

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 295th Edition – October 18th, 2009

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Bennett Lake – Sept 29, 2009

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

Chance Encounter

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

It was late in the fall of '62
The weather'd turned bad and I couldn't fly through.
Hemmed in by mountains on all sides 'round
The fog and the clouds forced me down to the ground
Down into the valley of the Wind and the Peel,
Wild rivers of the Yukon whose feel is surreal.

The wind howled down from the mountains tall
So I tied my ship down to keep it safe from a squall
And there in the shelter of boulders huge
Built a fire of driftwood for the night's refuge.
The fog settled in when the wind died down
And I sat there alone a hundred miles from a town.

I had radioed in while still in the air
That I wouldn't be back 'till the weather turned fair
For t'was often the case of the Bush pilot's fate
To be plagued with bad weather he could not but outwait.
The roar of the river soon put me to sleep
But the wild was untamed and my sleep not too deep.

As I lay there quite lost in my dream-like bliss
I suddenly felt there was something amiss
Then out of the night a man emerged
His presence so strange my adrenaline surged.
He stepped in the firelight bold as could be
And impaled me with eyes that could do more than see.

I reached for my gun, but could see he had none
His hand raised in friendship, wide smile as in fun.
Two wolves at his side, yellow eyes in the light
Whined and shrunk back to the cover of night.
I smiled in return, but could speak not a word
His appearance and presence all seemed so absurd.

Wore a dark sheepskin coat that hung down to his knees
Tall leather riding boots well-oiled for his ease.
He looked Scandinavian, blue-eyed and fair
A dark Crimson kerchief tied round his blond hair.
No Indian, trapper, or hunter was he
And his words were as strange as any words could be.

"What is the purpose of life my friend?
What happens to YOU ... when it comes to an end?
This I can teach you and many things more
Things you can't buy at the corner bookstore."
So he sat on a log while I brewed him some tea.
The wolves lay at his feet... all the while watching me.

Then I sat next the fire and bid him talk on
As though he were the chess master and I the pawn
For long had I sought what he offered to tell
Long had I labored under Earth's blinding spell.
"I give you this warning about what I say,
Your whole life will be changed, beginning today."

I nodded in agreement and so he went on
That dark, foggy night in the northern Yukon.
"If you contemplate my questions then you'll have the first clue
The answers are confusing, but not none-the-less true
This world is not one ... it's divided in two;
To reconcile its perfection is the job we must do."

"Of what value the demons which cause us to cower?
How can they be seen as the source of our power?
When you work in the gym and sweat hour after hour

Is that not the source of your physical power?
What part of your being makes your countenance glower,
But events of the mind and heart building their power?"

"What is this "Soul" that no-one can see?
Do you think that it dies ... has no reason to be?
This I can tell you with full certainty
When the body dies, the Soul goes free
And keeps coming back with renewable glee
Till it finds what it is... ... and becomes like me."

"The total of wholeness is the sum of two parts:
Man, King of power, and Woman, Queen of hearts.
Each soul must learn both like the horse learns the cart.
One lifetime brings only this knowledge in part
In no other way is one soul split apart,
Nor is it meant to be fun from the very start."

"From whence come our thoughts ... inspired or vain?
Are we always the cause of events filled with pain?
We have thoughts from within which we have to sustain
And thoughts from without which we have to re-train.
Each travesty in each lifetime that we cannot explain
Is a lesson that teaches us to restrain or abstain. "

"The purpose of life has to do with the soul
The sole part of you that can make you whole.
And now, who can tell you who it is makes the soul?
Who can tell you its reason and what its role?
No man can do more than peek through the keyhole
For the Source exceeds mind ... is far vaster than soul. "

"There's no end to the known, but we still have to try
For only with effort can the grounded bird fly.
Fear not to ask questions that others deny.
Seek out the things of life money can't buy.
Does the wind really blow? Can you tell me how ... and why?
Who are you really ... and who am I?"

"The purpose of Life is to be what we are.
What we are is the knowledge of any great Avatar
Who has gone beyond mind in his journeys afar
And discovered the Source of the most distant star.
For the Soul in its body is like the driver in his car
The Soul goes on, though it may seem bizarre,
'Till it shines like the soul of the Knight Lochinvar."

So profound were his words that I fell off to sleep,
Or was it all a dream that arose from the deep?
And when I awoke as the dawn light appeared,
I was snug in my bedroll....and the weather had cleared.
I looked all about...no sign could I see,
But two boot prints in the soft earth.....
.....and they were not made by me!

Copyright Kit Cain

Flying the Yukon's Bush:

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

Story section continued

A winter road is an engineering nightmare to build,

at least in the North country above the permafrost line, but is nevertheless the only way to haul heavy equipment such as an oil drilling rig, seismograph vehicles, drill crew camps, or bulky supplies into the inaccessible bush country. To build one, there must be a month or more of below-zero cold to freeze the surfaces of the ground, swamps, and rivers—after which caterpillar diesels are able to bulldoze their way through to clear the roadway and pack down the snow.

The most difficult part of the job comes in picking the smoothest route in cold, 40-degree-below-zero weather—which the men do by flying in helicopters or fixed-wing aircraft or by walking ahead on snowshoes. During spring and summer months the roads become quagmires of black ooze where the ground has thawed. The roadways end at the edges of rivers and swamps ... seeming to disappear below the surface where, during winter, there is solid ice on which to cross.

During the warm seasons prior to 1959, when river ice had broken up and winter roads were no longer serviceable, sternwheelers churned up and down the Territory's river systems. Not only did these steamers play a vital role in carrying passengers and re-supplying northern trading posts with food for summer and fall, but on return trips they carried out the winter's trappings of Muskrat, Mink, Beaver, Fox, and Marten furs to Whitehorse's railhead. From Mayo, steamers carried high-grade silver ore mined at the Keno Hill mines upriver to Whitehorse where it too was loaded onto the White Pass and Yukon Railway for the trip to Skagway, Alaska, the closest seaport.

“Muskeg”, however, is one of the greatest hindrances to transportation in the Yukon and most of northern Canada. It is a silty black earth covered by peaty loam and moss which occurs, in the Yukon, in poorly drained patches of ground as far south as Whitehorse. “Permafrost”, a more general term, applies more to the permanently frozen

state of the soil, and may include frozen muskeg as well as solidly frozen gravel or earth. Muskeg is generally always in a frozen state except when the surface is disturbed, such as happens when a caterpillar tractor passes over; and in which case the black silt absorbs the heat of the sun's rays and melts ten to fifteen feet down. The resulting impassable black muck becomes the consistency of pea soup and is known to the local people by a name not printable here! At first, engineers tried to bulldoze their way through the muskeg to lay a roadbed, but most of the time they couldn't find the bottom. When they laid the gravel bedding on top of a disturbed surface, the roadbed sank out of sight! They discovered that the only solution lay in placing the bedding on top of the undisturbed, mossy, surface. Today, there are excellent all-weather dirt roads connecting the three main cities in the northern Yukon.

Two hours after taking off from Mayo, Ernie and I arrived in Dawson. We landed the helicopter on a sand bar in the Yukon River and lugged our personal equipment up to the Bonanza Hotel—one of the few remaining buildings of the Gold Rush era still in use. Although it seemed like rustic living at the time, it was later to seem like the Taj Mahal after a summer of living in an eight foot by ten foot wall tent.

Dawson City, one of the most unusual “Cities” in North America, lies only 160 miles south of the Arctic Circle, which makes it the most northern incorporated city on the continent (at least it was in 1962). Over half the town stands on frozen muskeg, meaning there are no basements; and the buildings not set on pilings settle slowly and unevenly down, or are heaved up on one or more corners by frost. In an effort to make the ground more suitable for house foundations during the Gold Rush, tons of sawdust, junk iron, steamboat parts, old automobile parts, and lumber were dumped on the muskeg. Today, digging a signpost hole in the middle of town is like going on a treasure hunt.

The Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation, a private concern which mines gold with huge dredges in the surrounding creek bottoms, produces the electricity for Dawson and sells it for 25 cents a kilowatt (in 1962). Water (also in 1962) cost fifteen dollars a month per house, per bathroom. And until just last year, Yukon Consolidated owned the decrepit old telephone system too, but now the Canadian Government has stepped in and installed new dial phones.

Gold is still Big Business in the Yukon.

Just outside Dawson's city limits, placer gold miners still hydraulic a meager living from Hunker and Bonanza Creeks in the summer, and Yukon Consolidated's mammoth gold dredges churn over thousands of tons of earth a day. All together, close to two million dollars a year (in 1962 terms) in gold leaves the Dawson area. Most of it comes from the big dredges which creep at a snail's pace down the creek bottoms, floating in a pool of water dug by their chain of monstrous bucket scoops. Moving leisurely from one side to the other, they sluice out only 25 cents worth of gold flakes from each ton of river gravels and leave rows of worm-like “tailings” behind.

Ahead of the dredges, crews prepare the ground by bulldozing it level and pounding six-foot-long, hollow iron “points” into the ground. Hoses run from pumps to the points, and water, forced down through them, thaws the frozen ground. An underground glacier or spot where ice is too thick to be thawed by water brings a dredge to a grinding halt until dynamite can blast the ice clear.

Inside the dredges, huge electric motors drive gears as large as 20 feet in diameter to power the bucket scoops. Once inside, the rocks and boulders tumble down through heavy, sheet-iron sorting devices making a racket almost deafening in magnitude. Many of these million dollar monsters have been abandoned in creeks which failed to produce enough gold; and they sit just as they were left—even the tools still in place.

Dawson City’s major importance is as a radio link with civilization, particularly to pilots, prospectors, oil rigs, and exploration crews. In a small wooden building at the center of town, the Department of Transport has set up its aircraft and ground communications systems.....lifelines to the bleak and barren bush country all around Dawson. The friendly voice saying, “This is Dawson Radio, go ahead with your message, over“, has been a welcome relief to many bush pilots and expeditions who battle the fierceness of the bush country’s weather and the un-dependability of man’s mechanical machinery. When an expedition leaves Dawson, it maintains a pre-arranged schedule by radio to do numerous things such as order new supplies, send telegrams, call for a plane in case of emergency, or order new parts for broken machinery. Nowhere is man’s lack of self-sufficiency brought home as strongly as in the earth’s uncivilized extremities.

To the pilot when he has engine trouble or his plane goes down, it is an immense relief to know that someone is aware of the problem, and just the sound of another human voice over the radio helps dispel the gnawing fear deep down inside that comes with the knowledge of the North country’s perils—like freezing to death before help arrives. A pilot always tries to anticipate the worst possible situation and take precautions against it, but he never knows. Nature is the most uncanny of all.

The efficiency of radio communications fluctuates from hour to hour and from day to day with the result that half the time the HF (high frequency) radio signals are so poor they’re nearly impossible to hear or decipher. Sometimes there’s no signal at all! Other times a voice booms through as crystal clear as though it were in the next room. A radio technician will claim this is due to daily changes of the “Heaviside“ layer—a layer of ionized particles in the upper atmosphere which reflects radio waves back to earth, and whose relative position causes a radio’s reception to fade or intensify.

At one point when I was flying with two geologists out on the Old Crow muskeg flats looking for ancient lake borders, my engine failed just before take-off from a brief landing. We found ourselves stranded on a narrow, low, gravel hump in the middle of several hundred square miles of flat muskeg swamp and 125 miles from even the nearest

Indian settlement. There wasn't a tree in sight to build a fire with; the base camp had only a general idea what area we were in; and we only had food for two days. Had we not had a radio in the helicopter, it might have taken much longer for the other helicopter to find us. As it was, I had to set up a portable HF antennae with some wire held up by two persons and called periodically for eight hours before the signals improved enough for Dawson Radio to receive the information on our location and relay it to our base camp.

The summer sun shines most of the day in spite of Dawson's short 80-day growing season. Around June 21st, daylight lasts for 24 hours. Portions of the rich, black, river silt that are well drained and haven't reverted to muskeg make excellent gardens for lettuce, carrots, peas, and tomatoes. Several of approximately 300 people now living in Dawson have their own greenhouses or gardens which help to alleviate their otherwise expensive meal budgets. The whole town could be supplied with local vegetables if there were an economic need for it, but since the summer is so short and everyone attempts to do their outdoor physical work during this period, it becomes more convenient to buy imported vegetables. In other words, a man can earn more hiring himself out as a carpenter than he can growing and selling a garden crop. So, except for private gardens, vegetables are shipped up in trucks by distributors who buy their products from as far south as the Imperial Valley in Arizona.

The Dawson Gold Rush Festival is an annual event sponsored by the Canadian Government as a means to promote tourism in the North. Although many Canadian newspapers used the Dawson Gold Rush Festival as a scapegoat to snipe at the Diefenbaker government's expenditures, their claims that the Festival was a complete flop and that the money spent on the town was wasted, are not true! The Festival, in its first year of operation, was far more successful than anticipated. Its attraction doubled the number of tourists visiting Dawson, compared to last year (1961), and increased the income of the Yukon's service industries accordingly. The Federal Government's expenditure, of over \$400,000 to have the Palace Grand Theatre completely restored down to the last stick of furniture gives Dawson not only a tourist attraction in itself, but a culture center and a stage for tourist attractions for years to come. The government will more than get its money back in taxes if tourists keep visiting the area as they did last year. Looking back from the year of this writing, 2005, tourism has become a booming business in Dawson City due solely to Government expenditures to develop it.

At this early stage of development (1962) the Festival is not for the tourist who drives into town looking for a modern hotel and expects to be entertained during his stay. There are hotels and campgrounds, and many organized activities, but compared to tourist spots in the U.S. and Canada, Dawson is still a frontier. In the Gold Rush days of '96 life was so rugged around Dawson it prompted Robert Service to write the Law Of Yukon:

This is the law of the Yukon,
That only the strong shall thrive,
That surely the weak shall perish,

and only the fit survive.
Dissolute, damned and despairful;
Crippled and palsied and slain
This is the will of the Yukon
..... Lo, how she makes it plain!

Two miles down the Yukon River from Dawson, the Indian village of Moosehide sits back up on the river bank. A small, outboard-powered riverboat takes you to the village or you can walk the dirt path. Once there, you can get some idea of how the Indians fish; how they build their cabins; what a fish-drying shack looks like -- and smells like; or you can visit with the old minister, who is blind, but knows no end of tales of the northern lights. Opposite Moosehide, the old sternwheelers lie rotting in the mud. Further downstream, Indian fish weirs churn in the current; or abandoned, sod-roof trading posts tell a story all their own. Miles of earthen ditch joined by California redwood sluice trestles that once carried water to the gold sluicing boxes still cross the hills out behind the Dawson Dome.

Or, at Bear Creek, home of the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation, sits a fifteen foot high Alaska Freight Lines muskeg tractor and its four trailers. The tractor and trailers have wheels seven feet high, and each wheel is driven by an electric motor of several thousand horsepower. It carries its own sleeping quarters built into the main cab in front of the diesel-electric power generating unit, and each trailer is capable of hauling a small summer cottage with ease. The vehicle was originally intended for crossing muskeg barrens to re-supply villages farther north such as Old Crow and Aklavik. However, it proved unsuccessful in its attempts to negotiate the abruptness of river banks, and kept breaking apart at the trailer joints.

Once you think you've seen everything, ask some questions. Ask a townperson what goes on in the winter months. Ask about river glaciers blocking the roads; or spring floods washing the roads out. Ask what it's like to walk around the block in 40 degrees-below-zero cold. There's no reason to get bored in Dawson!

Being the farthest point north on the main lines of transportation, Dawson becomes a staging point for most expeditions to the coastal and bush regions which lie between Alaska and the Mackenzie River. A large grocery and department store, such as the American-owned Northern Commercial Company, may supply three or four expeditions with fresh food and supplies throughout the summer or winter. The expedition charters a float-equipped fixed-wing aircraft to fly the supplies out to the base camp, which is invariably on a large river or lake for pontoon landings in summer or in an area level enough for a bulldozed or snowshoe-packed ski-landing strip in winter. Winter expeditions are mostly seismograph trains searching for oil -- winter being the only time their tracked house trailers and maintenance vehicles can move across the muskeg.

(To be continued)

The Story in Pictures section - continued



CF-MLL at Tombstone Pass – April 1962
Photo by Kit Cain

In early April of 1962, the photo immediately above shows what the Tombstone Pass looked like just above Dawson City. MLL is parked on top of what in later years would become the Dempster Highway to Inuvik in the Northwest Territories. What's happening here is a refueling stop on the way to Hungry Lake for the beginning of Operation Porcupine.



Prospectors Camp
Photo by Kit Cain

MLL and I were often chartered by local prospectors, mining, oil or other natural resource companies to transport personnel and materials into the bush country. Often we just flew supplies in to camps such as this one located in areas where float planes had no access to water. In this particular camp, a bear had proven to be such a nuisance that it had to be tranquilized and heli-lifted in a sling to a location 10 miles or so away.



Panning
Photo by Kit Cain

Though the Great Gold Rush of the late 1800's is past history, it certainly isn't the end of the search for—and discovery of—gold. This is a picture of one of the Operation Porcupine Geologists checking for gold samples in one of the Yukon's rivers, a process that any prospector uses as part of his normal, every-day functions.



Dredge Tailings near Dawson Airport
Photo by Kit Cain

Whether driving or flying into Dawson City, the first thing to meet one's eye, are the piles upon piles of river stone in almost all the river beds. Residue of the gigantic gold dredges that left the rock behind after removing whatever gold there was, they are monuments to man's selfish interest and inconsiderateness toward nature's own beauty.

The gold dredges that created the mounds of river rock were gigantic, floating factories that dredged up gravel from the river bottoms, passed the gravel through sieves of various dimension until only the minute ore-bearing sands and gravels remained. The ore-bearing gravels passed down over "riffles" like an old-fashioned washboard covered with cocoa matting saturated with mercury. Water and gravity washed the lighter gravels away until only the heavier gold dust remained, captured by the mercury. All the waste found its way onto a long conveyor belt which exited from the opposite end of the dredge from the dredging scoops, depositing the waste in wide sweeping piles as the dredge moved from side to side.

The dredge continually dug its own small lake in which it floated, moving always upstream so that a continuous flow of water moved into the pond and through the internal workings of the dredge. When the dredge finally reached a point at the up-stream end of a river where there was inadequate water flow to maintain operations, the dredge was abandoned. Since there were no roads into the areas where the dredges worked, and since the dredges invariably wore themselves out processing the tremendous volumes of rock, it was more economical to just abandon them.

Such was the case here with this particular dredge in the next photo, abandoned several miles southwest of Dawson City on South Henderson Creek, off the Stewart River. Even the tools were still hanging from their hooks over the work benches when I was there; it was as though work were going to begin again the next day, but the dredge had not been in operation for seven years. The engineer's log book lay open on the bench with the last work sheet dated October 13th, 1955. A short distance away there were ten buildings which constituted the living and eating accommodations for the dredge crew. The HF radio transmitters still sat on a table in the radio operator's shack; the kitchen implements hung in place ready for the next meal; the foreman's cabin had a sod roof with a washtub hanging on the outside wall and a buck-saw hanging beside it.

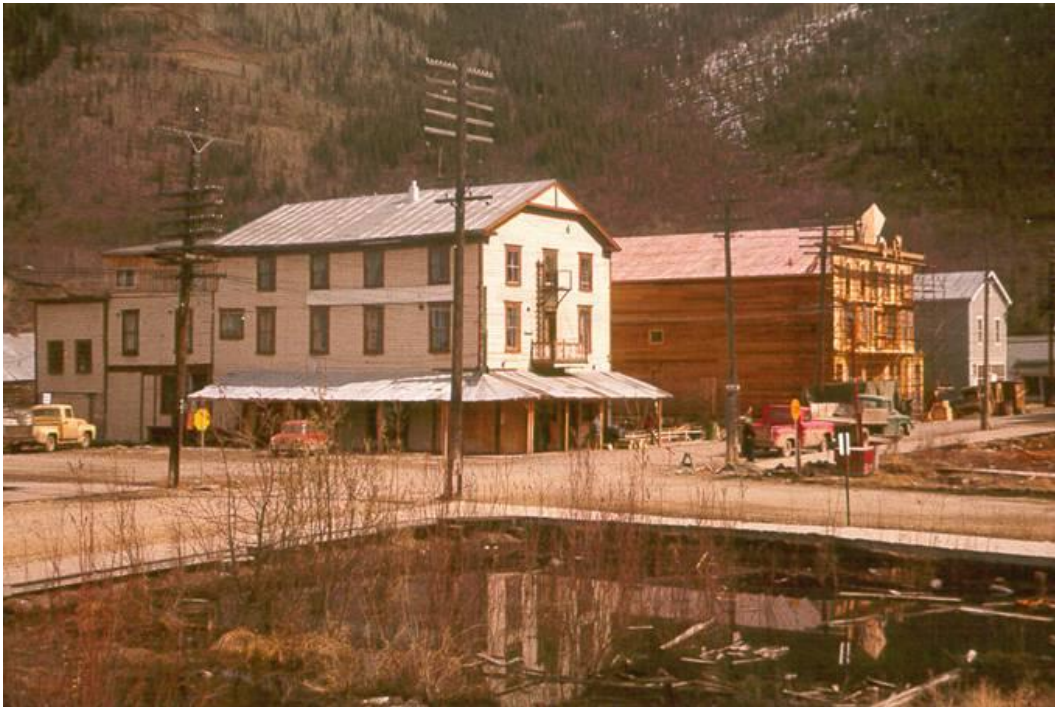


Abandoned Dredge with helicopter perched on the roof.
Photo by Kit Cain

I had flown a salvage contractor in to look the dredge over and the only convenient way to get onto the barge was to land on the roof...a feat which required sliding the skids along the roof at a snail's pace until the main rotor blades were just a few feet from the flagstaff and metal chimney, but so that the rear portion of the skids were far enough onto the roof so as to prevent the helicopter from tipping over backwards. The long conveyor belt that made the gravel piles extends out from the dredge to the left. The scoops from the front of the dredge are lying in the grass in the foreground. The dredge superstructure itself is a good six stories high. This dredge belonged to the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation, known as YCGC, headquartered in Dawson City where we had obtained permission to look the dredge over for possible salvage purposes. We had landed at one dredge which was still operating (not the one pictured above), and, once inside, were overwhelmed by the noise of machinery and rock constantly hammering or sliding against steel. I can't imagine that anyone had any hearing left after a few months of that, but no-one was wearing any ear covering at all.

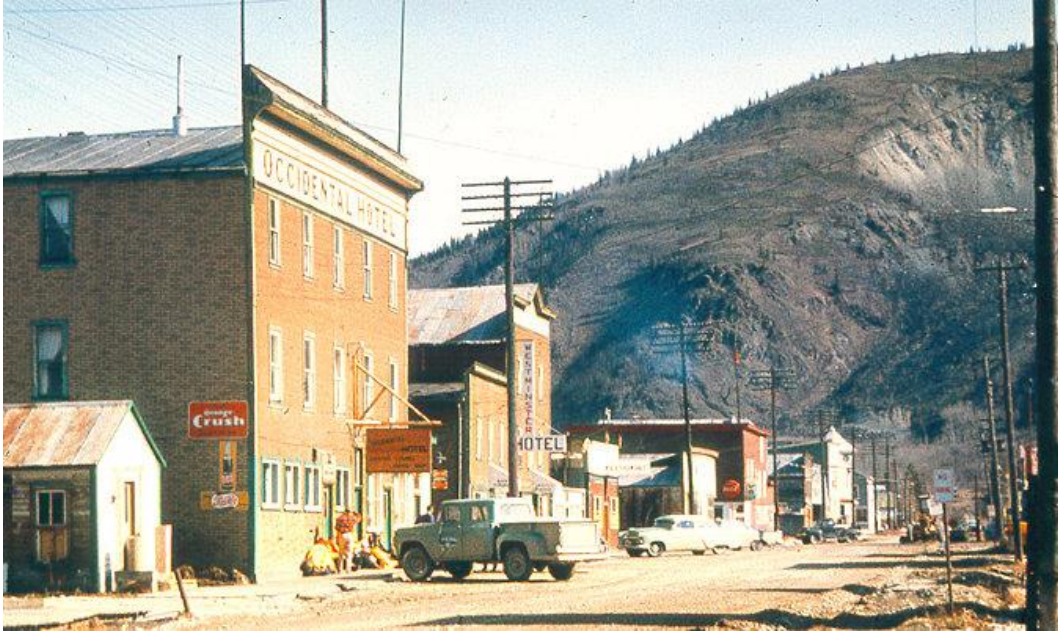
Dawson City, in 1962, was just at the beginning of its development as a tourist attraction, thanks to the visionary far-sightedness of the Diefenbaker government. Funds finally began to find their way into the north country to open up tourism as well as to establish outposts of civilization and roads that would open up the frontier of the Yukon. Until a few years prior to 1962, there had only been a winter road to Dawson City from Whitehorse, now there was an all-season gravel road to bring in supplies and construction materials. Money had been allocated for the reconstruction of the old Palace Grand Theater (I believe it was called), and the construction was overseen by an interesting gentlemen named Allan Innes-Taylor. Allan told me the story how he had been commissioned by the Canadian government to do another project at the beginning of the

II World War. This was a survey on how many wooden-hulled ships there were on the east coast suitable for shipping goods to the Caribbean so that metal-hulled vessels could be used in the trans-Atlantic trade. There were thirty according to his survey, however, two of the old square-rigged sailing vessels were being mysteriously fitted out with large diesel engines and Allan advised the military intelligence officer—with whom he had previous communication—that he had better check them out because there was a lot of suspicious activity that no-one wanted to talk about. As it turned out, the ships were being fitted out to re-fuel German U-Boats!



Bonanza Hotel and Palace Grand
Photo by Kit Cain

In the above picture, the Palace Grand is under renovation and construction on the right, the Bonanza Hotel in the foreground remaining in her antiquated status with totally exposed “knob and tube” wiring and a single bare light bulb in each room. There was, however, a toilet for each floor, a bar on the first floor, and a lobby full of colorful characters. I had a room on the top floor for the two weeks, I was there waiting for Operation Porcupine to begin.



This is the main street of Dawson City in April of 1962; the Occidental Hotel is the first building to the left. Photo by Kit Cain



Madame Tremblay's Store ... and I wouldn't want to guess what went on in there in the early 1900's!

Photo by Kit Cain



What was left of the Dawson Hardware Company Store in 1962... slowly sinking into the melting perma-frost. The Yukon Order of Pioneers Hall still standing strong.
Photos by Kit Cain



Sternwheeler Steamer KENO immortalized for a few more years by being hauled up high and dry in Dawson City at the edge of the Yukon River as a tourist attraction.



The “TUNDRA BUGGY” ...a not-so-successful effort to cross miles of tundra with freight for oil exploration crews. It kept breaking apart when crossing the steep banks at river crossings. Each wheel is about six feet high and powered by its own electric motor which in turn is powered by a diesel generator. Stored in 1962 at the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corp construction yard outside Dawson City.

Photo by Kit Cain

(To be continued)

PHOTOS COURTESY ELEANOR MILLARD



Bennett Lake – Sept 29, 2009

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Bennett Lake – Sept 29, 2009
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Bennett Lake – Sept 29, 2009
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)



Bennett Lake – Sept 29, 2009
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

CANOL PIPELINE SALVAGE PROJECT

Sherron, attached are photos of the Canol project. My dad, Doug Storing took these photos.

Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Canol Project – 1943 – Women in the Mess Hall
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Canol Project – 1943 – Unloading Pipe
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Canol Project – 1943 – Unloading Pipe
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Canol Project – 1943 – Unloading Pipe
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Canol Project – 1943 – Living Quarters on Wheels
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Can anyone identify where this pipe was being transferred from the rail car or where they would be when unloading the trailer? The housing in the background and the lack of escarpments makes me think it is not Whitehorse. – Sherron sherronjones@shaw.ca

TESLIN BRIDGE 1942 - 43



Teslin Bridge during construction of the Alaska Highway 1942-43
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

More photos of this era and project at –
http://www.hankstruckpictures.com/doug_storing.htm

Re: MocTel 294 Teslin Bridge

In Moc-Tel 294 re: Teslin River Bridge, first photo. I think someone has made a mistake! This bridge pictured would be the Johnson Crossing River Bridge. I remember that hill at J.C. many times during my trucking years. Never "spun out" but you can guess what I had "Puckered Up" climbing that grade during a snow storm in the winter time! The second bridge pictured however is the Old Teslin River Bridge. Both photos are looking towards Whitehorse on the Alaska Highway. Correct me if I am wrong.

Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

Re: MocTel 294 Teslin Bridge photos

Hi all; This bridge in MOCTEL 294 photo supposedly from Yukon Archives is most assuredly not Teslin Bridge, old or new, Nisutlin Bay or Johnson's Crossing (Teslin R.).

I suspect that it's the Sikanni Chief River Bridge, with negative reversed, or maybe not; it's had three crossings over the years, so it's hard to tell although this looks like an early one.

The photo below it, from Bill Wiegand, labeled Teslin Bridge is correct, a timber trestle one 2300 feet long, crossing Nisutlin Bay; the present one was built beside it and opened in 1954. The view is looking north, the village will be on the left on the point.

I don't have a photo of the bridge in digital, but can likely scan one from a book, if you still want one after everyone else has replied to this.

Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay)

Sherron Jones wrote:

Just found some more images of Teslin River Bridges online at <http://www.visi.com/~alcan/now/bridge.html>

Was looking for Sikanni Chief River bridge

Sherron

Sherron; Now I've done some research, the picture in question is definitely the Sikanni Chief River bridge at Mile 162. An almost identical copy of this picture is in Stan Cohen's "Alcan and Canol".

The online one you refer to below is definitely Johnson's Crossing, Teslin River. I spent my teen years in view of it and fished for grayling under it countless times.

I can dig up a picture of the old Nisutlin Bay bridge somewhere if someone needs it, but if you Google it, you'll find many images of the new one, opened in 1954. I drove the first truck across this bridge, working for DND at Brooks Brook at the time.

Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay)

Conclusions:

Teslin River is at Johnson's Crossing.

Teslin Bridge is at Teslin and crosses Nisutlin Bay of Teslin Lake.

The photo from Archives in MocTel 294 is incorrectly labelled and should read that it is the Sikanni Chief River Bridge at Mile 162.

Have passed this information along to Yukon Archives. – Sherron

Sherron, thanks for passing on the correction to the caption information. I will be passing on the information to Lesley Buchan who will deal with it.

Peggy Dorsay Peggy.Dorsay@gov.yk.ca (At Yukon Archives)

Also passed this information on to Bill Braga. It was Bill who brought this issue to the MocTel for help to find a correct photo. Here is Bill's reply –

Thanks Sherron yes this is the right picture [Donna Clayson's photo] as you will see.

Will now send you my story and it will make sense to every one who reads it.

Thanks a lot for finding it.

Bill Braga bill.braga@live.com (In Edmonton)

Teslin and Johnson's Crossing

U-tube video clip of Nisutlin Bay, Teslin Bridge area with Teslin and Teslin Lake in the distance.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=06ZQCrn3Qq8&NR=1&feature=fvwp>

U-tube video clips of a trip from Johnson's Crossing to Carmacks on the Yukon River, using a canoe.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MZ7VAtzA8Y8&NR=1>

MOCTEL 294

Hi Sherron, once again, I have to tell you how much I enjoyed all the information, also the Wonderful photographs that people have given you. Donna really had some lovely ones.

Loved the Fox and the Bird, they looked quite content didn't they.

Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

The “Dorothy” and the Choates

During our summer visit in Whitehorse we met up with our old friends Bob & Joyce Choate who arrived from Edmonton with their son Gordon and family. The highlight of their visit was an adventure for the grand children to sail on the Yukon Electrical boat the *Dorothy* from Marsh Lake to Brooklands on Taku Arm – Graham Inlet to visit the Choate’s friends Marion Brook and son Jim.

Bob was General Manager of Yukon Electrical from 1961 to 1969. Always active in Yukon business and community events the Choates were a busy family. Bob arranged the purchase of the *Dorothy* for Yukon Electric in 1962.

Jeri & I also visited Bob Cousins while in Whitehorse and in our conversation about boats Bob produced an old photo of the *Dorothy* and his boat, the *Turtle* taken sometime in the early 70s.

A few weeks ago in Edmonton Bob & Joyce shared some of their family pictures with us and we heard that the adventure was a great memorable experience for the Choate family. We asked them if we could send some pictures to Mactel. We are sure there will be a lot of folks who remember Bob & Joyce and family. We also thought it would be a good opportunity to explore the history of these two Yukon boats and the folks who sailed them. Perhaps we can identify more of the people in the pictures and find out more about the history of these boats; where were they built and by whom.

I will attached the photos and wait your comments.

Regards

Bill & Jeri Weigand bweigand@shaw.ca (In Steveston)

October 3-09



The Turtle and Dorothy – 1970s – Photo courtesy Bob Cousins

Turtle: MV 2J 210

1 - sitting ?

2 - Lloyd Ryder

3 - Gordon Cameron

4 - Bob Cousins

5 - Howie Brunlees

6 - Ed Ringrose

Dorothy:

1) Bob Choate

2) ?

3) Jim Forbes

4) On top ?



The *Dorothy* at Brooklands – Taku Arm - Graham Inlet, B.C. August 2009
Photo courtesy Bob Choate (In Edmonton)



Choate family at Brooklands – Graham Inlet, on Taku Arm, Aug 2009
Bob & Joyce – Rhonda – Andrew – Robert - Gordon
Photo courtesy Bob Choate (In Edmonton)



Marion Brook – Joyce Choate – Bob Choate
At Brooklands, Graham Inlet – Taku Arm, B.C. - August 2009
Photo courtesy Bob Choate (In Edmonton)



Marion Brook with son Jim at Brooklands – Taku Arm – Aug 2009
Photo courtesy Bob Choate (In Edmonton)



The Dorothy – Heading home to Whitehorse on Sept 29-09 Piloted by Luke Horrelt of Yukon Electrical passing Richard Kerr’s home.
Photo by Richard Kerr courtesy Bob Choate (In Edmonton)



The *Dorothy* – Piloted by Luke Horrelt – Sept 29-09 - Yukon River
Photo by Richard Kerr courtesy Bob Choate (In Edmonton)

JIM BROOK AND BROOKLANDS

A spectacular meteor raced across the northwest Canadian sky just after **8:43 a.m. on January 18, 2000**. Residents in the Yukon Territory and British Columbia, as well as in Alaska and Washington in the U.S., reported that the brilliant, multi-colored fireball lit up the pre-dawn sky brighter than full daylight, and was accompanied by sizzling sounds, peculiar foul smells, and ground-shaking sonic booms a few minutes afterwards. Data from U.S. Department of Defense satellite observations and from seismic monitoring stations quickly established the fact that a meteor weighing approximately 200 metric tons and 5 meters in diameter had impacted the Earth's atmosphere, exploding with a force equivalent to 2-3 kilotons of TNT.

Jim Brook, who lives in the remote area just south of the Yukon/British Columbia border where it was thought material might possibly have landed, was contacted by the Yukon Geoscience Office and given some plastic bags for collecting snow which might contain dust from the meteor's train. Brook, a pilot and outdoor guide who operates the **Brooklands Wilderness Camp on Tagish Lake**, British Columbia, had witnessed the fireball from Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, and was particularly interested in the possibility of finding exploded fragments.

On the afternoon of **January 25**, as he was driving his pickup truck homeward on the frozen surface of the **Taku Arm of Tagish Lake**, he noticed that the lake was open that day with little snow on it, and thought it would be an ideal place to look. Just as darkness was setting in, **he spotted some small, black rocks in the crusted snow several hundred meters from the shore**. Because of his university training in geology and his intimate knowledge of the locale, he immediately suspected they were meteorites.

Careful not to touch them, he covered his fingers with clean plastic, picked them up and placed them in plastic bags. He observed that they looked "fried" on the outside, with molten globules inside. Only one piece had melted snow on the bottom, but the others did not appear to have been thawed at all. He further noted that they were extremely fragile, and that the smallest fragments had crumbled to dust when they hit the ice. One larger one, however, had left a rolling trail in the snow. All of the pieces were found more or less along a straight line on the ice, with the largest ones furthest to the south.

On arriving home, he put the plastic bags in his freezer, ensuring the meteorites would remain in their frozen, pristine state. The following morning he returned to the area in his truck, and found several smaller fragments a few kilometers to the north. A heavy snowfall on January 27 completely covered the lake, however, and thwarted any further recovery. Altogether, Brook found 17 meteorites totaling almost one kilogram in weight within a few hours of searching; five were the size of small oranges, and twelve the size of walnuts.

A few days later Brook took his specimens to the Yukon Geoscience Office in Whitehorse, which set into motion a train of events that brought them to the attention of a

small number of scientists, including Peter Brown at the University of Western Ontario. Brown, in turn, contacted his close colleague Alan Hildebrand at the University of Calgary in Alberta, and Mike Zolensky at the NASA-Johnson Space Center in Houston, Texas. Brown arranged for Zolensky to receive two samples from Brook for analysis, and—still frozen—they were flown down through arrangements made by the Geological Survey of Canada. (*see the site below for more information*)

The information above is from –

http://aquarid.physics.uwo.ca/~pbrown/Videos/recovery_article.htm

IODINE REMEDY FOR ARTHRITIS ETC.

Sherron:

I had a short note from Harvey Burian telling me how interesting it was for him to find pictures of his family home and old pickup truck in the background of the picture of CF-MLL parked behind the motel in Mayo back in 1962. I'm sure you will hear from him with details of the correspondence; I sent him a copy of the color photo for his own records.

While reading his letter it suddenly occurred to me that I had overlooked a rather fascinating letter from John Anderson Thompson who was the surveyor for most of the Yukon Territory and Northwest Territories—a letter that I received during the time I was working as a Naturopathic Physician in California in the late 70's and early 80's. I had discovered the powerful effect that iodine has on maintaining good health, but could get no affirmation from the medical or scientific community. My primary source of information in the first place was from the Edgar Cayce Foundation in Virginia Beach, Virginia. At that time in North America's history there was no proper school for training Naturopathic Physicians and I had to train myself by apprenticeship and through studying the writings of European Naturopaths. Since there was no proper licensing for Naturopaths, we had to work under chiropractor's and medical doctor's licenses.

As a psychic, Edgar Cayce was a fountain of information of natural remedies without harmful side effects when it came to the healing of major disease conditions. However, his theories and the strange nature of the source of his information were completely unacceptable to the field of scientific inquiry and modern medicine. Being primarily a seeker of truth and well along on a spiritual journey that had already carried me far beyond the boundaries of acceptable thinking, the fact that something was unorthodox did not stop me from testing its effectiveness ... and Cayce was using iodine regularly as one of his major remedies.

The real story of iodine as a natural remedy and major health-producing constituent is a rather long story, and not appropriate here, except to say that Dr. Guy Abraham of the University of Southern California has proven beyond a shadow of doubt that iodine, even in very large quantities, is highly beneficial for human detoxification and immune support. In 1980, however, there was a prevalent belief—based on false research—that

iodine could suppress the thyroid, and so I was therefore very cautious in my experimentations both on myself and on others. I happened to suggest to a close relative that she use iodine for her own arthritic problems and she told me she had heard of this before.

As it turned out, my close relative happened to be Ruth Stanton—the wife of Dr. Oliver Stanton, one of the first doctors in Yellowknife in the Northwest Territories. Ruth said she had heard about the effectiveness of iodine through the experiences of an old friend named John Anderson Thompson, one of the original surveyors of the Yukon Territory and Northwest Territories. They had all been friends in the early days of territorial development when refined thinkers and cultured individuals were few and far between. She suggested that I write John Anderson Thompson, which I did, and received the surprisingly informative and story-like letter weeks later which I think readers of the MocTel would enjoy as much as I did.

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

John Anderson Thompson, DLS
Box 306
Yellowknife, N.W.T.
X1A 2N3

August 23, 1984
Phone: 1-403-873-2224

Mr. Christopher Cain
Nova Scotia

Dear Mr. Cain,

Your letter of August 8th, with your enquiry about Iodine.

In the late '20's, we were living in Saskatchewan, and in the Spring of 1928 my wife went into Cut Knife Hospital to have her second child. We did not know about it at that time, but we had conflicting Rh blood factors and the baby only lived a short while, and in the meantime my wife went down with Arthritis.

We messed around with the Grey Nun's Hospital in Battleford and then with the City Hospital in Saskatoon. Finally, in February of 1929 they sent her home from Saskatoon saying that she had chronic Arthritis and there was nothing more that they could do and we would have to accept the fact that she would be crippled for life.

The day on which she came home was very raw and cold and that aggravated her condition very much and she was suffering great pain. Now, between the time of her first

being afflicted and the time of her coming home from Saskatoon, the Municipality had hired a Municipal Doctor. Everyone, especially the Saskatchewan Doctors, all claimed that any Doctor that would work for a Municipality on the very low wages that they worked for, could not be any good. However, she was in such pain and misery we decided to call this Municipal Doctor; after all, he could not make her any worse.

We lived about nine miles from a Flag Station on the railway, and the Doctor lived in a small settlement about 21 miles west of this Flag Station. The Railway officials had given him the use of a gas-driven railway jigger-car, so he took in hand to come to the Flag Station if I met him there. It was Spring breakup and nothing but saddle ponies could make the trip because in one place there was a creek had overflowed and the horses were all but swimming. I picked him up and got him mounted, but he had never been on a horse before, and my horses were not renowned for being quiet plugs, but I eventually got him through a very dark and miserable night safely to our place. He was a very short, Jewish Doctor named Gorelick, and when he was not falling off his horse, he was asking all about the history of Janet's (my wife's) illness and he would say: "Oh, these mercenary North American Doctors. They could have done better than that. I can cure your wife in a week."

I though he was pretty stupid, if the Cut Knife Doctors and the Battleford and Saskatoon Doctors could not cure her in a year, how could he cure her in a week? When we got in the house, Janet was crying with the pain which was almost visibly enlarging with swollen joints. He immediately put a big 2-gallon coffee pot on the fire with luke-warm water in which he dumped a pound of Epsom Salts and made her keep her hand in this 'till the water was so hot she could not hold it in any longer. But this took the pain out of her hand, and then he gave her **four drops of ordinary Tincture Of Iodine in water**, (it tastes better in milk) and said to give her a like **dose twice a day for a week**, and if she did not show marked improvement to bring her up to his office as soon as a vehicle could get through.

"But, Oh...she will be better by then," he said.

There was no way we could get him home that night so he stayed with us and we discussed all kinds of things: war, medicine, and Doctors, etc. and I got him back to the Flag station much easier in the daylight where you could see where to travel. So Janet took her prescribed dose of Iodine for about three days and announced that she was so much better that she was not going to take any more (she always has had a great aversion to taking pills or medicine) and except for occasional times when she got **Arthritic pains**, which completely disappeared in a few years time, she never did take any more.

However, all my life, even as a boy in Scotland, I was a hunter, and between wars, exposure, and broken bones, I suffered from **Rheumatism**, so I thought if Iodine cured her Arthritis, it might cure my ordinary every-day Rheumatismand it did just that. I take about three drops a month, except in the cold weather when I feel Rheumaticky. I take Lugol's Solution of Iodine which is assimilated much better by the body. Just a word

of warning here: if three drops makes you feel much better, do not be going and taking six, hoping to feel twice as good!

We had a friend who heard how Dr. Gorelick had cured Janet, so without consulting the Doctor, she started taking Iodine in copious doses 'till she over-activated her Thyroid and had more trouble than she had ever had with Arthritis. However, Dr. Gorelick's fame spread far and wide and people came from all over Saskatchewan to consult with him and get cured. We got to know him and his family very well, and he died a few years ago very much beloved and respected. In a very severe case which had been going on for some time he told me he had injected an Iodine solution right into the blood stream with very satisfactory results.

Doctors all get so indignant if you mention Iodine as a cure for Arthritis, and I don't exactly blame them. Most Doctor's sons have gone through University on old Mrs. So-and-So's Arthritis, however, with Medicare it should not bother them so much. If it was known to Dr. Gorelick, it must have been known to all British Doctors. Only problem is, of course, they cannot charge a fortune for a few drops of Iodine.

I have several times recommended Iodine to people who claim to have Arthritis, and the ones who are really suffering take the hint and get cured. The ones who only think they're suffering don't try it. They think that Iodine may be a poison and they're scared to try it. In the First World War we were all issued with Iodine tablets to put in our daily drinking water. We were told to put in enough tablets 'till we could see the water turning pink, and then all germs were supposed to be killed.....and they were!

You should ask Aunt Ruth about the dentist in Yellowknife who took Iodine for his lame back, and it worked wonders. Next day he recommended it to Ruth and she went home and told her husband Ollie how wonderful it was. Ollie, being Dr. Oliver Stanton, after whom the Yellowknife Hospital is named, bawled her out and then phoned me and gave me a proper dressing down and told me that I, a Land Surveyor, had no business recommending things in the medical field. Of course, I had a perfect out. I told him:

"They don't have to listen to me, Ollie..... and besides, it was a very able Doctor who prescribed it for my family in the first place!"

That's enough for now. I could tell you of some of the people that got cured, but I seldom recommend it any more.

Sincerely,

John Anderson Thomson, D.L.S.
Land Surveyor for the Yukon and Northwest Territories

CAUTION – TINCTURE OF IODINE SIDE EFFECT & ALTERNATIVE IODINE

In separate messages Kit Cain had cautioned against using Tincture of Iodine and suggested a different form of Iodine. Here is a message to that effect.

Sherron: Thanks for pointing out John Thompson's reference to Tincture of Iodine; I had missed that point entirely. Tincture of iodine has an alcohol base and binds to protein quickly, acting as an irritant to the internal mucous membranes ... which is why Dr. Gorelick mixed it with milk (milk would protect the intestinal tract from irritation).

The tincture is fine for external applications, and is actually absorbed by the body when applied externally. There's a test that's been around for years which goes like this: apply Tincture of Iodine liberally to the tops of the feet and allow it to dry; if it is completely gone within 24 hours, the body needs more Iodine in the diet.

When iodine is bound to potassium, it is more readily absorbed by the stomach and utilized by all organs of the physical body ... and not at all irritating to the mucous membranes. Lugol's Solution, for example, is a potassium iodide solution that's been around for the past 50 or more years and is available from some drug stores or on the internet.

Iodoral is a formulation put together by Dr. Guy Abraham, the father of modern Iodine research, which is a mixture of iodide and iodine in each 6mg tablet. He claims people should take up to 50mgs of Iodoral until they reach saturation (he has a formula for this) and then take a maintenance dose of one 6mg tablet a day. Anyone interested should Google Dr Guy Abraham and read his research.

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

MESSAGE FROM HARVEY REGARDING THE PHOTO OF CF- MILL IN MAYO

Sherron,

My message to Kit Cain after reading the first chapter from "Flying the Yukon's Bush" in the MocTel #294 and his response below it.

Please use what you wish from either or both message for the MocTel. Kit has given his permission as well. The attached photo is the one I sent Kit of the opposite view from the photo in his book of a helicopter parked beside the Tim-o-Lou Motel in Mayo.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville BC)

From: Harvey Burian
Sent: October 3, 2009 8:48 PM
To: Kit Cain
Subject: Flying the Yukon's Bush – Memories

Hello Kit,

My name is Harvey Burian and I grew up in Mayo, Yukon, living there until the Fall of 1963 when I left to attend university in Vancouver, BC. I returned during the summers until 1966 and following graduation from university in 1968 remained in the Vancouver, BC area. My parents continued to live in Mayo until 1977 and then moved to Whitehorse where they both passed away in the late 1990s. I read, with great interest, your intro and the first chapter of "Flying the Yukon's Bush" in the recent Moccasin Telegraph #294.

The reason I am writing (apart from the appreciation I have for your stories as a helicopter pilot in the Yukon) is to tell you that I became especially excited when I saw on Page 47 of your e-book a photo of the CF-MLL in Mayo. The reason is that in the background of the photo is my family home...two homes actually. The unfinished lumber (actually squared 6" x 6" logs) building on the left is the "new" house my father and I were building in 1962 when the photo was taken. The building was later stuccoed and still stands in Mayo today. The log building in the middle with the tin roof (made from 5-gallon gasoline cans) was our home at the time. It was torn down in 1964 and now a garage sits on the same location. The building at the right was the home of the Pat Van Bibber family, a well known Yukon family, other members whom you may have met in your travels. Pat Jr. (the son) is the husband of the present Commissioner of the Yukon, Geraldine Van Bibber. That house has also been torn down and a newer frame house (brought in from Bear Creek near Dawson City) was moved to the location. The blue 1949 Chev half-ton pickup in front of our log house was my dad's and the vehicle on which I learned to drive following my 16th birthday. That vehicle travelled many miles, including a trip down the Alaska Highway to Vancouver (with the plywood box on the back that shows in the left side of the photos) and back and hauled many loads of firewood and lumber for our family before dad sold it in the early 1970s.

I was still living in Mayo in 1962 and I well remember the helicopters that would land in the vacant lot across the street from us, next to the Tim-o-Lou Motel (now called the North Star Motel). At the time the motel was owned and operated by John and Kay Boyce. "Johnny" (as he was known) was also the manager of the local Northern Commercial Co. Ltd (or NC store as we called it) in Mayo. They lived in the bottom suite in the motel and had two young children, Timmy and Louella (hence the name of the motel). Adjacent to the lot where you landed the helicopter was a kid's playground and behind the lot, across the lane was the local elementary-high school from which I graduated in 1963. I actually worked at Taylor & Drury Ltd. in Mayo after school and on Saturdays, so if you ever came into the T&D store I may very well have sold you something!

I am enclosing a photo that my mother took of the helicopter (not sure if it is the CF-MLL or not but you might be able to tell), I think about 1962 or 1963 surrounded by some adults and children. Unfortunately it is a bit dark, not terribly clear and is only back and white, but it is the opposite view of the one in your book, taken at a different time. The side of the Tim-o-Lou Motel where you would have stayed is shown and the building at the back is the school.

I would dearly love to have a digital copy of your photo of the CF-MLL showing our family homes. The one regret I have is that we took very few photos of the older log building and I have only one other coloured picture that was taken just before we tore down the old log house. If you still have the photo and could send me a copy I would very much appreciate it. If you took any other photos of Mayo while you were there, I am sure Sherron Jones would love copies of them for the MocTel as well.

Thanks for sharing your stories with the readers of the MocTel. It is through the efforts of individuals like you who lived in the Yukon and are willing to share their experiences that the history and interesting lives of its people, past and present can be preserved for those who follow.

I am now retired and live in Parksville, BC on Vancouver Island. Though it's a long way from Yarmouth, NS it's neat that your stories have a connection to me that goes back 40 years to the Yukon. In some ways in my heart will always be a part of the Yukon. It's like the late former Yukon MP Erik Nielsen used to say, "I'm neither Yukon born nor Yukoner bred, but when I die, there'll be a Yukoner dead!" (I was actually born in the Yukon [Dawson City] but when I die there will definitely be a "Yukoner dead"!)

Take care.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville, BC)



Pat Callison, Hillier 12E helicopter in Mayo, 1962-63

The building at the right (with the fuel storage tank showing) is the back side of the Tim-o-Lou Motel. The large building at the back of the photo is the South end/side of the Mayo Elementary-High School as it existed in 1962-63. That building has since burned down and in its place today stands the Territorial Administrative Building.

Photo courtesy Harvey Burian [hburian*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville, BC)

I have confirmed with Louella Boyce that in the photos I sent you with the helicopter, the little house in the yard between the helicopter and the school in the background was the Boyce's greenhouse. Louella also thinks that one of the children in the picture may be her brother, Tim, as he has the same kind of coat on that Tim wore. I am pretty sure that the fellow standing on the left of the two (in front of the fuel storage container) is Simon Mason-Wood (Mag Wallingham's brother), who I went to school with and who later bought and operated the Tim-o-Lou Motel as the North Star Motel. I don't recognize any of the others.

Harvey Burian [hburian*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville, BC)

REPLY FROM KIT CAIN

Harvey:

The attached photo is the only one I currently have in my files. It isn't the original scan of the 35mm color slide ... which reminds me that I have to go back and look for those original scans.

I can't tell if the machine in your photo is MLL or not, but it would be either CF-MLL or CF-ONF as those were the only two Hiller 12E's that Pat had at that time. Your photo is a Hiller 12E.

I don't think I have any other photos of Mayo, but I'll check the color slides when I dig them out.

Feel free to use the photo and any other material in the MocTel ... and send me your mailing address as I have a cousin on Salt Spring Island I visit every now and then (Paula Stanton, whose father, Dr. Oliver Stanton, was Yellowknife's first doctor ... and whom the present hospital "Stanton Memorial Hospital" is named after). Glad you enjoyed the story; I'll have more for the MocTel soon.

Kit Cain soulfulstories@gmail.com (In Yarmouth, N.S.)



CF-MLL in Mayo 1962 – Harvey Burian's parents' home, center, and truck in the background. Building on the left was their new home under construction at the time.

Photo courtesy Kit Cain soulfulstories@gmail.com (In Yarmouth, N.S.)

WHERE THEY ARE NOW

Just to let you know I found Al and Colleen Lister, they are living in Penticton, and have been for some time now.

Colleen is a partner in a Charter Accountant firm, Harvey, Lister & Webb.

They left the Yukon in 1977.

Just thought I would let you know and keep you up to date.

Regards,

Alistair MacGregor mmac1952@telus.net (In Vernon)

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED SIGN EXPLAINED

Great pictures of the Carcross area by Eleanor Millard. Between that and the article by Donna, brings a real yearning for the north. (But not enough to compensate for that long cold winter.)

Also enjoyed the picture, by Donna, of the Correctional centre. Brings back thoughts of when they were building it. At that time a lot of us in Whitehorse were still living in the best shack we could find. The standing joke was that the high fence around the centre was to keep the local residents from breaking in.

Have a safe journey and wonderful winter in Yuma.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach)

CARCROSS WATSON FAMILY

Douglas Watson had been looking for an address to send along a condolence to, regarding the passing of Bill Drury. I inquired to see if Douglas was from the Carcross Watson Family – his replies are below.

Bill Drury's daughter Shirley Odsather can be reached at wheelhousepottery@acsalaska.net

Bill Drury Jr. can be reached at drury@northwestel.net

It is perfectly OK to use the information in that E-mail I sent to Maribeth.

I did write Bill Drury about his Dad and asked him to convey our condolences to his sister as well.

A great number of people are going to miss Bill very much.

A very, very fine man.

Douglas Watson di-jm-watson@shaw.ca (In Winnipeg)

Maribeth Mainer [Vancouver Yukoners]

Thank you very much for your mails. I'll be using Bill's address this afternoon for my letter.

Yes, I am one of the Watsons from Carcross. Matthew and Hazel had four children: Bob the eldest, then Bill and then Jean, usually called, Scotty, and finally Douglas, the baby. Most of us left home for school and then marriage and careers.

Bob stayed in the North eventually married Nell and worked in Whitehorse for several years before moving to Carcross where he then owned and managed the store.

Their retirement years were spent in Abbotsford.

They willed their condo to Janet and myself and we have continued to use it the last several years, for a few months each winter. From there we have been able to come to your meetings each spring.

Thanks again for your mails. Have really enjoyed seeing those shots of Carcross again.

Sincerely, Douglas

Douglas & Janet Watson di-jm-watson@shaw.ca (In Winnipeg)

PENDING BOOK LAUNCH

I was happily surprised today to find out that one of my paintings is being used on the cover of a new book called *Our Story*, which is about the history of Inglewood, a neighborhood in Calgary. I'm not positive which painting it is, but it could be Treed Lot, which you printed in the MocTel awhile ago. It will also be used in the promotional material. The book launch is on October 30, so I am looking forward to it and will buy one of the books.

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



Grizzlies have the right of way !
Taken 24 Sept 09 on Atlin Rd near Yukon border.
(Received image from a non Yukoner friend and do not know who took this photo. – Sherron)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Orchid plant in front of the Television set.
You would love the Yuma prices, \$9.99 for the Orchid plant and 47cents a pound for whole chickens. Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Yuma AZ)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“A good marriage is like a casserole, only those responsible for it really know what goes in it.” - Anonymous

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Yorkshire Parkin

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

7 oz. Flour
4 oz. medium oatmeal
½ oz. mixed spice
6 oz. treacle
1 tsp. milk
3 oz. butter or milk
3 oz. sugar
Pinch nutmeg
½ tsp. Baking soda

Rub butter into flour. Add oatmeal, sugar, spice and nutmeg. Pour in warmed treacle and add baking soda dissolved in milk.

Form into 14 balls (about the size of an egg). Place on greased tin (allowing space to spread). Flatten and brush with milk. Bake 15 min. in moderate oven (350 degrees).

Bridget O'Brien

Yukon Nurses Society Cook Book

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.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Summer -

Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon, B C
V1B 1V8
Phone: 250-549-2736

Winter – (arrived October 9th)

Sherron Jones
#483 – 5707 32nd Street
Yuma, Arizona, USA
85365
Phone: 928-341-0690