



A newsletter for members of the York University Retirees' Association (YURA)

Spring 2023

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YURA is a member of CURAC/ARUCC, the federation of the College and University Retiree Associations of Canada/Associations de retraités dans les universités et collèges du Canada

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Message from the YURA Co-Presidents



Diane Beelen Woody



Steve Dranitsaris

Jean Hersey (author of *The Shape of a Year*) states that “In March, winter is holding back, and spring is pulling forward. Something holds and something pulls inside of us too.” We at YURA do indeed feel this “push/pull.” Perhaps it is because this spring, we are all more hopeful that we are emerging simultaneously from winter hibernation and pandemic cocooning. The two have contributed to more cautious and circumscribed lives in the past few years, and we are eager to embrace the promise of energetic renewal that the season of spring holds.

In recent months, there has been intense activity at YURA. Our campus office has moved from Central Square to its temporary location in the W129A Bennett Centre. Later this year, we will orchestrate a second move to permanent quarters in the Lorna Marsden Honour Court. Those YURA members who have packed up York offices, done any downsizing or purging of possessions will intuitively understand the feelings of discombobulation that moving to new space entails, especially when coupled

with the need to contemplate a second move in such rapid order! We are pleased to report that on balance, this first move went very smoothly; we are grateful to Grace Chui, Charmaine Courtis, and Agnes Fraser who assisted us with the packing up and labeling of boxes and then with creating effective routines in our new space in the Bennett Centre. Steve masterminded the move and put all his problem-solving skills to work dealing with unexpected glitches. This “re-set” is pulling us forward into new routines.

Also pulling us forward is the YURA Events Committee which faces the challenge of how to strike an optimal balance of online and in-person activities for our members. YURA is determined to maintain and strengthen existing initiatives such as the very successful YURA Café, focusing on timely and relevant topics, ably hosted by Fran Wilkinson. The online format allows YURA to extend its activities to a broader group, including those members who are geographically distant from campus, and those whose personal circumstances preclude a trip to campus.

We feel the contradictory impulses of “push/pull” very strongly in the recognition that the time has come to gradually re-introduce some in-person activities, in a way that allows us to remain vigilant and mindful of health concerns.

The YURA Executive plans to hold two of its meetings in person in the coming months. We have also decided to hold our Annual

General Meeting in hybrid format in the fall. We will be offering a lunch for those attending in person – this will be a wonderful opportunity to re-connect with other retirees from York, to hear a stimulating talk and to actively participate in discussions about YURA. At the same time, we will use technology so that both the guest speaker’s address and our AGM discussion will be made available to those unable to attend in person. **Be sure to mark Friday October 27 at 11:00 a.m. on your calendar.** We are delighted to share the good news that Dr. Eileen de Villa, Medical Officer of Health for the City of Toronto, has accepted our invitation to be the guest speaker at this year’s AGM.

Well before that date, there will be a major event on campus in which we are all encouraged to participate: Congress 2023 (the Congress of the Humanities and Social Sciences, formerly known as “The Learned’s”). You have received via email an invitation to volunteer at this event and we hope to see you many of you there in late May/early June when the campus is at its most beautiful. It is our hope also that we will be able to resume group outings, a topic on which the YURA Executive is expending much energy at the present time. While in-person group outings require considerable planning (which is greatly complicated in times of uncertainty and inflation), they offer the unique advantage of allowing us to spend time in one another’s company, in a way that is relaxing, entertaining and supportive of a sense of community within YURA.

Details of what we will be able to offer this year will be forthcoming shortly – you will receive email messages with dates and details as they are firmed up. **The “go to” place for information about YURA events is our website: <https://www.yorku.ca/yura>.** The “YURA Events Calendar” is found on our main landing page. For ease of consultation, events are listed in chronological order and a brief description provided so that you can easily check what is happening in the current week and in coming weeks.

Recently, we decided to consolidate in this “events calendar” all activities and opportunities that may be of interest to YURA members, including other campus events and online activities offered through the Lifelong Learning initiative of CURAC and other seniors-focused organizations. Also on our landing page, below the Events Calendar and Quick Links, be sure to monitor the Volunteer Opportunities for YURA members, in an eye-catching red box. We are confident that you will find in these various offerings, much to support your own personal vision of wellness and continued learning in retirement.

Happy Spring to all, looking forward to seeing you in person in the coming months.

-- Diane Beelen Woody and Steve Dranitsaris

**IN MEMORIAM, 2022
YORK UNIVERSITY**

Irving Abella
Wolfgang Ahrens
Frances Beer
Patricia Bush
Ken Carpenter
Stuart William Christie
George Comminel
Arthur Gordon Darroch
Donald J. Daly
Annie Demirjian
William Dimma
Norma Eakin
Janis Ezergailis
Robert Fothergill
Lisa Guidi
Mamie Hobson
J. Teresa Holmes
Dolores Hurle
Stephen Jacobson
John S. Johnston
Sudhakar Joshi
Naomi Kuhn
Russell Lawrence
Marie-Christine Leps
Hugh A LeRoy
Wayne Mah
Vito Mariani
Kenneth James McBey
Marilou McKenna
David W A McKim
Lourdes Mendoza
Wendie Mitchell
David Ogden
Patricia O'Neill
John O'Neill
John Oxley
Hugh Parry
Wendy Peever
Charles Edward Rathé
Joseph Clark Sherren

Meena Singh
Shirley Small
Carmen Stukator
Barbara Stupp
Filomena Ticzon
Pastor Vallay-Garay
Alain Vercollier
Stephen Waldman
Margaret Anne Waligora
Janet Warner
David Wood
Fakhry Yousof

YURA has made every effort to honour and remember all those who have passed, but if there are names that have been missed, we apologize sincerely and ask that those names be sent to Anne-Marie, c/o yura@yorku.ca so that those individuals can be remembered in a future Newsletter.

– **Diane Beelen Woody and Steve Dranitsaris**

SENIORS WHO ARE CAREGIVERS

The results of YURA's survey of its members are published on YURA's website. The survey found that 25% of those who responded had life challenges related to the fact that they were the caregiver for someone close to them, generally in their family.

This statistic and the life challenges of senior caregivers affect workload, physical and mental well-being, as well as possible social isolation. It is highly important that we learn more about the issue. It would be important to let these members know that

we stand by them. For instance, where I live in a Retirement Residence, several retirees from York and the U. of Toronto are caregivers, with help from the Residence, of spouses who have dementia, Parkinson's disease, or suffer from a severe physical condition. A recent report from the Alzheimer Society shows that for every person in Canada who has dementia, a family member or friend will spend an average of 26 hours a week caring for him or her.

Therefore, I am looking for those among our members who would be willing to write about their experiences as caregivers or about caregiving in general of seniors to other seniors or to people younger than they are, such as an adult child with a special challenge. This could be either a "long" article for the *Newsletter* or a shorter and more personal note for the *PTP*. The writer, if he or she so chooses, could remain anonymous. –**Anne-Marie Ambert**

BILL 23 A THREAT TO ONTARIO'S PRECIOUS GREENBELT

On January 17, Prof. Mark Winfield of York's Faculty of Environmental and Urban Change was a guest at the YURA Café, our Association's monthly hour-long discussion group.

Prof. Winfield discussed the Province of Ontario's Bill 23 and its potential to destroy much of the "Greenbelt" surrounding the Greater Toronto and Hamilton area.

Because of the importance of this issue to all of us living in the GTHA and with Dr. Winfield's permission, we are sharing his article from November 2022 that provides a clear overview.

Doug Ford's "More Homes Built Master Act" (Bill 23) and the Future of the Greater Toronto Region.

The Ford government's *More Homes Built Faster Act* (Bill 23), recently introduced in the Parliament is extraordinary in scope, dealing with virtually every dimension of planning and development in the region. The proposed changes could define the future of the region for decades to come. A Toronto law firm, trying to explain the changes, summarized the situation by suggesting forgetting "everything you thought you knew about planning" in Ontario.

As broad as the scope of Bill 23 is, the Ford government is now going further. It was announced at the end of last week that the province would allow the development of 3000 hectares of Greenbelt, and compel the City of Hamilton to authorize a further 2200 hectares of farmland for development.

The Ford government's moves around planning and development in the GTHA can be seen as a culmination of its previous behaviour. The government has demonstrated an extraordinary level of responsiveness to the development industry, and aggressively marginalized local governments and the public in decision-making processes. Bill 23 effectively takes what the province had been doing

incrementally through MZOs and other forms of overrides of local planning decisions, and generalizes it into a top-down approach to planning and development without precedent in the province's history.

Missing from all of this is any overall vision for the future of the region. The province's approach seems likely to create a sprawling and dysfunctional megalopolis, where uncontrolled development destroys any meaningful urban form and outstrips the required infrastructures. That problem would be reinforced by Bill 23's proposed limits on development changes and other tools used by municipalities to provide the infrastructures needed to support development.

The government and its development industry allies are justifying their approach through a narrative of a housing affordability crisis rooted in lack of supply, attributed to 'red tape' and local opposition to development. That narrative became so dominant that it emerged as a kind of social media 'echo chamber' from which differing viewpoints and analyses were excluded.

The reality is that issues around housing and development in the region are far more complicated than a need to simply build more and faster. The region is already in the midst of a massive development boom. The construction industry is working at capacity, and the narrative of the impossibility of building anything is undercut by the observed reality of the level of development taking place in the region. In fact, Toronto is reported as having

the largest number of active construction cranes in North America.

What is emerging as a major problem is what is being built, and where and how it is happening. The development boom has done nothing to address issues of affordability, especially at the lower end of the income scale. Indeed, there have been significant losses of existing affordable rental housing. Bill 23 would reinforce that problem by constraining the ability of municipalities to require developers to replace rental housing lost to development.

Outwards sprawl onto prime agricultural and natural heritage lands is continuing. That problem will be accelerated by Bill 23 and the government's related initiatives, particularly in Hamilton and around the Greenbelt.

The development patterns that have emerged are doing a poor job of mixing land uses and creating 'complete' communities as envisioned in the Growth Plan for the region. Instead, there has been an overwhelming focus on single-use residential development. The result has been deepening traffic congestion and the overwhelming of transit services and other infrastructures.

A changing climate means there needs to be an increased focus on the roles of Conservation Authorities in dealing with flooding and other extreme weather risks, and on municipal efforts to strengthen building and community resiliency and energy efficiency. Bill 23 would undermine these efforts.

Dealing with these challenges will require vastly more evidence-based and locally contextualized responses than the sledgehammer approach being taken by the Ford government. Rather, the province's approach seems likely to make the region's problems worse than ever.

Ultimately, Bill 23 represents a vision of the region whose primary goal is to maximize the development industry's return on investment. What the region really needs is a vision for an affordable, livable and sustainable future. The tabling of Bill 23 could be a start to that conversation. It cannot be its end.

--**Mark Winfield**

This article with links to various key references can be found in Dr. Winfield's blog: <https://marksw.blog.yorku.ca/blog/>

A more recent article by Prof. Winfield, "Has Ontario's Housing 'Plan' Been Built on a Foundation of Evidentiary Sand?", appeared in *The Conversation* on January 22, *The National Post* on January 23, and *The Narwal* on January 27, 2023.

<https://theconversation.com/has-ontarios-housing-plan-been-built-on-a-foundation-of-evidentiary-sand-198133>

Mark Winfield, Professor in the Faculty of Environmental and Urban Change, has academic interests in environmental policy, environmental law, sustainable energy and climate change policy. He is Coordinator of the MES/JD Joint Program, Coordinator of the Bachelor of Environmental Studies Certificate Program in Sustainable Energy,

Co-Chair of the University's Sustainable Energy Initiative and a founding steering committee member of the Ontario Sustainable Energy Policy Network.



Mark Winfield

LIFE AS IT WAS BACK THEN

Michiel Horn came to Canada with his family in 1952, settling in Victoria, B.C. He went to university there, and in Freiburg im Breisgau, Germany, and at the University of Toronto. He taught History at Glendon College and the graduate programme from 1968 to 2005, when he retired and became University Historian. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. He has entitled his reminiscence, "A Boy's War."

My earliest memory of the Second World War is aural: waking up at night to hear a steady low-pitched drone overhead. The sound, Father explained, came from the airplanes of Tommies (the Allies) on their way to bomb Germany. I doubt I had any idea what this meant, but since bombing sounded bad, the explanation was reassuring. Added later were zooming and

gunfire in the sky, which Father said were duels fought between Allied and German fighter aircraft.



Michiel Horn

From what year do my earliest clear memories of the war date? Probably 1944, when I turned five. My earliest visual recollections were of the German officers who were billeted in the requisitioned villa next to our house in Baarn, southeast of Amsterdam, and more particularly their dogs, German shepherds. They were no threat, Father or Mother said; their barking frightened me all the same. I learned that the officers were the enemy and unwelcome. Presumably they were bad, therefore, but when we saw them, they usually smiled at us and made friendly noises. Father and Mother used to say that the changing cast of officers were completely “correct” during their five-year stay.

In the summer of 1944, after D-Day, the war was coming closer to home. There was increased activity in the air. I recall seeing trains that, in addition to freight or passenger carriages, had flatbed carriages with anti-

aircraft guns. One afternoon I was awakened from my nap by the roar of a plane flying low overhead, soon followed by gunfire. Later that day we heard from Father that a locomotive had been disabled and its engineer killed.

The Allied liberation in the early fall of the three southern provinces brought major changes in our lives. Coal from the Dutch coal mines became unavailable, and fuel became scarce. Soon we were heating only one room. Our house had two chimneys, one of which served a fireplace in Father’s *atelier*, his architect’s studio. There he installed a farmer’s stove, which not only heated the space but made it possible to cook and boil water. Unheated bedrooms were no problem: we got hot water bottles. When we played in the playroom, we wore our outdoors clothes.

By October of 1944 electricity was cut off to most users. As a result, the school where I was attending kindergarten closed, not to reopen until the following May. The German officers next door still had electricity, however, and Father used his professional knowledge to reconnect our house and that of a neighbouring friend. I had no idea that by having electric light we were enjoying forbidden fruit. The blackout meant that this was invisible to passers-by.

More than the cold, I remember the obsession with food. By the fall of 1944 rations were increasingly inadequate, limited mostly to coarse bread and root vegetables,

occasionally supplemented with a thin gruel that passed for soup. Tulip bulbs were made available at some stage, but Mother later recalled that they didn't agree with us. We ate them only once. Soup, which was prepared in a central kitchen, is the source of an amusing memory. In the prosperous neighbourhood in which we lived, people typically paid a fee to have it delivered. One day we were eating it as our lunch when Father found an unusual supplement in his bowl: an iron heel cap. How had it found its way into the soup? The question got an answer later that day, when a neighbour told us he had witnessed the delivery man overturning his cart and ladling as much of his precious load back into the kettle as he could. This remained the subject of jollity until well after the war ended.

I don't remember going seriously hungry. Father was skilful in scrounging for food in the Eemland farming region north and east of Baarn. This involved cycling into the countryside and trading valuable possessions for food (farmers had no confidence in the paper money issued by the German-controlled central bank). He was fortunate in being a public servant. This exempted him from the forced labour that faced many men if apprehended by the Germans, so that he could move around freely. I remember scrubbing potatoes, which were eaten in their skin, and grinding wheat, rye or barley in a hand-operated coffee mill. At least twice Father showed up with the head of an illegally slaughtered calf. Brain and tongue

were delicacies, and to this day I love to eat beef tongue.

Father's freedom of movement ended in the spring. He received a summons to report for patrol duty on the railway line, which the Germans feared might be sabotaged, but went into hiding instead. Now Mother and Arda, the young woman who cooked and helped to look after us, had to go foraging. At some point we received several loaves of white bread, courtesy of the Swedish Red Cross. For years afterwards I thought of white bread as the pinnacle of luxury.

Father had been supervising the construction of a post office in Hilversum, half a dozen kilometres west of Baarn. The scarcity of construction materials ended this before winter began, so he stayed home. We children – there were five of us by this time – didn't know that he had a hiding place, a space that gave access to utilities, under the upstairs lavatory, which adjoined the bathroom. Nor did we know that he might have to hide, but we were instructed to tell anybody who might come looking for him, that he was in Hilversum, earning pennies. But what if they came at night? I recall being woken and asked in a voice I didn't recognize – I later learned that it belonged to one of Father's comrades in the Resistance – where he was. I parroted the response I had been taught: he was in Hilversum, earning pennies. No German soldier or Dutch police officer ever disturbed my sleep, but one day two or three soldiers did come looking for

him. They searched the house and garden and left empty-handed.

By mid-April, the war was nearly over, but the Germans were preparing their defences. Father made his own preparations, placing a couple of beams in the cellar to shore up its roof and putting spare mattresses on the cellar floor. Mother and Arda pasted strips of paper on the glass doors that opened to the patio. Strengthening the cellar was intended to provide a safe place in case we were shelled or bombed, and the paper strips were intended to keep the glass from shattering if hit by shrapnel.

On April 25 advance units of the First Canadian Corps reached the Eem River, east of Baarn, and that afternoon they began exchanging salvos with batteries of German field guns. We children were quickly bundled into the cellar. With four adults and seven children ranging in age from seven years to eleven months, it was more crowded than planned. At the time that the shellfire began, Germaine Fischer, a Frenchwoman married to a Dutchman, was visiting with her children, Bert and Elsa. It was thought too dangerous for them to return to their apartment, so they stayed with us. (This was wise, for their place was badly damaged by a shell. In the event they stayed with us for three weeks, “*trois semaines inoubliables*”, as Germaine wrote in Mother’s guest book.)

I don’t remember feeling scared. Instead I felt pleasantly excited. We were cosily

hidden away, the cellar dimly lit and warm. The sounds coming from outside should have been menacing, but they weren’t. An incoming shell announced itself with a shrieking whistle that increased in loudness, followed by a bang. A few shells landed close, and a couple of explosions were followed by a clattering sound, but I had no conception of the damage a shell could do.

According to Mother and Father, we children were all asleep before the shelling ended that evening. Fatigue had little trouble overcoming excitement. By the time we woke up it was quiet outside. Father had already ventured out and told us that the mansion west of our house had taken a hit on the roof. Other than a couple of punctures in windows caused by shrapnel there was no damage to our place. There was shrapnel in the garden, however, and the fragments would have to be removed before we could play outside again.

The shelling did not resume. It did prompt a game we called *granaatvuur*, shell fire. One of us would yell: “Shell fire! Quick, into the cellar!” We would hide under furniture while somebody imitated the familiar shriek and bang. This was followed by chatter about the proximity of the explosion and whether the shell had been a direct hit. Father liked to imitate three-year old Joe’s lisped comment: “Yes, on the roof next door, a hole big enough for a horse and cart.”

The day after we were shelled, a ceasefire was signed ending hostilities in the Central and Western Netherlands and allowing the Allies to organize operations Faust and Manna, later joined by Chowhound, aimed at relief of the civilian population. I recall planes flying low overhead: either they were about to drop their supplies or had just done so. Later that day, Father came home with biscuits and milk chocolate. They tasted good, but we children soon threw up. Our bodies were simply not used to so much fat and sugar.

My most glorious memory is of the liberation itself. I still can't think of that day without becoming emotional, and I expect that will be true into my dotage. On May 7 we joined our neighbours in walking to the highway from Amsterdam to the east. The mood was jubilant. Like many others, I enthusiastically waved a small Dutch flag. Having reached a suitable vantage point, we stopped and waited for the Allied soldiers to appear. When they gloriously did, they were preceded by a wave of sound. Here the conquering heroes were in jeeps, Bren gun carriers, trucks and half-tracks. The vehicles had happy civilians clinging to them. We waved our flags and cheered.

For years, I thought the soldiers were Canadian. My father insisted they were British, however, and in time I found out he was right. They were members of the 49th (West Riding) Infantry Division, nicknamed the Polar Bears, which at the time was part

of First Canadian Corps. That afternoon a small column parked along our street. The adults chatted with the soldiers while the children decorated their vehicles with branches of flowering shrubs from the gardens along the road. The overwhelming mood was joy, in which soldiers and civilians shared. After a couple of weeks, the British troops left, to be replaced by a Canadian regiment. It stayed until it was repatriated in the fall. What I chiefly remember is the bagpipe music that was constantly in the air, and I developed a strong and lasting taste for this form of music. Later I learned that the unit was the North Nova Scotia Highlanders.

The summer's most memorable event was the last day of August, Queen Wilhelmina's 65th birthday. A dozen or so triumphal arches, decorated with flowers and coloured cardboard, and, luxury of luxuries, illuminated with electric lights, had been erected in the shopping area. The Canadians held yet another parade. We admired it and the arches. Did I hear of the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki earlier in August? I must have, but I doubt that I appreciated their significance. I do remember hearing that Japan had surrendered on September 2, the day before my sixth birthday, which was also the day I started grade one. It should cause no surprise that this looms larger in my memory than the end of the war.

--**Michiel Horn**

TEN DAYS IN A CHINESE QUARANTINE DETENTION CENTRE

"You need to quarantine, " a man on the other end of the line said. He was calling from the Shanghai Municipal Center for Disease Control and prevention. "I'll come and get you in about 4 or 5 hours." I dashed out of my hotel to stock up on supplies. Based on the advice from colleagues and my previous experience of quarantine in China, these included tinned tuna, tea, biscuits, three types of vitamin, Tupperware, a yoga mat, a towel, cleaning equipment, books, eye drops, etc. .

Four to five hours later, I received another phone call. This time it was a woman from the hotel staff, "you are a close contact," she said. "You can't go outside." I went to the door of my room and opened it. A member of staff was standing there. We both jumped.

The man in hazmat suit arrived a little later. First, he administer a PCR test, then escorted me down to the deserted hallway... I was being "taken away" as this process is referred to in China these days. In the empty street, a bus was idling,.... the mood in the bus was not fearful so much as detached. It is a curious experience as an adult, to be driven somewhere without having any idea of the destination. None of us--not me, not the other passengers, not our driver-- had tested positive for covid-19, but we were heading into China's quarantine

apparatus, the kind of place that finds you, rather than the other way around..

PCR testing in China is (was) an almost daily ritual and testing booths are (were) common on street corners. They look like food stalls, except they're larger and cube-shaped, and a worker inside sits behind plexiglass cut with holes for two arms . They are merely the surface Machinery of a vast monitoring system. It is, above all, another kind of bureaucracy, with a vast Workforce behind it.

When the bus finally reached its destination, we quietly disembarked. Each of us was asked to confirm our presence. . The site of our quarters snapped us awake. The facility consisted of neat rows of what might be described as cabins, each one in a shipping container-like box, sitting on short stilts above the ground. Inside my 190 square-foot cabin there were two single beds, a kettle, and air conditioning unit, a desk, a chair, a bowl, two small cloths, one bar of soap, an unopened duvet, a pillow, toothbrush and toothpaste and a roll-up mattress. The window was barred, though you could still lean out.

The daily rhythm went as follows. Early in the morning, we awoke to a lawnmower-like noise, which in fact was a disinfectant machine spraying our windows and front steps. Meals were provided at 8:00 a.m., noon, and 5:00 p.m.. around 9:00 a.m., two nurses in blue hazmat suits came to

administer PCR tests. Once, I asked if I would be taken somewhere else if I tested positive. "Of course, you'll be taken away," one of the nurses said, "a new life", she added in English.

Any discomfort was secondary to the psychological impact of uncertainty. Although I was told on arrival that my stay would be 7 days, in the end it stretched to 10. After a while I thought only of getting out.

Article written by Thomas Hale,
Shanghai correspondent for *Financial Times*
in November 2022,
and substantially abbreviated by
Anne-Marie Ambert

GOOD READS

Dangerous River. RM Patterson. (First published in 1954.) 1989. Toronto: Stoddart. This is a book for those who love adventure, whether in real life or vicariously, as well as the wilderness, with a bit of history thrown in. I must admit that this is probably the third time that I have reread this book and I am always disappointed when I reach the end because I could read 200 more pages of such prose.

The action takes place in 1927-28 in the Northwest Territories, then a region totally unexplored by white settlers but long habited, although sparsely, by First Nations. This environment was unspoiled nature at its

best, and a dangerous place to be, especially if one travelled by canoes in rapids, on foot or with dog sled, or if one climbed cliffs to see what was on the horizon. Patterson, often alone or with other similar-minded men, explored these vast territories by following rivers, especially the Nahanni, discovering lakes, mountain ranges, and along the way, building various caches for their food as well as cabins in which to sojourn during the winter.

He and his companions mainly sustained themselves by fishing and especially hunting moose, caribou, beavers, and bears. Not only do they have to feed themselves, but they also have to feed their ravenous dogs. (The descriptions of the spectacularly enormous meals that these men wolfed down are quite something to read.)

The writing is simply wonderful, and the vocabulary is very visual, as Patterson was a keen observer. There is a great deal of humor, some describing difficult and dangerous situations. Patterson is a skilled wordsmith. If one likes literature, this is a powerful book. There is a special flavor to the texts. One can practically see, smell, and touch what is described. One does not get tired of reading the descriptions of the environments through which Patterson travels in all seasons as he and his few peers go about their adventures and struggle to survive in the wilderness. We also get to learn a bit about the history of the area and, especially the geography, which at the time

was not properly mapped within a European context of topography.

The back cover mentions that Patterson, born in 1898 in England, was educated at Oxford and, during World War I, was taken prisoner by the Germans. After the war, he worked at the bank of England and introduced the game of darts to that institution. He married in Canada in 1934 after his first adventures described in *Dangerous River* and remained in the Canadian West where he wrote many other books. He died in 1984.

– **Anne-Marie Ambert**

PHOTOS OF THE NAHANNI RIVER AND AREA



Photo taken by Alicia Carmen **Regidor Garcia**



Photo taken by Jean **van Berkel**

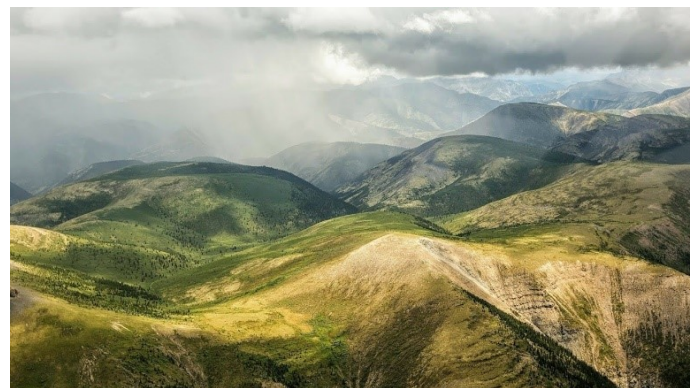


Photo taken by **Jordi Cis**

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