

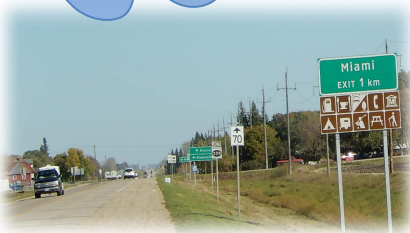


# Seniors Today

Volume 37  
Winter  
2015/2016



# Contents



## Inside this issue:

- Exec's Report .....2**
- Raymond .....3**
- War Medal Comes Home.....4 & 5**
- YK Cranes.....6 & 7**
- Humour & ABCs.....8**
- Lamp Wicks .....9**
- Northern Lights.....10 & 11**
- Been Everywhere...12**
- Marg's Road Trip...13**

### Contributors:

- Bob & Mary Carr
- Ken Hall
- Merlyn Williams
- Walt Humphries
- Chris Williams
- Larry Elkin
- Susanne Impett
- Kim Doyle
- Marg Green

Editor Bob Carr

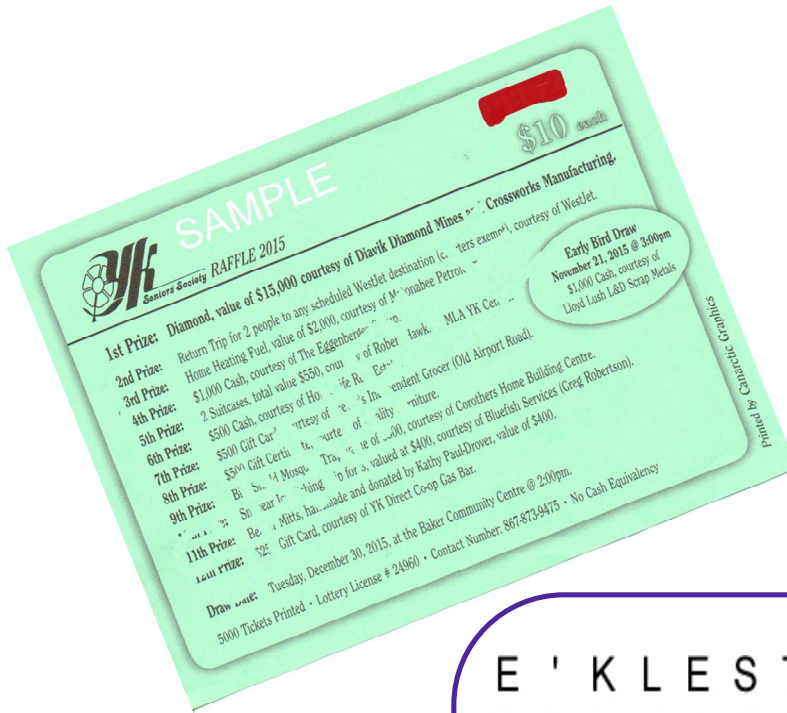


## Our Veteran Members 2015

**Dusty Miller  
Jan Stirling  
Brock Parsons  
Ruth Spence**

\*

**Let us also Remember all of our Veteran members of years gone by... gone but not forgotten**



## Upcoming events:

**November 21, 2015 :  
YK Seniors Christmas Bazaar**

**December 30, 2015:  
YK Seniors Society Raffle Draw 2015 (get your tickets now at \$10 each. Only 5000 tickets printed.**



## Pneumonia is a Killer Disease

**But, it's vaccine-preventable**

**If you are over 65, or have asthma, diabetes, chronic heart disease, chronic lung disease, chronic liver disease, or living in long term care facilities, speak to your doctor about getting a Pneumococcus Vaccine, available from Northern Health.**

**At the same time, have them check your immunization records to see if you require other updates.**

E K L E S T U L A X V Y  
 B A F F I N I S L A N D Q  
 O D R J N T K E A I J A G  
 T J N V X E R I V C A G Y  
 Y B H T D T V V V P K E J  
 O D R U M N A A R A R S K  
 W Y R Z D V A I H E N I W  
 T A M A I S N L M A L U T  
 N W K K B I O S N I O E N  
 O R N E T L E N M E S J D  
 C O Z T R L A R B R E P G  
 J N U R L U I V O A D R G  
 L Q M E X S E D S M Y G G

**Lutselk'e  
Greenland  
Eureka  
Svalbard  
Norway  
Nunavik  
Sirmilik  
Sacks  
Contwoyto**

**Hudson Bay  
Baffin Island  
Alert  
Gjoa Haven  
Ellesmere  
Quttinirpaaq  
Ivvavik  
Dorset**

Wordsearch



## My Friend Raymond the Raven.

I first met this critter 7 years ago it was the 10th of June, 2008 or 9 and I was out on the top deck of my house enjoying the Spring sunshine and this Raven kept squawking at me. I asked my wife Joyce to bring some bread out to me, I held the bread in my hand and he cautiously approached me and started to peck the bread in my hand. He was a fledgling and had probably just left the nest. The inside of his mouth is all pink when young but when they are 2 years old the inside of his mouth will turn black.

This was a start of a long friendship because 7 years later he still comes to visit us especially for food!! When a Raven is between 5 and 6 years old they will seek a mate and that bond will last them their lifetime, as Ravens can live up to 45 years. Well he showed up with his new companion and she was very prim and proper. She was a bit cautious of me but I wished them both a long and happy life together yet I also cautioned her that he can get very demanding and miserable at times.

We placed a stepladder against our Kitchen Window and Raymond, as we named him, will perch on the ladder and tap the window with his beak to get our attention and which can be very demanding, as I told his partner.

Another note of interest is for the past 6 years Crows have been migrating into Yellowknife from the South and their numbers get larger by the year and when they set up their territory they put the run on the Ravens so naturally we do not see Raymond in the summer time but as soon as the snow flies he is back.

Merlyn



Snowy & Raymond



Merlyn feeding Raymond

# Granddad's Medal Comes Home

**My Granddad, Clarence James Hall (CJ), on my Dad's side of the family emigrated from England to Canada as a boy in 1908.**

**When World War I broke out in 1914, he was eager to do his duty for King and Country. By the spring of 1916 he was able to enlist, in spite of being only 16 years old, and began training with the Edmonton Fusiliers and then with Edmonton's 202<sup>nd</sup> Sportsman's Battalion at Sarcee Camp near Calgary. His battalion shipped overseas in November 1916 as part of the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF). He served until the spring of the following year when he was discharged for being a minor and sent back to Canada. The reason for doing so after allowing him to enlist and serve for almost a year is unclear – his Mother may have played a role...**

**As an expression of gratitude following the war, the British government awarded all members of the CEF with the British War Medal, each engraved around the edge with the soldier's name, rank, regimental number and battalion number. My Granddad had returned to Canada before the end of the war and never received his medal.**

**Following the war he played in a band in Edmonton along with two other soldiers from the same battalion. Granddad had a medal tattooed on his right forearm, which we believe was copied from a British War Medal he borrowed from one of his fellow soldiers in the band. He never received his medal but he proudly wore his tattoo.**

**As part of a family history research project, I have spent time searching the internet for anything associated with Granddad's battalion. Through searching I found old newspaper articles and was able to obtain a copy of his service record from the archives in Ottawa. One evening when I typed the name of his battalion into Google, a rather obscure looking website address popped up amongst the search results. It turned out to be a link to a website in England that was developed by a fellow whose Grandfather served in the same battalion.**

**On the website there is a history of the unit plus a number of photos of the battalion in training and some group photos. I e-mailed the site owner to see if he would send me high resolution photos in which I might see my Granddad. He asked if I could send him a photo of Granddad along with his name, etc. as he was building a page of soldiers who have been identified, which I did. This fellow has a room in his house in central England that is dedicated to memorabilia from the battalion, including a number of medals. I soon received a reply from him saying he thought my Granddad's name was familiar so he checked and sure enough...he had my Granddad's British War Medal on display along with a summary of his attestation (enlistment) that he had gleaned from military records! I was speechless! He sent photos of the display and removed the medal to photograph the edge. There were my Granddad's name, rank, regimental and battalion numbers! The medal and ribbon were both in excellent condition.**





Following an exchange of e-mails, I was thrilled to hear him say that the medal rightly belongs with our family and he agreed to sell it to me for what he paid. He bought it the previous year on eBay from a collector in Scotland and sent the documents to prove it. His only request was that we sell it back to him in the event we no longer wish to keep it. It is sought by collectors as the original battalion was split up and dispersed to other units so few medals are engraved with "202". Eager to try and trace the travels of this long-missing medal, I was able to contact the collector in Scotland but that is where the path ends as he had bought it at an antique fair and apologized for not being able to provide any additional information.

The medal is now in our possession and will be placed alongside Grandad's enlistment certificate, cap badge and service photographs. Our family is thrilled...Grandad will be smiling!



Glenbow Archives NA-4025-10



C. J. Hall on right

By Ken Hall

## *Susanne's Rhubarb & Ginger Jam*

**Yield 6 cups:**

**2 lbs chopped unpeeled red rhubarb (3 cups)  
 3/4 cup water and 5 cups sugar  
 1 level tsp powdered ginger  
 1 cup chopped, crystalized ginger  
 1 pouch liquid Certo**

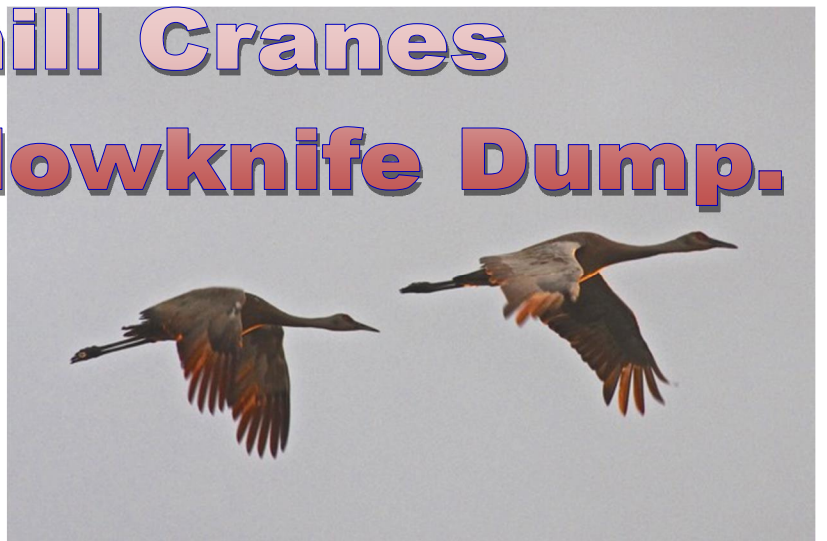
**In a large saucepan, stir together all ingredients EXCEPT Certo  
 Bring to a boil over high heat.  
 Boil hard for 1 minute, stirring occasionally.  
 Remove from heat.  
 Stir in liquid Certo.  
 Stir and skim for 5 minutes to prevent floating fruit.**

**Pour into sterilized jars to 1/4 inch from rim.  
 Wipe clean the rims. Cover with lids and screw rings on tightly. Set aside & cool.**

**Susanne Impett      \*(editors note) This jam is very good & therefore ENJOY!**

# Sandhill Cranes at the Yellowknife Dump.

The Sandhill Crane is a large bird that stands 1.3 meters tall and have a wing span of up to 2.2 meters They are a migratory bird that winter in the southern USA and Mexico and fly to the North each spring to breed. Sandhill Cranes can often be seen in small numbers



along the MacKenzie Highway. Although they have been seen in and around Yellowknife, 2014 seemed to bring change for many Sandhill Cranes. With the extensive forest fires that summer across much of the NWT, some of the normal habitat of the cranes appeared to have been lost due to the fires. Over the 2014 summer a growing number of Sandhill Cranes could be seen at the Yellowknife dump. The daily pattern seemed to have the cranes roosting overnight outside of Yellowknife but flying to the dump to eat during the day and flying off just before sunset in small groups over about a 30 minute period.





Departure at sunset was normally accompanied by loud honking just before leaving the dump and at the start of their flight. The shrill honking is high pitched and sound like “Garoo-a-a-a-“. It is very noisy.

The number of cranes eating at the dump seemed to increase over the summer of 2014 and by late August one evening we counted about 225 cranes leaving to roost. There may have been more flying off from the dump area out of our view.

Our frequent evening visits to the dump allowed us to not only experience the cranes but to see the other wildlife sharing the dump with the cranes. The cranes stood side by side with ravens, sea gulls and eagles enjoying food at the dump. They basically seemed to be ignoring each other.

On several occasions we saw considerable 4 legged wildlife also eating at the dump including black bears, wolves, coyotes, foxes and squirrels. Although we went out to the dump most evenings, we never actually go into the dump area but experience the cranes and other wild life from an adjacent area, as we didn't want to interfere with any of the normal dump management activities of the City.

Several times at the dump we saw the cranes jumping, flapping their wings and throwing bits of twigs (or garbage) up in the air as part of their courting dance. This is quite a sight to see.

Over the past summer 2015, we wondered if the same patterns would occur as in 2014. Through many evening visits, the same patterns were occurring again but on a smaller scale, though we did count up to 150 cranes one evening.



**Larry Elkin**



### Alphabet Rhymes

Every time I, Chris Williams, hear on "Wheel of Fortune" and a person asks for an "I" and is told , "There are two "I"s" I am reminded of this rhyme I heard as a child.

I I have I,  
I I C C,  
I C U R,  
Y Y 4 me.

Can you solve it ? (answers on page 11)

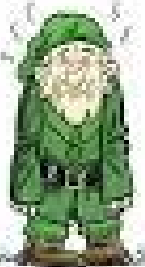
Or this one, which was a favourite of my father, concerning two Jewish gentlemen looking at a bowl of goldfish.

ABCD goldfish.  
AB no goldfish.  
SDR Goldfish!  
RDL Goldfish!

From the internet



SQUINTY

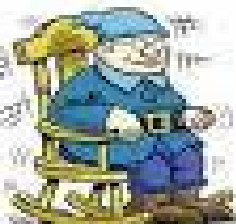


SAGGY



NAPPY

7  
Dwarves  
of  
Old Age



ROCKY



WRINKLY



LEAKY



FARTY

OLD PEOPLE AT WEDDINGS  
ALWAYS POKE ME AND SAY  
"YOU'RE NEXT."



SO, I STARTED DOING  
THE SAME THING TO  
THEM AT FUNERALS.



## Place of Honour Deserved

Years ago, you could go into Weavers and Devore or one of the hardware stores in town and you could buy a foot or two of **lamp wick**. They would cut it off of a 50 foot roll and sell it to you by the inch.. Now, just in case there are any youngsters reading this and they don't know much about those dim and dark ages, lamp wick was what was used in coal oil lamps and lanterns and believe it or not, that is what most people used for a light, before the use of electricity became widespread.

Even in the 1960s and 70s people still had the lamps around, in case of power failure or to use out in the bush at cabins and cottages. I remember being in a camp and the lamp wick had gotten so short it no longer reached the oil in the lamp. One of the fellows was going to throw it away and replace it with a new piece of wick. An old timer, who was working with us, was horrified at this blatant waste. He carefully and lovingly took the short old wick and sewed it onto the end of the new wick, so that not so much as a millimetre of lamp wick was wasted.

That old timer had gone through the great depression and like a lot of people who had lived through really tough times, he had learned not to waste anything. Waste not want not, was not just a motto, it was a way of life for them. When I go to the dump and see the throw away society we have become, I often think of those old timers and contemplate what they would think of Yellownknife and its people now. I am sure they would be justifiably livid, incensed and horrified. They would no doubt say "What is wrong with you people? Why are you throwing away all this stuff which is perfectly good, especially when there are so many people in need?" But that's another story.

You can still buy oil lamps in some speciality stores but they are more for decoration and they now come with special scented lamp oils and small packages containing replacement wicks. When electricity became widespread, oil lamps became obsolete. They smelt and you had to keep the wicks trimmed to keep them from smoking. So they are too much work for this generation.

In the bush they were replaced by Coleman gas lanterns. I certainly used gas lanterns and they do give off a lot of light compared to oil lamps or even candles but I find they make way too much noise, as do generators. So I use either solar lights or the old standby candles. When I go to the bush I want peace and quiet, so I can hear the forest grow .

Lamp wick manufacturers saw their sales plummet as electric lights lit up the world,. except for northern Canada where sales actually went up. Trappers, prospectors, claim stakers and exploration crews working in the winter were going into the stores and buying it by the roll. The makers must have wondered what was going on.

Lamp wick turned out to be the ideal thing to make snowshoe harness out of. It was strong and tough and pliable even in extreme cold. It didn't break or wear out as fast as the fancy leather or rubber harnesses did. Also people working in the bush were pretty inventive, so they discovered a thousand other uses for the stuff.

I have seen dog harnesses made out of it. Belts and straps. One time I made a pair of suspenders out of it when mine broke. It was used to make harnesses for geophysical equipment and sown onto tents to repair tears. I have seen door hinges made of it and webbing for chairs. I still keep a roll of it with my bush gear, in case I need to fashion a snowshoe harness or need a foot or two to make or repair something. It really is useful stuff, even if you don't have an oil lamp.

So lamp wick deserves a place of honour in the bush workers hall of fame along with speed sew, snare wire, canned butter and clove oil for toothaches. **Walt Humphries**



# Northern Lights

By Chris Williams



With the return of our friends from Japan to view the Northern Lights I am reminded of some of my experiences in viewing Aurora.

When I first came into the North in the Eastern Arctic and Northern Quebec it was usual to travel in the winter by dog team. At the end of each day we would stop, wherever we were, in the middle of nowhere, and make an igloo for our overnight shelter. When the igloo was finished we made supper and relaxed for the evening. The people with whom I travelled in Northern Quebec would then feed the dogs after their hard day's labours. We carried a big lump of frozen walrus meat on the back of the sled and this would be taken into the igloo and pieces hacked off it with an axe. Then a hole would be reopened in the side of the igloo and the dogs let in, one by one, in a strict pecking (biting) order, to gorge themselves, a reward for their day's work. Whilst this was going on, if the night was calm and clear, I would often redress myself in my fur parka and take a walk.

How peaceful it was! Especially when I was far enough away from the camp that the murmur of my travelling companions and the growling and snapping of the dogs was no longer to be heard. Everything would be so still; still enough that often I could hear the rustling of the lemmings as they scurried about under the snow. It was at such times, when the Northern Lights danced across the sky that you could believe that you really heard them. It was like the drawing of a velvety curtain, soft and just barely audible, but it was there. Yes the Northern Lights do make a noise, I know, I have heard them.

I remember too, another occasion when I saw the Northern Lights. It was in Cape Dorset on Baffin Island. I was coming home one evening over the small hill that divides the two parts of the community. A young man came up behind me and offered me a lift on his snowmobile. As we carried on up the hill I heard him whistling and looking up I saw this wonderful display of the Northern Lights. I then remembered the Inuit belief that if you whistle at the Lights they will come down and take off your head. I have seen proof of it!

*Outside the entrance to the old swimming pool in Iqaluit there is a large mural painted by some of the students of the high school. It is a beautiful and colourful picture of the Northern Lights sweeping across the Iqaluit sky. If you turn your eyes away from the Lights you will see in the bottom left-hand corner a little vignette of a man lying on the snow. His head lies at some distance from his body and blood is spurting from the severed veins in his neck. Visual proof positive!*

Despite this, however, as we continued over the top of the hill, in a fine act of bravado, I joined him in his whistling. As far as I know he still has his head and I still have mine. Sooo.....



↳ **Chris William's Answers to Alphabet Rhymes:**

**I am sure there must be others out there. I would love to hear them.**

**Two eyes have I,  
Two eyes to see.  
I see you are.  
Two wise for me.**

**Or**

**Abie see de goldfish.  
Dey be no goldfish.  
'es dey are Goldfish!  
Are dey h\_\_ll goldfish.**





## Hank Snow's "I've Been Everywhere"... adapted By Bob & Mary Carr

We was drivin along the Waskesiu Park road  
 When along stood an Elk on our road,  
 "If you think you're going to pass, Mack, with me you can wait"  
 So we waited till his ladies crossed over to his side, then  
 We asked if we could mosey on down the road now  
 And yelled, "Listen, bud we've traveled every road in this your land"

We've been everywhere, man  
 We've been everywhere, man  
 We've crossed the prairies bare, man  
 We've breathed the prairie air, man  
 Of travel we've had our share, man  
 We've been everywhere



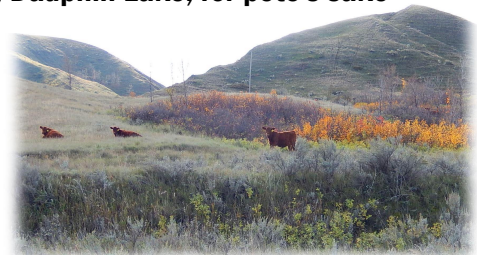
**Been to High Level, Manning, Peace River, Slave Lake, Athabaska, Rich Lake, Bonnyville, Cherry Grove, Meadow Lake, Green Lake, Big River, Waskesiu Lake, Green Acres, Prince Albert, Rosthern, Dalmeny, we've been there.**

We've been everywhere, man  
 We've been everywhere, man  
 We've crossed the prairies bare, man  
 We've breathed the mountain air, man  
 Of travel we've had our share, man  
 We've been everywhere



**Elstow, Cotonsay, Wakaw, Yellow Creek, Melfort, Tisdale, Prairie River, Hudson Bay, Westgate, Westray, The Pas, St Martin, Moosehorn, Mulvihill, Voger, Shergrove, Dauphin, Dauphin Lake, for pete's sake**

We've been everywhere, man  
 We've been everywhere, man  
 We've crossed the prairies bare, man  
 We've breathed the mountain air, man  
 Of travel we've had our share, man  
 We've been everywhere



**Minnedosa, Neepawa, Austin, Holland, Haywood, Carmen, Morden, Mantiou, Crystal City, Cartwright, Boissevain, Medora, Melita, Gainsborough, Carnduff, Oxbow, pretty flat though**

We've been everywhere, man  
 We've been everywhere, man  
 We've crossed the prairies bare, man  
 We've breathed the mountain air, man  
 Of travel we've had our share, man  
 We've been everywhere



**Frobisher, Bienfait, Estevan, Hitchcock, Halbrite, Weyburn, Ogema, Assiniboia, Lafleche, Hazenmore, Cadillac, Swift Current, Elrose, Biggar, Grandora, Radison, Battlefords, Lloydminster, Vermilion, Donnelly, Meander River, Steen River Enterprise, home again, what a pity!**

We've been everywhere, man  
 We've been everywhere, man  
 We've crossed the prairies bare, man  
 We've breathed the miles of air, man  
 Of travel we've had our share, man  
 We know some place you haven't been  
**We've been everywhere....**



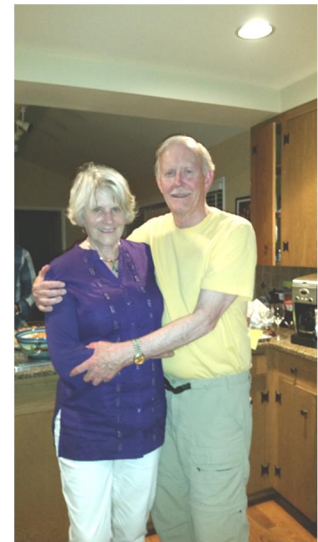
## Marg's Road Trip

In June 2015, I went on a 23-day road trip with my daughter Wanda and her companion Gary. We began in Grande Prairie, AB to Jasper, south to Idaho, west to Washington, north to Victoria, BC and back to Grande Prairie.

While we were in Everett, Washington (at Gary's sister's) we were invited to Gary's cousin for dinner in Medina, Washington on a Saturday. There were 15 at this dinner, mostly Gary's relatives. Here I met Alena and Mike, the host and hostess. While chatting to Mike we discovered that we were born on the same day and same year... August 25<sup>th</sup>.

Wanda, Gary and I were invited to come again on Sunday. Mike and I were chatting out on their back lawn when we discovered that we were married on the same day and same year... August 27<sup>th</sup> and that we (for personal reasons...like family) couldn't get married until we were twenty and that we turned 20 on the same day and year...August 25<sup>th</sup>

Marg Green



Alena and Mike

The easiest way to diminish the appearance of wrinkles is to keep your glasses off when you look in the mirror.  
..Joan Rivers

*Does shivering count as exercise?*



**Government of Canada Reminder:** If you receive Old Age Security, Employment Insurance, a GST tax credit or a tax refund, you will need to register for direct deposits before April 2016. The Government of Canada is phasing out cheques and Canadians and Canadian Business Owners will be affected. Get a head start on **direct deposits** to secure your government payment.





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A full colour version of this publication is available from our web site.



## Board of Directors 2015/2016

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**YK Seniors' Society Board Meetings**  
On the second Tuesday of each month

Welcome to **visiting Seniors.**  
Come and join us for  
**Lunch With A Bunch on Fridays at 12 noon,**  
at the Baker Community Centre, 5710 -50th Ave.