

More to a name than meets the eye

"Hey, Baba, why do you call your dog, 'Bomber'? He ain't no aeryplane." "Sure thing, kidnick, I know he ain't, but he 'bombs' around like one sometimes. You know, like you kids do when you've got more energy than you know what to do with. Same thing with him. He's got to let go of his young-doggy steam too. And that's why we call him, 'Bomber'. Hokay?"

"Hokay. But he still ain't no acryplane."

And that's how our dog got his name. How about yours? It's wonderful the names people come up with for their pets these days. No old-fashioned Rovers or Kitty Kats; instead there are Scheherazade, Snowball, Konrad, Mitzi-Pooh for yer common-o-garden ones, and Wilhemena Winnifred Wagatail the Third for yer blue-ribbon kind.

Even the kids of today are into the act. Not many plain, old-fashioned names any more.

Olga Landiak Kennedy

Life, According to Baba

Instead we're faced with a whole slew of exotics dreamt up by some Hollywood script writers for their unbelievable big or little screen characters, or else by some mad agents for their aspiring would-be stars just to make them stand out in a jungle of weird nomenclature already running riot out there. As for the titles attached to rock groups, it's a nightmare of nightmare names dreamt up in a Freddy Kreuger factory.

Any historian or archeologist worth his or her salt will be able to immediately pinpoint this era just by the names alone. But then I guess Omri, Akhenaten, Cheops, Chacmool, Confucius and Quetzacoatl probably do the same for their eras, and look and

sound just as strange as the Rocks, Chers, Tabs and Chastitys of our day. As dear old Gertie (Stein, that is) said, "What's in a name? A rose is a rose is a rose." Even if some don't exactly sound too "rosey".

Which brings up the business of meanings. That's the most fascinating part of all this name business. Just look up any in a book devoted to this subject and you'll see what I mean.

Take Susan, for instance. That comes from the Hebrew word, "Shoshannah" and means "lily". Alexander has its roots in the two Greek word, "alexein" meaning "to defend" and "andros" meaning "man". So, Alexander therefore means "a defender of men."



Son John (Simpson, of Thunder Bay) whose second name, Ivan, also means John is therefore twice blessed from the Hebrew, "Yehohanan" meaning, "The Lord is gracious." Daughter Stacey (Remenda, of Nipigon) whose full name is Anastasia Joan, takes her first name from Grandmum Anastasia (Landiak), which means "of the resurrection", and we're back to the mean-

ing of John since "Joan" is the feminine of same. As for moi, "Olga" comes from either the Russian "Oleg" or the Norse "Helga", both of which mean "holy." Nice, eh, but kinda hard to live up to.

So, look up your own. You'll either laugh or wince, but it'll be true to its source, and meant to be. Everything and everybody was meant to have the name it possesses.

"How you figure that, Baba?" "Cause, dear kidnick, it just is. Nothing in this world happened, or continues to happen, by chance or happenstance. Not if you believe in a Creator of all things. Including our names."

"What's a Creator, Baba?" "That, dear kidnick, is a very big subject for another day. Now run along and bomb away."

Spring is most certainly in the air

Spring is certainly in the air this bright morning. Crows are cawing loudly and clearly. Birds flock to the sunlit feeders ignoring those that are still shaded. Bird song provides the sound-track for this glorious morning. The birds know...Spring is coming.

One ill-natured female pine grosbeak is not in sync with the good spirits of this morning. Did she have a rough night? Or is she one of those birds like some people, who regardless of high spirited good nature of those within their range, find fault, and argue just for the hell of it? Who knows?

The lady grosbeak fed on the back window feeder ankle-deep in sunflower seeds. She was surrounded with plenty to delight the heart of any seed-eating bird. But something was awry in her world.

A couple of brightly colored male grosbeaks landed on the end of the feeder. This was not to the lady's liking. She ran at them wings flapping chasing them away. When the two snapped some chirps at her as they fled, she watched them. She muttered low-throated grosbeak nasty words.

A swirl of little Red polls landed quite close to the bad-tempered lady. They didn't stay long enough to get even two gulps of food before she chased them into the air.

Helen Atkinson

Birdsongs from Helen

A whiskey jack flew to the stand feeder below where the lady fed. Contentedly, the jack ate a few pieces of the fat spread bread bits, as the grosbeak watched. The jack was below and a good six-seven feet away from her feeding spot.

Hey, that darn jay has no business there. And the female grosbeak flew down at him with a nasty loud chirp, "beat it, guy, I want my breakfast in solitude this morning." "The jack flew up to the clothes line watching the bird." "Wonder what tied her feathers in knots this morning?" And he flew to the bread spread across the yard.

By this time I had begun to wonder just how long she would keep up this nastiness. At least seven or eight minutes had gone by since the grosbeak had landed on the feeder.

By now the yard was in a turmoil of birds chattering, chirping, plus blue jays shrilling. Squirrels added to the racket with their loud chirping. The lady grosbeak fed in solitary aloneness.

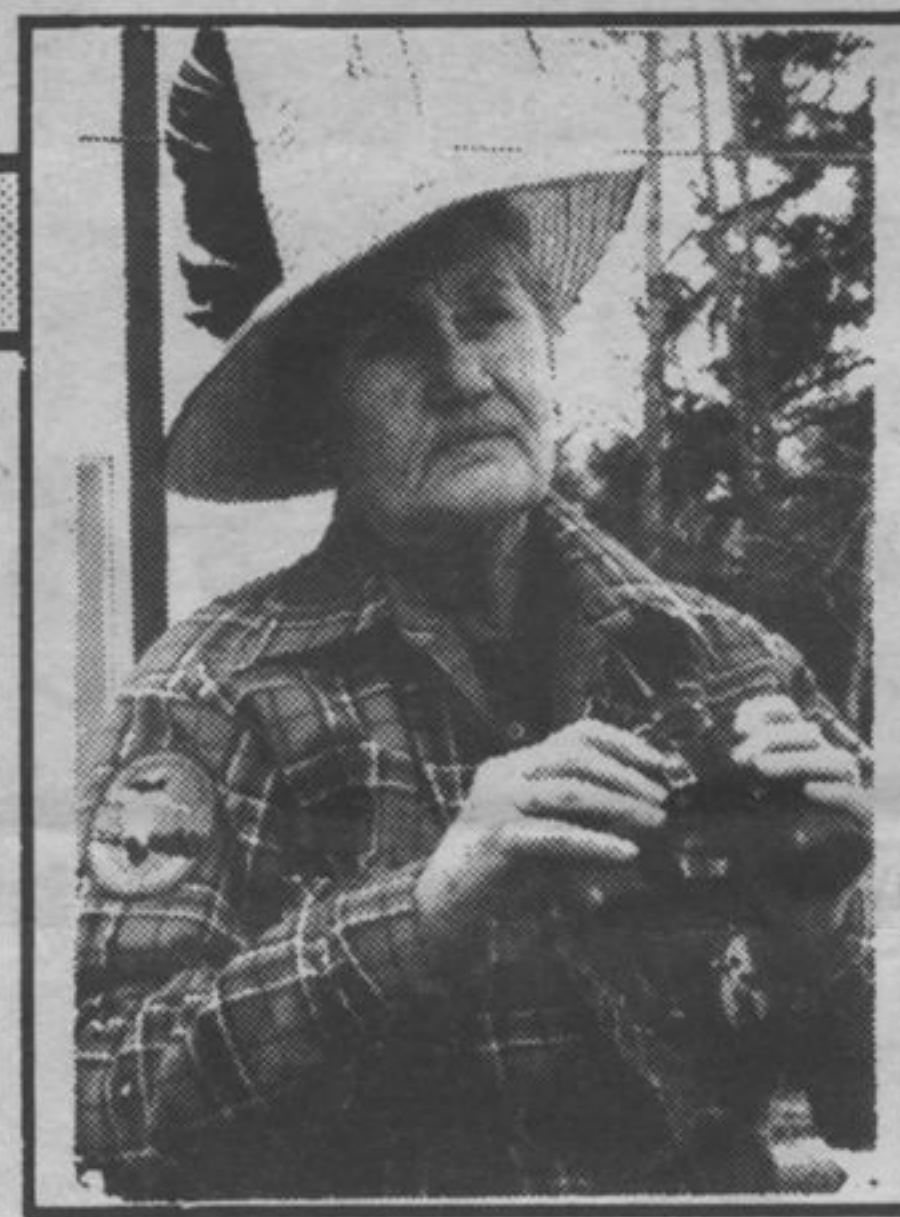
A red squirrel landed on the feeder behind the nasty tempered lady. She turned, dabbing at the

squirrel. Would she route him as she had every other creature who had dared to land on HER FEEDER?

Oh no, the grosbeak had met her match. As she dived at the squirrel, he ran at her almost knocking her off the feeder. She left him in control. But not without a good long scolding as she perched in a tree across the yard. It was easy to hear and translate her yelling. She was not just angry, she was downright mad at the squirrel and her world this morning.

It was the first time in many years of birding, I had seen such a performance from a female or male, as far as that goes, grosbeak. Generally they are gentle, soft-spoken birds, quite amiable with their kind, as with all the other birds that share my feeders with them. Strange?

The chickadees are in love with the warmer sunlit morning. One hears their melodic calls echoing across the yard. Their musical two note calls of early spring, "PHOEEEEEEBEEEE, PHOEEEE BEEEEEE". Also the cheerful ker-kloinking of the high flying ravens sweep across the



still morning. Now that March is to-morrow, soon we shall hear the spirit raising of the wild geese again. A sure sign that Spring but absolutely definitely, is on the way soon--soon. And not too soon for most of us, I'm sure. WHHEEEEE! SPRING!

Just a second ago, a short-tailed vole came into the sunshine from his winter quarters below the clothes line stand. Sunshine and food aplenty, seemed to raise his spirits, as he actually moved fairly rapidly in a circle around the stand.

We had seen him? Her off and on, all winter coming up for whatever food he likes from the birds' spread of crumbs, grated suet, cake crumbs, cookie crumbs

and barley from the last dregs of a pot of beef/vegetable soup. The jays love soup dregs as long as there's loads of barley or noodles in it.

Another favorite of the jays and woodpeckers, is a small mound of leftover macaroni and cheese. Wow, this is food for the gods of birds, seems their attitude, as they peck bits loose from where it gets frozen to the snow pack. Frozen it may be, but the birds make short work of loosening it, and enjoying it, even on the coldest of mornings.

Soon we shall see the aerial acrobatics of the ravens, in their get-the-girl maneuvers. It is a performance, well worth watching for, in early spring.

A pileated woodpecker just flew to the bottom of his favorite feeding old spruce. Above it is the fat feeder. A hairy woodpecker was enjoying a feast of softened suet. The pileated watched the Hairy, as though wondering, what's that guy eating?

Quick as a wink, the pileated flew to the fat cage. The wooden perches, wide and secure, were just to its liking. He perched. He checked out the offering of white suet. One little peck, hey it's good. And he enjoyed a suet lunch.

Truckloads of Radioactive Waste

by Larry Sanders
Northern Insights

Dr. Marvin Resnikoff is a nuclear physicist from New York City, with a firm called "Radioactive Waste Management Associates". Last week, he travelled from New York to speak to public meetings in Atikokan and Upsala - both communities considering being a host for a low-level waste site.

He looks like some absent-minded professor. His long bushy mustache extends over the edges of his chin, and his stringy grey and black hair looks like its been blown the wrong way by the wind. He carries a black rumpled

papers covered with scribbles unintelligible to anyone but him.

But when he opens his mouth, you quickly realize he's speaking with the calm assurance about a subject to which he devoted his entire career - radioactive waste. Not just so called "low-level waste" He's written a book about radioactive wastes, called "Living Without Landfills", which is regarded by opponents and supporters of the nuclear industry as somewhat of a reference book on low-level waste. He's also written a book about radioactive waste produced by the defence industry, a book about high-level waste from nuclear power plants, and

porting radioactive waste, which should be out by the end of the year.

He's visited every radioactive waste site in the United States and he had some horror stories to tell about sites in Kentucky and Ohio that were constructed improperly, without much regard to security or the environment, and are now leaking into water tables, and creating a huge environmental mess.

Resnikoff says the trend in the United States is to "store the wastes close to the communities where they're generated," because of the opposition from rural areas to having a waste storage facility.

ethical questions. The people who live near the nuclear reactors and uranium processing plants, where wastes are generated, get some benefits. They get tax benefits, they get job benefits. Each facilities, except for initial construction, will have very few jobs. And so there's some justice if the benefits stay there, then maybe the risks should stay there as well, rather than having the risk go to some rural community."

But Resnikoff's strongest arguments against moving the wastes very far away are based on accident statistics. He points out that the background information issued by the Siting Task Force,

teer host community for Ontario's low-level wastes, calculates the cost of moving the wastes by ships, trains, trucks, or some combination of those three, at up to \$75 million. Yet the Siting Task Force doesn't talk about the cost of accidents and spills. Resnikoff says "between 1971 and 1985 there were 1,035 low-level waste transportation accidents in the States, 63 of which involved the release of radioactive materials. The biggest spill was one involving yellowcake-uranium concentrate." That accident, in 1979, near Wichita, Kansas, forced the closure of two