



Retirees Association of Mohawk College NEWSLETTER Winter, 2009

GO GET 'EM, TIGER

1918 - 2008

Norm Marshall, a broadcasting legend for fifty years, passed away suddenly November 5, 2008, just days shy of his ninetieth birthday.

Norm began his broadcasting career with CKTB in St. Catharines moving to CHML in 1940. He also had stints with other radio stations including CKLW in Windsor, WKTW in Buffalo and CHAM.

In 1952 he broadcast the first ever televised Grey Cup for the CBC. When Ken Sobel began CHCH-TV in 1954, Norm became one of its first personalities. For more than thirty years he read the news and provided the play by play for televised college football games for the station. He was the voice of the Tiger Cats and the Red Wings as well.

From 1975 to 1987 Norm was a member of Mohawk Faculty in Media Studies sharing his wealth of knowledge - and friendship - with students such as Stan Keyes, Connie Smith and Mary Garofolo (currently with Fox News in New York)..

He received the Fred Sgambati Award for outstanding contribution to young athletics in 1985 and was inducted into Hamilton's Gallery of Distinction in 1994.

He is survived by his wife, Helen, (whom he married in 1953) and by his children Mike (Val), Bill (Dianne) and Janice (Jim Gayfer), grandchildren Todd (Carla), Cathy Roy (Dave), Megan McLeod (Jason) and Kristen Keane, and great-grandchildren Matt, Jake, Zach, Zoe and Marshall.



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Retirees Association of Mohawk College Newsletter

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Let's Do Lunch

By
Brian Welsh

Spacers at the Waterfront 1340 Lakeshore, Burlington is a moderately upscale "white tablecloth" restaurant without the tablecloths. As the name implies it offers a splendid view of Lake Ontario. Mary and I had a table by a window one fall day. The dining room is fairly large and was relatively full, mainly with seniors although there were also young families the day we visited. We both ordered beer, Mary a pint of Alexander Keith and I a pint of Nickel Brook bitter ale. We also both ordered the *soupe du jour*, a tasty Lobster Bisque. Mary followed the soup with "Lamb on a Pita" and I chose the "Veal Parmesan on a *Ciabatta* loaf." Mary was pleased with her selection but I wondered when our server brought me a steak knife; the crust on the *ciabatta* was so tough that garden shears or a chainsaw would have been more useful. Moreover, although containing slices of veal rather than ground veal, it was of rather uninspiring taste. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$71

A relatively new Chinese restaurant has sprung up in Westdale Village. It is the **Dragon Court** at 988 King St West. Mary and I found it to be nicely appointed with a very pleasant environment including soft music playing unobtrusively in the background. Since we were in a Chinese restaurant we ordered *Tsing Tau* beer. The lunch menu offerings were built around three offerings with several options or additions for each one. We both chose the "Soup" which was a large bowl of broth with vegetables to which two selections of meat or seafood would be added and one of various types of noodles, rice, tofu etc. The result was something similar to but still different from a Vietnamese soup. Mary's "addins" were fish, crab and tofu and mine were barbecued pork, crab meat and rice noodles. We both found the soup to be delicious. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$36.

For some time we had been meaning to lunch at **Incognito**, 93 John Street S and finally did so one Friday. It is a rather small restaurant seating perhaps 45, pleasantly furnished and decorated. Mary ordered a Heineken and I a *Stella Artois*, The lunch menu while not extensive was adequate. We both ordered the soup and the omelette of the day. The soup was a butternut squash. It was smooth and buttery but rather bland. The smoked salmon and ricotta cheese omelette was delicious and could not be faulted.. The service in spite of a busy Friday lunch crowd was

both prompt and friendly. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$52.

One fall day after the markets and the "looney" had tanked again, we decided to follow the old adage – Eat, Drink and be Merry for tomorrow you're Broke. Our friend Kathy had recommended **1010 Bistro**, 1010 King St West (Westdale Village) as an upscale eatery with excellent fodder. The dining room is nicely appointed but the door opens to a screen with side aisles. Not knowing in which aisle to make our presence felt, we each took one. This created some confusion until the *maitre d'* realized that we were together. Once my coat had been whisked away and we were seated, we both ordered a Kilkenny Ale. This was followed by the *soup du jour*, red wine and mushroom, superb. Mary ordered the crêpe special, seafood, and I the pasta special, spaghetti with beef tenderloin and red peppers. Both were fantastic. Lunch with beer, tax and tip was \$88.

The ageing process has you firmly in its grasp if you never get the urge to throw a snowball.

- Doug Larson

By the time I have money to burn, my fire will have burnt out.

-Anonymous

I think age is a very high price to pay for maturity.

-Tom Stoppard

The other night, Sharon and I watched a movie, *P.S., I Love You* starring Hilary Swank. It was a bit slow and plodding, but overall a better than average "flick", especially for a contemporary movie. Hilary portrays a thirty year old married woman who is widowed when her husband dies of a brain tumor. She is grief struck and shuts herself away from family and friends. Then she starts receiving letters from her dead husband (No, this is not some supernatural or creepy movie - he wrote the letters before he died and arranged for his wife's mother to deliver them at appropriate times.) Each letter gives her a bit of advice and tells her to do something that eventually helps her overcome her grief.

During the course of the film, a young man helping out at her mother's tavern takes a shine to her. He wants to be more than friends, but she isn't interested. Later on, she decides to give him a chance: they kiss, then quickly decide that they will remain just friends. But in the process, he laments that he doesn't understand women. He can't figure out what they want. Do they want men to be gentlemen or to pursue them without mercy? Do they want roses and candy or something more sensible? Do they want a boyish imp or a mature man? etc.

Most men, I think, even retired ones, can relate. It sometimes is very difficult to fathom what

Spinning the Web (and other tales)

By
Fred Oldfield

your wife is thinking. She will say one thing but mean another. She will laugh at your joke one minute than take something you say in the worst possible context the next. Women do seem to have a logic all their own where

"If you don't know, I'm certainly not going to tell you" makes perfect sense.

In desperation, one day, the young man begs Hilary's character to tell him what women really want. She leans over to him and whispers. "All right, I'll let you in on our most sacred secret, but you must never reveal it." He agrees. She leans even closer and whispers "The secret is we don't know what we want."

At last the secret is out! Women are not so different from men after all! They can be just as indecisive as we are.

Future Events

April 1st: "Married Alive" at Stage West

May 20th: "Country Legends" at Drayton Theatre with lunch at the Crossroads. A salute to the country music pioneers.

June 10th: Annual General Meeting at Michelangelo's

July 9th: "Camelot" at Huron County Playhouse, Grand Bend with lunch at Aunt Gusie's

September 30th: "The Devil's Disciple" at the Shaw Festival with lunch at Betty's

October 21st: "Teatro Splendido" at Carmen's

December 3rd: Once again by popular demand . . .

CHRISTMAS IN MENNONITE COUNTRY

As we did two years ago, we will combine some Christmas shopping in St. Jacobs with a nice lunch at the "Stone Crock" restaurant, followed by "2 Pianos 4 Hands" at the intimate Schoolhouse Theatre (only about one block from the restaurant).

"2 Pianos 4 Hands" is the riotous tale of Richard and Ted, two Canadian boys who share the same unorthodox goal, concert pianist stardom. Inspired equally by the wizardry of Bach and Beethoven, to rock'n roll legends like Jerry Lee Lewis, the two determined upstarts forge ahead with their dream - despite the seemingly insurmountable stumbling blocks of pushy parents, eccentric teachers and stage fright.

Check flyers for more details.



**The
Farming Life**
By
Geoff Brooker

CARMEN

We thought her name was Carmen but according to the papers it was Harriet. ... At that moment, however, I was calling her by other names. I was on my knees in a little feed lot behind the old barn hauling on one hundred pounds of slippery and very messy calf. I had only been a "farmer" for a few weeks and I wasn't prepared for my assigned task. Lynda had been waxing idealistically about rich, fresh milk and the Devonshire cream that could be made - (a pretty sneaky approach as she was privy to a particular weakness of mine) - and we had decided to get that cow. After all, one big reason for shifting our domicile was to have fresh milk.

We had read that guernseys and jerseys provided the desired high butter fat content in their milk and while the former were larger and would take more feeding they, nevertheless, had the sweeter disposition. With this mission in mind

we visited the cattle sheds at the Haldimand County Fair in Caledonia. Our first impression was of an overload of large black and white cows being milked by portable milkers hanging from straps around their bodies and dozens of white clad young people combing and primping and fussing with the black and whites. The head of the Holstein Fresian Association had once told me that their goal was to paint the world black and white. Well, they had made a great start in Caledonia. These large animals, perhaps 1200 pounds each, are fairly easy to manage and give gallons of low fat milk; a combination found very appealing to the cholesterol conscious city types who were, after all, the target market group. After a lot more walking and pirouetting around milkers and cow flops we finally found the "exotic" breeds down at the far end. Older names like Ayrshire, Brown Swiss, Jersey and finally Guernseys are types of milking cattle that in recent years, are usually referred to as heritage breeds and are almost endangered species.

There was one guernsey man there representing Pine Top Farms. His name was Ken Lurnkins. Lynda and I and one or two of the Brooker kids, who hadn't been lured away by the turkeys, goats or ferns wheels,

stood with something like love in our eyes. Here was the incarnation of the books, pictures and discussions that had led us to the fair. We must have a guernsey.

Now, you may have come to realize that farmers may have adopted an "I'm from Missouri" look and seem to go out of their way not to look too enthusiastic or, for that matter, too bright, but we soon learned that to make it in farming, a body has to be very bright and somewhat opportunistic. We have learned somewhat belatedly, that a sheepman or cattle man (the term "man" is generic, even the head of the Cattleman's Association is a woman) or any other stockman usually has a reason for "reluctantly letting go" of an animal. Rarely are these agriculturalists really deceitful but they have a goal in mind for herd or flock enhancement, so if an animal is an escape artist, a poor mother, slightly aggressive or a questionable milker, they would be the ones to "reluctantly let go". Carmen, we later found out, was in the last category and we had to do quite a lot of hand stripping of teats to drain the udder or 'bag' as it is generally called. After our first bout of mastitis we learned to strip teats properly. But on that sunny, warm fall day at the fair a deal was struck and Ken would deliver Carmen.

When they arrived in his pick up truck we learned that unloading cattle requires a ramp. Again farmers are resourceful and Ken simply backed the rear wheels of the truck down into a ditch, the tail gate was lowered and Carmen just walked out. And, oh my, she was beautiful with lovely fawn and white patchwork design, big brown eyes and an impressively large bag that swayed to and fro as she was led to the barnyard. She was scheduled to give birth in about one month so we had lots of time to prepare ourselves.

The next day, a more discerning farmer dropped by - a neighbour with whom we were share cropping sixty of our one hundred acres, he reached under our new acquisition and gave the "taps" a tug. We onlookers were all surprised to see a jet stream of white burst forth. It was the next day when I was returning from my 'part time' full income earning job when the kids met me; "Dad, Carmen's in trouble come quick". The routine that followed was one I was destined to repeat many times over the years: off with the suit, on with the blue jeans and boots, then off to the barn. The family was out there stroking her head and offering words of soothing comfort but Carmen was laying on her side with a

very large calf partway out. That's about the point when I decided to jump into the feed lot and pull. Our new mother only required a little assistance and Ferdinand slithered out and onto the straw. Carmen lurched to her feet and started licking and licking and licking. It was incredible to all of us but long after the calf had bellowed its first bellow, Carmen was still cleaning everything in sight; she even ate the afterbirth, leaving not a trace of debris. This was, we learned later, a natural way for wandering beasts to disguise the presence of a vulnerable meal from any predators, but the process was a bit of a shock, especially on an empty stomach. Even in our area not twenty-five minutes from the city of Hamilton there were coyotes and brush wolves as the locals called them so I guess our new mother's instincts were working.

Carmen was a peaceful animal and Tora, our standard poodle, had always been on good terms with her but when the dog drew too close to the calf the new mother literally gave Tora a bloody eye.

Even without horns, for most cattle are dehorned or are polled (naturally hornless) they can still be quite a handful and with one thousand pounds of protective mother tearing after

Tora; he was quick to slide back under the fence.

After that rocky start things went quite well and after letting the two guernseys get to know each other we decided to put our milking skills into practice. We encouraged Carmen into a stanchion, using grain as an enticer, and with Ferdinand nearby she soon started to let down her milk.

The bag was really hard at first and we banged at it - as a calf does - and massaged it with bag balm (made famous by Shania thus causing the price to rise) and the milk would flow. Lynda and I could even milk together one on each side - this too was pretty unusual. Carmen only put up a small resistance, she wanted all of the milk for the calf, but the only real danger was that flailing tail which had usually been dipped into the manure gutter. We soon learned to anticipate and when to duck.

In no time we were milking two gallons daily and we purchased a portable milk-er - we didn't feel it was necessary to carry our 'back to basics' inclinations to excess. We were making our own butter and cheese and yes, clotted cream.

Cows milk for close to a year and they can be bred earlier so that there were only a few months of

being 'dry' (that's when you have to take your holidays) but calves keep growing. Long after the A.I. man (artificial insemination) had come and gone we were still feeding two cattle. We had never neutered Ferdinand and at one year of age he was getting big and 'frisky'. We all knew that the other reasons for raising cattle was for the beef.

We had built a trailer and it was time to entice Ferdinand into it. He was heavy but pretty friendly after all he trusted these Judases who were coaxing him aboard. Nevertheless it was done and the young bull was delivered to Hogeterps whereupon Chris, our eldest and I drove away teary eyed; there were some aspects of farming yet to be mastered. We were too embarrassed to admit our 'softness' to other neighbours but I did get neighbour Ron to agree that a white lie was in everyone's best interests: the beef we ate out of the freezer was one of his and we had sold our calf (Ferdinand) to him. I think the three girls believed us; we even tried to believe it.

After three years of twice daily milkings and eating beef that never tasted quite right, we decided we weren't cut out to be cattlemen. A friend of ours with guernseys in his herd, bought Carmen and we

started buying beef from the I.G.A. Alas, no more Devonshire cream.



Recent Events

Geritol Follies Christmas Variety Show & Lunch at the Sheraton, Hamilton

On Thursday, December 4th, thirty-two retirees and their friends journeyed to downtown Hamilton to begin their Christmas Festivities. With retirees from Ohio and New York State, they enjoyed a hot buffet lunch at the Sheraton Hotel. The food selection was good for the price paid and plentiful. Waiters and other hotel staff were pleasant, professional and helpful in directing attendees to their assigned tables, the food, and later to Hamilton Place. The Geritol Follies Christmas Variety Show, as in past performances, was emceed by Marion Dale. With the able assistance of Carl Hertton, the band leader, and Donna Dunn-Albert, this trio was able to move their large cast of singers and dancers at a fast but

enjoyable and relaxing pace; the long program seemed to be over in no time at all. The performers, dancers and choir members were excellent making it difficult to believe that all were amateurs and between sixty and eighty plus years of age. The lighting and costumes were of professional caliber. The hand-out for the Christmas Carol Sing-a-long contained print large enough for most to read without glasses – a thoughtful gesture on the part of Follies organizers. Needless to say, we headed for our cars silently humming our old favourite carols and remembering Christmases past.

-Marie Yakimoff

My father didn't tell me how to live: he lived, and let me watch him do it.

-Clarence Budinton Kelland
I don't know how you feel about old age ... But in my case I didn't even see it coming. It hit me from behind.

-Phyllis Diller

I like the dreams of the future better than the history of the past.

-Thomas Jefferson

I'm not interested in age. People who tell me their age are silly. You're as old as you feel.

-Elizabeth Arden

Idealism is what precedes experience; cynicism is what follows.

-David T. Wolf

When I was a boy the Dead Sea was only sick.

-George Burns