

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 291<sup>st</sup> Edition – August 30<sup>th</sup>, 2009**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



Bird Bath

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [chechako46@northwestel.net](mailto:chechako46@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

**THE KEE-BIRD**

Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach BC)

You've no doubt heard of the Kee-Bird  
And its strange, mysterious ways,  
As it flew around the Klondike  
In an endless, stupid daze.  
While many an old stamper,  
In his frantic search for gold,  
Would shudder at its mournful cry  
"Kee-Kee, Kee-Riste its cold"

Then, there's another tale they tell  
That's also true, I think,  
'Bout how that noble Kee-Bird,  
In time, became extinct.

It seems that it became confused  
While flying in the snow,  
And panicked when it couldn't find  
The proper route to go.

It flew around the Klondike,  
A sad mistake, I fear,  
In ever diminishing circles  
'Til its head went up its rear.  
It desperately flapped its wings,  
And gamely carried on,  
And so, in total darkness, flew  
Into oblivion.

That is the tale, as told to me,  
By a man who swears it's true.  
For he was in the gold rush,  
And he's seen the Kee-bird too.  
But he or you will never more,  
That noble bird behold,  
Nor listen to its haunting cry,  
"Kee-Kee, Kee-Riste, Its Cold."

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## **Dawson Gets a new Dock**

by Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

July 28, 2009

After a number of years of increasing frustration and planning, Dawson City has a new dock, built with money from a Community Development Fund grant. The dock went into operation in July.

In the past the Dawson dock has been anchored to the bottom of the river by chains. There were at last two problems with this system. One was that the debris which always accompanies the May breakup had the potential to smash into and break those chains leaving the dock with a precarious anchor and sometimes in danger of floating away. The second problem was that the dock could not be installed until the water levels dropped after break up and sometimes, as in the two years previous to this one, the summer season was well advanced before that could happen.

Two years ago, there was no dock for most of the summer and the Yukon Queen II was offloading passengers and bags onto the shoreline.

Last year the town installed the dock much earlier in spite of high water, and contractors

had to loosen the anchor chains several times to keep the structure above the high water which persisted for much of the summer.

‘We had to do something better for the Yukon Queen II and the Klondike Spirit, as well as other boats that want to dock here,’ said city manager Eldo Enns.

The new dock is anchored to three concrete blocks (called deadmen) embedded in the river bank and attached by pivoting arms that will rise and fall with the river level. It is anticipated that floating debris such as left over ice and trees scraped from the river banks by the spring flood waters will go under the structure, or at least bounce around it without doing any damage. “We still have a couple of lengths of dock we can add to this,” Enns said, “and we need a little more flotation under one of the ends, but it’s a way better system that what we had. “We can put it in earlier in the spring and pull it out later.”

Serious agitation for a new dock reared its head during the 2004 -2006 trusteeship, when a dissatisfied Holland America came to Trustee Ray Hayes and his committee with a proposal that the company build a new dock in return for free use and control of the facility for some years into the future. This project did not get off the ground (or in the water), but the present design is somewhat similar to that one in concept.



The Yukon Queen II and the Klondike Spirit have lots of room at Dawson City’s new dock.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **The Underground Departs at Last**

by Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

July 24, 2009

It was built in 1995 and installed in the ground next to Reinald Nohal's Bunkhouse, causing many a local and visitor to mutter "What the heck?" or perhaps stronger epithets. It looked for all the world like the entrance to a mine. It was sometimes confused for a bomb shelter, a beer cooler or the beginning of a tunnel under the Yukon River to West Dawson.

"Other people called it German bullshit," said Reinald Nohal. But it was actually an art installation officially known as the Dawson METRO-Net station, or sometimes just the Dawson Underground.

Inspired by German avant garde artist Martin Kippenberger, designed and built by Nohal, it was the second such net station, following the original, which was built in Syros, Greece, on the property of another of Kippenberger's friends. That one was also designed by Nohal and built of concrete, which he didn't think was suitable building material for Dawson.

Kippenberger intended a world-spanning series of stations and vent shafts in as many as 17 places around the world, according to a diagram on a website dedicated to the project. After 13 years of mystifying visitors, it was disassembled last fall and we were told, made ready to be shipped off to a museum.

In the middle of a Dawson winter, fans gathered in the Oddfellows' Hall to celebrate the Underground at an evening called "The Last Train". Kippenberger was declared the "Patron Saint of the Arts in Dawson City" by Mayor John Steins.

Meanwhile the rotting remains of the lower half of the Metro-net were in a warehouse in the Callison Industrial Subdivision, where the Underground waited to be reborn. Naturally - because the parts below the ground had not stood up very well to 13 years of freezing and thawing, and there was no way a museum - it turns out to be on in Seattle - was going to want to display an object with bits falling off it.

On July 16th it was all done at last. Two weeks of work had reassembled the work, replaced the decaying timbers, repainted the sunburst door with the Lord Jim Lodge emblem on it and it was ready for a final Dawson City viewing.

Looming close to three metres above the floor of the warehouse, the Underground was now the Aboveground. People climbed the ladder to the original entrance (watching their heads) to look down and recall it as it had been, studied the blueprints fastened to the sides, read the proclamation, quaffed some suds and speculated on whether a replacement might be built on the site of the original.

Nohal presented a proposed budget to Mayor Steins. He estimated that the structure could be duplicated for \$15,900.00 in parts and \$13,100.00 in labour. Buzz in the crowd indicated that there might be a volunteer component in both parts of that calculation.

“Over the years it has become an attraction for certain international tourists,” Nohal said. Kippenberger was well known when he was alive but, as is often the case, his fame skyrocketed after his death. There are websites where the whole Metro-net project is prominently displayed.

Addressing the crowd of assembled art lovers. Nohal spoke with feeling. “Time to say goodbye. The underground station is leaving Dawson City which has been home to her - she’s a lady of course. It was built in 1995 after Martin Kippenberger asked me ‘You live somewhere north. Why don’t you build me a subway station?’ “He came and cut the ribbon when it was opened and we had a great party - not the only one. One year later he was dead at the young age of 43.

“The station was sold in 2004 and we had another great party in 2005 to celebrate the 10th anniversary. We had a dance floor at the Backhouse and live music by the Pointer Brothers, with catering by the world famous Eldorado Hotel.

“Last year the new owner ... decided to have it dismantled and reassembled at a museum in Seattle.” It took Nohal, Reggie Audet, and a friend from Germany a week, plagued by rain and black flies, to take it all apart last fall.

“This year with the help of great guys, Bentley Schmidt and Frank Kormendy, it was restored in two weeks. And here she stands, read to be disassembled, packed, and shipped to Seattle. ‘From the very beginning, it was absolutely useless, but never senseless.’”



The rebuilt Underground loomed far above the floor of the warehouse.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Visitors had to climb a ladder and watch their heads to see the normal view of the Metro-net.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Reinald Nohal celebrates his friend's genius and inspiration.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## Writing Couple found Berton House Wonderful

by Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

July 24, 2009

“Berton House has been wonderful,” said Robert Turner. “We’ve just had a great time. Gosh it’s hard to put it all concisely. It’s given us a chance to get to know Dawson and this part of the Yukon, because we haven’t strayed too far. We’ve begun to understand the river a little bit, how it comes up and goes down and freezes and melts.

It was important to Robert’s main project, a history of steamboats on the Yukon River, to get a sense of the setting. He’d been here several times earlier, but not long enough to see a seasonal change.

“We saw it from fully frozen to running high, to being low and with sandbars. I’ve been here in the fall, so this filled in the picture and made me appreciate even more what was involved in trying to get the riverboats up and down safely with that kind of variation in the flow over such a short time, and how skilled the people were who operated those boats.

“It’s really good, subtle background for what we were doing. For Nancy, an ethnobotanist, being here from snow everywhere to full summer vegetation in such a compressed time was really lovely too.

“I had never been to the Yukon before,” Nancy said, “and never been this far North. I’d been to Haida Gwaii and to Alaska briefly, but never to the northern interior like this. ‘Since the book I’m working on kind of begins with beringia and people coming into the New World, and the plants they would have encountered back in those early post-Pleistocene days, and the environments they would have encountered, this is about as close as you can get to that.

‘To be up on the Dempster Highway and see those big, expansive rolling hills covered with shrubby vegetation and grasses, you can almost imagine what it was like ten to twelve thousand years ago. You couldn’t get that view from anywhere in the south. You have to come up here.

‘This kind of boreal forest is what people would have encountered on Vancouver Island eight to ten thousand years ago when the ice was just retreating down there. We know that from the pollen records. This is like going back in time.’”

The amount of time given to Berton House writers is important, too. “With three months,” Robert says, “you can really get into something and focus on it. It’s quite something to be away from most of the daily distractions for that long. Going away for two or three weeks for a holiday is not the same thing. (The project) has a way of kind of taking over your thoughts instead of just being one of the things you are worrying about. You can let that expand and really focus on it. It’s an unusual experience and really nice.

“We’ve probably pushed our writing time ahead - double, I’d say, any way, maybe more. With both of us doing it that was nice too. It wouldn’t have been as much fun with just one of us here.”

“It’s easy to get into a really nice routine,” Nancy said, “where you do a lot, and you work hard, but it’s very relaxing in a way. To be able to cook your own meals when you’re ready for them and to go on really nice walks around the neighbourhood. It’s just a really good space to be in. This little house is like a refuge from the storm. It’s very pleasant, homey and comfortable and everything you could ever want. I assume that’s what Pierre Berton and the committee had in mind when they set this up.

“We’ve talked somewhat whimsically about just buying a house and moving up here.” Robert’s hoping to have his book ready for the stores by the fall of 2010. Nancy was on chapter 11 of her projected 14 chapter book, which she hopes to have ready about the same time.



Robert and Nancy Turner enjoyed a last afternoon at Berton House in late June.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

Saw this on Yahoo: **Yukon painter Ted Harrison celebrated in biography**  
Barb Cook [cookhart2001@yahoo.ca](mailto:cookhart2001@yahoo.ca) (In Calgary)

## **Yukon painter Ted Harrison celebrated in biography**

Tue Aug 25, 6:42 PM

Ted Harrison, whose vivid, colourful works depict rugged landscapes from Canada's North, is celebrating his 83rd birthday in Whitehorse this week with the launch of his official biography.

Ted Harrison: Painting Paradise by Katherine Gibson chronicles the longtime Yukoner's life, from his humble beginnings in an English village to the 25 years he spent in the Yukon.

The book merges his story with more than 70 images from Harrison's works, including his first Yukon paintings.

"What I wanted to do was to tell a story of a miner's son who grew up in England and came to Canada and became an artist," Gibson told CBC News in an interview that aired Tuesday.

"I try to weave into that his development as an artist, because they're very much connected. You can't separate the man from his art. Ted is who he paints."

Born on Aug. 28, 1926, in Wingate, a small mining village in northeast England, Harrison moved to Carcross, Yukon, in 1968 to work as a teacher after he had worked in India, East Africa, Malaysia and New Zealand.

His northern-themed paintings can be seen on the covers of popular children's books *The Cremation of Sam McGee* (1986) and *The Shooting of Dan McGrew* (1988), both by Robert Service.

Harrison also wrote and illustrated his own books, including the acclaimed *Children of the Yukon* (1977), *A Northern Alphabet* (1982) and *O Canada* (1992).

He was named to the Order of Canada in 1987. He moved to Victoria in 1993, where he received the Order of British Columbia in 2008. He also has honorary doctorate degrees from four Canadian universities.

Gibson said the biography is the product of four years of research, including interviews with Harrison and those who know him, as well as details from private letters, diaries and other documents.

"A lot of love went into creating the book, and I think for all of us that know Ted Harrison that's an easy thing to feel for this man," she said.

While Harrison's artistic legacy is secured in the Yukon, Gibson said he is not represented in the collection of the National Gallery of Canada.

"Currently, there are no Yukon artists represented in our national art gallery in Ottawa. I think that's a travesty," Gibson said.

"Perhaps this book will encourage people down there and people across the country to realize that the voice of Yukon artists is valid and important and needs to be recognized in our national art gallery."

Gibson and Harrison will be available for signings at the official launch, which takes place Wednesday evening at the Yukon Arts Centre in Whitehorse.

## **VIEWS FROM CARIBOU MOUNTAIN**

These are views of Carcross from Caribou Mountain on a hike we did today [August 12, 2009]. Feels great to be able to still do this climb, which isn't easy. Lake Bennett is to the right of Carcross, Nares Lake to the left, and Montana Mountain behind. Looking up the valley are Spirit Lake and Emerald Lake.

Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Carcross & Lake Bennett

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Carcross & Lake Bennett in vista from Caribou Mountain  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard@northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Bennett Lake from Caribou Mountain  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard@northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Carcross from Caribou Mountain  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard*northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Carcross from Caribou Mountain, Montana Mountain in the background.  
World's Smallest desert far left brown area (just left of the road at the curve).  
The two light brown spots on the right are the shooting range and the sewage pond area.  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard*northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Lake Bennett from Caribou Mountain  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard@northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Nares Lake (left) and Bennett Lake (right) from Caribou Mountain  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard@northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard@northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Gorge on Caribou Mountain

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard@northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Spirit Lake and Emerald Lake

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard*northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Spirit Lake and Emerald Lake

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard*northwestel.net) (In Carcross)

## WILDLIFE IN THE CITY OF VERNON BC



These two young fawns in our back yard this morn. [Aug 13, 2009] - Fred  
Photo courtesy Fred & Barb Aylwin [fbaylwin@shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

## MOCTEL 290 – DIGGER COOK

Really enjoyed the last two Moc Tels. Glad you enjoyed Digger Cook's book. Digger was my Dad and I just got back from Whitehorse visiting Mom and my brother, sometimes wonder if we shouldn't write an addendum to his book!

Mom now lives in Whitehorse; the Marsh Lake property really was too much for her to handle, especially in winter. It was a hard move but she has settled into a downtown apartment and likes being close to the amenities of Whitehorse.

Bea (Cook) Wytinck [bwytinck@yahoo.ca](mailto:bwytinck@yahoo.ca) (In Oliver)

## Vancouver Island Yukoners Picnic Photos – and NEW ADDITIONS

The lady in the picture below is my sister Kathleen (MacMillan) Gee.



Kathleen (MacMillan) Gee  
Photo courtesy Bill Jones

She and I are two of the four MacMillan children still living. My older brother Pat died in a Pembroke , Ontario rest home a couple of years ago and my older sister Mary died in Vancouver General Hospital of cancer in 1986, father died in 1936 and mother Lucile Hooker (she married Jim Hooker) in 1942 and he died in 1962 in the UK while they were on a holiday trip.

Both my father William and stepfather Jim were wonderful men and both worked for the Yukon Gold Company at one time, father William ended up as Superintendent Dredgemaster and stepfather Jim in the company warehouse.

Mother Lucile died of old age August 13, 1999 at the age of 107, in her own home, her family by her side and competent to the last minute.

Thank you for the “ Moc Tel”. I would be most appreciative if you could send Kay a copy of it. I’m sure she would find it as enjoyable as I did. She and husband Eric are retired now and live in Victoria, V.I. on St. Charles St. in the family home surrounded by a beautiful garden .

Sorry about the long answer to your e-mail but thought the family history might be useful.

Woman on the left is my wife Phyllis (Patterson) MacMillan (I’m proud to have been married to her For 57 years) and the gentleman on the right is Eric Gee my brother-in-law, married to my sister Kathleen. We are both (Eric & I) ex-CBC employees. I took early retirement from the CBC in Vancouver after 30 years in radio and television to go into another line of work while Eric resigned from CBC Vancouver to accept a job with

the Canadian Film Board in Montreal from which he retired and moved back to the family home in Victoria, B.C.



Phyllis (Patterson) MacMillan & Eric Gee  
Photo courtesy Bill Jones

Good to hear from you -- we had a most enjoyable time at the Nanoose Bay picnic, meeting old friends and, along with the pictures you sent me from the “ Moc Tel”, brought back many memories of the Yukon days -- although they made me feel my age . While all four MacMillan children were born and raised in the Yukon, our coming “outside” in the summer of 1931 didn’t stop any of us from always being proud of our Yukon beginnings.

Regards to you and your family –

Alan MacMillan

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*Hello Alan*

*Oh so many connections. I too am a licensed amateur radio operator although computers have taken over my life for the past 25 years. My husband likely told you he too is a ham, VE7YI and I VE7OP. We received our licenses while in Whitehorse and were originally VE8 BJ & BK. Changing to VY1 BJ & BK when our group was able to lobby successfully for a change so that those in the south would know which direction to direct their beam antennas.*

*You are likely aware that CBC Yukon celebrated a milestone in the last year. Not sure of the anniversary. I am sure they would like to be in touch with you if they are not already.*

*Did you know Ted North who was at the picnic, I understand was also with CBC. Also Joyce Yardley was at the picnic, and her son in law Cal Waddington was with CBC. Joyce gave me a copy of a photo for the next MocTel which includes Tim Kinvig a former CBC north employee and Les McLaughlin who also did work for CBC. The other in the photo is Hank Karr of music fame in Yukon.*

*Sherron Jones*

Say 73's to VE7YI – I seem to remember talking to him more than a year ago , Don't know the names in your last paragraph – Kinvig , Waddington , etc. Since we bought this new house in Nanaimo last November 2008 , my amateur Radio hobby has taken a back seat to higher priorities -- still looking for a kind of Stealth antenna system that will work for me and not be visible from the street. However I am still unpacking boxes, making bookcases, workbenches, etc., So any extra time is spent in trying to keep my hand in at reading Morse code.

Regards

Alan M. VE7NY / APM

## **NEW LAST MOCTEL**

*Hi Charlie*

*Received your letter and money order this morning and have your CD ready to drop in the mail box later today.*

*Thank you for your CD order and the subscription fee.*

*Dan Davidson has been away in Montreal for 3 weeks and was attending a Science Fiction conference.*

*I am really missing his coverage of the 'happenings' in the Dawson area.*

*He did say he would be sending material when he arrived back home.*

*Ken & Maureen Jones are also in Chilliwack and active in the Anglican Church. Although I think they attend a small church in a rural area out of Chilliwack. They are both active in the church choir as well. Ken's dad worked for White Pass in the highway maintenance section. Ken's mother is Millie (McMurphy) Jones and she grew up in Carcross and is still quite involved with the small church there. The family history is long in the Carcross area and the Anglican church.*

*Ken and Maureen have become friends through my involvement with the Moccasin Telegraph. They have been to Armstrong a few times to sing and play at the small Anglican Church there. Also they know the new Bishop very well. (can't think of his name, but he too has Yukon connections.)*

*Ken has just received news he will be accompanying the Olympic torch from the east coast to the west coast of Canada. He retired about three years ago from the RCMP and has since spent some time on the White Pass train from Carcross to Bennett - something that seemed to be in his blood.*

*Hope you enjoy the early MocTels.*

*Sherron*

Hi Sherron

Thanks for the email and the news.

I do indeed know the Jones'! Knew both Don and Millie as well when I first went to Carcross. Don was one of the people who began working with us when we recommissioned the steam and diesel plant in the former residential school there. He was General Manager of the Highway Division, IIRC. He died early of a heart attack IIRC. He was a good man. Yes, Millie was a McMurphy from Carcross. Perhaps you remember Adele and Jack McMurphy. I knew Adele, Ken's grandma, quite well. Used to look after her heating plant at her home in Carcross for her after Don died.

She was very hospitable. Many of us remember her football 'parties' in the days before satellite TV. We would gather in her living room and watch grainy images of CFL teams outside and enjoy her snacks. Heck, it was more like a full-blown meal! She was a GOOD cook. Was sad to hear her home was demolished some years ago. It held many good memories for me.

I can see in my mind's eye the crowd of us sitting (better sprawled) all over Adele's living room floor watching football. She had about the best reception in town IIRC. As I say about Don Jones I believe he was General Manager or Mechanical Sup't or similar position on the WP Highway Division. Ken could correct this. He worked in Whitehorse

at the WP Garage and definitely had a senior job. I remember him being an inventive person as well...being the first person I had ever seen have zonal controls (self installed no less!!) on his home's forced air heating system. This is the Power Engineer in me talking now.

Saw Millie last about 12 years ago. She and Moe Grant (didn't know him as well...his dad was Hugh Grant, a former Carcross IRS principal) were in Chilliwack. I met them at a church service in the parish I then served.

Ken is indeed retired, I'm not so sure about Maureen. And yes, they still do sing so I hear.

The new Bishop in Kelowna is John Privett, son of Archdeacon Arthur Privett, who just died recently in Whitehorse.

I heard from DJ and a WPYR conductor that Ken was with WhitePass this summer but had taken a month off to travel etc, so wasn't surprised to see his picture at the Nanoose gathering. Good for him re the Olympic torch relay.

Looking forward to being in touch with Dan and Betty Davidson. My, the memories keep surfacing.

I'll look forward to the old MocTels when they arrive.

Charlie & Helen Lenz [chlenz\\*telus.net](mailto:chlenz*telus.net) (In Chilliwack BC)

## **AND MORE TO COME**

I will send you a couple of pictures of our Great Canadian Motorcycle Adventure, as I promised Richard Bowers (Ruby Woolger's son) that I would put his picture in the MocTel. It will have to wait a bit as I am back up to Carcross for another 10 days on the WP. They asked me to come up and I couldn't say NO!

The Olympic Torch Relay is developing just fine. I am looking after the installation of the radios in the 40 something vehicles that will be used. Hopefully I can take a lot of pictures on that trip as well. Don't you think I am the luckiest kid in Canada? I think so.

Will be in touch when I get back after Sept 10. Have to go back Sept 18 for Maureen's folks 50th anniversary then it is last minute preparations for my next adventure with the flame.

Ken Jones [k29j32\\*shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32*shaw.ca) (In Abbotsford)

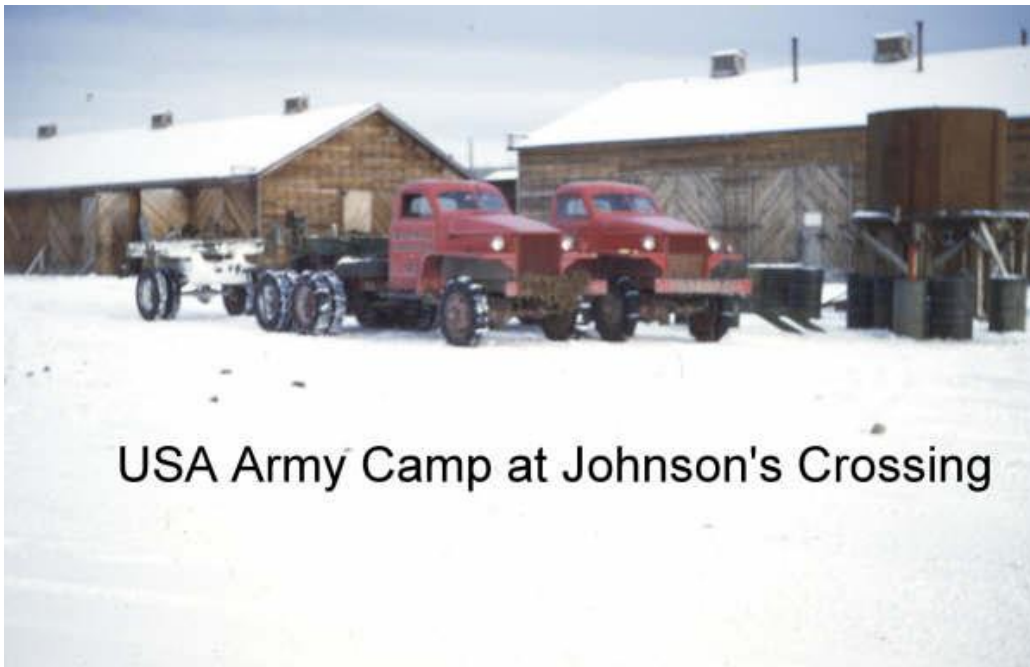
**FROM BILL BRAGA'S PHOTO COLLECTION**



Tommy Cambell's Truck that was used to haul pipe from Canol Road Johnson's Crossing

Tommy Cambell's Truck that was used to haul pipe from Canol Road to Johnson's Crossing.

Photo courtesy Bill Braga [bill.braga\\*live.com](http://bill.braga*live.com) (In Edmonton)



USA Army Camp at Johnson's Crossing

USA Army Camp at Johnson's Crossing  
Photo courtesy Bill Braga [bill.braga\\*live.com](http://bill.braga*live.com) (In Edmonton)



Two of Tommy Campbell's trucks from Dawson hauled first load of pipe to Carcross off Canol Road

Photo courtesy Bill Braga [bill.braga\\*live.com](http://bill.braga*live.com) (In Edmonton)



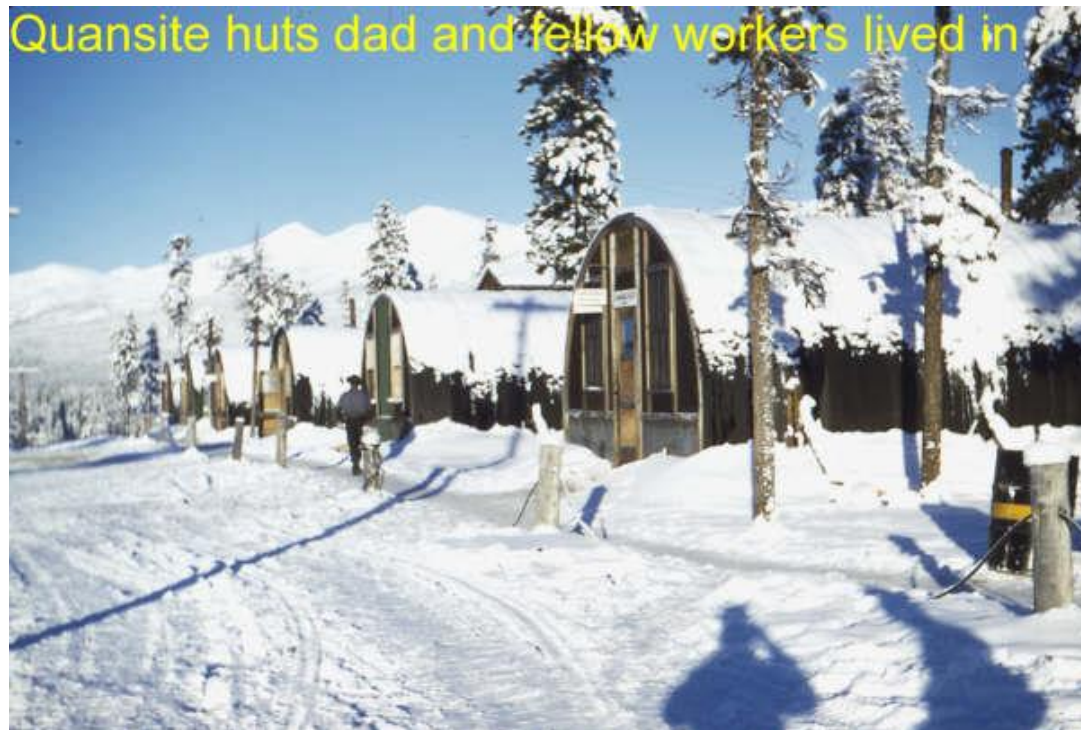
Old Army camp on Canol Road

Old Army camp on the Canol Road  
Photo courtesy Bill Braga [bill.braga\\*live.com](http://bill.braga*live.com) (In Edmonton)

## Quainsit Hut beside Canol Road



Quonset hut beside Canol Road  
Photo courtesy Bill Braga [bill.braga\\*live.com](http://bill.braga*live.com) (In Edmonton)



**Quonset Hut Dad and a few fellow workers lived in.**  
Photo courtesy Bill Braga [bill.braga\\*live.com](http://bill.braga*live.com) (In Edmonton)

## THE FOUR MUSKETEERS



L to R – Tim Kinvig, Les McLaughlin, Hank Karr, Cal Waddington  
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley [Joyce\\*dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce*dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)

## **THE CLINTON CREEK REUNION WAS HELD IN WHITEHORSE YT ON JULY 24, 25, & 26, 2009 AND WHAT A PARTY.**

Three fabulous days of reminiscing and making new memories, with old friends.

Some people had not seen each other since 1978, when the mine closed. Doing the math, that's 31 years ago.

It all started on the Friday night, with snacks and a bar and memorabilia to refresh memories.

There were over 150 people at the affair, which was held at the Pioneer RV Park located on the Alaska Highway, close to downtown Whitehorse.

Saturday morning we enjoyed a full breakfast of Ham, Eggs, Toast, Pancakes and Hash browns complete with coffee.

Just before noon we vacated the hall so the committee could set up for the steak barbeque which started at 5pm with bar service and dinner at 6pm; a delicious meal with all the trimmings.

Later we had a dance with the Canucks, Ray, Red and Ed. The Yukon Golden Girls performed for us and they were fantastic. We danced till the wee hours of the morning, only to return Sunday morning for another fine breakfast.

One other thing, we had our old local band playing a few tunes. They were called Doctor Dave and the Heartbeats. Now 31 years later they go by the name Doctor Dave and the Pacemakers. The band members were Dr. Dave Ruddick, Blair Corley and Ted Lambert. Gordon Bradshaw broke his arm and was replaced by Jason Shepherd – my favourite dance partner.

All in all it was the best weekend I have had in 19 years, which was at the 1990 reunion.

Then finally was a complimentary hot dog and hamburger feast, provided by the Whitehorse Lions.

We had one person all the way from England and a number of people from Ontario (the Dykstras).

To all who organized this reunion – give yourselves a pat on the back.

And many thanks to one all who attended. Let's have another one soon.

Many photos are available at <http://www.clintoncreek.com/index.html>

Doris Gates [yukonbelle37@bcwireless.com](mailto:yukonbelle37@bcwireless.com) (In Clinton BC)

### **Asparagus/Cancer - of interest.**

Three types of asparagus on a shop display, with white asparagus at the back and green asparagus in the middle. The plant at the front is *Ornithogalum pyrenaicum*, is commonly called wild asparagus.

Several years ago, I had a man seeking asparagus for a friend who had cancer. He gave me a photocopied copy of an article, entitled, 'Asparagus for cancer' printed in Cancer News Journal, December 1979.

I will share it here, just as it was shared with me: I am a biochemist, and have specialized in the relation of diet to health for over 50 years.



Several years ago, I learned of the discovery of Richard R. Vensal, D.D.S. that asparagus might cure cancer. Since then, I have worked with him on his project. We have accumulated a number of favourable case histories. Here are a few examples:

**Case No. 1,** A man with an almost hopeless case of Hodgkin's disease (cancer of the lymph glands) who was completely incapacitated. Within 1 year of starting the asparagus therapy, his doctors were unable to detect any signs of cancer, and he was back on a schedule of strenuous exercise.

**Case No. 2,** A successful businessman 68 years old who suffered from cancer of the bladder for 16 years. After years of medical treatments, including radiation without improvement, he went on asparagus. Within 3 months, examinations revealed that his bladder tumor had disappeared and that his kidneys were normal.

**Case No. 3,** A man who had lung cancer. On March 5th 1971, he was put on the operating table where they found lung cancer so widely spread that it was inoperable. The surgeon sewed him up and declared his case hopeless. On April 5th he heard about the asparagus therapy and immediately started taking it. By August, x-ray pictures revealed that all signs of the cancer had disappeared. He is back at his regular business routine. \*

**Case No. 4,** A woman who was troubled for a number of years with skin cancer. She finally developed different skin cancers which were diagnosed by asking specialist as advanced. Within 3 months after starting on asparagus, her skin specialist said that her skin looked fine and no more skin lesions. This woman reported that the asparagus

therapy also cured her kidney disease, which started in 1949... She had over 10 operations for kidney stones, and was receiving government disability payments for an inoperable, terminal, kidney condition. She attributes the cure of this kidney trouble entirely to the asparagus.

I was not surprised at this result, as 'The elements of Materia Medica', edited in 1854 by a Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, stated that asparagus was used as a popular remedy for kidney stones. He even referred to experiments, in 1739, on the power of asparagus in dissolving stones.

We would have other case histories but the medical establishment has interfered with our obtaining some of the records. I am therefore appealing to readers to spread this good news and help us to gather a large number of case histories that will overwhelm the medical skeptics about this unbelievably simple and natural remedy. For the treatment, asparagus should be cooked before using, and therefore canned asparagus is just as good as fresh.

I have corresponded with the two leading canners of asparagus, Giant Giant and Stokely, and I am satisfied that these brands contain no pesticides or preservatives...

**\* \* PROCEDURE:**

1) Place the cooked asparagus in a blender and liquefy to make a puree, and store in the refrigerator.

2) Give the patient 4 full tablespoons twice daily, morning and evening.

Patients usually show some improvement in from 2-4 weeks. It can be diluted with water and used as a cold or hot drink. This suggested dosage is based on present experience, but certainly larger amounts can do no harm and may be needed in some cases.

As a biochemist I am convinced of the old saying that 'what cures can prevent'. Based on this theory, my wife and I have been using asparagus puree as a beverage with our meals. We take 2 tablespoons diluted in water to suit our taste with breakfast and with dinner. I take mine hot and my wife prefers hers cold.

For years we have made it a practice to have blood surveys taken as part of our regular checkups.

The last blood survey, taken by a medical doctor who specializes in the nutritional approach to health, showed substantial improvements in all categories over the last one, and we can attribute these improvements to nothing but the asparagus drink...

As a biochemist, I have made an extensive study of all aspects of cancer, and all of the proposed cures. As a result, I am convinced that asparagus fits in better with the latest theories about cancer. Asparagus contains a good supply of protein called histones, which are believed to be active in controlling cell growth. For that reason, I believe asparagus

can be said to contain a substance that I call cell growth normalizer. That accounts for its action on cancer and in acting as a general body tonic. In any event, regardless of theory, asparagus used as we suggest, is a harmless substance.

The FDA cannot prevent you from using it and it may do you much good.. It has been reported by the US National Cancer Institute, that asparagus is the highest tested food containing glutathione, which is considered one of the body's most potent anticarcinogens and antioxidants.

*Stan Hegstrom brought the following article along to the Island Yukoners Picnic, to share.*

## **Yukon Golden**

Credit to Air Canada – Enroute Magazine – June 2009

On a luxury riverboat trip from Whitehorse to Dawson City, a pioneering aboriginal tour company takes us through our home and native land.

By Ilana Weitzman

Illustrations by Rachell Sumpter

“I can tell you a story about patience, but you’ll have to wait.” This is a little First Nations humour, Yukon-style. Don Trudeau, from the local Selkirk First Nation, is cooking up bannock over an open fire within sight of the Yukon River, near Pelly Crossing. He’s squatting over a makeshift grill – conveniently snapped together from nearby tree branches – that could put your Weber to shame. The tale in question is a little long to go into here, but by the end, we have all been served the smokey bread with some low-bush cranberry jam, which Trudeau’s wife, Audrey, has made.

My own story takes about eight days, which is how long it takes to get from Whitehorse to Dawson City by riverboat. (Well, there’s a little cheating: we hop part of the Thirty Mile stretch in a float plane.) We’ve come here with Great River Journey, an outfitter that ferries guests along the route of the Klondikers, putting us up in custom-built lodges on the way to bring the northern experience to softies like me. Our cabins have a comic-book tilt to them, evoking the rough-and-tough era of Robert Service, but inside are cushy beds and fireplaces that blaze with the flick of a switch. If the Yukon River is the original highway, this is the North’s ultimate road trip.

In the past, these parts of the Yukon would have been inaccessible to all but the most tenacious canoers. The land here is all rugged lakes and mountains, birch trees and juniper bushes that smell like sage-infused gin when you crumple the buds in your hand. It’s easy to forget what the man-made world looks like until you come across the carcass of an old sternwheeler abandoned on Hootalinqua Island, and even that’s close to 100

years old.

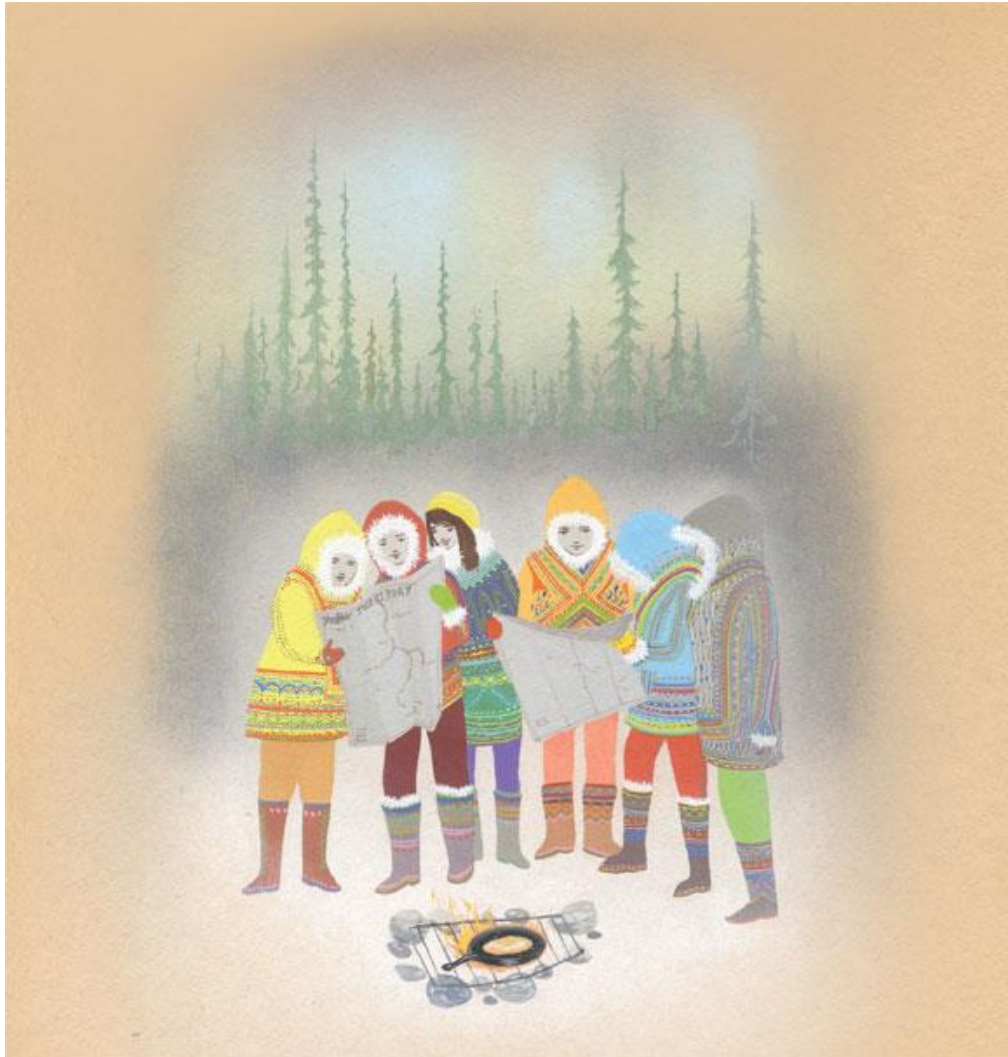


Illustration by Rachell Sumpter

On our first night, George Asquith, a Yukoner by way of Toronto and the man who thought up Great River Journey, greets our little group on the dock of Upper Labarge Lodge. (Yes, the same lakeshore where Sam McGee was fictitiously cremated.) Asquith helicoptered in the stove that will turn out our dinner tonight and had the lumber for the lodge driven across a frozen lake. God only knows how he got that hot tub out here.

It took six visits to the Selkirk General Assembly before the First Nation agreed to invest in the utterly original idea of piloting groups of people up the river without a paddle (in a good way).

And that was only the raw materials. Asquith had to visit the Selkirk General Assembly six times before it agreed to his utterly original idea: piloting groups of people up a river without a paddle (in a good way). He then did the same with three other groups along the route: the Kwanlin Dün First Nation, the Ta'an Kwäch'an Council and the Tr'ondëk

Hwëch'in First Nation. It's certainly not the first luxury outfitter owned by aboriginal peoples in Canada (there's Nk'Mip Cellars in B.C. and the Hôtel-Musée Premières Nations in Wendake, Quebec, among others), but it was perhaps one of the most complex to orchestrate. Great River Journey (Yukon means "great river" in Gwich'in) is the first travel development that these peoples have invested in since the land-claim settlements finally went through, granting the First Nations self-government and control over virtually all the land here.

What ties together Great River Journey's staff of First Nations people, Yukoners and Canada-mad foreigners like our German guide, Christian, is a love of this northern chunk of perfection. One morning, Christian gets down on his knee to cajole me into hiking up a ridge overlooking Fort Selkirk, the first Hudson's Bay post in the Yukon. (I did, after all, buy a pair of L.L. Bean socks, embroidered with the word "Hike," for the trip, so it's hard to refuse.) Getting there involves a climb up a near vertical face, and then we have to sidestep giant jam-coloured poops that berry-eating bears have left in their tracks. But the view from the ridge – a sweeping lookout that was once the disputed prize of warring tribes – is worth the scramble back down the scree to meet the boat.



Illustrations by Rachell Sumpter

Later it slips out that Ernest Angus, the captain of our boat, was born a chief back in Prince George. "Oh," he casually answers when I ask him if he isn't needed back home to do chiefly things, "my sisters take care of everything."

There's a tradition when travelling the Yukon River from Whitehorse: Tell a friend when you think you'll get to Dawson City; if you don't show up on time, they'll come find you. This explains why Gerd, the pilot commandeering our refurbished seven-seater de Havilland Beaver float plane, is a little late picking us up. He had to track down some clients in the bush. "Oh, they were supposed to come out four days ago," he says. "Were they glad to see us." With just over 30,000 inhabitants, the Yukon has always bred a kind of indispensable interdependence mixed with uncanny self-reliance.

Case in point: When the Klondikers originally came down this river, Chief Isaac of the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in was so worried about the disappearance of his peoples that he trekked over to Alaska and gifted all of their songs and dances to the First Nations there, to be given back later, when the traditional way of life had returned. The significance of this move becomes clear when I speak to Juno Award-winning songwriter – or, as he was dubbed at birth, song keeper – Jerry Alfred. When Alfred “finds” a song, as he describes the process of picking up a tune from listening to the rhythm of the wind or the birds, the next trick is to figure out whom it belongs to and then ask permission to add it to his repertoire. “I’ll sing it to them,” Alfred explains, “and they’ll say, ‘Oh, that’s my grandfather’s song.’” He picks up his harmonica and guitar and plays an impromptu concert for us.

The other thing about there being so few people in the Yukon is that the whole place feels like a scene out of Cheers, where everyone seems to know Asquith’s name. Asquith greets those few we pass on the river with a raised hand and, when we run into a group of bearded canoers, passes all our extra snacks overboard. Once, he even asks to “park” the boat so he can check in with a group of Selkirk hunters he’s recognized. It’s like we’re in an outdoor butcher shop, with the catch of the day being a large, gutted moose. Only here a moose’s worth of meat will get you through the winter, with enough skin for gloves and snowshoes.

After we push off, Angus’s brother, William, who is taking us up the last leg of the river, lets me drive the boat while no one is looking. (Fun.) He tells me about how his friend was turned into a king salmon when he died and how he spotted him on the river days later. I realize what a compliment it is the next night, when I’m served king salmon, which only the First Nations here can fish and which you can only receive as a gift. Asquith, of course, knew someone who knew someone, and the next thing you know, the local Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in are setting up a farewell feast for us under a tent outdoors in the middle of Dawson City. We tuck into smoked salmon jerky, the king salmon and bannock with wild blueberry jam. Delicious.

As Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in elder John Van Bibber tells us, “We need to bring people up here. The Yukon would dry up and blow away if they didn’t come up.” I’m not sure that’s completely true. But I do believe what he says next: “Our story will stick with them.”

Further info:

Guests on a **Great River Journey** stay in private cabins at the three custom-built lodges along the way, each a riff on a different era in the Yukon’s history.

108 Elliott St., Whitehorse, 867-456-2421, <http://greatriverjourney.com/welcome.htm>

*Also at the Island Picnic a couple of stories from the Air North enroute magazine North of Ordinary was being shown about.*

Here are a few samples and contact information to order the magazine.

### **An old hand at new frontiers**

By *Claire Festel*

**Alex Van Bibber**, 93, has melted snow for the Kennedys, climbed with Sir Edmund Hilary, and been awarded the Order of Canada. A veteran trapper, outfitter, and guide, Van Bibber still takes time to share his experiences in the wild.

Alex Van Bibber stands in front of 15 would-be trappers enrolled in the Yukon trappers' education course. He's wearing a plaid shirt, a ball cap, and a stiff cardboard cone on his right arm. "Imagine this," he begins. "You're out on the trapline, checking traps.

**READ MORE IN THE - SUMMER 2009 ISSUE - OF YUKON, NORTH OF ORDINARY.**

### **Queen of the riverfront**

By *Claire Festel*

The former co-owner of the Regina Hotel shares a glimpse of Whitehorse before and after the U.S. Army arrived in the territory, in 1942.

**Gudrun "Goody" Sparling** leans on her aluminum cane and looks through the picture window of her third-floor condo in Whitehorse. She gestures toward the Yukon Legislative Building, on the opposite side of Second Avenue. "I was born right there, across the street. The hospital used to be there," she says, smiling. "So much has changed."

Goody was born in 1926 to Kristina and Olof Erickson, the owners of the Regina Hotel at a time when steamboats plied the Yukon River.

**READ MORE IN THE - SPRING 2009 ISSUE - OF YUKON, NORTH OF ORDINARY.**

### **Grace among us**

By *Claire Festel*

At 93 years old, **Betty Taylor** has lived a long life. A woman with a generous nature, she always had time for a cup of tea for anyone who knocked at her door.

Betty Taylor sits in her living room and fumbles with a remote control, quieting the noise of an afternoon newscast. The frail 93-year-old turns to me and looks confused when I remind her of our scheduled interview. "Oh, really? Well, I don't remember but that's nice," she says, before offering a cup of tea. "I don't know why you'd want to talk to me. I've just been a housewife all my life; I've never really done anything."

**READ MORE IN THE - WINTER 2008/09 ISSUE - OF YUKON, NORTH OF ORDINARY.**

## **The way it was: Remembering Stanley Bridcut**

By *Claire Festel*

**Stanley Bridcut** was a central figure in the aviation boom of Watson Lake in southeast Yukon. *Claire Festel* interviewed Bridcut about his flying life before he passed away in February 2008. At 3:45 p.m. on May 24, 2008, a de Havilland Beaver, the North's signature bush plane, tilted from side to side in the bush-pilot's salute as it was flown over the Watson Lake Airport. A few minutes later, Frank Close addressed the 200-plus people gathered to celebrate the life of Stanley Bridcut, a Yukon aviation pioneer and legendary bush pilot

**READ MORE IN THE - FALL 2008 ISSUE - OF YUKON, NORTH OF ORDINARY.**

To learn more about or order the magazine, go to:

<http://northofordinary.ca/about/about.html>



The Big Bad Wolf no more.

**THIS WOLF WAS KILLED IN GOGAMA** (Gogama was about an hour from Timmins Ontario)

Unable to validate this photo, but still worth seeing.

From an e-mail forwarded by George Bliss [jrsports\\*sasktel.net](mailto:jrsports@sasktel.net) (In Regina)

## ARTISTIC TALENT



Sunrise II in Pastels

Image courtesy Brian Warner [bewarner@shaw.ca](mailto:bewarner@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Hello Sherron. I would like to have my name taken off the Moccasin Telegraph list. It has been many years since my husband and I were in Whitehorse so I do not recognize many people anymore and my husband died 2 years ago. I have enjoyed reading the Moccasin Telegraph for the past year and doing some reminiscing.

It was nice being in touch with you. I hope our paths cross again. I have not gone to the Yukoner's gatherings because the only people I would know would be Jim Austin and Rex Terpenning. Your Moc Tel today gave all the news about CF-CPY and Bob Haudenschild. My husband and I were in Whitehorse at the same time as Jim Austin, Bob Haudenschild and Rex Terpenning as well as Andy McTaggart and George Stonestreet who was also mentioned in the write-up of CF-CPY. I know them all well and am still very friendly with the Stoneystreets. My husband also worked at the airport in Whitehorse at that time. He was in Operations control and not maintenance but they all worked closely together and had lunch together every day

Jessie Mennie [les-mennie@shaw.ca](mailto:les-mennie@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

Please remove me from the MocTel list.  
*Joined May 2007*  
Christopher Young [Christopher\\*young.net](mailto:Christopher*young.net)

Thanks, Sherron, but I won't be continuing with the newsletter at this time.  
~Carolyn  
*Joined in 2006*  
MOORE, Carolyn (WHEELER) [seymour06\\*shaw.ca](mailto:seymour06*shaw.ca) (In Mayo 1969-71, Elsa (1971-79) Nanaimo)

We have decided not to receive the Moc Tel.  
*Joined in 2006*  
BASTIEN, Phil & Deborah [pdbastien\\*northwestel.net](mailto:pdbastien*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

Please take me off your mailing list as I just don't have time to read everything and should have cancelled it last year.  
Thanks Sharon  
*Paid in 2005*  
JOYNSON, Sharon (YOUNGBLUT) [bandit69\\*shaw.ca](mailto:bandit69*shaw.ca) Nanaimo

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Be careful about reading health books. You may die of a misprint. ~Mark Twain*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

### **Thirty-Minute Glazed ham patties**

Submitted by Florence Roberts [yapper\\*klondiker.com](mailto:yapper*klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

4 cups medium ground ham  
1/3 cup fine cracker crumbs  
1 egg  
2/3 cup undiluted evaporated milk  
Dash of pepper  
1/8 tsp dried thyme (optional)  
1/4 cup minced onion  
1/3 cup brown sugar (packed)  
1 tbsp vinegar  
1/2 tsp dry mustard

1 ½ tbsp flour

Start heating oven to 350 degrees. Combine ham, crumbs, egg, milk, pepper, thyme, onion. Pack into six greased muffin tins. Bake 20 minutes, meanwhile in a saucepan blend brown sugar, vinegar, mustard, and flour; boil 1 minute, stirring occasionally. Spoon over hot baked patties; broil 2 minutes.

Albreda E. Amor  
First Presbyterian Ladies Aid

## **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 of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw](mailto:sherronjones*shaw).

### **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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