

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 294th Edition – October 4th, 2009

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Look what I have - Sept. 11, 2009
Feeding in our Mayday trees - Doug
Photos courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Memories

By Joyce Yardley Joyce@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

My memories of the distant past
Appear in increasingly shorter flashes now.
I feel an urgency to write them down
Before they disappear.

When one of these snippets of the past appears
It is almost a joyful occasion –
A re-discovery of sorts.

However ...
One cannot force these things,
You learn to live with them
Trusting that they will pop up again

And they do - at the most unexpected times
Now I keep a notebook handy
I want to catch them when they do.
And re-live them again.

© Joyce Yardley

Sometimes a friend will exclaim incredulously: “I can’t believe it!
You mean you don’t REMEMBER that??”

At times like this I used to shrivel up inside, and promise myself never ever to expose my lapses in memory again. EVER!

As time went on, though, I learned that the answer to the questions would always return eventually – sometimes a few seconds later – sometimes in the middle of the night. Now I’m confident that the names or events are not really lost, just tucked away temporarily to make room for present, or even future happenings.

Maybe they become “archived” in our memory as time goes by and what we elderly ones really need is the formula for extracting them quickly when needed ? Or another excuse could be that after so many years of memories, there just isn’t enough ROOM for EVERYTHING ...

Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

The Yukon Called My Name

By Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Dad always said the Yukon kept calling him back, whispering his name over and over. With no relief from the internal voice, after 20 years, Dad declared to his wife, “I have to return and I’m hoping you’ll come with me.”

In 1961, we drove up the Alaska Highway from Dawson Creek, to Dad's beloved North, settling in beautiful Haines Junction. He worked; I played – not quite understanding why we were here.

Around the campfires and while exploring faded trails in the mountains, Mom and I listened to the memories of those long-ago years. Love was etched in every line of Dad’s face, and his eyes twinkled as his soft voice reminisced, bringing back stories of the building of that infamous military road he was part of and the months he endured the cold, the heat and, of course, the mosquitoes.

I truly couldn't understand the fascination that Dad had with the Yukon and, in 1978, I moved out of the territory. Mom followed me. Dad's love was complete, and we both realized she was not the focus.

Both of us were doing fine the first year out of the territory, but when the second winter rolled around, I started asking myself why I didn't return to Dad's beloved home. There was an ache in my heart I didn't understand. Mom felt the same; tears could not ease the longing she had to return to the lakes and mountains she had adopted years previous.

When dad died suddenly, in 1991, I knew his repetitive stories would be sorely missed. It was then I began to understand why he refused to cross the territorial border, to leave in search of something uncertain. He was on permanent vacation, enjoying the mountains and the rivers, fishing the deep clear lakes, not catching any fish, just having fun.

As the seasons changed – from the heat of summer, to the brilliant colours of fall, to the white-blue snow and finally back to the sounds and warmth of spring – he was like a kid in a candy store.

Inhale quickly, before it's gone. And too soon, it was, once he passed away. I missed the North. No words could explain why, even to me. All I knew was that, after a 30-year absence, I was going home ... back to the land that Dad loved – and *that* love he had instilled in me.

I am now the one telling my stories and gathering them from those that live here and from those that wished they still were. Now I'm creating my own memories such as gold panning, dog racing and visiting with old friends and creating new ones.

My home is the mountains, the glacial rivers and, yes, the white-blue colours of winter amongst the aspens that stand tall. Soon my children and grandchildren will join me as well. As I stand proudly near the top of Grey Mountain, arms outstretched, I yell, as loudly as I can, "I'm home Dad!"

The Yukon has called my name ...

KUDOS, CHUCK FORD

Hi Sherron, Our compliments to you on the ongoing Mochtels and particularly the last few with the many pictures of Yukon's incomparable fall colours.

A query on Chuck Ford caught my eye. Chuck lives in Red Deer and I see him regularly. He and I crewed together at Klondike Helicopters, for Pat Callison. Chuck was pilot, me an apprentice mechanic. Chuck isn't on line, but I'll pass on that someone was inquiring.

Travel safe to Yuma and have a warm winter.

Joe and Gwenne (Carswell) Redmond yukon43*telusplanet.net (In Sylvan Lake AB)

Flying the Yukon Bush - [an extract below with more to follow in the following editions.](#)

Kit Cain has given permission for this to be shared with the Moccasin Telegraph readers.
– Sherron

If you enjoy this There are others by Kit Cain at your local bookstore or at www.kitcain.com

The first three chapters of each book can be read for free on the above website and they are available as Paperback Books or E-Books in Adobe .pdf format.

Flying The Yukon's Bush

By Kit Cain soulfulstories@gmail.com (In Yarmouth NS)

Copyright 2006
Christopher C. Cain
All Rights Reserved

Published By: Soulful Stories Publishing Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada

www.kitcain.com

E-Book ISBN 0-9780006-4-1

Preface

This story originally read like a Geography lesson because it was written in 1962 for the National Geographic magazine. Having a college degree in Geography and Geology, I naturally assumed that the National Geographic would be a magazine about the geography of the Earth and its unusual places, so I wrote about the geography of the Northern Yukon Territory. Needless to say, they didn't accept the story. What Senior Editor Nat Kenney—an old friend of my Father's—said the Geographic was looking for was a first-person adventure story, and if I'd re-write the article as such they might be interested in it. By that time I was on to what I considered to be greater things.

Since I never have responded well to rejection of any kind, I realized very early on I wouldn't make a good writer ... at least not at that age! I did, however, hang onto the story for forty-odd years largely because I knew the written word would stand the test of time better than my memory. I had also kept a written "log" of the more adventurous aspects of the experience along with snatches of conversations with interesting people I'd met, and that managed to stay with me over that period of time as well. Also, Pat Callison wrote the story of his own life in a book called *Pack Dogs To Helicopters*—now out of print—but I did manage to find a copy for reference.

In my older age I marvel at my fearlessness—or was it lack of intelligence—of the venture, but then I remember the old saying: “We spend the first half of our life trying to shorten our life span...and the last half of our life trying to prolong it.”

At any rate, what appears in the ensuing pages is a combination of Geography lesson, a brief historical picture of the northern Yukon Territory in 1962, a first-person adventure story, and some memories that caused me to change my occupation from flying airplanes to occupations more “earthly” in naturelike real estate! The first section is the story in words, and the second section is quite a different story as captions of pictures. They were originally two separate stories, but are combined here for ease of web transfer.

Keep in mind that the story was written in 1962 and a lot has changed since then. I have left it largely as it was originally written (with a few date reminders) so that it can function much like a history lesson in the face of a rapidly growing and expanding world.

I will try to blend the two sections of Kit's book, the first half is text only and the second half text blended with photos. Doing this may result in some duplication of statements. – Sherron

White knuckles And Sweaty Palms

By Kit Cain

A sudden mountain snowstorm poured over the ridgeline faster than my helicopter could run to avoid it. Its blinding whiteness forced us closer to the ground, compelled us to land. But where? Trees and boulders covered every square inch of ground.

“I don’t know ’bout you, but it sure scares Hell outa’ me!” yelled the prospector over the engine’s deafening roar. I smiled tightly—tried to appear to be the bold and nonchalant pilot all Bush Pilots are supposed to be. He couldn’t see the sweat on my palms; didn’t notice the whiteness of my knuckles as I clenched the controls.

The mountainous, tree-covered ground disappeared into a white cloud of driving snow all around us. Visibility dropped to 300 feet. Snow stuck to the helicopter’s plexiglass bubble making it extremely difficult to see where we were headed.....and even harder to spot a large enough clearing in which to land in the solid carpet of Evergreen trees below us. The prospector kept glancing at me, wanting to know how worried I was..... wanting to know if he should worry. I had to look nonchalant. After all, he had faith in me. But who was there for the pilot to have faith in ... myself? ... God? Right at that moment, neither one was very reassuring. The creeping fear of the unknown gripped tighter and tighter. There might not be a clearing. But we had to get down on the ground immediately! We couldn’t just flap around burning up valuable fuel, or we’d never make it back home.

“Over there!” shouted the prospector, pointing through the white haze toward a wide spot in a snow-covered stream bed. We descended carefully into the stream bed, the

helicopter's blades just barely clearing the trees along its border, our landing skids resting in four inches of water and sandy bottom. I released a very long breath and wiped my sweating hands one after the other on my pants legs.

This is Springtime?" I asked myself. "What an introduction to the Yukon!"

The suddenness of that storm taught me a harsh lesson about weather in the Yukon Territory; a lesson in the degree to which the forces of nature control what the land is to man today—a frontier. At every turn of events for the rest of the summer I was to learn that when Nature speaks, Man listens.....or he can easily die learning the lesson! The experience gained was more than I bargained for when I signed on to work as a pilot for Klondike Helicopters of Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory of Canada, but it proved an invaluable education in judgment and decision making.

During the first two weeks of May, 1962, Ernie Sigurdson, the helicopter's engineer, and I flew off on our own with instructions to work on several previously arranged small contracts for the earliest part of the season. From about the 19th of May until October, we were scheduled to work with the Geological Survey of Canada on an expedition to map the stratigraphy (the rock formations below the earth's surface) of a vast expanse of land encompassing the entire northern half of the Yukon Territory from Dawson City to the Arctic Ocean, and from slightly over the Alaskan border to the west, eastward to the Mackenzie River delta and the westerly portion of the Northwest Territories. Up to that point it was the most ambitious Geological Survey expedition ever held in Canada.

A day later, when the Indians had cut the mountain's scrubby pinion pines into three-foot stakes, and had pounded them into the frozen ground on each of the corners of each claim, their job was finished and I again picked them up on the mountain top and flew them out of the bush. Several remained behind to stake more claims and walked the 25 miles out! For this block of claims they were paid well, and the prospector, under contract by a large mining company, was assured of an income for it—not so risky as prospecting alone.

After completing the prospector's work, we took off early the next morning from the ball park in the middle of town—waking everyone with the machine's unmuffled roar—and headed for Dawson City. Flying over the meandering Stewart River we could see the old winter road as it sliced its way through the evergreen forests. Abandoned and grown over now, it had once served as Dawson City's sole link with the outside world during the winter months. Up until 1948, there were no roads north of Whitehorse except winter roads.

The Story in Pictures

The photographs in this presentation are all at least 47 years old; some are duplicates of originals; some were originally taken with Kodachrome II; some with Ektachrome; and others with various other limitations that digital photo editing could not overcome without vast expenditures of time and money. Words can tell stories in ways that pictures can't, and pictures can tell a story in an instant that a thousand words would never

duplicate. The digital version of the map at the rear of this publication can be enlarged slightly by zooming, but it is far from an accurate representation as to camp locations, etc. Its purpose is more to give a general idea of locations relative to the civilized world. There are today digitized versions of the old topographical maps that would enable me to be quite exact, but the last time I tried to acquire enough data to cover so vast an area as Operation Porcupine covered, it would have cost me over a thousand dollars for the data, and that didn't seem relevant to the nature of the story. Here's the story in pictures:



Receiving Golden Wings
Photo by Kit Cain

Even after three years of rigorous flight training as a U.S. Marine officer in the U.S. Navy flight training program at Pensacola, Florida, I was still more than a little apprehensive about being a bush pilot. Within the well regimented operations of a Marine squadron, I seldom flew alone, but rather in the company of a more experienced—or less experienced—pilot.

I had been released from active duty in December of 1962 and promptly acquired both my American and Canadian commercial pilot's licenses with single-engine, multi-engine, helicopter, and instrument ratings. By March of 1963, I had secured a job flying helicopters for Klondike Helicopters of Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory.

The commercial use of large helicopters in 1962 was very limited. Most commercial operations were carried out in Bell and Hiller two and three-place helicopters with six-cylinder reciprocating engines powering them. Jet engines were only found in the larger, military helicopters. Flying these small helicopters into constantly new areas under constantly changing conditions meant that I would have to rely entirely on my own judgment and skills. Even though I had been given what we called "mountain training",

landing an 1800 horsepower Sikorsky helicopter on a specially prepared site at 2,000 ft. elevation was nothing at all like having to land an overloaded 300 horsepower Hiller 12E three-seater on a snow-covered jagged mountain ridge at 7,000 feet. Experience of this kind is too expensive to be trained in the very practical commercial world, but is rather “acquired”, and often acquired in ways that produce no small amount of anxiety.

Driving from Nova Scotia to Whitehorse, capital of the Yukon Territory, took me about ten days in my 1960 VW panel truck, which I had originally converted to a camper for surfing weekends on the coast of southern California and Baja California.



Alcan Highway
Photo by Kit Cain

In this picture in March of 1962, the Alcan Highway in lower BC is already free of snow—which wasn’t the case further north—but I had no problems with either the roads or the snow.

The biggest problems I had were overcome by the time I headed out from Yarmouth. I had to obtain a Canadian Commercial Pilot’s license, which involved going to school in Halifax for several weeks in preparation for taking the exam and flight check, but the process was relatively simple since I already had a US commercial pilot’s license. I also had to obtain a special permit from the RCMP to transport my .357 magnum revolver across Canada, a permit issued because bush pilots were permitted to carry survival and personal protection weapons ... and well that they could, as I found out later in a very close encounter with a large black bear.

Once in Whitehorse, Pat Callison, owner of Klondike Helicopters put me up in the Whitehorse Hotel until time came around for the helicopters to move out on their seasonal jobs. During this time I got to know my engineer and companion, Ernie Sigurdson, whom I would be living with for the next six months. A better companion

I could not have had. Ernie's eternally jovial, joking and humorous nature coupled with his high level of mechanical expertise, and knowledge of helicopter maintenance were a constant level of comfort and confidence. Many times over, his critical eye caught potential problems in the delicate mechanisms of the helicopter's complex engine, transmission, rotor head and tail assembly that could have led to serious accidents if not corrected immediately.



Ernie's washing machine.
Photo by Kit Cain

Ernie is shown here with his wind-driven washing machine which he made from scrap from the camp garbage pile. He has it attached to an empty 12-gallon fuel drum such as those I carried strapped to the helicopter's cargo nets along with a hand pump for long journeys away from base camp. Ernie's work always began when my work stopped, and often went on into the never-dark, twilight nights of the North. As it turned out, the washing machine required about forty knots of wind to make the blades turn, so Ernie

built a crank handle for the other end and washed his clothes by winding the crank handle.

Working around the Klondike Helicopters hangar, I also had the opportunity to meet the other bush pilots. In particular, I remember Chuck Ford whose tales of hairy flying experiences would put to shame the crazy tales of most seagoing sailors. He told of his first helicopter crash which happened when one of the blades came off while in flight. He was fortunately over a lake at the time and managed to swim ashore...and obviously he lived through the tumble into the lake. The second crash occurred while he was crop dusting; the forward skid of the helicopter caught on a piece of barbed wire, tripping it forward and rolling it up into a ball of wreckage—which he simply walked away from. He told of two more crashes, which I don't recall in detail, but I do remember saying to him: "Chuck...Don't you get a message from all these crashes?" "Nah!" he replied. "They don't bother me a bit. I'll die of old age in my bed!" "Damn," I thought, "I wish I had that kind of courage...or knowledge...or whatever the hell it really is."



Klondike Crew with G2.
Photo by Kit Cain

By 1962, Pat had expanded his small fleet of planes to include two Hiller 12E's (CF-MLL and CF- ONF), two Bell G-models, and his own Cessna 180, CF-KPI, which spent most of the year mounted on floats. My helicopter, CF-MLL, at the far right, carried no navigational equipment because there were no navigational aids in the bush, and the communication equipment consisted of an HF radio and a VHF radio. I carried my rifle, a

300 Savage lever-action, strapped to the rear cockpit firewall just over the top of my head for protection from Black Bears, Honey-tipped Grizzly, and Barren Ground Grizzly.



Klondike Fleet – in Whitehorse – 1962 - Photo by Kit Cain

If you look carefully at any of the pictures of CF-MLL (pictured below), you'll see an aluminum box attached permanently just to the rear of the engine and below the tail rotor drive shaft. In it I carried a fuel filter, a small stove, a few freeze-dried food rations, a cold weather parka, and a sleeping bag. Also in the box was a roll of wire used as long-range HF antennae for instances when the helicopter had an engine failure on the ground or in places where the normal HF whip antenna was virtually useless. In a Hiller 12E, the pilot sits in the middle with a leg on either side of the instrument panel, the short cyclic stick between his legs, and a rudder pedal at each foot. The collective control (for up and down movement) is beside the pilot's left leg.



CF-MLL in Mayo - Photo by Kit Cain

Barely noticeable in the above picture are the “bear paw snowshoes” affixed to the rear of each black helicopter skid. When landing in deep snow, as was often the case in early spring, the 12” X 24” snowshoes made of half-inch plywood keep the tail rotor in the air as the entire helicopter often settles into four or five feet of snow up to the cargo racks. The cargo racks are covered with a heavy net designed to hold smaller (12-gallon) fuel drums, tents, food supplies, tools like axes and shovels, backpacks, snowshoes, and all the gear that would normally go into the bush with a prospector, geologist, mining engineer, hunter, archaeologist, photographer, claim staker, etc. In addition, I carried my fishing rods stuck into the ends of the aluminum cargo rack pipes. In the previous picture, MLL is parked beside the only motel in Mayo, Yukon Territory, waiting to transport twenty-four Indian claim stakers out into the mountain snow to stake more claims for a local prospector. The town serves a very large nearby silver mining operation.

KIT CAIN MATERIAL TO BE CONTINUED

SNOW BIRDS

Sherron, wondering if you know what the real name is for the bird we called a snowbird when I was a kid in the 40's and 50's, please let me know because I have come up confused.

When I went to the Yukon bird id sites, I found several little birds of different names but none were identified as what we used to call a snowbird. I hope someone in your readership can steer me straight on that because I would like to use a real picture in future, rather than a line drawing which is probably a trademark.

Maribeth Mainer mainernl@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

I asked Betty Sutton who has photographed birds before and she consulted this gentleman. – Sherron

I am almost certain that the "Snowbird" is the bird we usually call "Snow Bunting". It is actually a type of sparrow. You can find it in any North American Bird Field Guide. It has quite a bit of white in its plumage.

Helmut Grünberg grunberg@northwestel.net (In Yukon)

I checked the same Field Guide and see a McKay's Bunting, on page 324, which has even more white plumage. – Sherron

PET FOX



Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Our pet fox enjoys laying in his special spot in our yard, very close to the steps into the house. I've noticed the last couple of days his winter coat is getting heavy and his tail is even puffier.

Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

CARCROSS AREA PHOTOS COURTESY ELEANOR MILLARD



Caribou and Nares Mountains looking toward Tagish from the short Nares River that joins Nares Lake and Bennett Lake.
Sept. 26, 2009 photos courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Caribou Mountain and the bridge on the South Klondike Highway that crosses the Nares River



Caribou Mountain and the bridge on the South Klondike Highway that crosses the Nares River

Sept. 26, 2009 photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



White Pass Railway bridge, wharf, and station

Sept. 26, 2009 photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Caribou Mountain from Nares Lake
Sept. 26, 2009 photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Valley looking along the South Klondike Highway (Carcross Road) from Nares Lake.
Caribou Mountain on the right.
Sept. 26, 2009 photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Fall willow

Sept. 26, 2009 photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard*northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Polly the parrot's grave in the graveyard. It is said that Polly was male. He was a fixture in the Caribou Hotel for many years and died in 1972.

Sept. 26, 2009 photos courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



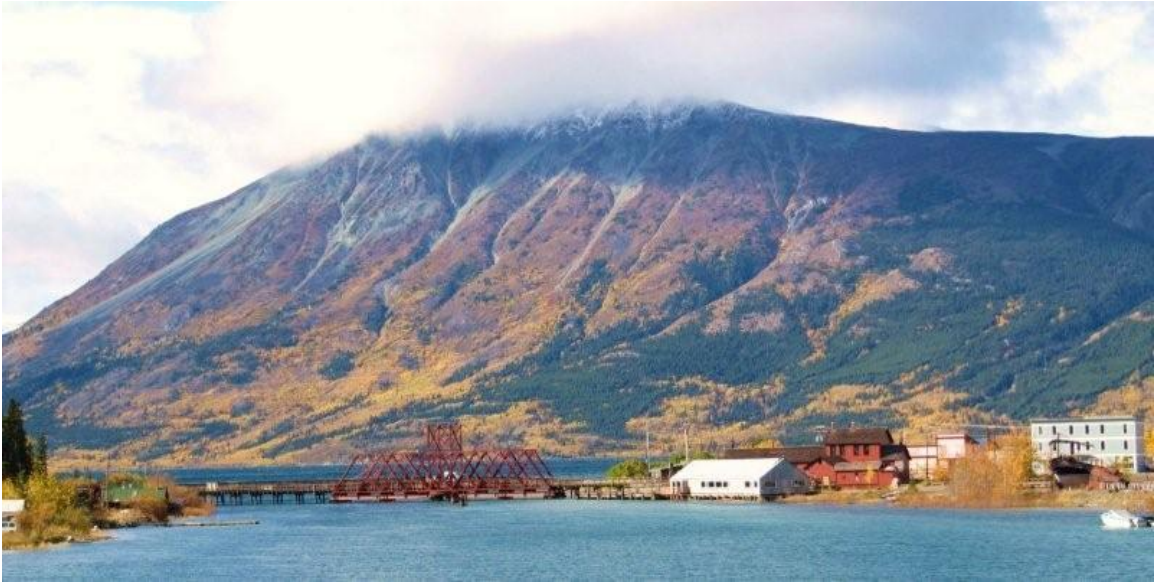
Carcross/Tagish First Nation administration building, pavilion, and new day care centre to the right across from the Montana Service Centre which is also owned by the First Nation.



Caribou Mountain from Nares Lake
Sept. 26, 2009 photos courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard*northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Caribou Mountain from Nares Lake



Nares River looking toward Bennett Lake with White Pass railway and footbridge.
Caribou Hotel with restored exterior on the far right.
Sept. 26, 2009 photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Nares Mountain and Nares Lake. The road leads to the graveyard
Sept. 26, 2009 photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Nares River looking toward Bennett Lake with White Pass and footbridge. Caribou Hotel with restored exterior on the far right.

Sept. 26, 2009 photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

I've attached a photo that I found rather ironic. Perhaps the irony of it will not be seen by others but both Bryan and I had a chuckle over it. It shows a sign on the Whitehorse Correctional Center. Who in their right mind would want to trespass INTO the Correctional Centre?

Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

TESLIN BRIDGE

Willie sent me this photo that he received from Yukon Archives, but he says that it is the new Teslin bridge, and he is looking for photos of the old one built by the American army while it was constructing the Alaska Highway. Would you ask the MocTel readers if anyone has photos of that bridge? If they do, then they can contact Willie (Bill) Braga at bill.braga@live.com (In Edmonton).

Thank you,
Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)



Teslin Bridge – Yukon Archives Photo – A.C. Nixon fonds
Photo courtesy Bill Braga bill.braga@live.com (In Edmonton)

Had received this photo some time ago from Bill Weigand. This bridge does seem to have the same deck configuration.

Hope someone will be able to answer Bill Braga's query.

An interesting side note – Madeleine is Willie Braga's god daughter. – Sherron



Teslin Bridge 1949
Bill Weigand bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston)

FORT SELKIRK T & D STORE KEYS RETURNED

Hi Geraldine, Thank you very much for your reply on the keys and for the information on how the restoration began.

As a youngster in the late 50's it was very interesting to visit the area and spend time going through the old buildings. I have carried the keys around in an old Buckingham Tobacco can all these years and only recently came across them while doing some sorting after a move. The timing was good on the MocTel item [about Ft. Selkirk] and I am happy to mail the keys to you.

I will mail them out today and would appreciate a reply when you get them.

Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie)

Good morning: Just catching up on the MocTel and noticed your response to Dan Davidson's article on Fort Selkirk. It was my husband Pat and I that took the 'crew' down to see the Fort and also for Dan to write a story. Was pleased with the interest that it sparked.

If no one has responded to your sending the keys from the T & D store back to us, I would be happy to receive them and get them to the appropriate place. It is an amazing

project that is happening there as the restoration is made to look authentic and 'old'. My husband Pat was the Chief of Selkirk First Nation for 10 years and was instrumental in signing the co-operation agreement between Government of Yukon and Selkirk First Nation to restore this site.

Take care and hope to hear from you.

The Honourable Geraldine Van Bibber

Commissioner of Yukon
1098 First Avenue
Whitehorse, YT Y1A 0C1
Phone: 867-667-5121
Fax: 867-393-6201
geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca
www.gov.yk.ca/commissioner/

Sept 22 2009

I am off to the Post Office to mail the keys. There was a tag on them from the Hudson Bay saying "T & D Cache".

Hope others that may have taken mementos will be encouraged to return them as I have. Maybe Geraldine will take a photo and send it to you for the MocTel.

Dave Perks

T & D KEYS AND BILL DRURY

Sept 29 2009

Thanks Dave, the keys have arrived and what a treasure. I have not been able to redirect them yet, but it is on the agenda. I think it will be Heritage that I give a call to and perhaps they will end up?? in a museum? I do know that as the structures in Selkirk are still relatively unprotected counting on peoples good will and sense when they visit however, there are not many small artifacts laying about. So will let you know their final resting place.

Just spoke with Goody Sparling and she told me that Bill Drury passed away on Thursday. So this is sad news for Yukon.

Take care and again, it is much appreciated for having taken care of this little piece of Yukon history.

Geraldine Van Bibber

Glad the keys made it ok. Thanks for letting me know.

As you say it is a sad day for the Yukon that Bill Drury passed away.

On a different note will you be attending the Arctic Winter Games in Grande Prairie ? My daughter Tina Chambers and I have volunteered for the games next spring and are looking forward to being part of the event.

Dave Perks

Commissioner Van Bibber's Coat of Arms



Commissioner Van Bibber's Coat of Arms Geraldine Van Bibber's

personal coat of arms was issued by the Deputy Herald Chancellor in 2007. The coat of arms shows a bright sun shining over Yukon fireweed. Two caribou with collars of Gwi'chin beadwork stand on either side. Below, Irish shamrocks grow out of the snow. The scene is guarded by a Yukon husky and Commissioner Van Bibber's personal motto, "Laughter heals all," runs beneath.

When I asked Commissioner Van Bibber if I could include the above information in the Moccasin Telegraph, she replied –

Not a problem, Sherron. Also good to mention was at the same time Her Excellency Michaelle Jean presented me with my personal coat of arms; she also sanctioned the Office of Commissioner Coat of Arms. That is the Yukon Crest with the 6 Maple Leafs and the single fireweed on top of each 3 Leafs. Prior to this, the office did not have any special insignia that just represented the Commissioner.

I have had lapel pins done so only the Commissioner can hand these out. A blue standard or flag can made for use; however, I have not done this yet. So I was instrumental in several Heraldry projects - a) the Yukon Coat of Arms was registered by me, 50 years after the Queen OK'd the Yukon Coat of Arms in 1957; b) Office of Commissioner Coat of Arms for official use; c) Commissioners are given the honour to create their own personal coat of arms, and you have mine below.

Yes, go into WELCOME then under SYMBOLS you will see it [the COA]. Thank you for the wonderful opportunity to share such stories such as Minto and Selkirk, so much happens that we tend to forget and when I receive keys, will let you know what happens.

Geraldine VanBibber

The **Office of the Commissioner Coat of Arms** is shown in the heading of this website www.gov.yk.ca/commissioner/ or see below:



Commissioner of Yukon's Coat of Arms

The Commissioner's Coat of Arms shows the Yukon Coat of Arms surrounded by six gold maple leaves to denote the territory of Yukon. Two blossoms of fireweed sit atop the maple leaves. This Coat of Arms can be used on a flag or standard with a royal blue background. The standard can be used on an official vehicle or flown outside a building when the Commissioner is in attendance.

SEE YUKONS OFFICIAL – Flower, Bird, Gemstone, Tartan, Tree, Coat of Arms and Flag

http://www.gov.yk.ca/aboutyukon/emblemsandsymbols.html#Coat_of_Arms

DON MACHAN

Just a few words regarding the passing of Don Machan. Bob and I drove up to Qualicum Beach yesterday (September 22) for Dons Memorial Service. It was a lovely day and fitting a wonderful send off to an old friend. Joining us to say goodbye to our old teacher from Mayo days were, Harvey and Vera Burian, and Lowell Bleiler.

The ceremony started off with Harvey reading the poem Gus Barrett wrote for Don's Celebration last February. It was a perfect way to express the life and memory of Don. A letter from Sybil Edwards (Bleiler) was read by Reverend Spencer. She shared her childhood memories of growing up next door to the Machan family.

It is said, that you might not remember the words someone said to you, but you will always remember how they made you feel. Don was very proud of all his students, no matter what road they took in life. He was always interested to share our stories and he made us all feel special. We feel very sad to have lost Don for he was part of our history. A loss we all share.

Karren Crowley kcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

FORMER YUKONER FIGHTING FIRES IN BC



Day after day, mountains and smoke – Summer 2009 – Pemberton BC area.
Photo courtesy Mike Bellamy MDBellamy@shaw.ca (In Edmonton)

Attached is a facetious photo which I took near Pemberton. This is pretty much what I saw of BC until I moved to Clinton weeks later. The 'Drought Code' numbers were astonishing. Extreme is listed at '425' I saw numbers exceeding '800' There is so much dead timber from the Pine Beetle I sometimes wonder why are we fighting. Fortunate in that only one pilot was killed after numerous crashes across the province. He managed to get out of the machine but was drowned in the fast flowing river. I am home now but was called last week to rejoin the fray. My medical is up for renewal so I am home at least until Tuesday. Then we shall see.

Passed the medical with ease, but the helicopters are all home now in Vancouver. Now I have my own little airplane to play with over the winter and I dream of the fires next season.

I started my season on the 2nd of May and it was pretty much over by the 3rd of September. In that time I had 16 days at home. I have lots of household chores or as I refer to them as 'Honey Do's'.

I keep telling myself 'One more year and I will retire' I sometimes think that it is too much of what I am and that quitting will be impossible. Occasionally a good scare gets me to thinking of hanging up my helmet but my heart beats to the thump of a Twin Huey and the heady smell of burnt Jet A is intoxicating. Now mix in wood smoke and four radio's all clamouring for attention, I'm cocooned in the comforting embrace of my helmet. Then at night there is a cold beer before dinner and the companionship of pilots and engineers. I am proud to be a part of it.

Besides I don't have a real life and somewhere to go in the winter.

Cheers

Mike Bellamy MDBellamy@shaw.ca (In Edmonton)

780-499-3363

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

MOCTEL 293

Great issue, Sherron - particularly enjoyed the fantastic pictures.
And I know you two will enjoy Yuma!

73

Earle Smith VE6NM t16ru672@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie AB)

Vancouver Yukoners' Association

The **Vancouver Yukoners' Association** is back on the Web. Check out www.vancouver-yukoners.com, a work in progress. Featured at our October 15 luncheon meeting will be a demonstration of the website, including the members-only features, by webmaster Dean Whitehouse.

11:30 am - 2:30pm 15 October 2009

Croatian Cultural Centre Room C

3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC

Parking plentiful and free

Transit accessible Handicap accessible

Lunch \$10

Maribeth Mainer vanyukoners@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

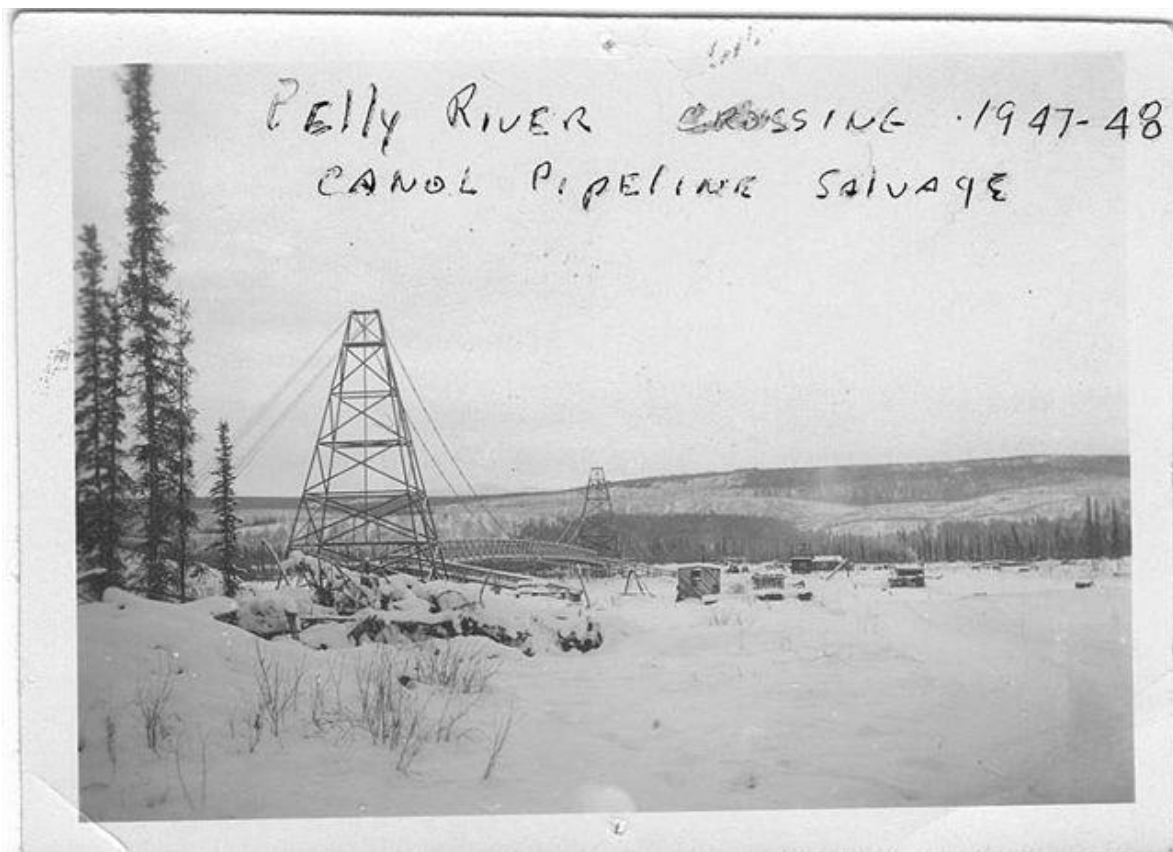
CANOL ROAD PIPELINE SALVAGE PROJECT

Hi Sherron, sorry about the delay, I have just installed a new printer and am trying to get used to it.

These pictures were taken during the '47-48 salvage of the Canol pipeline, east of Ross River, mostly I remember the cold and the terrible condition the cat's and trucks were in and we had to get them going, this was not a fun job.

If there are any people around that were on this project I'd like to hear from you.
e-mail mznipg@shaw.ca

Hal TETZ mznipg@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1947 and later) Calgary



Pelly River Crossing – 1947-48 – Canol Pipeline Salvage
Photo courtesy Hal Tetz mznipg@shaw.ca (In Calgary)



Canol Pipeline salvage project 1947-48
Photos courtesy Hal Tetz mznip@shaw.ca (In Calgary)



Canol Pipeline salvage project 1947-48



Canol Pipeline salvage project 1947-48
Photo courtesy Hal Tetz [mznipg*shaw.ca](mailto:mznipg@shaw.ca) (In Calgary)

Ten- mile Ranch – How it all began

When I first saw Ten-Mile Ranch, in 1945, it was owned by a man by the name of Ernie Butterfield. We were living in Carcross at the time, and made the 14 mile (approximately) trip down Tagish Lake on a sunny day in the late spring, in our “Clinker-built” 18 ft. lifeboat from one of the old paddlewheelers.

Ernie was doing his laundry, close to the wharf where we docked our boat. He was sitting on a stool under the big cottonwood tree which stood just a few feet from the beach, leaning over a galvanized wash tub, and scrubbing away on a wooden scrub-board. Gordon had known and visited Ernie for some time during the years he worked on the “S.S. Tutshi.”

During the course of our conversation, Ernie told us that he had decided to sell the ranch to a man named Jock Milne. He said he was getting on in years and that the work was becoming too hard for him. I could read the disappointment on Gordon’s face. After a pleasant visit over coffee and bannock with home-made raspberry jam, we head back home, but somehow I knew we would be back before long.

Much of our days at 10-Mile is recorded in my book, “Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners,” so I’ll try not to repeat myself, too many times.

In the early days of the Gold Rush of 1898, there was a lot of traffic on Tagish Lake, between Carcross and Atlin, B.C., which was having a mining boom of its own. And one of the stops along the way, especially for winter travel, was Ten-Mile Ranch. There was a roadhouse there for passengers and drivers of the horse-drawn sleighs; a huge barn for shelter of the horses; and a good supply of hay. The lake was the only road to Atlin.

The next time I saw the ranch was after Gordon had negotiated a deal with Jock to buy it from him.

Jock was living there at that time, with his very attractive First Nations wife, "Daisy," and their little son. He was the most spoiled two-year old I had ever seen. He was sitting on the wooden floor of the little cabin, yelling at his Dad to give him raisins. Jock put them in a dish, which the kid promptly dumped on the floor and screamed for some cookies. He got the cookies, but yelled again, indicating that he wanted them in the other dish. So his Dad put them in the other dish. This went on and on until, finally, he was distracted by the cat, and we had some peace and quiet for a while. Jock told us that Daisy had left for Teslin, where her folks lived, and she wasn't coming back unless Jock sold the place and got out. Shortly after that they split up and went their separate ways.

In later years Jock often came to work for us. He helped with the butchering of the cattle that we ran on the meadows, and also with the haying.

One of the meadows on the land we bought was called, at that time, "the School Meadow." It produced a lot of good hay, besides providing wonderful grazing for the beef cattle we raised. That meadow came by its name when Ernie Butterfield supplied hay to the Indian Residential School in Carcross. Evidently in those days the School must have had its own beef cattle. I think they owned the meadow, at that time, which is now the "Game Farm" just out of Carcross, on the road to Whitehorse. There were actually three meadows on the land that we bought from Jock, (400 acres in all). Of course we had to lease it at first until we were finally able to obtain title to the land a few years later. It had been crown-deeded land, which had originally been owned by two sisters, who lived in England.

We had a good life there. We were truly pioneering, and we practically lived off the land. We had our own milk, and made butter and cottage cheese. We tore down the old barn that had been there from the days of '98. It made a wonderful location for our vegetable garden, and we had lettuce weighing 4 pound each, Cabbage, 10 pound each; besides carrots, turnips, potatoes, brussel sprouts etc. We built a root cellar under the tool shed, and our veggies lasted until Christmas time.

That, along with all the fresh lake trout, grouse, moosemeat, plus choice cuts from our own beef cattle, and jams and jellies from berries picked on the site; well, we lived like kings. We even made our own butter - with cream from our one milk cow.

The first year we were there, there was no road at all. We had to come and go by boat. At times during the winter, we were totally isolated. We had no phone, but we had propane light, a little radio that worked with the battery from a car, and lots and lots of firewood. For Xmas we had wild roast goose, and I remember how good it tasted, along with wild cranberry sauce. We never even thought or worried about our kids getting sick, and they never did. In that healthy environment how could they?

The second year, Gordon punched a road through to the Tagish road with his little D-4 cat. (By co-incidence it was just 10 Miles long!) From then on, it was fairly easy to come and go to town with our jeep, although we did have our unique and bizarre adventures along the way. (see “Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners”)

Even in those days, there was no road to Atlin, and mail was still been hauled by cat-train over the ice from Carcross. The drivers, one of them a man by the name of Tish Evans, used to drop by for lunch quite often. And there were no houses or buildings along the road from Carcross to Tagish. No California Beach in those days!

Gordon fished commercially for the S.S Tutshi, and we smoked trout and whitefish for ourselves.



Kids at 10 Mile Ranch – Norma, Ted & Kirk
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

I taught our daughter, Norma, at home by correspondence for the first two years, and when our sons came along we moved between the ranch and our home in Carcross so they could go to school there. We built corrals and a barn in Carcross, down the beach, so

we could keep our brood cows there for the winter. By then we had butchered the bulk of them, for the season, and sold the beef.

We kept the ranch at Ten-Mile until 1960, when we sold it to Dave Harder, and his wife and my good friend, Carolee. I believe they had many experiences similar to ours in the years they spent there, although unfortunately, we almost lost track of each other during the years we spent running our lodge at Dezadeash Lake, subsequently becoming gold miners on our own claims in Atlin, B.C. and Dawson City area for almost 20 years; eventually retiring in Nanaimo, B.C.

Just a few old memories! Some of the folks in MocTel will of course remember Dave Harder and Carolee.

Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)

ARTISTIC TALENT



I do believe she/he was posing for the camera.

Our favorite visitor.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell chechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

OBIT

Hello Sherron,
This is Bill's daughter Shirley Odsather.

Thank you for your request. I am attaching the proof copy that will be in the Coast Reporter on the Sunshine Coast today (Friday). This copy has a different photo than the one that will be in the Yukon News and Whitehorse Star and the last line is different. I hope this will be in time for your next edition. I'm sorry that I didn't open my Dad's e-mails sooner.

My Dad felt very strongly about not having a funeral or memorial service, but my brother and I will be holding a **Celebration of Life on Sat, Oct 10th at the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse**. I'm sorry I don't know the exact times right now, but they will be published in the Star.

My Dad thoroughly enjoyed your publication. It sparked so many memories and helped him keep in touch with so many friends.

Thank you again,
Shirley Odsather



**SON OF A YUKON PIONEER,
WILLIAM LAWRENCE DRURY
DIES AT AGE 89**

William Lawrence Drury, aged 89, died on September 24, 2009 in St. Mary's Hospital, Sechelt, BC, from complications associated with gall bladder cancer. His daughter, Shirley Drury Odsather, and grandson Jon Odsather were at his side.

Born in Victoria on March 19, 1920 to Yukon pioneer William Stephenson Drury and Lucy (Evans) Drury, Bill grew up in Whitehorse attending Lambert Street School. Later he went to boarding school at the original Brentwood College on Vancouver Island, then to Sprott Shaw and on to an apprenticeship with Little Brothers furrier in Vancouver. He met Marjorie (Marnie) Alison Thompson of Edmonton when she went to Whitehorse as a nurse. They were married in 1947 and raised two children, Shirley and William (Bill) Jr.

He worked in the family business, Taylor and Drury Ltd., in Whitehorse and several of its outposts throughout the Territory. When General Motors wanted the T & D dealership

split, Bill sold his shares in the T & D auto business and formed Yukon Motors, selling Pontiacs, Buicks and GMC pickups. He expanded the business holdings to include Yukon Tire Centre and Hertz Rental franchise. He sold his businesses when he was 55 but didn't stop there.

In the mid '60s he bought two horses who began to outlive their welcome on the family's lawn at 212 Hanson Street. It was at that time that he started acquiring land between the Takhini River and the Alaska Highway, north of Whitehorse. Affectionately referred to as Takhini-rosa, it is now known as Circle D, owned and operated by his son Bill.

Bill was an Alderman serving on the Whitehorse City Council in the 1950s. He was a member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers, Whitehorse Masonic Lodge AF & AM #46 and the Vancouver Yukoners Association.

In the 1950s Bill joined forces with Floyd Maynard Wilson, Jack Acheson and Clyde Day to form Waddco Placers and Spruce Creek Placers. They mined primarily on Haggert Creek near Mayo and Spruce Creek near Atlin. He dabbled in real estate investing, owning an industrial property in Porter Creek with partner Armand Arsenault and in recent years took great delight in playing the stock market.

Bill attained notoriety across Canada when he rescued a robin (dubbed Rupert the Robin) that did not fly south in the winter of 1966. It kept hanging around the front of the house where there was an abundance of mountain ash berries. Arrangements were made with Canadian Pacific to fly it south and with the SPCA in Vancouver to release it in Stanley Park.

Bill's passion for Yukon and its history led to an extensive research project with his daughter and son-in-law. What began as a photo and slide labelling project before turning his collection over to the Yukon Archives has blossomed into a history of the Taylor and Drury stores. A book will be published in Bill's memory. Bill also assisted many history buffs in expanding their knowledge of Yukon and its old timers. He provided a large collection of his Yukon memorabilia to the Yukon Archives and Museum.

Bill and Marnie travelled to many places around the world, preferring to sail on 12-passenger freighters, and then taking shore excursions to see and experience exotic ports of call. They owned a home in Rancho Mirage, California where they spent most winters for more than 35 years and loved the drive in both directions.

He thoroughly enjoyed visits from his grandchildren, whether it was in Whitehorse, Rancho Mirage or Sechelt. Several projects were lined up which often included making at least one batch of root beer, a fishing trip or picking berries.

Bill and Marnie moved to Sechelt, B.C. in the early 2000s. They were always avid bridge players and through the game developed many new friendships. After Marnie began suffering from the effects of Alzheimer's disease, Bill found solace in picking fruits and

berries and making gallons of jams, jellies and sauces which he generously shared with friends and family.

Bill is survived by his wife, Marnie; daughter and son-in-law Shirley and Richard Odsather; son and daughter-in-law Bill and Barbara Drury; grandchildren Rose, Sarah (husband Josh Clark), Tim, Ben and Jenny Drury and Jon (wife Melissa) and Erik Odsather; great grandchildren Taylor, Mason and Aislynn; cousins in Canada and England; as well as nieces and nephews in Canada and the United States. He was predeceased by his brother Tom and sister Mary Poulton.

He requested that there be no funeral or memorial service, but his family is planning a celebration of life in March at Port Stalashen.

NEW ADDITIONS

Had a phone call from Rose Toole in Watson Lake. She and Gordon would like to receive the Moccasin Telegraph at gtoole*northwestel.net. Hope she will send us a message about her family and time in Yukon. Brian Langevin, their son-in-law had sent them a copy of the last edition where they saw the photo of themselves, which Reg Jensen had submitted. – Sherron

Received a cheque for a subscription from Eleanor Millard and have put her back on the MocTel list. Her mailing address is emillard*northwestel.net and she lives in Carcross. – Sherron

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

I said I would send a cheque for my subscription when I got back from holidays, but have decided to cancel. I find that there are few people I know and I have a back log to read.

I want to commend you on the good job that you do. Putting this together every 2 weeks is probably no easy task.

I hope you and Bill have a wonderful winter in Yuma. If I am ever in Vernon will give you a call. (Paid July 2008)

GREEN, Myrna avina*telusplanet.net (In Whitehorse) Nanaimo

The following message to [<closter@aptalaska.net>](mailto:closter@aptalaska.net) was undeliverable.

The reason for the problem:

5.1.0 - Unknown address error 554-'5.7.1 Mail sent to unknown user.'

(Paid 2005)

BARTEAUX, Lloyd closter*aptalaska.net (In Yukon many years) Now at mile 42 Haines Hwy.

Please cancel my subscription.

Donna Hogan (Joined Aug 2007)

HOGAN, Donna (REAR) dhogan*northwestel.net (Born in Yukon – In Whitehorse)

Please take me off the mailing list for now.

I can't find the time to read it all.

Thanks

Kathy Clinaz (Paid Aug 2008)

CLINAZ, Kathy kathy_clinaz*telus.net (In Whitehorse 1956-1979) Vernon

Please cancel thank you

Bert Shantz (Joined Feb 2008)

SHANTZ, Bert Bertshantz*hotmail.com (In Whitehorse 1948 – 1983)

Please remove us from your mailing list, as we no longer wish to subscribe.

Thank you

Frank & Nita Thompson (Paid Nov/Dec 2008)

THOMPSON, Nita & Frank dreamwel*hughes.net (In Whitehorse 1970 –77) Kamloops

Please remove me from mailing list.....thanks, Herb (Paid Sept 2008)

GAENSBAUER, Herb herbgaen*cogeco.ca (In Whitehorse 1946-49) 705 743

8270 Peterborough ON

Have decided not to renew my subscription for the Moccasin Telegraph.

Thanks Freda (Paid Aug 2008)

ROBERTS, Freda (Roberts-DeWolfe) robtin*northwestel.net (Born and raised in Dawson, lived in Whse now Dawson)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“Laugh at yourself once in a while; give yourself a break.” - Greg Evans

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Peanut Crisps

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

½ cup sugar

1 cup corn syrup

1 cup Jack and Jill chunky nut peanut butter.

Cook for 3 minutes in double boiler.

Now add:

3 cups Rice Krispies

12 red glazed cherries and 12 glazed green cherries

Press into 8 x 8 inch pan (no cooking).

Mrs. Ruby Bowers

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.com.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Summer -

Sherron Jones

9205 Orchard Ridge Drive

Vernon, B C

V1B 1V8

Phone: 250-549-2736

Winter -

Sherron Jones

#483 – 5707 32nd Street

Yuma, Arizona, USA

85365

Phone: 928-341-0690