

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 282nd Edition – April 26th, 2009

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

To use an e-mail address from the MocTel, replace the * with @.



Massive windrows are appearing all over town as loaders clean up the streets.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Street Levels are Dropping in Dawson Again

By Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Spring cleaning in Dawson begins with the streets, which have to be pared down about half a metre as soon as the winter's accumulation of snow and hard pan begin to soften. If not, the streets would be doomed to become impassable messes of mud and puddles by the middle of April and the road bed beneath them would need to be rebuilt.

Since the ground is still very frozen just inches below any softening in the surface cover, melt water has nowhere to go and can make a terrific mess before the storm drains (which have to be dug up, uncovered and thawed any way) can carry it off.

On the very day when a loader was spreading snow on and Front Streets to ease the trail for the Percy De Wolfe Memorial Race, this one was busy just one block away lowering Queen Street to nearly its summer elevation. After months of having the streets level with

the boardwalks, Dawsonites will now enjoy the town's own aerobic step program getting up to and down from the boardwalks until the snow piles up again.

Enthusiastic Cheers Speed Percy Mushers on their Way

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

While it was a grey day in Dawson at 10 a.m., the snow hadn't yet started to drift in from the south when Gaby Sgaga and Sarah Lenart announced the departure of bib #1 in the Percy De Wolfe Memorial Race. No one saw Percy step up to the starting line chain across the road beside the Old Post Office, but the crowd, which has swelled considerably with the addition of most of the elementary classes by that time, took up the "10-9-8-7-" chant that led to his departure down King Street to Front Street and off to the river route that he followed from 1910 to 1950.

This memorial moment of silence (or as silent as you can get with 15 dog teams clamoring to hit the trail) is observed each year in honour of the Iron Man mail carrier who inspired the race 33 years ago.

At that point the first living musher Marsh Lake's Colin Morrison guided his team to the starting line, holding the eager dogs in place with the sled's brake and the fact that it was anchored to an ATV.

Const. Stephen Knaack joined Postmaster Robert LePage in handing Morrison the mail sack containing the special race envelopes that will become collectors' items.

With another countdown from the enthusiastic crowd, Morrison was on his way to Eagle, Alaska.

The remaining teams were counted down at two minute intervals over the next half hour while dogs from all over the town voiced their disappointment at not being able to get in on the fun.

The mushers were: Jeff King from Denali Park, Alaska; Kyla Boivin, Whitehorse; Ellen King, Denali Park, Alaska; Gerry Willomitzer, Whitehorse; Sebastian Schnuelle, Whitehorse; Jean Denis Britten, Dawson; Mark Sleightholme, Lancashire, UK; Crispin Studer, Whitehorse; Ed Hopkins, Tagish; Hans Gatt, Whitehorse; David DeCaro, Denali Park, Alaska; Didier Moggia Whitehorse; Normand Sasavant, Atlin, B.C., Matthew McHugh Dawson.

While it was a warm day, with temperatures starting out at -6 and rising to -1 by later in the afternoon, a light snow began about 10:30, accompanied by a chill breeze from the south, Fortunately for the mushers it was blowing with them.

By just after 5 o'clock on Thursday Jeff King had passed the Post Office Trail, while Hopkins, Gatt and Schnuelle were behind him but past the Fortymile checkpoint.



Colin Morrison, wearing bib #2, carried the mail sack this year.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Ed Hopkins, who won this race in 2007, was near the front of the race after Fortymile.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



By late afternoon Jeff King was leading the race.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Kyla Boivin's dogs were eager to hit the trail
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Kindergarten came out to cheer on the mushers and their dogs.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Postmaster Robert LePage and Const. Knaack wait to hand off the mail sack.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

SPECIAL EDITION – VANCOUVER YUKONERS BANQUET

Pat and I just wanted to thank you for getting all the pictures from Yukoners into a Special Edition so quickly. After seeing them all and realizing that so many of my old classmates were there, I am sorry that Pat and I were unable to attend this year. Hopefully next year we can make it. The whole executive of Yukoners does such a great job of contacting people and having such a successful event.

Pat and I are off to Whitehorse on May 21st for 10 days to attend two retired RCMP functions so I am hoping to see old friends there.

Thanks again,

Diane (Bidlake) & Pat King DKing@summer.com (In Penticton, B.C.)

Fabulous job Sherron - had so much fun going through all the pictures - there were so many fascinating people there that after seeing the pictures I realise there were some people I knew that I never managed to chat with - ah well - next year!!

Joy (Fraser) Denton joydenton2@yahoo.com (Travelling in Victoria)

A fantastic job, Sherron. I do know how much work this was because I was trying to do it, too. I am highly motivated to sign on to one of those sites that I can just give members the link to, next time.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer (In Burnaby)

Like you don't have enough putting out the Moc Tel and you get me! I went to drag my above special edition into my Moc Tel and I lost it. Please can you resend this one to me again.

My neighbour Judy Glowa doesn't have a computer and I promised to phone her and show her the pictures when they arrive.

Thank you in advance for the favour and welcome home. Seems every Vanc. Banquet gets better than the last.

Sheila Becker snbecker@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

Great banquet photos, recognize lots of people. Someday I will get to one of these events. Hope you are enjoying spring. Gradually melting here, days are real long already,
Cheers

Audrey Vigneau vigneau*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Thank you Sherron for another great Special Edition on the Vancouver Yukoners' Association Annual Banquet. From all reports a good time was had by all and we were certainly pleased at the turnout.

I do have a correction to make to one of the pictures though. I had indicated that it was the 1st Yukoners that my uncle, Ernie Cottle attended, however I was incorrect. He was at one in 1949 and even won a door prize. It was a gift basket of canned salmon and other goodies donated by St. Jean's Cannery in Nanaimo. Not sure why it took him 60 years to attend again, but he intends on being there next year. He had a wonderful visit with Percy DeWolfe and they had not seen each other since the early 1940s.

Vivian Stuart lornellis*shaw.ca (In Victoria BC)

Dear Sherron: Your special MocTel for the Vancouver gathering was very meaningful for Ev and I. The three Doctors, Buchan, Harris and Tanner were practising at the Whitehorse Hospital during our time and Ev was an RN there. Ev had a wonderful working relationship with all three. And, I believe it was Mrs. Buchan who got her wedding dress all ready for Ev to use; Ev was having trouble getting her dress from the seamstress in Regina. Happily, Ev's dress arrived a day before our wedding, 8 May 1959. Ron and Colleen Butler are friends we still keep in touch with and Gus and Blanche Barrett were active in Whitehorse during our 8 years there.

Many thanks for your wonderful work.

Bill & Ev (Rath) Dawson yhuree*sympatico.ca (In Burlington, ON)
(In Whitehorse, Mayo, Keno; 1956-1964) (Bill was with the RCMP)

I learned recently what made it so common for RCMP members and nurses to marry. Don't think Gus realized what I was learning when he said, on a cold night shift in Whitehorse in those days, the hospital was the only place to have a coffee and warm up. – Sherron

My memory cells were wonderfully shaken up by the mention of Evelyn Rath. She coped so well with a very busy Maternity ward and I still remember her own tough first delivery. Almost all the male babies were circumcised - once two were taped down and were done simultaneously.

The RCMP had another role on the medical ward. When a DT patient was in the padded room, it was occasionally hazardous for the night nurse to give the sedative injection. So the constable answered the call to escort the nurse into the room. No doubt coffee followed.

The other RCMP involvement was attendance at an autopsy on a suspicious death. Usually this was the constable's first autopsy and he stayed in the corner of the room while Charlie O'Brian assisted me.

Happy memories.

William Buchan wrbuchan@shaw.ca (Cobble Hill)

THE CLOTHESLINE

A clothesline was a news forecast
To neighbors passing by.
There were no secrets you could keep
When clothes were hung to dry.

It also was a friendly link
For neighbors always knew
If company had stopped on by
To spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the "fancy sheets"
And towels upon the line;
You'd see the "company table cloths"
With intricate designs.

The line announced a baby's birth
From folks who lived inside -
As brand new infant clothes were hung,
So carefully with pride!

The ages of the children could
So readily be known
By watching how the sizes changed,
You'd know how much they'd grown!

It also told when illness struck,
As extra sheets were hung;
Then nightclothes, and a bathrobe, too,
Haphazardly were strung.

It also said, "Gone on vacation now"
When lines hung limp and bare.
It told, "We're back!" when full lines sagged
With not an inch to spare!

New folks in town were scorned upon
If wash was dingy and gray,
As neighbors carefully raised their brows,
And looked the other way . . .

But clotheslines now are of the past,
For dryers make work much less.
Now what goes on inside a home
Is anybody's guess!

Anonymous

Ramblings about the bad old days at CFWH and CFYT

by Ted North ttnorth@telus.net (In Nanaimo)

What a flood of old memories were opened by Harvey Burians' remembrances of CFWH in Whitehorse and CFYT in Dawson City [In MocTel 280].

As Harvey recalls, the CBC Northern Service took these stations over from the communities in November 1958. I was fresh out of the RCAF and looking for a job when Rod Falconer offered me a position as Announcer with CFYT in Dawson City. Needing money for a planned emigration to Australia and knowing absolutely nothing about Announcing, of course I immediately accepted -- envisioning a short-term career in showbiz!

My first assignment was to "train" at CFWH, Whitehorse. Talk about seat-of-the-pants radio ... it was a case of the blind leading the blind and simply learning by doing. Joe Craig was Senior Announcer (and as the only professional among us, scarcely deigned to speak to us mere peons!) Terry Delaney and Earl Stephenson comprised the rest of the talent pool.

Being new kid on the block, I was then immediately assigned to a permanent shift of nights and weekends at CFYT in Dawson City. Bill Anderson was Chief Announcer and Dennis Mackie handled dayshifts. It was a magic time of being left alone for 8 hours in the studio in an otherwise deserted Administration building - with a whole world of music in the record library. All this and you get paid too?

Programming consisted mostly of taped CBC shows sent weekly by mail from Toronto, with the occasional music "fill" program. There was no network connection and so, no

regular newscasts. We did occasionally pick up shortwave CBC News from Sackville, New Brunswick - but for long periods we were essentially cut off from the outside world. Once in desperation to find a newscast to put on air, I picked up Radio Moscow on shortwave. It was the clearest signal available - so, with a suitable introduction I then aired Moscow Molly and her interesting slant on world news. I don't think the CBC brass would have approved.

One long and lonely night, during one of the dreariest classical music symphonies I had ever heard - In a mad moment I just couldn't resist the temptation and faded down the classical stuff to insert 2-1/2 minutes of Duane Eddy and "Wabash Cannonball". It was a horrendous contrast! I expected the phone to ring off the wall but absolutely no-one ever mentioned it - confirming my fears that there was quite simply no-one listening in Dawson City (never noted for serious-music listening!)

My greatest regret about this time in Dawson City was my failure to grab some serious archive stuff that almost certainly was later tossed away. In a closet just behind the CBC studio were stacks of Dawson Daily Newspapers from the turn of the century (1899, 1901 etc). They made great reading and would certainly be collector's items now. There were also quite a few "Bakelite" 78 r.p.m. disc records - printed on one side only and much thicker than ordinary LP's. I don't recall titles but they were obviously from the early part of the last century; like 1920's vintage. Nice to think someone preserved some of them...because I didn't.

I resigned in September 1959 to marry Trudy DeWolfe, from Dawson City -- 50 years married in September this year! Good-bye Australia!
I found myself back at CFWH Whitehorse in November of 1960 until transferring to CBC Regina in September 1964.

Two memorable stories happened during my CFWH time: The Flores-Klaben epic and the 1964 Good Friday Earthquake.

Ralph Flores and his passenger Helen Klaben went missing in a small plane in January 1963, enroute from Alaska to the U.S. They took on fuel at Whitehorse then simply vanished. Temperatures plunged into the -50 degree range during January and February and no hope remained that they'd be found alive. An air search spanned 49 days before they were located, many miles off course, near a small lake - well south of Whitehorse. We got a tip that they were being brought out via Watson Lake and so Station Manager Hans Konow and I drove to Watson Lake to be there when they arrived. I got a really dramatic interview with them and then set to work getting it out to CBC National News in Toronto. Because of line problems my story never got to Toronto. Somehow Cal Waddington - in Whitehorse, grabbed them as they arrived there and beat me blind. I heard him doing 'my story' on The World At Six while I was driving back. Rats!

Terry Delaney and I drove to Alaska within hours after the 1964 earthquake and I've always thought that the "story behind the story" was probably as interesting as the

coverage itself. Because some bridges had collapsed, it wasn't possible to drive into Anchorage and so it was a wild ride through the night to Fairbanks, where we managed to hitch a ride with a small plane - landing on one of the main streets in Anchorage. The International airport was closed, with runways stained red by a million gallons of aviation fuel from ruptured storage tanks.

Major aftershocks were still causing damage and a lot of fear as we arrived. One posh residential area looked like a ploughed field with houses tumbled everywhere. Terry and I got some great first-hand stuff from survivors and then looked for ways to get our stories out to the CBC Network in Toronto. I had an Alaskan brother-in-law with "connections" and thus we were able to grab a 15-minute window on the only communications line out of all Alaska - a US Air Force circuit via Seattle to Denver, Colorado and on to Toronto. It was exciting stuff - We actually had the only eyewitness reports out of Alaska, for the first couple of days after the event... broadcast, live, full-network on CBC while the US networks were still scrambling to find a way to get someone **into** Alaska!

We thought it was a pretty major coup for a couple of yokels from CFWH!

I couldn't know it at the time -- but this was my basic training. I took these Northern Service skills and experience to a career in CBC Radio and Television, spanning 32 years - from Regina to Winnipeg, Halifax, Fredericton Calgary and Edmonton before retirement in 1991. A great bunch of memories and it all started in the studios of CFWH in a Quonset hut in Hillcrest, Whitehorse.

MORE RADIO BROADCASTING MEMORIES

Hi Sherron, Thanks for sending a "preview" of Ted's account. I was hoping that Ted would pick up the thread and add his bit. I knew he had started at CFYT in Dawson because as a young boy, when the atmosphere was "right", I could pick up CFYT on my radio in Mayo. While I couldn't get him every night and I didn't hear the "Wabash Cannonball" incident, I do remember his dulcet tones announcing the night time music from Dawson City. Being a small town boy, it was rather thrilling, after all, to know that here was a real live radio announcer that I actually knew!

It was not too many years later that I actually had the opportunity to be "heard" on CBC radio for a short time. Tim, Les and others will remember that sometime in the early '60s on the CBC Yukon Network around the noon hour there was a feature whereby news from some the "repeater" station localities would be broadcast. As I recall, the way it worked is that reporters in these areas, such as Watson Lake, Dawson City and Mayo (and there may have been others locations I don't recall), were given the task of gathering weekly news from their respective communities, taping it and sending the tape by bus (at least in the case of the news from Mayo) to the station in Whitehorse. The tape was then

played at the appropriate time and the local listeners could hear the latest "news" in their own communities.

In Mayo, our local person who sent in the weekly tape to be aired on CBC radio at that particular time was, if I remember correctly, Archie Campbell (or perhaps Cameron). At any rate, during one Summer about 1960 or 61, Archie asked me if I would fill in for him for several weeks while he was on vacation by gathering the local Mayo news, recording it on his rather nice, expensive tape deck recorder and then ensuring the tape was sent by bus to Whitehorse in time for the radio broadcast. I was about 16 or 17 at the time and was thrilled to be asked to do such a "responsible" task and so set about doing so in a very serious way.

My mother, obviously conscious of my tender age and the need for some discretion in the gathering of the "news", took it upon herself to assist me in collecting the facts and together we would write up the tidbits of Mayo happenings, comings and goings that had occurred over the week. I then, having some technical ability (in excess of my mother's!) would operate the deck tape recorder and read the "news" into the microphone. We would then rewind the tape, seal it up, deliver it to the local BYN office where the bus stopped and wait for the appropriate day and time to hear the results on the CBC Yukon Network.

After the first tape was played over the air, even though it was a bit exciting for me as a teenager to hear my voice on the radio, it was somewhat obvious that my vocation in life would not be as a radio announcer. Unlike my friend, Ted North and other announcers I listened to like Bill Anderson, Terry Delaney, and Earl Stephenson, my voice lacked any "dulcet tones", and came across quite flat and with far less animation than I would have wished (or imagined!). Still there were a number of kind souls in Mayo who happily exclaimed that they had heard my "news" and encouraged me to continue the task until Archie returned from his vacation and was able to take back the reins of announcing the weekly Mayo happenings. Thus the story of my brief foray into radioland!

As you say, Sherron, I hope Ted's and the other accounts bring out more memories of radio in the Yukon.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)

Two additional Races fill up the Percy's calendar

By Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The addition of the Percy Junior race to Fortymile and back, and the two day figure eight Percy Skijor race brought the number of contestants in this year's Percy DeWolfe events up to 26.

With the contestants in the big race already an hour and a half down the river, the next group gathered for a two mass starts on ice bridge at noon on Thursday.

Lining up for the Percy Junior were: Cor Guimond, Karine Grenier, Dyan Bergen, Kyla Johnson, Sandro Holzinger, Genesee Keevil, Miranda Currie and Brian Wilmshurst.

The flag dropped at 12:00 and they were off, heading away from a slight wind that was blowing in snow from the south. Reports from the Percy website indicate that Keevil was first in to Fortymile at 19:13, followed by Currie at 19:23, Bergen at 19:25 and Wilmhurst at 20:07.



The ice bridge was the site for the afternoon's mass starts.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Half an hour later the skijorers readied their teams and their skis for the first day of their figure eight course to mark the Percy's first successful event.

The contestants were: Darryl Sheepway, Gaetan Pierrard and Jonathan Lucas. They returned in bib number order about four hours later. Pierrard led with a time of 16:03, while Sheepway arrived at 16:08 and Lucas at 16:19. They will complete the race on Friday.



Three skijorers head out into an increasingly snowy afternoon.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

YUKON VIDEOS – By Les McLaughlin

Best way to access my sites are

www.youtube.com/tagish1

www.youtube.com/tagish11

www.youtube.com/cyukon

Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa)

Don't miss Hank Karr signing Tell Me Robert Service in front of Robert Service's cabin in Dawson. – gave me chills – Sherron

*Don't miss - **RUPERT THE YUKON ROBIN** - Sherron*

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oSiv1_XDH4Q&feature=channel_page

Whooping Cranes

Whooping cranes are on the endangered list, not many left in the world, a few people are trying to bring them back off the endangered list by showing them where they are supposed to migrate to. These birds have been raised from eggs on a farm and have no idea about migrating to their winter breeding grounds; they must be shown the way. The task is not easy, every one involved must be dressed in white and the birds trained to follow the hang glider. Fields have to be selected along the route for the birds to land, feed and safely spend the night. One of the hang glider pilots is an ex Yukoner, Joe Duff. “Google” Has more on this, type in whooping cranes.



One of the hang ultra lite pilots is an ex Yukoner, Joe Duff.

Hi Sherron

Joe is my brother (I changed my surname to reflect my mothers side of the family). Joe lived for a short time with us in Whitehorse in the mid-seventies. I am very proud of what he has accomplished. His ultra-light that was used in the movie 'Fly away home' is on permanent display at the Smithsonian.

My brother Joe Duff is a founder and CEO of Operation Migration

Here is the website

<http://www.operationmigration.org/index.html>

Cheers

Mike

Michael Bellamy mdbellamy@shaw.ca (In Edmonton)

780-499-3363

<http://members.shaw.ca/mdbellamy/>

The Melting Season Hits Dawson

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Just over a week ago Queen Street was still covered in hardpan snow and ice. Graders and loaders were struggling to release this year's unusual snow load, an icy sandwich created by the mid January rain. The top layer came off cleanly, but there was a layer of solid, clear ice beneath that which took some serious blading. On the bottom was a third layer of compacted snow, the original winter surface which was laid down by December and was much like the top layer which has accumulated since January.

All of this has to be scraped off and carried away before the city crew can get to the serious business of steaming out the storm drains. Only they can carry away the melt water which comes first from the flats and then from the streets above Fifth Avenue, and then from the hills around the town.

Until the drains are running freely, puddles like the one outside the Robert Service School tend to gather at the intersections all over town freezing at night and thawing to swell to this size during the warming days.

It can be confusing for pedestrians. This fellow was caught in action making a run to the Recycling Centre in the lane between Second Avenue and Front Street.



Robert Service School Mirrored

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Need a wagon?

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

When asked why he hadn't used a wagon, Aaron Dewarle shook his head and replied that there was still snow up on Eighth Avenue where he started out.

New Hospital Planned for Dawson City

By Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Minister of Health and Social Services Glenn Hart and Klondike MLA Steve Nordick announced on April 9 the start of a process to build a new hospital in Dawson City. This announcement follows the signing of a letter of intent with the Yukon Hospital Corporation to oversee the construction of the new facility and then to assume its operation.

This announcement is a follow-up to one made on June 27, 2008, when Nordick and the former Health Minister, Brad Cathers, met the press to announce that the Dawson Nursing Station would be replaced as phrase one of a plan to upgrade medical services here.

At that time the plan included a phase two, the replacement of the MacDonald Lodge Seniors' Home, but there was no mention of that in the most recent announcement. At that time, construction for phase one of the project was scheduled to begin in the 2009-2010 fiscal year, with phase two to follow immediately thereafter.

“I am pleased to be working together with the Yukon Hospital Corporation in providing increased access to health care in Dawson City,” Hart said on April 9.

“The mandate of the corporation is to operate one or more hospitals and continue to provide acute care services to all Yukoners. We are excited about providing hospital services for Dawson City and the surrounding area,” Hospital board chair Craig Tuton said.

The next step in the process will be to complete a functional assessment of the community’s acute care needs. The government and the Yukon Hospital Corporation will host community meetings to discuss the needs of the community. Meetings will include health centre staff, other health professionals in the community, the Tr’ondëk Hwëch’in First Nation as well as community stakeholders.

There have not been any meetings held on this topic since last year’s announcement, and comments at the Health Care Review meeting held here on March 30 revealed that those in attendance believed the project had stalled and would quietly disappear, just as several earlier initiatives have done.

The April 9 press release says otherwise, as does the budget allocation of \$1 million for work on the project.

“This government clearly recognizes the need for a new facility in Dawson City to replace the aging health centre. Our intent now is to build a hospital to serve the people of the Dawson district that would be operated by the Yukon Hospital Corporation,” Nordick said.

The involvement of the Yukon Hospital Corporation is not something that has been discussed publicly in Dawson up to this time but Steve Geick, head nurse at the Dawson Nursing Station, says that it does not come as a surprise and could be a good thing. “The government has committed that current staff will be guaranteed employment either in the new hospital or with the Yukon government,” Hart said.

Since it could be at least two years before there were any changes, Geick says there would be plenty of time to work out the details, but that there had been some quiet discussions over the last year.

There are many things missing from the current press release.

What would be the future of the doctors’ offices currently attached to the nursing station? Would there be some attempt to relocate the dentist’s offices to a room in the new complex?

Would staffing be increased to allow for such things as overnight stays at the hospital?

Would the hospital be equipped to deal with such things as local births and palliative care?

Presumably these issues will be discussed during the promised public consultation meetings.

Mayor John Steins welcomed the news in an entry on his personal web log.

“That’s what I call great news,” he wrote. “This initiative really recognizes the potential Dawson has for becoming a service centre for our region.”

In an interview Steins indicated that there have not so far been any discussions with his council, nor had he been made aware of this press release in advance.

The press release made no mention of a budget. The last time a project of this scale was announced for here, it was in the range of \$11 to \$14 million, but that was five years ago.



While previous announcements have been about replacing the nursing station, this one refers to building a hospital.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Replacing McDonald Lodge was previously announced as phase two of a health services upgrade for Dawson City.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

10th Film Festival judged a Hit

by Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

By Tuesday morning Dawson City International Short Film Festival (DCISFF) producer Dan Sokolowski was sounding recovered from his hectic Easter weekend. With fifteen different screenings to coordinate in four different venues, along with three “master class” workshops, the 10th annual was one of the busiest events so far.

It’s a little hard to say just how many people attended the festival, but most of the screenings seemed to have at least 100 people sitting in seats, so the estimate of 1600 audience members over the weekend seems solid. As to how many of these people went to more than one screening, that’s harder to say. In addition to the \$40 weekend passes, there were lots of \$6 individual screening tickets sold as well.

Sokolowski says that there were twelve guests from out of the territory. In the past surveys have indicated that about 60 people come from out of town, mostly from Whitehorse, and total ticket sales probably run between 150 and 300.

“It depends on the weather and the year and the time,” he said.

This year’s Easter weekend was three week’s later than last year’s. The highway was clear, according to travellers’ accounts, and more people were back in town as it was closer to the beginning of the summer season. When your event’s dates shift this dramatically from year to year, it’s hard to compare.

There were 137 films this year, so it really would have been difficult for anyone to see them all. This reporter found that the quality was quite high, and there were far fewer examples of the type of film that leaves the viewer going “?????” or falling asleep in the darkened venue.

There were changes to this year’s event. While the Oddfellow’s Hall ballroom (with its spiffy new floor) was the main venue, there were also screenings at the School of Visual Arts, Diamond Tooth Gerties, and the Danoja Zho Cultural Centre.

Aside from the regular screenings, there were good reviews of a live music and video performance by McCauley House artists in residence Scott Amos and Rozalind MacPhail, and some great workshops led by festival guests Bill MacGillivray, Terry Greenlaw, Deco Dawson and Gerald Wexler.

Former Berton House writer-in-Residence Lisa Pasold returned to town once again (this is known locally as the boomerang effect). This time Pasold was on assignment to cover the festival for the National Post and her blog can be read at either <http://network.nationalpost.com/np/blogs/theampersand/default.aspx> or at <http://lisapasold.com>



The Oddfellows' Hall ballroom was the main venue for the film festival.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Festival founder and director David Curtis was presented with a special MITY (Made in the Yukon) award for his role in starting and supporting the festival over the last decade.

Sokolowski was also able to make a special announcement during the awards ceremony on Sunday evening.

“To celebrate the 10th anniversary of the festival, we have commissioned 10 Yukon filmmakers to produce 10-2 minute films, to be premiered at next year’s festival.

“The project, entitled 10NORTH, is funded by the Canada Council and Yukon Culture Quest. Also partnering with the Klondike Institute of Art and Culture are the Yukon Film Society and the Northern Film and Video Industry Alliance.

“The participating filmmakers are Marten Berkman, Andrew Connors, Duane Gastant’ Aucoin, Carol Geddes, Daniel Janke, Lulu Keating, Celia McBride, Troy Suzuki, Veronica Verkley and Werner Walcher.”

Sokolowski reported that one entry has already been received for next year’s festival.



Rachel Weigers, roller skating popcorn sales person.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



It was mud and boots season in Dawson.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

CHUCK HANKINS FUNERAL

Bob Cameron did a very thoughtful, interesting, historical, and humorous tribute to Chuck Hankins so I asked him if he would share it with the MocTel readers. He was kind enough to do so. Thank you Bob. – Sherron

Eulogy for Chuck Hankins

By Bob Cameron yukoncamerons*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

As you can see in your program, Chuck burst into the world on January 14, 1928. He was the fourth born to Ras and Lil Hankins, and by the time the family expansion was finished, 20 some years later, there were 12 kids in all. Of course, Chuck did not grow up with all his siblings, as he had left home by the time the youngest ones came along.

It used to be humorous when, after we'd had a few drinks together (not very often of course, just once in awhile....!) I would ask him if he can name all his brothers and sisters, in the order in which they were born. Always up for a challenge, he would try to wrap his brain around that one, and grunt and snort his way through many attempts..... "Now let's see, there was Bob and Jim and Sox and Myrt 'n' Bert 'n' Dick and Irene 'n' Bonnie 'n' Jean 'n' Georgie and Janet... no, no that's not right".....and he would start again:

"Now there was Bob 'n' Jim and Sox 'n' myself, and Bonnie and Irene and....."

Chuck was born just in time to grow up in the Great Depression. Needless to say, in a large family, eking out a living on an Alberta farm in the depression, there were certainly no frills or luxuries. They lived on vegetables from the garden, and meat from deer, antelope, and black bears that they shot. Of clothing, they barely had the *bare* necessities – Chuck told me that he and his brothers wore bibby coveralls and no underwear, so he said they were basically "swingers" in those days, if you get the picture.....

One thing Chuck did get out of the Depression was one heck of a work ethic. He had no tolerance for laziness, or anyone who thought the world owed them a living. Once faced with a task, Chuck would wrap his mind around it, and stay on the job, no matter how much cussing it took to get the job done.

When he first went north to the Yukon, he immediately saw a land of endless opportunity. After a few years of knocking about at various jobs, he went down south for a break, where he met and married the love of his life, a cute little redhead named Madeline Hummel. That was undoubtedly one of the smartest things Chuck ever did in his life. In fact, Chuck was actually married twice, but both times it was to the same redhead, so he was doubly smart!

Shortly afterwards, Chuck and Madeline returned to the Yukon, where Chuck worked as a prospector up in the Quill Creek area, northwest of Burwash, with his buddies Lofty Aird and Wally Green. He also worked as a civilian for the Canadian Army, driving trucks, and working in the firehall. In those days, Whitehorse was quite a shack town, and many of the buildings were firetraps. Chuck said that with a lot of the fires that he attended, it was a losing battle, but, with a snort, he offered that “We usually managed to save the basement!”

In the spring of 1955 Chuck entered the aviation industry, initially as an apprentice maintenance engineer, under the tutelage of my Dad. There was very little in the way of wages, but Chuck was immediately smitten with the industry, and, besides pursuing his Maintenance Licence, he eagerly dove into flying lessons to obtain his pilot’s licence.

In the fall of that year, Chuck and Madeline were blessed with the birth of their daughter, a cute little redhead whom they named Heather.

Meanwhile, back at work, as the mechanic, swamper, and crewman on company aircraft, Chuck frequently had to travel with the machine, to assist with the loading, unloading, and servicing of the aircraft. One summer he was sent out for several weeks on a long-term contract in the Nahanni and Mackenzie area with a Beaver, piloted by Lloyd Romfo. Under Lloyd’s watchful eye, Chuck gained more flying experience on the do’s and dont’s of bush flying.

Another airplane that he cut his teeth on in those days as a crewman, was an old German-built Junkers, piloted by Ron Connelly. It usually had the cabin loaded with freight right to the roof, and Chuck told me that he would sometimes have to ride all spread-eagled on top of a pile of groceries, or a sack of potatoes, or fuel drums. I once commented to him that I wished that I had had a ride in the Junkers, and his reply was: “Well, I sure as hell don’t need another ride in that noisy old bitch!” (That airplane is now on permanent display in the National Aviation Museum in Ottawa.)

In August of 1960 Chuck and Madeline, were blessed with the birth of their son, Greg,..... another cute little redhead!

By that time both my Dad and Chuck had joined Pat Callison’s Klondike Helicopters, and shortly thereafter, both had their Engineers Licences endorsed for the Bell 47 and Hiller 12E helicopters. When my Dad left Klondike Helicopters, Chuck stepped into his job as Operations Manager and Maintenance Engineer-at-Large, flying around the country in the company Cessna 180, providing support for the helicopters out in the bush.

Sometimes, no matter how careful you are in aviation, bad luck can conspire against you. One winter day, Chuck had such an occurrence, when he did a perfectly smooth ski landing on the ice of Quiet Lake, only to unknowingly taxi onto some thin ice, where the airplane plunged through right up to the wings. As you can imagine, such an event would be quite terrifying, as the cabin fills up with ice-cold water, and you must get yourself out of there as quickly as possible, and out from under the wing, to avoid drowning. Knowing

Chuck's usual colorful, noisy reaction to most everything, we can only imagine what he did and said at that moment! Or, you can ask Eddy McKay next time you see him, as he was sitting in the seat beside Chuck, at the time of the dunking. Madeline still remembers Chuck showing up at her Airport Lunch Concession that day – wet, and cold, and quite disgusted.

In 1967 Chuck embarked on the longest single stretch of his varied career, when he joined Ron Connelly, Gordon Davis, and Al Kapy, as an equal partner in the formation of Trans North Turbo Air. In typical Chuck fashion, he threw all his energies, heart and soul, into the operations of their new company. He and Ron Connelly learned to fly helicopters, and traveled to Texas to take delivery of two brand new Bell 47G-3B-1 helicopters, which they then flew 2000 miles home to Whitehorse.

As I look around the room, I see that many of us here, at some time in the past, worked for Trans North, which makes us all former employees of Chuck and his partners. And I am sure you would all agree with me that, while indeed being our employer, Chuck was always, above all, a friend. At the first greeting of the morning, he would often playfully put you on the defensive, with something like: “huhuh, g.d. it all to hell, what's the story on a bird like you!” And then, while you are trying to put together a suitable response, he would further needle you with “C'mon now, boy, speak up, and don't stammer – it's a sign of weakness!”

His instant reaction to things was always colorful, if not comical, and he had a litany of expressions that would make a sailor envious! One time, when we were slopping around in a swamp up to our what-nots, gutting out a moose, he said, “G-damn-it-all-to-hell, this @#%&*!! place would bog down a mosquito with shingles on his feet!” He was certainly the “salt of the earth”, which might explain why his language was often so salty! And in spite of his extremely unique and colorful character, he didn't see himself as being any different than anyone else.

Two stories – PJB telex (no glasses – couldn't read the gobbledegook print, but said “OK, I'll get right on that!”) Lou Grant (Why the hell do you compare me to Lou Grant – I can't stand that bastard!”)

Besides being a shareholder, Chuck worked in Trans North's Yukon operations for several years, and then, following a brief hiatus in which he operated a marina on Saltspring Island, he returned to Trans North duties to operate the Alberta branch of the company. By the time he retired from aviation, Chuck's pilot logbook contained several thousand hours of flying time on both helicopters and fixed-wing, and his Maintenance Engineer's Licence covered both fixed-wing and several types of helicopters.

Besides trying to keep operations running smoothly at all times, Chuck had other passions in which he would eagerly indulge, when time allowed, including hunting, fishing, and golf. As usual, he would throw all of his heart and soul into these activities, and it would be funny, for example, out on the golf course – after he'd slashed a ball off into the rough, the air would turn blue for a few minutes, and the odd club might get

flung around, but then, with a snort and a grunt, he would eagerly move on to the next hole, where the same crisis may or may not break out. After as many as (sometimes) almost 18 of these eruptions, on the way back to the clubhouse, he would say, “G-damn I sure enjoyed that!”

He also tried a brief foray into civic politics, just why, I’ll never know. He certainly did not need any more things in his life to trigger those high-energy, stress-ridden responses, but needless to say, he won the election hands down, and lead the polls all the way.

Which brings to mind another little story.....Shortly after he was elected, Chuck and Denis Hosking and I shot a moose. It was a big bull and had a huge ribcage, and Chuck and Madeline decided to host a moose rib BBQ. So they invited Chuck’s fellow City Councilors, the City Manager, and many friends and neighbours from up and down the street. During a very lengthy and raucous Happy Hour, the aroma of those ribs on the BBQ had everyone just *drooling* in anticipation, of sinking their teeth into them. And of course, Chuck was in charge of the BBQ-ing, and he waxed eloquent about how tender and succulent those ribs were going to be, and then, holding up two fingers, he would proclaim that that delicious aroma called for “just one more wee smile of scotch”.

When it finally came time to “hang on the feed bag” (and that’s a direct quote from Chuck), everyone loaded up their plates and prepared to dig in. But, Alas! and Alack! – you couldn’t even begin to get your teeth into that hard, rubbery meat. As Chuck launched his first attack on his plateful of ribs, he recoiled, bellered a few expletives, and then hollered, “Madeline, for Christ sake tell everyone to just suck the moose meat juice out of the flesh, because these “gosh-darn” (expletive deleted) ribs are “sure tasty, but they’re tougher than boiled whale leather!”

Well, Chuck has moved on to a place where there are no more stressful crises to elevate his adrenalin or his blood pressure. In his own words, he would say that he has finally met with the Grim Reaper, but we know that he has gone to a place where there are only blue skies and tailwinds, good hunting and fishing, and, hopefully, good golfing, although I don’t know how he can golf without you there, Madeline – as you know he always needed you there so he could cuss you when he makes a bad shot!

I know that for everyone in this room, Chuck has touched each of our lives in some memorable way, and being as unforgettable as he was, he will continue to live on in our hearts, for the rest of our lives.

Until we meet again in those clear blue skies,.....Goodbye Chuck.

- Bob Cameron

Photo taken at Chuck Hankin’s Funeral - Reception

Photos courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Elmer Engst (Vancouver area), Lloyd McKnight (Smithers), Fred Aylwin (Vernon)
Trudy (Honatzis) Anderson, Richard Lancaster, Arden Meyer (Whitehorse),
Tom Taylor (Saskatoon), Duane Hankins (Calgary), Wynn Muff, Bob Cameron (Whitehorse),
Elwood Lyle (Kelowna)



Susan & Greg Hankins (Pender Island), Madeline Hankins (Vernon), Greg & Heather (Hankins)
Fullager (Vernon), Dwayne Patchett



Bob Cameron (Whitehorse), Fred Aylwin (Vernon), Ray Pilloud (Kelowna)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Marion & Elwood Lyle (Kelowna), Sherron Jones (Vernon)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Zoria Rutherford, Rod Watt (Vernon), Phil Rutherford, Back of Dennis Hoskins,
Fred Aylwin (Vernon), Lloyd McKnight (Smithers), Elmer Engst (Vancouver area),
Trudy (Honatzis) Anderson, Richard Lancaster, Arden Meyer (Whitehorse)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Arden Meyer (Whitehorse), Tom Taylor (Saskatoon)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Tom Taylor (Saskatoon), Wynn Muff, Duane Hankins (Calgary), Gordon Davis (Vanc)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Fred Aylwin, Lloyd McKnight, Trudy Honatzis, Richard Lancaster
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Gordon Davies, Elwood Lyle (Kelowna), Bob Cameron (Whitehorse)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Ray Gosse (Vernon), Bill Richardson (Whitehorse)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



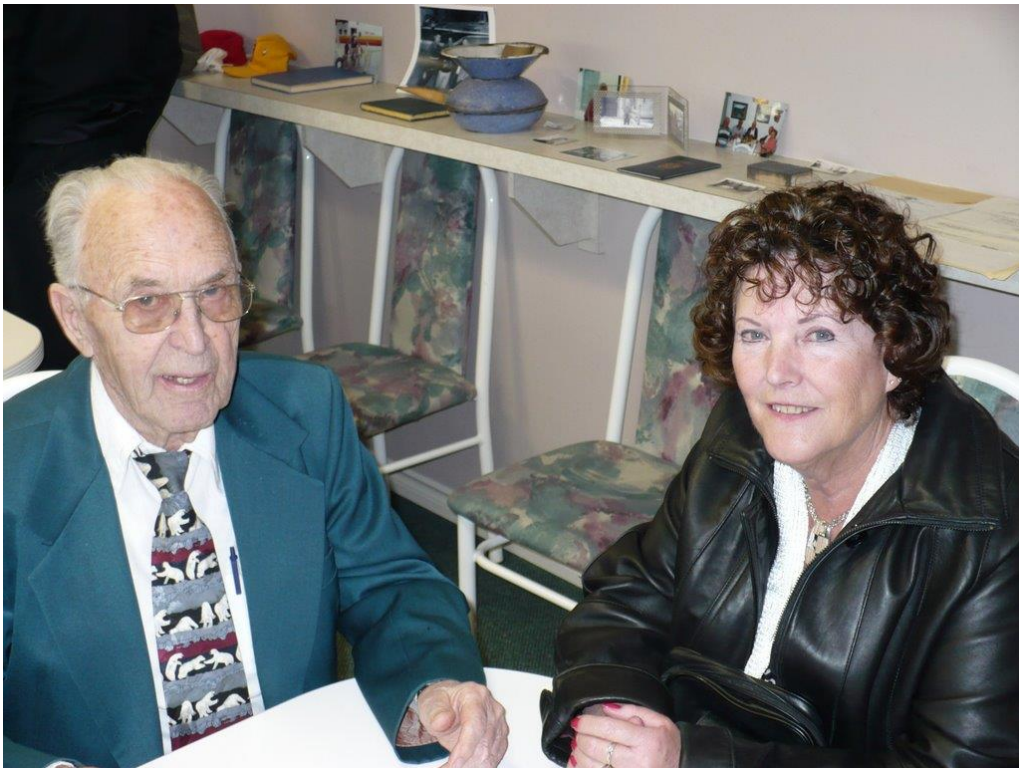
John Erickson (Whitehorse), Martha Kerr (Kelowna)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Aneta & Doug VanTine (Atlin to Enderby), Ray Pilloud (Kelowna)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Diane Gosse (Vernon), Martha Kerr (Kelowna)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Lloyd Romfo (Calgary), Dianne (Harbottle) Pilloud (Kelowna)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Elwood Lyle (Kelowna) , Sherron Jones (Vernon) , Duane Hankins (Chuck's nephew)
(Calgary) Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Joan Vinson (Vernon), Martha Kerr (Kelowna)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Norman McIntyre (Ruth & Gordon's son), Fred Aylwin (Vernon)
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

A NOTE FROM RUTH MCINTYRE

After meeting Ruth and Gordon McIntyres son at Chuck Hankins Funeral – I sent the photos for them to see. – Sherron

Thank-you for the pictures. Norman [McIntyre] and Greg [Hankins] have been friends since pre-school. The Hankins lived across the street from us until they moved to their new house. Greg was at our home a great deal. We thought that he would get tired of chicken noodle soup, which was his favorite food. Heather looks good!

I know that your trip south was great, now you are back in the real world. I will be sending you a donation to help defray expenses for the Moccasin Telegraph.

Gordon is doing well and so am I. We are expecting many visitors arriving in July.

Regards,

Ruth and Gordon McIntyre [ramac*northwestel.net](mailto:ramac@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

Don Taylor has joined us and provided a summary of his life. Will place it part in this edition and part in the next. – Sherron

A Yukon Journey – Part I

by Don Taylor dontaysl@hotmail.com (In Watson Lake and Stewart Lake)

Until my arrival in Yukon as a young man of sixteen, I had never tried snowshoes, but as it turned out, in the years ahead I was destined to travel many thousands of miles on what we termed 'Misery Slippers'. Out on the trail or staking mineral claims, those early days were often long and tough, but in all fairness the hard work and travel involved gave this young fellow a great opportunity to mature and eventually find his place in Yukon society.

Born September 22nd, 1933 and raised in Ontario, following the end of the 1947-48 school year at Lakefield College, my folks had arranged my summer holiday. I was to go west and work for a month at the Independent Biscuit Company in Calgary, then to spend the following month at a guest dude ranch before returning back east and to school in the fall. Traveling west by train, I went to work as planned, and things went along very well, that is until the Calgary Stampede came to town. At that point I decided that no matter what, the time had come to leave home and become a cowboy. So at the age of 15, I quietly slipped out of town, catching a ride to High River, Alberta where I soon found a job on the Bar U Ranch, raking hay with a team of horses.

When the haying was done I continued hitchhiking west, winding up on a feed-lot doing ranch chores for the Douglas Lake Cattle Company out of Merritt, B.C. Later traveling on to Vancouver I was able to find winter employment with the Unemployment Insurance Commission as a messenger, carrying documents between branches across the city.

In the spring of 1949 I left the city, and headed north. I worked briefly for Tom Ardell feeding cattle at Farrell Creek out of Ft. St. John B.C., but following a sudden spring blizzard the job ended, so I decided to head for the Yukon. Although it was a long way to Whitehorse, I had the good fortune to meet former friends who luckily happened to be heading up the old Alaska Highway. So with the sum of eight dollars in my jeans, a beat up Winchester 44.40 rifle, a cowboy hat and dusty kit bag, I was on my way to a new and exciting adventure on that Easter morning of 1949.

I can never forget my first impressions during those bright sunny days in early April. This was the north I had eagerly anticipated, the vastness and beauty of this new landscape exceeding my fondest expectations. As far as the eye could see was this seemingly endless expanse of semi-arctic forest, with the distant mountains standing like sentinels in cloudless skies.

Whitehorse impressed me as a real frontier town. It was bustling with activity both day and night and I quickly set out to find a job and a place to stay. Much of the country was still locked in snow and ice despite the spring weather which prevailed at the time, and work was hard to find. But eventually I did meet a fellow who had a couple of good suggestions, and one of these paid off. Hotel owner T.C. Richards hired me to look after a

small cabin, a few greenhouses, and an old log swimming pool located at a hot spring in the bush to the north of Whitehorse.



Whitehorse 1949

Photo courtesy Don Taylor dontaysl@hotmail.com (In Watson Lake and Stewart Lake)

Alex Davis and Alex Van Bibber outfitted me with a couple of horses and soon the kid, they quickly dubbed the 'Tahkinni Cowboy', was ready for his next adventure. Loading gear and grub on the packhorse, I saddled up and followed an old bush road leading to the Takhini Hot Springs. Arriving later that same day, I turned the horses loose and settled into the small cabin which was to be my home for the next three months.

As spring blended into summer, the muddy road leading to the springs dried up and people began to arrive to swim in the old pool. Over June and July I had a good chance to meet a quite a number of folks and to learn a lot more about Yukon and the people who lived and worked here.



Takhini Hot Springs 1949



Slim McMillan, Ed Blyler, Dr. Hans Froberg, Mike McCallian, Alex Beret
Photos courtesy Don Taylor

Later that summer I struck up an acquaintance with an old-timer in Whitehorse named Bert. He stated he was a prospector, and claimed to know the location of a fabulous copper deposit in the Lake Lebarge area. Being an impressionable young fellow, he had me spellbound in short order, so I quit my job at the hot springs and soon found myself camped near an old Indian village on the south end of Lake Lebarge with Bert and our small outfit. We began prospecting along a low ridge of hills skirting the lake, but after three weeks of this, I eventually tired of eating dried fish, and of my partner Bert, concluding that the copper deposit of which he spoke existed only in his mind. So, leaving Bert to his own resources, I caught a ride back upstream to Whitehorse on the deck of the steamer Casca, and spent the remainder of the season doing small jobs around town and making new friends.



Sternwheelers - 1954
Photo courtesy Don Taylor

That first winter was a rough one for the kid, the temperature at times plunging into the low sixties and seventies. I put in that first winter residing on the top floor of the three, story cabin, unemployed most of the time and spending many days on slim rations. My wood supply was on the small side and while I did enjoy a bit of warmth rising from the two floors below, I occasionally found it necessary to 'borrow' from neighbouring woodpiles. But overall I managed to make it through the winter and eagerly looked forward to break-up.

In the spring of 1951 I made a deal to work for the summer with a Livingston Creek area placer miner named Louis Engle in exchange for 25% of the clean-up. He had just

purchased a brand new Elliasson Motor Toboggan so it was decided that we would use it to haul most of our grub and supplies overland from Lake Lebarge, the rest to be flown into the Livingston airstrip. Louis and Ralph Clethro, who was also recruited at the time, flew in with bush pilot George Milne while I remained at Whitehorse. When Louis returned alone several days later, we set out overland with the new motorized toboggan. Crossing over the ice to the east side of Lake Lebarge, all was going well until we started climbing an old trail leading up through the mountains, Under the strain of the heavy load it was towing, the clutch on the snow machine began to fail, so we wound up pushing and dragging both the machine and the load over most of the hills. We were able to travel along the gentler slopes pretty well unrestricted until deeper snows were encountered, and then again the machine would fail us. We finally had to give up and abandon the unit, proceeding on to Livingston Creek without the benefit of snowshoes. Later when the snow had settled enough to give us better traction we were able to bring in the motor toboggan. In the meantime we backpacked the balance of our scattered supplies to our final destination on Cottoneva Creek.

The next month was spent chopping ice, repairing sluice boxes, and hunting up a meat supply. When the creek finally thawed out we were able to begin sluicing gravel. The work was very hard and the days quite long. We stopped only to eat and sleep, and most of our days were spent working in the cut. It was imperative that we took full advantage of the high water, as later in the season the water drops off substantially. We eventually managed to complete a sizable cut in the gravel, but after viewing the small amount of gold we had recovered for our monumental efforts, I quickly decided that such hard work must be more rewarding somewhere else.

So with a pack on my back and an ounce of gold left in my pocket after paying my share of the grub, I bid farewell to my partners and set out by trail for Lake Lebarge in hopes of catching a riverboat back to Whitehorse. This trip necessitated the building of a raft without an axe, tying it together with pieces of old rope to float across the Teslin River. Fortunately I have never had the misfortune of making such a tough trip ever since. But following a three day wait at the wood camp on the south end of Laberge, I was able to catch a ride back to town, this time on the deck of the steamer Aksala. I sold my ounce of gold to Gordon Lee for the big sum of \$31.20, ate a fancy meal in a cafe, and bought myself about thirty dollars worth of basic grub. I was then able to catch a ride down the Alaska Highway to the Rancheria River at Mile 701, and spent the remainder of the summer prospecting in that region.

Returning to Whitehorse in the fall of 1951, I was able to share the middle floor of the three story cabin over the winter with former Mayo resident Andy Anderson. That winter I found occasional work staking mineral claims for several mining companies. But much of my time was spent learning more about prospecting from the old-timers, studying geological maps and reports, absorbing all I could I about the business of rocks and minerals. About this time I became acquainted with a mining man called Alex Berry, a very fine gentleman I shall never forget. He was a very highly respected Yukoner who represented the Conwest Exploration Group. Alex kept an eye out for new mining discoveries, and was always helping out miners and prospectors in a variety of ways.

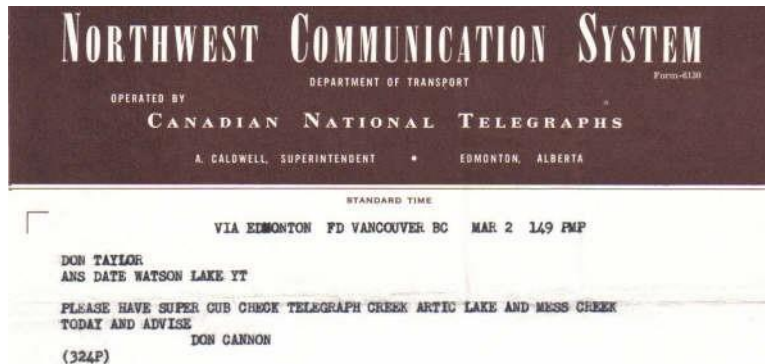
In the spring of 1952, the now very optimistic and eager young prospector returned once more to the Rancheria River area. Later in the summer my camp was wiped out by bears, so I spent the balance of the season around the Watson Lake and Upper Liard area, returning to Whitehorse in the fall. I eventually found a job for the winter working for the Army at the #14 Company Ordinance Warehouse, this time renting the top floor of the two story cabin. I joined the Canadian Rangers along with my old Mark #19 military tank transmitter to become involved with search and rescue and to provide communications for our Patrol.



Claim Staking - early 1950's



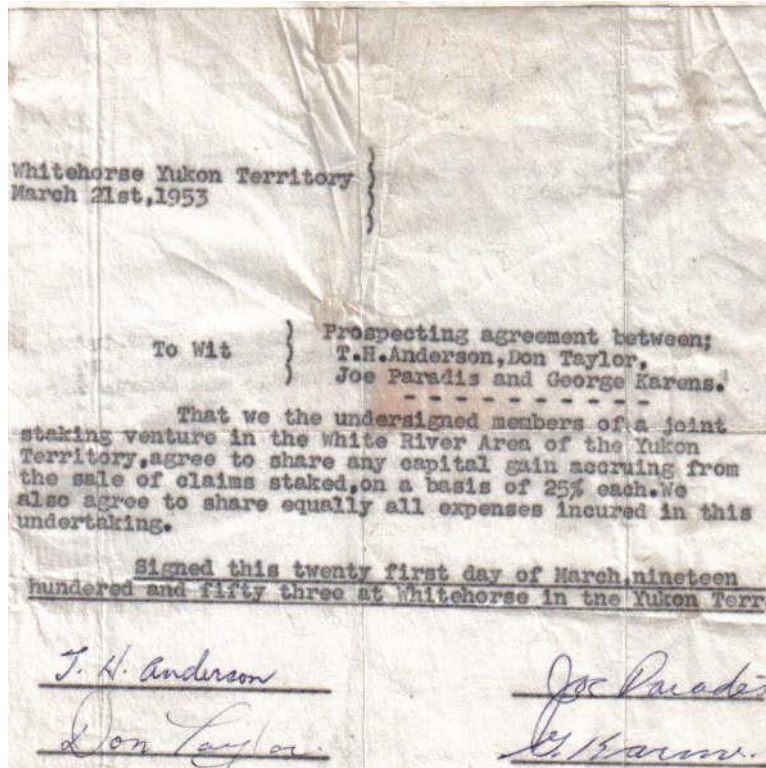
Recording claims - early 1950's



An old CNT message from Don Cannon of Newmont Mining to show an example of what communications looked like in the mid 50's.

Image courtesy Don Taylor dontaysl@hotmail.com (In Watson Lake and Stewart Lake)

In the spring of 1953, there was a staking rush respecting a promising nickel discovery at the White River. On the 21st of March my friend Andy and I arranged some financial backing from George Cairns and Joe Paradis, and hurried north up the Alaska Highway to stake out two groups of claims, eventually optioning them to Prospector Airways for \$80,000. We managed to get a down payment of \$4000 which was split four ways. Later the company was to drop the option, but in those times, this was still a great deal better than a boot in the behind with a frozen moccasin by any standards!



Shortly thereafter I landed a job working on the construction of the Donjek River Bridge, hauling rock from a quarry to bridge-site with an old sixty hundred-weight military dump truck. Later that fall, Andy and I did some prospecting near the Alaska-Yukon boundary and managed to turn up a good looking nickel-cobalt discovery. We flew in a mining engineer to look over the showings only to learn that the volume and grade was too low, so we had no choice but to abandon the property and return to Whitehorse, where I once again spent the winter atop the two story cabin.

To be continued . . .

MUFF, MUFF, DUFF AIRWAYS

Yes, years ago when I was flying Tanker, Joe, Wynn's brother was attached to the same group. Our bird dog officer was named Dave Huff. When we were checking into a hotel the clerk was writing our names as we gave them. "Huff" the bird dog officer stated. Then Joe stepped up "Muff" he said. The clerk looked a little skeptical but bent his head to write. I stepped up and said. "Duff" with that the clerk threw his pencil down, "Alright you guys, they told me that you like to play jokes, but I need your correct names".

We were also together at the inception of Alkan Airways. Wynn, Joe and myself. Muff, Muff and Duff Airways.

Michael Bellamy, formerly Duff mdbellamy@shaw.ca (In Edmonton)

Banquet Photos – Missing Names

Good morning Sherron...sorry to be so long in answering you...have only just got back.

It seems that I can only help you with [this one] Marion (sister of Sue Staffen), Sue Staffen, Geoff Hodgson (son of Val Hodgson)

It was a great turnout....nice to be able to touch base with old friends...

You certainly do a great job with your MocTel....a lot of work...

Cheers, Sherron...good luck with putting names to the faces.

Teri (Millen) McNaughton mcnaughtont@yahoo.ca (In Watson Lake)



Marion (Sue Staffen's sister), Sue Staffen & Geoff Hodgson (son of Val Hodgson)

Photo courtesy Jim Perry 4perry@telus.net (In Abbotsford)

ARTISTIC TALENT



YVR Airport

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

OBIT



Elizabeth Jeanette 'Liz' van Oeveren-Saalborn

May 29, 1920 - March 19, 2009

Photo courtesy Abe van Oeveren maroesjabigm@hotmail.com

Obituary details were in MocTel 281. Photo was missed in that edition.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Ray & Dianne Pilloud raydianne*shaw.ca

Joanne Langevin joanne.langevin*gmail.com

NEW ADDITIONS

My name is Don Taylor, and was speaking with John Boivin and Tim Kinvig, who acquainted me with your production. I have lived in Yukon since hitchhiking up the Alaska Highway as a young guy back in 1949. I was one of the volunteers at CFWH for a couple of winters in the early 50s, and your item of the history of CBC Yukon certainly has brought back a flood of memories. I moved down to Watson Lake in 1955, and have lived here ever since.

Tim tells me your subscription fee is \$25.00 per year, so will send you a cheque for a couple of years to your Vernon B.C. address if that would be appropriate. Regards,

Donald E. Taylor
(867) 536 7575
(dontaysl@hotmail.com)

Sure do remember Don Taylor well...When he lived at Watson Lake out at a remote location (fly in) We used to hear him on CBC reporting in by radio from his cabin (home)...He was elected for Watson Lake in the 1978 Election....He should have lots of interesting stories to tell.

Bill Weigand

Would you please start a subscription for me at kenmck*northwestel.net. Thanks. Ken.

Ken McKinnon
YESAB Chair
Yukon Environmental and Socio-economic Assessment Board
P.O Box 31642 Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 6L2
P. 867-668-6420
F. 867-668-6425
Toll-Free 1-866-332-4040
www.yesab.ca

Hi Sherron. I met you at my dad's memorial service last week. Thank you again for coming. It was such a great turnout, and so many familiar faces.

Please sign me up for a subscription to the Moccasin Telegraph. I'm not sure what the cost is, but please let me know, and I will forward a cheque to you asap.

Thanks Sherron,

Greg Hankins greg.hankins*xplornet.com (Pender Island)

I lived in the Yukon for the first 15 years of my life (1960 to 1975). I was born in Vancouver, but strictly for that purpose. I went to elementary school at Selkirk Street Elementary. Besides a minor stint Hillcrest and downtown, we lived in Riverdale all the while that I lived in the north. First on Koidern where the McIntyre family were our neighbours and Norman and I started a life-long friendship, then on Aishihik. My dad was one of the owners of Trans North Turbo Air most of the time I lived in Whitehorse, so I was privileged to see places in the Yukon that many never get to. It was a great place to grow up. I tell my west coast friends about how cold it got in the winter and they shudder. But the summers more than made up for it. Our family had a camper and together with many other families, especially the Bob & Nancy Parent, we put on a lot of miles and saw some wonderful scenery. I left the Yukon with my mom & dad in 1975, to live on Salt Spring Island.

I now live on Pender Island, just south of Salt Spring, but have also lived in Edmonton (6 years) and in Vancouver (20 years). I'm married to the most wonderful woman I've ever known, named Susan. We have no children, but have two cats (Rosy & Molly) and an amazing Nova Scotia Duck Tolling Retriever named Charlie (after my dad).

Greg Hankins greg.hankins*xplornet.com (Pender Island)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

mark999@attglobal.net

Permanent Failure: 522

PESCHKE, Mark

mark999@attglobal.net

(In Whitehorse since ??)

Unknown address error 550-'donhaz@telus.net>: Recipient address rejected

GUENTHER, Jim & Cheryl-Ann (STALBERG) donhaz@telus.net (In Beaver Creek 1957-71) (403) 885-4457 Sylvan Lake

Hi Sherron, thank you for all the Moc Tels, but I would like to be removed from the list please I find that I haven't read any of them for a very long time as I really don't know most of the people mentioned. I appreciate the enormous task you have in compiling it
Thankyou June Stubbins

STUBBINS, Larry & June jrstubbins@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse and Elsa 1963-72) Qualicum

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life.
William Ellery Channing

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Lobster Rarebit

Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

2 cups lobster

Make a sauce in double boiler as follows:

3 tbsp butter

1 tbsp flour

½ tsp mustard

¼ tsp onion chopped

½ tsp salt

1/8 tsp pepper

1 cup cream

Add lobster to hot sauce. Cover with grated cheese. Brown in oven

Mary Rafferty

Summerside PEI

From a Whitehorse RCAF Womens' Auxiliary cookbook

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

There is an annual subscription fee for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

c/o Sherron Jones

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