

Retirees Association of Mohawk College NEWSLETTER Winter, 2010

Future Events

By the time you receive this newsletter, we will have met for our annual Chinese New Year dinner at Le Chinois. Look for a re-view in our next issue.

On February 10, Isabel Kerr is leading a bus tour to Toronto to see the "Jersey Boys". This is a hit show that has been very well received. Look for a flyer with more information in this mailing.

Donna Dunlop is arranging an outing to the Scottish Rite on April 6, 2010. Once again, check the flyer in this mailing for more details.

Our Annual General Meeting will be held on June 8, 2010 so mark it down on your calendars. There will be a flyer with all the details in our next mailing.

Outings for May, July, August, October, November and December are still in the planning stage.

Don't forget that we not only welcome your input, we need it. Let us know if there is some activity you think the group would be interested in. We are always ready to consider new ideas.

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## OCRA Web Site

**N**ote: OCRA changed its web address some time ago. The correct address is:

<http://www.ocraretirees.ca/>

## Acronyms, Acronyms

**O**ne of the many headaches of modern life is the exploding use of acronyms. Following is a list of some acronyms that may be of interest to our retirees.

**ACAATO** - [www.collegesontario.org](http://www.collegesontario.org)  
416-596-0744

This is an old acronym for Association of Colleges of Applied Arts and Technology of Ontario now known as Colleges Ontario (**CO**). It is an outreach and advocacy organization, serving the interests of all community colleges in the province, and acts on behalf of the Boards of Governors of the Colleges.

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### Retirees Association of Mohawk College Newsletter

Website: [www.mcretirees.com](http://www.mcretirees.com)

Published four times a year.

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## Into the Wilderness

with  
Jack Freiburger

**O**utpost Two – eets like dis, gulls an' b'ys

“Me days in Chuch’ll Faws is gen’r’ly free fer” domestic and personal activities, studying and walks. As is the case for those in service roles anywhere, the schedules of others control mine. (reminder: verbs are present-tense third-person singular)

Fresh produce arrives at the grocery store around noon on Wednesday from Montreal, so shopping around 3:00 pm for the week offers the best selection. The power company runs the store, so the cash register slip says CFLCo. Canned and dry goods (detergents, etc) prices seem about par. Otherwise, compare: Aactiva yogurt 650 g, \$5.19; radishes, 454g, \$1.59; mushrooms 170g, \$2.79; chicken breasts skin on, \$8.69 kg. Selection is limited: the produce section and meat section are each in one 20-foot cooler. They will special-order anything anyone wants – a turkey, specialty foods, etc. Corned beef is known as “salt beef” and is kept in a barrel in the butcher’s area, as are live

fish etc, so one just asks “Junior,” the manager, to get it. Given the expense of getting food to here, I think the company subsidizes the prices. The last 243 km of road is gravel and in terrible condition; I have no idea how they get eggs to here, as even the tender produce is bruised. Maybe in a silver mushroom-shaped balloon? Company helicopter would be better!

Special ordering is the way goods from Canadian Tire or Sears will arrive. Off the grocery store is a room about 15 x 40 that is the gift shop/hardware store, from which Can Tire stuff can be ordered. They have the fall 2003 catalogue only; otherwise one goes online to order and the goods come to this depot. Similarly, Junior runs the Sears pickup depot in another building for orders placed online, in his off hours from grocerying. Current catalogues are available. A delivery fee applies. Shopping is an excuse to go to Lab City about once a month, doing so for others while they’re at it. When Hamilton lost the Coyotes, they imported boxes of Timbits to comfort me.

Mail arrives at the central post office around noon also, so I walk five minutes mid-afternoon for that, except Wednesdays when I go a bit later to get mail and freshly-bruised groceries. Since no one has home mailboxes, to drop something off, one simply knocks, opens the door and tosses it into the vestibule. Open doors! One day I’ll find a nudist at home. No one locks

cars. There are no graffiti and very little litter.

Every Thursday morning I get a fax (aka the “Friday fax”) from the Diocese office on items that could be in the weekly bulletin to the parish, so that’s the day I also firm up the “reflection” (homily) I will deliver on Sunday, and other elements of the liturgy, such as intentions and people to pray for. Thursday night is also choir practice, which I attend so I can help select hymns that suit the theme of the liturgy and to learn any hymn that’s new to me. The choir leader also does the bulletin, so we share ideas and items for that. We sometimes tamper with the wording, as on the day our visiting pastor, Fr. Hanh was being transferred, we sang, “Thank you, Hanh, on this day, /For your many fine blessings ....” (Some of you will know the tune.) He grinned.

Company maintenance workers repair anything in the homes and trailers, as well as maintain the town site, since everything is company property, including major and minor appliances (toaster, kettle, etc) and furniture (couch, lamps). They repainted the inside of my trailer before I arrived, and scraped the weeds off the lot with a grader. So I’m left with bare gravel until next spring when they will bring soil and overly-well-paid summer students will rake it and plant grass. The townsite is situated on a glacial esker, which accounts for the gravelly nature

of the base here. Soil for lawns is manufactured from taiga bog, tree mulch and so on that comes from clearing the power line corridors. I can borrow any tools from the company depot, such as a lawn mower next summer, or just write a work order. Eventually this trailer will be removed and a permanent home with a cement basement and perhaps two storeys will be erected. Most of the rest of the town is already that developed, and the homes are quite comfortable. Outside my trailer, mounted crosswise to the wind of course, is a sign, "St. Peter's Parish House," that constantly created a groan-like vibration inside. I found two spikes and bracketed it in place. No waiting for company workers for that! It's been like that "temporarily" for forty years!

On Thanksgiving Sunday, in addition to having Mass with a visiting priest for Catholics, we also participated in a joint community service. The ministers of the other two congregations (Anglican/United and Pentecostal) who are both Newfoundlanders, elected me to preach. So I began by saying I was speaking so I could work on my English, which got a good laugh. Of course, "non-Catlicks" didn't know the full irony of that remark - that I had been an English teacher! Normally, each Sunday the three denominations share the company-provided church. Catlicks have the 10:00 slot, Anlickans the 12:00 and Pain'costals at 2:30. In January, in fairness, we rotate to the next-latest period, so our service will go to noon. The oth-

er two are ordained ministers; thus they get called "Reverend." Since I am not ordained, I have asked to be known as "Irreverend," and it is catching on. Humour goes a long way here, and is helping me to be accepted.

My Labspeak study continues. Our "fun" is their "faun" and our "bump" is their "baump." Thus, here it is "no faun to gets a baump on the head." Similarly, "head" to us is "heed" to them. Since "E" is already used for "ea/eh," their capital E becomes a capital A; thus, an ecologist here would say "daycent payple capes it grain." "Nun" is their "noun," so it's "moi pro-noun-ciation" that's off kilter here. I find I'm already succumbing to using "some" in place of "very," as in "that's some foin cheek'n zoup, CAthy." (not Cathy) However, the speech trait that sums up these wonderful people is their constant and sincere use of terms of endearment. Men call men "m'b'y" or "m'lad," while women call anyone "me lovely," or "me darlin'," or, my favourite as used by Goldie the grocery clerk, "me ducky." Their charm would melt a blizzard, and it jist moight 'ave to some soon, gulls an' b'ys, me duckies.

Irreverend Chack, de Catlick b'y

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Outpost #3 When you can urinate ...

When you can urinate a centre stripe on the icy Trans Labrador Highway, you know: de traffic she ain't 'evy; eets 'bove moiniz

twenty (ask a guy), an' you chuzd moid be a raidneg! Actually, it's not uncommon to see another car or truck on the highway. If it's stopped, the etiquette is to stop to see if all is well. Breakdowns, shattered windshields (and nerves) and flats are common on a road with fist-sized stones. Forty kilometers were paved this past summer, bringing the total to about sixty of the 535-km distance. That's why they call it Route 500. They plan to do 60 km a year until it's done. Speed limit is 70 km, impossible in spring thaw; the rest of the year one drives 80+: caribou speed.

There are pros and cons to having only one road. Getting lost isn't an option. Yogi Berra's famous "when you get to the fork in the road, take it" wouldn't have been said, a serious cultural loss. Morally, it's good: low traffic and an etiquette to stop and check stopped vehicles means hookers don't cruise Route 500, as they do Ontario's 401.

Westerners (anyone west of the Quebec/Labrador border) would drive east to Labrador City first, population 10,000, built on three iron-ore companies' employees' needs. Then, 243 kms later, one arrives in Churchill Falls, where I am, population 650, which is based on the Upper Churchill power plant and source of much anger between Newfoundland and Quebec for a bad 99-year deal signed by Joey Smallwood. Then 290 km later, one arrives at Goose Bay on the Atlantic,

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St. Jacobs Trip

The Mohawk Retirees enjoyed another trip with shopping, a great lunch and another great show.

The bus left promptly at 9:15 (in the rain of course), on Thursday December 3 for St. Jacobs. For some of us it meant "shopping!!", with the added bonus of the play *2 Pianos 4 Hands*. To others it meant a good meal at the Stone Crock and a pleasant ride in a luxurious bus with spouses, friends and the chance to meet some former colleagues. We were not disappointed with any part of the day and although the sun did not shine, it did not rain much either.

We arrived in the quaint town of St Jacobs about 10:30 which gave us about one and a half hours to shop. It was amazing to see what was accomplished in that short time. Fortunately our table was the first to eat when we got to the Stone Crock. The selection was fresh, varied and even included Mince-meat Pie. From there it was just a short walk to The Old School House and the Play *2 Pianos 4 Hands*.

For those of us who had taken piano through the Royal Conservatory or who had disciplined our children in the art of piano playing, it brought back many memo-



Recent Events

ries at which we were able to laugh -now! The two actors were certainly accomplished pianists and my only regret was that they did not play more complete pieces to show their actual talent.

The bus carried all 41 of us back to the college at 6:15.

It was great to see some new faces of old retirees, or is that old faces of new retirees. Pass on the word about these trips.

Thanks to Hans Bastel for his precise organizing and to Geoff Brooker for his entertaining on the bus.

- Betty Berry

VISIT TO THE W.J. McCALLION PLANETARIUM

On Tuesday November 3rd, thirty-five retirees and friends met to enjoy a much anticipated visit to McMaster's W.J.McCallion Planetarium.

We gathered for lunch at the Mohawk McMaster Institute of Applied Health Sciences, where a deluxe soup and sandwich buffet, complete with various salads, a sweet tray, tea and coffee, was enjoyed by all.

There was time after lunch to explore Mohawk College's Health Sciences campus - including the library and learning centre, where some of the latest teaching and learning technology for nursing students was demonstrated.

Then, it was a pleasant walk on a brisk fall day to the Burke Science Building where the Planetarium is located.

The William J. McCallion Planetarium was the first planetarium in Ontario which offered shows to the public and is named after William J. McCallion in recognition of his central role in the development of the planetarium at McMaster. Over the years, he gave presentations to over 100,000 people and served as Director of Educational Services and Dean of the School of Adult Education while at McMaster.

There is a regular public show schedule and information is available on the web site - go to "W.J.McCallion Planetarium"

The planetarium, which digitally projects a representation of the night sky onto its domed ceiling, has recently undergone a major renovation with new equipment, theatre style seating, and the latest in digital technology and computer software. It has come a long way since the days of projecting the night sky onto a war surplus

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parachute, as it did in the early 1950's.

Our presenter, a PhD student in Astrophysics, quickly developed an excellent rapport with us and encouraged questions from the audience. He made the night sky come alive. He began with a 'real time' look at the current sky over Hamilton. He then pointed out basic features of the sky such as stars, constellations, and their locations and movements. Time, distance, and speed took on a new perspective when the speed of light and the distance between individual stars and constellations was pointed out.

Our presenter demonstrated the grid for the location of stars and explained how to use the North Star as a direction guide if lost in the woods.

He pointed out the Milky Way as the galaxy in which our solar system is located, one of billions of galaxies in the observable universe, and explained that the nearest star to the earth is the sun, source of most of the energy on earth.

Many constellations, groups of stars that appear to form a pattern, were pointed out including the Big Dipper/Ursa Major/Big Bear, Little Dipper/Ursa Minor/Little Bear, Orion, Leo, Pegasus, and Cassiopeia. Some of the constellations were familiar, but we soon moved into unknown territory beyond our universe.

The concept of black holes was introduced and the beauty of nebulae, interstellar clouds of dust and gas, was demonstrated. The Hubble Telescope was also mentioned and its profoundly significant effect on astronomical research noted. It is photographing distant galaxies deep in space, one image dating back 13 billion years.

The presentation was a wonderful extraterrestrial journey through space and time, particularly appropriate as 2009 is designated the International Year of Astronomy.

Our thanks go to Donna Dunlop for arranging this fascinating visit to the Planetarium, the delicious lunch, and the courtesy parking at the IAHS.

- Sylvia Hillyard

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population 3000, home of a US airbase since WWII. So you see that each of these places, unlike Toronto, was created and maintained for a reason. About another 1500 live in coastal fishing villages, where they take turns baiting the hook, to keep the EI coming. I empathize: the teaching of English is an endangered industry too. Pass me a dangling participle, will ya? Only CF is a true company town now. No company houses, vehicles, appliances, nor free hydro for the others.

In Lab City and CF the speed limit, if I dare call it that, is 30km/hr. Put a brick *under* your gas pedal. Here, drag anchors are for cars. One sits at a stop sign until no moving vehicles are visible, even

blocks away. They might just speed up to, say, 40 km. But then, how much faster will you get to your destination by speeding when a community is eight blocks wide? Maybe the limit should be 20? Lab City has one signalized intersection where the highway crosses the main street; CF has none, as the highway passes north of town. Fascinating highway signs ban leaving carcasses on the road. Apparently some hunters just parked on the shoulder and waited for game to appear. And they did. If you can't shoot a caribou in a jay-walking herd of 1500, quit, or use your vehicle. Bote genners of care-boos spord andlers, but eviden'ly the b'y un' gull 'boos figures id oud. (B'y care-boos has anudder prong sum'e'rs else, iv yuh geds me drivd; deh gulls is deh udder ways.)

As in Hamilton, there are two rush hours in CF, at 7 am and 3 pm. The town sits in a shallow crater and I'm on the rim. If the dike ever breaks for the power plant, we're floating. This keeps the dam engineers conscientious. From my porch I can watch four, maybe even six, vehicles move at a time. The company school lets out at 3 pm, perfect for parental pick-up. Blue buses also pick up plant employees, saving them fuel. However, many opt to drive the 5 km, so they can come home for "launch." Then it's positively hectic here! After all, the mail trook arrives den too, and on Wednesdays, de groc'ry trook. Lay me doon,

Marta, eets too mooch. A' tim's loik dat, p'destrans moist walk on de shou'deh. There's a charm in this pace: I can chat with a friend who drives beside me as I walk for five blocks. Drivers going opposing directions can stop on the road, lower windows and discuss weekend plans without obstructing traffic. Now troi dat on de Cholley Cut*, me darlin'!

So you can appreciate why everyone must escape this on weekends. "Cabins" are retreats from the intense company presence, a place to buy your own appliances, paint the walls yourself and not have a company bus pass by. At first I watched in bewilderment as piles of lumber would grow beside homes during the week (imported from Lab City), dwindle on Fridays, then regrow the following week, then dwindle, with no apparent product. Are these dam engineers really beavers dressed humanly? Is this why the grocery store is so marginally stocked? Finally I realized this signaled cabin construction, not diet. Weekend "gull pardies" to celebrate birthdays etc mean de b'ys moist do der own cookin' fer demsells an' der keeds. An' no KFC or pizza joints here, me b'ys.

Two Labspeakers greeting each other might say, "Where's ya to, b'y?" countered by "Dis be it, me laddy." How laconic Westerners sound, saying, "How are you doing today, Ted?" answered by, "Actually, I'm feeling quite well, Sam." They must not have much to do. Sometimes Labspeakers are criticized for

eliding vowels and dropping final syllables. As Wilder Penfield, neuroscientist, showed in 1972, most of us think about eight times faster than we talk. Labspeakers are simply skipping the obvious letters to move closer to thoughtspeed. Only very quick-witted Westerners can listen at their speed. Chack is as yet a poor student. Written Ancient Hebrew (and perhaps its spoken form) didn't use vowels either and ran words together; perhaps Labspeak is closer to Godspeak. Eet's a t'od, me priddies!

Dat be it frum here, me duckees (spelling corrected by C. Karr, PhD, of Kansas City; thanks!) for anudder munt. Doan led yer andlers freeze.

*The "Cholley Cut" referred to in this Outpost is the Jolley Cut mountain access in Hamilton, named for the contractor who built it. It is one of the oldest and steepest roads to link the part of Hamilton above the escarpment with the main city below. It has a very sharp and steeply graded curve at each end to link with streets. In winter conditions it is quite dangerous if icy.

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Colleges Ontario is responsible for identifying the "Employer" representatives who sit on the Board of Trustees and the Sponsors' Committee of the CAAT Pension Plan.

Colleges Ontario is also closely linked from an employer perspective to the College Compensation and Appointments Council ("the Council", formally the Council of Regents). Currently the President and CEO is

Linda Franklin Tel: 416-596-0744 x 226 [franklin@collegesontario.org](mailto:franklin@collegesontario.org)

COP - The Committee of Presidents is a committee of Colleges Ontario, and consists of the Presidents of all 24 colleges. Their names and college contact information is available on the Colleges Ontario website. Effective July 2009 the chair of COP will be Tony Tilley (Fleming) Tel: 705-747-5559 [tilly@flemingc.on.ca](mailto:tilly@flemingc.on.ca)

CCAC [www.thecouncil.on.ca](http://www.thecouncil.on.ca)  
416-325-2914

The College Compensation and Appointments Council is also known as "the Council". Previously, it was named CoR – the Council of Regents. The Council is an agency of the Provincial government, whose responsibilities include:

- appointment of governors to the 24 college boards
- statutorily designated bargaining agent for the employers in negotiating collective agreements with college unionized staff
- policy holder for the colleges group insurance plan. (i.e. the Council is the deemed administrator for staff insured benefits plans and for the Sun Life benefits for CAAT retirees.) Note: Insurance and benefits are totally unrelated to the CAAT Pension Plan.

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Note: CCAC (the Council) is completely independent of the CAAT Pension Plan, which is not an agency of the Provincial Government.

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