

Your Voice

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Editor: Steven Wolinetz

Remembering Carolyn Harley

By Elena Hannah

Summer 1971. Every department at Memorial University is hiring. In the Psychology Department we have several candidates, and it's fun to meet them and go to the Starboard Quarter or Act III with them to chat over dinner (yes, Memorial had a huge budget for this sort of thing in those days). But amongst all the promising young candidates, one couple stands out. They have a sparkling quality, a je ne sais quoi that makes them unique. Their names are Carolyn and Peter Harley. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that we wanted them in our department, and they came as a unit!

A short while later, when Carolyn and Peter moved to St. John's to start their careers (although Peter later chose a different path), Carolyn and I discovered that we were both expecting, she her second child and I my first. So, we bonded immediately, as our due dates were about two weeks apart, and we became fast friends. Ted Hannah and I had been hired only a year before, and the four of us became frequent visitors to each other's homes. As more children came, our families developed a strong bond. Thanksgiving, Christmas, and some birthdays were always spent together. There was much merry



making, lots of good food and music making, since all the kids were in Suzuki strings. Carolyn was not only super smart and a great colleague (more on that later) but she was also a gifted cook and baker. Over the years, the bond between Carolyn and I strengthened. She was immensely supportive and a friend that I will never forget. She seemed to have the capacity to be real friends with

many people, always ready to help and support when needed, or with a belly laugh and a droll remark.

As time went by, we shared something else:

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both our mothers were victims of Alzheimer's, which made us wonder if we would suffer the same fate. This was what motivated Carolyn to undertake research on memory in general and dementia in particular, with emphasis on Alzheimer's. Her published papers and lectures are a testament that her brilliant mind was sharp until the end.

It didn't take long for Carolyn to become a rising star in academia. She had an uncanny way of understanding the most complex concepts at a glance and was a voracious reader.

Sometimes I would mention a science article I had come across, not necessarily related to her or my fields, and she was already on it. Most of us had, at different times, more emphasis on career or on family, but Carolyn was always 100% on both.

As a colleague you couldn't ask for better, not only always enthusiastically supportive of whatever project one had, but ready to go to bat for a colleague who had, perhaps, not received their due rewards; and she did this very privately. Her diplomacy was legendary. To use an old cliché: steel covered in velvet.

As a teacher, Carolyn also excelled. Every student got her full attention, and her encouragement was instrumental in more than one successful career. She was as proud of her graduate students' accomplishments as if they had been her own children. In fact, for many she was a maternal figure for a while, until they became full-fledged

colleagues and, sometimes, collaborators. Her enthusiasm for the subject matter she taught was contagious, and the field of neuroscience amply benefitted from this quality of hers.

Rarely you meet a highly accomplished person who seems to strike the perfect balance among all their roles, but Carolyn pulled it off seemingly without effort, as if guided by instinct (well, she was a super fast thinker too): loving wife, mother, grandmother, daughter, sister, friend, brilliant academic, world traveller, superb cook, sleek and elegant when circumstances were appropriate, an insatiably curious mind, and a beacon of positivity. She could talk with the same enthusiasm about hair styles as the latest memory theory. Always conveying a sense of wonder and never talking down to anyone.

Carolyn's wisdom was in evidence during her illness and in the manner she chose to end her life. She embraced life until the last, and when she realized she was at the end of the road, she met this final stage the same way she had lived, opting for hospice and palliative care with courage, grace and even joy.

Like all who knew her, I wish we could have had many more years with her, but she will live in our memories just like those distant stars that have disappeared but whose light is still traveling toward us for many years to come. Her children, both biological and academic, and their grandchildren will make sure of that.

I know several of the former winners of the MUNPA Tribute Awards recognized for their continued contributions to the university and community. Check [Tribute Awards | MUN Pensioners' Association \(MUNPA\) | Memorial University of Newfoundland](#) for information on former recipients to see who you know. Maybe you know someone who could be is a deserving winner this year. **Deadline for Nominations is June 30, 2023.**

A Look Back: The Recent Strike and the Strike of 2000.

By Noel Roy

[Editor's note: This article was written before the end of the recent strike.]

I served as MUNFA President the last time MUN Academic Staff Members went on strike in November 2000. I can't help but have a feeling of *deja vu* over the current state of labour relations on the MUN campus. I see the same stubborn refusal on the part of the Administration to bargain meaningfully on key issues. Then, once a strike seems inevitable, the strategy that if they throw enough money at faculty, the union will cave on everything else. (It didn't work last time either). Finally, the demand (it's the right word) that the union put the administration's last-minute offer to a vote of the membership.

Last time, we did ask the membership for a vote of support for the bargaining team and we received it. That hardly seemed necessary this time, given the overwhelming support from the membership. Last time the strike vote was sixty-something percent in favour of strike action, and we were over the moon about that. This time they got ninety percent. If the Administration couldn't read that as an indicator of deep-seated and almost universal dissatisfaction with their leadership, they are even more tone-deaf than their performance on so many other issues (e.g., the Ode to Newfoundland, the Fogo Island fiasco, the suppression of student protest) would indicate.

There are differences, however. In 2000, a significant minority of faculty members opposed strike action, and were quite demonstrative in their opposition. This opposition weakened the union, and so the agreement we eventually negotiated was probably not as strong as it could have been had we been united. This time, there does not appear to be any organized opposition to

the strike from academic staff.

Another difference is the degree of student support being shown for the strikers, including active participation in picket lines. Indeed, sometimes there are more students on the line than there are academic staff! Last time, the student support was certainly there, but it was relatively quiet and passive. The current administration, in contrast, seems to have alienated a major part of the student body through its heavy-handed interactions with them, and paid the price for that.

Similarly, labour unions have provided support that has gone beyond the moral and financial sort that was present in the previous strike. NAPE, for example, has delivered and helped set up winter shelters and burn barrels at the picket lines, something not part of the average professor's skill set. And the organized labour presence at the initial strike rally was overwhelming.

So how did we get to this? I think that one of the positive outcomes of the last strike was the realization by both parties that strike sentiment, once it gets established, is difficult to reverse, and that it was important to prevent things getting that far. I did not have anything to do with subsequent negotiations, but my impression is that they were all civil and productive. In my last conversation with then-President Kachanoski before I retired, he remarked at how good labour relations were with MUNFA.

Obviously not true anymore. So, what changed?

One possible cause is the rapid turnover in the ranks of the senior and decanal administration, fueled mainly by replacements from outside the institution. As

a result, it does not appear that there is anyone in the current senior administration who was present at MUN during the last strike – and so they probably have no idea of what they were getting themselves into. As well, this rapid churn in administrative ranks hired from outside the institution has resulted in the decay of institutional memory, the loss of any longstanding connections to the general community, and the absence of any long-term commitment to the institution. All of this weakens the institution and its connection to the community at large.

There is another difference between the two strikes, and that is in the negotiation positions of the two parties. In 2000, the administration’s strategy was to provide a substantial increase in faculty salaries – at least to those who had doctorates – in return for a major claw back in contract protections. MUNFA was forced into a defensive position: first, it sought to ensure that salary increases were shared equitably throughout the entire bargaining unit, rather than concentrated on those with doctoral degrees; and second, it attempted to minimize the concessions that the administration was demanding. From that perspective, the strike was successful, but it did not really advance the position of academic staff except in monetary terms.

This time it is the union that is on the offensive. Its proposals on teaching term appointments, while not unprecedented – there were similar if more limited provisions in MUNFA’s first (1989) collective agreement – would require major revisions to the administration’s business model, and it comes as no shock that the administration strongly resisted this change.

Introducing a definition of collegial governance into the collective agreement is

something that is more difficult to assess. The administration did not make a counterproposal to this clause as of date of writing, so we cannot be certain exactly what it was about the proposal that bothered them. MUNFA’s proposed definition was not that different from existing language, although it is certainly stronger language that can be read to imply (without explicitly requiring) academic staff participation in some university processes that were presently closed to them. It would probably enable grievances in some of these areas, although it is not clear how successful these grievances would be. There are similar clauses at other Canadian institutions, where the sky has not yet fallen (unlike at Laurentian, where the sky has fallen, and where such a clause might have been really useful in preventing that from happening). Still, there are substantial uncertainties as to what effect this provision would have, and perhaps that explains the administration’s position.

The administration’s proposal for cutting back post-retirement benefits for newly hired academic staff was the final issue in contention. It is hard to consider this to be a financially motivated proposal, since it would not have had any impact on the university’s financial position until mid-century at the earliest. It would, however, have created a divisive wedge inside the union, one that would become increasingly serious with the passage of time. It is difficult not to conclude that this is the intended purpose of the proposal. MUNFA had agreed to something like this in negotiations for its first collective agreement; that seriously weakened the union for years, and the union has learned from that experience. This was no-go area for the union, and the union knew it.

Do you know a former colleague who might be deserving of a MUNPA Tribute Award? Please check Tribute Awards | MUN Pensioners' Association (MUNPA) | Memorial University of Newfoundland for more information. **Deadline for Nominations is June 30, 2023.**

West Coast News

On Thursday, March 9, members of MUNPA's West Coast chapter gathered for an hour of snowshoeing and social afterwards. Approximately 12 retirees and spouses snowshoed on the Blomidon Golf Course in Corner Brook. Then they, along with about 15 others, gathered at Sorrento Restaurant in Corner Brook for pizza and refreshments. A good time was had by all.



Left to Right: Rhoda and Randy Rowsell, Sharon Noftall-Bennett, Madonna Day, Walter Oates, Sherry and Bruce Bussey, Phyllis and Henry Mann

MUN Trivia

1. Who was the first Principal of Sir Wilfred Grenfell College?
2. What was the second building constructed at Grenfell (after the Arts and Science Building)?
3. Who was MUN's President when the Marine Institute became part of Memorial University?
4. What president later became the first head of the Royal Newfoundland and Labrador Constabulary Police Complaints Commission?
5. First president of Memorial University College?
6. Student and later faculty member who protested Memorial's use of Beothuks as the name for its sports teams?
7. What year did the (then) regional college in Corner Brook open?
8. This street off Elizabeth Avenue has buildings that are unique in that they have no usual MUN building name, just their civic street numbers?
9. MUN's coat of arms has a Latin motto.: What is it?
10. Former Med School Professor and Doctor known for humour and bow ties?
11. First graduate of Memorial University College?
12. Mose Morgan's righthand man?

John Wayne

By Neil Rosenberg

Last Friday night my wife and I had dinner with two old friends. Our conversation turned to the famous actor John Wayne, so I asked the hostess if she'd permit me to tell my John Wayne personal experience narrative.

Following her assent, I began my story:

This happened in California during the early 1970s. I was visiting with my parents at the old family home on Grizzly Peak in Berkeley.

I can't remember now if the rest of my family was along or if this was one of those times like the fall of 1974 when I was there by myself.

Earlier, at Christmas, I think, but again I'm not completely certain, my parents had given my older daughter a very nice little wooden chess set. Mom had gotten it a fancy toy store (its architect was Frank Lloyd Wright) on Maiden Lane near Union Square in the heart of downtown San Francisco's shopping district.

Somehow, a piece -- a pawn -- had gone missing. I think that the set had arrived that way. Because the set was unique, like much of what was sold at that store, the only way to get a replacement piece was to go to the store.

So that's what brought Mom and me from Berkeley into the fancy toy store on Maiden Lane in downtown San Francisco, not far from Union Square. Toward the back of the store, we found a similar chess set on display. A pawn that matched the missing piece was right there on the board. My mother looked around for a clerk.

Just then there was a commotion at the front of the store. A big black limousine had stopped at the door, and someone was getting out and coming in. "It's John Wayne!" we heard a clerk say, and sure enough that's who it was. I recall seeing him from a distance wearing an overcoat and having a big hat on. That hat could be a false memory. But whatever the case, there was no mistaking who it was. It was definitely John Wayne.

The whole staff went cuckoo. He drew them like a magnet pulls iron filings.

My mother took the chess piece and put it in her purse. Smiling at me, she said, "Let's go!" We walked casually up to the front and out the door. Once we got down the street we had a good laugh, and the whole thing has been a favorite family story about Mom ever since.

Talk at the dinner table turned to shoplifting.

In 2022 we saw the first Marine Institute retiree receive a MUNPA Tribute Award. To read about last year's recipients please check [Tribute Awards | MUN Pensioners' Association \(MUNPA\) | Memorial University of Newfoundland](#).

Two Men – Compassionate Guidance

By Penny Moody-Corbett

Winnipeg, Canada, 2015

From the back of the entranceway, I had a clear view of the enormous screen that posts the welcome words in hundreds of languages. Repeat, repeat, repeat, the display, was never meant for an audience, it really is only a brief welcome. But here I was standing at the back of the entranceway to the impressive gallery of topics and memorabilia of human rights successes and atrocities. Despite its size, in spite of the repetition, the moving screen could not sideline the speaker I had come to hear.

I faced the small podium and the soft spoken, but poignant words of Murray Sinclair, rang out in the main foyer. Days before the release of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission Report was made public, Chief Justice Sinclair relayed a story of a young boy, who had attended a school and feared for his life each, and every day. Sinclair told the story of how this small boy had been taken from his mother, his father, his family, two years earlier. He did not know if he would see them ever again and he still cried himself to sleep after the priest was done. His life destroyed, an unfortunate yet successful conversion to take the Indian out of the child.

Out of one corner of my eye I caught sight of a young man, who had brought his son to the meeting and who, like me, was at the back of the large foyer. He was sitting on a sofa, facing the podium. As Murray Sinclair spoke, the man gently hugged his son, just a little closer and softly planted a kiss on the top of his head. The story Sinclair relayed could be this man's son in another time.

Murray Sinclair told many stories that night, each more traumatic than the one before. Sadly, he could have gone on for days telling

the audience of what he had heard in leading the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. His work is painful and heart wrenching, but ultimately has been and continues to be of enormous importance and value. I have heard him speak a few times: listening to him, it is difficult not to think about my own children at those young ages, my friends' children, my nieces and nephews, hard not to have your heart explode in your chest as tears well up, from the damage done to so many children, so many families, so many communities.

Another time, another place Mount Gambier, Australia, 2018

The amphitheatre was huge, and the stage seemed over-sized in contrast to the podium off to the far right with the speaker, standing solo beside it and addressing the very crowded room. He spoke in a soft, but determined, heavy accented voice. I sat alone, with a thousand other people, I had come to know this man over the past four years, charming, quiet, and thoughtful. Within seconds you could have heard a pin drop as all eyes and ears were focused on AJ Neusy, the lone speaker on that very large stage. He is a well-known leader in the field, but this was the first time I had heard his story.

Born of a missionary family in the Belgian Congo, AJ grew up in that land. He was in his third year of medicine at University of the Congo before he really grasped the significance of racial inequality and social injustice. Walking in the bush late one night with a friend from school, they had thought to camp out in the bush. They were not prepared for the military check points they encountered, but as they moved, they sensed they were being watched, followed. As they approached a small encampment of

mud huts, children who had never seen a white man stared in fascination at AJ. Every hut had illness and despair; the village had not had health care services for over two years. He was confronted with the realization that his countrymen did not have access to medical facilities he took for granted. "The colour of your skin, it will dictate your level of education you can achieve, your wealth, it will dictate your longevity ...".

The genocide in Rwanda came to be his turning point, the civil war and slaughter of a million people in four months and one of the largest cholera epidemics of all time. He left his position in New York City, he left the good job, his tenure at the University, his fancy apartment in the city and volunteered with a handful of Ethiopian doctors and nurses and witnessed firsthand the greatness of the human spirit in caring for the people in Rwanda.

AJ is co-founder of the Centre for Global Health at New York University, School of Medicine and with his wife Bjorg, a dynamic Icelandic woman, established the Training for Health Equity Network (THENet). THENet coordinates teaching strategies in health care professional schools to improve health care

services in poorly and under-served areas of the world: "Fit for purpose training" as it is known. AJ has dedicated his life and career to trying to right many of the wrongs.

These two men, Murray Sinclair and AJ Neusy, grew up in different worlds that were very much the same. I have had the privilege of hearing them speak, seeing the differences they have made to the lives of those with less opportunity and learning the meaning of compassion. A real honour, for sure.

Notes

AJ had a few quotes that I thought were very good:

- Asked about leadership, he said: "I struggle. I think a leader is someone who is born to serve."
- "If we consider ourselves experts, we limit our scope; it is just a tool. Dangerous word."
- "Health, care and health care are universal rights."

Downsizing: Books

By Roberta Buchanan

MUNPA Memoir, 20 March 2023, rev. 14 April
NWG Workshop

There comes a time in the middle of winter when I realize I must move out of my house and into an apartment that is more accessible in the snow and ice. This after chipping away with my ice smasher at a mound of frozen snow which blocks my access to the street. I am trapped. I'm too scared to try to climb over the mound. It's too slippery and I'm afraid of falling again. I love my pretty

house, but it is no longer viable at age 86, with my tottery limbs and poor balance.

One thing always stops me from moving: what will I do with my books? I have wall-to-ceiling bookcases in every room except the kitchen, bedroom and bathroom. That's living-room, dining room, spare room and study, 4 rooms. And don't forget the upstairs hallway. Some of my books are now inaccessible on the highest shelves. Younger, I would be up and down my stepladder

fetching books from the top shelf. No more.

So begins the Great Downsizing of books, which coincides with the CFUW's Great Big Book sale in March to raise money for scholarships.

My new motto is "LET IT GO!"

I'm focusing on only Newfoundland books to start. I was great on the first box, pretty good on the second. My rules are: 1) Don't open books. 2) Don't start reading them.

I pick up a very thick paperback. It must be about 600 pages! Pathways of Mercy: History of the Foundation of the Sisters of Mercy in Newfoundland 1842-1984 by Sister Williamina Hogan. I knew Sister Williamina, and I couldn't help reminiscing about her. She taught in the English Department from Littledale College. At the end of the semester we had the examiners' meeting, to compile the examination. This always went smoothly. After the exam, all As and Fs and doubtfals had to be checked. Then we might have a bit of a discussion. Did this examination paper really deserve an A? Could this high B be put up to an A, and an A- down to a B+? Fs were usually easy, but why not put this high F up to a D, a pass. Maybe this student had tried, and there were extenuating circumstances that the professor knew about - an illness, for example, or a death in the family? Let's err on the side of mercy. Once Sister Williamina invited us to Littledale to have our meeting there. It was a brand new building, very modern, in contrast to the scuffed up old Arts and Admin Building. Oh look, Sister Williamina has signed Pathways of Mercy for me. And I've never got round to reading it. I must read it. I set it aside.

Here is a book on the Great Fire in St John's in 1892 which destroyed the whole of the downtown. It's only a slim volume, 79 pages, a compilation of facts and reports, including a list of all the donors to the rescue fund and how much they gave. So short I can read it in a jiffy. I was impressed at the number of factories and manufacturers we had in 1892: two furniture factories, 3 iron foundaries, a boot and shoe facer(?) factory, a distillery, 4 machine bakeries, a tanner, 2 tobacco factories, and a soap and candle works. There were also 9 newspapers, 3 of them daily. No public libraries I notice, and the Athenaeum with its 7,000 volumes was totally destroyed in the flames.

I'm getting distracted. Whatever happened to "Let it go"? My life is flashing before me as I pick up the books, many of them by people I know. I can't resist looking at this book of poetry, on its title-page the inscription, "To Roberta one of my favourite writers!" How can I downsize that? Or another, "To Roberta whose writing cuts to the heart"? Keepers. And Peter Harley's poetry, "On my Wife's Snoring," "My Wife's Sneezes," "Appreciating My Wife," his humour mixed with affection for the now late Carolyn Harley: "my best wife and the wife of my life."

Non-fiction books are easier. In the end I have downsized a total of 5 boxes of Newfoundland books, leaving one bookcase of 7 shelves of Newfoundland books still remaining. It hardly seems to make a dent in the overwhelming amount of books. At this rate, I'll never move out of my house, until taken out feet first to the great library in the sky.

After Kafka: A Laptop Problem

By Joan Scott

The following that I wrote to my computer guru re my none-functioning laptop will be self-explanatory. As a result of his and my diagnosis of its problems he thought I needed a new charger cable obtainable from "Jump+" in the Avalon Mall. Later, on Sunday evening (Feb.5), when I reported that all was well, he asked if I had bought said cable or did my satisfaction result from "some other reason". This was my reply:

Well, that Jump+ place is the opposite of comforting and helpful. Bright LED lights and hard white glossy plastic surfaces. It would make a good torture site. Understaffed, only 2, both crowded into the "service" desk area, and around 10 people needing help. Under furnished if you want to sit in a chair and not on a high stool. Already there were lots of stressed-out customers pretending they were cool. One of the customers came up to the desk and complained that all the staff were huddled together, away from the customers, and so one of the men went out into the wide-open spaces of the store with the person they were serving, I followed closely. Ignoring any semblance of a queue, I asked loudly for a chair. Obviously, a puzzling request. I said I was OLD, over-emphasized my hip surgery. I did not say it was nearly a

year ago and that I had made a good recovery. People love me as a strong woman. I am so tired of putting on that performance. Last week my dentist asked how I was, and I replied I was doing well for an old one. He, in good shape and mid-aged, declared that I was not old at all. I told him that although he was the expert on teeth, I knew better about what "old" was.

Long story made short, the guy near me in Jump+ finished with his customer and turned to me. He played with my laptop and the charger cable and decided it was charging, if slowly. Ultimately, he sent me home, no \$ charge, but with a story about his Nan who lived to be 98.

Perhaps, before I diagnosed it, I should have remembered to turn the laptop off and on, like you always tell me. I should give my daughter credit for her initiative in getting me out on Sunday afternoon to buy salt and a new shovel, as she had demolished the old (very old) one on the cement-like stuff in my driveway, shovelling me out. She added on an expedition for her groceries. I added the Jump+ expedition on to that expedition. I did not buy a new cable charger, so it goes under the heading of 'some other reason'. Thanks for being there.

Answers to Trivia Questions:

1. Dr. Art Sullivan
2. Fine Arts Building
3. Dr. Art May
4. Dr. Leslie Harris
5. John Lewis Paton
6. Dr. Harold Paddock (Linguistics)
7. 1975
8. Clark Place
9. Provehito in altum
10. Bill Eaton
11. Helena Frecker
12. Dr. Leslie Harris