

# Retirees Association of Mohawk College

## News Letter July 2004

Your Association has been active with several events since the last newsletter. On April 28, forty-six Members and their guests travelled to Niagara on the Lake to see the Shaw Festival production of *Three Men on a Horse*. Lorraine Dedo reports on page 4.

Twenty-nine of us visited Stage West Dinner Theatre for lunch and *Fiddler on the Roof* Jack Frieburger reports on page 3.

The Annual General meeting was held on June 8 at the Board of Trade Dining Room. 110 members and partners attended. A report of the meeting appears below.

June 13 - 17 saw 29 Members and their guests travel to Cape Cod for a five day trip. Bob and Louise Dawson report on page 4.

### Coming Events

- Wednesday, Aug 18: Senior's RBC Jubilee Concert.
- Friday, Sept 21: *Guys and Dolls* at the Stratford Festival Theatre
- Thursday Nov. 4: *Pygmalion* at the Shaw Festival, Niagara-on-the Lake
- Wednesday Dec. 1: *It's a Wonderful Life* at the Grand Theatre, London

### Report on the July Board Meeting

Your board met at the college on July 9. The first item of new business on the agenda was the election of officers. Geoff Brooker was re-elected as chair, Marie Yakimoff as vice chair, and Ann Dunne as secretary-treasurer. Dave Crossly retired as treasurer and was thanked by all the members of the board for the splendid work he has done as treasurer and for being the defacto membership secretary. The board will appoint a membership secretary soon.

A number of possible future events were discussed including a Chinese New Year dinner, a visit to the races in For Erie in May and a return visit to the Stage West Dinner Theatre.

### The Annual General Meeting

One hundred and seven retirees and guests attended the AGM at the Board of Trade Dining Room on June 8. Norm Marshal, the guest speaker, was introduced by board member Bob Dawson. Norm emphasized the need for perspective, maintaining a sense of humour and the importance of sport. Bob Pando gave the meeting an up date on the work of OCRA. Progress is slowly being made on the insurance issue, difficulty still being encountered with the pension trustees and demutualisation is progressing.

**In Memoriam**

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the passing of the following retirees:

- **Moira Blakely** - Language Studies
- **George Martin** - Metallurgy Technology Department
- **John Shires** - I.M.T. and Mechanical Technology Departments.

Our sympathy is extended to their families.

It is also our painful duty to report the passing of **Donald "Don" Craighead** the former principal of the Hamilton Institute of Technology (HIT), the precursor to Mohawk College.

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## Let's Do Lunch

*The Thirsty Cactus* is located at 2 King St E (corner of Main St) in Dundas. Your humble editor (yhe) had visited it in a different incarnation many years ago and was repelled, virtually at the door, by the smoke and general atmosphere. Under the present format, however, it is pleasantly rustic. We both had the soup of the day, a nicely flavoured beef vegetable. Mary chose the chicken sandwich and yhe the barbecued beef sandwich. Both were very good indeed. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$29.

The *Tabla Indian Cuisine* at 234 King St. E has a buffet lunch as do many other Indian restaurants that we have visited. The buffet here compares favourably to many. With Kingfisher beer, tax and tip the lunch cost \$28.

Five years ago we reported on the *Papagayo*, 246 King St W. We returned recently for lunch. They still have a selection of Mexican beers and we chose the *Dos Equis* which they had on tap. The soup of the day was an excellent cream of asparagus with jalapeno peppers. Mary chose the soft tortillas with chicken and yhe the *chimichangas* with *chorizo*. Lunch with tax, tip and beer was \$44.00.

During last winter's "Soupfest" in support of local charity, one of the soups we liked came from *Lindsay's Little Café* at 601 Burlington Street East.W. Having decided to visit it, we both had a domestic beer and a soup that was rather mediocre and lifeless. Mary had the special which was a tuna melt sandwich which she proclaimed to be acceptable, and yhe chose their classic 7 oz hamburger with a side of French fries. Both were enormous, but far from culinary masterpieces. Lunch withbeer, tax and tip was \$29.

## **Fiddler on the Roof**

Stage West Dinner Theatre, May 12, 2004. Okay, I confess. I was moved. This piece is my penance. I've always said actors should just act, singers sing and dancers dance. No hybrids.

This was different. Yes, it was a musical play, but it had real substance. Set and costumes pit us into a Russian Jewish settlement, Anatevka, and the opening number established that "traditions" was the issue. Tevye, the central character and father of five daughters, accosts the fiddler on their roof for playing at the worst of times. Yet, through it all, Tevye, his family, and his village bear up. How can they sing at such times? But they do. Foot-wagging, finger tapping tunes.

Like Job, Tevye is tormented by the menacing presence of Russian military and the erosion of the tradition of arranged marriages by his daughters. His eldest, Tzeitel, rejects an older arranged suitor for her choice, a young Jewish tailor from their town. Then Yente selects a young Jewish radical from Moscow and follows him to Siberia, forcing Tevye to let her leave town. Finally, Shaindel selects one of the Russian soldiers, the ultimate betrayal. When she and her husband voluntarily join the forced exile from Anatevka, Tevye finds the strength to bless her too. At each heartache, the fiddler plays.

When the going gets tough, Tevye chats with God as he would a bothersome neighbour. Isolated in a beam of light from above, Tevye argues about Motel, Yente's choice, "On the one hand, he's hard-working. On the other hand, he'll always be poor. Am octopus wouldn't have enough hands for the sides to a situation Tevye can find. In each case, he talks himself into accepting a new reality rather than holding to tradition. He wonders, "Tradition is like a thread in our lives; if we pull it out, what will happen?" Haven't we all asked this? Don't we all come to Tevye's answer?

Yente's wedding to Motel has all the issues at once: a quarrel between the rejected suitor and her father, Perchick's "outside world" wild idea of men dancing with women, and disruption of the event by Russian soldiers. What's a poor couple to do- they sing!

Yente's marriage was arranged. As the daughters leave to follow their hearts, he wonders whether his wife, Golde, loves him. After five minutes of his pushing, she agrees she loves him. So bittersweet; so touching. As the exile begins, we feel the poignant departure of one friend after another as Tevye's family pile their belongings onto the cart Tevye must pull. The fiddler plays them out of town. I brushed away tears.

Thanks to Santosh Mather for the arrangements and Geoff Brooker for his jokes. Over lunch, Chris, Faye and I enjoyed Paul's stories about the life of a coach driver. Great guy. Great day for a birthday.

Jack Freiburger

## **Spinning the Web**

When I'm not sitting at the computer, I like to cook. Not fancy gourmet things, just simple, great tasting food. Preferably recipes that only require 1 bowl. (I may like to cook, but I don't enjoy

cleaning up afterward.) So, I thought I would point you in the direction of some good recipe resources, in case you haven't discovered them for yourself.

I'm no lover of big conglomerates, but [www.kraftcanada.com](http://www.kraftcanada.com) does have a nice website with a good database of recipes. You can list up to three ingredients, and the site will present you with a choice of recipes. In addition, you can subscribe to e-mails which contain recipes or to a free magazine, published quarterly, with features and lots more recipes.

[www.kelloggs.ca](http://www.kelloggs.ca) also has a number of recipes and some related sites. [www.mapleleaf.ca](http://www.mapleleaf.ca) has some recipes you can search for. You must pick one of their products and then enter a second ingredient. You'll find lots.

### **Three Men on a Horse**

On Wednesday, April 28<sup>th</sup>, a cheerful group of Mohawk seniors and friends set out on a bus trip to the Festival Theatre in Niagra on the Lake. Our first stop was lunch at Betty's, after a little detour which took us along a scenic country route.

The food and service at Betty's was excellent as usual. We were quickly served a hot delicious luncheon, which left us time to stroll through town upon arrival in Niagra on the Lake. We then proceeded to the theatre to see *Three Men On A Horse*, written by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. These two men are very interesting in themselves, George Abbott having lived to be 108 (1887-1995). Abbott was a giant of the American theatre and a Broadway legend as a playwright, director and producer. Among his many credits were, *On Your Toes*, *The Boys From Syracuse*, *Where's Charley?*, *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*, *The Pajama Game*, *Damn Yankees* and *Fiorello*.

*Three Men On A Horse* is based on the notion that a little greeting card writer called Erwin could tell by intuition, which horse would win a race. He never bet on the race, this was just a hobby for him, he does it for the fun of it. Erwin and his wife are at the mercy of a scheming brother-in-law and a tyrannical boss, who rule their every thought and action. What happens when Erwin comes into contact with 3 horse betters results in some of the best slapstick comedy on stage today. It was one of those plays where you just have to laugh out loud at the antics. This play became one of the most popular comedies of the decade in the thirties.

Kevin Bundy did a wonderful job as the hapless Erwin, his timing was superb. Anthony Bekenn was a masterful, over the top boisterous boss. All's well that ends well, and everyone left the theatre that day with a smile on their face and a chuckle in their hearts. Many thanks to the organizers and all who worked to provide all of us with such an enjoyable day.

Lorraine Dedo

### **"Wow" - What A Trip!!!**

Sunday, June 13- Thursday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, 2004. The Mohawk Retirees & Guests (mostly Dunn's) took off on a trip with "Ann Dunn" the "hostess with the mostess"!! Our destination was Cape Cod - with quaint little villages & Lobster too. If you spend an evening, you will want to stay, because you are "sure to fall in love with Old Cape Cod".

Our coach was deluxe and our driver "Clem", superb. The 9 hours flew by as Ann had organized it so well. We played Bingo, watched videos- *Runaway Jury*, *Radio*, *Sea Biscuit* & *The Best of Johnny*

*Carson*". Ann had baked coffee cake, cookies, made up snacks, ice cold water, juice, you name it, Ann had it.

We arrived at the Mariner Motor Lodge to a Wine & Cheese Reception, were given our rooms and were told that Bob Marshall would be our step on guide for the next 3 days. Every thing at the lodge was clean & comfortable and all the amenities you would ever need. This lodge had lovely grounds with Dogwoods blooming all around, a mini-putt and indoor and outdoor heated pools. We all headed over to Molly's for dinner, just a short walking distance from the lodge. Selections were: #1: Fresh Baked Filet of Cod (lightly dusted with seasoned cracker crumbs and served with baked potato), #2: Grilled Boneless Breast of Teriyaki Chicken (garnished with grilled pineapple and served with rice), or #3: Roast Centre Cut Loin of Pork (served with traditional New England herb stuffing, gravy and baked potato).

The next day we started out for Storybook Island- Martha's Vineyard. We drove to Woods Hole where we boarded the Ferry to arrive at the island. Here we boarded our coach to visit Edgartown, which was the island's first colonial settlement. For the past 100 yrs. it has been one of the world's greatest yachting centers. Then we went to Oak Bluffs, home of the "gingerbread cottages" painted in beautiful colours of pink, red, blue, green, purple, orange and yellows; truly looking like doll houses only 2 storeys high. They were absolutely darling. When we got back to the lodge we ate at the "Roasted Red Pepper" on the Main Street in Hyannis. Selections were: #1 Chicken Parmesan, #2 Baked Scrod or #3 Baked Cheese Lasagna.

The next day after breakfast "Clem" drove us to Newport, Rhode Island, which is well known for its famous mansions. We toured "The Breakers Mansion", the most well known, 70 room magnificent structure that symbolized the gilded age. There was a cement walkway between the ocean & the backyards that ran the length of the mansion's property. On we went to Sandwich, the oldest town on Cape Cod. In the evening we enjoyed a Lobster dinner at The Irish Village in West Yarmouth and Steve Dunn sang MacNamara's Band- Oh What Fun!

Our last day began in Hyannis where we visited St. Francis Xavier Church - "The Kennedy's Church". Then on to John F. Kennedy Memorial. From the very start of our tour, Bob Marshall was our tour guide, the best guide you could ever imagine. He knew everything about the Kennedy family (good & bad). He was excellent and held you spell bound throughout the whole tour with his stories. The people of Cape Cod hold the windmills and lighthouses in high esteem which were seen all along the way. We continued on to Provincetown, also known as "Lands End". Cape Cod is a narrow peninsula shaped like a welcoming arm stretching 70 miles out into the Atlantic Ocean and Provincetown is at the tip and is also the fist of the arm. On arriving back at the lodge, we changed for supper and went to "Jakes Joint"- a 1928 "Speakeasy". Everyone enjoyed a Plated Combo Meal of Baked Stuffed Chicken and Braised Beef Tips and the entertainment was fun.

The next morning breakfast at Molly's and then started out for home. On the coach once more we were treated royally by "Ann". I'm sure each and everyone of us fell in love with Old Cape Cod.

Louise & Bob Dawson

## **Down Under and Then Some**

(Geoff and Lynda Brooker report on their trip to New Zealand and Australia)

We were approaching Auckland in our Cathay Pacific Airbus 340: it had been twenty-four years and now with our poundage redistributed and the part in my hair a lot wider we were returning.

The lovely city of one million souls in the northern semi-tropical part of New Zealand was the first stop on an odyssey that seemed unrealizable three short years earlier but just as our trip to the Orkneys came about so was this one: each stimulated by the Women's Institute. The world conference of Associated Country Women of the World was to held in Hobart, Tasmania and the trip sort of expanded.

We left Toronto and after refueling in Vancouver we flew directly to Hong Kong. Here there was a ten hour lay-over so we had arranged a city tour - very easy with departure from the splendid new airport and return on the speedy new train. Cathay Pacific also provided us with lunch vouchers for use in the airport. The tour proved to be very interesting and an excellent way to spend the day. Our travel agent had urged us to sleep on the 'plane and recommended Nytol or facsimile. The total time in the aircraft was 17 hours. The flying time to N.Z. was elevenhours. Fortunately the seating in the Airbus was quite convenient and getting out to stretch legs etc. was fairly easy.

We were met at the Auckland airport by friends with whom we had teamed up in Greece. Little did we realize at the time how fruitful that association would prove.

We did meet up with a friend of twenty-four years who had driven up from Wellington to see Mama Mia but for the seven days in N. Z. we restricted ourselves to traveling in the northern parts. We had arranged a car rental from home and picked up the Corolla the next day then headed south. Incidentally in N.Z. and Australia when the speed limit states 80 kph they mean 80 kph. I hadn't driven very far before I saw a flashing light. The policeman was cheerful, gracious and best of all, he let me off with a warning- which I heeded.

Having friends about was a real plus and we visited places that would not likely have been on our itinerary such as Muriwai Beach where a huge gannet colony was less than fifty feet away on a rocky islet but we did strike out on our own and rather than subject you to a listing of unheard of locations I'll only write about one or two. The Waitomo Glow Worm caves were quite an experience. The caverns were huge and when the lights were dimmed the worms, with threads hanging, looked like stars in the night sky. As our tour associates were somewhat reticent I crooned " Shuffle Off to Buffalo" in the cathedral cave (I couldn't immediately think of a Canadian song). By the way we displayed maple leaf paraphernalia all over and gave away pins (obtained from the local M.P.) to various folk throughout the entire trip. We found that folks down under are generally friendly, sincere and are well aware of our wish to not be taken for our neighbours to the south - although one chap with a smirk said we were all the same. He laughed when I reacted as he knew I would.

The scenery of green rolling hills (like in "Babe' and "Lord of the Rings') the beaches and the forests of manferns are spectacular and you know that you are in an entirely different hemisphere. It was warm enough to swim especially at Hot Water Beach where it was actually too hot to stand long. When you want to purchase a "bathingsuit' you'll have to wait for the laughter to subside because men wear togs and women wear bathers. English certainly is not the same the world over.

After a wonderful stay with terrific people we left the Auckland Air Port at the ungodly hour of 5:00 am and being half asleep we somehow lost a purse. We realized it in the Qantas flight to Melbourne and never recovered it. Fortunately I had a Master Card in my pocket, Incidentally in our time of stress we found the Virgin Blue people considerably more helpful than those at Qantas. Visa was quick about restoring a new card and providing immediate access to cash.

After a change of aircraft we flew to Hobart. We would stay in the Island state for nine days. The apartmentl hotel - Rydges Hobart was excellent for us, it was large and had all the amenities @\$100.00 daily. As in New Zealand car rental was very easy and our travel agent had bargained a great price (\$340.00) for a Mazda Pulsar.

Driving in Tas was even easier than N. Z. because there is even less traffic. It's still relatively undiscovered although Melbourne week-enders are pushing the housing prices up. Lynda's Conference was downtown at the Royal Chancellor- seven minutes from our pad on the Brooker Highway(yes Brooker!-he had been a governor in earlier days)and parking and many downtown activities were readily available around the historic water front of this very manageable city of 100,000. I suppose I shouldn't tell but my traveling partner skipped quite a few meetings and I was really only on my own for most of two days - I went fishing!

Our day trips were numerous and exciting. Probably the most notable was Port Arthur (the same man as our Port Arthur) on the Tasman Peninsula. As most people know, much of Australia was peopled by convicts.. Port Arthur was more of a prison for those 'difficult' offenders and was surpassed in its harshness only by Norfolk Island where the real ' incorrigibles' were sent in the early 1800's.

Again other side trips are too numerous to mention but beautiful Greens Beach in the North and old Richmond were wonderful. As an aside the restaurant food in Australia was more interesting than N.Z. and probably more reasonably priced. The Kiwi dollar is about .90 to our dollar and Australian dollar about \$1.01 Canadian but when you are on holiday who cares, I would go to the nearest Post Office and withdraw more (it was a bit of a shock later but we won't talk about that). An evening dinner cruise up the Derwent River was a great bargain @\$29.00 each- two steaks each and all the wine we could drink.

We saw Tasmanian Devils, Wambats, echidnas and we fed Kangaroos. Tassy is a place well worth a visit, and another and another.

From Tas we flew back to Melbourne and spent two nights. It turned out that Hotel on the "Causeway" was really on a very narrow alley - again it is a whole new language. As we were booked for only a two day stay we decided to pack it with bus tours.

As in most places down under the airport proved quite user friendly and a special bus scooted us to the centre of the city, from there we had a smaller bus, at no extra cost (\$13.00) to our hotel. The bus tours commenced about two blocks from our location.

Melbourne is a very cosmopolitan city. The owner and bartender of the little restaurant we favoured were from the middle east, the waiter was Chinese and the cook was Greek. The food was reasonable and good quality. By the way Melbourne has the largest Greek population in the world outside of Greece. The city itself (a total surprise to us) boasts 4 million while Sidney has five million.

We enjoyed a grand conducted city tour. In Aus. the driver is also the guide. The highlight was probably the park at Captain Cook's cottage and the War Memorial - large and spectacular. Aussies seem to be very aware of their wartime commitments(although no one we spoke to was in favour of the their latest enterprise) and A.N.Z.A C. day has a high profile. The city is lovely and the buildings are historic and beautiful. During the gold rush days a considerable number of basalt and sandstone edifices were constructed.

We had a very long day trip, with stops to see Koalas and Emus, that culminated in a rendezvous with the Little Penguins. While hundreds of us watched in silence, out of the surf popped dozens then hundreds of the world's smallest penguins. Each night for thousands of years they have performed the nightly ritual staggering(for some were very fat from eating oily fish) up to their burrows to spend the night then back down the next morning. It was a long day but definitely worth it.

A call to the bus station sent us a jitney to recommence our journey on a Boeing 767 to Sydney with Virgin Blue. The Aussie airline is similar to West Jet and is pretty well 'no fulls'. We enjoyed the

upbeat atmosphere and the prices which were reasonable. On one of the longer flights we did buy a meal but I would suggest that you take your own snacks. Landing at the Sydney Air Port we were once again met by friends who drove us to their home in Wharoonga, North Sydney. This time we decided to be hosted and didn't bother renting a car for our week long visit.

Melbourners will say caustically of Sydney that there is the harbour, the harbour and the harbour. Well there really is much more, it is a beautiful city; but what a harbour! For \$15.00 each we could board a train a Wharoonga, travel the thirty kilometres to the downtown and the harbour, take local buses all day if desired. then a catamaran ferry to the city of Manly and return to our home base - local seniors get the same for \$1.50. Any way you look at it, it's a great deal. The focus of life is the downtown with beautifully restored buildings, the Opera House, Botanical gardens and much more. It is worth remarking that we frequented museums and gardens in most of the places we visited and admission was free of charge. Birders would be delighted with cornucopia of brightly feathered flyers, even in the downtown there were sacred ibis, sulphur crested cockatoos and flying foxes - huge fruit eating bats - which were quite common. Our stops included other great attractions such as Pitt Water and the Blue Mountains and all within a few hours of the rolling hills of the city.

While things in Aus were perhaps a little more expensive than here there was a general leveling out. One had to get used to spending \$3.00 for a coffee but the famous meat pies(a meal in itself) was also \$3.00. The price of fuel was slightly higher than ours. Restaurant meals were generally very good as was the service and while prices seemed higher, tax was included and no tipping.

The last stop on the Australia sojourn required a three hour flight to northern Queensland. We landed in Cairns, rented a Corolla and drove an hour up the coast to Port Douglas where we were to stay for four days. The Great Barrier Reef took 1½ hours to reach by speedy catamaran ferry (the Australians are now-producing these for many overseas markets). The Quicksilver company has the system down pat. We arrived at a floating 'space station' then snorkeled and ate from a great smorgasbord - especially good prawns. We went on a semi-submersible to view the aquatic life. Unfortunately the water was choppy and weather overcast so it cut down on the swimming. Nevertheless we had a great time and a great laugh when we saw ourselves in the stretchy blue lycra body suits -Mr Bean meets Mrs Teletubby.

Port Douglas was a lovely little town and a sidetrip to Kuranda high up in the mountains by cable car (½hour)was a real eye opener. Food and excellent souvenirs were available and there were many aboriginals living in the rain forest area who performed dances etc. The trip down the mountain took 2 hours by train.

At the end of our four days we flew to a Brisbane stopover on our way to Hong Kong. During the 4 weeks since we had left Hong Kong on the way south the weather had heated up and it was quite humid. We were told that during the hot summers people from Thailand were brought over to perform the physical jobs because the local Cantonese found it too hot. The city was clean and busy and safe. The only evidence of a 'Red Chinese' presence was their uniformed guard duty at one building only. The city of seven million is bustling along just as if there had been no change-over. Interestingly. mainland Chinese still require a visa to visit Hong Kong.

We took many side trips during our few days there including a very long trip into Mainland China to visit a new and very attractive city with flowers everywhere called Shenzhen. We visited a day care centre, a museum, a mother-hero panda then drove about 100 km to the former city of Canton now referred to as Guangzhou. There is still an old section and market where we ate dimsum, but most of the city is fairly new -including the factories. I think we now know where all the 'buck store' merchandise is being made. Guangzhou boasts 12 million and yes the Chinese are very serious about birth control with fairly serious negative sanctions being imposed(loss of jobs, extra taxes etc.)

The Chinese stay was more of an education than a vacation but I must admit it was very worthwhile. The transportation every where we went was reliable and reasonably priced. Hong Kong is certainly a different world with high-rise apartments being the absolute norm. We ate excellent Cantonese food and enjoyed it; the emphasis being on fresh seafood but I'm embarrassed to tell that we needed a beef fix and after four days we hit MacDonalds (don't tell anyone).

A trip of this magnitude could demand an article far longer than this but I'm afraid I have rambled enough. I would recommend Hong Kong based Cathay Pacific as we had very good flights. It's a pity about the seventeen-hours in the plane coming back but unless a better method is devised it is the price you pay for travelling.

Geoff and Lynda.

Don't Forget  
**The Mohawk College**  
**United Way Garage Sale**  
Saturday, September 11, 2004  
9:00AM - 2:00PM.