
40 Homewood Community Newsletter

Volume 4. Number. 8

August 1, 2007

The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers of the articles and not the Board of Directors.



August 17th – September 3rd
2007

Welcome

TO OUR NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Let's give our usual 40 Homewood warm welcome to our new assistant superintendent, **Ramel Bathan** and his family. Introduce yourselves and make him feel at home. **WELCOME RAMEL** we hope you enjoy it here.



Havana Hot

Eva Kato's wonderful slide show on Cuba on July 18th was

attended by about 40 people. There were spectacular photos and great Salsa music and the event was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Eva was given a standing ovation at the end. Thanks you Eva and Ken.



On July 7th, 2007, one hundred and five people celebrated the 35th anniversary of our building by attending a celebratory barbeque. It was our best barbeque ever and let's hope they continue.

As usual, huge **thank you's** go out to Arthur Martin for co-ordinating the whole thing.

Thanks to Denise Redwood and John Serena for standing in front of those hot barbeques for three hours cooking the burgers and hot dogs, sometimes to specific personal orders.

Also helping Arthur were Russ Baxter, Rachel De Grâce, Danielle McBride, Candice Green, Wayne Beaton, Martha McLaughlan, Mary Davis, Cammie Lee. Kevin Madden, Arthur's friends Harry and Cliff from Peterborough and last, but certainly not least, Donna Breit and Liz Madden who did a great deal of work by ordering the giveaway diaries, liaising with contractors for door prizes, creating the signs, selling the tickets and making up a list of all attendees

Thanks also to Antonio Monni who went out of his way to clean the barbeques for us prior to the event.



Getting To Know You



Elise Pelly

What does a curious mind and attention to detail get you? It got Elise years of exposure to now-banned toxic chemicals.

Elise and her two siblings were raised in a new North York subdivision built along the ravines. Bike riding, ballet lessons and playing out of doors were coupled with weekend trips downtown to visit her grand-parents.

She thought of nursing after high school, but chose to go to work in a medical lab that trained her in laboratory methods. With a pipette in her mouth, drawing up samples of body fluids and radioactive iodine were daily activities. An early marriage and a move to Guelph soon landed her in an environmental biology lab. There she experimented with derivatives of Agent Orange. Naturally curious but academically untrained, Elise asked odd but pertinent questions and shared several publications with the head of the lab.

After eight years, she left to study nursing and opted to work in psychiatry. Her first job in Toronto was at Queen Street Mental Health. Five years later, she moved on to St. Joseph's Health Centre. For the last six years, she has worked in their Day Hospital.

Elise enjoys walking, especially on the Bruce Trail. She spends time with her friends and family, loves the arts and cooking. A beautiful collection of vintage evening bags decorates the coat rack at the entrance of the apartment where she has lived since 1999.



Getting To Know You



Margaret Osmond & Ralph

Margaret has always been clever with numbers, and it has served her well in work, while playing bridge and in volunteering to help with income tax.

Born in England, she passed her matriculation but thought working would be more fun than studying. By 20, she had a job at the London County Council, looking across the Thames to Westminster. It was a wonderful time, complete with a four-year love affair with a Pakistani engineering student. When that ended, she "wanted to put an ocean between herself and her lover" and came to Canada.

Then, a year and a half later, she became a mother and accepted a new and difficult challenge—that of raising her child on her own. Through grit and good luck, she managed to care for her daughter Debbie and hold down a steady job at Crown Life. She stayed with the company until her early retirement, taking many courses, passing exams, and moving from the actuarial department to a management position with a staff of 14. Along the way, she earned a Life Office Management diploma and has taken courses at HR Block. Now Debbie, with an MBA, is a director with an insurance company.

Margaret has volunteered at the AGO, where she still takes painting lessons. Thursdays and Fridays she spends happily with her grandsons. Margaret is an original owner at 40 Homewood and was a Board member for eight years.

Ongoing Activities



Bridge in the recreation room,
Mondays and Wednesdays at 7:30 pm.



Movies with Don in the
recreation room, Thursdays or Fridays at
7:30, Notices posted every week.



*To
everyone
who has a
birthday
this month.*



YARD SALE

Although Mother Nature ended it a couple of hours early, our yard sale was, as usual, a big success. I hope everyone made a few bucks.

Thank you to Rachel De Grâce for coordinating it and with the help of Gus Kieley, for putting up flyers all over the neighbourhood.

Huge thanks go out to Antonio Monni for coming into work on a Saturday morning, putting out and returning all the tables for us and also seeing to it that everyone who paid for a table got one.

Thank you also to Liz and Donna for selling the tickets and making up a list of participants.



A SQUIRREL'S LAMENT

By Catherine Munro

Once upon a time I lived on Homewood Avenue in Toronto. I am a black squirrel, a wild urban dweller. I liked Homewood Avenue because it had lots of trees that I could climb, and build the nest for my babies. My body was designed for trees and dirt, not houses and cages. The humans who lived at 40 Homewood Avenue thought I was cute and began to feed me nuts and tried to tame me, not knowing that I am not a pet, nor never can be. When the time came to build a nest for my babies I decided to see if these humans had a better place for my nest where they lived. I tried climbing up the wall on the outside of the building, finding it quite easy. As I climbed up the wall I looked at all the balconies until I found just what I was looking for on the eleventh floor. It had a wooden deck, and a nice dark corner behind some plant containers. The human living there seemed to know I was there. Then I slowly built my nest and had my three babies. I didn't understand that this was not what the humans wanted at 40 Homewood although they had been feeding me nuts and trying to make friends. Suddenly there was a cage near the nest which trapped me. I tried all night to get out as I could hear my babies crying, but I was trapped. Then some humans came and took me and my babies away from Homewood Avenue. If I could speak the language of humans I would ask them at 40 Homewood Avenue not to give us nuts and not try to make friends as you are making our life very difficult with your mixed messages.



Computer Language

By Sylvia Keshen

Eye halve a spelling chequer.
It came with my pea sea
It plainly marques for my revue
Miss stakes eye kin knot sea.
Eye strike a key and type a ward, and
weight for it to say
Weather eye am wrong oar write; It shows
me strait a weigh as soon as a mist ache is
maid.
It nose bee fore two long and eye can put
the error rite, it's rare lea ever wrong!
Eye have run this poem threw it, I am shore
you're pleased to no it's letter perfect awl the
weigh, my chequer tolled me sew!

Use Of The Benches On Our Property

Submitted by Robert Richard

Neighbours please keep in mind that the
benches under the pergola are just feet
away from the suites of other residents.
Please keep conversion to a low noise
level.

Please refrain from early morning and
mid to late evening use.

Keep in mind that your cigarette smoke
blows into our windows. Thank you.

CLASSIFIED

THIS WEBSITE LIES LIKE A RUG!

www.rugforsale.webhop.biz says that the
authentic, hand-knotted, 5'7" x 7'10",
100% wool, dark blue Indo Gabbeh Indian
Rug which was bought for \$500 sells for
\$300. But for readers of this paper, that's a
lie. It'll cost YOU only \$200. To see it in
person, phone 416-927-1999.



Recycling Corner



RECYCLING PLASTIC

Not all plastics are created
recyclable!

This includes many plastic
containers with a recycle symbol
on them.

When recycling your clean plastic
container, let the shape of the container
be your guide. Three basic shapes are
currently accepted for recycling by the
City of Toronto.

- BOTTLES or JUGS (A jug is a
bottle with a handle on it with a or
symbol on the bottom.
- TUBS used for margarine, yogurt,
sour cream, ice cream or cottage
cheese. Include lids separately.
- JARS (i.e with a relatively wider
mouth than a bottle) used for peanut
butter or mayonnaise. Include lids
separately.

AND THAT IS ALL! Unfortunately all
other plastics go into the garbage even
if they have a symbol on them.

GOING THE EXTRA MILE.

- Clean plastic bags may be recycled
at local Dominion Food Stores
- plastic (polystyrene and Styrofoam)
may be recycled at recycling stations
located inside entrance to at least some
University of Toronto buildings, for
example, the Facility of Music at 20
Queen's Park, immediately south of the
Royal Ontario Museum (Follow the
driveway in.)

THANK YOU FOR RECYCLING



Down Memory Lane

By Violet Green

Tip Top Bakery

When Alvin proposed there were two conditions. One of them was that I had to learn to drive and that led to my job at the Tip Top Bakery.

It was 1939 in Manchester and war had just been declared. I was 23 years old, and we had been married for two years and were living with Alvin's mother. Alvin was working for Superma, who exported their products and he suddenly found himself on his way to Johannesburg for a six month contract to teach hairdressers there how to use the new perm technique that had been invented by his company. The water was different and Africa needed a trichologist, to adjust the formula to suit their climate. I needed a job. I found work at the Tip Top Bakery and had to get up at 5.30 every morning in order to leave by 6.30 to drive to the other side of Manchester. I soon decided that I was spending too much time on the road and found an upstairs flat just five minutes walk from bakery. Alvin's mother couldn't believe that I was moving out and was going to live by myself. By this time, Alvin had been gone for two years and was not supporting me. I learned later that she had written to him and told him that I had a job and there was no need for him to send money home. I packed my belongings, took some of our furniture out of storage, had it delivered to the new flat, and moved in.

I loved the job. The bakery ran on minimal staff, and bread routes were only available in neighbourhoods where there was no corner shop. In time I came to know my customers very well. They were very trusting and often left the back door open while they were out at work. I'd go in and find the kettle on the stove and everything ready to make myself a cup of tea. Sometimes I would find a special treat - an egg, an onion - luxuries during the war.

My van was loaded with white and brown bread, rolls, sticky buns, fruit pound cake cut in various sizes, but nothing fancy. The mince tarts were made of mincemeat layered between two large slabs of pastry and cut into squares, nothing like the dainty mince tarts we know today.

The loaves were steam baked, not crusty and made with oil along with sawdust as a filler. It was a minimal amount but it filled the holes in the bread, and it was well known that Tip Top made its best bread during the war. Cost of a loaf was 5d. and Tip Top was one of the first bakeries to introduce sliced bread. Products were made with whatever was available so the selection varied from week to week, and I was amazed at how inventive the bakers became. If there was anything left at the end of the route, I had to turn it in. The bakery would have one day a week when they would sell off the leftover baked goods to the drivers. That was the extent of any discount for the employees of the bakery.

My biggest daily challenge was loading the van with bread and baked goods in the early morning hours. Normal start time was seven and I hated being rushed in a crowd of women all trying to get out of the yard first so one morning I decided to show up at six, only to find that the bread wasn't even baked. I yelled at the bakery manager asking why my supplies weren't ready, but he still made me wait until closer to seven. This went on for several days until finally one day I showed up again at six and was met by the manager. Not wanting to feel my wrath again, my order was already baked and loaded on my red van. I hit the road and was home by two in the afternoon, in time for a bath and a nap before I had to make dinner.

I discovered later that the bakery needed to keep me employed. I was one of only a few women who knew how to drive and they needed me to teach other women so that they could fill the vacancies left by their husbands who were fighting at the front. A bread route was a perfect blend of home and work life. The women needed to earn money to keep their families together and they could be home before the children were out of school. The bakery owned a couple of electric vans and I would assign those to the novice drivers. I stayed at Tip Top for three years until Alvin returned from Johannesburg, at which time we left Manchester and moved to Sunderland.



A rumor that the Management Office will no longer take parcels

for us?

This is not true. They will continue as always to take them for us.

As The Days Fly By.

Submitted by Olga Crossley

*We are all born to a world of change
Though we may never know why
We grow and learn, despair, rejoice
Wonder and laugh, and cry
And the days go by...*

*And some look back with little more
Than regret and a wistful sigh
Or worry their way toward the future
Or do their best to deny
That the days fly by...*

*Each moment in time is a fight that
comes
And goes in the blink of an eye,
We question as always the meaning of
life,
And "to live" is the only reply*

*So I celebrate you in the here and now
May you live as well as life will allow
And may your spirits be every high.
So they too, fly..
As the days go by*

Community News

GEORGE SMITHERMAN, MPP is holding a barbeque on Saturday, August 18th, 12 noon to 3pm in Allan Gardens

Free Family Fun
Rain or Shine!!

Food – Cold Drinks – Entertainment
Kids' games and Prizes - Raffle



For information Phone 416-972-7683
Email gsmitherman.mmp.co@liberal.ola.org
Website: www.georgesmitherman.com



VOLUNTEERS

Volunteers are always needed for the social events that take place in this building. The 35th celebratory barbeque went very well but everyone who worked on it looked very tired and more help would have been greatly appreciated. Arthur mentioned that he is willing to put on another barbeque in September but more hands will be needed. There are so many things to see to. First, the food has to be purchased. Hamburgers, hot dogs, buns, condiments, dessert, wine, pop. The barbeques have to be brought out to the patio and cleaned off. The tables and chairs have to be brought out from the rec room to the patio and set up. The bar has to be set in place. There is some food preparation that has to be done earlier in the day. Tomatoes and onions for the hamburgers, have to be sliced. A salad has to be made. Cutlery, plates, napkins, condiments need to be set out and replaced when empty. The dessert has to be set out and served. If the dessert is the same as we had at the 35th, it takes two people. One to cut the pie and put it on plates, one to add the Cool Whip. In my opinion, the cooks should be spelled off. Denise and John stood in front of a hot barbeque, breathing in smoke for three straight hours. This could be done by six people in three shifts of one hour a piece. There has to be a ticket taker, which could also be done by two people because by the time the ticket taker gets to eat, there sometimes isn't much food left (I know this from experience). The bar has to be (wo)manned. Here again, there could be shifts because the volunteers are entitled to a time to eat. Then there is the cleanup. Hopefully most people will dispose of their own garbage but it is not always the case. Kudos to Arthur for suggesting that people bring a chair or table from the patio to the rec room to be put away. That saved a lot of time. The management office is a great help in selling the tickets and making a list of attendees.

Most people who attend these functions seem to enjoy them very much but just a little work done by a lot of people would make it less work for the organizers

Barbeque Photographs

The photographer on this page was Charles Marker. Eva Kato has also submitted photos but as they are mostly face shots, I will post them in the September issue. Thanks Charles and Eva.



TIPS FOR STORING ITEMS IN YOUR LOCKERS

By Donna Breit

The most important thing to remember is that storing items in your lockers is at your own risk. It is the responsibility of each locker user to insure their contents as an extension of their homeowner's content insurance policy.

Although every effort is made to protect your items, the Corporation cannot guarantee that there will be no vandalism; thefts, floods, fire etc. Please make sure that valuables are not stored in your lockers.

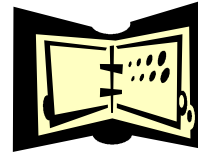
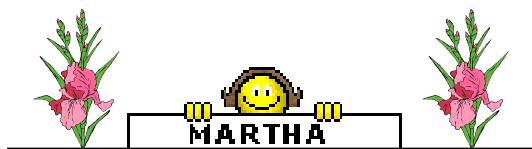
The following are tips that may help in reducing your loss should a flood occur.

- Use plastic bins with lids where possible.
- Cover items with thick plastic.
- Get items off the floor as much as possible. Some people put palettes down and then store their items on top of the palettes.

We would like to thank those residents affected by the flood that occurred on the third level north end. Your patience, cooperation and understanding was so greatly appreciated.

Note from the Editor

Martha McGrath, Unit 615
marthamcgrath@esuete.ca



Board Meeting Minutes

Some of you may not be aware that the Minutes from the Board of Directors' Meetings are available for any owner to peruse. If you want to see the motions made by the Board on how your money is being spent, this is the place to look.

They are kept in the library, filed in a black binder, on the high shelf next to the cupboards. As soon as the Minutes are approved at the Board Meetings, the binder is updated.

Please **do not** remove the Minutes from the binder

"THE SET OF THE SAILS"

One ship drives east,
and another west,
With the same self-same winds that
blow,
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
Which decides the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea
are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the will of the soul
That decides its goal
And not the calm or the strife

