



Purple Finch pair /Gene Herzberg

Your Voice

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Una Argentina en Terra Nova

Elana Hannah

That is Spanish for "An Argentinian in Newfoundland." Like many in our demographic, I ask myself: where has the time gone? Yes, there were many important events since I landed in St. John's in 1970, but 51 years?

My then fiancé and I, fresh out of graduate school (SUNY at Stony Brook), came here with the idea of spending only two years before returning to mainland Canada. I had lived in the U.S. for six years but never settled for good. Ted was sure he didn't want to live in the U.S. and preferred to be in Canada. So I made the fateful decision to follow him to this remote place that I had briefly studied in high school, back in the 50s. All I remembered was my geography prof pointing to Terra Nova on the big map of North America, but had no idea what he had said. With a thesis deadline hanging over my head, I had no time to search for information in those pre-internet days. My only Canadian friend in New York, a young woman from Montreal, was horrified that I was choosing to go to Newfoundland. She told me that all there was to eat there was fish and more fish, that it rained all the time and that it was a very poor place without much in the way of modern conveniences. Ted had been to St. John's as a Navy officer some years back and told me it was an interesting place worth exploring, but also said it was very poor and behind the times. The way he described St. John's I pictured a very remote outpost - but love won!

We drove in Ted's VW Bug from New York, loaded to the gills with our rather meager possessions. Our books were shipped by mail. As a Canadian citizen Ted didn't have to do anything to enter

Canada, just show his passport. I, however, had to get a visa through MUN. I started the process in late May, with a travel date of late August. My dealings had been with Art Sullivan's office. I was assured that my papers would be waiting for me at the border between Houlton, Maine and Woodstock, New Brunswick. But the confirmation from the Canadian Embassy was not arriving, so I started calling Dr. Sullivan's office, without ever finding anyone there. After an anxious month, already into July, I called the Canadian Embassy in NYC and they informed me there was no such file for me. Panic! They recommended that I initiate the process at my end, which I did and once again, the papers would be waiting for me at the border.

In the meantime, I kept calling Art's office and one day, miraculously, someone picked up the phone! He introduced himself as Graham Skanes. I explained the problem and asked him why no one had been answering the phone (I was wondering what kind of university I was falling into), and his blasé reply was "Oh, because we're having a beautiful summer!"

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From the Editor

Well, it's 2022. Being February, it's likely too late to wish you a Happy New Year, though I do! Just as we think there's an end in sight to our COVID challenges, new variants appear and the end seems less and less likely. Between our most cases ever and truck convoys, it is quite a surreal world at the moment.

Despite this, it is important not to be consumed with COVID. I hope you take some time to read this issue of Your Voice, which has wonderful stories for your enjoyment. We lead off with a delightful coming from away reminiscence by Elana Hannah. With references to New Year's Eve, Captain Morgan, and bluegrass, we have a veritable party in our pages! There are positive messages woven throughout each of these stories. Our authors seem to have experienced some trepidation at some point, only to arrive at feelings of calm, goodwill and contentment. This is reflective of the times we are experiencing. We are very fortunate to have such writers/storytellers amongst our membership.

If you are a reader of Your Voice, consider sharing a story with us too. I'm sure you have many that our readers would enjoy! We'd love to hear from as many voices as possible. For the times... Que Sera, Sera!

Bernadette

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President's Message

2021 concluded with MUNPA Christmas socials being held at St. John's Bally Haly and Corner Brook's Cross Country Ski Club. Many of us were optimistic that we had turned a corner on the pandemic and could return to more normal operations. Alas that turn was more like 180° as the Omicron variant took us in the opposite direction.

We are, however, resilient, and know that such course reversals are temporary. For the moment we have had to suspend in-person indoor activities but, thankfully, we can continue outdoor activities that are carried out in full compliance with public health guidelines. Fortunately, our program committee has become very adept at planning and staging a diverse array of on-line events. I encourage you to keep an eye on the MUNPA website and watch for e-mail notifications of planned activities.

Our colleagues in other university retiree associations are also becoming adept at virtual meetings, and we will forward information about presentations of potential interest when we hear about them from our national organization, CURAC.

Rest assured, we will monitor public health alerts and return to in person activities as soon as it is safe to do so (perhaps even by the time you read this). In the meantime, enjoy our many options of virtual offerings. As I write this, it is a bright, sunny, and almost snow-free day in February and I'm sure there are more beautiful days to come. Don't forget to get outside, when weather permits, to enjoy the fresh air and make sure you are as up-to-date as possible on your Covid vaccinations.

Take care...

Grant Gardner

Take Note! Tribute Awards

Do you know a colleague who might be deserving of a MUNPA Tribute Award? Please check the [MUNPA website](http://www.mun.ca) for more information. Deadline for Nominations is June 30, 2022.

West Coast Christmas Dinner

Approximately fifty people enjoyed a convivial Christmas dinner on December 1 at the Cross Country Ski Club in Corner Brook.



Bluegrass for Unitarians

Neil Rosenberg

In 1965 I was playing in a bluegrass band called the Pigeon Hill Ramblers. We were all students at Indiana University in Bloomington. Pigeon Hill was a seedy neighborhood across town from the campus. In 1961 when we began, our guitarist/lead singer was living there. We were The Pigeon Hill Boys until 1964; by then I was the only remaining original member. Later that year we abandoned "Boys" and became "Ramblers" when two women joined the band.

We were two married couples. David and Bernella (Nell Levin) Satterfield played guitar and fiddle. Ann Milovsoroff Rosenberg and I played bass and banjo. Dan Scullin played mandolin. We all sang.

The Ramblers did hootenannies, folk clubs, schools, civic events, bars, dances, fund raisers and more. You paid, we played. We were doing this to supplement our meager student income. I've kept an old file folder with a tab that reads: "Pigeon Hill Boys/Ramblers Repertoire 61-67." It holds lots of set lists and just a bit of information about gigs.

There's a letter, postmarked June 22, 1965, from Hartsel Porter of Crane, containing our contract for the forthcoming Crane Independence Day Celebration. We got \$60.00 for playing the street dance from nine to midnight. Crane, 36 miles southwest of Bloomington, is 17 miles directly north of Loogootee.

Another envelope, dated January 18, 1967, is from Bloomington. It once contained a cheque "for ... entertainment at ... 1966 annual meeting." Still in it is a covering letter from Marion (Mrs. Wayne) Fix of the Hoosier Chapter of S.C.S.A. I don't know what S.C.S.A. stands for.

I have a memory of a hot afternoon gig on a semi-trailer in a used car (or maybe mobile home?) sales lot. It was a promotion, they were broadcasting live, a radio remote to a local station.

I can only recall one performance at a church.

Dana, a secretary at the IU Folklore Institute, where I was a graduate student, was a member of the local Unitarian Church. One day while I was in the office, she told me she was on her church's committee in charge of entertainment and wondered if we'd be interested in playing there some Sunday. She told me several folklorists were members -- Stith Thompson, retired founder of the Folklore Institute, and Richard Dorson, its current head. At every service they had musical performances. They weren't interested in religious music, she explained, but in music that explored, celebrated and presented the human spirit in art. They'd had string quartets and jazz; folk music is fine for this -- how about we present bluegrass?

Naturally we said yes and cobbled up a brief set, maybe four or five pieces. Between numbers I spoke about bluegrass which I introduced as a progressive outgrowth of folk traditions that had bloomed in the world of country music. Our repertoire was eclectic -- stretching from old ballads through the Carter Family and Woody Guthrie to Bob Dylan.

For this performance we chose pieces representative of our typical practice: an old fiddle tune; a mountain banjo song like "Little Birdie;" and "Leaving Tennessee," a relatively new song with a bit of yodeling, Dave and Nell's hit. And since this was a church, we thought it appropriate to include one gospel song, which was not unusual for us. Perusal of old set lists shows we usually did this at each performance. It was common practice with the big-name bands that we patterned ourselves after.

None of us were church goers, though some had been raised in various denominations. But we spent little time pondering the theology in these songs. Their appeal lay in how enjoyable it was to sing them, with plenty of room for harmonies.

In looking at our old set lists I see many familiar pieces, like "I'll Fly Away," "Will The Circle Be Unbroken," "I'm Using My Bible For A Roadmap," and "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." I vaguely recall

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Captain Morgan

Tony Chadwick

When I joined the Royal Newfoundland Yacht Club, I had not anticipated anything more than sailing, shooting the breeze, and the occasional drink at the bar. My focus was, of course, on sailing. In 1989 I had bought *Ondine*, a 24ft Shark, built by C&C in the early 1970s, and had spent a bit of money purchasing a couple of sails to improve performance—a mainsail, and a 130% genoa (an overlapping foresail that would produce more speed in light airs). My three daughters were at home for most of the summer of '89, and we had great fun competing in the Wednesday evening and week-end races, including a memorable Race Week at the beginning of August.

Bluegrass for Unitarians, continued

that we performed another song that does not show up in the file folder, the venerable African American spiritual "Walking in Jerusalem Just Like John," a quartet we'd learned from an obscure Bill Monroe recording. Introducing a spiritual in this context was an easy move in terms of the intellectual and cultural history it represented: one of the best-known early spirituals popularized by the Fisk Jubilee Singers.

At the service I saw familiar faces from the AIU campus. After we performed, or maybe before, I can't recall now which, there were readings from transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson in places where, in other churches, we might have heard texts from the Torah or the New Testament. The next day I dropped by the Institute office. Dana said people really liked your music, but some were uncomfortable with the Gospel material -- too evangelical.

This surprised me. Most of our audiences responded positively to gospel songs. Even if they were not church folks, it was music they knew and liked. I was disappointed by the reaction Dana reported. Of course, we were only a small part of the show that day, and few in the crowd had ever attended our other performances. In an odd way, I was pleased to know our music had the power to offend.

However, I had not anticipated the charitable works that the club engaged in. After the hectic pace of Race Week, there was a lull in racing, but the Easter Seals Regatta filled in the gap. There were a couple of sailboat races on the Saturday to keep the sailors happy (the entry fees were increased to make sure that a suitable sum of money was raised) but the focus was on the children who were normally prevented from getting out onto the water because of physical impediments. Those who could manage to walk were placed on the larger sailboats where there was room for leg-braces and crutches; those who were in wheelchairs were hoisted onto the decks of power-boats, so that they too could be part of the action. While the sailboats raced, the power squadron had a series of events to test their ability to manoeuvre, forwards and in reverse, around a course in the yacht basin, and then, since the weather was not too windy, to test their navigation skills around a course in the bay, while estimating their fuel consumption.

The weekend was sponsored by Captain Morgan Rum, and somehow, word had got around that I had some acting experience. And so it was that I didn't get to sail on either day. Instead, dressed in a Captain Morgan uniform, supplied by the sponsor, my job was to greet the Easter Sealers, show them around the club, set them up with their sailing hosts, and supervise the loading of wheelchairs and their occupants. Of course, I had to play the part, so there were many calls of "Ahoy there me maties!", "Arrgh! I be Cap'n Morgan", and so on.

The children thoroughly enjoyed their time afloat, and the club members were reminded how fortunate they were to be physically able to participate fully in their hobby. I became very emotional as the children said goodbye, but I was comforted by the fact that in the two years I was Captain Morgan, the Royal Newfoundland Yacht Club raised nearly \$30,000 for the Easter Seals Campaign.

New Year's: Bah Humbug!

Steve Wolinetz

Let me make a confession—I've never much liked New Year's Eve nor New Year's Day. That doesn't mean I haven't celebrated or enjoyed either, but New Year's has always seemed like forced fun and an invitation to get drunk. I'm not a teetotaler but prefer alcohol in moderation—a useful strategy if you have a spouse who barely drank at all and now drinks less and too much wine gives you a jag and restless sleep, if any at all.

New Year's has never been my thing. I remember my mother getting dressed up and once my father, a pharmacist, was home going out to a restaurant or party, leaving my brother and I home with a babysitter. Once we were older, we could stay up, and with friends, watch television and see the ball drop in Times Square or, in my case have sleepovers with friends. Kids who were "in" went to parties, but my friends and I were never "in." Older, some of us mustered an out group and pretentiously discussed big things—what we took to be philosophy—but we didn't need New Year's to do that: a willing parent and a rec room or living room was sufficient.

Older, we gathered with friends and went out to parties or took our kids to see fireworks on the harbour (thank you, Fred Brokenshire!). Sometimes, Chris Brooks' Mummings came. A couple of times, living on Catherine Street in Georgestown, we had New Year's levies – open house on New Year's Day. The New Year's I remember best were small dinners, with a few friends near Storrs, Connecticut before I met Karen, and while on sabbatical (1992-93), at European University Institute in Fiesole. We were living in a dilapidated apartment—a story in itself—on Piazza Del Azelgio in Florence. We had no plans other than to venture out and see what was happening. Well before midnight fireworks started exploding around us. The effect was stroboscopic – streetlights flashing on and off as fireworks triggered the relays that turned them on and off. We walked over to a nearby shopping street, decorated to the nines with over the top Christmas lights. It felt like we were in a war zone! I've also experienced a couple of

New Year's in the Netherlands. The Dutch set off firecrackers as well but the experience was restrained and devoid of crowds that evoked *Peanuts* and Snoopy's weed claustrophobia—all too common when we attended festivals in Dutch cities.

But back to New Year's: Out with the old, in with the new, provides markers in our lives and, for some, a chance to take stock, but who needs them? Creaky joints and friends who die remind us that we are getting older, and New Year's resolutions—if we bother to make them—are quickly broken and forgotten. Living all my life on an academic schedule, New Year's Day was an odd time for new beginnings. President of an alternate Jewish group, though not particularly observant, I found myself attending more High Holiday services than I ever imagined. Coming some time in September or October – the dates vary because they are scheduled on a lunar calendar—the Jewish New Year, Rosh HaShona makes more sense and fits the rhythm of my life. That's all the more so if you pair it with Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, and use the time not only to make amends, but plead with G-d to be inscribed in the Book of Life and live another year. That's driven home if you read the Yom Kippur service, which is lengthy, not only because Jews have a lot to say to G-d, but also because you are pleading for your life: the sins enumerated and the pleas uttered become more and more intense as the service progresses. Indulging rather than fasting, secular New Year's celebrations are more fun but pale by comparison.

But, what should we make of New Year's? Another year older, no deeper in debt? Just a marker? A time, if you manage to get cards or Christmas letters off, to reconnect with friends? It was harder before Interac and electronic banking. Then, you had to remember to write the correct year on cheques. Now we have to remember how to write cheques! More important is to think twice about what we wish for: Last year, many people were anxious to

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I started having serious doubts about this university and thought to call the whole thing off. He assured me he was going to expedite matters—but nothing happened.

So we launched forth on this big adventure and drove to Houlton, crossed the border and went to the Immigration office in Woodstock. After searching high and low, nothing was found! I had no visa! The gentleman in charge was very polite but said we couldn't stay in NB, we had to go back to Maine until this was solved. By then we were into the Labour Day weekend, which meant a three day wait at least. The problem was that my U.S. student visa had ran out! We drove back to Maine and, of course, they wouldn't let me back in. We explained our predicament and, thankfully, were allowed in, but were supposed to stay in a motel near the border and not wonder around except to find a place to eat.

Those were the longest three days in memory! We crossed the border again and, to our shock, no visa papers had arrived. The lovely gentleman at Immigration, a retired Canadian Army person, started to ask questions about my background and so forth. He was really trying to help but he explained that when a process has

say good riddance to 2020—the first year of the pandemic and, for those of us who were here, Snowmagedon. I worried about that—whether it would give things *kinehoras*. Giving things *kinehoras*—jinxing things or giving them the evil eye—was a Yiddish expression my father used. To me, it sounded more like giving them canaries. Superstitions aside, there was wisdom in that. Sometimes the gods, perverse as ever, not only give us what we want but do so in spades. Was 2021 like that? Maybe or maybe not: Omicron is dogging us, and we hope it will turn out to be the beginning of the end, if not the end! More to the point, we came out of lockdown, had a good summer and the warmest fall I can remember, free from the end of days weather that has been dogging our kids in British Columbia. We are still around and kicking, and writing about what was. And, miracle of miracles, Karen and I were actually awake when 2022 arrived – not the case in previous years. So, happy New Year and, may our booster shots protect us so that we can keep on trucking.

already been started his hands were tied. All of a sudden his expression became hopeful and he asked if, by any chance, we were intending to get married. When we responded in the affirmative, his eyes shone and said, with a big smile, "The problem is solved! You can enter as the future spouse of a Canadian. All you have to do is send me a copy of your marriage certificate within six months and you will receive your landed immigrant visa!" Interestingly, during his questioning, he was probing for my origins, suspecting that I might be the daughter of Nazi refugees in Argentina! He explained that, having fought in Europe during WWII he could not, in good conscience, let a Nazi into Canada. I was relieved to reveal that I'm Jewish and that most of my extended family had been killed by the Nazis, and that cleared his doubts.

Onwards and forward! We drove to the ferry to cross into Port aux Basques. Upon landing there, we drove off with half a tank of gas, assuming that at some point we would fill up. We were in a hurry because we were supposed to be at MUN at the latest on the day after Labour Day, and we were late! Soon enough the gas gauge showed we were low. However, there were no gas stations! There was nothing but the ribbon of the Trans Canada Highway (a two lane rural road at that time) and lots of hills. We found out that VWs can run on hope and fumes. At every downhill Ted would shut the engine off and we coasted holding our breath. Had we known how hospitable and helpful Newfoundlanders are we wouldn't have worried, but hey, we were coming from New York! We finally came upon a gas station and all was well.

Upon arrival in St. John's and checking, as instructed, into the Holiday Inn, I looked out the window, which overlooked Kent's Pond, and right away my attachment to this rock began. The sun was setting over the pond in a clear blue sky. The next morning we went to the campus and checked in. It was another beautiful, sunny and warm day. Our offices were in one of the infamous temporary buildings but we were happy to be settled in. Later, we drove up to Signal Hill and were, of course, impressed with the view. But what really astounded us was the purity of the air. Coming from highly polluted New York, breathing in the air was an incredible experience that really made us giddy. And thus started my life in this unique and beautiful corner of Canada. No regrets.

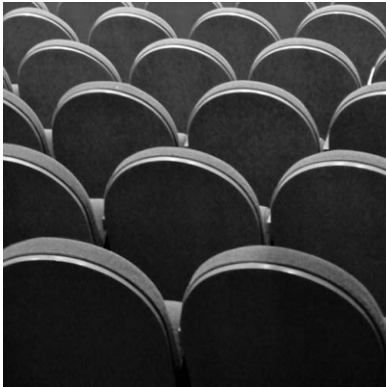
Patterns

Recent photos by the Shutterbug group. Members meet bi-weekly to compare new and old images on a common theme. New members are always welcome. See our website for details:

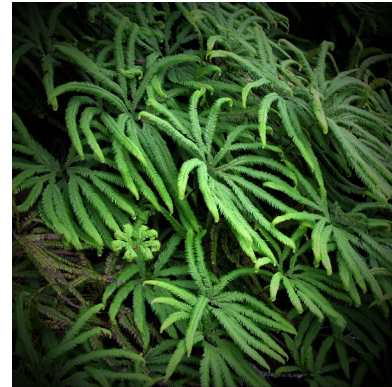
<https://munpaphotos.shutterfly.com/>



Brian Power, Blueberry Mug



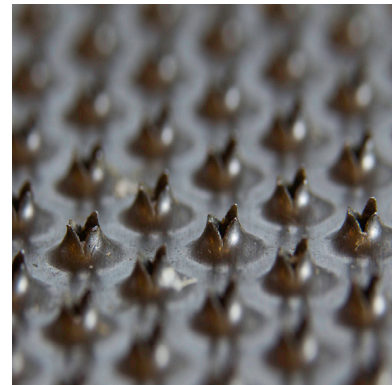
Steve Wolinetz, D.F. Cook Recital Hall



Mark Graesser, New Zealand Fern



Grant Gardner, Deck Palings



Mike Wilkshire, Kitchen Grater



Gerry Humphrey, Las Vegas



Gene Herzbrg, Sea Urchin