

perspectives



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McMaster Employee Profile: Joan Zywina

Tucked Away...A Natural Gem

By Grace Ferracuti

There are not many staff members who have worked at McMaster University for over 45 years. Yet there is one tucked away in the Faculty of Engineering and her name is Joan Zywina. In 1958, Joan came to McMaster for her first interview. She was a shy and nervous seventeen year old. She didn't own a driver's license so her father drove her in and waited patiently for Joan outside in the parking lot. It paid off. Joan landed her first job.

She started as a clerk typist in the Faculty of Science where she worked in a secretarial pool which was then located in the Physical Sciences Building (many of us know it as the Burke Sciences Building), until she was promoted to supervisor of the pool. In 1967, there was a huge flux of faculty hire and the departments hired secretaries. When asked by Dr. McCalla, the new appointed Dean of Science at the time, if she would work for him, she accepted and became his secretary and some years later Administrative Coordinator for the Faculty of Science. In January 1980 Joan resigned from the University to stay at home with her son David who was born February 1st of that year. The following year Joan had another son whom she named Roy. During 1983 and

1984 she pursued part-time work at McMaster. During that time, she became interested, applied and was hired for the full-time position of Student Advisor in the Faculty of Engineering. Several years later her title changed to Academic Assistant to the Associate Dean of Engineering.

Many of you may recognize Joan venturing across campus each day, no matter the weather, to the Registrar's Office. She enjoys the exercise and it enables her to put a face to the people she deals with. And people is what Joan will miss the most. She has formed many close relationships on campus and the wonderful staff she interacts with daily make it a pleasure to come into work. Then there's the students. She laughs as she recalls one convocation where a student turned up drunk. It was 9:30 am and the employees at the Registrar's office weren't wasting time in pouring coffee down his throat, trying to sober him up before the convocation began. They did a fine job and the student managed to walk across the stage and pick up his diploma. The rapport she has with students means so much to Joan. She has a collection of cards and notes from many of them thanking her for the assistance she provided them. "It's a wonderful feeling to know that your work meant something to them".

Yet now after 45 years at McMaster University, Joan looks toward future retirement. She hopes to continue her line-dancing and take general interest courses, go back to yoga and interior decorating and of course more traveling with her husband Jim. We'll miss Joan. She's a warm individual with an endearing smile and an abundance of patience.

She sits back and reflects with a smile. "I had two job offers fresh out of high school. One was at McMaster and the other was at a car dealership. The car dealership isn't there any more. I think I made the right choice." You sure did Joan. And we're thankful for it.



McMaster University Profile:
Joan Zywina

Editorial

Once again I had the privilege of being part of the 'Inspiring from Within' Organizing Committee for 2006. As always, the combined efforts of the committee provided an inspirational day that included outstanding speakers and sessions on a wide variety of topics.

In addition, I know I speak for the entire committee when I say that we were deeply honoured to be recipients of a President's Special Achievement Award for Outstanding Service.

Committee Members

| | | |
|----------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Jeanette Button | Erika Kustra | Lynne Taylor |
| Sharon Baptist | Ruth Nicholson | Anita Toth |
| Stephanie Cherwinski | Lorrie Reurink | Serge Venier |
| Grace Ferracuti | Sylvia Riselay | Janet Walsh |
| Tina Horton | Cathy Stampfli | Grazyna Ziolkowski |

Here are some of the comments from attendees at the 2006 Inspiring from Within Conference:

- Speakers were enthusiastic, interesting and informative. They kept my interest.
- Absolutely excellent and inspiring.
- Thought provoking.
- Even better than I had hoped- amazing.
- Perfect.
- The organization and attention to detail was extraordinary.
- Jesse O'Brien at the piano was fantastic.
- It was great to include exercise and health to the Conference.
- Venue was large and attractive.
- It leaves us feeling upbeat, pampered and valued. Thank you.
- Loved the humour.
- The venue was most conducive to relaxing and enjoying the day and all its opportunities.
- I reconnected with some former co-workers and met some new 'inspiring' women.

Grace Ferracuti, Chair,
Perspectives Newsletter

Humour

I'm a Good Boy

Written by Ernie Dog
Translated by Cassandra Weimann

My mommy sometimes says I'm *trouble*, but I know this isn't true. I'm a *dog*. My name is Ernie Dog, and when my mommy found me I was living at the Toronto Humane Society, which is a repository for strays and no-longer-wanted -- otherwise known as doggie jail. Mommy had come there to see if she could adopt someone. I curled up on my tiny, standard issue blanket to make myself look really cute and little, and to get her attention I made funny faces at her through the bars of my little cell. I was four months old, and the sign on the cell door said I was a Doberman/German Shepherd Mix.



Ernie Dog, a good boy.

My mommy loves me a lot, and I love her more than anything. I would never let anything happen to her. I am *Ernie the Protector*.

Mommy calls me *Ernie the Destroyer*. She says I destroy lots of expensive things I'm not supposed to touch. I'm a good detective. Even when she hides things, I can find them. And once I do, my killer instinct comes alive. She doesn't seem to understand that I'm just saving her from things I believe inconvenience or hurt her. Maybe I don't make very good choices here, but hey, I do my best. Examples of some things I've killed are: Brushes. Brushes are bad, because they pull on your fur...so I eat them. Food. It has a lot of calories, so when they're not looking I steal it off the table and eat it so she can stay skinny. Plants. They create work for Mommy, and that means less time to play with me. So, I gradually kill them, branch by branch, so she won't have to worry about them anymore. I'm a *Good Boy*, really I am.

The computer also occupied a lot of her time. So I peed on it every day until it didn't work anymore.

When I first came to live with Mommy, my feet were a little raw and I had to wear little boots outside in the snow. I didn't like them, they made me walk funny and the other dogs laughed at me. I felt so bad. I didn't ever want Mommy to feel like that, so one day when she was at work I ate all of mommy's shoes. All of them. Some of them, I just ate the heels or the toes off, but others I ate entirely. When Mommy came home she looked so surprised, but then she looked sad and angry. She said something about never being able to replace her good leather shoes; how most of them were beyond repair -- apparently she didn't understand that this was the whole point; and something about so much money spent for nothing. For a while she didn't seem to love me anymore. She even yelled at me. After a few hours, though, we were all happy again. Now, she keeps her shoes high up on a shelf in the closet. Just as my friends laughed at my shoes, I bet all her friends laugh at her when she wears hers.

I also protect them from intruders, or at least I did. Where we live we have a little hole in the front door, and every day around the same time little paper burglars come in through the hole. My mommy calls it "innocent mail", but I know better. They're burglars, and they have no right coming into our house. As soon as this "mail" hits the ground I snatch it up in my mouth and kill it. I toss it around, I shake it, I hold it in my paws and shred it to bits. Then, if I'm feeling especially enthusiastic, I eat as much of it as I can, so that by the time Mommy comes home there are only teeny bits of "mail" left stuck to the floor. I'm a *Good Boy*.

One day last fall, Mommy brought me home a sister. I had wanted a brother to play with, but apparently this was all she could muster up. She was really little, only six weeks old. She looks just like me but her dad was a Rottweiler, not a Doberman. We call her Buffy. She was just too little; I couldn't even play with her. And she was mean! She chewed on me. She chewed on Mommy. And she peed everywhere. I never pee in the house anymore. Well, except on the computer. I'm a *Good Boy*. But I took care of her, just in case she was important to Mommy. I made sure she stayed in her bed, and I carried her around by her neck. Sometimes I shook her really hard, but I don't think Mommy noticed.



Buffy under the watchful eye of Ernie.

The week after she came to live with us I tried to teach her how to play. I was just trying to be a good brother, honest. I wasn't trying to kill her, even though I got a whole lot more attention before she came. I was just trying to play. I was showing her how to race around like a mad dog on the grass, and jump in the leaves. She didn't seem to understand, so to get her full attention I jumped on her... hard. She cried and cried, and her leg looked funny. Mommy took her away to someplace called "Emergency" and Mommy was crying.

When they came back she had a big bandage on her leg, and Mommy said I had broken her leg in two places. She had to spend the night in a padded laundry basket. I heard whispers of "morning", "her own vet", and "so expensive". The next day when she came back from the vet, the

bandage was gone, but she couldn't walk. She had to stay in a tiny portable jail (Mommy called it a crate) for three whole weeks, and was only allowed out to pee three times a day. I felt so bad. She was just a baby. I didn't mean to hurt her, and I know too well how awful it is to be in jail.

So, I learned how to let her out of the crate. It was a little tricky at first. Digging didn't get her out; it just destroyed the carpet. Chewing on the cage didn't help either, all that did was bend the walls and make the roof fall in. Howling and barking really didn't help. That just made the neighbours complain, and Mommy was not pleased. But finally I figured it out! All I had to do was turn the little latch with my mouth and pull -- really, really hard -- and the door would open. This way, when Buffy had to pee and no one was home, she didn't have to pee in her jail; she could just pee on the floor. I am *Ernie the Liberator!*

Buffy and I are really good friends now. She got better fast, and grew big. Now we can play and run and chew on each other. Together we have discovered that Mommy's underwear make great toys for tug of war. We chew shoes together (when we can get at them), and rugs, and Buffy has introduced me to the joy of couch eating. In return, I am teaching her how to chase cats, birds, frogs and raccoons.

Buffy and I are very lucky. Our Mommy loves us very much, and we love her too. So even though she says we are *trouble*, and the most expensive doggies on the planet, we know that she means we're *Good Doggies*. Expensive things are good things, right?



Ernie and Buffy, good doggies.

Cassandra Weimann is an Administrative Secretary for Health Sciences Graduate Studies

Mac Facts

This is an ongoing series on miscellaneous programs, products, services, etc. that are available to McMaster employees.

Did You Know?

Employee Purchase Plans

There are agreements with several different companies to offer services and products to McMaster employees at a discounted rate. These include: Grand and Toy; The Mortgage.com; Safe and Sound security; Dundas Valley Collision Centre; Dell Computers and TD Meloche Mennox. More information can be found at http://www.mcmaster.ca/bms/BMS_PR_Purchasing_Services.htm#pr_mep

Leisure Swim Time at Ivor Wynne

There are two weekly leisure swim time: Friday night 8:00-9:30 p.m. and Sunday afternoons, 4:30- 6:00 p.m. A small entry fee is applicable.

W.J. McCallion Planetarium

The sky's the limit at this unique facility- where you can either attend one of the many public shows, or book your own private party underneath the stars! The McCallion planetarium is located in the basement of the Burke Science Building (room B149) on the campus of Hamilton's McMaster University. See <http://www.physics.mcmaster.ca/planetarium/> for a listing of public shows.

Long Distance Plans

University Technology Services offers a residential personal long distance plan designed to save you money on your telephone bill. You can even send them you long distance bill to receive a free analysis on how they can save you money. Details can be found at <http://telecom.mcmaster.ca/residentialservices.cfm>

Travel Travel!

McMaster's Travel Services offers numerous plans that employees can take advantage of. Whether you're renting a car, or looking for a break on your hotel bill, McMaster University employees may be eligible for special rates- visit <http://www.mcmaster.ca/purchase/travel/>

Lost Something?

Security Services is the central lost and found for the campus. They tag all items, enter them on a database and store these items in security for a minimum of 30 days. Some electronics and jewelry is stored for longer. If you lose or find something on campus, give Security Services a call!

Retrospectives

McMaster History

By Madeline Barr

Have you ever wondered how McMaster University came to be in Hamilton? Throughout October 2005, McMaster celebrated its 75th anniversary in Hamilton.

McMaster University originally was built in Toronto

In 1887 Senator William McMaster, the first president of the Bank of Commerce, left money to fund a "Christian school of learning." Under the terms of an act of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario in 1887, McMaster Hall was built on a one-acre campus in Toronto and offered courses in arts and theology. In 1890, the first degree programs were offered.

The educational institution began to grow too big for its Bloor Street West home and in 1923 a number of suggestions were made on what to do about the problem- one of them was moving to Hamilton in 1927.

Funding the move

A 1.5 million dollar fundraising campaign was started in 1928 to bring McMaster University to Hamilton. Since the Baptists would not accept aid from the public purse for the education institution, \$500,000 had to be raised by Hamilton citizens during a depression to fund the building of Hamilton Hall. The other million was raised by the Baptist Church and McMaster graduates. At that time, Hamilton offered 75 acres of land which was plenty of ground for growth.

The construction and growing begins...

That year, Albert Mathews, chairman of the Board of Governors, broke the ground at a ceremony to start to build the campus in Hamilton. In 1929, A. Cope & Sons constructed road and services from Main Street to Hamilton Hall. (*Continued on next page*)

Classes were held at McMaster University, Hamilton, on October 1, 1930. Approximately 25 professors and 500 students shared the campus and 6 buildings: Hamilton Hall, University Hall, Edwards Hall (male student residence), Wallingford Hall (female student residence), The Refectory (dining hall) and the President's House. Chancellor Howard Primrose Whidden was the first to reside in the President's House in 1933. It was estimated that it cost \$30,000 to build it in 1930.

...and is never ending

Today more than 17,000 full-time undergraduate students and over 2,000 full-time graduate students share the approximately 300 acres of campus with over 6,000 employees. McMaster University has over 112,000 alumni in 128 countries. There are 55 buildings on campus and counting.

Madeline Barr is a Client Services Analyst with McMaster University Technology Services.

Hidden Treasures

There's no Tim Horton's in McMaster Hospital

By Marlene Monster

But there is a coffee shop (Corner Cafe) that is open 24 hours, 7 days a week. It is run by the Hamilton Health Sciences Volunteer Association (www.hamiltonhealthsciences.ca/hhsva). In fact the HHSVA operates over 30 outlets and services across the hospital system. At Mac you can browse through the Gift Shop, the Flower Shop, or a clothing consignment store called Clean, Shine, Stitch. You can make an appointment at the Hairdresser and enjoy a hot entrée in the cafeteria (Marketplace on Main).

When you purchase anything from one of these retailers, you are supporting Hamilton Health Sciences. All profits are donated back to the hospitals. In 2005, the Association gave over \$1.9 million to enhance patient care. This money bought an ultrasound machine, mobile imaging units and specialized wheelchairs, to name a few.

"Make a Purchase, Make a Difference" is the slogan proudly displayed on the store banners. Yet, as Christie Mohide, Marketing Manager for HHSVA, explains, the Volunteer Association is composed of two parts. As a traditional hospital organization, it has over 1,000 volunteers. As a fully incorporated company, it employs 150 staff. Last year the HHSVA raised \$9,376,900 in total revenue. When you buy a coffee, you are contributing to patient care. If you choose a food item that is identified by a green "Good for you" sticker, you are also helping yourself. This program is based on Canada's Food Guide (www.hc-sc.gc.ca). It is available at all the hospital food service locations, including the new Hummingbird Café in the Juravinski Cancer Centre.

The Hamilton Health Sciences Volunteer Association is open to change and innovation. What is good for its customers is even better for the patients. It all starts with a cup of coffee!

Marlene Monster recently retired from McMaster University where she worked at Titles Bookstore.



Hamilton Health Sciences Volunteer Association