

# CUPARUC

newsletter of the concordia university pensioners' association  
bulletin de l'association des retraité-e-s de l'université Concordia



vol. 17, no 2, Septembre/September 2008



## RESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Unfortunately the lead for this message has to be the untimely passing of John Hall. While the death of any of our members is always a loss, John's is especially so in view of the key role he has played in CUPA over so many years. He will be sorely missed and we all extend our sympathies to Yolende and family! [See the summary of some remarks I made at his funeral elsewhere in this issue].

As a result of John's death, Howard Fink will take over as our representative on the Pensions & Benefits Committee. Howard has been our alternate and worked very closely with John. We will however need to find a new alternate as well as replacements for the Scholarship committee. We also have to fill a couple of other posts as Steve Kirplani and Bérengrère Gaudet are stepping down as Social Activities Chair and as Secretary respectively. Both have done an excellent job over the last few years and we thank them most profusely.

This once again raises my request for volunteers to help on CUPARUC's Committees and Executive. This is a voluntary organization and we need Volunteers! Please let us know if you are interested (or can suggest someone else!).



## Message du Président

Malheureusement, avant toute chose, je dois parler de la disparition inattendue de John Hall. Toute mort chez nos membres nous attriste, mais, étant donné le rôle essentiel qu'il a joué auprès de la CUPARUC pendant tant d'années, celle de John nous touche particulièrement. Voir le résumé de ma présentation lors de ses funérailles.

Il s'ensuit que Howard Fink, qui en tant que substitut a beaucoup collaboré avec John, aura à le remplacer comme représentant de la CUPARUC auprès du Comité des pensions et des Bénéfices. Il nous faut donc trouver un nouveau substitut et le remplacer sur les comités de bourse. Steve Kirplani et Bérengrère Gaudet ne serviront plus comme Responsable des Activités Sociales et Secrétaire respectivement ; nous les remercions vivement pour tous les services rendus depuis quelques années.

Je dois ici poser de nouveau la question des Bénévoles. Notre Association ne fonctionne qu'avec des Bénévoles ; nous avons besoin de vous et de votre aide. Apportez-nous votre contribution ou suggérez d'autres possibilités. S.V.P.

Pour les activités sociales, Maïr Verthuy a eu quelques suggestions à faire pour l'automne ; je vous encourage à y participer. Et si vous avez fait des

In terms of social activities, Mair Verthuy has provided several suggestions for this Fall and I would encourage you to participate. We would like to have more suggestions if you've had a successful outing and would recommend it for us, please let us know. Also, those of you in "foreign" parts like B.C., please let us have your suggestions for activities out there also!!!

Finally, don't forget both Concordia's and McGill's special offering of courses for retirees. They are not expensive and keep the mind active (avoiding Alzheimers).

Have a good Fall (with less rain???)

*Graham Martin*



***A man was telling his neighbor, 'I just bought a new hearing aid.***

***It cost me four thousand dollars, but it's state of the art. It's perfect.'***

***'Really,' answered the neighbor . 'What kind is it?'***

***'Twelve thirty.'***

***(Thank you, Shirley R.)***

sorties intéressantes à recommander aux membres, veuillez nous les indiquer. Vous pouvez aussi proposer des activités qui ont lieu au lointain, en C.-B., p.ex.

En fin de compte, pensez aux cours spéciaux offerts aux retraité-e-s par Concordia et McGill ; ils ne coûtent pas cher et ils font travailler vos méninges ! (Pas d'Alzheimer !)

Je vous souhaite une belle arrière-saison,

*Graham Martin*

A simple recipe from the Welsh chef, Gareth Richards.

Savoury Welsh Cakes (not to be confused with sweet and spicy «picau»)

# Ingredients

# 3oz Llangadog butter (here we may have to settle for something a little less exotic !)

# 8oz Self-raising flour or plain flour with 1 tsp baking powder

# 1 leek

# 1 teaspoonful of Welsh honey mustard

# 1 teaspoonful of poppy seeds

# 1 egg

Method

1. Sieve flour and rub in butter until it forms fine breadcrumbs.

2. Slice up the leeks thinly and add to mixture.

3. Add the poppy seeds.

4. Mix the beaten egg with the mustard and add to the dry ingredients to create a soft dough mixture. (If there is enough time, put it in the fridge to rest)

5. Roll out and cut into small rounds.

6. Cook on a hotplate or griddle for 4 minutes each side.

Perfect for breakfast with cockles, laverbread or bacon; a picnic or a Welsh tea; or to round off a meal served with Welsh cheeses and pickle.

*Mair*



## Message de la Rédactrice

Vous recevrez ce Bulletin un peu plus tôt qu'à l'ordinaire. Vous n'aurez ainsi aucune excuse pour manquer notre réunion bisannuelle du mois d'octobre (H767, le jeudi 30 octobre.) Et encore moins pour oublier les activités automnales que j'avais attirées à votre attention dans le dernier bulletin. (Je vous entends d'ici : -- Mais, où donc l'ai-je mis ?) Cherchez bien.

Notre été collectif a été assombri par la perte de John Hall. Sans doute que plusieurs parmi nous ont connu d'autres pertes plus personnelles. Nous offrons ici toutes nos condoléances à ceux et celles qui ont souffert de cette manière.

Vous constaterez que ce numéro est assez mince. La raison en est simple. Vous lisez peut-être mais, dans l'ensemble, vous n'écrivez pas. Jusqu'ici, en français, j'ai pu compter sur l'aide précieuse de nos collègues Bérengère Gaudet et Françoise Ligier mais, pour l'instant, fatiguées, elles ont choisi de se retirer, afin de laisser la place à d'autres. J'espère qu'elles accepteront quand même de continuer leurs discussions personnelles avec moi car elles sont si bonnes lectrices et critiques. Merci, mes amies, et à bientôt ! AUX AUTRES FRANCOPHONES DE PRENDRE LA RELÈVE : COMPTES RENDUS, ANECDOTES, HISTOIRES DE VOYAGE, ETC. Ce serait bien triste quand même de tomber dans l'unilinguisme...

Je vous souhaite à tous et à toutes une belle automne ; nous l'aurons bien méritée.

À bientôt,

*Mair*



## Editor's Remarks

This edition of the Newsletter is coming to you a little earlier than usual, in order to make sure you'll know the date of the next general meeting (H767, Thursday, October 30.) And also that you'll recall the Fall activities I recommended to you in the last issue and on which you cannot now, of course, lay your hands! Keep looking...

We collectively suffered a grievous loss this summer when John Hall left us. Others among us may also have known more personal losses ; we offer our deepest sympathy to all who have known such losses.

You will have noticed that this issue has seriously slimmed down. Not because of a voluntary diet but rather because, although many of you may read, most of you don't write. At least not to and for us ! I am grateful to those who step up to the plate ; Alex Sengbusch entertaining as always, John Udy last time, Graeme Decarie this week on life in N.-B. And I hope to hear from him regularly. And there are others who are making promising noises. Keep them coming ! I must add here how sorry I am not to be able to include contributions by our colleagues, Bérengère Gaudet and Françoise Ligier. They are taking a well-earned rest. (Temporary, I hope.)

Have a great Fall. Keep the rain away ; make sure the sun keeps shining.

See you soon,

*Mair*



## **As We Grieve for John Hall**

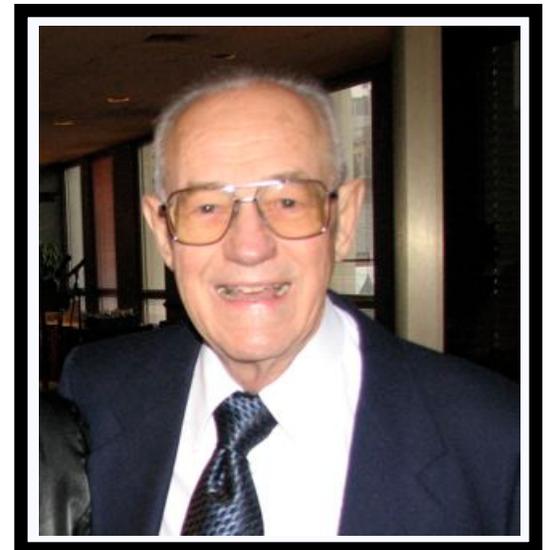
***Graham Martin***

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I was honoured by being asked by the family to say a few words at John's funeral. Here is a précis of my eulogy :

“John was a good friend and colleague for many years. I first started working with John about 40 years ago when he was hired away from Rolls-Royce to come and set up a personnel office at Sir George Williams. We were, at the time, just weaning ourselves from our parent YMCA and needed all the usual administrative units which that entailed.

John did a great job setting up the office and was just finishing when along came the merger that created Concordia with all the personnel problems that entailed. A merger between any two organizations will always have personnel problems but between two academic, non-profit institutions such as universities they are multiple. Two cultures; a lot of job change and insecurity; twelve Unions in some cases fighting for turf; two pension plans to be merged both somewhat under funded with different benefits; and the list goes on. John, with his counterpoint at Loyola, solved all these problems and many more and continued with a very successful Human Resources unit until his retirement in 1989. On occasion John had to take the corporate hard line but throughout it all, John's primary concern was the impact on individuals. He had the corporate job to do but was always more worried about how any action would impact the individual faculty or staff member.



Retirement didn't stop John. He immediately joined the Concordia Pensioners Association or CUPA, of which he subsequently served as President for six years, and shortly after joining became its representative on the University Pension and Benefits committee where he has worked tirelessly to improve the pension plan and its benefits for pensioners and all members of the University. He succeeded to the point that we have one of the best plans in the country. John also thought it was important to the University that pensioners be heard more broadly so persuaded the Board of Governor's to allow a representative at the meetings to which John was appointed.

But that wasn't all. While working John had given the occasional lecture in Commerce and after retirement became a part time lecturer in the John Molson School of Business teaching courses until last May and as I learnt yesterday, was already thinking of what courses he would apply for in the year ahead!

One day this spring, on a particularly cold and nasty day, we had an executive meeting of CUPA that John would normally have attended. The meeting started and John was late, (not an unusual occurrence as one of John's minor weaknesses was that he was almost always late for meetings). When John arrived complete with his oxygen tank he was breathing very hard from a climb of only about 5-6 steps! Indeed it took him five to ten

minutes to calm down. Needless to say this shocked us all, as at the previous meeting in the fall and at the annual luncheon in December John had seemed fine! After the meeting I talked with John to see how he was doing and to ask if he wanted us to find some one else for his responsibilities. He brushed my concerns aside and said he was fine and would continue to serve so I asked him about his teaching, feeling it must be very difficult to do so under these conditions. He told me he was continuing although he had to sit down, with his and a spare tank, and teach from a desk but he said, “ I owe it to the students - they deserve it and they are very appreciative”.

That was John – professional to the core. You could always count on him. If he said he’d do some thing, he did it! John was also a very caring, compassionate person particularly on a one to one basis always ready to help anyone in need as I’m sure many of you here present can attest.

John, you will be sorely missed by all of us who know and worked with you as well as many, many more who did not know you but benefit from your work on a daily basis. Rest in Peace.”



## **La vie n'est pas une comédie romantique**

### **Commentaire de Mair**

Parfois, quand je lis les critiques de cinéma, je me demande s'ils ou elles ont vu le même film que moi. Ainsi en va-t-il pour celui en question ici. Nous sommes allées le voir, Françoise Ligier et moi, parce que nous nous étions promis pour une fois de tourner le dos aux films sombres et de chercher à nous égayer un peu. Nous avons bien fait. Le film est charmant, drôle, novateur ; il pose aussi, mine de rien, des questions importantes.

Il s'agit du premier long métrage de Marc Gibaja et Laurent Sarfati, connus pour leur travail humoristique à la télévision, et mettant en scène, entre autres, Gilles Lellouche et Marie Gillain. L'on nous propose à la fois un pastiche des comédies américaines, style Meg Ryan, mais aussi un hommage à cette même tradition, et le film se clôt sur une belle scène qu'ils doivent à Woody Allen. Romantique effectivement alors mais aussi entrecoupé de conflits ancrés dans la réalité.

Mais dans ce monde-là qu'est-ce que la réalité ? Les acteurs principaux jouent un couple qui n'en a jamais été un, simplement deux jeunes issus de deux classes différentes mais fréquentant la même école. Arrivés dans la bonne trentaine, l'une mariée et mère de famille, l'autre en mal d'un film à tourner, les deux se rencontrent par hasard. De fil en aiguille... L'on devine ce qui se passe. Est-ce que cela se passerait ainsi dans la réalité ?

Il y a plus intéressant dans ce film. La jeune fille de l'héroïne principale, mineure encore, se trouve fascinée par le monde des jeux vidéos où travaille justement le nouveau soupirant de maman. Elle y fait la connaissance du garçon ou plutôt l'homme qui les crée et en tombe amoureux. Celui-ci est bien plus âgé qu'elle, obèse, timide, vierge, dominé par sa maman à lui. Qu'à cela ne tienne ; amoureux tous les deux, ils finissent par coucher ensemble, situation délicate. Ils souhaiteraient se marier mais le papa de la jeune fille, toujours mineure, refuse son autorisation. S'ensuit une séquence extraordinaire, d'une très grande finesse, à la fois hilarante et émouvante, où les amoureux se marient dans une autre réalité. À vous de voir laquelle.

Ce film nous propose donc des versions divergentes de la réalité et qui ne dépendent pas tout à fait de l'âge des protagonistes. Rions d'abord alors, apprécions les techniques novatrices, mais prenons la peine de bien réfléchir par la suite.

J'ai vu que le film Les Citronniers passe à Montréal. Je l'ai vu à Paris ce printemps ; il faut aussi y aller -- ou attendre le DVD ?



2008 marks the 40 year anniversary of the faculty of Engineering and Computer Science. Graduates from the class of '68 (or the "Prototypes" as they were known) will be returning to their alma mater this fall during Homecoming to celebrate this landmark occasion.

In some ways, the new world of engineering at Concordia seems a long way from the roots of its program. In the mid '50s, Sir George Williams University created its certificate in engineering, thanks to the energy of Department of Engineering chair Jack Bordan; the certificate offered options in mechanical, civil and electrical engineering to prepare students to enter the penultimate year of a standard engineering program such as that offered by McGill at the time. Loyola College, meanwhile, had offered six engineering options within its Faculty of Science since 1943 — mechanical, electrical, civil, mining, metallurgical and engineering physics — also giving students an entry pass to the final two years of a standard program. Thanks to professional demand — and changes in the McGill system — both institutions created full faculties of engineering in 1964, with Bordan becoming the first dean at Sir George and George Joly at Loyola. When the two universities were merged into Concordia in 1974, their respective faculties of engineering also fused, forming departments in mechanical, civil and electrical engineering. J. C. Callaghan, who had followed Bordan as dean at Sir George, became the new university's first dean of engineering.

\*\*Retired ENCS professors and all ENCS alumni celebrating a class reunion this year are invited to the 4<sup>th</sup> floor faculty lounge of the Engineering and Computer Science building (4.101) on Saturday, September 27<sup>th</sup>, 3 pm, to celebrate the 40 year anniversary of the faculty. The faculty's new Dean will also be attending. No RSVP. Welcome all. \*\*

For more information contact Sarah Kenny at [sarah@encs.concordia.ca](mailto:sarah@encs.concordia.ca) or (514) 848-2424 ext. 7026.

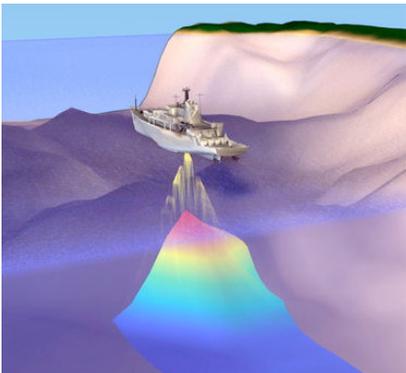
*“Summertime, and the living is easy  
fish are jumping and the cotton is high”*

The living is easy? Did anyone check the gas prices recently? That is what’s high. Soon I’ll need a summer job just to fill up my car.

A summer job? Well most of us had one, there are bad ones, good ones and then there are those extra-ordinary summer jobs. But nothing like this...

**“I was a teenage U-Boat hunter”**

During my teenage years I had spend many summers at sea and this time was no different. I was assigned to the search vessel ‘Meteor’, a ship that was equipped with an echo sounder that detects objects on the seabed with a sonar, using reflected sound waves.



Most ships are equipped with echo sounders to measure the water depth. This consists of a transmitter, which emits an ultrasonic pulse, and a receiver, which detects the pulse after reflection from the seabed. The time between transmission and receipt of the reflected signal is a measure of the depth of water. Fishing boats use echo sounders to detect fish and navies use them to find enemy submarines.

I had sailed on the ‘Meteor’, a ship equipped for under water research, once before when we were looking for commercial shipwrecks to be salvaged, but this time we had a specific mission.

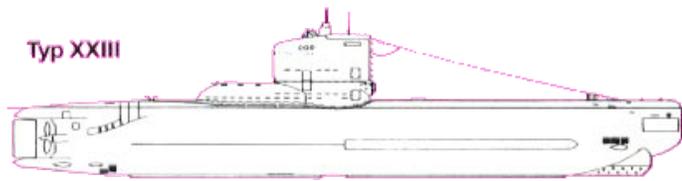
NATO and the European community had just asked Germany to join and wanted them to re-establish the navy to help with the western defense during the cold war. As part of this agreement, twelve 350 ton submarines were to form the initial costal defense against the Soviet threat in the Baltic Sea. Since no submarines had been built during the last ten years, the challenge was to start this process as quickly as possible and the Defense Ministry commissioned the “Firm” to find submarines rumored to be scuttled at the end of WWII, in vaguely defined areas in the Baltic Sea.

The hunt was on. My job was to pilot the ‘Meteor’ following a specific pattern, to cover every square meter of the designated area, a boring task that the regular crew were glad to share with me.

To clarify, at this point we were not looking for sunken shipwrecks but for scuttled submarines.

To “scuttle” is a traditional navy maneuver, whereby a ship is sunk on purpose by opening the hatches or scuttles. The goal is to deny the opposition to claim the ship and use it in their own forces.

Our objective was to find a small submarine, the U-2365, designated to operate in shallow waters, originally built in March 1945 and scuttled in May 1945, just three month later.



The U-2365 had never seen combat and based on the Captain's orders was carefully sunk after treating certain areas by opening oil canisters as a "rust treatment".

With the objective well defined, the hunt was on. The general area was a body of water called the Kattegat, right between Denmark and Sweden. It took some time to get to the designated area.

Once there, we followed the search pattern right away. There were false alarms and the divers had to dive several times for a closer look.

But it was just a question of time to find the right location.

However this mission was not as smooth as it seems fifty years later. I still remember one incident that happened during my watch.

The waters in the Kattegat are very unpredictable due to the narrow and confined area. Bad weather can develop very quickly and rogue waves can come out of nowhere.

By the time I saw the wave, it had broad sided us, ripped the wheel out of my hands and rocked the ship enough to scatter all loose items on the bridge. But I managed to "hold the course".

The next day, while navigating in the designated area the echo sounder went wild. You could see the vague outlines of a submarine on the printout.

This was close to an island in position 56.51N, 11.49E. Stop engines, set anchor, dive and – confirmed, this was the U-2365 at a depth of 50 meters.

Big locomotion all around, calls to port and the salvage operation was set in motion immediately. It was decided to call one of the bigger ship cranes of that time, to lift the submarine which was in good condition, based on the divers account.



The salvage operation went as planned and it did not take long for the submarine to emerge. At this time the sub had been in the water for over ten years, but appeared to be in a much better condition than anticipated. The carefully planned preparation for sinking the sub had paid off.

It took one year to recondition the sub and introduce it as the first submarine to the new navy.

I believe it did some duty to defend the coastal waters against the Soviet threat and was later refurbished to become a training submarine.

My mission for that summer was accomplished. And, as big as this was, everyday life takes over and these extraordinary events are sort of forgotten, were it not for a large map, marked 'Special Mission', the marine map from my

days as a U-boat hunter.

It shows the plotted courses of my watch at the wheel and an "X" at position 56.51N, 11.49E, the location of the U-2365, with my name, signed and sealed by the captain.

*"Summertime and the living was easy, the fish were jumping and the waves were high!"*



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**raeme Decarie writes to us from New-Brunswick**

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On a July afternoon two years ago, I left my office in the Library Building and turned briskly along de Maison-neuve. I was leaving Concordia after some thirty-five years. But I felt no sadness, no need to say goodbye. All that I had known and loved about Concordia had already left it years before.

I had taken my BA at Sir George Williams, a college designed to give a chance to high school failures and other wretches like me. Then I had taught at Loyola, a place still with something of that same spirit. But they were ended with the stroke of a pen, and that stroke also brushed aside whatever was left of the spirit. As I left, then, I thought nothing of what I was leaving but only of where I was going.

My first decision to move to the Northumberland Strait shore of New Brunswick was prompted by many happy summers spent here. I also had to remember I was on retirement income with three young children. Living is a lot cheaper in rural New Brunswick than in a Montreal suburb (which I had never much liked, anyway). And I had found just the house.

It's a great, white house of some one hundred and fifty years with four thousand square feet of space, three fireplaces, six bay windows, a sun porch with a stunning view of a small, tidal river bounding a marsh and, beyond that, the waters of the strait. Though it was in a shocking state, anything of that size in Montreal with such a property of lawns and trees would have cost several million. (I got it for something less than that.)

The sunrise over the strait is a magnificent bonus. About a week after I moved in, a television crew parked its truck in my driveway while it photographed the setting as an example of one of the most beautiful sunrises in Canada.

The conversation of my neighbours is less specialized than that of my university colleagues; but it is no less intelligent. Indeed, I am often surprised by their analyses of national and international affairs which reflect more realism and common sense than I was accustomed to among city folk.

Nor am I isolated. The big box stores and supermarkets are barely 20 minutes drive (with no lights or stop signs on the way), and even the specialty shops no more than 40 minutes. The internet keeps me as close to the world as I was in my suburban home. There is also a university within twenty minutes, though I am not much attracted to it, and only rarely visit. It is much like any of today's universities anywhere in Canada, hot in pursuit of status according to standards laid down by the editors of Maclean's Magazine. That is to say it is pretentious, boring and largely irrelevant to any purpose except its own image.

Just days ago, I had a reminder of what I had left when I received a rare communication from Concordia. It was an annual report, the summing up of my department's year. It was five pages long, perhaps some dozen paragraphs. Its words were to designed to assure mankind that everything that was happening in the department was the cutting edge done in whatever style was the flavour of the month. The words publishing and research appeared at least once in every paragraph, often more than once. It was assumed, I guess, that nobody cared about the three words which did not appear, not even once in the whole five pages. Those words were teaching, education and students.

A glance up through the windows of my sun porch brought me back to life and reality - the river with its herons on stilts, the island that stands in the marsh and then the marsh itself to the strait. I was right on that afternoon two years ago as I walked out from my office without looking back. There really had been nothing left to say goodbye to, nothing to miss. I can only regret it took me thirty-five years to learn that.

*G.D.*

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## **N**otes from my wandering summer

*Mair Verthuy*

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My summer was a little confused this year. I kept pursuing the sun and warm, dry weather but, except for a brief passage in Greece (and even there the locals were complaining because in the middle of June the thermometer only reached 28 or 30°C !), I pretty consistently failed to find any of the above! There were, however, very pleasant advantages to the trip.

After a few days in Paris, I metaphorically skipped over to Liverpool to stay with an old school friend. It's a city I've always loved; it grows more beautiful every year. The two cathedrals are magnificent, for instance. This year it's been designated the cultural capital of Europe and received quite large grants from Brussels as a result; it has put them to good use. Among other attractions... A new museum dedicated to the history of slavery has just been opened. Because of the role played by Liverpool in the slave trade of Europe and the Americas, that is the theme retained for the museum as it stands today, but it will be expanded both backward and forward in history, to include slavery in all its forms. This was a very moving and very instructive visit, very popular with the majority of Liverpoolians and their children. School visits are a common sight. I recommend this to all who go to the U.K. in the coming years.

I also went back to Wales, my homeland, where, apart from visiting my family, I fell madly in love with the new Cardiff opera house Another «must» on your travels.

But more than that, I really visited Essex for the first time in my life. A niece lives there; she married an Englishman but we don't hold it against her! I had no idea this region was so beautiful and had such an interesting history. My elder daughter joined me here and, thanks to the nephew in question, we had a fabulous few days, discovering the sights and sounds of the area. Including the still functioning Saxon church you can see below. The church, called St Peter-ad-murum, originally built in the 7th century, sits on the North Sea coast at Bradwell-juxta-mare, near Maldon on the Dengle Peninsula.

The Saxon period in England lasted approximately 600 years, ending in 1066 (and all that!) with the Norman Conquest. Few churches remain from this period, in part at least because they were usually built in wood and were then easily subject to fire. The church shown here, on the Essex coast) is one of the very few ever built in stone and even fewer to survive until today. Parts of it were removed throughout history and other bits, like the floor, restored but we can see here the general plan and simplicity of the Saxon architecture, soon to be replaced by early Gothic. We can also see that the church is tall rather than wide; the long gone tower would have been very high.

Another visit well worth undertaking!!



(That might be me !!)



My daughter and I then went on to Greece for a few days; her elder son joined us there, and the three generations had a most interesting time visiting monuments and museums, going to an opera performance in the amphitheatre behind the Acropolis, eating lots of fresh fish, and walking till we dropped. Things to be seen in Greece are all too well known for me to list them here but I would like to point out -- once again -- in the photo of the Acropolis, that those caryatids are as usual women, still holding up the world, while the men are no doubt enjoying a siesta!



The Acropolis in Athens.

Back to Paris, back to Montreal and more rain. Oh well. Next year, maybe, the sun will shine.

**Où nous trouver ?**

[cuparuc@alcor.concordia.ca](mailto:cuparuc@alcor.concordia.ca)

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Association des retraité-e-s de l'université Concordia, annexe M1, campus Sir George Williams, Université Concordia, 1455 de Maisonneuve ouest, Montréal, Qc., H3G 1M8

Phone no. (514) 848-2424 Local 8755 (please leave message)

Téléphone : 514 848 2424, poste 8755 (prière de laisser un message.)

## Quand le potiron se transforme en soupière !

### Velouté de potiron au safran – pour l'automne

#### Ingrédients

Pour 4 personnes

- \* 1 potiron d'1 kg, voire un peu plus
- \* 1 gros oignon
- \* 1 carotte
- \* 1 gousse d'ail
- \* 3/4 litre de bouillon de poule
- \* Sel, poivre, une cuillerée à thé de gingembre râpé ou alors un en poudre
- \* 100 gr de crème fraîche
- \* Plusieurs filaments de safran
- \* Quelques feuilles de cerfeuil.
- \* 100g.- 125g. de pleurotes

#### Préparation

- \* Evider le potiron après avoir coupé un couvercle sur le haut.
- \* Couper la chair en dés.
- \* Eplucher et couper en rondelles la carotte et l'oignon.
- \* Eplucher et presser l'ail.
- \* Faire blanchir les pleurotes puis les faire sauter dans du beurre.

#### Préparation du velouté

- \* Dans une grande casserole, mettre les dés de potiron, les rondelles de carotte et d'oignon, l'ail pressé.
- \* Rajouter le bouillon
- \* Porter à ébullition et laisser cuire à petits bouillons pendant 40 minutes.
- \* Mixer la préparation, vérifier l'assaisonnement, ajouter la crème fraîche et verser dans le potiron évidé.
- \* Rajouter les champignons.
- \* Décorer avec quelques filaments de safran et un peu de cerfeuil ciselé.

# HISTORICAL WALKING TOURS OF MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY

In the summer, historical walking tours in English and in French are organized at the Mount Royal Cemetery. The last one of the 2008 summer promises to be very interesting. See you there! Saturday, September 27<sup>th</sup> at 2 p.m.

## “Arts and Letters”

This tour is being offered as part of Les Journées de la culture 2008 and will feature famous artists, writers, photographers and musicians. *Comments by English by Helen Meredith, Trustee of Mount Royal Cemetery*

*The tours are free of charge and start at the Cemetery's main entrance.*

*Please call to reserve (514) 279-7358  
1297 chemin de la forêt, Outremont.*

### **l'exécutif / the executive who are we? / qui sommes-nous ?**

Président/President : *Graham Martin*

Vice-President/vice-président : *Howard Fink*

Secrétaire-trésorier/ Secretary-Treasurer : *Colin Waters*

Members at Large/sans fonction déterminée : *John Fiset, Barbara Harding, Peter Paquet, Shirley Robinson, Audrey Williams,*

Membre ex-officio/ ex-officio member : *Mair Verthuy, rédactrice du Bulletin/Newsletter editor.*