

The POWDER MAGAZINE

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ELSA, YUKON TERRITORY

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KONNIE BERG: THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring not even a mou . . . but WHAT'S THIS — HEY THERE, KONNIE BERG — Watchya doin' sneakin' downstairs to your basement?

Sssshhh — you say? HOWCUM?

Cause you don't want to wake-up your wife? Why NOT?

Cause you're gonna test your Christmas batch of Home-Brew and if the wife wakes up she'll give you Heck? I see!!

Say there Konnie Berg sneakin' downstairs to your basement — MIND IF I JOIN YA!!

This little scenario isn't really all that outrageous — not if you know the Berg family.

Konnie Berg, our Personnel Supervisor, is a veritable wizard at whuppin'-up suuppeerb batches of Home-Brew Wine, and he takes a connoisseur's delight in sampling his delicacies, but he has one little problem. As Konnie says, chuckling, "Mrs. Berg, for whom I have great respect, gives me what-for!"

Kathy Berg just laughs, "It's not the brewing or the sampling I mind — but when Konnie starts SINGING — oohh!"

"I always know when Konnie is up-to-tricks and sampling a bottle because I hear these contented 'Aaahh-s' from the basement. Konnie has been trying to fool me by making the same sighs when he has a glass of water — but when he starts singing, I know!"

Konnie says he has another little problem with his wine-makin' — whenever he completes a batch he tries to save at least one bottle for

POSTERITY, "But somehow the bottles just seem to EVAPORATE," he winks.

Twice a year Konnie gathers up the goodies for a five-gallon jug or two of brew and sets them to fermentin' for six months — until all the yeasty taste has disappeared and the wine is JUST RIGHT! And from each five-gallon vat he lovingly siphons about thirty bottles of Pure Joy. Cost for ingredients: approximately \$15.

Konnie's specialty is apple-based raisin Wine which he affectionately calls "Moose-Catel". However, he's tried his touch at Rose-Hip Wine, Strawberry Wine, Orange Wine, etc., ad infinitum. And each individual wine-batch is always different — Konnie never follows a set recipe.

Konnie takes especial delight in naming each wine that he produces — depending, of course, on how it piques his palate. He has for instance — N.B. Wine, meaning "Not Bad", N.B.A.A. Wine, which is "Not

Bad After All", a potent T.N.T. Wine, "That's Nice Too", and an R.B. Wine, which is supposed to stand for "Rose-Hip" Wine — but which a friend labelled as "Real Bad".

Konnie's greatest wine-making challenge is in mixing different batches to see if he can come up with the PERFECT WINE.

"It's no wonder I sing sometimes," Konnie says, "creating the perfect wine understandably involves a lot of mixing and sampling.

Certainly Konnie is on the right track, however, he figgers his brews pack a respectably punchy 12 per cent alcohol.

Konnie first began wine-making when he worked at Calumet in the late fifties, when, he says, "Everyone was makin' wine and claiming their's was better'n anybody else's."

Konnie was born in Bavaria, Germany, and came to Canada in 1954. He went to work at Calumet in 1957 as an Underground Labourer, became a Timberman, then Miner, before spending 2 years as a Shift Boss, and 2 years as Safety Supervisor. He has been Personnel Supervisor for 3 years. He and his wife have one son, Eric, aged 15.

But what has Konnie Berg's wine-brewin' got to do with Christmas. Well, you see, Konnie Berg really embodies the Spirit of Christmas — despite the impression we've sneakily tried to create, Konnie doesn't really make wine for his own consumption, but for his friends — his greatest joy is giving one of his many friends a fine bottle of his home-made wine — and by golly, that is what the spirit of Christmas is all about — GIVING.



KONNIE BERG . . . and Friendly Jug of T.N.T.

ELSA'S FASHION SHOW

(More Curves Than The Alaska Highway)



"?"

SOME PEOPLE COMPLETELY LOST THEIR HEADS AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING A MODEL IN THE FASHION SHOW, BUT REALLY IT WASN'T SO TOUGH — ALL IT TOOK WAS A LITTLE . . .



PREPARATION
(Lee Waddell primps Marianne Levicki)



INSPIRATION
(Sue Hogarth modelling a "Now-You-See-It-Now-You-Don't" number)



FORTIFICATION
(1974 — a plebeian but effective vintage!)



ET VOILA!
. . . Eat your heart out Hugh Hefner — Dave Jacks.



ELSA'S BEAUTY QWEEN
— Towel by Terry, body by Patrick's of Ireland.



HA! THIS BEING A "GIGGLE-O" AINT SO BAD — Dave Moss.



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MY MASCARA IS RUNNING — Bonnie Wallace.

The Twelve Days of Christmas

(With Miner Variations)



On the Twelfth Day of Christmas
My Shift Boss gave to me:
Twelve miles of Track to Ditch
Eleven Cents Bonus
Ten Tons of Backfill
Nine Newfie New-Guys
Eight Lady-Miners
Seven Derailed Locis
Six Husky Sumps
Five Pink Slips
Four Letter Words
Three Days Leave
Two Flooded Stopes
And a Partridge Right Out of his Tree!



EDITORIAL

Christmas is traditionally a time of Peace On Earth and Goodwill toward our Fellow Man. Unfortunately, Elsa's Christmas may be marred by FIGHTS — which seem, of late, to have become the "Expected" Behaviour at dances, etc.

To eliminate this dangerous and peurile pugilism, the Editors of the Powder Magazine propose the following:

As FIGHTING is, apparently, a test of STRENGTH and TOUGHNESS, let us erect in front of the Market a REINFORCED CONCRETE BLOCK measuring six feet high, by six feet wide, by six feet thick, then CHALLENGE all those who proclaim themselves hotshot fighters to put their fists where their mouths are and attempt demolition of this block — USING NOTHING BUT THEIR BARE-HANDS.

Surely this is a much better test of Strength and Toughness than beating someone's soft-head to a pulp!

Should anyone manage to destroy the block, the Editors will gladly acknowledge the fact by publishing a picture of our Wonderful Strongman (or Woman) in the Powder Magazine. For those who try, but don't succeed, we will acknowledge your attempt — in WRITING — ON YOUR CASTS!

A Peaceful and Merry Christmas TO ALL!!

The POWDER MAGAZINE

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Season's Greetings From The Mine Manager's Desk

This is the Season of Love and Faith, where People everywhere catch a fleeting glimpse of what our World could be, if only we truly Believed in the Message of Bethlehem, the Brotherhood of Man, Peace on Earth, and the Joys of Family and Friends.

It is a time of Colour with Green Holly Leaves . . . the Flaming Red Pointsettias . . . the Rainbow Sparkle of Lights . . . the Golden Brown of a Roasting Turkey . . . and the Ruby Red of a glass of Wine, held high in a Toast of Love and Friendship.

It is a time of Music with the Peal of Bells Ringing Out the Call to Worship . . . Carols Sung by adults and the Innocence of Children's Voices Singing "Away in the Manger" and "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer", all meaningfully proclaiming "Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth — Peace, Good Will Toward Men."

It is a time of Fragrance, with Mother contributing to it all with her baking, resulting in the buttery aroma of cookies, the spicy tang of puddings and fruit cakes in the oven, all this preceding the mouth-watering aroma of the Christmas Feast.

It is a time of Good Wishes, where there is a welcome break from the pressure of everyday living . . . an especially good time to count our blessings . . . an appropriate time to say "Thanks, Sincerely" to our many loyal employees and friends.

May I therefore take this opportunity, on behalf of the Directors, Elda, and myself in sincerely expressing our wishes "That Your Hearts Be Filled With The Spirit of Christmas And May You Enjoy A Bountiful, Happy New Year."

G. S. Dundas, Manager
United Keno Hill Mines Ltd.
Elsa, Yukon Territory

HONOR ROLL

This year's Lions' Walkathon raised a record \$13,557.50, thanks to the efforts of 117 gutsy walkers, 83 of whom completed the full 40 kilometers. The Top Ten fund raisers are the following, each of whom lasted for the duration:

George Gibbs	\$ 4,000
Henry Voss	764
Siggi Strebakowski	400
Tony Sgorzelski	378
Gisella Rentmeister	356
Joe Plantz	352
Qwen Moore	304
Don Curry Sr.	300
Paul Geistdorfer	293
Rajko Milovancevic	284

Suitcase Soup

"Suitcase — to replace leather valise that was eaten by Eskimo during story assignment to Coronation Bay, Arctic Ocean trappers' settlement. See attached Hudson's Bay Co. invoice . . . \$41.09."

That startling item in a 1965 expense account of a magazine correspondent was duly honored after the guilty Eskimo sent his confirmation by proxy from Canada's Northwest Territories: "It made a marvelous soup, the handle was the best part!" (From "Needle News")