

# The Gallimaufry

**July 2020 - A special "let's stay connected" series. Vol. 4**



*Thank you Martin Addison for your long hours and hard work. For being on top of the pandemic situation, for assisting us as we slowly reopen and for so much more.*

*Thank you for accomplishing a great deal in a short period of time. It was short but it was sweet. - Ed.*

**Our newly decorated Oak Room!  
Many thanks to Chrissy Cottrell for her help.**

 **Martin Addison**

**Coming Soon!**

*Silent Auction*



Due to COVID-19, we are unable to hold our very popular Summer Fair this year. The Summer Fair has been, in past years, a significant contributor to the operating funds of Brock House. The good news is, we are creating an online silent auction and it will be coming soon. You will be able to view the auction items from the comfort of your home and make your bid online. As we are making our preparations, we ask if you have any auctionable items (goods or services) with a minimum value of \$100.00 you would be able to provide. Your donation will be greatly appreciated, and you will get a tax receipt if requested. For more information or to arrange to make a donation contact Patricia Brady at 778-883-7025 or [pjbrady@telus.net](mailto:pjbrady@telus.net).

*Patricia and her team have been extremely busy securing items and they tell me there are some exciting ones, including experiences, already in place. But there's room for more! If you have something you think might help raise the funds for Brock House, please contact Patricia. - Ed.*

**Where Seniors Stay *Young***

Brock House Society - 3875 Point Grey Rd, Vancouver BC V6R 1B3 - [BrockHouseSociety.com](http://BrockHouseSociety.com)

[BrockHouseGallimaufry@gmail.com](mailto:BrockHouseGallimaufry@gmail.com)



## From the President's Pen (Very Special Edition)

Welcome to my last President's Pen as I make plans for the delayed transfer of my duties to a new President. As a result I am leaving the position with mixed feelings due to the unusual set of circumstances and complex issues that have developed during the last few weeks of my tenure, some of which are still being resolved.

Just to put this into context. We find ourselves living in unprecedented times.

This calls for patience and understanding in our ability to deliver our usual high standard of regular services and programming when contacting us. And as such I would like to acknowledge the hard work and dedication that our staff has demonstrated as it adjusts to the new order, brought about by the guidelines required to deal with the pandemic.

The Provincial Health guidelines were introduced into BHS by our Transition Team, which includes a public health nurse. We have developed a phased reopening plan which respects a timetable, partly based on the information that you gave us from the results of the feedback /survey. We are now prepared to move ahead with regular and more creative programs as soon as the lifting of restrictions under Phase 3 allows.

An example of creative programming was held on June 24 when a capacity crowd enjoyed an evening "Summer Solstice Party" on the lawn. More similar events are being planned for the near future. One of them is a *Silent Auction* [cover page] to assist us

during this difficult time of reduced revenues and financial constraints.

As I conclude my last Pen there is one more important issue that needs to be shared with you and that is the plan for the departure of the administrator. As you know by now, Martin Addison has resigned due to personal reasons and I would like to thank him for all the hard work and dedication that he has shown during his brief time with us. However, this event has forced the board into a process of sober reflection as we review the roles and responsibilities of all of the service providers at BHS. The summer months are traditionally a slower time of the year and as I write we have embarked upon a series of board meetings, along with action plans, to determine a path forward on these matters.

In the meantime, Yolanda Bonkowski will take on more of the administrative duties along with her current ones until a satisfactory solution can be found. So once again your patience and understanding are much appreciated during these difficult times of transition.

So in closing, thank you, for your ongoing interest in staying in touch with us through the President's Pen and a fond goodbye to you all. See you around the house.

*-Peter Phillips, President*

## Meet your Brock House Membership Committee

We'd like to thank Jo Pleshakov (who has stepped down as director of the Membership Committee) for her exemplary work these past two years. Effective June 1, I am the new director. I say this with trepidation at the thought of filling Jo's shoes! I am grateful though to have a group of such commendable Membership Committee members; namely, Deborah Bush (former director), Mary Ann Carter (member of the Brock House Orchestra and Chamber Group), Marilyn Coburn (Social Events Cmte. member), Carol Dale (cafeteria volunteer), Vera Hromada (new member), Val Lynn (director of Volunteer Services), Adrienne Mennell (marketing specialist) and Adele Tremblay (After Hours Theatre convenor). As a team we bring a wide breadth of skills and experience to focus on enhancing your Brock House experience.

You can expect to hear about upcoming New Member Receptions and Meet'n Greet's, Centenarian and Lifetime Member Recognitions and other initiatives. All events and initiatives will be highlighted as Brock House gradually opens its doors to more programs (Dr. Henry permitting).

If you have suggestions on how we can make your Brock experience as fulfilling and enjoyable as possible, please send them to me at [sresels@gmail.com](mailto:sresels@gmail.com). We look forward to working together with you all.

Best wishes,

*Sheila Resels, Director*

On behalf of the Membership Committee members  
(Adele, Adrienne, Carol, Deborah, Marilyn, Mary Ann, Val, and Vera)

## Brock House Chess Players

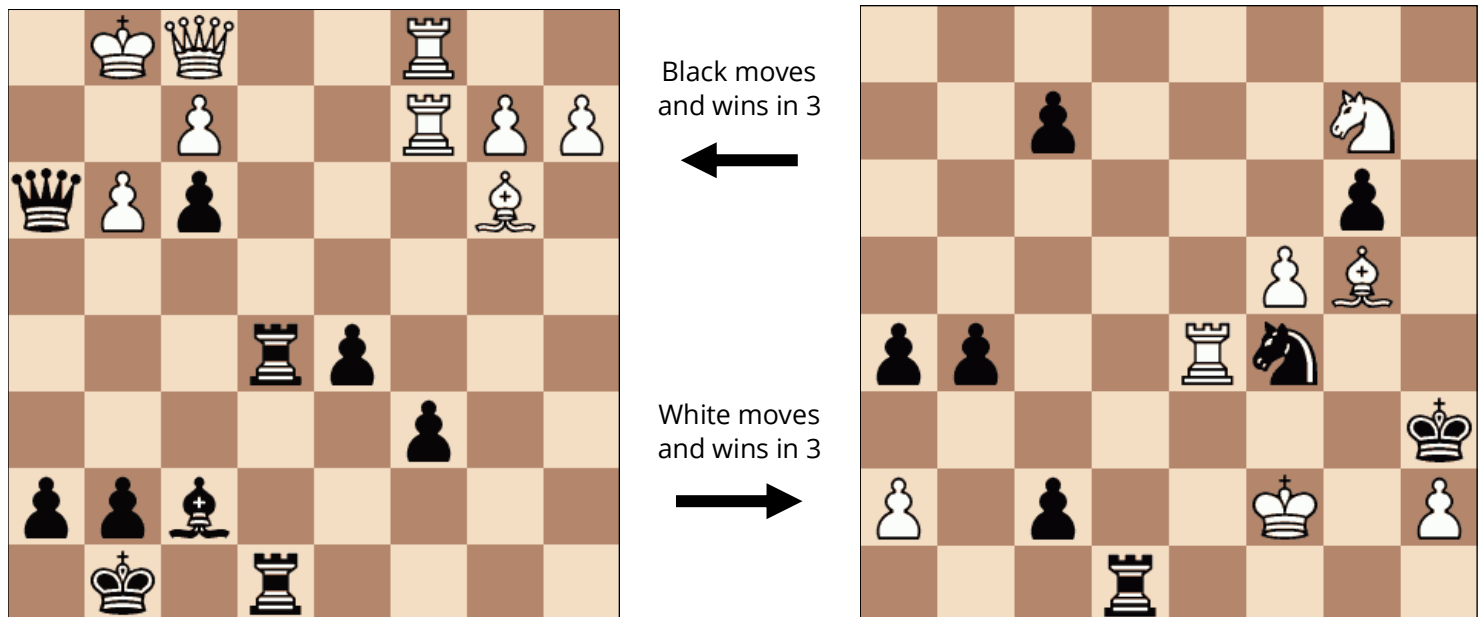
Chess players may start playing outside in the tent on Thursday, July 2, from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m., and on Friday, July 3, from 1:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m., and the same times the following week, July 9 and 10. Please sign in at the table in the tent.

Commencing Tuesdays, July 14, 21 and 28, and Thursdays, July 16 and 30, we may play in the Conservatory from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. (No games on July 23). Please sign in at the greeter's desk before going to the Conservatory.

As numbers are limited, maximum 10 (ten), Alex and Roger need to know if you wish to play. Players should wear masks and sanitize hands and also chess pieces before and after play.

Roger's email: [rogerwool77@gmail.com](mailto:rogerwool77@gmail.com)

Alex's email: [pumaramirez@gmail.com](mailto:pumaramirez@gmail.com)



Note: The solutions, as per request, will be discussed during the chess sessions.

*-Alejandro Ramirez and Roger Wooldridge, Convenors*

## Limited programs at Brock House

If you are interested in IN HOUSE PROGRAMS, please visit the newly created [IN HOUSE PROGRAMS](#) page for what's available at Brock House.

For continuing programs online, please visit [ONLINE PROGRAMS](#).

For breaking info don't forget to read Yolanda's weekly email UPdates.  
They're also available on the Brock House website.

[Weekly UPdates](#)

## The 2020 Brock House Chamber Group

On May 28, 2020, ten women of the Brock House Chamber Group decided to meet under the tent behind Brock House, facing the beach. Some of us came to Vancouver from South Africa, Switzerland, Korea, Japan, the United States, Taiwan, and one of us is a true born and bred Vancouverite. There is a man from Toronto in the Chamber Group who was absent on May 28.

We desperately wanted to resume our playing and enjoying our friendships. In fact, one of the women had a broken toe two days before our gathering and because the Chamber Group friendships mean so much to her, she hobbled from her car to join us. We totally welcomed her.

Half of these women and the man have attended the West Coast Amateur Music Society (WCAMS) and some of us were signed up to attend WCAMS this summer. We were disappointed the camp was cancelled, understand, and look forward to attending next year.

The Brock House Chamber Group consists of seven violinists, one violist, two cellists, and one flutist. Well, our leader is able to accompany the flutist on another flute instead of the cello, depending on the music we are playing.

It was a lovely sunny day. However, the wind came up. After scrambling for our pegs to hold our music on our stands and sitting six feet apart, it became hard to hear each other, besides several of us having hearing aids. Several musicians were cold. We decided to move to the front of Brock house and play under the magnificent maple tree, next to the bicycle path.

The new administrator, Martin, visited us and said he enjoyed hearing our music. The administrator assistant, Yolanda, let us know we are able to use the Halpern Room on the first floor, Wednesdays from 1:00 - 3:00 p.m. Hopefully we will be able to get our music folders from the Begg Room on the second floor.

To our great surprise, a few parents and toddlers sat on the grass and listened to us. An elderly gentleman wheeled his chair



next to us. Numerous cyclists stopped, took our picture, and clapped!

Besides enjoying one another's company again, this was an unexpected treat for all of us.

Wednesday, June 3, some of us came earlier and ate our lunch together under the maple tree.

By 1:00 p.m. we all showed up, including our man. Music brings friends together.

The man in the wheel chair was here again to listen to us, along



with another woman who carries her walking sticks.

Two kind people took several pictures of our group to include the best picture with this article. The woman's dog loved sniffing the almond biscotti and fruit made by two of our group to share with us.

Taking a picture of eleven people sitting six feet apart is challenging for anyone.

Numerous cyclists and walkers again asked if it was okay to take our picture. We said, "Of course." And several of the observers clapped when we finished a piece. How rewarding is this to us?

If it is raining next Wednesday, June 10, we may need to play inside with the string instrumentalists wearing face masks. Perhaps the flutist can wear a mask with a hole over the mouth?

Most of the Chamber Group is also part of the Brock House Orchestra. We look forward to when the orchestra will reassemble.

Thank you Brock House, for letting the Chamber Group reassemble under safe conditions.

*-Mary Ann Carter*

## Eric Foweather

November 1, 1922 - May 23, 2020



Eric was born in 1922 into a large and loving Yorkshire family. His grandparents were illiterate, but his mother, a village schoolteacher, inspired him to strive for knowledge. Eric accomplished amazing things with limited opportunities. He left school at 14, but registered for night school while working to help support his family. On the tennis courts of the Tool and Die Factory, he met Patricia who was Secretary to the Boss. Such was his yearning to impress this special lady that he signed up for the RAF, passed all the exams, and began training as a pilot. There he was given the opportunity to become proficient flying numerous types of aircraft, in England, eastern Canada, and Texas.

He married Patricia in 1946, began teacher training, and built an extraordinary house in the countryside near Nottingham. Not only did it have indoor plumbing, but also central heating. And a grass tennis court.

Three daughters later, Eric and Patricia were restless for adventure and in 1956 emigrated to Vancouver, settling in Ladner. Bought land, built a house. This was to become his hobby, building a total of five houses, all currently owner occupied.

We remember our Dad for his enduring kindness, for his ability to build and repair anything, and for his tenacity in getting jobs done with grace and efficiency. His love for family and friends knew no bounds. We, his daughters, are grateful for this new life our parents gave us in Canada. Our immigrant family of 5 now numbers 31.

Dad's years at Brock House were among his happiest. He found companionship, learned new skills and ideas, and thoroughly enjoyed guiding all the woodworkers through the intricacies of design and construction. Our deepest thanks to you all, for the joy and friendship you gave him in his later years.

Eric's family will host an afternoon tea in his honour when such an event is deemed safe.

*-Wendy McGinn, Vivienne Calder and Helen Nelson.*

Vivienne, Eric, Wendy, and Helen on the way to a Great Gatsby themed wedding in May 2014.



## Workshop News

### In Passing

We were saddened to learn of the passing of *Eric Foweather*, a long time member of the Brock House workshop. He was active in numerous Brock House activities and regularly contributed wood craft to the annual Brock House fairs until he moved to Tapestry a few years ago and decided that the commute was too far for his scooter. He introduced me to the lathe and provided sufficient, casual advice that I became confident with turning. He showed me how to safely burn lines to enhance elements of design and choose appropriate samples. He also served as an ongoing spokesperson for the shop even though he was retired. He will be missed by many people.

Chris wrote "Aww...what a wonderful guy. I only had the pleasure of his company in the shop for a while, but can remember him quietly coming up behind and giving some subtle advice on a project. His favorite seemed to be 'I would try using wedges in that tenon'. My tenons were a bit loose at the beginning."

Rona wrote "YEP, a gentle kind man ... made me do carpentry I had never done before. I had a very soft spot for him."

Zig wrote "Yes indeed, what a super bloke. Skilled, original and ever so thoughtful. I will remember him at the lathe, whistling away while turning a bowl out of bits of remnant wood he'd glued together. The result, quite outstanding! Sorry to hear this."



**Eric Foweather Turned Platter**



**Alberta Armstrong**

Wally wrote "Eric was a fixture in the shop, always ready to help us newbies. He showed me how to remove warp using the table saw and his famous burnt wood feature to accent borders. He was a special artisan with a wealth of woodworking knowledge."

Lee wrote "Eric was a delightful man and a great ambassador for Brock House. He was dearly missed when he retired from Brock House a few years ago. I will never forget him."

BevAnn wrote "My gosh, the memories! I learned so much from everyone in the shop but if Eric hadn't taken me under his wing at the outset I'd never have had the opportunity to meet and work with all of you."

Susan wrote "Eric was a treasure."

In other news, we fortuitously finished the major renovations in the workshop in time to open when Brock House resumed activities. Like the main house, people intending to come into the shop need to book times and follow rules to maintain social distancing, handwashing and disinfection to minimize the chance of spreading COVID-19. There are more details and links to the booking system in the COVID-19 notes in the [woodworking section of the Brock House Society website](#) at:

[https://www.brockhousesociety.com/content.aspx?page\\_id=22&club\\_id=924373&module\\_id=403178](https://www.brockhousesociety.com/content.aspx?page_id=22&club_id=924373&module_id=403178)  
[Please note you must be a member of the woodworking group and logged in to access this page.]

At this time, access to the workshop is limited to current shop members but we are sorting out the considerations that will hopefully allow us to safely offer workshop orientations to new members in late July or August.

If you have questions about the workshop e-mail [wramey@mail.ubc.ca](mailto:wramey@mail.ubc.ca) with "Brock House Projects" in the subject line or visit the Brock House workshop when the COVID-19 crisis is over.

*-Bill Ramey, Convenor*

# Phases of Rhododendron

By Ian Carter

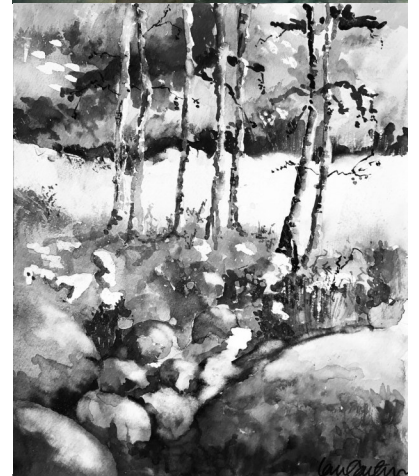
In the tradition of the Impressionists, Ian Carter mostly paints the landscape en plein air. His paintings focus on light and shadow, filtering through the trees in the landscape on the West Coast of British Columbia, and Vancouver Island.

He likes to create an idea of the moment when immersed in seeing the landscape unfold, as though he were seeing it for the first time. The whole process of perception allows a stronger focus on what he sees in the landscape.

Thus the formation of this vision provides Carter with a structure to explore the properties of watercolour, composition, transparency, and juxtaposition of colours.

His methodology includes selecting a viewpoint which typically includes trees, to create a small watercolour sketch, taking a photograph, before determining the size and watercolour paper to use en plein air. A lot of his work is finished in his studio in Vancouver.

Ian retired from a career in Architecture in 2013, and established his studio with watercolour and acrylic painting. He is writing a creative fiction called "Retracing of Space", and learning to play the Classic Guitar.



## Trudeaumania

By Elisabeth Caton

I used to get up just whenever I liked  
 When my bladder demanded, or mad hunger spiked.  
 But now I'm up early and well-groomed by eight,  
 Breakfast in hand, not a half-second late,  
 Installed in my armchair, the news channel on,  
 I wait for commercials and such to be gone.  
 Anticipation is driving me wild!  
 I used to be rational, laid-back and mild,  
 But, watching that black door, I'm anything but!  
 Counting the seconds, I feel like a nut.  
 What suit's he chosen? What colour his tie?  
 Will that stray lock dangle over his eye?  
 How soon a haircut, and does he look tired,  
 Keeping Canadians all from being fired?  
 How will he manage the questions today?  
 And when they get mean with him, what will he say?  
 Finally, just when I'm set to despair,  
 Pouf! The door opens, Prime Minister's there.  
 I study him closely. He looks really good.  
 In tones that are measured he says what he should.  
 Hiccups? Oh dear! And a bad, bad-hair day,  
 But he forges right on, for he's plenty to say.  
 In English or French he's affirming, he's shrewd,  
 For a true statesman's never dismissive or rude.  
 I try to absorb each word, listen with care,  
 But I'm often distracted by thoughts of his hair!  
 Then nine o'clock comes. All too soon he must go.  
 There's always tomorrow. At least I hope so!  
 Some leaders are bullies and try to look tough,  
 Others are uncouth, their manners quite rough.  
 There are leaders more powerful, wealthy or wise,  
 But our young Mr. Trudeau's a feast for sore eyes!

## "Hair today..."



Fifteen weeks. I don't know how I lasted that long. But I did. Fifteen weeks is exactly the time between my last haircut and my joyous return to my stylist last week.

When restrictions were imposed, none of us knew how long they would last. But then the shagginess got too uncomfortable and I decided to buy a basic clipper.

It sat in its box for a good couple of weeks before I mustered the courage to open the box and acquaint myself with the clipper and all the attachments.

I think I spent hours being an attentive student on YouTube!

I used the clippers a few times to varying effects, mostly not good. All I can say is I won't be coming out of retirement to pursue a new career. And was I ever grateful to see my stylist -- and the mountain of hair she skillfully trimmed!

For now the clipper has been placed in its bag and stored for safekeeping. I truly hope I don't have to use it again!

*-Randy Kondo*

Joan wrote dozens of "Brock House Profiles" for The Gallimaufry for years.  
Here's a rerun from May 2013. -Ed.

## Margaret (Low-Beer) Libbert

By Joan Ellis



Cross country skiing at Cypress Mountain, swimming in the ocean and joining Brock House were three things that Margaret Libbert planned to do when she returned to live in Vancouver after thirty years living in London, England. She flipped a coin and decided to live nine months of the year in Vancouver, "The best place in the world," she says, and three months in London in order to spend time with her two children and two grandchildren.

Margaret was born in 1928 in Brno, Czechoslovakia and came to Vancouver in 1940 as a refugee with her parents and brother Frank. She attended York House school in Vancouver and later the University of B.C. As the first woman president of several clubs she was privileged to meet, in 1949/50, Canada's 12th Prime Minister Louis St Laurent, Prime Minister Nehru and Dylan Thomas in this exciting period of her life. From 1950 to 1953 Margaret served as a Liaison Officer with the Citizenship branch in Ottawa and Montreal.

In 1953 Margaret studied drawing and design in San Francisco. Influenced by her cousin Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, who designed the Tugendhat house in Brno, she became interested in modern design, apprenticed at a shop in San Francisco and put on two exhibits in Ottawa at the Design Centre in 1954 and the National Gallery in 1957. In 1955 she represented Canada at a conference on modern design in Sweden where she met leading

designers of Scandinavian furniture which resulted in a two-year job importing cutting edge designed objects to the United Kingdom.

While in Europe Margaret met her brother's lawyer friend Laurence Libbert who had just joined the new law faculty at the University of B.C. They married in 1957 and a year later moved to London, England where Laurence began a Barrister's practice and commuted on weekends to tutor at Oxford.

This was a lonely time for Margaret who missed her Canadian friends, so after the birth of their second child she began her years of volunteer work. For 20 years she volunteered for the organization Citizens of Advice Bureau which was open to the public to answer questions or to arrange legal, matrimonial, tax, and other advice and to accompany clients to court. She was involved as a paid worker in training which led to a position as a lay member on a housing tribunal for another 10 years.

Shortly after Laurence was appointed as a Judge in London in 1985 he died suddenly at the young age of 52. Margaret at that time chose to start her new life in Vancouver. She had been coming to Vancouver twice a year to help her brother after her mother and sister-in-law died. Frank Low-Beer and their mother Edith Low-Beer were very early Brock House members.

Margaret joined Brock House as she had planned. She first joined the play reading group, the discussion group and the walking group, helping to lead the walkers to Steveston, Malcolm Lowry Park, Crescent Beach, and Lynn Valley. She then stepped in to help with the lectures after Esther Birney retired. Margaret's main volunteer job was with the Halpern Performing Arts Committee from its start in 1998 until March 2012 with the performance of *Carmen* by the UBC Opera.

Margaret continues to cross country ski, swim (in 2000 she entered the Polar Bear Millennium Swim), and enjoy the Brock House activities that have been a very important part of her life. She has lived for 21 years in the west end of Vancouver where she can see the Pacific Ocean from her window and enjoy long walks in Stanley Park.

# Are You for Real?

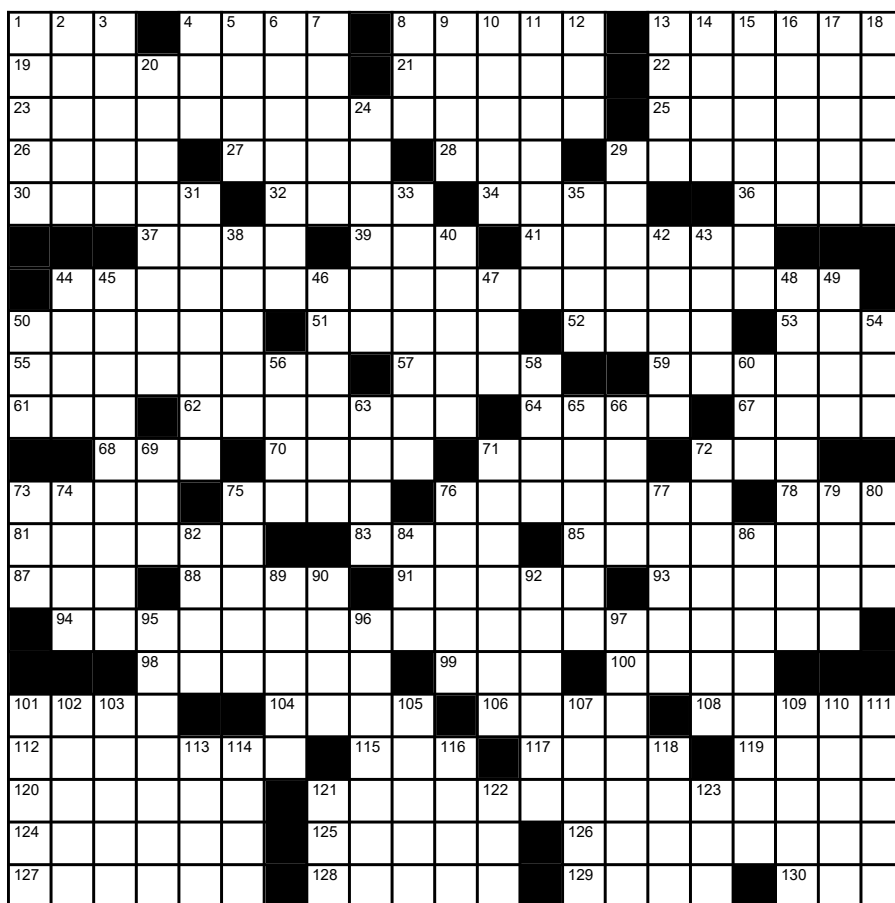
By Parker O'Brian

1. Word with secret or spin
4. Carpet type
8. Minor deviations
13. Preparing for a fight
19. Get to
21. \_\_\_\_\_ Work (road sign)
22. Old British coin
23. Start of a coded message: s bxpiglnk exgrq
25. "\_\_\_\_\_ Game", 1986 Hugo Award winning novel
26. Increase, with "up"
27. Type of moth
28. Scrooge portrayed in 1951
29. Coded message, part 2: qnonkmn
30. Members of the equine family
32. Church section
34. Coded message, part 3: lx cn
36. Suffix following 66 down
37. Traditional knowledge
39. Country in 15 down, abbr.
41. Brightly coloured flowers
44. Coded message, part 4: bsrrnq hvlnrrhznlv hu
50. Baptism of fire, e.g.
51. Destitute
52. Author Blyton
53. Capture
55. It helps you avoid a pain in the neck
57. Mod Squad member
59. Words following hear or see
61. 13th letter of the Hebrew alphabet
62. Coded message, part 5: hl bxgrq
64. It comes from French thinking
67. Deice
68. John, Paul and George but not Ringo: Abbr.
70. Feed the kitty
71. Apothecary's weight
72. Capek play featuring robots
73. South American capital
75. British gun
76. Coded message, part 6: qnbhnmn
78. Toronto-Buffalo dir

81. Nazi code-machine cracked by 88/124 Across
83. Larger-than-life
85. Open-air theatres
87. Be in a cast
88. Author of this puzzle's coded message, with 124 across
91. 1980 Tony winner
93. Remove, as a magazine page
94. Coded message, part 7: s agpsv hlvx cnrhnmhvz
98. Type of solution
99. See 115 across
100. Coward of the theatre
101. Lackluster
104. Mother of Hermes
106. Exercise units
108. Type of energy
112. Whistle blower
115. 20% of 99 across
117. Sound of music
119. Asian desert
120. Fan
121. End of coded message: lasl hl eso agpsv
124. See 88 across
125. Lofty lodging
126. Appeals
127. Uses up
128. News media, with "the"
129. MapQuest service, abbr.
130. Family tree designation

## Down

1. It may be fit for a queen
2. Ocean predators
3. Senior affairs
4. Stock car letters
5. Tote
6. In sync with
7. Susan's costar in a 1991 female buddy road film
8. Luxury car
9. Some summer babies
10. Northern dweller
11. Ingredient in some soaps



- |                                       |                                            |                                     |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 12. Benchmark, abbr.                  | 54. Diner order                            | 101. They're often spoiled          |
| 13. "A Death in the Family" author    | 56. Jazz vocal style                       | 102. Caused, with "to"              |
| 14. Works                             | 58. Geom. shape                            | 103. Preceding                      |
| 15. Perennial trouble spot            | 60. Australian bird                        | 105. On to                          |
| 16. Like 18 Down                      | 63. Magazine headquartered in Minneapolis  | 107. Word following horse or flower |
| 17. Chutzpah                          | 65. Ingenious, like the labyrinth of Minos | 109. Fictional salesman             |
| 18. Argon and Krypton, e.g.           | 66. Islamic leader                         | 110. Let up                         |
| 20. Strong-armed                      | 69. Children's game                        | 111. Salon activity                 |
| 24. Gorge                             | 71. Sound measure                          | 113. Tear                           |
| 29. Stoop                             | 72. Awakens                                | 114. Work units                     |
| 31. 2002 film starring George Clooney | 73. Grazing land                           | 116. Elevator inventor              |
| 33. George's mother on Seinfeld       | 74. Ancient Peruvian                       | 118. Spanish direction              |
| 35. Type of cheese                    | 75. Pacific coast shrub                    | 121. Water source                   |
| 38. Rent again                        | 76. Fairway clump                          | 122. Pluralizing letters            |
| 40. Fixed, perhaps                    | 77. Insect-eating songbird                 | 123. Time meas                      |
| 42. Paris bisector                    | 79. Close-fitting                          |                                     |
| 43. Prefix meaning inside             | 80. Guinness Book suffix                   |                                     |
| 44. Algonquian language               | 82. Infant syllables                       |                                     |
| 45. "Wealth of Nations" author        | 84. Stroke                                 |                                     |
| 46. Recite, as a psalm                | 86. It sometimes comes after the end       |                                     |
| 47. Brook follower in New York        | 89. Manga style                            |                                     |
| 48. Heels over head, for example      | 90. One of a Columbus' ships               |                                     |
| 49. Break down                        | 92. Leaseholder                            |                                     |
|                                       | 95. Herald                                 |                                     |
|                                       | 96. Not one or the other                   |                                     |
|                                       | 97. Coffee choice                          |                                     |

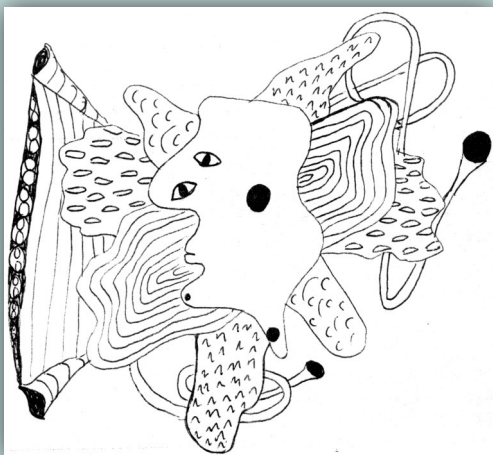


**A couple of pics from our first social evening on the north lawn at Brock House.**

Top: Members enjoying the beautiful summer evening!

Bottom: "4 strong Winds" saxophone quartet with BH members Brenda Clark, Rob Browne, Ken Abel, and Bob Copeman.

*-Patricia Brady, Director, Events*



Sometimes when I'm fiddling at my desk with pen in hand I do a doodle, and on rare occasions the doodle takes on an interesting shape. I'm submitting one which I think has artistic merit, and could be of interest to readers of *The Gallimaufry*. Perhaps other Brock House members are prone toward making doodles and would also be willing to share their best efforts?

*-Gary Smook*

# Life with Royalty: Predawn

By Carol Wilkie

5:08 am. An insistent tug on my arm. Nuzzling at my elbow. Increased agitation of a warm body beside my bed. Small guttural sounds. Increasing volume and frequency of sounds and movements. Unseen canine wriggling decisively in the inky blackness. No let up in demands.

I know with certainty that when Queen Amelie decides it is time for her servant to arise, there's no dissuading her. Groggily, I stumble out of bed into the impenetrable darkness. Happily jumping up and licking my dangling arm, my yellow Labrador retriever noses her way to the kitchen. Heavy with sleep, I follow, open the cupboards and refrigerator and assemble her majesty's preferred breakfast. No plain kibble for this eight year old ruler. Instead, spread out before her on a cookie sheet I mix together sardines mashed with her special "Royal Canin" diet from the veterinarian and a sprinkle of shredded cheese and chopped cooked egg to top up her protein. [This delectable mixture is spread on a cookie sheet rather than in a bowl so that she cannot inhale all of it in one gulp.] I barely have time to get my coffee before she has gulped down the whole meal, hoovering it down in boorish fashion. She then pads quietly to her water bowl where she slurps noisily. While licking at the rivulets of liquid dripping from her jaws, she makes her way to the front door where she flops down heavily on the mat looking over at me with baleful eyes, set in her golden face like black liquid pools. Happy little yips escape while she waits eagerly for her walk. Rubbing her thick silky coat while assuring her that we'll leave soon, I grab my coat and boots while gulping down a mouthful of coffee.

"At your service ma'am," I mutter, half in jest, while optimistically looking forward to a care-free walk with no ill effects such as the one a few months ago. That day had begun as usual but ended in a disaster after Amelie swallowed a baby soother lying innocently in the grass with who knows what juicy tidbits adorning its soft nipple. Hours, days and weeks later following X rays, blood tests, intravenous drugs, consultations and finally stomach surgery, she recovered, with seemingly no memory of the ordeal, still constantly sniffing for delicious morsels wherever we go.

Carefully closing the front door so as not to awaken the rest of the sleeping household, we step outside. The star lit sky and the half moon accompany us as we make our way down the cracked, rough sidewalk. The houses on either side of the street are mounds of blackness, silent as sleeping giants.

Trudging along behind Amelie's relentless tugging, I am lead along my matriarch's

favourite route which passes by the cinnamon bun/coffee shop. Sensing her intent, I slow as she searches for a much prized syrupy coated paper wrapping carelessly discarded by a hungry bun lover. Mission accomplished, she chews noisily on the delectable paper. Inwardly I sigh with relief that this morning's treat is edible, remembering the gloves she has devoured on past walks, two of which were artfully removed from the owner's hand. Those events proved less grievous than I had feared. The glove owners excused her behaviour bearing no ill will, being amiable dog lovers themselves and the gloves were later passed with no adverse side effects.

Now homeward bound as the dawn is breaking, Amelie suddenly flops down into a bottom like feeder, head resting between paws, coal black eyes watching intently as a two legged shape approaches. The walker sees her in wait and pauses beside her, stooping to ruffle her fur while murmuring, "aw—a yellow lab—what a beauty." She rolls over, her bare rounded tummy pointing skyward while she awaits more adulation. Giving a tug on her leash, I extricate her from this unqueenly position, and apologize to the unsuspecting walker. I continue homeward. My satisfied leader has had her sugar fix, has met her first fan of the day and has deposited her baggage which I have dutifully scooped up in a green baggie always at the ready in my pocket. And thankfully she has not eaten any objects to cause her harm. I am always alert to this possibility since her habit of consuming foreign objects is long standing, happening for the first time when she was only two months old. She swallowed a rectangular gel patch measuring about the size of a deck of cards. How such a tiny pup managed to swallow an object this big remains a mystery to this day. A frantic call to animal emergency was met with disbelief and the advice to watch, wait and see. I did so with mounting apprehension as the days went by. Finally on day 5 she expelled the gel pad with no ill effects. Anyone witnessing me on this joyous occasion would have thought me to be mad as I danced around her in the back lane singing, 'Yippee! Yippee!

Now, arriving back home with no misadventures, she pads to her soft, cushioned, high back throne onto which she leaps effortlessly before curling up in a yellow ball, sighing contentedly. Closing her eyes she sleeps and snores gently.

Gazing upon her as she lies in serene oblivion, I forgive her for both the abrupt predawn awakening. and the gluttonous behaviours. After all, she *is* my undaunted mistress and a golden beauty who reigns supreme. I wouldn't wish for the day to begin any other way.

## **Birthdays by Bartholomew**

### **July Eighteenth is Nelson Mandela Day**



A large part of his life was spent in prison  
but never did he lose sight of his vision  
to rid from South Africa the dreaded Apartheid,  
allowing all races to live side by side.

His father was Chief of a tribe called Tembu,  
How famous Mandela would be, no one knew.  
At school at age seven Nelson was his name.  
He became "Madiba" as he grew in fame.

Studying law was his speciality  
though the ANC Party became his priority.  
Since peaceful resistance was of no avail,  
sabotaging the economy did prevail.

He plotted to overthrow the Apartheid government  
so to Robben Island prison he was sent.  
Afrikaans was a language to which he aspired,  
an endeavour that his guards on Robben Island admired.

He received the Nobel Prize in ninety-three,  
together with de Klerk who set him free.  
The following year he was elected President.  
He was the most popular, this is quite evident.

The Rugby World Cup was used to promote  
multi-racial South Africa, full of great hope.  
Mandela was there, dressed in his team's green  
to present the winner's trophy to South Africa's team.

On July eighteenth Nelson Mandela Day doth fall,  
a day to remember racial equality for all.  
Around the world we do revere  
this master statesman without peer.

## **BLESSED**

*"Count your blessings boy."*

Grandma Lena Peart

The older lady across the street from us  
walks directly up to me,  
looks me in the eye, says  
"You are blessed."  
Then turns back to her home.

At Figaro cafe, Beatrice comes to my table, says,  
*"Evermore thanks."*  
She has heard that I am the poet,  
this note ends my recent book.  
We talk of music, Leonard Cohen,  
I sign the book she buys.  
She looks at me, voice trembling,  
"You are blessed."

This gives me pause -  
am I more blessed than others?  
Can this blessing last?  
Both of my parents alive and well,  
my brother and sisters held close  
in love with my wife,  
two healthy and interesting sons.

No one wants to hear:  
"There's a call for you.  
You'll need to be brave."  
Brave enough to say goodbye  
to one or more of my blessings.

D.G. Peart

## Dear Brock House members,

I have often thought of writing to tell you about living in Cape Town during this Covid-19 pandemic. Basically, we have similar lockdown restrictions as you. The difference is the huge racial and poverty imbalances here. An enormous contribution has been made by the South African wealthier population to feeding and helping these people in physical and health terms.

Farmers are sending their produce straight to the distribution points, rather than to normal retailers, feeding schemes are manned by wealthy volunteers, many of whom cook and serve long lines of the hungry in all the crowded and poorer communities. The Government also has facilities to do so, but not enough.

I support one of the charities trying to cope with the street people and homeless, and also offering a meal or an article of clothing which the vouchers (never cash) handed out at traffic lights entitle them to. This organization also offers training in skills which would end with an opportunity for employment.

I have made over 200 face masks for this and another outreach serving health issues.

As you may have read, we are currently facing an enormous increase in pandemic outbreaks in the Cape Town area, which has arrived late. This is due to it only reaching Africa at almost the tail end of the Far East, European, UK and USA countries.

We are deeply hopeful that it can be contained within bounds without too many confirmed cases.

I send you a photo of the view from my retirement home of the back of Table Mountain.



*-Margie Brown*



Late summer nights ... a walk along the Fraser River at 9:30 p.m.

*-Stan Hohnholz*



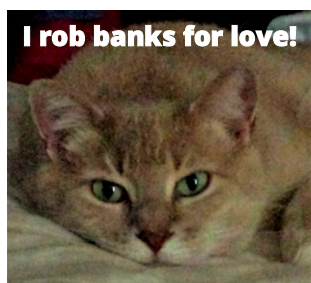
# So you want to rob a bank

By Peter Loppe

So you want to rob a bank. COVID-19 has cost you your job. Your wife walked out on you and took the children. The landlord has handed you an eviction notice because you didn't pay rent for three months. Now the cupboard is empty and you have run out of other ideas.

First of all, you should consider that according to the FBI the vast majority of bank robberies are relatively unsuccessful affairs. In 2010 the average heist netted criminals under \$7500.

The good news is that almost 80% of small time robbers never get caught. Compare that to the big heists. Of the 10 biggest million dollar robberies committed between 1987 and 2006, only five were successful. That's 50%!



By sticking to the small bank robberies you have a better chance of not ending up in jail and, if you do get caught, you get away with a lighter sentence.

Robbing single bank tellers should not take more than a few minutes. That is

enough time to get away before the cops arrive. You won't need more than a shoulder bag for the loot and the likelihood of the bank notes having been recorded or having been spiked with exploding dyes is not very high.

After the robbery you need to get away. Since your bank loot fits into a shoulder bag, consider using a bicycle instead of a car. David Bruce Fox, the Bicycle Bandit, robbed 26 banks with a bicycle before he was caught – ironically while he was loading his bike into his car.

First of all consider the price. A reliable car costs several thousand dollars. Given an average bank heist it will likely require several bank robberies to amortize an investment in a getaway car.

A bike is much cheaper and you don't need registration to operate it and thereby make it traceable.

A car has license plates that can be recognized. A car parked in a no-parking zone may attract the attention of a policeman. Nobody cares about a parked bicycle. Car types and colors are easily identified and soon every policeman is looking for a blue 1996 Toyota Corolla. It is infinitely more difficult to put out a tracer for a black TRACK bicycle.

If you are spotted leaving on a bicycle, the bicycle is much more difficult to describe by bystanders and the focus of their description will be the rider. If you wear a mask, a wig, and a trench coat during the robbery, they can be discarded after leaving the bank. Leaving the bank on a bicycle, you can ride

down an alleyway, cross a street, cut through a yard, get on a bike path, cut across the woods, and travel out of town on the railroad rights-of-ways.

On a bike you can stay below the trees and be invisible to helicopters. It's not necessary to stay on the roads either. It is much easier to catch a car with road blocks.

When you use a car as a get-away vehicle, you need a driver. Right away your robbery proceeds are cut in half. But if you and the driver are caught you can't split your jail terms as well.

A bike can be parked right next to the bank, so there's no need of anyone to stay with it.

Stay away from banks in high-crime areas where you would have to lock your bike or even have it even stolen! Besides, banks in high-crime districts have armed guards.

When you go into the bank for the purpose of robbing it, your blood pressure shoots way up. While you are standing in front of the bank teller, your heart is racing. After you run outside and jump in the car, there is no relief for your stress. You drive fast. You are impatient at traffic lights. And you are always looking around to see if anybody is watching or following you. Most likely you have no stress reliefs until you get to your hide-away.

Consider jumping on a bicycle instead of using a get-away car. As soon as you have turned into a side road or alley, you can relax and breathe normally again in the fresh air. You don't have to worry about anybody watching you. Who cares about speeding cyclists?

If your getaway car is stolen, you will have to abandon your vehicle. It will be found quickly and identified with the license plate and/or vehicle identification number. The vehicle will be examined for clues. There was a time when all you had to do was wipe your fingerprints. Today the police can run a DNA tests on the tiniest speck of skin, hair, or dandruff.

And in the event that you are caught, car theft is added to your list of felonies.

By contrast, if you ditch a stolen bicycle, no one will bother with DNA testing. That is providing the police decide to follow up on the theft report of the bicycle owner.

Lastly, consider that although David Bruce Fox did 25 successful bank raids, you might not be so lucky.

On average a repeat robber is caught by the fourth bank robbery.

Still, pretty good odds - if you are not greedy.

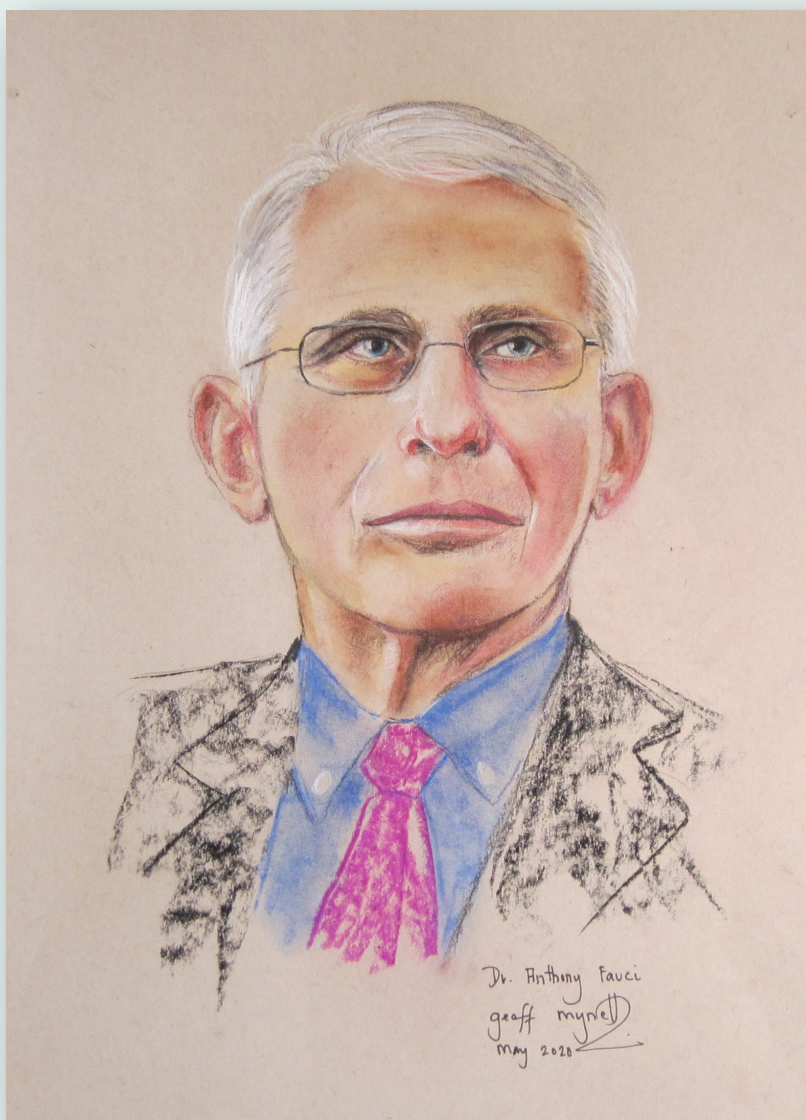
So are you going to go for it?

## Pandemic Portraits

By Geoff Mynett

Geoff Mynett's biography of the pioneer doctor in Hazelton, in Northern British Columbia in the first thirty-six years of the last century, *Service on the Skeena: Horace Wrinch Frontier Physician*, was No.4 on the BC List of Best Sellers for the week of May 16, making ten weeks that it has been on the list. This book can be obtained online at Amazon or the Ronsdale Press webpage or at those bookstores, including Hager's in Kerrisdale, that are in some way open. [www.geoffmynett.com](http://www.geoffmynett.com).

*As someone who is passionate about history, he's been taking a close look at the individuals in the news: history in the making.*



Anthony Stephen Fauci is an American physician and immunologist who has served as the director of the US National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases since 1984. Since January 2020, he has been one of the lead members of the Trump Administration's White House Coronavirus Task Force addressing the COVID-19 pandemic in the United States. Fauci is considered one of the most trusted medical figures in the United States. He is facing a number of problems, only one of which is the corona virus. - GM

## War Bride - Final Chapter

By Doris Gregory

Author of *How I Won the War for the Allies: One Sassy Canadian Soldier's Story*

She did not make it to the elevator. Close behind her, he threw her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, dragged her back down the hall and from the doorway tossed her across the room onto the fortunately well cushioned bed, then slapped her face hard. When she cried, he told her he'd give her something to cry for. She wept silently all night. Why such a rage? Why spend the entire day in the hotel? Why try to discourage her from buying postcards?

Suddenly, she got it! That "NO ADMITTANCE" sign! Anyone who could see the large "E" on the eye chart would have been able to read it. He couldn't read! But the Army? She'd heard of "M-5's", the dullards. No! Those stimulating conversations in the lighthouse! Her family adored him, thought her so lucky. Then, suddenly, on this last night of her honeymoon she knew. She had married a madman!

Next morning, they awoke at five o'clock to board the train. Now, obviously suffering with a bad cold, he kept silent. At the station, closer to home than the one from which they'd left, the women met them with the oxcart. With his snuffling and coughing, they weren't surprised by her red eye-lids and swollen face, assuming she also had a cold.

The women immediately ordered him out to his barn sleeping quarters, while ushering her into her old bedroom, feeding her a bowl of hot bread and milk and applying warm poultices to her chest. They sat beside her until she fell into a deep sleep. Next morning her throat was painfully sore. She couldn't speak above a whisper.

For weeks, two women remained with her. One day, coming to life, she looked out to see cows behaving strangely. When she asked the women, they laughed. "Dey needs de bull", one said. Day after day she watched her husband leading cows to the pen.

One morning at eleven o'clock, the farmhand came running in. "Where de boss? He no come for his lunch". Then he ran off.

A few minutes later, the farmhand burst in, breathless. "You women stay here. You no wanna see this. I go get poppa!" Soon he returned with poppa, the local butcher, and the meat wagon. The women waited in silence. Suddenly, poppa poked his head in the door. "He done gone and died, dead as a door nail! Gored by de bull".

The women tried to put on the customary long faces, but could not contain their delight. Now they owned the farm! They could run the place themselves. Hadn't they done so the six years he'd been overseas! They could do it again!

And so they did. The two oldest did most of the heavy labour, but they all milked cows, collected eggs, did household repairs. She kept busy sewing, cooking, ironing and writing stories.

She would not live here forever. Although a pretty girl, regularly courted by a handsome young man at the next farm north, and much visited by the up and coming publisher of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, who wanted her to join his staff, she was not ready to move. Not just yet.

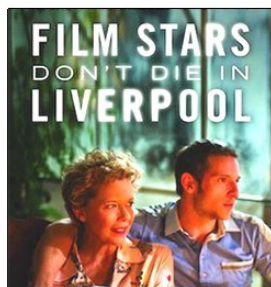
For now, she was content. She would dream her dreams and write her stories, and one day, who knows?

**Register early! There's a maximum of 10 registrants per showing.  
All members must wear a mask while in the House.**

**BROCK  
HOUSE**  
*Society*

## **Friday Flicks**

**Start time: 1:00 p.m. - \$2.00 - Exact change at the door  
Preregistration required either online or by phone**



**July 3**

### ***Film Stars Don't Die in Liverpool***

**UK/USA - 2017 - 106 Minutes**

This true story of actress Gloria Grahame and her lover, Peter Turner, shows her growing attachment to his family when she falls ill near the end of her life.

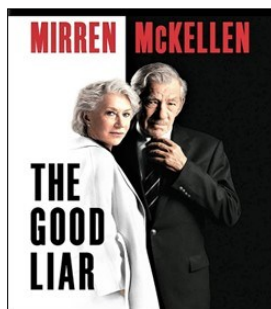


**July 10**

### ***The Art of Racing in the Rain***

**USA - 2019 - 109 Minutes**

Golden retriever Enzo learns with his owner, a race car driver, that techniques used on the racetrack can be a formula for life. Told from Enzo's point of view.



**July 17**

### ***The Good Liar***

**USA - 2019 - 109 Minutes**

A con man (Ian McKellen) sets his sights on a wealthy widow (Helen Mirren). What should have been a simple swindle turns into a cat-and-mouse game.



**July 24**

### ***Judy***

**UK/USA - 2019 - 118 Minutes**

In 1968, at the end of her career, Judy Garland (Renee Zellweger) arrives in London to give a series of sold-out concerts. Flashbacks reveal earlier periods in her life.



**July 31**

### ***Little Women***

**USA - 2019 - 135 Minutes**

Jo March (Saoirse Ronan) tells the story of the March sisters, four young women determined to live life on their own terms in the 1860s.



## Thank you everyone! Your contributions are inspiring!

I'm hearing from members how much they're enjoying your photos, stories, art, and poems.

How are you dealing with life in the shadow of this pandemic? Please share your thoughts, feelings, experiences, and observations with other members.

Share your

Gardening projects: Yard and balcony

Craft projects

2-meter-walk stories

Art work and photos

Creative writing and essays

Online adventures

Let's stay in touch.

Please send submissions to

**BrockHouseGallimaufry@gmail.com**

The deadline for the August issue is July 22.

If you know someone who'd like to receive *The Gallimaufry*:

By email, write to:

**brockhouse@telus.net**

You can also view it, including back issues, on our website:

[brockhousesociety.com](http://brockhousesociety.com)

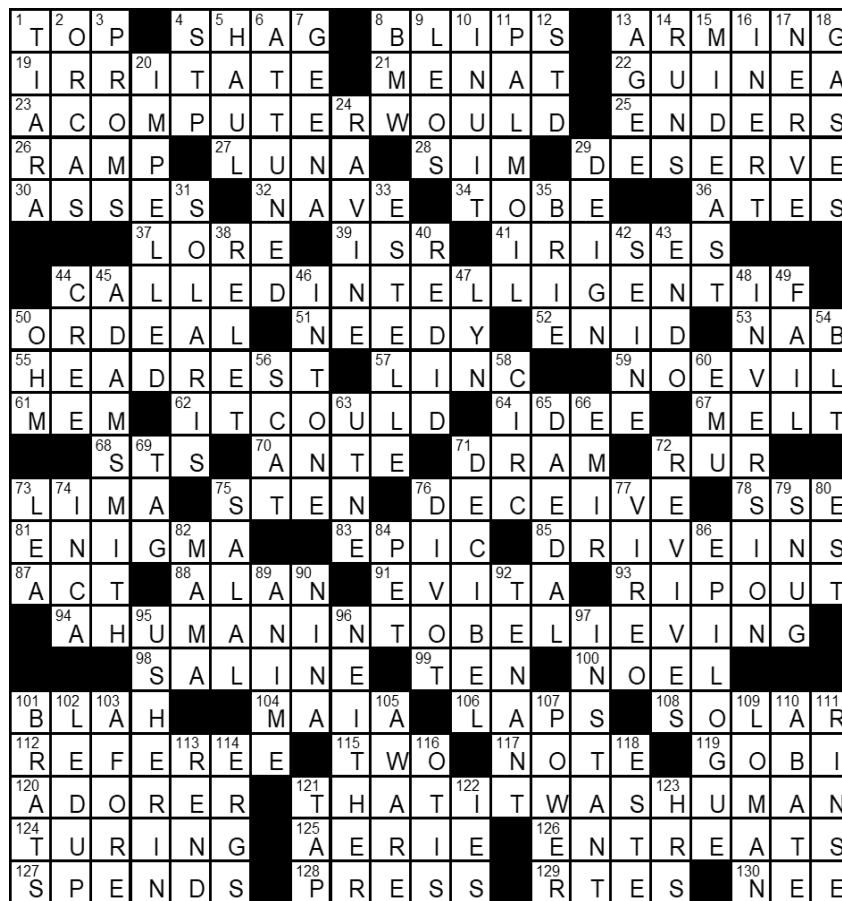
by using the "[Newsletters](#)" link on the lower right of the homepage.

*-BevAnn Lister Dean, Editor*

## Are You for Real?

By Parker O'Brian

**Puzzle answers**



## Switches and Knobs

Switches and Knobs, where have you gone?

Once upon a time in the mechanical age,

You served us well.

Replaced by programming, taping, swiping and so on,

To be embraced by rapidly changing times,

Still...I miss you switches and knobs

You brought such ease with your limited choices,

On/Off & turn.

*-Marilyn Foubert*