalism, clap-trap, and jargon with which it was unhappily burdened." Sayers insisted that, "Detective novels should contain atmosphere, character, human truth, and a driving force beyond the mechanics of plot. Only then," she suggested, could an author "persuade us that violence really hurts." •

KAREN COOPER received both an MFA in Creative Writing and a PhD from UBC. She is a longtime devotee of literary crime fiction and Assistant Editor of PostScript Magazine.

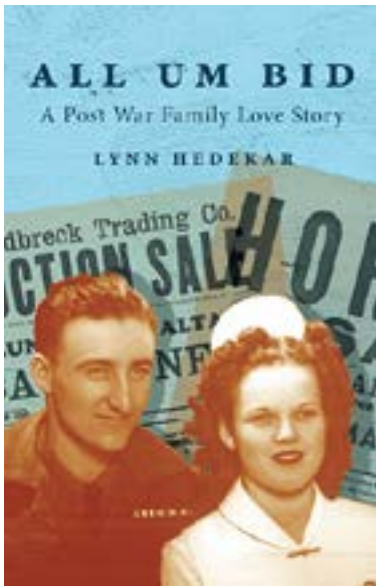
MORE ABOUT DOROTHY SAYERS

The Wimsey and Vane books have never been out of print and are widely available through public libraries. All are also available for e-readers and as audiobooks. Sayers' works are also beginning to come out of international copyright protection. Two are already digitally available via the free Project Gutenberg website: *Whose Body*, and *Unnatural Death*.

The intersection of her thoughts on theology and creativity are explored in *The Mind of the Maker*, which is still in print.

Jill Paton Walsh completed two novels for which Sayers left notes, and then wrote two further novels about the couple, remaining faithful to the characters, while deepening their characters through depictions of their complex family life during World War II.

books OF NOTE



All Um Bid: A Post War Family Love Story by Lynn Hedekar

From what has been called “the greatest generation” comes this tale of two ordinary people who shared an extraordinary life. From childhood accidents, through a world war that brings them together and then keeps them apart, theirs was a relationship that many dream of, but few experience. This is a story of hardship and of hope, of perseverance, and of commitment to a love that endures to the end.

A story of a boy’s farming accident, a girl’s family boat accident, a war that brings them together and keeps them apart followed by a series of challenges. Read about how their relationship weathers the storms of a post war marriage with struggles presented by poverty, child rearing, job insecurity, Attention Deficit, and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Can love prevail in this captivating story of family unity?

Ebook or paperback, available at Friesenpress.com.

Dream Keeper by Pamela Saul

When Kestrel first joined the crew of the Dreamkeeper—a ferryboat servicing two small jungle villages on the Gecko River—he was only eight years old. Five years later, he’s become a strong young man and his three crewmates have become his family. He looks up to them all: Seth, his guardian and captain, who has always been like a big brother to him; First Mate Thorn, an old sailor who has spent the better part of his life on the Dreamkeeper; and carpenter/cook Caarn, nicknamed Cleaver, a powerfully built traveler from the Crocodile Coast with a mysterious past.

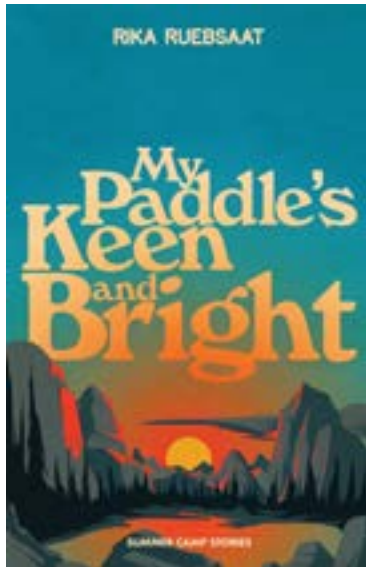
Kestrel’s almost idyllic life should have been enough, but some small part of him always wished for adventure. For better or worse, he would soon get his wish, as a new development turns his life upside down, leaving the future of Dreamkeeper and its crew uncertain and starting them on a journey of exploration and discovery.

Unexpected dangers, tightly held secrets, and revelations from the past could easily tear the Dreamkeeper and its crew apart before they reach the end of their journey to the Sparkling Sea. Will their friendship—their bonds of chosen family—be enough to see them through? Or will they be forced to continue their travels separately, with no home port in sight? Anything is possible ... on the Dreamkeeper.

Available from Friesen Press, Amazon and local bookstores



books OF NOTE



My Paddle's Keen and Bright by Rika Ruebsaat

In *My Paddle's Keen and Bright*, Rika Ruebsaat allows the camp veterans of all ages and backgrounds to reflect on their experiences, and the indelible lifelong impressions these have left on them.

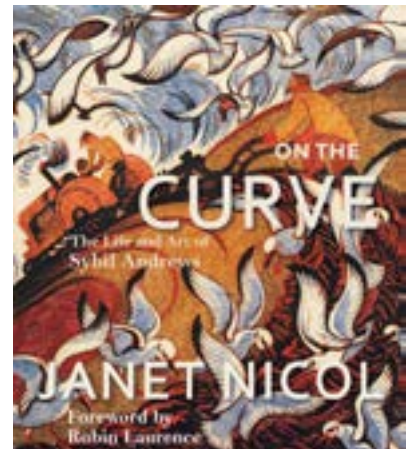
Parents began sending their kids off to summer camp more than a century ago, a tradition that continues strong in the face of transformative changes to society, and childhood. The history of summer camping, with its roots in Boy Scouts and other Victorian-era social movements, is beginning to be written. But until now, less has been said about the experiences of the generations of young men and women whose outlook has been shaped by their summer vacations.

Published by New Star Books - newstarbooks.com

On the Curve: The Life and Art of Sybil Andrews by Janet Nicol

Sybil Andrews was one of Canada's most prominent artists working throughout the late twentieth century. From a cottage by the sea in Campbell River, Andrews created striking linocut prints steeped in feeling and full of movement. Inspired by the working-class community that she lived in, her art is known for its honest depiction of ordinary people at work and play on Canada's West Coast. *On the Curve* focuses on Andrews' life after she immigrated to Canada in 1947. Settling in Campbell River, Andrews taught private art and music lessons and created artwork that gained her recognition across the globe. In the final years of her life, retrospective exhibitions of her prints in Canada and Britain skyrocketed her popularity. In this first fully illustrated biography, author Janet Nicol weaves together stories from Andrews' letters, diaries and interviews from her former students and friends, creating a portrait of this determined, resilient and gifted British-Canadian artist.

Published by Caitlin Press - caitlinpress.com



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To have your book included, send the details to postscript@bcrt.ca

WHISTLING all the Way

BY PAUL SWENNUMSON

I'm shopping for a few groceries at Superstore. And I'm whistling as I walk the aisles. I whistle, in fact, just about all of the time. I'd guess it's a habit. Come to think of it, Amy Ferguson¹ in Nelson used to tell her young singers, "Boys, whistle. You should always have two or three or four tunes at the ready. Whistle. And stay true to pitch." I wonder if Nancy Herbison² is a whistler.

I'm at the checkout, third in line. I've got only six or seven items. Nothing heavy or large or unusual. And I'm working on a lovely tune:

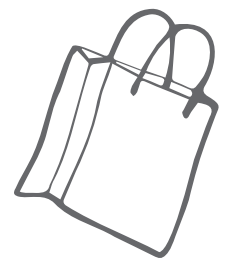


I'm not loud or irritating, I hope. I don't have a piercing, show stopping, two fingers at the teeth whistle, like my boyhood friend Gerry.

On other visits to the store, I do recall, Superstore shoppers have commented on these musical scraps. Sometimes they're mere fragments of improvisation. Once, a young lady carrying



I'm working on a lovely tune...



her orange and red bag out the door just ahead of me, turned to me as she stepped into the sunlight. “Your whistling is very clear and tuneful. Thank you.” She smiled. She walked with an energetic bounce, happily. I may have been whistling ‘Colonel Bogey’. I’m particularly fond of that march’s second strain, where the trombones have the melody. But now, of course, I don’t remember.



At the checkout immediately in front of me today is a gentleman, middle-aged, with a small order like mine, a half-dozen items. He, like me, has his own black shopping bag at the ready:



As the clerk is ringing in his groceries, he turns to me, “I wonder how many folks know that melody?”

“Aha,” I reply, “I take it that you do?”

He smiles and says, “Oh, yes.” He doesn’t start singing or joining in with his own whistled harmonies.

He’s efficiently tucking away his purchases. The line is moving ahead. Just as he is about to depart the checkout area, he turns to me again and says in a quiet yet triumphant voice, “All the way.” He waves and I smile a thank you to him, a blessing:



How many people know that tune? How many individuals could sing all three verses from a rich and healthy memory? How many could sing you four Fanny Crosby songs? How many Robert Lowry melodies can you whistle?

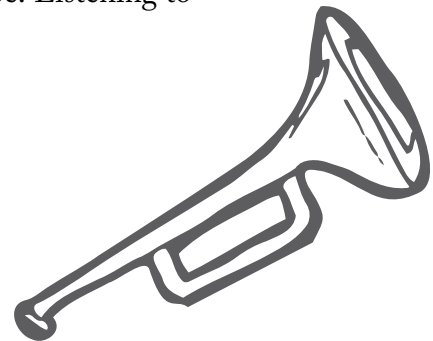


I'm stepping off into the parking lot, quite satisfied with my Superstore performance, when I'm struck with a peculiarly inspired thought: I'd guess that knowledgeable gentleman is a Salvation Army cornetist. It must be so. Because, if my memory serves me, I always whistle that tune in the distinctive Salvationist tuning [A=465.2 Hz]:



When I was eleven or twelve years of age, I spent many Saturday mornings working in our back acre hoeing potatoes, beans, corn, turnips. And I practised my whistling as I chopped at the thistles.

Except when I was listening! Listening to the chop-chop-chop of my hoe in the Chilliwack earth? No. Listening to the worms writhing in the soil below me? Nope. Listening to radishes growing? Ha... No!



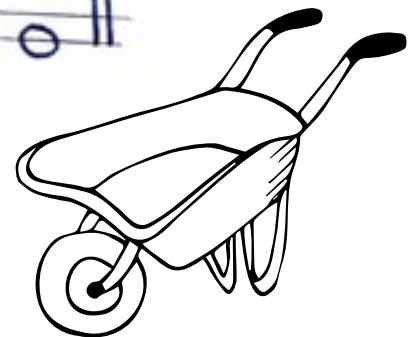
I was listening to the distant music of a brass band...



I was listening to the distant music of a brass band. They were performing outdoors—for as few as twenty minutes—on the lawn in front of the Chilliwack General Hospital in May, June, July, and August. The Salvation Army musicians in my Fraser Valley hometown were a splendid and generous organization. We lived in the VLA Subdivision,³ and my mother’s backyard garden at 409 Crescent Drive was less than a kilometer crow-fly from the hospital. Hoeing was tolerable with whistling, but it could be transporting with that heavenly brass music:



PAUL SWENNUMSON retired from SD 57. He now lives and whistles in Prince George.



NOTES

1. Amy Ferguson was a celebrated music educator in Nelson, BC who led choirs of youngsters for many years.
2. Nancy Herbison was a student of Amy Ferguson. She went on to become a leading Canadian soprano, and incorporated her small BC hometown into her stage name. We know her as Nancy Argenta.
3. The Veterans’ Land Act (VLA) went through a number of revisions over the years, first granting farm land to veterans, and after the Second World War, providing loans so that returning veterans could start a life in the suburbs.

DID YOU KNOW?

FASCINATING HEALTH FACTS

BY PAT THIESEN

BCRTA WELL-BEING COMMITTEE

PILL POSTURE



Whether you're popping an Advil for a headache or taking a daily blood pressure pill, a new study by Johns Hopkins University on the connection between four different postures and drug dissolution says there's an ideal way to take pills, with especially strong implications for sedentary or bed-ridden people. "Taking pills while lying on the right side was by far the best, sending pills into the deepest part of the stomach to achieve a dissolution rate 2.3 times faster than even an upright posture. Lying on the left side was the worst. The team was very surprised to find that if a pill takes 10 minutes to dissolve on the right side, it could take 23 minutes to dissolve in an upright posture and over 100 minutes when laying on the left side."

<https://hub.jhu.edu/2022/08/16/the-best-posture-to-take-a-pill/>

SOUND ADVICE

Tinnitus may be caused by, "noise exposure, physical injury such as head trauma or whiplash, ear diseases, muscle spasms, circulatory changes, side effects from medication, nerve pathway irritation and central auditory system changes" and so should be assessed by a physician.

Patients can help to minimize and prevent tinnitus by:

- Reducing exposure to extremely loud noise
- Avoiding total silence
- Decreasing salt intake
- Monitoring one's blood pressure
- Avoiding stimulants, such as caffeine and nicotine
- Exercising
- Reducing fatigue
- Managing stress
- Educating oneself



<https://www.ucsfhealth.org/conditions/tinnitus/treatment>

Options Open

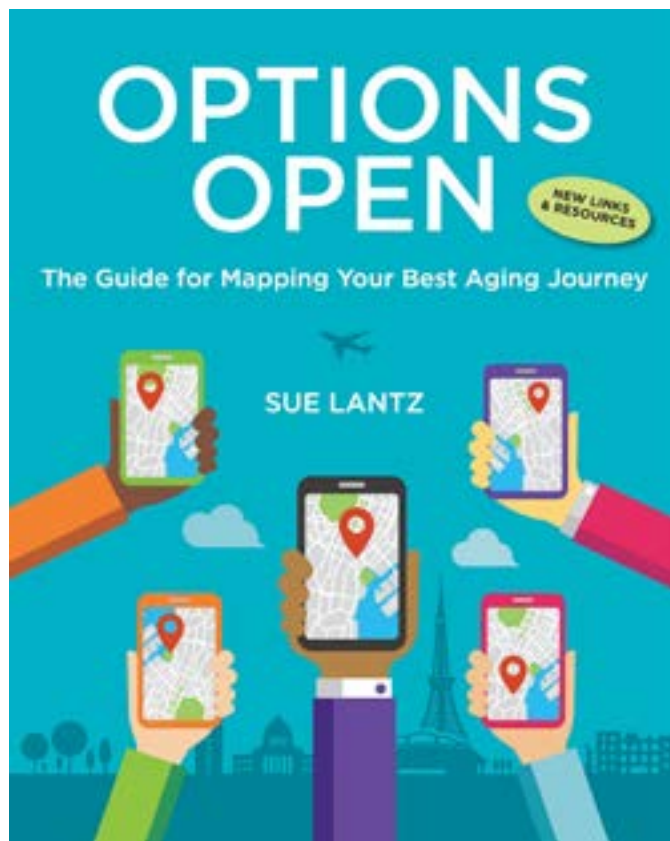
Wondering about your options as an aging retiree? Consider reading *Options Open* by Sue Lantz, one of the keynote speakers at the BCRTA 2022 AGM. The theme for each keynote speaker was a journey; Ms. Lantz's talk discussed planning for a person's journey as they age. Her talk and her book are based on the belief that one should be proactive in planning for their future as they age, as her grandparents, to whom the book is dedicated, did.

Today, we are living far longer and vigorously than most of our parents and grandparents, so this generation must think in different ways from prior generations about how they want to live that span of time between retirement and death. The author clearly defines a path based on five key strategies she believes people should approach as if planning a 'trip'. While each is an important piece of the puzzle when planning for a healthy, happy, and comfortable life in a person's later years, the author also stresses it is important to look at these five strategies as interconnected.

The Five-Strategy Framework includes planning for:

- Health: ways to maintain your best health
- Housing: timely and wise housing choices
- Social Network: staying connected
- Caregiving team: which may include family, health care workers, others
- Resources: financial and other resources

This is an easy book to read, in part because you can read one section while drinking your morning beverage, then read another section hours or days later. Each section contains not only information, but importantly, a page of self reflection with points to reflect on, whether for yourself or as a road map of items to discuss with elderly parents.



The book has a good bibliography of links and resources; however, the author is in Ontario and that bias is reflected in the book and its resources. The reader also needs to consider technologies that may have changed by the time you read it (the book was published in 2020). *Options Open* is worth reading despite the author's Ontario-centered information. The Five-Point Framework gives pause for thought, reflection, and guidelines so that one can be healthy and proactive when planning their journey into later life, regardless of where they live. •

Options Open is available in paperback or as an e-book from:

<https://www.icbookstore.ca/optionsopenguide>

CAROL BAIRD-KRUL is a retired Teacher-Librarian who through personal experience knows the value of forward planning. She is an advocate for responsible and appropriate elder care and currently sits on the BCRTA Well Being and VIHA Home care Committees.



EVERYBODY SHOULD 2FA

Two Factor Authentication, or 2FA, is additional security that ensures only you can access your online accounts. It may sound complicated, but in real life, it's easy to use.

Companies with an online presence are figuring out it's bad for business when their customers get hacked. Malicious attacks against governments, companies, and individuals are common. And there are no signs that the hacks, data breaches, and other forms of cybercrime are slowing down.

That is why digital security is constantly evolving. The tech industry is in a race to eliminate passwords and help us lock down our online accounts in the easiest, most secure way possible. Biometrics – using your fingerprint, face, or voice to get into your online life – is becoming standard. Two Factor Authentication (2FA) is another security tool and is available almost everywhere. Some sites even give users a discount when they set up 2FA.

A strong password is like locking your doors when you leave home. It's common sense. Using Two Factor Authentication is like adding a security alarm to your home. It stops criminals in their tracks. A weak password is like putting a giant flashing 'We're Open' sign over your unlocked front door.

2FA ensures the person trying to access an online account is the owner of that account.

It adds a second layer, or second factor, to the login process. Some people think they are already using two-factor authentication because they use an email address and a password to get into their online accounts. But that's not quite right. Gluu experts explain.

FACTOR #1 - YOUR PASSWORD

When you log in to an online account, you enter a username to tell the website who you are. Then you enter a password. Factor #1 is your password. (It is often a password but it can also be a PIN, security question, or stroke pattern depending on your device and the website or app you are using.) At least one factor of authentication is required to prove you are the account holder and gain access to the account. Your username is not a factor of authentication.

FACTOR #2 - A ONE-TIME CODE

Factor #2 is a unique one-time code that must be entered to access the online account. This one-time code is usually sent via text message to the account holder's cellular phone number.

It works like this: After you provide a username and a correct password, the online account immediately sends a text message to your cell phone. This text message contains a unique one-time code. You enter this one-time code into the account login screen, and access is granted.

That is 2FA in action. You log in with a username and password. Then enter the unique code. Access granted.

Two Factor Authentication is like adding a security alarm to your home, it stops criminals in their tracks. Using a weak password is like putting a giant flashing ‘We’re Open’ sign over your unlocked front door.

WHY USE 2FA?

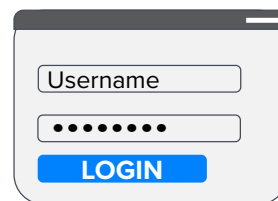
If you only have a password protecting your online accounts, you are using One Factor Authentication. Two Factor Authentication is an extra security layer. It takes the pressure off your passwords.

Security experts strongly recommend setting up 2FA on all social media accounts and any websites and apps that contain personally identifiable information such as banks, health, and insurance websites.

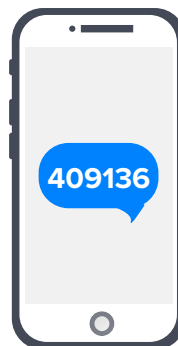
Wherever possible, protect your digital life with 2FA. It’s an added layer of protection that is easier to use than you might think. Some shopping websites will offer a discount to accounts with Two Factor Authentication setup. Ask where you shop online.

TWO FACTOR AUTHENTICATION IN ACTION

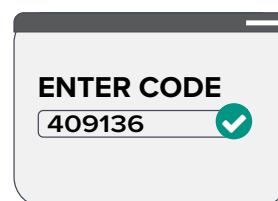
There are three easy steps to follow when using Two Factor Authentication to secure your online accounts.



- 1 Enter your username and password as you usually would.



- 2 A unique one-time code is sent immediately via text message to your mobile device.



- 3 You enter this one-time code into the login screen of your online account. When the code you entered matches the code that was sent to you, your account is unlocked.

Single Seniors for Tax Fairness

BY JUDITH BLAKESTON

It is tax season, time to ferret out receipts, haul out last year's form, download a program, or, if you are like me, organize papers into a manilla envelop and find someone else to do the math. The Globe and Mail for January 19, 2023 had an article titled "Split income with family to save dollars": five of the suggestions had to do with splitting income with one's spouse; the other had to do with giving money to one's adult children for investment or establishing an "in-trust for" investment account for a minor child. An advocacy group, Single Seniors for Tax Fairness (SSTF) will look at this with a sigh, not because they want to eliminate such strategies for married couples or families, but because they want some breaks for the many Canadian single seniors who not only cannot benefit but who often find themselves and their estate penalized for being single.

SSTF was founded by a retired teacher and businesswoman who ultimately realized that the tax options open to her married friends were infinitely superior to hers thanks to federal tax laws. Their website has a number of case studies: let's look at just one.

"Jill" never married and never purchased a house, instead renting an apartment in the city. After a number of years teaching English in a Toronto high school, she decided to start a small business on the side where she would teach those skills to business personnel. The business became successful enough that she gave up teaching, and upon retirement had a sizeable amount in a RRIF, a small teacher's pension, and a CPP. Notably, during her working years she was of considerable assistance to nieces and nephew, immigrant children of an illiterate mother who began their lives in poverty and on welfare. Jill paid for rent and their groceries at times, plus a used car, tutoring, college tuition, and travel. So far so good.

"Susan" married "Jeff", a teacher, and she was a stay-at-home mom. They purchased a house in their early days where they could raise a family. Housing prices have soared and what they purchased for \$18,000. in 1972 sold for \$ 2.3 million in 2017 after the husband died. The comparison may seem flawed, perhaps. Choices were made, careers were established, the housing market was more beneficial than the 649!

Granted the family had the expenses any family has: education, health, and so forth. But it costs a single person not half, but two-thirds of what it costs a couple to live. There are a growing number of single seniors (39% of all seniors according to Stats Can). Further, the skyrocketing price of housing in most Canadian centres, is making it ever-harder for singles (and single-earner families) to purchase homes. Let's look at the implications for retirement and in terms of one's estate.





“This group is not attempting to limit the benefits to couples or home-owners, but rather to have those benefits extended to single people and those who do not own homes.”

One of the partners in a couple can transfer up to 50% of their pension income to the other, allowing both to fall into a lower tax bracket and perhaps qualify for more benefits such as full OAS and Age Tax Credit. Upon the death of one partner, that person’s RRIF or RRSP can be transferred to the remaining partner. The total amount of a TFSA can be transferred to the remaining partner if that partner has been designated as the Successor Holder. Susan was able to give substantial gifts to her grandchildren on the basis of the tax-free house sale while retaining a comfortable retirement income for herself.

A single person has no such breaks. Jill is taxed at the highest rate and her OAS payments are fully clawed back. Her heirs, her nieces and nephew, will find that they will inherit an estate taxed at about 50%.

I have taken these examples from the website of SSTF, and I support their aims. They have written letters to all Members of Parliament, had meetings with over a

third of them, had their petition read in the House six times, and are tireless in their efforts to have a federal budget acknowledge the unfairness of the tax system and do something about it. This group is not attempting to limit the benefits to couples or homeowners, but rather to have those benefits extended to single people and those who do not own homes.

See the website for more examples of the discrepancies single seniors face in income taxes and in their estates. You can help by contacting your MP to make sure they know that you want an increased degree of fairness accorded to the growing number of senior singles, especially in these difficult economic times. •

JUDITH BLAKESTON retired in 2000 after a long career in teaching and administration in BC education. She is a member of the BCRTA Communications Committee and is involved in the Cowichan Valley Retired Teachers’ Association.

INTERESTED?

Check out these online resources:

An Interview with founder of SSTF

<https://moolala.ca/podcasts/tax-fairness-for-single-seniors/>

Website:

singlениorsfortaxfairness.com



A Seniors' Advocate Volunteer Surveyor



Seniors are the fastest growing segment of Canada's population. Currently, 17% of our population is aged 65 and older; that number will increase to 25% by 2056.

A *Nelson Star* article about a province-wide survey being conducted by the Office of the Seniors' Advocate caught my attention. The BCRTA also emailed Branch Presidents with pertinent information about volunteering in this province-wide survey. It prompted some of you to do just that. The Regional Engagement Lead said there was an uptick in people wanting to volunteer right after that issue came out. She was grateful that BCRTA was willing to include the material in that publication.

Volunteers were needed to survey every resident in long term care about their quality of life. This opportunity appealed to me for a number of reasons: I'm a member of that demographic, I'm involved with organizations advocating for a comprehensive National Seniors' Strategy, it was time limited, and it was a way to support our community. I committed to the training and forty hours of surveying.

The training prepared me for the technical work. What I was unprepared for was the range of emotions the work elicited. The first contact with the resident always started as a "cold call"; we'd knock on their door to ask, "Would you be interested in doing a survey?" Sometimes the answer was a "hard no" and other times the answer was "not now". But if the answer was "yes", the session moved into the survey's question and response format. The start was usually quite formal with

some curiosity and some hesitancy on the part of the resident. However, a few moments of silent patience would often provide opportunity for them to gain confidence and begin to relax. It was so rewarding to watch the mood change from cautious to comfortable.

By the survey's end, a magical transformation had usually happened. Now it was my turn to listen to their wider stories. With a twinkle in their eye, the residents would share tales of growing up, moving around, or hard times. There might be stories of pride in their accomplishments, and in their children and grandchildren. But then, with the occasional quiet honesty would come the quiet disclosure of being kinless, and an expression of their loneliness. We shared chuckles, expressions of wonder, and sometimes a tear. I felt so privileged to be in their home, the place where their memories now reside. We had become friends.

If you are a first-time volunteer in such a venture, I would encourage you to carefully follow the guidelines; the integrity of the survey must not be compromised. But remember the human element, too. It is important to take some additional time with the resident to just listen. I keep in mind that while I am gathering information, I am also a guest in the resident's home, a place of rich memories that are waiting to be shared. The opportunity to gather information that will be used to improve the lives of the residents, combined with "heart hearing", is invaluable. Knowing that you have contributed to the well-being of others by helping assess their quality of life, and caring for each person with a listening ear, will enrich your life. •

GRACE WILSON is the Past President of the BCRTA. She spent time as President of the Nelson District Teachers' Association and is now looking out for the welfare and interests of teachers at a different stage of their lives.

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT

Call for Volunteers

LONG TERM CARE HOME RESIDENT SURVEY

About the project: All 29,000+ residents in BC's publicly funded long-term care homes will be surveyed about their quality of life. The goal is to make improvements for them, both locally and provincially. You can find all the details on our website here: <https://surveybcseniors.org/>

This project is upcoming for the all care homes starting resident interviews imminently in March – June 2023. Other care homes around the lower mainland also have many Italian-only speaking residents. Dedicated volunteers in the Greater Vancouver Region have collectively contributed over 1000 hours of their time to date in listening to some of our most vulnerable citizens.

More volunteer surveyors are welcomed to join the team – I hope that this will inspire members within your following and readers to hear from their local seniors! With surveys ongoing and upcoming in many facilities, we are calling on locals to give the gift of time to the seniors nearest them. Volunteers will get to visit the residents, see what it's like in long-term care, and conduct a structured interview with them.

Our surveyors include individuals of all ages and backgrounds; all necessary training is provided. Anyone interested can apply online by visiting:

<https://surveybcseniors.org/volunteer/>



For more info, please contact:

Judy Zhu
Regional Engagement Lead
Office of Patient-Centred Measurement
British Columbia Ministry of Health

Email: jzhu4@providencehealth.bc.ca
Website: www.bcpcm.ca

CLASSIFIEDS

ELDER DOG

ElderDog Canada supports seniors in the care of canine companions. Volunteers help with dog care activities like dog walking, basic grooming, feeding, administering medication, and transportation to and from the vet or groomer. We provide foster care when a senior is temporarily unable to care for their dog and re-homing. Vancouver Pawd provides services to the Lower Mainland at no charge.

Phone 1.855.336.4226 or visit www.elderdog.ca

TRAVEL

COSTA RICA TRIP: January 18-30, 2024

BCRTA member Alex Campbell is organizing and leading this trip; he has been to Costa Rica 17 times and taken many groups.

Please email Alex at kocho@shaw.ca for a no obligation look at the itinerary.

VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITY



The Literacy Circle is seeking certified teachers to teach Indigenous adults starting their English literacy journey at elementary school levels. Classes continue in Nanaimo, and soon Penticton BC.

For more information and to apply, visit us at www.theliteracycircle.ca

ADVOCACY

JOIN BCRTA'S CAMPAIGN FOR PHARMACARE

Visit the link below to send a message to your local MLA and MP asking for action on a national universal Pharmacare program.

bcrt.ca/pharmacarenow

Community Events

BRIGHT BEGINNINGS FOUNDATION

www.brightbeginningsfoundation.ca

PROVIDES BURSARIES FOR LOW-INCOME STUDENTS FOR POST-SECONDARY STUDIES.

Sylvia's Plant Sale for BBF will be held

Saturday May 6th 9AM to 3PM

at 11262 Sussex Place, North Delta.

Planters, house plants, annuals and perennials.

CLASSIFIEDS

TRAVEL

DISCOVER CUBA WITH CUBA1TOURS (since 1995)

Cuba1tours continues to offer the best guided tours to the most intriguing parts of Cuba with a personal touch and excellent local guides. All tours are safe and worry-free. For more tour information contact Tom Robertson at: tom@cuba1tours.com or use the contact form on the website: www.cuba1tours.com.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

Retired teacher and husband would like to rent condo in Maui 2024 for a month February - March range within walking distance of the beach. We are non-smokers and have no pets. Email: j.hartung@shaw.ca

ACCOMMODATION OFFERED

Heritage house in Alsace-France, Vosges Mountains, three bedrooms, modern kitchen, wifi, located on wine route, close to Germany (Freiburg) and Switzerland (Basel). Partial cleaning included, CA\$900 per week. mano936@gmail.com

WATERFRONT 2-bdrm cottage at Deep Bay (north of Qualicum Beach on Vancouver Isl.) overlooking Denman and Hornby Islands. It is quiet, relaxing and private. Sleeps up to 6 people, n/s, internet, cable TV, owned by a retired teacher. Retired Teacher special rate for May, June, September and October: \$875/wk, with limited time available in July and August at peak season rates. E-mail joyce.buckham@shaw.ca, or phone 604-939-0121 for additional pictures and details.



ACCOMMODATION OFFERED

BIG ISLAND HAWAII - Kona Coast Resort phase II, Kona, Hawaii - 7 nights \$2100.00 Cdn funds

Paniolo Greens Resort, Waikoloa, Hawaii - 7 nights \$2000.00 Cdn funds

Contact sbava@shaw.ca for availability and details

SUNSHINE COAST: 4 bedroom, fully equipped waterfront cottage with view and beach for playing, walking and swimming. Ideal for kids. Near Gibsons, 1 km from ferry. Contact Barry @250-744-7447 or bwrolston@telus.net for website & more information. Lots of space in May/June shoulder season.

For Rent: Two bedroom, two bath 1300 sq. ft condo overlooking the first hole at the Westin Bear Mountain Golf Resort and Spa in Victoria, BC. Available Nov 1, 2023 to Feb 29, 2024 with the intention of renting for the full 4 months. Price: \$3,200 for one month. \$6,000 for two consecutive months, \$ 10,800 for four months. For pictures and further information, text to 250 588 1348

MUSIC TOUR

THE VANCOUVER OPERA GUILD NEW TOURS 2023

Berlin, Dresden, Prague and Vienna May 3 - 14.

Guided tours highlight the beauty of these cities.

Operas include: Tannhauser and La Traviata (Staatsoper, Berlin), Die Meistersinger (Dresden), The Bartered Bride and Don Giovanni (Prague) and Tosca and Manon (Vienna)

Opera in Santa Fe August 6 - 13, 2023.

Tour includes accommodation, sightseeing and five operas (Tosca, Rusalka, Pelleas et Melisande, the Flying Dutchman and Orfeo).

For more information contact Great Expeditions 604 257 2040 or toll free 1 800 663 3364

www.vancouveroperaguild.com

crossword

Double Trouble

By Lynn Hembree

Email: crossword@bcrrta.ca

ACROSS

1. Ernst ____, Austrian composer
5. Engine runs, no progress
10. Snow or Williams
14. ____ vera
15. Carved void
16. Difficult woodwind
17. McCann or Rose
18. "The Nutcracker" lead
19. Extremely
20. Rough fairway? (2 wds)
23. All there
24. Examine closely
28. You may see this label at the N Pole?
31. The "p" in m.p.g.
32. "If I Ruled the World" rapper
33. We're here and ____ (2 wds)
36. Marina near Lonsdale Quay, briefly
37. Preps a sailboat
38. "The Little Red ____"
39. Steve ____, from Victoria to the NBA
40. Found mainly south of the 49th, abbrev.
41. Mr. Ed with a sore throat? (2 wds)
45. After expenses
46. Worn with a kimono
47. Kind of muscle or bandage
48. All over the world
50. Boat propellers
51. Furniture for novelists (2 wds)
57. Chesterfield, e.g.
60. Canada ____
61. Ark builder
62. Annoyance
63. "Come in!"
64. Bargain
65. Earl Grey or Green (2 wds)
66. Glide on the Rideau Canal
67. Barely managed, with "out"

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14					15						16			
17					18						19			
20				21						22				
			23					24			25	26	27	
28	29	30						31				32		
33						34	35					36		
37						38					39			
40				41	42				43	44				
45				46					47					
48			49					50						
			51			52	53					54	55	56
57	58	59			60						61			
62					63						64			
65					66						67			

DOWN

1. After-bath powder
2. Assortment or mixture
3. Pepsi, e.g.
4. Gossip
5. Fragrant or calming smoke
6. "La ____ Vita" (1960 film)
7. Entertainment Co. based in China (acronym)
8. Grayish yellow tone
9. More acute
10. A type of craft?
11. Abraham's nickname
12. "____ any drop to drink": Coleridge
13. Vandalize, as a car
21. End of dino-
22. Arid
25. Opens, as a gate
26. "Do it because your teacher ____!" (2 wds)
27. "Relativity" artist
28. Arranged, as Christmas lights
29. Carpentry tool
30. Smooth, musically
31. Cages
34. Asian tongue
35. "That is ____ car, not his."
39. Balderdash
41. Frost
42. Accommodates
43. Display unit (of furniture)
44. Large group
49. Master, in Swahili
50. Beginning of trouble
52. Honky-____
53. Bit
54. Drench
55. Dark, leafy green
56. Garden storage
57. The "Painted Boat" at Madeira Park has one
58. Type of grain or bran
59. "Fee! ____! Foe! Fum!"

See the crossword solution at bcrrta.ca/crossword AFTER APRIL 15

Sudoku

6	2	8						1
							7	
		7		8	4		2	9
	1			7		4		
	3		9	1	8		6	
		6		5			9	
9	7		3	6		8		
	6							
8						2	5	6

	1			8		5	3	
					5	9	6	
	6			9	1			7
9		3				6	1	
		7				4		
	8	6				2		9
6			1	5			9	
	9	1	7					
	5	2		3			8	

TO SOLVE SUDOKU PUZZLES:

Fill in the grid so that every row, every column and every 3 x 3 box contains the digits 1 through 9.

SEND COMPLETED PUZZLES TO:

100 – 550 West 6th Avenue,
Vancouver BC V5Z 4P2

FOR MORE ONLINE SUDOKU PUZZLES:

www.websudoku.com/

DEADLINE FOR SUDOKU AND CROSSWORD SUBMISSION IS:

APR 30, 2023

Congratulations to the winners of the last issue. Your cheques are in the mail!

Crossword:

Wendy Budde, Prince Rupert
Carol Kennedy, Surrey/White Rock
Kim Swanson, Richmond

Sudoku:

Carol Cawley, Powell River
Brenda Graham, Coquitlam
John Newman, Nanaimo

WINTER 2022 CROSSWORD SOLUTION

1	F	2	E	3	T	4	A	5	S	6	R	7	O	8	A	9	R	10	S	11	H	12	A	13	M
14	A	15	M	16	O	17	N	18	E	19	O	20	R	21	B	22	I	23	T	24	A	25	L	26	E
27	S	28	I	29	T	30	K	31	A	32	S	33	P	34	R	35	U	36	C	37	E	38	I	39	D
40	T	41	R	42	O	43	L	44	L	45	E	46	Y	47	T	48	I	49	R	50	A	51	D	52	E
53	E	54	S	55	T	56	N	57	O	58	T	59	A	60	R	61	Y	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69
70	C	71	Y	72	S	73	T	74	T	75	S	76	A	77	R	78	L	79	E	80	G	81	82	83	84
85	L	86	O	87	P	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	L	95	O	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105
106	A	107	R	108	I	109	A	110	E	111	L	112	A	113	T	114	E	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122
123	P	124	E	125	R	126	T	127	R	128	A	129	V	130	E	131	N	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139
140	I	141	T	142	S	143	R	144	E	145	S	146	T	147	T	148	I	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156
157	O	158	P	159	T	160	I	161	C	162	S	163	A	164	R	165	E	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173
174	B	175	O	176	B	177	C	178	A	179	T	180	S	181	O	182	V	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190
191	E	192	W	193	E	194	R	195	A	196	I	197	N	198	F	199	O	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207
208	S	209	E	210	A	211	A	212	L	213	O	214	O	215	F	216	A	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224
225	E	226	R	227	R	228	B	229	E	230	N	231	D	232	S	233	N	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241

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Obituaries

Location listed is the area given as "last taught"



Abbott, Elizabeth	Powell River	Elson, Colleen J.	Sunshine Coast
Adamson, Gillian R.	Vancouver	Emery, J. Gordon	Langley
Bartel, Carolyn	Quesnel	Farquharson, Lynne	Richmond
Bishop, Ann	Coquitlam	Fleming, Lyle C. T.	Prince George
Bower, Albert F.	Delta	Gordon, Shirley	Cariboo-Chilcotin
Buckner, John S.	Nanaimo/Ladysmith	Grindon, Esther L.	Bulkey Valley
Caird, Don	Bulkley Valley	Grogan, Norah G	Powell River
Coates, Robert E.	Qualicum	Hall, Harry T.	Vancouver
Cole, Joan L.	Kamloops	Hallman, Larry	Greater Victoria
Cotter, Sharon	Kamloops	Hoepfner, Donald W.	Courtenay
Cowen, Patricia A.	Vancouver	Howes, Janet M.	Parksville Qualicum
Davies, Michael D. J.	Greater Victoria	Kabush, Debbie	Surrey
Dench, John	Campbell River	Kennett, Ellen M.	Surrey
Denis, Katherine R.	Delta	Langdon, Jacqueline V.	Campbell River
Di Georgio, Glenn S	Nanaimo/Ladysmith	Madhosingh, Chandra	Vancouver
Dyck, Ruth C.	Abbotsford	Mcintyre, Iris F.	Prince George
Edwards, Claudette	North Vancouver	McKay, Allan S.	Peace River S.

McLeod, W.L. J. Bill	Nechako Lake	Wentland, Blanche Y	Surrey
McNabb, Raymond	Coquitlam	Wilson, D. Keith	Sooke
Onstad, Gary S.	Burnaby	Wolfe, Joyce E.	Powell River
Panter, Don	Langley	Wright, Barbara E.	Cowichan
Parent, F. Jane	Delta	Wright, Harold J.	Burnaby
Pepin, Maureen L.	Langley		
Radzikowski, Rita	Coquitlam		
Reid, Cam	New Westminster		
Roses, Roberta J.	Courtenay		
Scrase, Thomas R.	Courtenay		
Shindruk, Evelyn	Langley		
Short, Mary	Chilliwack		
Sinclair, Florence A.	Agassiz-Harrison		
Skipsey, Arthur N.	Parksville Qualicum		
Sturgeon, Marjorie G.	Greater Victoria		
Tereposky, Alfred S	Central Okanagan		
Watson, Kay	New Westminster		

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