



Seniors Today

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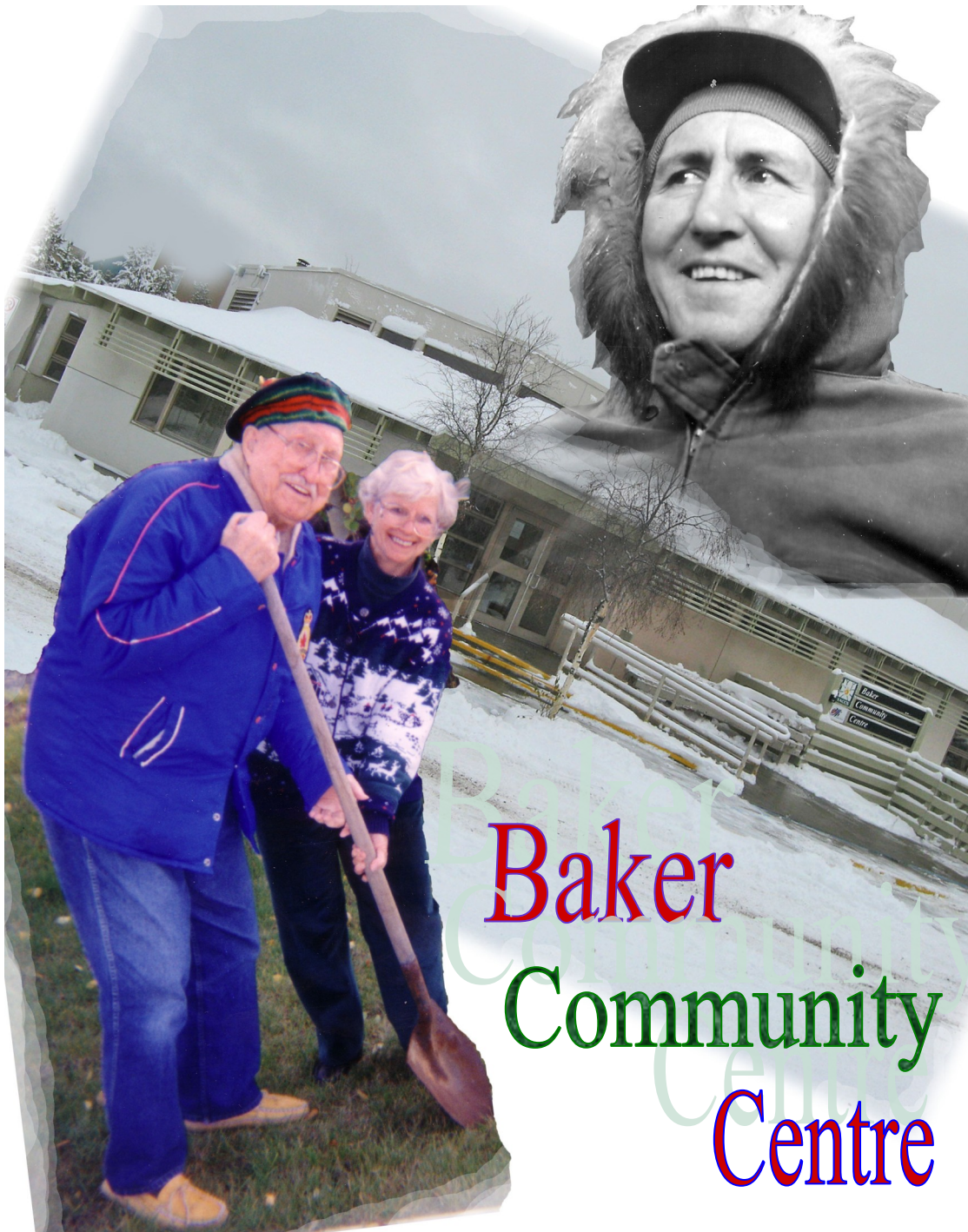
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Bob Carr
Marg Green

Cover by Bob Carr



Edwin Alfred Baker Remembered

March 5, 1907— March 6, 1996

Ed Baker was born in 1907 at Dean Lake in the Algoma District of Ontario. He was one of 9 children and the family farmed near Elliot Lake, Ontario.

In the mid 1930's, at the height of the Depression, Ed left the family farm and became an underground hard rock miner at the Sudbury nickel and copper mine. At the outbreak of the 2nd World War, Ed left his work as a miner and volunteered to join the army. He joined the Toronto Scottish Regiment. In 1939, the 1st Division of the Toronto Scottish Regiment was sent to the United Kingdom and Ed as part of that Division. He received a citation from King George VI as one of the first group of Canadian soldiers to arrive in Britain to participate in the 2nd World War. Ed reached the rank of sergeant and transferred to the Canadian Tunneling Division of the Royal Canadian Engineers where his hard rock mining skills and experience were used to undertake tunneling in Gibraltar. At the end of the 2nd World War, Ed volunteered to remain in Europe and assisted with the clearing of land mines and other explosives. For his contribution to the war effort he received a citation from Field Marshal B.L. Montgomery, Commander-in-Chief, 21st Army Group.

Upon returning to Canada, Ed resumed his mining career. He came north at that time to work at the uranium and silver mine on Great Bear Lake.

In 1951, he married Margaret whom he had first met in Scotland during his war time service overseas. They settled in Yellowknife where Ed was by then working for the consolidated Mining Smelting Company at the Con Gold Mine. Ed worked at the Con Mine for 25 years and was a "shift boss" at the mine for most of the those years. Margaret Baker died in 1966 and Ed continued to devote himself to his work and community activities.

Ed came out of retirement and returned to the Con Mine in the early 1970's to act as the company's liaison person with the contractor who was sinking the Robertson Shaft.



We thank our volunteer contributors to this newsletter. Without them we could not have a newsletter.

Marg Green,
Bob Carr,
Brian Latham,
Merlyn Williams,
Moose,
Marjorie Sandercock
James Clark,
David Wind,
Walt Humphries,
Bishop Chris Williams
Mary Carr



Isabell McDorman, niece of Ed Baker, in the Field of Honour

Ed was a life member of the Royal Canadian Legion, Vincent Massy Branch 164, Yellowknife and he served as its President in 1970 and again in 1972. He was always interested in the affairs of the Legion and in helping and assisting Legion members. Much of this help was done in Ed's own quiet but effective way and he never sought public recognition or acknowledgment for the assistance that he so willingly gave to others.

It was during his tenure as President of the Royal Canadian Legion that Ed was able to negotiate and establish with the City of Yellowknife, Block 9A of Lake View Cemetery and have it designated



Bishop Williams & Merlyn Williams at the cairn

as the Veterans Field of Honour. In 1972, Ed had the cairn and the bronze plaque erected. It was always Ed's wish that Margaret, his loving wife and himself be buried together in the Veterans Field of Honour. That wish became a reality this past summer. On September 24, attended by a

gathering of friends and relatives, the Act of Consecration was performed by Bishop Chris Williams at the gravesites of Ed and Margaret in the Field of Honour.

The spirit of volunteer service and of being of assistance to others was landmarks of Ed's life. In retirement, he was the founding force behind the United Seniors Services group that established the seniors' Workshop in the Northern United Place. In 1994, Ed Baker made a generous donation to the Yellowknife Association of Concerned Citizens for Seniors. His expressed wish was that the money be used to improve the quality of life for seniors in Yellowknife. The Board of Directors of YACCS decided to establish a community fund raising project to build a multi-purpose community facility primary aimed at activities for seniors.

The Baker Community Centre, completed on January 15, 1997, is the result and it stands as a memorial to the contribution that Ed and Margaret Baker made to the community of Yellowknife.

400 Years Ago

In 1610 English explorer, Henry Hudson set out to discover the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic over the Arctic circle to the Pacific and China

Hudson explored the coasts of eastern Hudson Bay trying to find a route through the land barrier to the Pacific. Winter set in, the ship was locked in ice and he and his crew were forced to spend months without enough food, clothes or supplies. Spring arrived, Hudson told them that he intended to continue his search and was not going to return to England that summer. His crew mutinied. Hudson, his son and some scurvy afflicted crew members were forced into a lifeboat and set adrift with a musket, a kettle and no food. Hudson and his group were never seen again.



What ate my socks?

Every couple of weeks I put several pairs of socks in the laundry.

Once washed, dried & paired up, they are stored for reuse. But, often a sock is missing. I have a drawer half full of missing mates.

Where did they go?



Keys

On my way into town one day I picked up a set of keys that had been dropped on the street. Obviously someone walking or riding to work lost them.

I turned them over in my hand. They looked like they were a personal set and that someone would be very interested in having them returned so I put them in my pocket until I could look more closely at them.

The first step was to put a Lost and Found ad in the Yellowknifer. It would be several days before the next paper would come out, so I thought I should make an attempt to find the owner before then.

After all, if I had lost my keys I'd be very concerned and considerably disadvantaged. If my wife weren't in town, I would be locked out of the apartment, at least until I could contact the landlord and have a set made. Definitely I wouldn't be able to lock my bicycle or unlock my canoe, because the only keys I have for them are on my key chain. Maybe I wouldn't be able to get my mail at the post office. Keys are important.

I looked at the key chain again and fingered each one in turn, trying to glean clues to the owner's identity. There was a key for a Volvo – a big clue because there are only a few of those in town. I called a friend who drives a Volvo and left a message, fully expecting that he'd call back with a list of the Volvo fraternity.

What else was there? A well-worn tubular key obviously from a bicycle lock, so he might be a cyclist. Then there were sturdy keys for a house no doubt, so he (or she) believed in good equipment. A Superbox key - so he must live in a house or rowhouse because the many apartments in the area have their own internal boxes. But it was a duplicate with no serial number, which meant I couldn't trace it at the Post Office.

One very important key was obviously from an institution of some type. It was one of those that is extremely strong, with an obviously specially-designed cross-section to fit custom-ordered locks. It had a serial number and the words in French and English "Do Not Duplicate" stamped into it. This person obviously required, and could be trusted with, a key to some important and large building.

There was a Vets tag from British Columbia 2001, so he'd lived there until a few years ago. The fob was a St. John's Ambulance small canvas pocket closed with a Velcro flap and containing a plastic device for mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. So he had St. John's training and thought enough of community service to be ready to give assistance to strangers at a moment's notice.

Now as I went through the various keys, I realized that the story of our lives is reflected in the keys we carry around with us every day. Our possessions require very specific keys to operate or to store. The car(s) and house are the big ones but the small locks are important too – the one for the mail box that we so eagerly use every day without thinking. Our recreational equipment from lockers at the gym to bicycles, snowmobiles, ATVs and even roof racks, are more and more locked to keep them in place.

And despite the increased use of electronic key cards, our places of work require keys to get into at irregular hours. Put it all together and a person's keychain is like the ancient wampum belt, a personal story of our lives in miniature, translatable only by a select few people in the world.

I got my own set of keys out. What story did they tell about me? Obviously not as much as my unknown friend, but I'm sure a locksmith could tell much more than a stranger could.

The newspaper arrived several days later. And in the lost and found column was my ad and another for a lost set of keys with a St. John's fob. That was it. But the number was familiar, which is not unusual in Yellowknife where we know a higher percentage of the population than in larger places. I checked a couple of names in the phonebook and got a match. It was my friend with the Volvo, who had left town for several days and could not return my earlier call.

As I returned the keys to him, I felt as if I had just completed a long, extended handshake with him, much as the Turks hold hands with their friends as they pass the time with them. In a very short time I got to know him just a little bit better.... Through a set of keys. **Brian Latham**

Income Taxes and the Disability Credit Conundrum

The Canada Revenue Agency tax rules and processes for claiming proper Medical & Disability tax deductions are so complicated that those who are in need of these deductions have to seek professional help to get their just entitlements. Individuals, accountants and most businesses who do tax returns do not know all of the rules and they don't know the process. Even Revenue Canada agents have difficulty with these processes. Most lay people won't get it right. Applying on your own will likely result in a high likelihood of rejection by Rev. Canada, an audit, or amounts received will be less than expected. Has your doctor even told you that you can get a form (Form T2201) that he will fill out to advise Revenue Canada of the disability? Likely not.

If a senior must walk slowly or has to use a cane, that can qualify as a disability, as can IBS (Irritable Bowl Syndrome). Because one can go back 10 years, you can apply on behalf of a relative who has been deceased for eight years, or if you don't have sufficient taxes to claim the credit, it may be claimed by another family member.

A disabled person might be able to claim attendant care or care in an establishment expenses; eg: self-contained domestic establishments, retirement homes, homes for seniors, or other institutions, nursing homes, group homes in Canada. Claims up to \$10,000 may be claimed.

The rules for claiming the disability related tax credit are complicated because there are so many possible claims to be had, depending on your disability.. Credits can only be claimed against taxes paid (owing).

First, form T-2201 must be filled out by your doctor to qualify for the disabled credit. To better understand the credit , request from Canada Revenue Agency's 30 page guide "Medical and Disability-Related Information" form RC4064 (which includes form T-2201). Make sure to order 2 copies and pass one guide on to whoever does your taxes. **Bob Carr**

Home Spiders?

We see more spiders in late summer because they want to move inside for the winter...

In reality, house spiders are usually not the same species as the outdoor ones. If you see more spiders in late summer it is because it is the mating season for those types .

Sexually mature males searching for mates are what you are seeing.



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GNWT October 29, 2010, Department of Health and Social Services, .. “The 2007 Policy on Supplementary Health Benefits will be withdrawn and the Department of Health and Social Services will concentrate efforts on ensuring existing extended health benefits programs are fairly and consistently administered.....”

The Yellowknife Seniors’ Society is relieved that after several years the Minister and her colleagues on cabinet have agreed with us as to the unfairness and inadvisability of the changes which had previously been proposed. We extend our appreciation to all the “regular” Yellowknife Members and to those “regular” members from other communities who stood by the seniors and the chronically ill in our society. I thank each and every one of you for your steadfast encouragement and support. Best regards, David Wind, Yellowknife Seniors’ Society

"Long flight"

For two solid hours, the lady sitting next to a man on an airplane had told him about her grandchildren. She had even produced a plastic-foldout photo album of all nine of the children.

She finally realized that she had dominated the entire conversation.

"Oh, I've done all the talking, and I'm so sorry. I know you certainly have something to say. Please, tell me... what do you think of my grandchildren?"



Life in the old gal still.

The swimming contingent for the 55+ games bonded very well in Brockville. On the day of the swimming events we were all raring to go. On the pool side we felt it would be a good thing to have a group picture to remember the occasion by. As we stood there a delightful, rather elderly lady, probably an octogenarian, offered to take our picture for us. We gathered and put on our best faces, waiting to say “cheese”. However we received an unexpected admonition, say **Sex!!** The result was the enclosed photograph and eleven medals (7 Gold, 2 Silver and 2 Bronze).

CW



Left to right:
Joan Hirons, Barb MacDonald, Chris Williams, Mary Pat Short (Ft. Smith), Heather Leslie, Edna Woodward (Ft. Smith).

NWT Mwdals 2010 Canada 55+ Games, Brockville, Ontario

Gloria Allen (Inuvik).. Darts, Ladies Double...**Bronze**
Darts, Mixed Doubles...**Bronze**

Leon Peterson (Ft Smith).. Bowling, Mens 75+..**Gold**

Gary Black (Yellowknife).. Bowling, Mens 65+..**Silver**

Heather Leslie (Yellowknife).. Swimming, Ladies 55+, 50m Freestyle..**Gold**
Swimming, Ladies 55+, Backstroke**Gold**
Swimming, Ladies 55+, 100m Freestyle..**Gold**

Edna Woodward (Ft Smith).. Swimming, Ladies 70+ 100m Breast..**Gold**

Joan Hirons (Yellowknife).. Swimming, Ladies 65+, 50m Back..**Silver**
Swimming, Ladies 65+, Breast...**Gold**
Swimming, Ladies 65+, 100m Breast...**Gold**
Swimming, Ladies 65+, 50m Freestyle, **Gold**

Chris Williams (Yellowknife).. Swimming, Mens 70+, 50m Free..**Bronze**
Swimming, Mens 70+, 50m Breast..**Gold**
Swimming, Mens 70+, 50m Fly..**Gold**
Swimming, Mens 70+, 100m IM...**Bronze**



Gary Black and Leon Peterson (Ft Smith) are sporting their medals. Gary received a Silver for Men's bowling (age category) 65+ and Leon received a Gold for Men's bowling (age category) 75+... photo by Gladys Eggenberger

You're middle-aged if you can remember when radios plugged in, and toothbrushes didn't.

Research shows that dark chocolate can improve heart health, lower blood pressure, reduce LDL cholesterol, and increase the flow of blood to the brain. It also boosts serotonin and endorphin levels, which are associated with improved mood and greater concentration.



Missing out on CPP, OAS or GIS? Did you Apply?

Many thousands of Seniors aren't getting "qualified" benefits.

If you paid into CPP, you are entitled to it upon retirement. At age 65 you can receive CPP even if you are working. It is well known in Ottawa that thousands of Seniors are not getting the benefits due. If they were, it would cost the government a pile of money. Don't wait for Ottawa to call you. Many who are entitled to receive "survivor CPP" haven't applied after the CPP earning spouse dies.

It is up to you to **APPLY** for the benefits. When you apply for OAS, be sure to tick the box asking to apply for GIS. **ASK** the government for an application form. You must sign and return the forms or take them to Services Canada (office in Yellowknife).



Myth Busters.



As we start to look towards Christmas I want us to take a look at one of the most popular myths of the Christmas Season

“We Three Kings of Orient are...”

I am sure that most of us have known and sung this popular carol since we were children, yet how true is it ?

What the bible says is, *after Jesus was born in Bethlehem in Judea, during the time of King Herod, Magi from the East came to Jerusalem* (Matthew 2:1.)

So! Firstly, they were not Kings. Some translations call them wise men. Others call them *Magi*. This latter term is the root from which we get our term *magic*. But they were not conjurers or magicians; rather they were astrologers, perhaps advisors to one of the rulers to the east of Israel. We do not know with any certainty which country they came from. It would appear however that in their study of the stars they perceived an unusual event which led them to believe that something of significance had happened. Several suggestions have been put forward as to the nature of the star and these are often reproduced in programmes at planetariums during the Christmas season. Most of them are based upon the planet Jupiter, known as the oval star. It would seem that the Magi followed the progress of this star for some time before arriving in Israel where they promptly went to Jerusalem, the capital, believing that this is where the king would be born. It was only after speaking with King Herod that they continued on to Bethlehem.

Secondly, we do not know how many Magi there were. They could have been three, but the Bible does not say so. It is likely that the number three was chosen because of the number of the gifts they are said to have given to the infant Jesus: Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh. Gold signified the Kingship of Jesus, Frankincense (incense) signified his Godliness and Myrrh, a spice used in embalming, signifies his death.

Thirdly, the Magi are very frequently portrayed as worshipping the infant Jesus in the stable at the same time as the shepherds. In fact the Bible records that they found Jesus in a house (Matthew 2:10) not a stable.

If the star first appeared only on the night of Jesus' birth it could have taken weeks or even months for the Magi to journey from their home to Bethlehem and they would not have been worshipping at the same time as the shepherds.

Continued next page...

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Indeed Herod ordered the killing of all the boys under the age of two years according to what he had learnt from the Magi. A bit of overkill (no pun intended) but still suggesting that some time had elapsed between the birth of Jesus and the visit of the Magi. Many Christian denominations indeed separate their celebration of the events of Jesus birth into Christmas (December 25th, the stable and the shepherds) and Epiphany (January 6th, the star and the Magi). Some churches with Christmas Creches or Nativity scenes only add the Magi to the crib at the Epiphany season.

However none of the above should take away from the miraculous birth of our Saviour and his revelation, first to his own people and then to those representing the people of the whole world. The miracle of the Incarnation is the assurance to us of God's love for us.

Bishop Chris Williams

Beatitudes

For friends of the aged.

Blessed are they who understand
My faltering step and palsied hand.

Blessed-who know that my ears today
Must strain to catch the things they say.

Blessed are they who seem to know
That my eyes are dim and my wits are slow.

Blessed are they who looked away
When coffee spilled at the table today.

Blessed are they with a cheery smile
Who stop to chat for a little while.

Blessed are they who never say,
"You've told that story twice today."

Blessed are they who know the ways
To bring back memories of yesterdays.

Blessed are they who make it known
That I'm loved, respected and not alone.

Blessed are they when I'm at a loss
To find the strength to carry the Cross.

Blessed are they who ease the days
On my journey Home in loving ways.

—Esther Mary Walker

Submitted by Pat Balsillie

My Dad is cleaning out his grandmother's house (she died recently) and he brought me an old Royal Crown Cola bottle. In the bottle top was a stopper with a bunch of holes in it.. My daughter had no idea what it was for. She thought of a salt shaker. I knew it as the bottle that sat on the end of the ironing board to 'sprinkle' clothes with because we didn't have steam irons nor even electric!.

Dates to Remember:

Sun Dec 5 – Legion Ladies' Auxiliary Seniors Christmas Dinner

Wed Dec 15 1:30-3:30 pm- Seniors Christmas Tea at the Legislative Assembly, sponsored by the Yellowknife MLA's.

Fri Dec 17- Christmas "Lunch With A Bunch", sponsored by BHP.

Fri Dec 31 – Draw date for our "Diamond Raffle".



Grandchildren

... My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 62. My grandson was quiet for a moment, and then he asked, "Did you start at 1?"

... After putting her grandchildren to bed, a grandmother changed into old slacks and a droopy blouse and proceeded to wash her hair. As she heard the children getting more and more rambunctious, her patience grew thin. Finally, she threw a towel around her head and stormed into their room, putting them back to bed with stern warnings. As she left the room, she heard the three-year-old say with a trembling voice, "Who was THAT?"

... A grandmother was telling her little granddaughter what her own childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods." The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this all in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"

... My grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?" I mentally polished my halo and I said, "No, how are we alike?" "You're both old," he replied.

... A second grader came home from school and said to her grandmother, "Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today." The grandmother, more than a little surprised, tried to keep her cool. "That's interesting," she said. "How do you make babies?" "It's simple," replied the girl. "You just change 'y' to 'i' and add 'es'."

... I didn't know if my granddaughter had learned her colours yet, so I decided to test her. I would point out something and ask what colour it was. She would tell me and was always correct. It was fun for me, so I continued. At last, she headed for the door, saying, "Grandma, I think you should try to figure out some of these colours yourself!"

... When my grandson Billy and I entered our vacation cabin, we kept the lights off until we were inside to keep from attracting pesky insects. Still, a few fireflies followed us in. Noticing them before I did, Billy whispered, "It's no use Grandpa. Now the mosquitoes are coming after us with flashlights."

... My Grandparents are funny, when they bend over, you hear gas leaks and they blame their dog.

... Grandpa is the smartest man on earth! He teaches me good things, but I don't get to see him enough to get as smart as him!

To Rescind

**To abrogate;
annul; revoke;
repeal.
To invalidate
(an act, meas-
ure, etc).**

**From:
Random House
Dictionary**



The Christmas of all Christmases

Back when I was five or six years old, full of vim and vinegar, and living in a very small community of about one hundred people, I remember the Christmas of all Christmases. It was a cold day, some snow on the ground, my sister & I were making popcorn strings for our Christmas tree and my brother was stringing wild cranberries, which had a flavor like no other. I know because he was eating as many as he was stringing. The house was warm and cozy with the lighting real low because we only had two ceiling lights, one in the kitchen and one in the living room, in the rest of the house were plug in wall lamps. It was dark, but a typical Christmas feeling in the home. You could smell the turkey roasting and I could see mom whipping whip cream for the pumpkin pie, plus she had cut apples fresh from the cellar, still smelling like they were just picked from the tree. She was baking them in the oven for our other dessert on this fabulous Christmas occasion.

All of a sudden, the town fire station alarm bell began ringing. Springing from his comfortable lazy back chair, my dad ran out the house heading down the road to the fire station. Back then, most of the older men in town were volunteer firemen. He ran right by our neighbor's house. The house was not the nicest looking place in the community and the yard had stuff piled around. It was owned by the local beggar, who all us kids were afraid of and ran from, when we saw him coming down the path. The worst was, when the beggar looked at you and never smiled, that was so scary that all of us kids would run as fast as we could, not even looking back to see if he was chasing us. Anyway, when my dad got to the fire station all the volunteer fireman were ready to go and someone said "so where's the fire?". Out of the fire chiefs lips came "it's the "beggars" place. We better get there before its all gone because its like a kindling box and won't take long to burn down. So everyone took off running to the "beggars" place and when they got there they all looked at each other and noticed that no one brought the fire pump or the five hundred gallon tank of water. Of course the home burnt to the ground and standing there looking at the mess was the "beggar". His head hung down and shoulders humped over, almost ready to fall to his knees, when up the steps went my dad who said the most frightening words a young kid like myself would care to hear, "its okay sir, you can come over to our house for Christmas and we can build your place back up just like it was". I thought my dad had lost his mind. What would mom say about this beggar coming into our home at Christmas time? Well let me tell you, my mom put out another plate and dad made the "beggar" wash three times. I think my sister and brother were in shock because they didn't say a thing until much later.

When we sat down to the table I met an all together different man than I had imagined. He was very polite and referred to this as being one of his best Christmases ever. I asked him how can you say that when his house had just burnt to the ground. He said, before this fire he thought he had no friends but this night proved to him he had the best friends in the world. He was thankful for our family and the community for taking him in and helping him in a time of need. To this day I can't remember what gifts I got that Christmas but I do remember the gift the "beggar" received from my dad and mom and the whole community that Christmas. The house was never built again but he did move on to a better place and lived a better life. I will always remember that as a special Christmas, because of the gift I did receive, and that is, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you". AMEN

James Clark

F.A.M.I.L.Y is one of the strongest words anyone can say, because the letters of **FAMILY** means **Father And Mother I Love You!!!**



From Church Bulletins!



- Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.
- For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery down stairs.
- A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.
- The Senior Choir invites any member of the congregation who enjoys sinning to join the choir.
- The 'Over 60s Choir' will be disbanded for the summer with the thanks of the entire church.
-



100% JOE

Yellowknife has known a lot of characters over the years and some are not nearly as well known as others. I thought I would write about Old 100% Joe, not because I knew him well, but the little that I do know about him, has always intrigued me. Maybe some others who knew of him, can fill in some of the details of his life.

Shortly after I arrived in Yellowknife, Norm Byrne (Jr) and I were driving in from the airport. Norm honked and waved at an old-timer trudging along the road. I asked who that was. Norm replied that he was an old prospector, known by one and all, as 100 % Joe and that he lived in a dug out beside Long Lake.

Obviously a couple of questions came to mind. The first being, why was he called 100% Joe. The answer was simple. Apparently anytime anyone asked Joe how he was doing, he would always answer "A Hundred Percent", even if he was actually feeling slightly less grand. Apparently, Joe arrived in Yellowknife after the Second World War and some said he was a veteran of the War.

I'm not sure about any of that, but years later Jimmy Mason asked me to check out one of Joes old properties beside Jackson Lake. It had come open that winter and been staked for Mason. I boated and then hiked into the claims and did a one day sampling and geological evaluation of the ground. What really struck me, were the trenches, that Joe had put in.

I have seen lots of trenches in the north but Joes were unique. He had gathered up all the blast rock and carefully piled it around the trenches, so that they looked like fox holes or rifle pits from a war movie. It must have taken him hours and days to do this. Some said that was just Joes way of doing things and others claimed he did it, so that he could get more yardage credit for the trenches. In those days, a prospector got credit by the cubic yardage of rock removed and by piling it up the way he did, the trenches certainly looked bigger they actually were.

The trenches were impressive but as I sampled them, it was the work that Joe had gone to, that impressed me the most. A prospector working by himself, out in the bush, who would go to all that time and effort, said something about their character. I'm not exactly sure what it said but I was still impressed.

As for his dug out, it was a legendary place. If you go to the roadside parking lot for Fred Hennie park and go to the left down by the lake, you can still see some evidence of "where it was." It certainly had a glorious view of the lake. It was built before Fred Hennie park became the size it is now and before the road connected Yellowknife to the South was put in. When that road was put in it must have certainly increased the noise from trucks rumbling by and almost overhead.

Joe had some claims in the Long Lake area and he use to complain that at night he could hear Con Mine, mining his ground from their underground workings. Those were the days when just about everyone in Yellowknife, could hear or feel the underground, four in the morning blasts.

Joe lived in his dug out for years and while I was never inside the place it was described as a small but cozy one room cabin with a spectacular view. When Joe passed away the government was quick to get out there and destroy the place before some other "squatter" moved in.



Now as you can see I don't know a whole lot about Joe but when I think back on the trenches he put in and him living in his dug out at Long Lake, I wish that I knew more about the man.

He was just one of the many prospectors of that era, who lived in little cabins scattered in the bush around town. They were here, part of the make up of Yellowknife. They lived their lives, but no one seemed to know all that much about them and that is a little sad...

100% Joe's real name was Jos. Fredericks . He died March 17, 1976.

Walt Humphries

Put your car keys beside your bed at night!

Tell your spouse, your children, your neighbors, your parents, Doctors' offices, and the check-out girl at the market, everyone you run across. Put your car keys beside your bed at night.

If you hear a noise outside your home or someone is trying to get in your house, just press the panic (locator) button for your car. The horn will continue to sound until either you turn it off or the car battery dies.

This tip came from a neighborhood watch coordinator. Next time you come home for the night and you start to put your keys away, think of this: It's a security alarm system that you probably already have and requires no installation. Test it. It will go off from most everywhere inside your house and will keep honking until your battery runs down or until you reset it with the button on the key fob chain.

It works if you park in your driveway or garage. If your car alarm goes off when someone is trying to break into your house, odds are the person won't stick around.

After a few seconds all the neighbors will be looking out their windows to see who is out there and sure enough a criminal won't want that.

And remember to carry your keys while walking to your car in a parking lot. The alarm can work the same way there. This is something that should really be shared with everyone.

Maybe it could save a life or an abuse crime.



Do You Remember?

(From the 1961

Yellowknife

Phone

Directory)

L. W. Carr

Credit Jewellers

Hamilton - Rolex

Gruen

No extra charge

for credit.

Complete watch

repairs.

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What do these words have in common:

**banana,
dresser,
grammar,
potato,
revive,
uneven,
assess.**

ANSWER:

No, it is not that they all have at least two double letters.

In fact, in all of the words listed, if you take the first letter and place it at the end of the word, and then spell the word backwards, it will be the same word.



A Perfect Hand – Almost

There used to be a time when cribbage was treated like golf. Like a hole in one, a perfect cribbage hand would be reported in the paper of the small city I lived in and might even be on the TV news if it was a slow news day. Very few players have seen a perfect hand, let alone held one. My grand uncle, who taught me the game and beat me ruthlessly until I learned it, never saw one, but I did although it was under some strange circumstances that only cribbage produces.

Now, at this point, I'm not going to bore the cribbage and non-cribbage players in the crowd with an explanation of the rules of the game, except to say that a perfect hand is a certain combination of a jack and 4 fives with the point score of 29. Some cribbage boards have pictures of one of the possibilities on them.

Anyway, I was in high school and hanging around with a friend who'd been a classmate since grade 3. Mike Golec and I used to knock around downtown, doing nothing in particular but this Saturday, we were bored of even that and ended up at my home playing a few hands just to pass the time 'til supper. Teenagers are always bored and this was long before the days of iPods, cell phones and even cable TV, so we still had some of the pastimes of our parents.

A couple of games went by, with both of us not doing overly well. However, as one particular game went on, I'd pulled ahead of Mike as we were getting close to the finish line. Mike dealt. I looked at my cards, discarded the required two, cut the deck and saw a five get turned over by Mike. I mentally counted the value of my hand and started the first round of scoring known as "pegging", where you show your cards one by one. We both were doing pretty well. Mike got over the important mark of 90 points, I edged closer to the finish of 120.

As this went on, Mike put down more and more fives and then that jack. It didn't dawn on me at first because I was lost in trying to get every pegging point I could but as soon as I went into the hand point counting mode (a word we didn't use then, before computers), I realized what Mike had in his hand. "Mike, you've got a perfect hand", I said.

He didn't understand, probably because he hadn't been trained by someone who'd spent 50 years waiting for one. So, I explained it. Mike knew what it meant, though, and when he was convinced, he jumped up and did a small dance. It was a great moment for both of us.

Okay, then we got back to actually playing the hands. Remember, Mike had dealt, so the rules are that I get to count my hand first, which I did. Being close to the finish and with enough points in my hand, I won the game!

Mike stopped in his tracks. The look of triumph drained from his face like air from a punctured balloon. He was holding what other players could only dream of - a perfect hand. But the cruel cribbage gods had denied him the satisfaction of putting those 29 points on the board.

A perfect hand – almost... **Brian Latham**

Word Search

Yk Families in 1960

r a g l o o w n m s n o v i w
e d u l t f b n o a r e t a i
t d r u e l f a l s r e l t e
h e l a n f u e r w n c b i o
n r e g n i h c i r e h e l r
n l m s e n e m b r s k o a a
a e e c o d p i a r t c e j u
m y s h h l o y l f u i n v i
e u u g c a o a s e n r a e r
i l r s s y s n i t k n a b t
r b i s r s e k l i l i n h l
i y e l m o r b l e g e n e g
i u r b a n o v i t c h m h e
l g a l l a g h e r e i i e n
h o r d a l p r i n c e w e d

Did You Know?

Furry companions have been proven to ease loneliness and keep the blues away... depression is one the most common medical problems facing seniors today.

Seniors with a pet are more likely to be active and less likely to become sedentary.

Regularly walking a pet helps keep seniors fit and supports weight management.

Bromley
Verwimp
Demelt
Richinger
Heinrick
Knutsen
Marceau
Riemann

Woolgar
Adderley
Schoenne
Gallagher
Hordal
Lafleur
Otto
Tees

Balsillie
Urbanovitch
Findlayson
Albers
Johnson
Lemesurier
Prince
Walcer





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web site.

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Meetings at the Baker Centre



YK Seniors' Society Board
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