



# Seniors Today

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*Royal Purple 143*

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## Buying a new "thin" TV? Beware of the poor sound quality on new TVs.

Modern thin TVs (less than 1 inch) may now have poorly performing downward facing speakers, causing viewers to turn up the volume to **maximum**, yet still not be loud enough for larger rooms. Even worse for those with hearing loss. Manufacturers want the sets to look more like a 'frame' but not everyone will be putting their TV on a wall, nor do they want to connect the audio to a stereo amplifier. So what's the solution? Well, adding separate bigger and better speakers to your TV is obviously going to help. But it's rather galling to spend the best part of 500 - 1000\$ on your brand new TV, only to be forced to spend more because the speakers aren't up to scratch. The only other option available on many thin TV's is to connect the TV to a digital stereo input or to purchase a soundbar (\$150 & upwards). It's a bit like buying a car and having to pay extra for the wheels. Technology marches on, and our equipment is looking better day by day, but the sound is getting left behind. The poor sound levels caused by the tiny narrow speakers are not covered under the warranty.



The Canadian Hard of Hearing Association (CHHA) Yellowknife is celebrating **May Speech and Hearing Month** on Monday, **May 28<sup>th</sup>**, and we invite you to attend.

We are holding our Open House on May 28, 2012. This is your chance to meet with hearing specialists and others who have knowledge and experience with hearing problems. It will be an informative and exciting evening:

- Audiologist and Technician on hand to answer your questions
- Latest information and technology in equipment for all ages
- Demonstrations of assistive listening devices (ALDs) such as alerting devices, PockeTalkers, Personal FMs while using the telecoil feature, cell phones with Bluetooth
- Information leaflets to take away
- Opportunity to join and become active in CHHA Yellowknife
- Light refreshments will be served

Esther Braden, President, CHHA Yellowknife

## Peculiar Unfathomable Logic

Now I can understand some of the peculiarities of Old Town, considering its history, but there is much about New Town that still baffles me to this day. New town was laid out by engineers, town planners, civil servants and bureaucrats and they have a peculiar unfathomable "logic" all their own.

Maybe it is just me but I find the street-avenue nomenclature confusing. To start with a street is suppose to be a straight paved road and an avenue is suppose to be bigger and grander than a street and lined with rows of trees, shrubs or gardens. We don't have any avenues in Yellowknife and back in the seventies we didn't have any paved roads except for the road, alley and driveway that lead from City Hall to the then mayor's house.

Odd how that happened. One story was that the paving company got confused and mistook the alley and driveway for a road. The other said they had some asphalt left over and decided to do the mayor a favour because he took the "boys" out fishing on the lake with his boat. Several times.

There also seemed to be a drastic shortage of numbers in the north back then because streets and avenues often have the same number to add to the confusion. I have no idea how big they thought Yellowknife was going to grow at the time, but picking 50th and 50th as the main corner seemed awfully optimistic.

Also for some idiotic reason several small streets off of School Draw were given the same numbers as streets up town, which leads to a lot of confusion. As the city grew the numbering system began to run into problems so we have 50A and 51A Avenues. Also when they were numbering the houses, town houses and apartments along Gitzel Street all the engineers and planners must have been away at a conference because the numbering leaves a lot to be desired. Also half of Gitzel should be a street and the other half an avenue. If you take a good look at the city map you will notice a lot of arbitrary decisions about whether a road gets designated as a street or an avenue, just to add to the confusion.

So the city gave up with their numbering system and went back to naming streets but they decided to name them after people who never lived on them and I find that just a tad confusing. Not like the old days when a street was named after a person who actually lived there.

Naming streets, buildings and physical features is important. Why do we have a YK Centre Mall and a Centre Square Mall? Didn't anyone realise those names are a little too similar? What is with Jackfish Lake sometimes being called Stock Lake? Now in the latest harbour plan study they want to rename Joliffe Island, Big Spruce Island. Who was Big Spruce and what did he or she ever do for Yellowknife?

If we are going to change or give names to make places more tourist friendly or colourful surely we can come up with better names than Big Spruce. Do you have any idea how many places in North America are named Big Spruce. Thousands, probably millions but there is only one Raggedy Ass Road.

If we are going to name or rename things lets run a contest and see who can come up with the most colourful or appropriate name. If we are going to rename Joliffe Island I can think of a whole bunch of other places to rename and can certainly come up with a better name than Big Spruce. How about renaming a certain building in town Tax Payers Folly. We could vote on which one gets that name.

*Walt Humphries*

## Life is Never Simple..... So Never Give Up.

**A six year old  
was asked  
where grandma  
lived.**

I was born on January 13<sup>th</sup>, 1941. My birthplace was at Merthyr Tydfil, a small town in South Wales, United Kingdom. I was born in the Merthyr Hospital also known as "The Workhouse". This was a place where unwed mothers were sent to deliver their babies. My adopted parents, Margaret (Maggie) and Tom Lewis, in their 40's, were unable to have children of their own, so picked me out of 6 other baby girls and took me home to Aberfan just 5 miles from the hospital. They named me, Margaret Joyce Lewis.

**"Oh grandma  
lives at the  
airport, and  
when we want  
her, we just go  
and get her.**

I had a wonderful life filled with lots of love. I was raised as an "only" child, loved school, enjoyed music and had lots of good friends.

**When we are  
done visiting  
her, we bring  
her back to the  
airport".**

When I was about 10 years old, my mam and dad told me that I had been adopted as a young baby and shared that apparently my birth mother had carried me from the hospital to the Bus Stop where she handed me over. This news really didn't mean too much to me at the time, I was so happy to have a safe and secure family life. I was raised as an "only" child

Following my graduation from High School, I chose a career in Nursing. At 17 years old (1958) I went to Rhyd Lafar Orthopaedic Hospital in Cardiff South Wales. I graduated from there with my O.N.C. (Orthopaedic Nursing Certificate) I transferred to Morryston Hospital in Swansea, South Wales, and graduated as a S.R.N (State Registered Nurse) During this time I met and later married my husband Merlyn Williams. In 1964 I went to Dulwich Hospital in England and Graduated with my C.M.B. (Certified Midwives Board). At 24 years (1965), Merlyn and I married. He was busy building our first home 'the bungalow' in Morryston while I was in England..

In 1967 Merlyn and I emigrated to Canada and made our home in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. 1968 was a sad time in the passing of my mother, Margaret, and yet also a happy year with the birth of our first child, Diana Margaret. In 1971, once again a sad year with the passing of my father Thomas, and again a happier year with the birth of our second daughter, Bethan Rose.

It wasn't until this period in my life where I first felt the urge to start searching for my maternal mother... Some years went by, but at medical appointments when I was in my 30's, I found myself always being unable to answer questions about my biological medical history because I just simply did not know.



I would always say “sorry, I don’t know, I was adopted”. And so, my search for my maternal mother commenced....

This was all new to me and I had no idea where to really start – Linda, a Yellowknife friend who was interested in Genealogy stepped up to the plate and together we began the first steps.

First we started searching at the Family History Society in Wales and in Kent England. I was advised to become a member of NORCAP (National Organization for the Counselling of Adoptees and Parents). I now had sheets of information going back to 1915 but no real clear link for me. I checked with the Welsh records office and archives and also the Marriage and Death census of England and Wales. All this searching at this time was done by writing letters and regular mail overseas. It was expensive and time consuming as there were no computer data bases at this time and everything was searched through microfiche records.

I had 2 birth certificates. The first one, a small one only giving my name and date of birth. The second one, a regular one showing that I had been adopted, with a name for my birth mother (Ivy Constance West), where she was located during my birth (Rhymney), and also her father’s name, (Albert Cornelius West). You would wonder with all this information, why was I not able to find her??? The search continues.... My birth mother had been residing in a home for unwed mothers in Rhymney Wales. She would have had to work off her accommodations for staying there for her maternity period. I found nothing in Church or Parish records for Rhymney and nothing in the electoral Registry for her. A new 1911 Census for England and Wales still produced little. We found documentation for Ivy Clara, Ivy Catherine, and Ivy Caroline West... The only entry for a Ivy Constance West had the name ‘Patricia’ as a second middle name. I had a thought! Hey, maybe her third name was never recorded on the documents as adoptions were a secretive process around WWII?? The NORCAP Society was pretty sure that **Ivy Constance Patricia West** would have been my birth mother. So maybe now I am starting to make some headway---

I purchased Ivy Constance Patricia West’s (ICP) birth certificate and my search bearings turned to Hartley Wintney, Sub district of Farnborough. This produced her birth date, father’s name, and her mother’s maiden name (although incorrectly spelled, as we discovered in 2011).

Later in our search from the Ash Vale Parish records we concluded that ICP married Anthony Rees in 1951. I was still not convinced that ICP was my maternal mother as there was nothing solid tying us together. 10 more years went by, I had more help from genealogist’s and friends who were interested in my search. Additional correspondence and random letters were sent to electoral districts but nothing seemed to be concrete or confirmed.

By 2010, I had personally given up and said “let’s just forget it and I guess it was just not meant to be”..... Well, my husband Merlyn and daughters, Diana and Bethan were not ready to give up and continued the search. My daughter Bethan set up a profile in a web based internet program called Ancestry.com.



### Lily of the Valley

signifies the return to happiness. If you were to include the flower in a bouquet and give it to someone, it would convey the message that your happiness has returned because of him or her. This delicate bloom is known for a sweet perfume and bright a white or a soft pink colour. The Lily of the Valley begins to bloom in early spring.

A native flower to Europe, the Lily of the Valley is used to celebrate May Day, especially in France. This wonderful bloom of spring is used in many celebrations.

It is well known for bridal arrangements and the Lily of the Valley is often used for a bride's bouquet. Britain's royal family have chosen the flower as a wedding bloom.

The children always had my blessing to keep searching. Much intimate family details of one's life is exposed to the public on this particular site which significantly widens the opportunity of finding a family connection or at least link to the family connection. My personal profile was created in January 2011. In July 2011, my daughter noticed a 'post' that was sent to the profile earlier that May. A letter was sent from a lady named Lesley stating that she had read my daughter's letter and was SURE that she was of the same family tree as us. My daughter responded and after careful analysis of detail, she felt comfortable enough to share this new break though. After quite a bit of correspondence back and fore we learned details of ICP's life.

We learned that she unfortunately had passed away in 2007. She married twice but never had any children. In her first marriage she carried a bouquet of Roses and Lilies of the Valley (just like me). Her bridesmaids wore blue dresses (just like me). Her one bridesmaid was named Diana (just like my daughter). She became a nurse (Just like me) and that she had 3 brothers that were still alive:

Peter (youngest brother) lived in Camberley, Farnborough Eng.

Kenneth (2<sup>nd</sup> oldest) lived in Craigmore, Nr. Adelaide, Australia

James (oldest brother) lived in Williamstown, Nr. Adelaide, Australia

'Uncle' Peter was living very close to our first family contact 'Lesley', so I gave her permission to drop off a note about me in his mailbox with her contact info. Immediately, Peter and his wife Ginny met up with Lesley and her husband. A small discussion revolving DNA testing to verify family validity was explored. All parties were willing to be tested and pay for any testing (which can be quite expensive). However, as we started sharing family photographs back and fore, the gene pool was completely obvious!! There was no question of family genes. There was no further scientific testing explored and Uncle Peter was pretty excited that he had a niece in Canada, also that his niece was only 2 years younger than him!!! The ice was broken and for the next few weeks the phone lines between the brothers was buzzing!! I plucked up courage and phoned all my new uncles with the open invite that was shared with me from Lesley. What a wonderful reception I experienced!!! They knew that their sister had been away from the age of 14-16 yrs. They were all young boys at the time and were told that she had gone away to Nursing school but knowingly they always felt that she was too young for grad school at that time.

Miraculously, my husband Merlyn and I already had a vacation planned to go to Sydney, Australia, to visit friends in November 2011. Within 4 months I had fostered a new relationship with my new biological family at the age of 70 years old and was on my way to meet my new family in the flesh.

In November, Merlyn and I flew to Sydney, then to Adelaide and stayed with my 'Uncle' Jim and his wife Pam for 6 days. I met my cousins, Jacqui and Paul. We then visited with 'Uncle' Ken and cousin Jane. Our meetings were emotional but elating at the same time. I learned that none of the brothers had been told about their sister going away to give birth and the incident had never been discussed as a family.

My mother had kept a secret that would have followed her to her grave in 2007. Whatever may have happened to her prior to conception, no one will ever know. In my heart she is a true survivor, a hero and she may have not ever known what, or who, she could have talked to about my birth. What I learned was that she admired all her nieces and nephews and spoiled them as if they were her own. She probably yearned for a child of her own and pined within herself, for whatever reasons she had to let me go on the most important day of my life, my birthday.

I am truly blessed to have a new-found family and my husband, daughters and grandchildren have a whole new biological family spread amongst the UK, Australia, and Canada. It is still really fresh and surreal. My new connective and maternal family has been corresponding constantly. We have exchanged photos and shared our intimate stories.

On January 13, 1941, I was meant to be. My life began at ground zero and last year at 70 years of age, my life began again... My message to all adoptees – Never ever give up your search for finding family. You never know when someone just out of the blue may find you for the same or similar near and dear family connection reasons.

This is my adoption story and I am proud to share it with you.

Margaret JOYCE Williams nee Lewis

Ivy Constance Patricia



My granddaughter Lexi and Granny West, 4 generations



Margaret Joyce Williams

# \$5

How much is  
\$5.00 worth of  
gas?

I drove to  
Gas-town and  
asked for \$5  
worth of gas..

The attendant  
farted and gave  
me a receipt.



## Our Members Out and About



In 1965 Cappy and I started our northern career and adventure in Coral Harbour, a small community on Southampton Island in Nunavut. Back then the population of the community was about 200 with the residents mainly being Inuit and a life style of hunting and trapping and the day to day work of cleaning and preparing furs and food from fishing, whaling and seal hunting. As the Area Administrator for the community (1965-66) my job involved dealing with virtually every adult in Coral Harbour, before being posted to Rankin Inlet.

Although we have lived in several places in the NWT and Nunavut and have traveled extensively to every community across the North, we never had the opportunity to return to Coral Harbour.

Our time in Coral Harbour was very positive for our whole family with many positive memories of the friendly people that made our first posting most pleasing.

Back in 1965 very few people in the community had cameras and as I personally was very interested in photography as a hobby, we do have many photos of life, events and the people in Coral Harbour. We hoped that we might be able to share some pictures with the people who live in Coral as memories of themselves when they were much younger and memories of relatives, friends and happenings in the community many years ago.



This past summer (2011) we decided it was time to arrange a short trip to Coral Harbour to see for ourselves what is happening today in the community. In planning for the trip we put together a small album of pictures from 1965/66 that we would take to confirm the names of some of the people in the pictures and to share with people if they wanted to see them. In early July we flew to Coral Harbour and by chance met the mayor, Dorothy Ningeongan, when we arrived at the airport. We briefly described why we were visiting. She took the initiative to announce our arrival on the local radio station to let people know why we were visiting and that we had pictures that we were quite prepared to share with people during our visit. In addition, a reception was held for us at the hamlet office, which we were very pleased to attend. The community presented us with a carving by a local artist and also an igloo made by one of the elders. The community expressed their appreciation for us coming to visit as they said we were the first people to ever have lived in Coral who left and then came back just for a visit.



As we wandered all around the community and visited places like the hamlet office and Health Centre, many people were interested in seeing the pictures we had brought. We were invited into many homes to visit and have bannock and tea and even raw seal. The people loved the pictures and went over them in great detail looking for relatives and friends. The young people would look at the pictures with the elders and learned a lot about their grandparents and even great grandparents.



As Cappy was celebrating a birthday while we were in Coral, a birthday party was arranged in a camp outside of town, to enjoy a bannock and jam "birthday cake" and play traditional Inuit games. The ladies also presented Cappy with several birthday gifts including bone and ivory jewellery, a wall hanging, beaded pins etc.

The entire visit was very special in every way. Coral Harbour to us was still the very friendly and helpful community that we had enjoyed 46 years before when we first moved to the Arctic.

*Larry & Cappy*



## Lets Go House-Building in Cambodia - Joan Hirons

"How about coming over for Chinese New Year's, and we'll go house-building in Cambodia?" responded my son when I asked about visiting them this winter. Gordon teaches Middle and High School physics at World United College International School in Singapore. The house-building trip for families had been planned by the school. This would be a golden opportunity to spend quality time with Gord and two of my grandchildren.

The house-building project was run by **Tabitha Cambodia**, which is a volunteer organization formed to strengthen communities and help families find their way out of poverty. They introduce the concept of saving money, beginning with a minimum of \$0.10 per month. As their savings increase, families may buy a chicken which gives them food or income. Later they may be able to purchase a cow, and then a house. The climate is not always kind, and a rain-proof house is desirable. Not all families can aspire to buying their own houses, so each family on our project provided \$800.00 for a house. Tabitha also fosters small businesses, for example, silk-farming and manufacture.

We flew to Phnom Penh on the Saturday afternoon, which gave us a day for sight-seeing before the pre-building orientation session on the Sunday night. We spent our day visiting the **Killing Fields**, which was a very moving experience. Here we learned of the atrocities committed by the Khymer Rouge under the direction of Pol Pot on their own people. Evidence was all around, including shreds of clothing still embedded in the ground near the mass graves. Sign boards explained how the killings were done, and the personal audio tour equipment added more detail.

Our travel around the capital was by **tuktuk**. These are a 4-seater cart, pulled by a motor cycle. Amazingly, it is a safe way to travel, although it is very exciting while your driver boldly weaves his way through the heavy traffic. Around 5:00 pm on the Sunday we all assembled at the Tabitha office and outlet shop. The orientation session was conducted by Jan, a Canadian lady who is passionate about helping Cambodians to become self-sufficient. She gave us more historical background, and related some horrific personal stories she had heard from people who had survived the terrible times, and who still suffer from the trauma. She also laid out some ground rules for behaviour, and informed us of some important cultural differences so we would avoid making faux pas. For example, in Cambodian culture, you do not touch your head.

After a few minutes to shop for silk items in the Tabitha store, we invaded a restaurant (there were 70 of us). It was decided that all the kids would sit together and do their own ordering. They were admirably experimental, ordering such delicacies as tarantula – I tried a leg, and found it tasty but crunchy. This particular restaurant was run by a charitable organization which trains street kids to work in restaurants. The food was wonderful, and the wait staff coped admirably with our very large group.

Early on Monday morning we piled into a fleet of white vans, and drove for about 2 hours into the countryside. We finally reached "our" village. These people had suffered through the loss of their precious rice crop last fall due to flooding from torrential rains. The houses were already built, and our jobs were to put on the tin walls, and to nail down each piece of bamboo flooring at every joist. All nails were to be put in straight; if one got bent, it had to be pulled out and replaced. The bamboo was very narrow, and therefore quite rounded, making it difficult to get the nails started. There were several sore thumbs as a result. It was very noisy, with about 10 people working on floors in each house, but it was a whole lot worse when the wall crew came along and began hammering at the tin! Also, the ventilation was cut down considerably, making the work of hammering hotter and sweatier. We were well supplied with bottles of water, and we had to go and dunk our heads in cool water every hour.

When people needed a break from the hammering, we played games with the kids. Various pieces of equipment had come in with us, but by the time we left the village the next day, everything had disappeared. Most popular was the bubble-blowing gear and the skipping ropes. Duck, duck goose worked well, although the game had to be adapted slightly to accommodate the cultural differences. The player used an empty water bottle to tap the kids on the shoulder. Older children played ball games and frisbee. A group of adults provided great entertainment by doing the Hokey Pokey. Rather than join in, the villagers stood around and had a good laugh at our antics.



Cooling from the hot weather, by dunking our heads with bottled water



Lunch both days and breakfast on the second morning was do-it-yourself sandwiches. It was a little hard to tuck into our food with an audience watching every move. Before we left on the second day, the remaining food was handed over to the villages, along with very many empty plastic water bottles, and a few dozen full ones.

At the end of each day's building, there was a handing-over ceremony where a building family presented quilts to the new home-owners, and went to take photos of them on their front steps. Our presentation was to a grandmother who was raising her two grandkids. I felt this was a good match, since this our family had a grandma helping with the building. Our group completed and handed over 20 houses after 1.5 day's hard work. It was incredibly rewarding.

Most tourists would not have the opportunity to visit such a village, with its bumpy, muddy roads, and cattle and other livestock wandering round at leisure. We also visited another village where Tabitha was providing funding to replace condemned classrooms at a school – reached by a long and very bumpy road. Local men were doing the brick-laying for the new block. The children wore a uniform of white shirts and navy pants or skirts, and were excited to have visitors. Our visit rather disrupted the rest of their day, and they all came out to see us off!

We spent the night between our two days of building at a nearby small town which had a basic hotel. The rooms were spartan but clean, and the plumbing worked, although it was cold showers only. Supper was served at a local restaurant, on an all-you-can-eat-and-drink basis. We were not really sure what we were eating, but it was very tasty. The cost per person was \$5.00, including the beer.

On the Tuesday afternoon, we left our village, and began the trek back to **Phnom Penh** in our minibus convoy. The return journey involved a ferry ride. The ferry itself looked like the Merv Hardie, but that is where the similarity ended. To start with, our driver sprinted over to the ticket office, rushed back to the van, and beat out a couple of others for the last spot on that crossing. It was not a real spot, but a tiny gap between two vehicles. We were packed in so tight there was not enough room to get out of our bus.

We returned to the comfort of the Juliana Hotel in the City, even getting the same room in some cases. The whole group ended up in the swimming pool (fortunately a large one), so it was very noisy for a while. My family stayed for two nights, which gave us more time for sight-seeing. We went to the Russian Market and the Royal Palace, enjoying some more wild tuktuk rides. On Thursday morning we flew back to Singapore. I treasure the memories of the time spent with my family, and of the opportunity to "give back".



**Ed's Parking Permit by** *Isabell McDoorman*

One May (circa 1980) I was visiting Yellowknife, to see my Uncle, Ed Baker. He was retired, living in Northern United Place on the top floor in a gorgeous corner apartment, while I stayed several floors below in a comfortable hotel style room.

Ed didn't want to cook, nor did he want me to "mess about" in his kitchen, so we went out for our main meal each day at noon. One day as we exited the restaurant Ed noticed that there was a parking ticket on the windshield of his car. He was astounded; he had a permanent senior's parking card on his dashboard. Why would By-Law do this to him-they knew his car, even if they hadn't noticed the card. Ed was so upset he made an illegal u-turn in the middle of the street and we drove, really quickly, ignoring speed limits and stop signs-to the detachment headquarters. By then I was worried about the confrontation that would surely follow.

However when Ed walked in he said fairly calmly to the officer behind the desk: "Why did I get a parking ticket, didn't you see my parking pass or recognize my car?"

"Sure we did Ed, but we put the ticket on so you would finally come in to get the permit renewed. It's really overdue and we knew for sure a parking ticket would get you in here. We even had an office pool on how fast you'd get here, and how loud you'd complain!

Everyone laughed (even Ed) but he replied, "If weren't for the fact that my niece was with me, I'd have driven across the sidewalk over the lawn right up to this door with the damn ticket in my teeth!"

More laughter, and soon we were done. Ed drove, quietly this time, down the street to a drugstore where he bought a big box of chocolates and had it delivered to the Municipal Enforcement office.

That was the end of the most exciting drive I ever had in Yellowknife.

---

**Nora Libby... a long time resident of Yellowknife.**

She was born in 1933 in Waterways, Alberta, now part of Fort McMurray, after the union of the two towns many years ago.

Most of her family worked at the salt mine in Waterways but her father arrived in Yellowknife many years ago and worked at Vic Ingraham's Bar. Nora was 16 when she arrived in Yellowknife and she and her twin sister Laurie both worked for Mrs. Dusseault who owned a coffee shop in Old Town. Nora met her first husband here and married at age 22. She had 5 children and worked many years at the Yellowknife Inn doing Housekeeping and Laundry.

She now lives at Bison Hill apartments and enjoys her friends and family that are still living here. Nora enjoys coming to the Baker Community Centre on Friday's for Lunch with a Bunch and has fond memories of her life here in the Great White North.

*June VanDine-Aden*



**Word Search**



### 'Tea Time' for Arctic Ambassadors

On Wednesday, March 28, 2012 at 1:00 pm the Arctic Ambassadors of the NWT Seniors' Society met with Yvonne Quick our Supervisor at the Dancing Moose Tea Room.

Yvonne gave us a verbal schedule for the upcoming summer:

The Canadian Medical Association will be meeting here in August

Mildred Hall Original Little School House will again be open for our members to participate for the convenience of Tourists

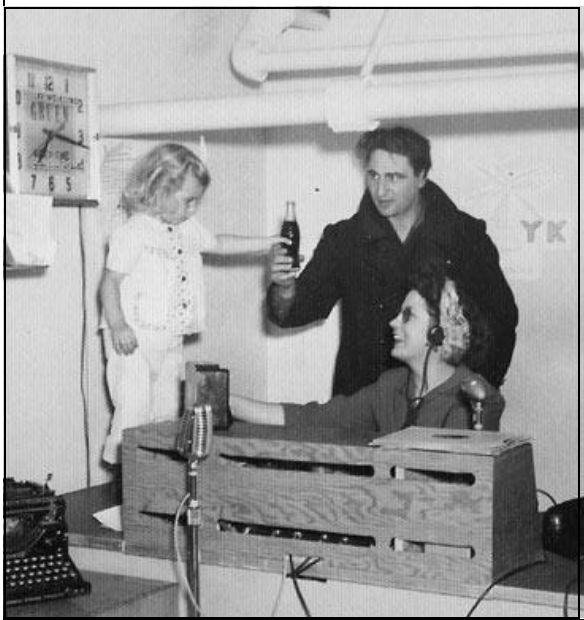
Barb Hood, Executive Director for the NWT Seniors' Society joined us for a delicious lunch and a lively discussion. Margaret Beckwith became a new member and joined us for the 1<sup>st</sup>. time.

The picture's attached are of our Tea Time. The two Japanese ladies from Osaka, Japan, Kanae on the left 26 years old and Aya on the right 28 years old, they were kind enough to do a group photo of the Arctic Ambassadors, so I included them for their kindness, done with fun and laughter.

Respectfully submitted, June VanDine-Arden



# Voice of the Golden North



Charles Crate & daughter, with Natalie Herrick

## CFYK, the Good Old Days of Radio

Before 1950, there was no regular radio broadcasting station in the north. Radio Moscow and AM radio stations from the south could, at times, be received in Yellowknife, usually with the aid of an outdoor long wire antenna. Those wanting world news had to rely on this intermittent service. In 1949, a radio committee was formed in Yellowknife and with the technical help of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals (RCCS), radio station CFYK started broadcasting in February 1950 from a studio in the basement of the Mines and Resources Building on 51st Street (now replaced by the Tree of Peace Friendship Centre). They even had a very catchy name, "The Voice of the Golden North". The first transmitter, supplied and modified by the RCCS to work on the AM broadcast band, could barely be heard around town. Early photos of the studio show a box shaped console, with a couple of Garrard turntables and a microphone. CFYK was first

heard at 1450 on the radio dial, but soon changed to 1340 khz with a stronger transmitter that could even be heard a few miles out in some of the bush camps (Discovery and Snare).

The radio committee and on-air staff were made up entirely of volunteers. Who are the volunteers? Anyone willing to take a crack at operating...and that includes miners, clergy, accountants, housewives, school students, businessmen, nurses, and cab drivers. These volunteers who greet the cold winter dawn with Rise and Shine programs. Like miner, **Pete Boyko**, who started CFYK's day at 6:00 AM and got the morning shift workers up in time for the 7:00 AM bus to the mine - which he also caught. Nobody was more faithful at the microphone than **Harold Glick**, who had a show at noon called "Make-Believe Ballroom", where he played his favourite "be-bop" music. Flo Whyard, secretary, catalogued some 1600 records in the music library and supervised all programs. **Dr. Bateman** and **Ted Horton** were the first Chairpersons.

Yellowknife's religions were allowed air time in the evenings..... **Father Ebner** headed up one of the weekly broadcasts and rebroadcasts of CBC shows and newscasts were aired when available. Programs such as "The Jack Benny Show", The Shadow, Fibber McGee and Molly, ...were supplied by the RCCS via American Armed Forces Radio transcriptions. There were no land lines, so contact with the outside world was picked up with a Hammerland radio receiver, along with static and fade outs from CBC Edmonton.



**Florence Whyard** reported in the Saturday Night magazine (Nov 1950) that one of the most listened to and important broadcast was the 6 pm CBC news followed by stock quotes of the Toronto Stock Exchange supplied by the town's stock broker. Flo also reported that The Daughters of the Midnight Sun presented a variety program weekly...That show featured **Norah Moyle** and her friend **Kay Vaydik** along with some other ladies, which was a program that featured timely household hints (How to boil a perfect soft boiled egg or how to make the perfect

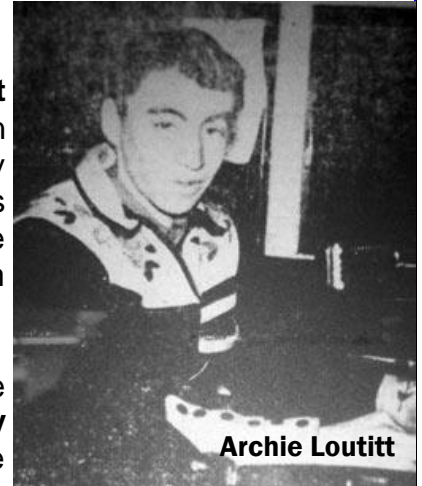
'camp style coffee' or what to do if your kid came in with a frozen nose or other extremity) and they discussed social issues that were important in frontier life. ...How to dress when you went 'OUTSIDE' to Edmonton and beyond.



**Peggy Radcliffe**

As years went by, better studio equipment was installed, including tape recorders and a larger recording studio where local entertainment groups could perform "live, on-air". Volunteer announcers came and went, being replaced by "new" voices. There was **Mrs. Stemmler**, from Negus, who played Scotch and Irish music (including her baby in the background). **Roy Merrick**, a well known square dance caller in town, gave "time on the air" to readings, many in the French language, which were very popular. **Frank Megill** went on air in the mornings from the comfort of his home, with the use of a telephone and his own record player.

Young people like **Archie Loutitt** featured Country and Western music in the evening. Archie had a well liked "chatty manner". He had aspirations of doing sports broadcasts and soon was broadcasting some of the local hockey games. Archie claims that it was he who "invented" the title 'The Voice of the Golden North'.



**Archie Loutitt**

Each Monday night at 7 pm, families and miners and everyone who could find a radio, tuned in to hear "This is **Vic Searle** with **Betty Stevens** on the piano". "You wouldn't believe the calls we got from the bush (via 2-way radio) for special requests," Steven would drag in guests to sing, make music or tell stories.

As an Anglican missionary serving at Coppermine, **Bishop Jack Sperry** was occasionally passing though Yellowknife. The Anglican minister Reverend Robert Douglas recruited him as a "guest" speaker and informed him that the "thought for the day" may possibly be subjected to interruptions. Occasionally, some of the mining camps used the same radio frequency and without any warning. "Don't worry, I was told, just wait until they have finished and then carry on. It happened to me and went something like this"... "Today I am going to read a part of Psalm 23. The Lord is my Shepard, I shall not want"... **OK Jim, we'll take two sacks of potatoes, Over...** "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures"... **Oh yeah, we think there should be an extra bag of mail, ask Boffa about it when next he flies in.. Over...!**



**Harold Glick**

To be continued....

## Money Money Everywhere



Have you seen the ad on TV where people find money all over their house in places they didn't expect?

Of course you have. And boy, do they look happy!

You're not going to find twenty-dollar bills in your cookie jar, and you wouldn't want to eat the cookies if you did. But there is a place you should look for forgotten money and you just might get lucky.

The website is: [http://ucbswww.bank-banque-canada.ca/scripts/search\\_english.cfm](http://ucbswww.bank-banque-canada.ca/scripts/search_english.cfm).

You go there, put your name in, choose any province or territory you've ever lived in and you might find a bit of money waiting for you. You should check your name, and any relatives or friends, dead or alive. And don't forget any clubs or associations you may have belonged to over the years. The Metis Reelers have some money coming, so businesses may have money in there as well. There's some waiting for The Raven Pub, Bullock's and Northern News Service. Even the City of Yellowknife, Inuvik and Fort Smith get mentioned.

So, what is this magic place? It is the list of unclaimed balances in old bank accounts. By law, the banks must watch for accounts that have not been used for 10 years. If they can't contact the owner, the money is turned over to the Bank of Canada, which acts as custodian on behalf of the owner. The transfer is done once a year, on 31 December. The Bank of Canada will hold the money for thirty years. Putting those two holding periods together, balances are held for a total of forty years prior to being turned over to the Government of Canada.

You might also check all across Canada because people kept accounts many places down south because of the lack of banks in the North.

So, check it out and you may be as happy as those folks on TV.

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## Safely Home

Safely Home is a partnership between the Alzheimer Society and the RCMP that assists in locating or returning Elders to their Caregivers. In Yellowknife it will be run by Constable Kathy Law and the local Alzheimer Society. The program uses an id tag similar to how MedicAlert bracelets provide relevant information about medical conditions. With a one time registration fee of \$35, one gets a registration package containing an id bracelet, a caregiver handbook and three (3) id cards (for wallet or purse). These only contain the Member's first name, a unique id number, as well as instructions to call Police for assistance.

EG: 0000000C

Jane

Memory Loss

Call Police

While Elders are travelling in Canada, their info is accessible by all levels of police services required to locate or reunite them with Caregivers.

### Safely Home:

- Not a tracking device (eg GPS)
- Not designed to limit or invade privacy
- Does not include info that can be used criminally
- Elders cannot be registered into the program without their or the Caregivers approval.
  - Personal info can easily be updated by mail, website, or e-mail.
  - Replacement lost bracelets are available for a \$15 fee.
- Registration forms are available through the local Alzheimer Society and on line [www.safelyhome.ca](http://www.safelyhome.ca)





## Yellow Split Pea Soup with Swiss Chard Greens and Yams

Oil-free, soy-free, wheat-free

This variation on traditional split pea soup packs a super antioxidant punch with the yellow turmeric, green collards, and orange yams; and is an adaptation of a recipe appearing in the January 2011 McDougall Newsletter: <http://www.drmcDougall.com/misc/2011nl/jan/recipes.htm>. It was served at the December, 2011 Indian-themed (Slumdog Millionaire) Movie night at the Baker Centre.

Servings: 6 to 8

2 tablespoons water, for sautéing  
2 yellow onions, coarsely chopped  
1 tablespoon minced fresh ginger  
3 cloves garlic, minced  
1 ½ to 2 tablespoons curry powder  
1 teaspoon ground cumin  
½ teaspoon ground mustard  
½ teaspoon turmeric  
1 medium or 2 small garnet or jewel yams, peeled and cut into 1-inch cubes  
1 medium carrot, diced (peeling optional)  
8 cups vegetable stock (homemade or store-bought)  
3 cups dried yellow split peas  
1 bunch swiss chard greens, chopped into bite-size pieces  
1 teaspoon salt, or to taste  
Freshly ground pepper, to taste

### Directions:

Heat the water in a large soup pot and add the onions. Stir and cook until they turn translucent, about 7 minutes. Add the ginger and garlic and cook for 5 more minutes, adding any additional water to prevent them from sticking to the bottom of the pot.

Add the curry powder, cumin, mustard, turmeric, yams, carrot, stock and split peas to the pot. Stir to combine.

Cover and simmer until the split peas are tender and broken down, about 1 hour. Stir often to make sure the split peas don't stick to the bottom of the pot.

About 10 minutes before the soup is done, add the swiss chard greens to the pot, stir to combine, and cook for about 10 minutes until they soften and integrate with the rest of the soup. Season with salt to taste and serve hot with freshly ground pepper.

### Serving Suggestions and Variations:

Use any leafy green such as chard or kale

To freeze, let the soup cool completely before adding to a freezer-safe container

Puree 2 cups of the cooked soup before adding the greens and return it to the soup to add even more thickness. Add the greens and continue with the recipe.

**Dave McCann**

## Q & A

## The Green Thing

**Q: Where can men over 60 find younger women who are interested in them?**

**A:** In a book store under fiction.

**Q: As people age, do they sleep more soundly?**

**A:** Yes, but usually in the afternoon.

**Q: Is it common for 60 year olds to have problems with short term memory storage?**

**A:** Storing memory is not a problem, retrieving it is the problem.

**Q: How can you avoid the terrible curse of elderly wrinkles?**

**A:** Take off your glasses.

**Smile you've still got your sense of Humor!**

Checking out at the store, the young cashier suggested to the older woman, that she should bring her own grocery bags because plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologized and explained, "We didn't have this green thing back in my earlier days."

The clerk responded, "That's our problem today.. Your generation didn't care enough to save our environment for future generations."

She was right -- our generation didn't have the green thing in its day.

Back then, we returned milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store.

The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. But we didn't have the green thing back in our day. We walked up stairs, because we didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. We walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time we had to go two blocks. But she was right. We didn't have the green thing in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's diapers because we didn't have the throw-away kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine. Wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But that young lady is right; we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

Back then, we had one TV and/or or a radio, in the house -- not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of the NWT. In the kitchen, we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up newspapers to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap.

Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn gasoline just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right; we didn't have the green thing back then.

Back then, kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their moms into a 24-hour taxi service. We didn't have air conditioners that gobbled up electricity and polluted the air, causing even more humidity. We had the windows open, had a siesta, went for a swim, sat under a shade tree, waved a fan or newspaper to cool ourselves down.

But isn't it sad the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were.. just because we didn't have **the green thing** back then?

## Word Search

### Volunteers at CFYK 1950-1958

**Charles Crate**  
**Ed Lindsay**  
**Florence Whyard**  
**Frank Magill**  
**Gordon Betta**  
**Harold Glick**

**Jim Major**  
**Jimmy Anderson**  
**Kay Vaydik**  
**Ken Kidder**  
**Leo Moreau**  
**Neil Merrick**

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

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**YK Seniors' Society Board  
Meetings 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.**