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# Epilogue

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*Association of Professors Emeriti - University of Alberta*

## Editor's note

The 2021 year continues with restrictions due to the COVID pandemic, and it remains to be seen how many of our usual activities will resume. Resumption of our monthly meetings at Lunch With... events depends on when the University Club resumes hosting functions; and the organizers of our various interest groups will have to decide how to handle their meetings, by Zoom or in-person.

This issue repeats a very important message from the Executive Council concerning the pending opening of the Association membership to all retired academic staff, and consequent change in the constitution and name of our organization; this change to be discussed by the membership at large in the AGM in October. Nominations for membership of the Executive Council for the academic year 2021-2022 are listed in this issue for consideration before the election at the AGM.

This issue also contains the tentative schedule of Lunch With ... events in the Fall term, the In Memoriam box, and a story of a travel adventure by Don Bellow.

*Ruth Gruhn*

## Notices

### **Lunch With... events**

We have tentatively scheduled Fall term Lunch With... events at the University Club all dependent upon the COVID restrictions leveled on the Club in that period. In other words, there is still a great deal of uncertainty about the events; so as the time approaches, *members are urged to watch the online weekly newsletters.*

22 September: TBA

27 October: AGM

24 November: TBA

## **Repeating an Important Message from the Executive Council**

As many of you know, our membership has declined considerably in recent years, from about 120 people five years ago to about 85 now. There are a variety of reasons for this decline, including a change in culture at the University of Alberta, some glitches in having Human Resources provide our brochures to retirees, and difficulty in obtaining contact information for upcoming retirees owing to privacy concerns. The Executive Council is working to resolve the latter issues, but feel that many retirees may not realize that they are eligible for membership in the Association of Professors Emeriti. According to our by-laws, “other retiring academic administrative staff of the University of Alberta may, upon application, be considered for admission [to Associate Membership] by the Executive”. Our brochure states that “Associate membership is available to retired APOs, FSOs, and professional librarians as well as retired teaching staff without emeritus status”. However, the name of our Association of Professors Emeriti does not indicate the extent of our inclusiveness; and having a separate class of membership makes little sense, given that all members can vote and participate fully in all activities of the Association.

After much discussion among members of the Executive Council and consultation with University officials, we propose to change the name of our association from Association of Professors Emeriti: University of Alberta to Association of Retired Academic Staff: University of Alberta. This change would entail making changes to our by-laws, mainly relating to the section on membership. Essentially membership would be available to retirees that belonged to the Association of Academic Staff of the University of Alberta, plus administrative staff not represented by the AASUA. As before, surviving spouses of former members can be members, as can academic associates not paid by the University, such as some adjuncts.

Our current plan is to present a Special Resolution to the membership at the Annual General Meeting next October that would change the name of our Association and the bylaws as indicated above. But before that meeting, we wish to solicit opinions of our members on this proposal to see if there are any concerns, and deal with any questions. If you wish to comment on the proposed changes, please send your comments to [emirhse@ualberta.ca](mailto:emirhse@ualberta.ca) and they will be considered at upcoming meetings of the Executive Council.

## **Reports**

### **REPORT OF THE NOMINATIONS COMMITTEE**

At its meeting on September 1, 2021, the APE Executive approved the following Slate of Candidates for a two-year term 2021-23 for four nominees. No further nominations have been received from the membership at large. APE bylaws state that no nominations from the membership shall be received at the AGM unless the Nominating Committee fails to secure a candidate for that office.

Nominated are the following:

For the term 2021-23: President:	Jan Murie
Vice-President:	Marion Allen

Treasurer: David Cooper  
Member-at-large: Tim Hartnagel  
Member-at-large: Walter Allegretto

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For your information:

Executive members whose current terms will expire in 2022:

Secretary: Don Carmichael

Member-at-large: Bente Roed

Presidential appointees without term:

Ruth Gruhn (Editor, *Epilogue*)

Gordon Rostoker (Technical Advisor)

Past President (ex-officio): June Panteluk

*June Panteluk, Nominations Chair*

### **In Memoriam**

<b>Sam Bradford</b>	Mechanical Engineering
<b>Tony Capri</b>	Physics
<b>Mark Fenton</b>	Geology
<b>Harry Garfinkle</b>	Educational Foundations
<b>Andreas Hellum</b>	Forestry
<b>Jim Jeffrey</b>	Education
<b>Pat McFetridge</b>	Education
<b>Walenty Michalik</b>	Mechanical Engineering
<b>Verne Plitt</b>	Mechanical Engineering

## Travel Stories

### A Visit to the Ukraine

In 1990 a friend of mine who knew I planned to visit Berlin asked if he and his wife could join us. I thought the idea might work out well because his knowledge of German was better than mine. On the same trip he was going to Kiev in Ukraine, and asked would I like to come along. I asked what would I be doing in Kiev, because it was a place we never thought of visiting. He suggested that I could meet with officials to discuss how our professions are self-governed in Canada. For his part, he was acting on behalf of a construction company in Saskatchewan that wanted to sell a used concrete block manufacturing facility. Apparently this deal was supported by the Canadian government, because when we arrived, we met with the Canadian attaché in his office in Kiev. Although the plan seemed rather sketchy, we agreed to go, although we had to pay our own expenses there and back.

We took a Lufthansa flight from Berlin to Kiev. Upon arrival at Kiev's Kyiv Botytskil Airport, our first sight was four parked Russian planes without any engines. Our luggage was transported from the plane piled on a hay rack pulled by tractor which drove right into the terminal. Crowds began scrambling over the pile looking for their belongings, and we were forced to do the same. After passing through passport control and having our luggage x-rayed, we were met outside the terminal by our guide Peter, our translator Svetlana, and driver Igor who had an old Mercedes. We were driven to a hotel opposite to the main square. We noted that on each street corner there were two or more soldiers carrying AK-47 machine guns who were randomly stopping cars, and inspecting documents and trunks of the cars.

The hotel had seen better days. There were no lights in the hallways and there were holes in the floors; and in the bathroom there was no shower head but a half inch pipe sticking out the wall; but there was a kitchen refrigerator in the room. Also, there was a matron outside the elevators on each floor, doing whatever they were supposed to do. As the hotel had no dining facilities, we were transported to a nearby hotel used for visiting athletes. On the second floor there was a vast dining area with a half dozen waiters but no diners. We stood at the entrance, but no one came to meet us. I asked our guide Peter what was the problem. After consulting the waiters he said that we were a table of nine, and they were only set up for a table of eight. I suggested they move the tables around; so they did and we were then seated. Shortly after our table was filled with freshly baked bread, plates of sliced cucumbers, and cans of Heineken beer. We each received a menu, and Peter translated for us and placed our orders; for which the waiter replied that they no longer had that item. As the cucumbers, bread, and beer were tasty, we all agreed that would be OK for our supper. One half hour later, all the items we had ordered from the menus were served. We did our best but it was a struggle.

The next day Jean and I were taken to an apartment complex to meet with a family that had been affected by the Chernobyl nuclear accident, and who would later accompany Jean around to visit the city while I met with the senior engineers and architects. Upon arrival at the apartment complex, there were two men in a black car watching us enter. Two hours later when we left, the same two men were still there. The apartment was well

furnished, and they had a small dog and a piano (I played a little jazz for them), and served us lunch. We were embarrassed to accept their hospitality, as they had so little; but to refuse would have been a discourtesy. Later that day, while I was meeting with the architects and engineers, the ladies took Jean around the town and into some of the stores. There was nothing for sale but pictures of what they hoped to sell some day. However, we did find a shop that sold amber and painted Easter eggs. The ladies each held on to Jean's arms for fear she might be kidnapped. Having recently gained its independence from the Soviet Union, and a reduction in the flow of money from Moscow, plus the recent disaster from the Chernobyl accident, the Ukraine was suffering economically. We saw one building being restored by a Polish company, but most of the buildings were in a deteriorated condition.

As I entered the meeting I was met with a half dozen stony-faced senior engineers and architects. I began to explain how our professions in Canada function in maintaining educational standards, ensuring ethical practice, and following the latest building and construction standards. The meeting progressed rather slowly due to the language barrier between us and the translator Svetlana, who did not understand some of the terminology. The Ukrainians could not understand how a Profession could be self-governing without government control. I said I would be happy to send them copies of the Acts, Regulations, and Bylaws governing the Engineering and Geoscientists Professions in Alberta. One fellow said in English, "we don't need your advice; just send us money". That ended the meeting. It had been a frosty affair.

For the evening we had been invited to attend a ballet performance called Rasputin. Because the ballet started at 6 pm, we would have supper after the performance. The performance was presented by the Kiev City Ballet Company in a beautiful restored building. All the patrons were dressed in their best finery. To our eyes the show was magnificently done. Coming out of the theatre, we were asked to wait so that we could meet with the principal dancers. We congratulated them on their fine performance. Now it was time for us to look for a place to eat. We were getting cold by this time; and the streets were dark and buildings all black, with no restaurant in sight. Our guide Peter said just wait here and he would find us food. A half hour later Peter emerged from the darkness with a couple of bags of bread, beer, and cheese that we took back to our hotel and ate in our room.

The next day Svetlana took us for walking tour of the city and over to the nearby river Dnieper. In the evening were invited to a dinner hosted by the Canadian attaché. We were driven some distance out of town to a restaurant reportedly owned by the local Mafia. Our meal was out of this world. We had wild boar, French wines, and everything in between. It was an epicurean oasis.

On our final day we checked out of the hotel; and Igor, our driver, picked us up for the journey to the airport. He did his best to avoid being stopped by the soldiers; but as we came over a hill there they were, two of them armed with AK-47s; and they motioned us to pull over. Our guide told us to just sit still, and he got out and went to talk to the soldiers. He showed them a letter from the Canadian attaché detailing why we were in the country, and they let us be on our way. When we boarded our Lufthansa flight to Berlin, we were never so happy.

*Don Bellow*

