

RECENT OUTINGS:

Le Chinois-Chinese New Year: Feb.7, 2008- Review on page 6
Kiss The Blarney Stone: Mar. 17, 2008- cancelled for lack of interest
Buble and Bocelli Tribute: April 9, 2008-Carmens

FUTURE OUTINGS:

Shaw- Wonderful town -May 15, 2008
Annual Meeting- Liuna Station -June 11, 2008
Mousetrap- Penetanguishene- July 10, 2008 (See page 3 for more information)
Grand River Boat Cruise -Aug. 18, 2008

FEATURE RECIPE

**IRISH SODA BREAD
WITH RAISINS**

- Nonstick vegetable oil spray
- 2 cups all purpose flour
- 5 tablespoons sugar, divided
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 teaspoon baking soda
- 3 tablespoons butter, chilled, cut into cubes
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 2/3 cup raisins

Preheat oven to 375°F. Spray 8-inch-diameter cake pan with nonstick spray. Whisk flour, 4 tablespoons sugar, baking powder, salt, and baking soda in large bowl to blend. Add butter. Using fingertips, rub in until coarse meal forms. Make well in center of flour mixture. Add buttermilk. Gradually stir dry ingredients into milk to blend. Mix in raisins.

Using floured hands, shape dough into ball. Transfer to prepared pan and flatten slightly (dough will not come to edges of pan). Sprinkle dough with remaining 1 tablespoon sugar.

Bake bread until brown and tester inserted into center comes out clean, about 40 minutes. Cool bread in pan 10 minutes. Transfer to rack. Serve warm or at room temperature.

BLUEBERRY STREUSEL COBBLER

- 1 pint fresh or frozen blueberries
- 1 (14-ounce) can sweetened condensed milk
- 2 tsp grated lemon peel
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups biscuit baking mix
- 1/2 cup biscuit baking mix
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 Tbsp butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts (sliced almonds work great)

Preheat oven to 325°F.

In bowl, combine blueberries, condensed milk and peel.

In large bowl, cut 3/4 cup butter into 1 1/2 cups baking mix until crumbly.

Add blueberry mixture and mix well.

Spread mixture in greased 9-inch square baking pan.

In small bowl, combine 1/2 cup biscuit mix and sugar.

Cut in 2 Tbsp butter until crumbly.

Add nuts and spread mixture over first mixture.

Bake for 70 minutes or until golden. Serve warm with ice cream and blueberry sauce.

Refrigerate leftovers.

(Note: From *Eagle Brand Holiday Magic in Minutes* Copyrighted © 2000 Publications International Ltd. Recipes and text Copyrighted © 2000 by Eagle Family Foods, Inc.)

LET'S DO LUNCH

By Brian Welsh

Monfort Westdale at 1019 King ST W specializes in mid-eastern cuisine. It has a rather small intimate dining room. Since they did not have a beer that originated in the mid east, Mary chose a *Heineken* and I, a *Stella Artois*. Mary and I both ordered the *soupe du jour*, a very pleasant chicken with rice with a definite under tone of lemon. Mary then chose the chicken *shwarma*, consisting of a pita stuffed with strips of grilled chicken and peppers and onions. I chose a pita stuffed with grilled pork and grilled peppers and onions. Both were very good. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$41.

Our friend Kathy suggested we try **Bernadino's Gourmet Foods**, 127 Plains Road West, Burlington for lunch. It is primarily a take out shop with a few tables for in house service. We were given the choice of either ordering one of the two specials listed on their chalkboard or ordering from the refrigerated takeout counter. We chose the latter. Mary chose Vegetable Lasagna and a Codfish Cake and I, Veal Lasagna and an Italian Roast Pork. We returned to our table and waited for our selections to be heated, presumably by microwaves. The food was delicious but we felt somewhat over priced; we were still recovering from the yuletide festivities and did not order our customary beer which normally, taking into account tax and tip, would add about \$16 to the tab. Lunch with tax and tip was \$ 42.

Back in the early nineteen-fifties, as a newly fledged engineer working for Public Works of Canada (Harbours and Rivers) out of Toronto, I and others at the office made frequent commutes to various projects in Hamilton harbour. In those days, before the advent of the 403, we entered Hamilton via Plains Road. One of our favourite coffee stops was the **Rendezvous** restaurant which has since been renamed **Louies**, 1124 Plains Road W. When I spotted an offer in the local paper offering Texas Beef Ribs for \$9.99, Mary and I decided to lunch there. I could not say whether it has changed much in the intervening fifty-five years – memory fades – but it has a very pleasant ambiance. I ordered a pint but Mary

chose to go with water. We both had the Texas Beef Ribs which were delicious. Judging from a cursory scan of the menu it seems to have pub-like fare. The service was both prompt and friendly. Lunch with beer (for me), tax and tip was \$34.

Boo's Bistro and Wine Bar, 464 James St S, is just up the street from **Bistro Parisian** which we reported on in the January 2007 Newsletter. **Boo's** is a nicely furnished moderately upscale restaurant and although small did not feel crowded. Music played softly in the background. Service was attentive, starting with the server taking our coats when we entered. The menu while not extensive, was deemed adequate consisting mainly of south Asian cuisine. Mary chose Malaysian Chicken and a glass of Californian chardonnay and I, Sesame Beef and a glass of merlot, also of Californian origin. Mary raved how fantastic the chicken was for the rest of the day; I too found my lunch most agreeable. We had occasion to lunch again at the **Parisian** a few weeks earlier and were pleased with neither the food nor the ambience. In our opinion **Boo's** is a far better choice. Lunch with wine, tax and tip was \$46.

SENIORS CURLING AT MOUNT HOPE - GLANFORD

The curling season for the men and women at the Glanford Curling Club is winding down. Approximately thirty Retirees gather one or two afternoons weekly during the winter months (five of whom have a Mohawk background) to enjoy some exercise and good fellowship. We need several more people to fill out our ranks. Equipment needs are minimal and we will gladly provide training to novices. We have a remarkably 'user friendly' charge from the main club which translates into very low fees for us. Attendance is not 'compulsory' as the teams are formed each day. It is truly remarkable how quickly the winter passes when you are having fun.

If you are interested please contact Geoff Brooker by telephone or e-mail. We would love to hear from you.

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LEGENDS

**(A Salute to Musical Pioneers)
Thursday, September 25, 2008
Festival Theatre, Drayton**

After completely selling out last year in St. Jacobs and Grand Bend, *Legends* is back by popular demand!

After 20 years with SBC Studios, popular television host Roy Solomon is signing off with his final show and revisiting the incredible discography that forever changed the landscape of modern music. From the mid 1950s through the mid 1970s, a number of artistic pioneers refused to bow to industry pressure and creatively set their own musical trends.

Their unique influence is celebrated in this energetic, fun-filled musical revue featuring classic songs by Elvis Presley, Roy Orbison, Jerry Lee Lewis, The Beach Boys, The Everly Brothers, Elton John, ABBA, The Monkees, Simon & Garfunkel, Sonny & Cher, and many, many more.

With its winning combination of hilarious comedy, exuberant dance numbers, and sweet, sweet music, *Legends* is a nostalgic celebration of the sounds that shaped the minds and attitudes of an entire generation.

UPCOMING EVENTS

THE MOUSETRAP

(a Classic Whodunit)

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 2008

**KING'S WHARF THEATRE,
PENETANGUISHENE**

In her own inimitable style, Dame Agatha Christie has created an atmosphere of shuddering suspense and a brilliantly intricate plot where murder lurks around every corner. . .

The result is a group of eight strangers, a snowstorm, a series of unsolved murders, and a host of other exciting elements masterfully combined to create a world of suspicion and intrigue in the classic whodunit, *The Mousetrap*. Full of twists and turns, this heart-pounding thriller is an unforgettable adventure – one that leaves audiences guessing right up to its final, startling revelation.

As the world's longest- running play, *The Mousetrap* has enthralled audiences for over five decades. Now watch the ominous clues reveal themselves at the King's Wharf Theatre, but beware: nothing is what it seems.

CARDS AND LETTERS

Mohawk College Retirees Association would like to hear from YOU.

Let us know about that special anniversary, birthday or of a death in the family etc.. Frequently we learn too late to give due recognition.

Please call : Virginia Frere @ 905 523-0841 or Susan Tkachuk @ 905 648-5143

The Farming Life

By Geoff Brooker

2. SHARP AS A SHEEP

Sheep are really not the stupid creatures most people believe them to be. Oh, I know they seem determined to prove that my belief in their brightness is a figment of my imagination.

Elm trees, when not dying from dutch elm disease, often grow with many trunks emanating from a common base. We have such a tree in the smaller of our two pastures. Somehow a full grown sheep, who should definitely have known better, must have reared up and lowered her head conveniently down between two trunks, it was one of the most effective stanchions I'd ever seen but it would have become a coffin if a friendly neighbour living on the far side of the four-acre field hadn't phoned alerting me to extricate a bleating wooley.

Another favourite trick common, I think, to all bovines is the irresistible lure of green pasture after a diet of hay all winter. The effect of indulgence on the green stuff is a condition known locally as "bloat". In essence an over production of gases in one or more of the stomachs, which causes the beast to swell up. The condition if not rectified can be fatal. It can also be fatal should someone strike a match when the old "puncture-and-relieve" method is used; methane being quite explosive.

One of their favorites routines is to lock themselves inside the old pump house. No matter how I wired the door shut, eventually a ewe (pronounced "Yo" locally) will force her way in and since the door swings closed behind her, she is unable to force her way out. Consequently, I make a nightly head count and have become pretty good at spotting A.W.O.L.S.

Lambs, of course, are notorious for finding ways to get out through fences but are unable to find a hole, any hole, through which to return. When mother sheep calls or the lambs feel that a drink of milk is needed, they just run back and forth outside the fence and only get really excited when you try to help them, whereupon they

charge willy nilly in a hopeless effort to break through the wire wall.

But lest we go away convinced that sheep really do have a shortage of grey cells one need only watch a ewe identify her own offspring among dozens of lambs in a pen. Yes, I know it's largely instinctive but they really can learn.

Freckles, a Cheviot-Dorset cross could spot a weak spot in any fence at fifty paces and was a regular truant. All of my sheep, even those just purchased, would learn in their first day where the grain trough was and that, when I banged on a pot, it was time to charge to the trough. I guess its just like teaching people, you first have to learn the motivating key. Fortunately with sheep the key is well..... Simple.

3: MOLLY

Entering the barn was always an event. I'd done the chores earlier and it was late morning when I returned to work in "the shop". There really was no shop except for a small closed-in area, my machine tools were covered by various old sheets and table cloths in order to keep them debris-free, our free range chickens using them as perches; the band saw a particular favourite.

As one enters the barn, the sheep and chickens set up their usual cacophony. I believe that sheep are grain junkies. They will eat it until the sheep come home and show no restraint whatsoever; you simply have to limit them. Sheep can be surprisingly loud contrary to the image that most people have acquired – even when sheep are safely grazing they still communicate and do a lot of crunching. I gave the flock a cursory view, we had about twenty at that time and then went over to uncover a planer; the sheep returned to the two hay mangers and started crunching.

You develop a bit of a nose for trouble or perhaps a nose for something different and I glimpsed one ewe laying quite calmly, showing no interest in the hullabaloo. My usual custom was to jump over the side of the pen, not bothering with the latched gate in the far corner where you had to stem the tide of woollies attempting to escape, and sure enough old Molly showed little interest in me. A quick check showed a nose and one foot peaking out from under her tail. The lamb was looking dry and Molly looked exhaust-

ed. I guessed that labour must have started several hours earlier and as the lamb wouldn't budge, Molly had exhausted herself straining. The sheep was a Suffolk, a black face as many sheep people would say, and we had found the lambs of this large meat breed to be somewhat larger than desired and often a bit "dopey" especially after a chilly birth in mid-February when you were down on brown-stained knees trying to encourage the little so-and-so to nurse. That first drink of colostrum was critical. After you were sure that milk was flowing and nourishment had been received you could leave them to it which frequently meant going back to bed as "the call" had been in the middle of the night. This delivery, however, showed that intervention had to be fast for the lamb, which could already have been dead, for the exhausted mother and also for possibly a second lamb waiting its turn to be born. Usually when this type of condition occurs a bowl of warm soapy water is used as a form of lubricant and usually I call for help from the house - a woman's hand or those of the kids, are smaller as a rule - but there was no time.

The sheep lay passively and I tore off my gloves. My hands were still warm even though it was below freezing and I followed the "usual" routine, pushing the little creature back up into the uterus, then carefully feeling around to find the other foot. Normally lambs appear with the nose and two feet ready to "dive" out but with only one little hoof showing I hoped to find the other hoof, line things up and help to pull on the hooves as the ewe strained. Things weren't going well; the ewe was past straining and I couldn't find the other foot. Haste was imperative as the lamb, if it were still alive, could suffocate so I gently held one foot and the little head and pulled steadily. I had had enough experiences with broad shouldered Suffolks requiring a tug to pass through the vagina and so decided to take a chance; there was little choice. After an eternity, probably thirty seconds, - the little creature started to come out and in no time had slid to the barn floor, the mother having earlier chosen an area of clean straw. I wiped off its face with the inside of my glove and blew into its nostrils.

Sometimes events happen; events that restore your faith and good feelings for life. Not always were draconian measures rewarded but the lamb

shook its head and let out a faint bleat. My heart was pumping wildly and the sound had stirred an instinctive reaction within the old ewe. The eight year old mother tried to stand up. We had reached a second critical juncture so as I rubbed Junior with one hand and hauled on Molly with the other, everything came together. The umbilical cord had broken and I shoved the lamb up towards the ewe's face so that she could sniff and lick. It is very important that early identification is made or she may not wish to care for the lamb - it has to be her own. Junior was starting to totter around on all four feet and as I stood back even though Molly could barely stand, she arched to make easier access to the life giving milk taps and the little male lamb was headed in the right direction. This one obviously had a strong will to live. I keep a spray bottle of iodine in an old tobacco can nailed to a post, so I gave the navel a squirt. By this time the little tail was wiggling vigorously and I knew the milk was flowing. I used old doors to set up temporary lambing pens within the main pen, but as this birth was not expected I had yet to build the lambing pen. Now, hammering quietly is quite a trick but shepherds are forced to innovate and the pen was soon put up, the heat lamp was on and the two of them settled down. There was no second lamb. I slipped out quietly and went back to the house for lunch. I had worked up quite a sweat even though it was cold out there.

"Anything happening in the barn?" asked Lynda.

"Just the usual, had an unexpected arrival courtesy of Molly, but other than that nothing special" I replied.

"Good, wash up for lunch, it'll be ready in five minutes. By the way, your jeans are a mess, you shouldn't even go out to the barn looking like that."

In Memoriam

It is with great sadness that we note the passing of Doris Numball, BSC from nursing and Eva Tasker who celebrated her 100th birthday last year. Our thoughts are with their families and friends.

A POEM FOR SENIORS

A row of bottles on my shelf
Caused me to analyze myself.
One yellow pill I have to pop
Goes to my heart so it won't stop.

A little white one I take
Goes to my hands so they won't shake.
The blue ones that I use a lot
Tell me I'm happy when I'm not.

The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.
The capsules tell me not to wheeze
Or cough or choke or even sneeze.

The red ones, smallest of them all
Go to my blood so I don't fall.
The orange ones, very big and bright
Prevent my leg cramps in the night.

Such an array of brilliant pills
Helping to cure all kinds of ills.
But what I really like to know...
Is what tells each one where to go.

Submitted by Santosh Dalal

This poem appeared in the January 2008 newsletter (THE SOURCE) of the Villages Of Glancaster complex where Santosh lives.

Ways to Maintain a Healthy Level of Insanity

- 1) At lunch time, sit in your parked car with sunglasses on and point a hair dryer at passing cars. See if they slow down.
- 2) Page yourself over the intercom. Don't disguise your voice.
- 3) Every time someone asks you to do something, ask if they want fries with that.
- 4) Put your garbage can on your desk and label it "in."
- 5) Put decaf in the coffee maker for 3 weeks. Once everyone has gotten over their caffeine addictions, switch to espresso.

More next issue

LUNAR NEW YEAR 4706 CELEBRATION

On February 7th, thirty-seven retirees and their friends welcomed in the Chinese New Year at a sit-down dinner at Le Chinois.

The twelve course menu, professional service and comraderie contributed to a very enjoyable evening.

Five participants were born in the "Year of the Rat". Legend has it that these people are intelligent, popular and compassionate. To honour their good fortune, each received a smiling "gold" Bud-dah.

All other celebrants were gifted with red and gold Chinese celebratory envelopes containing "gold" coins – a Chinese custom to wish friends good fortune and good health in the New Year.

Marie Yakimoff

SHARRON'S PRN TIPS: "PRACTICE REGULAR NURTURING"

1. Get serious about the value of laughter. Laughter relaxes you and gives health benefits
2. Get on your mark, get set---STOP! Interrupt your busy schedule with fun five-minute activities. Do a smiling meditation
3. Put fun in your environment. Develop a humour library. Use props, games and cartoons.
4. Take Aim and Reframe. Join your fingers into a frame; look for a new perspective. Ask yourself, "How can I see this differently.
5. Find the ELF in YoursELF. Connect with your inner child to create fun. Hold back judgment and go with the flow
6. Take the wheels off your worry bus. Worry is problem solving—only focus on what you can control
7. Become your own best friend. Develop self-soothing techniques

NEXT ISSUE

The Summer 2008 issue will be mailed near the end of July. Items to be included should be e-mailed to submissions@fodoweb.ca no later than July 7, 2008.

