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CUPARUC

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

President's message

May I take this opportunity to wish all of you and your families the very best for good health and prosperity in 2009. I hope you all had a great Christmas and Holiday Period in spite of the financial and snow storms that 2008 chose to throw at us!

I am sure we are all stressed by the financial situation but I would just like repeat what I said at the Fall general meeting. Our pension plan is a Defined Benefit plan and the pension you are receiving is fixed by a formula and is independent of the market conditions. I have included elsewhere in the newsletter a copy of the report I gave at that meeting. The operation of the Fund is overseen by the Board's Pension & Benefits committee which meets monthly and on which Howard Fink and Ed Ginocchi represent our interests.

Socially, we had a very successful Holiday/Christmas lunch attended by 55 members who braved one of the worst snowstorms of the year. We were joined by President Judith Woodsworth and Lindsay Chrysler and all who came had a good time. Thanks to Peter Paquet for entertainment, Barbara and Shirley for the Santa Gifts, and for the Senior Administrators who donated Door prizes.

Doreen Hutton has arranged us to attend a showing of "A Tribute to Patsy Cline" in April (see ad elsewhere). While the initial dates required a response by Dec. 15, if you are interested, contact her as soon as possible and maybe she can still get tickets. We are still looking for a Director for our Social and other activities. If interested, please contact me.

May you all have a Happy, Healthy, and Prosperous New Year,

Graham Martin, President

Message du président

Je profite de l'occasion pour vous souhaiter à vous et à vos familles santé et prospérité pour l'année 2009. J'espère que la période des Fêtes vous a été agréable malgré les désagréments causés par les nombreuses chutes à la fois de neige et de nos finances…

Il est évident que la situation financière ne peut que nous inquiéter mais je me permets de répéter ce que j'ai dit à l'assemblée générale à l'automne. Notre régime de retraite est un régime à prestations pré-établies, tout à fait indépendantes des conditions de la Bourse, etc. Vous trouverez ailleurs dans ce Bulletin une copie de mon rapport. Le fonctionnement du Fond de Pension est surveillé par le commission des retraites et bénéfices qui se réunit ue fois par mois. Nous y sommes représentés par Howard Fink et Ed Ginocchi.

Notre déjeuner de Noël a été très réussi, 55 membres qui ont courageusement confronté l'une des pire tempêtes de l'année. Judith Woodsworth et Lindsay Chrysler ont bien voulu se joindre à nous. Tout s'est très bien passé. Nos remerciements à Peter Paquet pour l'ambiance, Barbara et Shirley pour les cadeaux de Noël, aux membres de la Haute Administration à qui nous devons aussi des prix. Doreen Hutton a organisé pour nous une sortie Patsy Cline en avril

Notre association est toujours à la recherche d'une Directrice ou d'un Directeur pour nos activités sociales. Allez, portez-vous volontaire ! Vous n'avez pas nécessairement à tout coordonner ; vous devez être entourés de petits elfes qui accepteraient d'organiser au moins une sortie chacun…

Je vous souhaite à toutes et à tous une Excellente Année.

Graham Martin, Président

Pension Report made to the Fall General Meeting:

Firstly, my apologies for an error in my letter to all retirees. In it I stated that the Pension committee was only dealing with pensions. While this is true for 90-95% of their work, in fact the committee is actually a pension and benefits committee and also looks at all benefits and makes recommendations to the Board of Governors should any changes be needed.

The Pension Plan had its annual meeting on October 6, 2008. I, along probably with several of you, attended. Several points were made which I'll repeat here.

1. Our pension plan is a defined benefit plan. The pension we received is based on a formula and is independent of the fund's or market's performance. The University, and through it presumably the Government, is required to make up any shortfall in funding requirements.

2. The indexing adjustment which increases our pension amount from year to year is also governed by a formula however this formula does contain a component based on market performance so our pensions, while they will not decrease, may not increase by the full cost of living until the market improves.

3. Not withstanding the above, the fund's last actuarial evaluation, based on the University continuing to exist, showed a 20 $million surplus and had assets of over 635 Million. It was receiving new contributions from present employees of 29 $M per year and was paying pensions of 27 $M per year which is a net inflow of funds. Our fund is well diversified and well managed by 8 fund management firms.

4. The trustee for our funds is RBC-Dexia who actually produce the cheques we receive. A question was raised about Dexia in Switzerland, which had apparently just gone bankrupt. We were informed that RBC-Dexia was a Canadian operation independent of Dexia Switzerland and would not be affected in any way. Further we were informed that even if RBC-Dexia went bankrupt, our funds are trust funds, federally regulated, and would not be affected in any way. We would just have to find a new trustee!

So to conclude our pensions will be safe and should ride out the storm (although my hope of improving our indexing is probably no longer possible in the short run).

Graham Martin

Executive/Exécutif
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 : *Maïr Verthuy*, rédactrice du Bulletin/Newsletter Editor

Mr. Marc Gauthier,
Chair, Pension and Benefits Committee of Concordia University

The Concordia Pensioners Association solicited nominees for the position of the Alternate Non-Actives Representative and received four nominations. It has reviewed them and recommends to the Board the following appointments:

For Non-Actives Representative on the Pension and Benefits Committee: **Howard Fink**

Howard was a Faculty Representative on the University Pension and Benefits Committees from 1989, until retirement from the English Department in 1997. After retirement he served as the Alternate Non-Actives' Representative until 2008 when he replaced John Hall as the representative. Howard is currently Vice President of the Concordia Pensioners Association (CUPA). Howard also represents CUPA and is past President of the College and University Retiree Associations of Canada, which is concerned with pensions and other benefits across Canada.

For the Alternate Representative on the Pension and Benefits Committee: **Ed Ginocchi**

Eddy was elected and served as a non-Academic representative on the Pensions and Benefits committee of Concordia from January 2006 to February 2007 when he retired. As well as with Concordia, he has worked with the Canadian Marine Officers Union and has been involved with the management of their benefit package and administration of their pension fund for all their other (non Concordia) members.

We strongly feel these two members will very capably represent the diverse membership of the non-actives community.

Respectfully Submitted,
Graham Martin,
President
Concordia Pensioners Association

How to find us/Pour nous trouver

Email/Courriel:	cuparuc@alcor.concordia.ca
Snail mail/Courrier:	Concordia University Pensioners' Association,/Association des retraité-e-s de l'Université Concordia, annexe MI, campus Sir George Williams, Université Concordia, 1455 de Maisonneuve ouest, Montréal, Qc., H3G 1M8
TPhone no/Téléphone:	(514) 848-2424 ext/poste: 8755 (please leave message/prière de laisser un message.)

Interesting information .....

The lawn that stretches below my study window is the size of four or five building lots in suburban Beaconsfield. Back in the 1920s and 30s, a frequent guest for tennis on that lawn was Harris Harper from the neighbouring village of Port Elgin.

What? You've never heard of Harris Harper?

Well, perhaps you've heard of his son, Joseph? Harris and Joseph were developers of a settlement on the edge of Port Elgin, you know, the one on the road to the old French and then British fort that still stands on the edge of Northumberland Strait.

Oh, I know it doesn't look like much of a settlement, just a few strips of small and very low cost houses along with a few ancient trailers strung on a desolate landscape. Few if them even pretend to have a yard. There's no tree, not even a shrub, to break the starkness of it. But Harris and Joseph saw the money in it. They were among the few in a position to do so. Descendants of English settlers who moved in among the local Acadians about 1790, the Harpers were almost the only substantial people left in a village that had been in decline since the great depression. So Harris and Joseph set up the development on that piece of land that stretches dead flat for miles on every side And they called it Harper Heights.

But even real estate couldn't offer much of a future in a place that people were leaving from more than coming to. So Joseph, shortly after he married Margaret Johnston, decided he would leave, too. That was in the mid 1950s. He decided on Toronto. It was easier for Joseph than for most of the locals go there because he had a pretty marketable skill for the big city. He was an accountant. He got a good job right away, and he and Margaret settled down to begin a family. Later, they moved out West; and Joseph died there in 2003.

The name Joseph Harper still doesn't ring a bell? Well, perhaps you've heard of his eldest son? Stephen. He went into politics.

Maybe it's not surprising that Joseph Harper and Port Elgin didn't ring any bells for you. I mean, Stephen Harper has never talked a whole lot about his family roots in a tiny village in New Brunswick. So far as I can learn, he's never come to Port Elgin to look in on the old family house at the corner of Main and Moore (it's the big, white house with the manse behind it where they sold the land to the United Church), or to check out the lawn where his grandfather played tennis. He's never dropped into Cole's Hardware where Mr. and Mrs. Cole, now in their nineties, could serve him just as they served his father and his grandfather over fifty years ago. Nor is there any record of him showing any interest in the progress of Harper Heights.

In fact, on a recent election trip through New Brunswick, he never bothered to pass through Port Elgin (where the Conservative candidate could have used some help), and never in any speech even mentioned the place.

And isn't that strange?

Think hard, now. Have you ever heard of a politician who did not milk a local connection for all the political gain he could make out of it? Wouldn't you expect this was the perfect chance for him to put on that loose sweater and stroll down Main past the old Harper house and then the whole business district from Cole's Hardware and Cole's Grocery right there with the post office and the takeout, and talk to the cameras about how warm it makes him feel to be among the ordinary, hard-working people of Canada where his roots are?

But not a word, not a flicker of interest. Why is that?

That lack of interest is much reflected in the attitude of Port Elgin to Stephen Harper. Few know of his connection to the village. The older ones who do know of the connection have remarkably little memory of Joseph, except that he always wore a hat and was very opinionated.

Well, a very, very few know something more. But the most I can get out of them is that they don't feel it right to talk about it.

Graeme Decarie

Trente Ans Déjà !!!

L'Institut Simone de Beauvoir fête cette année ses 30 ans. Qui eût cru en 1978 quand elle naissait à peine qu'elle serait encore là trente ans plus tard, d'autant plus que, si l'accouchement lui-même a été raisonnablement facile, sa première année ne s'est pas passé sans heurts…

Son histoire est curieuse. Après l'avoir mis sur pied dans le but d'attirer une nouvelle clientèle à la nouvelle Université Concordia, née de la fusion entre le Collège Loyola et l'Université Sir George Williams, la plupart des membres de la Haute Administration[i] n'ont rien fait pour encourager son progrès, au contraire. Notre budget a presque toujours été honteusement bas ; le personnel a été exploité ; les conditions dans lesquelles tout le monde a travaillé dépassent l'entendement. C'est pourquoi, trente ans plus tard, nous qui avions mis sur pied le premier programme en Études des Femmes au Canada (et peut-être en Amérique du Nord ?) nous nous trouvons encore aujourd'hui sans Maîtrise dans cette discipline, alors que nous avons commencé à la demander en 1981. Nous devrions en être au Doctorat.

Mais nous avons de très belles réussites malgré tout. Le premier colloque pan-canadien bilingue sur les Études des Femmes en 1981, avec conférencières Métisses de l'Ouest et Noires de l'Est. Un an plus tard, un colloque trilingue de dix jours accueillait plus de 300 participant-e-s (surtout des femmes quand même) venues de plus de 80 pays, dont plus de 40% de pays en voie de développement. C'était invraisemblable et la population montréalaise a révélé tut son enthousiasme.

Nous avons eu des Directrices avec de multiples talents différents. Arpi Hamalian, Marianne Ainley, Lillian Robinson, Libby Gardham, Chantal Maillé, sans doute que j'en passe Mais il faut être très fier de tout ce que nous avons accompli, la plupart du temps avec la complicité ou l'aide directe de certains collègues masculins, mais surtout grâce à la majorité du personnel féminin de l'Université

Beaucoup de choses ont changé ; certains de ces changements m'attristent dont en particulier l'amenuisement du français ; il y en a d'autres qui m'enchantent, bien sûr. Alors cette année l'Institut organise de nombreuses activités, auxquelles vous êtes sûrement conviés. Une belle fête, par exemple, en novembre dans un club privé non loin de l'Université, campus Sir George. La Rectrice, ancienne membre de l'Institut, a bien voulu se joindre à nous ; pour montrer que c'est par l'Institut que j'ai pu accomplir tant soit peu pour les femmes, on m'a offert un beau gâteau heureuse combinaison !

Mair Verthuy

Open Letter to Barack Obama
BY ALICE WALKER | TheRoot.com
Nov. 5, 2008

Dear Brother Barack Obama,

You have no idea, really, of how profound this moment is for us. Us being the black people of the Southern United States. You think you know, because you are thoughtful, and you have studied our history. But seeing you deliver the torch so many others before you carried, year after year, decade after decade, century after century, only to be struck down before igniting the flame of justice and of law, is almost more than the heart can bear. And yet, this observation is not intended to burden you, for you are of a different time, and, indeed, because of all the relay runners before you, North America is a different place. It is really only to say: Well done. We knew, through all the generations, that you were with us, in us, the best of the spirit of Africa and of the Americas. Knowing this, that you would actually appear, someday, was part of our strength. Seeing you take your rightful place, based solely on your wisdom, stamina and character, is a balm for the weary warriors of hope, previously only sung about. I would advise you to remember that you did not create the disaster that the world is experiencing, and you alone are not responsible for bringing the world back to balance. A primary responsibility that you do have, however, is to cultivate happiness in your own life. To make a schedule that permits sufficient time of rest and play with your gorgeous wife and lovely daughters. And so on.

One gathers that your family is large. We are used to seeing men in the White House soon become juiceless and as white-haired as the building; we notice their wives and children looking strained and stressed. They soon have smiles so lacking in joy that they remind us of scissors. This is no way to lead. Nor does your family deserve this fate. One way of thinking about all this is: It is so bad now that there is no excuse not to relax. From your happy, relaxed state, you can model real success, which is all that so many people in the world really want. They may buy endless cars and houses and furs and gobble up all the attention and space they can manage, or barely manage, but this is because it is not yet clear to them that success is truly an inside job. That it is within the reach of almost everyone. I would

further advise you not to take on other people's enemies. Most damage that others do to us is out of fear, humiliation and pain. Those feelings occur in all of us, not just in those of us who profess a certain religious or racial devotion. We must learn actually not to have enemies, but only confused adversaries who are ourselves in disguise. It is understood by all that you are commander in chief of the United States and are sworn to protect our beloved country; this we understand, completely. However, as my mother used to say, quoting a Bible with which I often fought, "hate the sin, but love the sinner." There must be no more crushing of whole communities, no more torture, no more dehumanizing as a means of ruling a people's spirit. This has already happened to people of color, poor people, women, children. We see where this leads, where it has led. A good model of how to "work with the enemy" internally is presented by the Dalai Lama, in his endless caretaking of his soul as he confronts the Chinese government that invaded Tibet. Because, finally, it is the soul that must be preserved, if one is to remain a credible leader. All else might be lost; but when the soul dies, the connection to earth, to peoples, to animals, to rivers, to mountain ranges, purple and majestic, also dies. And your smile, with which we watch you do gracious battle with unjust characterizations, distortions and lies, is that expression of healthy self-worth, spirit and soul, that, kept happy and free and relaxed, can find an answering smile in all of us, lighting our way, and brightening the world.
We are the ones we have been waiting for.

In Peace and Joy,
Alice Walker

IN MEMORIAM

It is always sad when we have to publish the list of those who are no longer with us. These are the names that have been transmitted to me. If any are missing, please let us know for the next Newsletter.

And if you wish to write something : a eulogy, a funnystory, sweet memories, about anyone you knew on the list, we would welcome your contribution.

We extend our deepest sympathy to families and friends of these, our former colleagues.

Jean Paul Dufour
Benito Citton
Jean Yelle
Lorna Boucher nm
Marianne Ainley nm
Jocelyn Miron nm
Frances Kenyon (Sep 2)
Dowan Kwon nm
Peyman Gohari-moghadam nm
Ron Westbury
Patricia Morley
Gaston Laurion

OBITUARY

Gaston Laurion

I note with genuine sadness the death in January of Gaston Laurion, a spirited member of Etudes françaises on the Loyola campus for many decades. Gaston was consistently a man of impeccable taste - as fastidious in dress (suits fashioned in London, cravats ordered from Parisian haberdasheries) as he was about language.

No one listening to, or reading, Gaston could fail to appreciate how subtle and stylish his French was. He quite appropriately scolded us for our failure to give the language of the majority its due or to recognize and accept the radical changes that were transforming Quebec.

Gaston was profoundly conservative in outlook but he overcame disdain for the leftishness of the P.Q., to run, quixotically enough, as its standard-bearer in Westmount. As a champion of Quebec independence, Gaston may have harboured guilt-feelings about teaching in an anglophone institution; but he must also have enjoyed watching and listening to all of us as we adjusted to the new Quebec reality he helped to shape.

Geoffrey Adams, History

Hockey Night in Toronto

by Alex Sengbush

What a scandal. Quel scandale!

Carrie Underwood, of American Idol fame, is reportedly dating a Senator from Ottawa. An Ottawa Senator, no less. Thankfully he hangs out at the Ottawa Corel Centre and not on Parliament Hill. How did we get wind of this affair? It seems she was seen in his family's VIP box, and caught on the Jumbotron "Hug Cam".

I must confess that I was caught in a similar situation, but it did not make the news and I will fess-up to it right here and right now.

Well, rumor has it that I was seen at a Leafs game. Yes, moi, I was there. But I have a perfectly good explanation for it and I am going to tell all.

Ah hockey. There are the fans and then there are the others. I'm not getting to into this debate, but will say this: I can see most games on my large screen LCD TV and you can't beat the convenience of being close to your own fridge. There is no line-up for the cold drinks and best of all, they are all pre-paid.

But despite all of that I go to see live games on a regular basis, which for me means once every twenty years, give or take. To date, I've seen three games. This does not make me an expert yet, but then I'm not looking at the short term team standings, but at the social and demographic changes. A snapshot of our social fabric through hockey!

Wow! Leave it to me to find something about hockey that has not been exploited before.

To pick the games I attend is not that easy, I do have certain criteria that must be met. First, a free ticket, second, the seat should not be in the nose-bleed section, but closer to ground level and third, there has to be a wow factor. Something that makes it special, considering that there are over 80 games/team each season, you know what I'm talking about.

Up to now, there was no good reason for me to watch a Leafs game. They have not won the Stanley Cup since the 1966/67 season. But yet, they are so popular, you can't get a ticket for their games. It's not because of the outrageous prices, but they seem to be pre sold to season ticket holders. On top of that, the latest survey shows that the Toronto Maple Leafs is the most valuable team estimated at $430 million with a U.S. team second and the Montreal Canadiens rating third at $340 million – go figure!

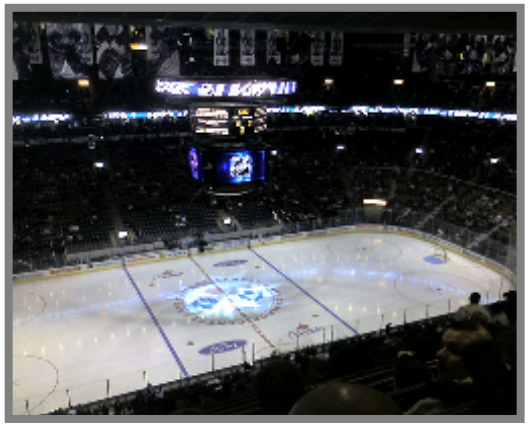
So, why are Torontonians willing to spend big bucks to see the Leafs play. I secured a free ticket in row 10. I'm in.

Yeah – I'll go along, after all it's been ages since I have been to a game. That was back in Montreal, my home town at that time, natch, thanks to free Corporate tickets. I have to admit that I was almost a fan of Les Canadiens, better known as the Habs, winners of 28% of all Stanley cups as of the 2008 season. When I watched them back then, there were only six teams and much easier to follow. It looks like expansion and globalization has taken its toll.

I watched the Habs when Guy Lafleur was still not wearing a helmet, Pete Mahovlich was the most difficult name to pronounce on that team and how about Yvan Cournoyer, Steve Shutt, Bob Gainey, Serge Savard, Guy Lapoint and Larry Robinson with Ken Dryden in the goal and Scotty Bowman as coach, with five Stanley Cups, in the seventies.

We arrive at the Air-Canada Centre (ACC), see below, home of the Toronto Leafs. Inside the ACC, the attendants hand out blow-up noise sticks. Even I got a set, a testament to my youthful looks. I put the pack in my pocket hoping that not too many people in our section would use them. I find out later on that they are instrumental in providing extra padding for the seat, except if you jump up all the time.

The seats were in an excellent section, just ten rows behind the goal. It was so close to the ice you could see the smiles and smirks of the players, thanking you for the contribution to their pension funds. They have millions of reasons to smile with those multi year contracts for multi million dollars and no show of performance, la-di-da! But I did enjoy the game with the free seat valued at about $200 and the feeling that I had just topped off my own pension fund. Life is good.



This being my first game in a long time, I noticed some changes. The multiple TV screens over the middle in the ice rink and the ever present waiters, ready to take your order for drinks and food. They even handed out menus and you could pay by debit or credit card, which they swiped over their portable wireless terminals. You can enjoy a full meal during the game!

How convenient. A small drawback of course is when "he shoots, he scores", people jump up and your meatballs could go airborne. During this game attendants with mops were busy cleaning up in our section. No, not for me, I see no good reason to munch on a Cordon Bleu during the first period.

What else was new? Audience participation! Interaction with the TV cameras allowed for showing of all kinds of people in all kinds of situations, and contests where winners are chosen and actually got a price.

The "best embrace", the "most outrageous outfit", with the announcer urging the audience to stand up, those in even numbered rows to sit down, those in the Red section to sit down etc., you get the picture, last person standing gets a price.

Talking about outfits, it seemed that half the people were dressed in Leaf sweaters. In front of me there was one with Sundin's name, he even had his head shaved like Mat himself. Real fans!

The most memorable thing was during those few quiet times when there was nothing to scream about, you can actually hear the sound of the skates on the ice. That's a sound I had forgotten, the quiet swoosh of the skates slicing down the ice.

Even I got caught up in the excitement of the moment and the Jumbotron "cam" paused on me, I still had my shirt on, was not hugging anyone, no painted face or funny hat – but I appeared for just one fleeting moment on the screen, and the rumor started.

Final score 7 to 4 for the Leafs, unbelievable but true. A rare win and high score. What was that? An exhibition game? The visiting team let the Leafs win? Were they the Tampa Bay Lightning or the Anaheim Ducks, anyone cares?

And then it came to me, the Leafs popularity. It's not the game per se, it's just being there as a spectator and a participant, the letting loose. It's an event! A show as much on the ice as off the ice.

I'll definitely go back to see another game. Marked my calendar already for October 14th, 2028. At that time I'll try not to be the designated driver and order something from the bar.

Cheers! Go Leafs!

The "Famous Five" (Emily Murphy, Henriette Muir Edwards, Louise McKinney, Irene Parlby and Nellie McClung) and the Persons Case

The early 20th Century and the courageous women who challenged the existing status of women are now part of the historic landscape of Canada. In 1927, five women created legal his9tory in women's rights by contesting the notion that legal definitions of person excluded females. If women are not legally persons, then they had no rights.

The women who pursued the petition were journalists, magistrates or politicians. Their legal quests reached the highest level of appeals, the British Privy Council, which ultimately in 1929 pronounced women "persons". It is notable victory for equal rights.

The determination and dedication of these remarkable women is honoured by The Governor General's Awards in Commemoration of the Person's Case. In 1979, on the 50th anniversary of the decree that women were "persons", the Canadian government struck the first medal. It is the only tribute to those who work to promote gender equality and the full participation of women in the economic fabric of the country.

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The Governor General's Awards in Commemoration of the Person's Case, 2008

The five women who were honoured last November for the constant and outstanding contribution to the advancement of women include our own **Mair Verthuy**.

Mair, born in Wales, married to a Frenchman now deceased, mother of two and grandmother of four, has always been interested in politics, particularly as they affect women and in intercultural relations.

Apart from her more "militant" activities, her teaching and research have always been largely devoted to writing by women, mainly in French, both in Canada and across the continents. She specializes in writing by immigrant women. Mair was one of the founders of the Simone de Beauvoir Institute of Concordia University which houses the Women's Studies programme. During her time as Principal, the Institute organized the first bilingual pan-Canadian conference on Women's Studies, including speakers from the Métis nation and the Black community of Nova Scotia.

Two years later "with a little help from her friends", she produced the first genuinely world-wide conference on Research and Teaching Related to Women. The trilingual conference lasted 10 days. There were 350 participants from over 80 countries: women from the "developing" world constituted approximately 40% of those present. That was also a first.

Mair was a member of the official Canadian delegation to the Fourth United Nations World Conference on Women held in Beijing in 1995. Currently Secretary of its Board, she is past President of the MCW and of the Thérèse Casgrain Foundation and is currently a member of the Conseil des Montréalaises.

This year she is (among other activities) editor of our Newsletter.

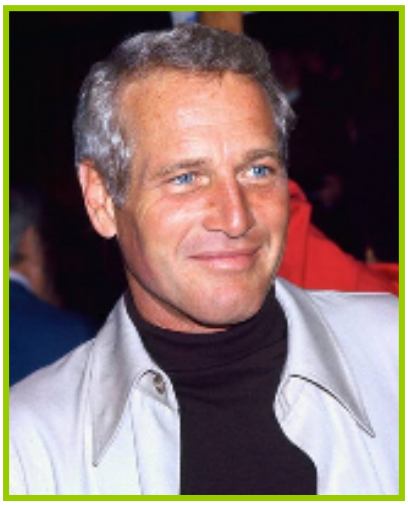
When she finally gets around to it!!!!

A TRUE STORY!

Only women of a certain era will fully appreciate this story. (If you don't understand this, tell your mother, she'll get it!)

A Michigan woman and her family were vacationing in a small New England town where Paul Newman and his family often visited.

One Sunday morning, the woman got up early to take a long walk. After a brisk five-mile hike, she decided to treat herself to a double-dip chocolate ice cream cone.



She hopped in the car, drove to the center of the village and went straight to the combination bakery/ice cream parlor.

There was only one other patron in the store: Paul Newman, sitting at the counter having a doughnut and coffee.

The woman's heart skipped a beat as her eyes made contact with those famous baby-blue eyes.

The actor nodded graciously and the star struck woman smiled demurely.

Pull yourself together! She chides herself. You're a happily married woman with three children, you're forty-five years old, not a teenager!

The clerk filled her order and she took the double-dip chocolate ice cream cone in one hand and her change in the other. Then she went out the door, avoiding even a glance in Paul Newman's direction.

When she reached her car, she realized that she had a handful of change but her other hand was empty.

Where's my ice cream cone? Did I leave it in the store? Back into the shop she went, expecting to see the cone still in the clerk's hand or in a holder on the counter or something! No ice cream cone was in sight…

With that, she happened to look over at Paul Newman.

His face broke into his familiar, warm, friendly grin and he said to the woman,

"You put it in your purse"

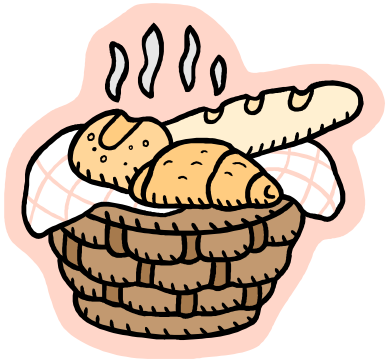
'You put it in your purse.'

Qu'est ce qui mijote?

Filet mignon de porc en croûte de pavot

Ingrédients pour 4 personnes

- 2 filets mignons de porc soigneusement dégraissés
- 8 cuillers à soupe de graines de pavot
- 1 cuiller à soupe de moutarde de Dijon
- 1 petit morceau de gingembre râpé
- 2 cuillers à soupe de jus de citron
- 1 cuiller à café de fleurs d'ail
- sel main & poivre vert du moulin
- huile d'olive



Préparation

Préchauffer le four à 210°C. Huiler légèrement un plat à four et réserver.
Mettre les graines de pavot dans une assiette et réserver.
Bien mélanger la moutarde avec le jus de citron, les fleurs d'ail, le sel, le poivre et le gingembre. Badigeonner la viande avec le mélange.
Passer la viande dans les graines de pavot, en faisant légèrement pression pour faire adhérer les graines.
Disposer les filets mignons dans le plat à four. Enfourner à 410°F pendant 25-30 minutes. Sortir le plat du four et laisser reposer pendant 5 minutes avant de trancher.

Une amie…

MORE TO SEE IN WALES

Church of the Sacred Heart

Last updated: 06 January 2009
This story is taken from the BBC Mid-Wales website.

"During 1941-42 a prisoner of war camp was built at the edge of the village of Henllan to hold 1,000 prisoners of war. Because so many local men had joined the armed forces the prisoners would be a good source of manual labour on the farms of Mid and West Wales. The camp buildings consisted a hospital, theatres, football pitches, tennis courts, a bowling green, kitchens, offices, cells, transport units, storehouses, bathing facilities and 30-35 huts to hold the prisoners. These buildings were all in an inner circle whilst the British soldiers and administrative staff were based in an outer circle, surrounding the inner circle.

During May 1943, more than 1,200 Italians arrived at Henllan - having travelled by boat to Glasgow from where they were captured in Libya and Tunisia. From Glasgow, they then travelled by train through Derby and Gloucester to Henllan. The prisoners had to wear a chocolate or wine coloured uniforms with yellow circles on the back and knees of the uniforms. Many of the prisoners worked inside the prison but many travelled as far as Llanrhystud, Manorbier, Llandeilo and Carmarthen to work on farms. Prisoners that conducted themselves well were then allowed to live on the farms. In the camp, the prisoners organised football teams, sports events as well as an opera company and a swing band. Many of the prisoners may have been pleased to be captured because of their antipathy to the warmongering policies of Mussolini, and Fascism in general.

First impression

There were three types of prisoner. Fascists - insurgents who were willing to create permanent havoc. These were moved to specialist camps. The second group of prisoners were those that worked with the British authorities according to The Geneva convention. The third group of prisoners were those willing to work I factories to create arms and explosives for the Allied war effort.

But there was a spiritual gap in the prisoners' lives, and at their request, one empty hut was set aside for them to create a Catholic church - but without any assistance from the British authorities. One of the prisoners, 21-year-old Mario Ferlito was asked to paint a fresco above the altar and murals on the beams that spanned the roof. The altar and rail were made from concrete and wood, the pulpit from Red Cross boxes and a lectern to hold the bible from old boxes. But the greatest achievements were the creation of the pillars and candlesticks, which were made from tins of bully beef and cocoa. The paint for the murals and fresco was made from fruit and vegetables, tea leaves mixed with a paste made from fish bones and pickling fluid.

Most of the resources were smuggled into the camp, and hidden in hair, boots and other hiding places! Incredibly, the colours are still vibrant to this day, and the chapel is an attraction to former POW's, and other visitors. Mario Furlito is now 86-years-old and lives with his wife in Ornavasso, on the banks of Lake Maggiore in Northern Italy. At the request of pupils of Ysgol Y Ferwig , Mario Furlito returned to Henllan for the first time since the war in 1977 to see his work once again. When he walked into the church he told me:"Through the rainbow of my tears, I see the days of my youth opening in front of me like the pages of a book."

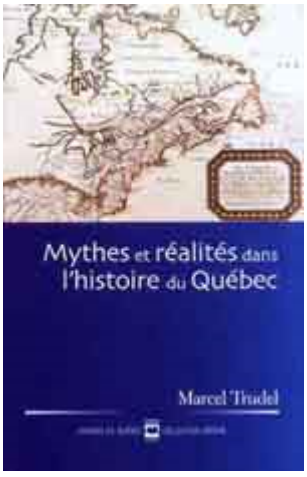
The Church of The Sacred Heart is the only religious building of its type that is still standing on mainland Britain. Another church -The Church of The Barriers - still stands on an island in northern Scotland.
In 2007, I published a book recounting the history of the The Church of The Sacred Heart and Mario Furlito, called Y Llinyn Arian (The Silver Thread)."

Article written by Jon Meirion Jones
And borrowed by Mair

Once Inside

LIVRES

Mythes et réalités dans l'histoire du Québec
(vols. 1 et 2)
Marcel Trudel
Ed. Bibliothèque québécoise



Historien très respecté dont l'œuvre fait autorité, Marcel Trudel a souvent cherché au cours de sa longue carrière à débarrasser l'histoire de la Nouvelle-France des légendes patriotiques et dévotes qui l'ont embellie faussement.

En raison de facteurs historiques qui tiennent à notre statut de peuple minoritaire constamment menacé en Amérique, nos premiers historiens et bien d'autres après eux ont écrit, de bonne foi, une Histoire marquée d'un sentiment patriotique exacerbé. Ils ont voulu célébrer la grandeur de notre passé en racontant surtout ce qui s'était produit chez nous de plus exaltant. Sous leur plume, le moindre fait d'armes prend souvent l'ampleur d'une épopée. Dans ces deux ouvrages, Marcel Trudel scrute leurs écrits avec rigueur et s'attache à départager les récits qui relèvent du mythe de ceux qui sont fidèles à la réalité historique. En voici deux exemples parmi bien d'autres.

1) Revendications territoriales des Mohawks
Les ancêtres des Mohawks d'aujourd'hui étaient des tribus de la famille iroquoiienne qui vivaient dans la vallée de l'Hudson (maintenant l'Etat de New York) et ne sont arrivés en Nouvelle-France qu'après les colons francais. Trudel démontre que ni l'histoire ni l'archéologie n'ont trouvé trace d'une quelconque occupation mohawke antérieure à celle des Français. Les Mohawks n'ont donc jamais eu de droits « ancestraux » sur les territoires qu'ils revendiquent.

2) Lord Durham : « Un peuple sans histoire et sans littérature ».
Trudel explique pourquoi Lord Durham avait raison. Des générations de Québécois ont préféré s'indigner haut et fort plutôt que de chercher à comprendre ce qui avait amené cet homme qui connaissait bien le passé dramatique des Canadiens à porter un jugement aussi sévère. Le rapport Durham ayant été écrit en 1839, à la suite de la rébellion de 1837-1838, il faut se reporter au contexte de l'époque pour pouvoir l'analyser sans passion. Si ce jugement blesse notre fierté nationale, conclut l'auteur, il n'en était pas moins fondé, compte tenu du contexte historique et social de 1839.

L'Histoire moins héroïque, mais plus vraie, que Trudel nous fait découvrir ne ressemble guère à celle que les religieuses m'avaient enseignée !

Chagrin d'école

Daniel Pennac
Ed. Gallimard

Avant d'être un romancier connu et acclamé, Daniel Pennac a d'abord enseigné dans un lycée de la banlieue parisienne pendant de nombreuses années, et avant d'être prof, lorsqu'il était écolier, c'était un cancre. Pour l'avoir vécu lui-même et observé chez des dizaines de jeunes pendant vingt ans, Pennac connaît bien ce sentiment d'impuissance, de rejet et d'humiliation - celle de ne pas comprendre. C'est ce qu'il décrit dans ce livre, un « chagrin d'école ». Tout à l'opposé de la complaisance avec laquelle certaines personnes aiment à se vanter d'avoir été des cancres, l'auteur montre la souffrance de ces adolescents stigmatisés par leurs multiples échecs et persuadés qu'ils ne pourront jamais rien apprendre. « J'ai toujours eu zéro ! ». « Je suis trop bête, je n'y arriverai jamais ! » « De toute facon, j'aurai toujours zéro ! »

Dans leur malheur, ces cancres ont eu la bonne fortune d'avoir pour prof l'excellent pédagogue qu'était Daniel Pennac. Celui-ci aimait ces jeunes et les savait « récupérables », du moins pour un grand nombre d'entre eux. L'auteur raconte comment, avec une infinie patience, il s'appliquait à leur redonner confiance, à changer l'image négative qu'ils avaient d'eux-mêmes. Pour que ses élèves aient une chance d'y parvenir, il fallait avant tout les aider à apprivoiser l'effort ; puis, de petite victoire en petite victoire, ils éprouvaient, enfin !, la joie de comprendre. Il s'agissait d'aller chercher ces enfants « abandonnés par eux-mêmes », écrit-il, pour les élever à la hauteur de ce qu'ils

pouvaient être. Entre autres moyens, par les sentiers de la langue francaise—ce que Pennac explique dans des pages particulièrement réjouissantes.

Un livre stimulant, donc, et réconfortant, car il nous fait voir qu'il ne faut désespérer de rien.

Ensemble, c'est tout

Anna Gavalda
Ed. Le Dilettante

Je ne lis presque jamais de best-sellers, non par principe, mais par indifférence. Je n'ai aucun intérêt pour les grands succès populaires, comme si, à mes yeux, ce n'était pas de la « vraie » littérature. Un brin d'élitisme ? Peut-être. Heureusement, sur la recommandation d'une amie, j'ai fait taire mes préjugés (une

(une fois n'est pas coutume !) pour lire *Ensemble, c'est tout*, et je ne l'ai pas regretté.

Dans ce roman, Anna Gavalda raconte l'histoire de quatre personnages malmenés par la vie, un peu perdus, et qui se débattent dans leur solitude chacun à sa facon. Il y a Camille, une jeune artiste au talent fou qui doit faire des ménages pour gagner sa vie, Philibert, un aristocrate cultivé et sans le sou, qui vend des souvenirs dans un musée, Frank, un jeune cuisinier amateur de motos que Philibert a hébergé dans son grand appartement délabré, et Paulette, la grand-mère de Frank, seule et malade, qui ne vit que pour les visites de son petit-fils. Ces quatre-là n'étaient pas faits pour se rencontrer, mais les hasards mystérieux de la vie font qu'ils se rencontrent un jour.

Ils vont tisser des liens d'amitié et d'affection indéfectibles, soigner ensemble leur mal de vivre, et s'entraider pour surmonter la grisaille de leur difficile quotidien. Ils finiront même par entrevoir que le bonheur est possible. L'auteur nous fait découvrir des personnages vrais, attachants par leur humanité, leur tendresse, leur sincérité, et cela sans jamais tomber dans la mièvrerie des romans à l'eau de rose.

Anna Gavalda sait raconter une histoire. Elle a un style bien à elle et un langage juste et naturel qui colle bien à la réalité de ses personnages. Un roman qui se lit avec plaisir, et qui nous réconcilie un peu avec la nature humaine.

Nous sommes tous et toutes heureux de retrouver Bérengère Gaudet. Un vrai plaisir !

☆

STROKE: Remember the 1st Three Letters....S.T.R.

A neurologist says that if he can get to a stroke victim within 3 hours he can totally reverse the effects of a stroke...totally. He said the trick was getting a stroke recognized, diagnosed, and then getting the patient medically cared for within 3 hours, which is tough.

RECOGNIZING A STROKE
Read and Learn!

Sometimes symptoms of a stroke are difficult to identify. Unfortunately, the lack of awareness spells disaster. The stroke victim may suffer severe brain damage when people nearby fail to recognize the symptoms of a stroke.

Now doctors say a bystander can recognize a stroke by asking three simple questions:

S *Ask the individual to SMILE.
T *Ask the person to TALK and SPEAK A SIMPLE SENTENCE (Coherently) (i.e. It is sunny out today)
R *Ask him or her to RAISE BOTH ARMS.

If he or she has trouble with ANY ONE of these tasks, call emergency number immediatelyand describe the symptoms to the dispatcher.

New Sign of a Stroke -------- Stick out Your Tongue
NOTE : Another 'sign' of a stroke is this: Ask the person to 'stick' out his tongue.. If the tongue is 'crooked', if it goes to one side or the other, that is also an indication of a stroke.

Thank you, Graham

Editorial

Dear Friends,

This, I think, is going to be my final editorial. You will have noticed that this issue of the Newsletter is being produced much later than it should have been. It wasn't just a trick to stimulate your appetite (When, oh When will that fascinating newsletter finally appear?); it was and is late because I undertook too many commitments. I apologize for the delay and hope you will understand the reasons.
So there's a job opening at Concordia and in the middle of a recession! What more could you ask for? Unfortunately the emoluments are so small as to be invisible

BUT you have a lot of fun on the job, great company on the Executive and you keep in touch with former friends and colleagues, if only because you are screaming at them for copy.
I would like to thank all those who have worked with me during my term; the list is long; just re-read the old numbers and you'll see their names. Let me say too how lucky we are to have such a good Executive.
International Women's Day and Purim have come and gone; just remember that the U.N. has declared October as Women's Month. More celebrations to come then, as well as Easter, Passover, Midsummer, Ramadan a little later; this list too is long.

Enjoy your read!

Éditorial

Amies/Amis,

Je crois que vous lisez mon dernier éditorial. Vous aurez remarqué, j'espère, que ce numéro s'est fait attendre, et pas uniquement pour aiguiser votre appétit. On sait que vous l'attendez avec impatience! Malheureusement, j'ai entrepris trop de choses; toutes mes activités en ont souffert d'ailleurs. Je vous présente mes excuses et espère que vous ne m'en voudrez pas trop. Alors, vous voyez, en plaine récession un nouveau poste s'ouvre à Concordia. N'est-ce pas merveilleux ? Hélas, comme il est écrit en anglais, la rémunération est plutôt de l'ordre symbolique. Mais on s'amuse bien, l'Exécutif est sympa et on garde le contact avec d'ancien-ne-s ami-e-s et collègues.
Je remercie ici toutes les personnes qui m'ont prêté leur aide et leurs conseils, qui ont apporté leurs contributions, durant cette période. La liste est trop longue pour que je les nomme; vous trouverez leurs noms à travers les pages des différents Bulletins. Et apprécions tous et toutes notre excellent Exécutif. Purim, La Journée international des femmes, Le Nouvel An perse viennent d'avoir lieu. D'autres Fêtes s'en viennent : Pâque, Pâques, la Saint-Jean, Ramadan, j'en passe. Mais n'oublions pas que l'ONU a fait d'octobre le MOIS des femmes. Pensez-y !

Bonne lecture,
Maïr

New members since October 30th 2008

- P.J. Arnopoulos
- Vincent Callende
- Lillian Rubinlicht
- Pascal Normand Truchon
- Eddy Ginocchi
- Maria Maradiso
- Kali Sakell
- Elizabeth Chau