

# The POWDER MAGAZINE

20. EDITION

ELSA, YUKON TERRITORY

OCTOBER, 1975

## To Beef or Not To Beef

That was the question put to Joe Volf, Manager of our MARKET, when as a youngster of fifteen his father informed him it was time he chose a career.

"My father didn't try to influence me," Joe laughs, "he simply TOLD me, 'Your grandfather is one, as well as all SIX of your uncles, and YOU ARE GOING TO BE ONE TOO!' Is it any wonder I became a BUTCHER?"

Easier said than done, however, at least in Czechoslovakia thirty years ago. "I had to go to school for three years as an apprentice, and pass tough tests, before I was given a licence to be a butcher and sausage-maker," Joe says.

"I'd been in professional practice only six months when the Communists took over the country and a friend and I escaped into West Germany, skiing like madmen 25 miles through forest to the border. My friend had an uncle in Canada who arranged for us to immigrate here as farmworkers, and I was sent to a place at Viking, Alberta.

I couldn't believe my luck — the owner not only farmed — but also ran a BUTCHER-SHOP! The only time I spent in the fields was when an Immigration Inspector happened along."

"I had worked in Viking for sixteen years when a friend who worked at Calumet wrote and told me U.K.H.M. was looking for a butcher. I was married then and interested in a little more money, so UP I came!" It was April, 1966.

In October that year, the Company cutback personnel in many



Louise and Joe Volf

departments as the future looked "shaky" — not for Joe, however — he was given the job: Market Manager.

"The big problem then was the uncertain future of the Company," Joe says. "I wasn't allowed to maintain much of an inventory, in case we had to shut down. For example, I could only carry 2 kinds of Campbell's soup — now we stock 37. It did get just a touch ridiculous though — I submitted an order for a case of deodorant, and it was TURNED DOWN! It wasn't just tempers that were HIGH, let me tell you!"

Joe's wife Louise joined the Market staff in the spring of '67 as a cashier, and the two have worked together ever since. Louise was born in Birch River, northern Manitoba, and met Joe (or vice versa!) while she was a practical nurse in Viking. The Volfs have four children:

Harvey, 18, Joey, 13, Kevin, 11, and Michelle, 5.

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But what are the problems involved in operating a Market in an isolated area such as Elsa?

"The biggest challenge is trying to please people," Joe says, "and when I'm able to — it's my greatest satisfaction."

"You see, there are many nationalities represented in Elsa, and everyone wants something different. It's darn hard to ensure we get the staples we need let alone trying to get hold of something a little special for someone — say something imported. I spend hours on the phone trying to run down a supplier — and it's just not easy. We have problems with our orders not being filled, or if filled, not correct. For Thanksgiving this year I ordered a batch of turkeys, and specified that they weigh between 8—14 pounds, because that's the size of bird most families here require. The order arrived, and was put in the freezer — I didn't personally handle that — but in the afternoon I went to get a turkey for a customer and was horrified to discover that every turkey in the order weighed, not 8—14 pounds, but 16—20, far too big and expensive for our buyers' needs. I could send the birds back but that didn't help the families who would have liked a turkey for Thanksgiving. What hurt though, was that people blamed me — and I'd tried my darndest. There's nights when I honestly can't sleep because I feel so bad because I've had to disap-

(Cont. on page 4)

# Octoberfest: One "Gic" of a Good Time!



Listen fella, if you want your wiener schnitzelled, it's fine with me! . . . the Catering's Kurt Klaes.



That's right — I said, "BREW OFF"!!  
. . . John Monaghan



Mmmmmhh . . . Check that Fraulein!!  
. . . Hubert Tuebner



Asagh! IMITATION BRATWURST!!  
. . . Siggie Strebakowski



Whadya mean you think German Beer is  
the PITS? . . . Irma Franke



If you Cut In — I'll give you a POLKA  
alright — RIGHT IN THE EYE!  
. . . Bill Messerschmidt and Mrs. Berg.



Gee-whiz! Sure I'll enter your Beer Belching  
Contest!! . . . Bill-Henry-Burgher



No kiddin' — she BURPED in my EAR!!  
. . . Newman Steele and Debbie Willard



What, Periard! You want me to Bartend for  
another HOUR!! . . . John Holzapfel

# THE GREAT CANDY CAPER



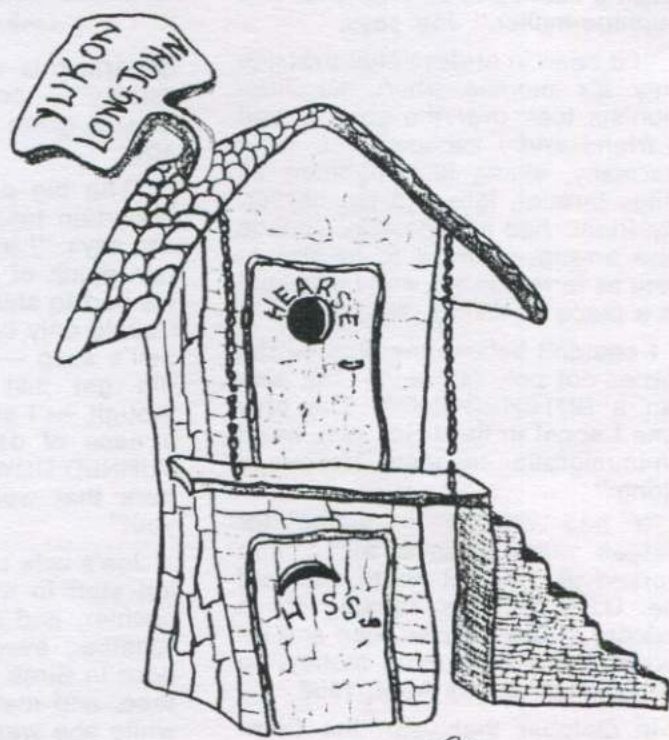
Sabrina Benedetti, L., and Manuella Roberti preparin' to hit the Halloween Trail — Temperature:  $-25^{\circ}\text{C}$ .



QUESTION: Do you like Halloween Candy?  
ANSWER: Just check that SMILE!  
... Robyn Andison and buddies. Jekyll and Hyde!



If you look this gruesome every morning, Sweetheart, we suggest SCOPE! ... an anonymous Michelle Voif.



WOMEN'S LIBERATION — YUKON STYLE!

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