CUPARUC

newsletter of the concordia university pensioners association
bulletin de nouvelles de l'association des retraité(e)s de l'université concordia

Vol. 7, no. 1. April 1998

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

First, some very good news! The University has agreed to our request for office space and facilities. We are in the process of occupying AD-204 on the Loyola campus and are in possession of a new computer, printer and software. The room allocation may change in May when a report will be handed down on the future disposition of space on the Loyola campus. Nevertheless, the acquisition of a permanent office with up-to-date equipment will allow us to give the membership faster and more effivcient service, especially if, as we hope, we are able to install a 'phone for direct contact on a regular basis. Our thanks for all of this to Vice-rector Emond, Michael di Grappa, Jackie Chegrinec, Christine Lavoie, Tim Lapin, Bruce English, Mary O'Toole and Audrey Wells.

The second bit of news concerns the Book Fair. We had to postpone it until after the first week in October because of the ice storm and the brief but serious illness of our "anchor person" on campus, Barbara Barclay. We're holding on to the contributions some of you have already made (for which many thanks!) and hope very much that others will bring books to one of the drop-off points (the Bookstore on either campus, Room 203 at 2070 Mackay or Room 100 at 2150 Bishop) at any time. If you cannot bring books in, 'phone Barbara at 848-2449 or myself at 461-3487 and we'll try to arrange a pick-up.

The third item of news has to do with the lawsuit which the University may face over alleged misuse of the pension fund. We're obviously an interested party since some 45% of the fund's liabilities are committed to non-active participants. Our representatives on the Pension and Benefits committees, John Hall and Howard Fink, will be writing to all non-active members of the fund to offer an up-date and analysis. This letter may have reached you already. In any event, should the crunch come and the lawsuit go ahead, we may appeal to the membership for a one-time levy - perhaps $10 - to allow us

MOT DU PRÉSIDENT

De très bonnes nouvelles d'abord! L'Université a accédé à notre demande que des espaces et des facilités de bureau nous soient accordés. Nous sommes en train de nous installer dans la salle AD-204 du campus Loyola, et nous sommes propriétaires d'un ordinateur neuf, avec logiciels et imprimante. Il se peut qu'on nous déménage au mois de mai, à la suite d'un rapport sur la distribution future des espaces sur la campus Loyola. Quand même, l'acquisition d'un bureau permanent, avec des équipements des plus récents, nous permettra d'offrir aux membres un service plus rapide et plus efficace, surtout si, comme nous l'espérons, nous faisons installer un téléphone pour assurer un contact direct et régulier. Pour tout cela nous remercions le vice-recteur Emond, Michael di Grappa, Jackie Chegrinec, Christine Lavoie, Tim Lapin, Bruce English, Mary O'Toole et Audrey Wells.

Il s'agit ensuite de la Foire du livre. Il fallait la remettre à la deuxième semaine d'octobre ou plus tard à cause de la tempête de verglas et la maladie de courte durée mais assez grave de Barbara Barclay, la personne-clé sur le campus. Nous gardons les contributions que quelques membres ont déjà faites - et nous les en remercions - et nous espérons que d'autres apporteront des livres à l'un ou l'autre des dépôts (la librairie de chaque campus, le bureau 203 à 2070 rue Mackay ou le bureau 100 à 2150 rue Bishop). Si vous ne pouvez pas les apporter, téléphonez Barbara au 848-2449 ou moi-même au 461-3487, et nous ferons de notre mieux pour qu'on passe les prendre.

Troisièmement il y a le procès auquel l'Université pourra être obligée de faire face au sujet de la prétendue mauvaise administration de la caisse de retraite. Etant donné que l'engagement de la caisse à l'égard des participants non-actifs remonte à environ 45% de son passif, il est évident que nous y sommes impliqués. John Hall et Howard Fink, nos représentants auprès du comité de retraite et du comité des avantages sociaux, vont communiquer avec tous les membres non-actifs afin de leur offrir une mise-à-jour et une analyse de la situation. Il se peut que vous ayez déjà reçu leur lettre. Quoi qu'il en soit, si les choses tournent mal et le procès est intenté, il se peut que nous sollicitions auprès des membres, pour une seule fois, une contribution - disons,

volved.

Finally, I hope to see many of you at the annual spring meeting, when the guest speaker will be Lillian Vineberg, who will share with us her experience chairing the committee on the future of the Loyola campus in the over-all development of University space.

seule fois, une contribution - disons, de 10$ - qui nous permettrait de chercher le conseil d'un avocat, ce dont profitent déjà tous les autres intéressés.

Finalement, j'espère vous voir nombreux lors de l'Assemblée générale annuelle, à laquelle notre invitée sera Madame Lillian Vineberg, qui préside le comité qui étudie l'avenir du campus Loyola dans le contexte de l'évolution de l'Université, et qui nous parlera des travaux de ce comité.

Geoff Adams

SOCIAL EVENTS

Our first "day at the races" was held on November 16 at the *Hippodrome de Montréal.* It was a tremendous success, with more than forty members and friends attending. The delicious buffet, more than ample and with a great variety of dishes, catered to everyone's taste. Many members were seen with happy faces, going to the wicket to collect their winnings. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves (even the losers!), so we hope to make this an annual event.

The annual lunch was held in the SGW Faculty Club on December 11, 1997. Some sixty members enjoyed an excellent buffet, and much appreciated the opportunity of getting together with old friends.

Please note that we shall be advising the Thursday Report of upcoming social events, and these should appear on the back page under the Special Events and Notices heading.

NOS ACTIVITÉS

Le 16 novembre a eu lieu notre première visite à l'Hippodrome de Montréal. Elle a connu un succès fou, et on comptait plus de quarante membres et amis. Un buffet délicieux, caractérisé par son ampleur et sa variété, satisfaisait à tous les goûts. On remarquait les sourires de nombreux membres qui se rendaient au guichet pour recevoir leurs gains. Même les perdants se sont beaucoup amusés et nous pensons en faire un événement annuel.

Le dîner annuel a eu lieu au SGW Faculty Club le 11 décembre, 1997. Quelque soixante membres profitaient d'un excellent buffet, sans parler de l'occasion de renouveler de vieilles connaissances.

Prière de noter que nous allons soumettre au Thursday Report les détails des activités à venir, que l'on trouvera à la dernière page sous la rubrique "Special Events and Notices".

NEWS OF OUR MEMBERS / NOUVELLES DE NOS MEMBRES

We are happy to welcome the following new members who have joined CUPA since the publication of the last issue of CUPARUC / *Nous sommes heureux d'accueillir ceux et celles qui sont devenus membres de l'ARUC depuis la dernière livraison du CUPARUC*:

Lorraine Bertrand, K.C. Dhawan, Estelle Bouset, Roderick MacPherson, Hugh McQueen, David Miller, Freda Rashkovan, Mark Schofield, Gail Valaskakis.

We regret to announce the deaths of / *nous regrettons d'annoncer le décès de:* **Harry Clinch, Carlo Fonda, Klaus Herrman.**

Your editor's request for feedback produced a solitary but much appreciated response - from Jack Kornblatt, who wrote to him from Paris where he was living on (not in!) the Canal Saint-Martin.

BONJOUR FROM POTTON!

by Gérard Leduc

(Gerry Leduc was, prior to his retirement, a professor in the Biology Department. He sent us a letter describing his retirement activities, accompanied by a summary of a research paper. We have taken the liberty of combining the two in what follows. He also sent some photographs, which we could not reproduce, although acquisition of more sophisticated equipment should make that possible before too long - Ed.)

I left Concordia in 1990 and started a new career, pursuing research in archaeology and becoming deeply involved in heritage animation in Potton Township. For those not too familiar with this beautiful area of the Eastern Townships, it is located between Lake Memphremagog and Sutton, right on the Vermont border.

What do you do when you move to Potton? You establish the Potton Heritage Association, you recruit members, you take them out to visit heritage and archaeological sites in the area, you give public lectures to adults and in schools. You do research and publish. University academic life is a good preparation for the real life! You write grant applications and organize fund-raising campaigns.

What do you do with the money? You produce a twenty-minute video "Potton Then and Now" (1995), you present throughout the Townships, in 1996, an exhibition of over 300 old photographs from about 1880 to 1930. Then people come to you and say: "These photographs are very nice, but we would like to have then at home", so we get started again. Meantime, we find out that 1997 is the bicentennial year for the township, so the Association decides to publish the pictures with a history of its beginnings, and in June 1997 "Potton d'antan - Yesterdays of Potton", by Leduc and friends, is launched in a public event attended by hundred of people from the community, with the Abenakis from Odanak as guests of honour.

For a bicentennial one does not settle for just a book, and the Potton Bicentennial Committee, presided over by Leduc, puts on an opening dinner in February, followed by a sugaring-off party, a strawberry festival, a street dance, a ragtime cabaret evening with Mimi Blais, a multi-cultural festival, an autumnfest at Owl's Head, etc., culminating in November with a ball in a castle ambiance, preceded by the unveiling of a bicentennial monument, commemorating the date in 1797 when George III signed the township's letters patent. A time-capsule was buried at the foot of the monument, to be opened on July 1st 2055, bicentennial of the incorporation of the township.

What else does one find the time to do? Archaeological research, because sites are found in many places, including your own doorstep. This supports the hypothesis of the presence in our regions of a lost civilization that was much more culturally and technologically advanced than what we have dared recognize. Countless numbers of stone mounds or cairns were built in fields, forests and up on the top of mountains. One important feature is the presence of a quartz stone on top. Archaeological investigations in Quebec and in New England revealed cairns built between 1800 B.C. and 1750 A.D., showing a long tradition of native cairn-building. Petroglyphs (letters inscribed on stone) have long intrigued local residents, but recent research has revealed that some of these scripts were written in Ogam, an ancient script known in Europe. There are also several archaeo-astronomical sites from which sunrises or sunsets were observed at strategic dates.

People did not limit themselves to building cairns, writing on stones and looking a the sun! They lived somewhere, ate, had tools, moved on roads, etc. We have evidence (radio-carbon dates) that a water mill was built here with metal tools around 1500 A.D. A copper mine appears to have been exploited hundreds - perhaps thousands - of years before the first settlers arrived. We propose that these areas once thrived, with a complete rural infrastructure, including cultivated fields, stone walls, roads, dwellings and other utilities long before the arrival of the first known European settlers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Who were these people, and what happened to them? At this point we can only speculate, but we can use the model of the Anasazi civilization that flourished in the American South-west around 1000 A.D., but had vanished by 1350, for unclear reasons. They left all kinds of stone buildings, roads, astronomical sites, irrigation canals for agriculture, etc. Speculating on the fate of several cultural groups in America which became extinct suggests that a prolonged wet and cooler period at the beginning of the Little Ice Age could have annihi-

lated them by repeated major floods, destruction of crops, disease, etc. Then, except for myths and legends, the loss of institutional memory dropped a shroud of silence on the identity and origin of such peoples.

Not everyone shares our hypothesis, so we have got into trouble with the archaeological establishment for bringing forward data that support the hypothesis that there existed an advanced native civilization throughout the North-east long before the arrival of the first modern European settlers.

So this is what happens when you quit Biology - Ecology - Toxicology. You find yourself in a new and exciting field, with no competition - only friends sharing new ideas; no budget cuts, because there is no money to start with; no politics; no increased work-load. Teaching? You miss it? Yes, but Elderhostel guests and other groups become your students. No exams to mark, and everybody gets an "A"! The most meaningful reward is that of revealing a new dimension of heritage to people of your community, thus promoting a new sense of pride at home.

In some spare time I tried gardening, but the deer ate me out. I went on to bee-keeping, and things went well for several years, but this past summer a bear put me out of business. I'll start again next year with en electric fence! Country living is great!

(If you want to know more about Gerry's research and programmes offered, you can reach him at 6, chemin de l'Equinoxe, R.R.3, Mansonville, QC, J0E 1X0)

MEMOIRS OF A HOCKEY COACH

by Paul Arsenault

It was September 1963 and I was starting my first job as Hockey Coach and Assistant in the Athletics Department of Sir George Williams. I remember that the position ws advertized as paying between $4,500 and $6,000, depending on qualifications. Since I was fresh out of UNB, on the advice of my dean I asked for, and felt fortunate to receive, the minimum. In those days Sir George was basically the Norris Building on Drummond St., squeezed between the YMCA and the Stanley Tavern and Hymie's Restaurant. The Athletics Department consisted of several small offices in the south-east corner of the basement. Doug Insleay was Athletics Director and, up to then, the only full-time staff member. Mag Flynn was Dean of Students, Don Peets was Registrar and Tom Swift was a budding rock-and-roll singer and Assistant Director of Admissions.

Sir George, with no campus, was a totally different environment from UNB, but I soon fell in love with the atmosphere and the fellowship of the staff, not to mention the many pretty girls downtown. Montreal was an exciting and vibrant city, heading for Expo 67, and of course the Canadiens were the best hockey team in the world. My first assignment was a team meeting and Doug had prepared me as best he could. The hockey team had a very bad reputation for undisciplined behaviour, and had reached a new low by trashing a motel at a post-game party in Maine the previous year. The state police escorted the team to the border, and Sir George was sent a hefty bill along with incriminating photos of the destruction. I supposed that this was the catalyst that led to my employment.

I was quite nervous, but determined to show the players that I would coach with a firm but fair hand. The fact that I was younger than many of them didn't make my job any easier! I spoke about team image and the importance of gaining the support of the Sir George community. I emphasized that the Stanley Tavern could no longer be the team hang-out. The reaction was quick, as one player, Jay Shink, informed me that the Stanley was the only place where a "poor" student could get lunch at a decent price downtown. I decided to compromise and allow the players, if they so desired, to go there for one hour at noon. The meeting ended, and I was relieved that everyone seemed to accept the proposal.

Shortly thereafter Doug and I stepped out of the back door, heading for lunch at the popular Pam-Pam Hungarian Restaurant on Stanley. We looked into the Tavern on our way by and, sure enough, just about all the players were there sitting around tables laden with draft beer. I knew that I had to send a message to the team, so I entered the tavern and told the players that they had one hour to eat. I said that I would return and that anyone still there would be suspended. Needless to say, I was apprehensive when I heard derisive laughter as I left the scene. After lunch we looked in again, and most of the players were still there, with no food in sight. Since the hour wasn't yet up, I went to my office to contemplate my next move. I returned in ten minutes, very deter-

mined, walked into the tavern and informed six remaining and slightly inebriated senior players that they were no longer members of the hockey team. Doug was delighted that I had made this decision, and even though many players pleaded with him to reverse the suspensions, he backed me one hundred per cent.

We started the season with a largely rookie group of players and lost our first six or seven games. Still, each game we improved and about mid-season we started to win. We won our last five games of the regular season, to squeeze into the last playoff spot. After Christmas, our resurgence attracted the attention of the local press and especially a young *Montreal Star* reporter named Ian MacDonald. Ian spent a lot of time at the Stanley, and I frequently would meet him there for a beer or two and discuss our team and my hopes for the season. I never saw him take a note, but he wrote some great articles about our team and always got all the facts right. We also attracted a loyal following of staff, including math. prof. Fred Bedford, a former coach and referee, Tom Swift, Ken Adams and his wife Anne, and Ron McCarthy, amongst others.

In those days, playoffs were "sudden death", and the fourth-place team had to play the league champs in the first round. Ottawa were undefeated league champs that year and we were given absolutely no chance of winning. I knew, however, that we could, especially in sudden death. I believed Ottawa would be over-confident and ripe for an upset. We had developed into a pretty good team, with three important ingredients - a good defence, led by our colourful and fearless goaltender Brian Chapman, who played without a mask, a great scorer in Dave Dies and a group of young hard-working players, including Trevor Kerr, Bill Ardell, Ted Fletcher and others, who were mentally toughened by our desperate need to win in our last few league games.

Sure enough, we upset the mighty GeeGees and went on to defeat the RMC Cadets in the final. Ian MacDonald labelled us the Cinderella team of Canadian college hockey. We were the talk of Sir George as we took the train to the second-ever Canadian Championships in Kingston to play against the big boys from the University of Montreal, UNB and Alberta. We were slated to play against the Ontario-Quebec senior university champs, the Montreal Carabins. Since our league was considered the weakest in Canada,a and since normally we only played against the senior universities' Junior Varsity teams, we were heavy underdogs. But, once again, "Chappy" played an unbelievable game in the nets, and we outhustled and outchecked the overconfident Carabins to win decisively 5-1. What a dream come true for myself, the team and our Georgian fans, even though we lost the final the next day to the powerful and well-coached Alberta Golden Bears.

Thus began a dynasty that would result in five straight league championships, and establish Sir George as a Canadian college hockey power-house. For over ten years Loyola and Sir George would stage some of the best hockey seen in Montreal, attracting thousands of students and fans to league games at the Loyola and McGill arenas, and play-off games at the Montreal Forum. NHL players developed during that period include Bob Berry, Larry Carrière, Bernie Wolfe and Clément Jodoin, currently assistant coach of the Montreal Candiens. Many other graduates went on to professional hockey in Europe, or successful business and teaching careers.

THE ICE STORM OF 98

In this year of bizarre weather, commonly attributed to El Niño, members will have been subjected to all sorts of vagaries, including floods as well as summer-in-winter, but in the heartland of retired Concordians - more than three-quarters of our members live within fifty miles of Montreal - the pièce de résistance was undoubtedly the January ice-storm. A few lucky ones were unaffected, but most of us suffered varying degrees of discomfort or misery. Our president, Geoff Adams, who lives just outside the infamous "black triangle" in which people were without power for up to three weeks or more, stuck it out until he began to fear for his overheated chimney. He returned ten days later to replace kitchen pipes and curse himself for not having poured the coloured water out of the antique bottle collection he'd been putting together since his student days in Paris in the 1950s! Two unsolicited accounts of ice storm experiences came forth, each quite different from the other, and we are glad to reproduce them in the following pages, if only to give temporary reassurance to those who fled to other parts of the realm. The practical experience of J-P Pétolas, who lives in Hudson, will certainly be useful to those wishing to prepare themselves for "the next one", while Elizabeth Horwood, living at the time in the Laurentians, shows that the passage of years and undiminished resourcefulness go hand in hand.

LIFE ..... ON 2000 WATTS

by J-P Pétolas

January 6, 1998, 0230 hrs. Awakened by a thud. A car hitting a pole? Betty looks out of the bedroom window, sees nothing unusual, except that it is raining and the wind is blowing. Electric power goes off. Back to sleep. J.P. gets up at his usual 0630 - sleet everywhere - no power. Temperature in the house at 61 degrees (16C for the purists). Time to start the generator. Turn the main power-switch off, the hot-water heater, the furnace, the sump pump, and hope that not too many lights were left on. The generator, which is located in the garage, has not been used for some time. J.P. primes the engine and it starts on the first pull. Back in the house the sump-pump is switched on, then the furnace. The refrigerator had been left on, and is operating!

The generator is a 2000-watt Homelite gasoline-powered 110v. a.c. gen/set. It had been recommended to J.P. by Fernand Villemaire after the 1961 ice storm, which had left us without power for five days. His recommendation proved to be an excellent choice.

With daylight, the magnitude of the devastation around us was shocking! The night-time thud had been caused by a six-inch-diameter branch, with all its smaller branches, that had fallen on the roof. Many other branches had fallen, one still partly attached to the tree and resting precariously on the roof, very close to the Hydro wires. Other trees were broken and smaller ones were so bent that the top touched the ground, making a graceful arabesque. We got used to the snap and crackle of breaking wood and ice, but were concerned over the danger of walking outside, since about 70 mm. of ice had formed everywhere - on the roof, on the deck, on the road, on branches, on wires.

Meanwhile Betty cooked a hearty breakfast on the gas stove. Fortunately we are connected to the village water supply, so that drinking water was not a problem - as long as the house was warm enough to prevent the pipes from freezing. We started on a routine. J.P.goes to the garage every hour to start/ stop the generator, refill with fuel and check the level of the lubricating oil. All day - one hour on, one hour off. This way we kept the house warm, the cellar dry and the freezer cold.

Gasoline for the thirsty little generator was needed, but our usual supplier was closed for lack of power. Through the grapevine, which always works well in times of disaster, I learned that the Ultramar station in Rigaud had a generator attached to the pumps. We went to Rigaud, topped up the fuel in our diesel VW Golf, and filled two 10-litre cans of gasoline. It soon became apparent that we were burning about 10 to 12 litres per day, and larger containers would have been useful. Two 20-litre containers were stored in the shed behind the house, but due to the fallen branches and the sleet that had welded the doors shut we could not get at them.

J.P. called Neil Gabriel, a well-known tree cutter in Hudson. Now Neil is what you could call a chain-saw virtuoso. He loves trees, hates to cut them down. He is not a lumberjack, he is an *émondeur*. He does not use a ladder, but goes up the tree with spikes attached to his lower legs, and with a rope, some acrobatics and the chain saw at the end of his arms, he cuts and lowers the branch slowly to the ground.

We shut off the generator at eleven at night and restarted it at seven in the morning. Even though the temperature fell to -18C, the temperature in the house was never below 55F - or 12.7C for the purists - in the morning.

Needless to say, during that period all intellectual activity ceased. Since we were fortunate to have the telephone in operation, we - really Betty - kept in touch with our neighbours. We received calls from about everywhere in Canada and the US. We were very touched with all the offers of help. A friend of our son, who lives in Halifax, was visiting his parents in Montreal. When we told him that all was well *chez Pétolas,* he contacted the Hudson Town Hall and came to Hudson to help split firewood and load the cars.

On 2000 watts it is impossible to light the whole house or heat water in the tank. An electric kettle consumes 1500 watts, a hair dryer about 1000, so 2000 watts for an entire house is a modicum. We had many candlelight suppers - so many, as a matter of fact, that the romance of these dinners wore quite thin. It would be nice to see what one was eating! Sponge baths were *de rigueur*. With a small kettle of hot water we became quite adept at this kind of cleaning, and the experience we gained over the years in boating was put to good use.

One unintentionally comic aspect of community efforts to help the victims was the following sign: ''Donnez aux sinistrés du verglas'' - why would anyone give ice to the victims of the storm? The English version was even more mysterious - ''Give to the ice-storm victims'' - sacrifice to appease the Ice God, no doubt!

Despite J.P.'s spilling oil all over the garage floor when doing an oil change, we became very attached to our generator and will decorate it with a gold medal and an inscription: ''This little beauty kept us warm and dry during the ice storm of 1998.''

AUSTRIAN STOVES, CREUSET POTS AND BATTERIES

by Elizabeth Horwood

My most vivid memory of the ice-storm of' 98 is of the moon illuminating the frozen landscape with frightening but awesome beauty. I was ten days without power - and water, being on a well. I was very lucky to have my wonderfully efficient Austrian cast-iron stove, covered in ceramic tiles, which radiates heat - even the basement seemed warm enough as I trudged up and down carrying wood. By removing one of three racks from the oven surface I was able to cook. Leaving two racks in place meant that I could leave two Creuset pots of water heating, moving them to the oven surface only if I wanted the water to boil vigorously.

For water I had two choices. One was to drive a short distance to where a plastic pipe runs continually with fresh spring water into a stream bed. The difficulty for this short-legged 72-year-old was descending a three-foot slippery slope to stand in two inches of rushing water, reaching up for an empty plastic container small enough that I could lift it when filled, and then attempting to fling myself up the slippery slope. It was rather like climbing from deep water into a sailboat with the addition of winter boots and clothing. On one occasion a young six-foot-plus neighbour came by and lifted me by my hands straight up and out; oh, what nostalgia for past youth and strength! The second choice - and I used both - was to scoop snow at my front door into a pail and continually add it to a melting pail of snow on the stove, until there was enough to fill the toilet tank for an effective flush. You can see how fortunate I was!

I did, however, find that I had to focus completely and move slowly and deliberately to avoid hazards in an unfamiliar routine; to make use of morning light to see well enough to replace wood sufficient to last twenty-four hours; to replace burned-down candles, make 'phone calls, wash dishes, melt snow, check from outside whether the Selkirk chimney was still in place (it had once fallen down from the weight of the snow behind it moving off the steel roof); remember to don oven gloves when handling hot pots, let the poker do the ''handling'' when adding wood to the firebox, and refrain from moving a lighted candle to another room.

I was the only full-time inhabitant on the road, and one evening in candlelight I was surprised to see the reflection of red and blue circling lights on my ceiling. It was the police kindly checking on my circumstances. Happily, they were suitably impressed by the warmth from my wood stove and I was not invited to leave.

The one puzzling problem I had was trying to make my radio work with the ten required batteries. One suggestion from an expert was to test all ten batteries, two at a time, in my flashlight. A second expert asked if I had pulled the plug from the wall outlet (what an insult!) but then asked if I had removed the cord from the back of the radio (I had not, I did so and it worked). The radio, despite its calamitous news of how the ice-storm was affecting others, was welcome sound indeed - even the birds had become soundless and invisible. As the daily drama of catastrophe, combined with human resourcefulness and generosity unfolded, it also brought hope that once again we could depend on electric power.

CORRECTION!

On page 6 of the November 1997 newsletter (Vol. 6, no. 4), paragraph 5 may have left the impression that the financial year ended with a negative balance. This was not the case, as the Statement of Income and Expenditures for the the fiscal year June 1, 1996 to May 31, 1997 indicates a positive closing balance of $1012.91 / *A la page 6 du bulletin de novembre 1997 (vol. 6, no. 4), le paragraphe 5 peut donner l'impression que l'exercice financier se terminait avec un bilan négatif. Ceci n'était pas le cas, puisque les états financiers pour l'exercice du 1er juin 1996 au 31 mai 1997 indiquaient un bilan positif de 1012,91$ à la fin de l'exercice.*

CUPA / ARUC 1997-1998

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