

## What's Happening

October, 2007

### Recent Outings:

**Hamilton Harbour Cruise:** July 25, 2007

**Cirque Niagara:** August 22, 2007

**Shaw Festival: *Saint Joan*:** September 25, 2007 (Review on page 4)

**Muskoka Colour Tour:** October 10, 2007

### Future Outings:

**St. Jacob's Country Playhouse:** December 5, 2007

## Feature Recipe

### Strawberry Angel Food

#### Ingredients

2 - 3oz. pkg. strawberry Jello

2 Tbsp sugar

pinch of salt

1 cup strawberries

½ 10" angel food cake - torn in pieces

1 small tub Cool-Whip

#### Directions

- 1) Dissolve gelatin in 2½ cups boiling water
- 2) Stir in strawberries, sugar and salt
- 3) Cool until it starts to thicken
- 4) Fold in whipped topping
- 5) Layer pan with ½ cake followed by ½ the strawberry mixture
- 6) repeat with remaining cake and mixture
- 7) Refrigerate 4 to 5 hours until fully jelled.
- 8) Garnish with more whipped topping and strawberries
- 9) Cut into squares or spoon.

#### Notes:

- Left over cake or jelly roll may be substituted for angel food cake
- Strawberries may be substituted with peaches(peach Jello), raspberries(raspberry Jello), blueberries(wildberry Jello) or blackberries

### Red Pepper Jelly Cheese-cake

#### Ingredients

1 8 oz. (250 g) package cream cheese

2 eggs

3 cloves of garlic

½ cup sharp cheddar cheese

4 oz. Red pepper jelly

#### Directions

- 1) Blend first four ingredients until smooth and creamy
- 2) Add red pepper jelly and mix until blended
- 3) Bake in dish at 350°F for 35 minutes
- 4) Let stand for about 10 minutes
- 5) Garnish with a thin layer of red pepper jelly and grated sharp cheddar on top
- 6) Serve as a dip with crackers, etc.

~

Experience is what you got by not having it when you needed it.

-Anonymous

An educational system isn't worth a great deal if it teaches young people how to make a living but doesn't teach them how to make a life.

-Anonymous

Education is what survives when what has been learned has been forgotten

-B. F. Skinner

You know you're getting old when the candles cost more than the cake.

-Bob Hope

## Let's Do Lunch

By Brian Welsh

In the last newsletter I thanked Norm Marshall for telling Mary and me about **Angels Deli** in Waterdown; he also told us of another deli in Cambridge -- **Fifty's**. In July we were making a "wine run" to Magnotta wine store in Cambridge and decided to have lunch at **Fifty's** which is located at the north-west corner of Hespeler Road (hwy 24) and Bishop St (426 Hespeler.) Magnotta is located on Bishop St, just west of Hespeler Road. The restaurant is fairly large, much like Angels in size and décor. When we arrived there shortly after noon on a Wednesday, we had to wait about 5 minutes for a table. When we were seated service was swift and friendly. I chose a pint of Coors Light and Mary a half. (They only had light beer on tap). Mary ordered an omelet and I the super smoked meat sandwich which really proved to be two sandwiches, each piled high with about 3 ins (75 mm) of smoked meat, served with fries, coleslaw and a dill pickle – all for 10 bucks. I should have eaten one sandwich and asked for the second to be "doggy bagged" but I was a glutton and didn't. Everything about **Fifty's** is top notch: service, quality and particularly the prices. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$33.

In July, we ran across retiree George Koblyk who was volunteering at the Hamilton Conservation Authority's Dundas Trail Centre. He mentioned that HCA has a restaurant, **The Landing**, at their Fifty Point Conservation Area, 1479 Baseline Road, Winona. A few days later Mary and I decided to visit it. After several attempts we finally found it – the signage could be much better. Although there is a \$10.00 entrance fee, if you tell the attendant that you are lunching or dining, you will be given a receipt and a slip which will result in refund when you pay your check at the restaurant. **The Landing** is located in the Marina area. It is nicely furnished with both inside and outside dining. Mary had Corona and spaghetti with meat balls and I a Rickard's Red and Philly "cheesesteak" sandwich. Both entrées

were more than acceptable. Apart from rather slow service it was a very pleasant lunch. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$40.00.

We made our annual pilgrimage to Port Dover this summer to have lunch and pick blueberries. We lunched at **David's Restaurant & Lounge**, 168 New Lakeshore Road, Port Dover. This is an upscale "white tablecloth" establishment located on a spacious well groomed garden overlooking Lake Erie. We both ordered a glass of wine, Mary a *Baco Noir* and I a Shiraz. We then both chose the *soup du jour* to be followed by the Beef and Pork Burger. The soup, carrot with coconut milk, was good, but the burgers were over cooked and dried out. The caramelized onion topping was overly sweet. We also felt the service was too informal for such pretentious eatery. Lunch with wine, tax and tip was \$80. Next year we will have hot dogs and Golden Glo at the Arbour.

All you can eat buffets are generally East Indian or Chinese-Canadian and occasionally Japanese. **Thai Memory** at 25 King William St just east of James St N is the first Thai restaurant that we have encountered that offers such a buffet. It is attractively decorated and has pleasant wait staff. We both started with a *Sing-Ha*, Thai beer. There were a fair number of dishes on the buffet – all very good with a nice degree of spiciness. The buffet area is rather constricted but the plates were full sized dinner plates rather than the smaller luncheon plates used at most buffets. For those fond of Thai food the **Thai Memory** luncheon buffet is well worth a visit. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$40.

### MALE VOICES INVITED

**T**uneful men are invited to join the Hamilton Men Teachers' Choir this fall. We rehearse and sing on Wednesday evenings, 7-9 pm, from September to late May. A fun group of guys who entertain in the places where you will wind up – get a chance to check out the retirement residences of the area! No audition. Heck, they took me! Contact Jack Freiburger, 905.388.9837

**Retirees Association of Mohawk College Newsletter**Website: [www.mcretirees.com](http://www.mcretirees.com)

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and regret it later). All of the great comedians of the twentieth century got laughs without resorting to the "cheap trick" of using obscenities. Comedians like George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Hope, Groucho Marx, Red Skelton, Jimmy Durante, Lou Abbot and Bud Costello, Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, and my personal favorite, Jack Benny. Chris Rock is a talented guy, and he'd be a lot funnier if he'd clean up his act. But I digress.

I mentioned *Newhart* because it first spawned a notion inside me that, perhaps, when I retired, I would buy a lodge up north (or somewhere) and take in lodgers. I like to cook and putter around. It would be a bit of extra income that would be most welcome. However, reality has won out, so far. A successful

lodge, inn or Bed and Breakfast has to meet many conditions, location being one of the more important. Also, if you're going to be successful, you have to do it right - not piece-meal as I tend to do things. It also helps if you're gregarious and out-going - I'm not. And there's a lot of housework to be done, certainly not my favorite activity. All in all, the odds are against my ever becoming an innkeeper of any sort. Of course, the biggest stumbling block I've not even given much thought to: start-up cash.

So far, it's only been a possible dream - not a burning inner desire. I don't know what would happen, however, if I should ever stumble across the perfect property in the perfect location.

All of this is but preamble to my real topic. Last August, my wife, Sharon, and I took a little trip to Midland, Ontario. If traffic cooperates, it's about a two and a half hour drive from home. Otherwise, it's three to four hours. Let me say up front that my wife did all of the arranging (and most of the financing), and it was a wonderful way to celebrate our forty-first wedding anniversary. She booked us into a Bed and Breakfast in Vasey, Ontario, about ten minutes south of Midland.

I have mixed emotions about Bed and Breakfasts. There are, perhaps three reasons why

Continued on page 7 ...

**Spinning The Web**

By Fred Oldfield

**B and B**

One of my favorite shows of the 1980's was *Newhart* starring Bob Newhart, of course, as a New England inn keeper who also writes "How To" books although he actually doesn't know how to do anything. Along for the ride were the inept handyman played by Tom Poston, the restaurateur played by Peter Scolari, the "rich bitch" maid played by Julia Duffy and Larry and his two brothers each named "Darryl".

I've been a fan of Bob Newhart ever since I first heard bits from his first album, *The Button-down Mind of Bob Newhart*. In fact, as a teenager, I learned one or two of his routines and performed them, although only for family. I also wrote (now long lost and forgotten) a couple of my own routines based on his type of comedy. It's been said that he and Bill Cosby are the only current stand-up comedians who can be funny without using profanity. I would like to hope that there are more creative people out there than that. Any moron can get a laugh from using vulgarities (although there is nothing funny about it, human nature being what it is, we still laugh -

## Reviews

### Shaw Festival: *St. Joan*

On September 25th, a bus trip to Betty's Restaurant and the Festival Theatre at the Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake took place. The bus was almost full with Mohawk College retirees and some of their family members and friends.

Betty's Restaurant was the first stop for a choice of roast beef, chicken or fish and chips. There were a selection of pies available.

A ride along the Niagara River, treated us to the Falls itself, the Floral Clock and Brock's Monument. Arriving at the theatre, we had only 15 minutes to take our seats located in the mid-orchestra.

The play, *St. Joan*, gave the audience a view of Catholicism, early Protestantism and nationalism along with ideas of predestination.

*St. Joan* lived and died by fire in the medieval period. Any laughter that was significant was directed at the English. Remember, Shaw was Irish. For my generation, you were taught not to speak about religion or politics.

This play was totally about the relationship between the church and the political forces of the time. The audience was spared from not having to see Joan die. There was a bright orange flickering light from off-stage when what now would be called state murder took place. The verbal description of Joan's passing was enough to remind the audience why, at least in this country, the state does not put people to death.

The play was well staged well acted and well directed. Costuming was very rich in both colour and texture. For the audience, there could have been a confusion about the historical time period because in some scenes World War I guns and uniforms were used.

War has become more deadly over time; but the true mark of a saint is whether her message still stands the test of time.

The issue of politics and religion will not go away. So *St. Joan* still has something to say to all of us.

- R. McDonald

## A Letter From the United Way



**United Way** Retiree Cabinet Co-Chairs  
Bob Thompson, and Cecelia Carter-Smith with  
Dan McLean, Hamilton Campaign Chair

**Retired or retiring?** Please continue your commitment to the community through United Way.

Due to the increasing number of people retiring or taking early retirement packages, a record number are leaving the workforce. Compounding this is the effect of technology and downsizing. The result: a huge impact on the United Way's Payroll Deduction, a program that involves over 100,000 employees in the workplace.

133 community programs and 64 agencies believe every dollar counts. Please help us celebrate United Way's 80<sup>th</sup> anniversary year by continuing or renewing your pledge. Remember your donations are tax deductible.

#### **Burlington**

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Deadline for the next issue: January 17, 2008.  
Submissions should be addressed to  
Editor@fodoweb.ca

# Aren't You Glad You're Retired?

Actual student answers - contributed by Joe Hibbert

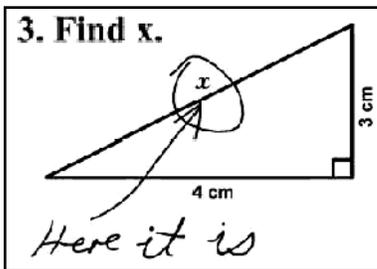
## CHECKING IN (Answer on your own and hand in to your instructor)

The water of the earth's oceans stores lots of heat. An engineer designed an ocean liner that would extract heat from the ocean's waters at  $T_h = 10^\circ\text{C}$  (283 K) and reject heat to the atmosphere at  $T_l = 20^\circ\text{C}$  (293 K). He thought he had a good idea, but his boss fired him. Explain.

Because he slept with his boss' wife.

Text:

Because he slept with his boss' wife.

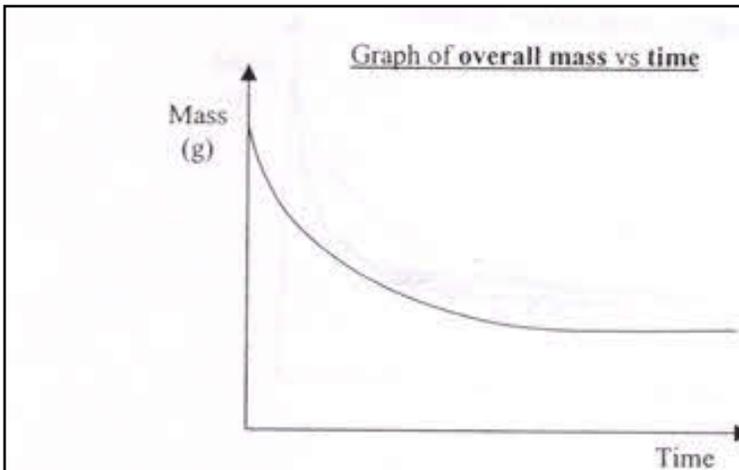


2. A 3-kg object is released from rest at a height of 5m on a curved frictionless ramp. At the foot of the ramp is a spring of force constant  $k = 100 \text{ N/m}$ . The object slides down the ramp and into the spring, compressing it a distance  $x$  before coming to rest.

10 (a) Find  $x$ .  
5 (b) Does the object continue to move after it comes to rest? If yes, how high will it go up the slope before it comes to rest?

Text:  
No, there is an elephant in the way.

$U = 3(9.81)(5) = 147.15$   
 $U_s = \frac{1}{2}(100)x^2 = 50x^2 \dots?$   
 No, there is an elephant in the way.



1. Explain the shape of the graph.

Its curvy, with a higher bit at the end and a rather aesthetically pleasing slope downwards towards a pretty flat strait bit. The actual graph itself consists of 2 strait lines meeting at the lower left hand corner of the graph and moving away at a  $90^\circ$  angle. Each line has an arrow head on the end.

Text:

Its curvy with a higher bit at the end and a rather aesthetically pleasing slope downwards toward a pretty flat strait[sic] bit. The actual graph itself consists of 2 strait[sic] lines meeting at the lower left hand corner of the graph and moving away at a  $90^\circ$  angle. Each line has an arrow head on the end.

## Tales of a Gentleman Farmer

By Geoff Brooker

### How We Became Farmers

We weren't always farmers, but we did always love country places. Our first chickens actually came from the city, well actually a town, Ancaster. Lynda, my better half, really wanted fresh eggs. Not just recent purchases from the supermarket or even from the local farmers' market but eggs straight from the chicken; sort of, hot off the perch. By some fluke, Ancaster had been zoned agricultural as no one had bothered to change the designation. "Even though we lived in the suburbs", my wife announced, "it's still OK to have chickens". Consequently with she and my English father colluding, I came home from work one day to find boxes of large, white chickens on the back deck. By noon the next day, Dad and I had finished constructing a nifty hen house, complete with coup and sliding hatch which could be controlled remotely by an ingenious system of ropes, and the chickens were enjoying my back lawn.

Now roosters don't always crow exclusively at dawn, but our eight pound heavy weight performed his duty early the next morning, Sunday, and the neighborhood was changed forever. As I peaked quietly from behind closed curtains I viewed neighbors peering curiously through closed windows. With the second crowing many were ambling outside and, as if governed by some inner knowledge, appeared to be sniffing the air in search of their quarry. I decided to "come clean" and explained the whole thing and I was delighted to find responses almost totally positive. "I haven't heard that since I was a girl and they make less noise and smell better than the hounds penned up next door."

The neighborhood settled down and it wasn't many days when a loud cackling announced the birth of our labours: a very large brown egg. Later, when we became chicken sophisticates, we learned that the meat breed

that we had obtained, white rocks, were not the best choice for egg laying, but in our blind innocence we were happy. Dad, a survivor of the blitz in London, where it seemed there was a chicken in every backyard, was a font of knowledge.

Our four children and of course, my wife, were swept up with enthusiasm and I, the "head" of the household went along with it as usual, a harbinger of my future adventures.

I only put my foot down and "drew the line" when Lynda announced that she wanted farm fresh milk. The line that I "drew" was on a map, more of a circle actually, which earmarked the farthest I was prepared to drive to work from the farm that we were fated to buy. Once again Lynda and Dad set to work and before many weeks had passed, a place had been found and it was only slightly outside my line - I guess they knew I really meant business.

My first look at our dream farm took place in the middle of winter. The house was an old converted, actually mutilated, school house which had been painted white. It went very nicely with the rusting silver-painted roof. I could also see a low leaning, wooden structure about seventy-five feet to the rear of the house that was, I supposed, the barn.

Nevertheless, with my wife loving it and seeing its potential and Dad a retired builder, saying it was structurally sound, we were moving ahead. The first of our non structural problems arose when I innocently knocked on the door one spring day and discovered that the tenants, who had a year-long lease, knew nothing of the sale and had no plans to move. I now owned two houses — or rather two mortgaged units, and moving day was some time in the future.

The tenants and the owner had not been on the best of terms and that was one of the reasons for the good price. The good price was the reason why we had placed no conditions on the purchase. There were worrying days ahead but good luck aided by honest talk and kindly responses from good people, meant our dual ownership was not to last too long. We would be able to move before the start of the school year and would have access to the old

place for many weekends allowing us time to do much needed repair work.

This "repair work" is something that still goes on to this day and our faithful masonry contractor neighbor now refers to the Brooker place as the "old money pit".

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**B & B**

(...continued from page 3)

time, B&B's were significantly less expensive.

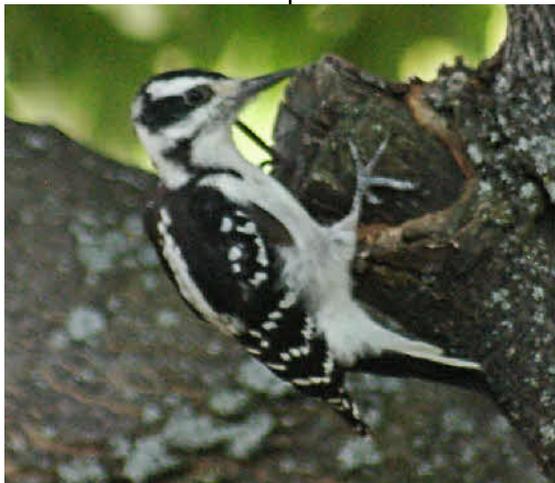
This seems to be less true as time goes by. Some people choose B&B's because they like to meet new people and see how other people live. I certainly don't fall into that category and my wife only partly falls into it. The third reason, I suppose, is the "breakfast" part. At best, any breakfast you get "free" at a motel/hotel is adequate but nothing special. If you really want to be treated to a great home-made breakfast and have your every need attended to, try a B&B. In particular, try Bluebird Meadows Bed and Breakfast.

Donna, our hostess, told us that she has only been in operation for about three years. We were impressed. Not only does her facility have the look and feel of something much more established, but Bluebird Meadows is already at or near the top of many "Best B&B Lists". Our room, the Burgandy room, was originally the master bedroom of the house. Donna and her husband closed off the entrance, added a small foyer, and converted a double-car garage to complete the most unique B&B set up I've seen. (And I've seen a lot - well, actually at least one other close up.) The second room, the Bronze room, and the common room were created out of the garage. Each room has its own bathroom. Our bed-

room came with a massive king-sized bed which dominated the room. The common area has a large dining table that will comfortably seat six, eight in a pinch. There's a small kitchenette with a bar fridge, microwave, and sink. She provides an electric kettle and a wide assortment of instant drinks including coffee, an abundance of different teas, cocoa and hot apple. Then there's the sitting area comprised of a sofa and two chairs. There are no TV's in the rooms (at least not in the Burgandy room) but there is one complete with satellite hookup in the common area.

As impressive as the interior is, the exterior really shines. On the north side of the house there is a deck running the entire length. In the northwest corner, there is a hot tub with (I believe my wife called it) a pergola overgrown with Virginia creeper that is only three years old. There are several bird feeders and houses around the yard. Our early mornings were spent outside watching a half dozen or more hummingbirds cavorting, at least an equal number of yellow finches, a woodpecker or two and an assortment of other birds busying themselves around the feeders. We were visited by chipmunks, squirrels and a rabbit to complete our viewing pleasure. The front yard has additional seating areas and more feeders. Although we did not have the opportunity to explore it this year, Donna tells us that she has a walking trail back amongst their forty-odd acres of land.

We were most pleased with the physical amenities. In case you haven't already pictured it, the B&B area is separated from the rest of the house. Donna uses an adjoining door (that originally led from the house to the garage) to bring us food and remove empty plates, etc. Thus, the



family retains some of their privacy. As guests, we feel like part of the family, yet free to come and go as we please without interfering. Except for those people who want a more intimate contact with their hosts, this is the perfect setup.

But it is the breakfasts that make this special place really awesome. Our first morning started off with coffee and cranberry juice, followed by yogurt and fruit. Then we



were treated to a quiche with a whole-wheat tortilla instead of pastry and sausage. Next, we savored a croissant with peach jam. To sum up the meal, Donna served individual servings of apple crisp. The next morning was equally impressive. Coffee and orange juice followed by a blueberry and whole wheat muffin. Then a zucchini and onion quiche in flaky pastry with back bacon. The meal was completed with delicious banana pancakes with locally produced light maple syrup. All in all, two magnificent feasts professionally and artistically presented.

We thoroughly enjoyed our stay and would recommend the Bluebird Meadows Bed and Breakfast ([www.bluebirdmeadowsbandb.com](http://www.bluebirdmeadowsbandb.com)) without reservation. If ever I decided to take the plunge and set up a B&B or something more elaborate, I have an excellent example to follow and extremely high standards to live up to.

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### More Important Lessons

#### 4 - Fourth Important Lesson. - The obstacle in Our Path.

In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the

huge rock. Some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the King for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the stone out of the way.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded.

After the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the King indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway.

The peasant learned what many of us never understand! Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.

#### 5 - Fifth Important Lesson - Giving When it Counts...

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare & serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness..

The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes I'll do it if it will save her."

As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away".

Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.