

## In This Issue

- Think Green
- Engineering Through my Eyes
- Up Close and Personal
- Partridge Hunting – From the Beginning
- The Future of Lighting

## Christmas Spirit

The office is once again going to help out families in need for Christmas and give a generous donation to the food bank. This year we have three families and fully plan to help make their Christmas a better one. With our help these families can enjoy a bit of what we take for granted during this holiday season. To date we have collected \$710.00 from staff and we have a donation of \$500.00 from the Company.

## Office Clean-Up

Anyone who has moved out of their office over the last few weeks has probably noticed the large amount of recycling bags covering almost every available space. This is all in an attempt to clean out unnecessary "stuff", tidy up and make better use of the space we have. The back room has been completely gutted and thanks to David Keating now has a fresh coat of paint.

The Blue Room will now be used for storing shop drawings and any projects waiting to be closed out

## Think Green

by Sue Locke

Green idea for this issue: Why throw away our pay envelopes, how about returning them to be used again. Please note that refills will only occur every two weeks. Some individuals have tried returning empty envelopes immediately hoping for a refill but this will not work.



## Engineering Through My Eyes

by Craig Courage

Well there must be an ongoing Editor's strike. Surely that would be the only logical reason why I'm allowed to write another column in our yet to be named NDAL newsletter.

Our Structural Department continues to be the Crowning Jewel of the company and looked upon by the others with great envy. Of course being rigid and erect has always been something we have prided ourselves on, but there is one amongst us that has taken this motto to great lengths...Sburke is gonna be a daddy! Married just this past August, Stevie Wonderboy didn't waste any time wondering if their new house lacked the pitter patter of little Burke feet. Congratulations to both Steve and Tracy and we wish them all the best as the big day nears. Steve, to make sure you are ready for daddy-hood I'd suggest you start depriving yourself of sleep right away. Start by getting out of bed every two hours and sniffing sour milk while someone screams in your ear for five minutes before returning to bed for another two hours of rest. Repeat this throughout the night – every night, until the baby is home. Once the baby is home – 'no sleep for you'.

Since the inaugural edition of our newsletter we have had a couple of social outings. The annual NDAL Golf Invitational teed off last June at the Willows Golf Club in Holyrood. Hackers, wackers and even golfers had a great outing with a few shots worthy of TSN's highlight reel. The BBQ that followed was once again hosted by Cheryl and Dave at the Walsh's cabin and for that we are very appreciative. Cheryl perfected her Strawberry Dacqs and they have become perennial favourites amongst the ladies and a handful of men secure enough in our manhood to be seen drinking them. During the "Awards Ceremony", Dave Bursey was presented with the coveted "Courage Cap". This is a trophy given to the golfer who wins the closest to the hole competition. Did I ever mention why I donated the trophy that bares my name? All I know is that during a previous tournament I was tragically wronged by one of my very own, someone who I worked with day in and day out, a man I partied with, a mate I was honoured to get kicked out of a downtown bar with, a friend who will remain unnamed pending the outcome of a lawsuit. All I have to say about this matter is that Albert is no longer with us...funny that.

In September, Anne and Jim graciously offered up their home and hospitality to host our annual company fall BBQ. Many hands worked together to cook-up, pour-up and clean-up as best we could to make everyone's evening a time of fun and offer a chance for all to catch-up with each other's news. People lucky enough to have left before the pool cues got passed around didn't miss a thing. There were no TSN highlights but we did have a great laugh mocking each other's shots.

At this time I'd like to step outside the safe confines of the Structural Department for a moment to help out a fellow employee. Last month Glen 'had' to leave the office with three other guys for the afternoon. Unfortunately, he did not tell Larry of his whereabouts. Larry was distraught and wandered aimlessly for hours in search of his friend but met with no success. Because of this, I have derived the following guide, intended to let others like Larry know where each other may be should they not be in the office:

- If Bill is not in on a Friday afternoon, assume he's at his cabin
- If Jim K is not in after lunch on a sunny day, assume he has a migraine
- If Dennis is not in any day this fall, assume he's shooting something
- If Reg is not in, assume it's after lunch
- If Graham is not in, assume he's enjoying a cool one alongside his fishpond
- If Craig P is not in, assume he's sailing
- If Jim A is not in, assume it's a workday
- If Larry is not in on a Friday afternoon, assume he's having a tubby bath
- If Cheryl is not in on Monday, assume she's in Mexico with our lotto winnings
- If Justin is not in, assume he's bussing tables at the Taste of Thai
- If I'm not in, assume I'm working extraordinarily hard for the company (wink wink)
- And Larry...if Glen, Jim, Reg and Bursey are not in, assume they're GOLFING!

## New Snack Tray

Starting in September the Social Club decided to put together an NDAL Snack Tray and it is located on the island counter in the "new" kitchen. There is a good selection of snack items and everything is \$1.00. If there is a snack you would really like have available, please see Cheryl. A small container is available to collect your money and usually there is enough to make change. Sue is collecting the money and keeping track of the accounting portion of the venture.

The initial start up cost for the Snack Tray was taken from the Social Fund and will be paid back from profits. The actual starting cost was \$588.52 and inventory has been purchased to restock the tray since September. The Snack tray is doing well and is making money. So far it has brought in \$604.14. It won't take long to pay off the debt and start showing some real profit for the Social Fund.

## Students This Term

### Jennifer Book

Jennifer will be entering her second year of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Waterloo.

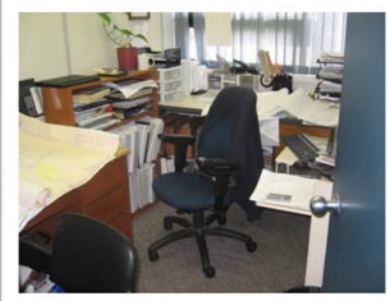
### Danny Aylward

Danny just completed his Criminology Diploma at MUN and is planning on a career in law enforcement. He enjoys travelling and enjoys vacations anywhere it is sunny and warm. He also enjoys hockey, golf (he recorded his first hole in one this year) and soccer as well as partying on the weekend! A chip off the old block!!!!

## Up Close and Personal

*A Biographical Sketch of Lawrence Joseph Meaney*

by Cheryl Walsh



(Larry at Work)

FACT SHEET:	
Date of Birth	August 6, 1953
Given Name	Larry Joseph Meaney
Height	Shorter than he'd like
Marital Status	Married to Roma
Dependants	1 son (Travis)
First Car	1965 Valiant Baracuda
Favourite Meal	Slurpees
Personal Quotes	"Like 'dem 'dere tings like dat"
Hobbies	Making music CD's
Googleable	Yes

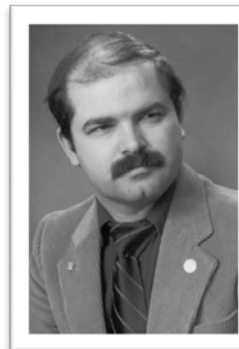
Who is Lawrence Joseph Meaney (a.k.a, Larry J , L.J.)? Details of Larry J's early life are scanty as he was reluctant to divulge information when interviewed. He claims he grew up in the west coast community Stephenville, in an average size family with two sisters and one brother.

As a boy...little Larry saw himself as a fireman...from his enjoyment in playing with hose-like objects and splashing in water on Friday afternoons. Teenage Larry saw himself as a disco star – performing at the Stanley Steamer. After completing a basic drafting program at "the Crossing", L.J. left his home community to return to his birth land and broaden his horizons at the age of 18. After two years in Nova Scotia, his inner voice told him that he had more to offer the world, so Larry left Halifax and returned to his native land. He settled in the big city of St. John's, in the search for prosperity and a wife. He furthered his career by graduating from Cabot College in 1978 with a diploma in Civil Engineering Technology. Little did Larry know, 1978 would be a huge milestone in his life - his career was about to take off with multiple opportunities awaiting him, he was physically fit from endless nights of disco dancing, he met a dancing girl that "pulled his chimes" as Larry likes to say, and little did he know, he would be married approximately nine months later....

The mature Larry found himself as a P.Tech. In his 30 year plus working career, he has worked for various engineering firms and institutions. In 1984, L.J. began working for his favourite employer, NDAL, joining the company the same day as fellow co-worker Jim Keating. Due to the recession in the early 90's and slow times in the civil department, Larry was one of many people in the country that experienced a "pink slip". However, Larry quickly climbed back on board the money train, and returned to the same employer thanks to Ken Drover, this time with the mechanical department. As time passed and worked picked up, Larry J. once again became 'civil'.

Over the years, he has developed many skills, drafted uncountable plans and developed life lasting friendships. He is known for his uncanny ability to discover lisp routines. He has a very pleasant personal demeanour and a strong inner strength, which is evident by his ability to keep his cool during the many, many computer issues he has to deal with on a day to day basis. He is constantly on the move within the office, collecting information and making observations on a regular basis. When a project deadline must be met, he's always there to jump in and lend a hand to get the job done. He is always willing to help with brainstorming and giving suggestions. When there is a social event on the go, he is the first one on board to play or hang out with his fellow co-workers.

What does Larry do outside of the office? In his spare time, Larry enjoys ballroom dancing with his wife Roma, taking in a movie with Travis, KFC, and solitude. He also enjoys carpentry work and adores his scroll saw.



Lawrence Joseph Meaney, 1985



L.J. the Ball Player



Jim Aylward posing as Larry



Larry J. searching for Information...

## New Employees

We would like to welcome the following new employees:

### Ryan Crewe Civil Engineer

On September 10, 2008 we had a new employee join the ranks of NDAL's Municipal Department. Ryan Crewe completed his studies and graduated from Memorial University of Newfoundland with a Bachelor Degree in Civil Engineering in May of 2008. During his studies, he completed work terms with the Department of Transportation and Works, The Department of Environment and Conservation, Public Works and Government Services Canada and Focus Corporation, a consulting firm in Edmonton, Alberta. Ryan grew up on the "toe-of-slope" of Marble Mountain in beautiful Pasadena, Newfoundland. This probably explains his love of downhill skiing. Ryan also enjoys hiking, mountain biking and ball hockey. On any given weekend, Ryan can be found watching his beloved Leafs on TV, or hanging out at his favourite undisclosed watering hole on George Street.

### Sheila Elliott Receptionist/Secretary

Sheila grew up in Ontario but decided to swim against the flow of out migration to move to Newfoundland. Sheila does have a connection with the island as both her parents are Newfoundlanders who retired back home. She is currently living in Bay Roberts with her husband Shane and her two daughters and makes the car pool commute to work each day. Many of us would wonder about an hour commute but for Sheila this is less than half her commute from her previous job with an engineering firm in Ontario.

#### Quotes Friends and Co-workers:

"...While Larry has been the brunt of many 'in-office jokes and comments' he has always accepted them in a well meaning way....I respect Larry for not taking those digs and jokes serious and for putting up with all 'my' off-color comments, he just accepted them in the way they were meant to be...."  
**(Dave Burse)**

"...It's easy to tell when Larry's up to something - always light on his feet he can be seen scooting back and forth to the photocopier and pinning something on the corkboard with a grin on his face and a glint in his eye...I'll always think back on my days here and be thankful to have worked alongside my friend, Lawrence Joseph Meaney, P.Tech"  
**(Craig Courage)**

#### "Or Something Like That There"



## Partridge Hunting - From the Beginning by Dennis Beaton



Having been gently prodded by a fellow department co-worker, I find myself in the envious position as a contributing writer for this newsletter issue, volume 2. As you all know, I have many talents and skills and could babble endlessly on most any subject, adding my own skew on things as required to make it appear that this is indeed true.

Well, as you've already read, I have selected a hobby of mine, partridge hunting, as the topic.

My first encounter with this noble bird was in my youth, at Badger, when the bitter mid-winter snow storms would pummel the Gaff Topsails. On such occasions, the partridge would head for wooded shelter which, more times than not, placed them in flocks both around and in the town itself. We would take the opportunity to

go out on snowmobile and shoot a few for ourselves. They were good eating and easy game. I remember training my eyes to look for little snow trails of tracks at the edges of woods and the 'lumps' that were actually whiter than the snow itself. At the time, I carried my Dad's .22 rifle for this purpose. I believe I was eleven or twelve when bestowed with this privilege. To me, this was hunting partridge. It worked, why try anything else?

We must fast forward ten years at this point due to space constraints, attention spans and my rudimentary typing skills.

As needs dictated, I had to relocate to the Avalon portion of this fair Province to find employment and initially, to convince myself there really was no need to beat 'er off to the mainland, which was plan 'B', and very nearly implemented on several occasions. You're all some lucky, what?

The first few years were spent literally on my duff trying to get established in my career and making ends meet. Hunting of any sort was all but abandoned in the physical sense, but never far from my thoughts. It was during this time I met Mr. Bill Fey. He was a stone mason by trade who came from England to this province in 1955 to engage in the on-going restoration of the Basilica. See, I capitalized that word, only a mic would do that. It turned out he was an avid sportsman and one day, asked me if I'd like to come along for a trip on the barrens. I knew nothing of hunting in this manner with a pointing dog so out of sheer curiosity, I agreed to go. He looked at me and asked, "By the way, boy, how are you for walking?" I thought this an odd question, but it would later become crystal clear and quite appropriate.

That late October Saturday morning in 1990 found me at Hawke Hills parked up by the towers behind what was the Blue Fin. It was just breaking daylight when Bill rumbled up in his old Dodge truck, got out, and opened the rear cab door. I got a fleeting glimpse of what appeared to be a dog. It shot out of the truck and made a bee line out across the open ground and was out of sight in a few seconds. Bill seemed unconcerned, so I made nothing of it and we set off. We didn't see Prince, as he was called for the first twenty minutes of our stroll, as Bill called it. Prince was a Gordon Setter and indeed a fine animal. At that time he was nine years old with an astonishing energy level. It baffled me how a dog could keep on such a fast pace for so long and cover so much ground. We walked on and it slowly became apparent that Mr. Fey, who was 40 years my senior, must be part setter as well. Two hours into it, I found I was working, not walking.

## Events



*SBurke Before...*



*SBurke After...*

## Contests

Listed below are suggestions for a title for our newsletter we have received so far:

- NDAL Bluenotes
- Teaming
- Tile Talk
- The Tile
- The Inside Scoop
- Rag-Time
- NDAL Navigator
- Design Times

Let us know what you think?

## Contact Us

Have any great ideas or additions for the next newsletter - Contact Us  
[admin@ndal.com](mailto:admin@ndal.com)

We didn't see a single bird that morning and at one o'clock, we stopped for lunch. I cut some wood, got a fire going and managed to get a can of water boiled and made tea. Bill remarked, "Lad, you're some woodsman". Then I stripped my feet bare to dry my socks, sipped tea and contemplated the situation. Thinking about the distance back to the truck made my guts ache and I wondered if in all of human history had such a walk been embarked on before. I believe the Book of Exodus gives a good account of something similar. Never before in my life had I hunted for so long and so far for nothing, and it was just half way. Bill proudly announced we were about five miles from where we started and that we should probably be out by dark. I just gave him a tight lipped smile, you know the kind of look a person gives when they decide at the last second it's better not to say what they're about to. "Friggin' great", I thought, "just what I wants now, out here after dark with this crazy Englishman. God only knows what happens then."

Anyways, we had lunch, shouldered up and set out in a direction back but away from our earlier line of travel. I think Bill sensed my dampened spirits. He liked to talk and turned it up a notch. He told me what it was like hunting in the area in the 60's, dogs he'd had, guns he'd had, friends he'd had, how he came to Newfoundland and what it was like living in England when the German blitz krieg pounded London at night, his own neighbourhood in fact. Well, I couldn't top that, but I told him a few of my own moose hunting and trapping experiences. Slowly, I fell in step. The afternoon light changed toward evening and I saw that this was truly beautiful surroundings.

Suddenly he stopped and said, "Me dog is stood". I looked about as I hadn't seen this critter for what seemed like a half hour. He pointed at a black fleck on the side of a distant ridge. "Sure that's a mile over there, Bill", I groaned. He replied, "C'mon Lad, chin chin, there's a good chap". That made me laugh hard enough to forget my aching legs and I swung around and started for the dog.

It took nearly fifteen minutes, and all the while that dog never so much as flinched but remained in a flat, straight posture staring directly ahead. Bill rehearsed me in what to do on the way over there and when we reached the dog, I was literally all in and forced myself to concentrate and pay attention. The old pump action seemed like it weighed a ton. Bill tried to coax the dog in and quietly said, "They must be close, he doesn't want to budge". Thirty yards out, the barren exploded in a flurry of flashing wings. Instinctively, I pointed and fired. I remember a puff of feathers and a brown and white form collapsing and falling to earth. I had taken my first bird over a dog. With his double barrel, Bill had knocked down two. I had the pump loaded to the gills but only fired once and I'm not sure why. Maybe I was too shocked at the realization that this was indeed possible when the birds flew up.

I made it back with my tortured limbs but I was smitten with the experience. Over the next few years we had numerous hunts together, some good, some not so good but we always came back with birds it seemed. Bill has long since passed away. He introduced me to an outdoor activity I truly enjoy and I remember him saying to me on that first trip, "You'll be out here muckin' about with yer own dog one of these days.....I'll be gone. It'll be your turn then." Thanks, Bill.

Today, I have an English Setter, tri color, named Jack. Jack doesn't range as far as Prince did, which suits me fine, comes when he's called and loves the open barren, like I do. The birds are far fewer in number these past few years it seems and my own personal success rate has plummeted but I still love to go. It's not about getting birds so much as watching Jack work, the rugged landscapes, clean air, good exercise, taking pictures and just making memories.

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## The Future of Lighting

by Jerry Ford

As you all know in today's world the pressures of becoming a more earth friendly and energy efficient society has all type of industries being scrutinized more than ever. In the lighting industry this is also the truth, in turn a relatively new wave of lighting source is becoming more and more mainstream and continues to be developed. This new development is the use of LED's as primary light sources, LED stands for (Light Emitting Diode). They have been mainly used for indicator lights on electronic equipment (i.e TV's, radios, stereos, cars etc) also everyone has heard of the new LED Christmas light craze over the last few years, their low energy consumption, long life and the bright colors are making them very popular. LED's are considered the next step up from the current use of spiral compact fluorescent lamps that we are all buying to replace our incandescent lamps with. To put it in perspective, LED's last five to six times longer than compact fluorescents, and because of their size can reduce landfill waste by up to 80%.

Although it has been around for about 30 years, only in the last 10 years or so have LED's been closely studied and researched for use in every day lighting tasks. Researchers found that by combining LED's and increasing the light output per LED, the amount of light was bright enough to be used for general lighting. We are currently using them for the parking lot and building perimeter lighting for the new schools in Torbay and Paradise. Also, new commercial LED type fixtures have been developed for use in buildings to replace those famous box fluorescent lights that we have become so use to seeing. In the next few years, we will see this LED technology being used in more common areas such as restaurants, warehouses and office buildings etc. on a daily basis.

As with any new technology, the reason for the slow progress and integration is the cost. Within the next 2 to 5 years, it's predicted that LED fixtures will be comparable and compete with the compact fluorescent technology. Just another step in doing our part to help out the environment. Obviously this is a very brief overview, but the next time you hear the word LED used, you will at least have an idea of what it is.

