

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 299th Edition – December 13th, 2009

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



Hello everybody, We, Santa the Elves and I, would like to wish you all a “SPLENDID”, Christmas and a New Year, full of Joy and Giggles and above all Good Health, as Health is wealth....Take Great Care....and we will be around to visit you ALLLLLLL Christmas Eve....well, only the good girls and Boys.. !!!!! And you know who you are !! haha
Big Hugs Love Santa, Mrs. Claus and the Elves.

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Merry Christmas to all !!! – From Bill and Sherron Jones



FOLLOWING THE GULLS

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

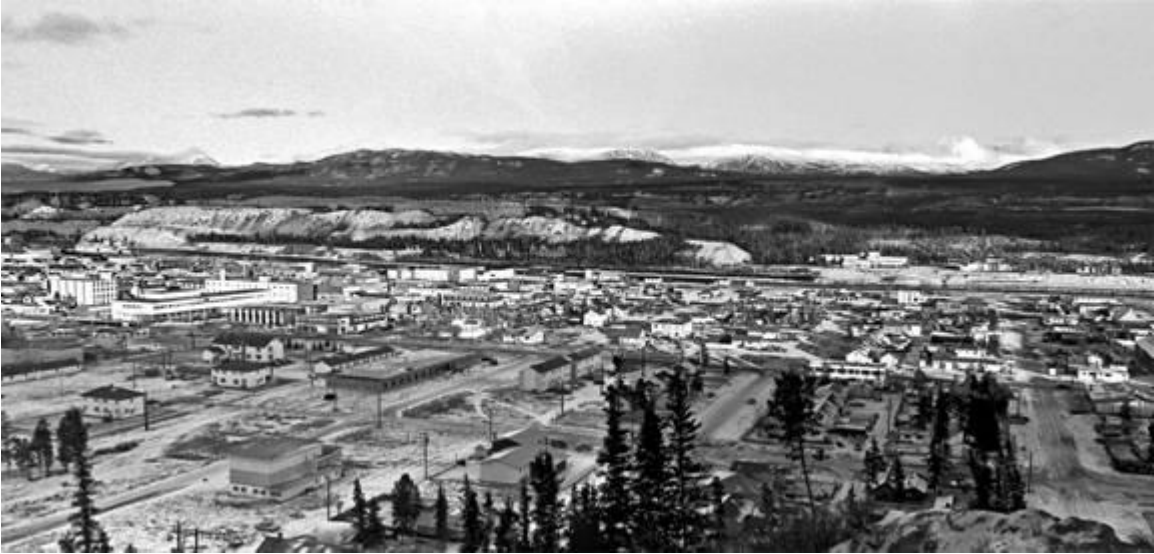
Every morning, it seems to me,
They stand on the sand at the edge of the sea,
All in a row in the warming sun,
Searching for something to dine upon.
A broken clam or geoduck,
Pulled from the latest tide-borne muck,
Or a crab asleep in a seaweed patch,
One raucous cry and it's down the hatch.

Then they'll soar on the ocean breeze all day,
Scanning the surface of the bay,
For anything edible left afloat,
Or beg for scraps from the fishing boats.
They trail the walkers along the beach.
Dipping and diving just out of reach,
Begging for anything food related,
To fill their hunger that's never sated.

As the day is drawing to a close,
They 'light in the creek mouth to repose.
While they preen each feather to pearly grey,
And frolic like children at their play.
Then finish each day, as it begun,
Catching the final rays of sun.
For warmth against the approaching night,
Tomorrow they'll all be back flight.

I have been going through my old photos and came up with this one of downtown, taken from the escarpment in 1970. By way of comparison I also have a shot I took from approximately the same area last summer.

Thought I'd send them off to you for possible use in the Moc Tel. The 1970 photo is attached - the 2009 photo to follow. - Tim Kinvig



Downtown Whitehorse taken from the escarpment in 1970.
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Downtown Whitehorse taken in 2009. This photo I took last summer. Not quite the same location and angle as the 1970 photo - but looking over the same area.

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Flying the Yukon's Bush:

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

Story section - continued

Operation Porcupine – (Continued)

The first oil producing well in the Yukon lay thirty miles south of the Porcupine Camp out on the rolling 6500 square mile Eagle Plains expanse. It was drilled in 1959 by the Western Minerals Oil Exploration Company using a rig whose thousands of tons of iron and steel parts had been freighted by tractor-drawn sled trains across 200 miles of frozen winter tundra.

The well, named Chance #1, blew in after 4,000 feet of drilling, producing a very light-gravity oil and 10 million cubic feet of natural gas a day. This was the farthest North oil had been discovered back then, and transporting it out to a market would require 450 miles of pipeline across some of the roughest terrain in the north. Thus the well has been capped off until it becomes economically worth putting into production.

Little did I realize that ten years later, in 1972, I would be making a documentary film of the Hamilton Brothers Oil Company's Prudhoe Bay oil discovery 450 miles further to the northwest on the coast of Alaska.

Sixty miles further north from our Porcupine Base Camp, yet still on the banks of the long, twisting Porcupine River, stood the Indian village of Old Crow—which I mentioned briefly earlier—where I had been marooned for four days while MLL's engine was being repaired out on Old Crow Flats. It is one of the few Indian settlements relatively unaffected by the white man's culture. The 220 Indians living in Old Crow today still make their livelihood trapping muskrat; hunting moose and caribou; and fishing with gill nets in the muddy rivers. Only a few white men live in the settlement: two priests; an Anglican minister; a Mounted Policeman (mentioned earlier); a French Trader; a nurse; and two schoolteachers.

The government has kept the pride-destroying blight of "relief" money away from the village, and supplied them instead with a small modern dispensary and school. Both government buildings were built by local Indians, who are more industrious than their overindulgent brethren of the towns and reservations.

By mid October, the iron grip of Winter was again on us.

The weather turned ominously cold and winds began howling through the trees at 50 miles an hour almost daily. It didn't take the geologists long to tie up their loose ends, for they had learned from bitter experience that nature is a temperamental woman who speaks with the voice of authority. We all pitched in to pack the camp up, and, trip by

trip, the Beaver flew everything and everyone back to civilization. Ernie and I rumbled out later—two tired individuals in a tired helicopter—and headed south. We bucked and bounced through a gusty, turbulent headwind on the way out and I knew Robert Service was right: it would be a long time before the Yukon was tamed.

To quote him:

“Wild and wide are my borders,
Stern as death is my sway;
From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone
For a million yearsand a day.”

Luxuries of the civilized world.

Once back in civilization again, I enjoyed the luxury of a hot shower and the freedom to ask myself what I wanted to do with my spare time. One of the things about the North Country that aroused my curiosity the most was the people who either chose to live there or who were born there and had no desire to leave. One of those people was E. P. “Pat” Callison, owner of Klondike Helicopters. I knew Pat liked the powerful Hudson’s Bay Rum that was such high proof (as I recall, it was 150 proof) that it was only allowed to be sold in the Northern Territories and Yukon Territory, so I invited him to have a couple of “Hot Toddlies“ with me one evening. A Hot Toddy to Pat meant a cup of very hot water, a tablespoon of brown sugar, and 2 tbsp. of Hudson’s Bay Rum. I asked him to tell me about his life, and as best I could recall, wrote it all down in my Log Book the next day. We enjoyed the experience so much, we repeated it several times until I’d heard as much as he could tell me in the time we had. Here are some excerpts from the story of Pat’s life as told in front of a fire and over a considerable number of hot buttered rum toddies:

“I was one of nine children.

My father was a trapper and we lived in a tarpaper shack in the wilderness and we were what you would call “poor”. But ... having been brought up that way with no knowledge of any different way, we were a happy, fun-loving family. We learned to work very early on and to depend on each other for both our happiness as well as our survival. Dad couldn’t always afford to buy shoes for us kids, so we had to make our own just like the Eskimos and Indians did. Dawson Creek was the only place we could buy food and clothing, and that was a few miles shy of 200 miles from our shack. The trip took anywhere from a week to two weeks of walking, depending on the time of year, as there was only a cart track going to Dawson Creek.

I learned to trap when I was big enough to take to the woods by myself and I’ve trapped nearly every animal in the northwest. After I got a little bigger I started my own Trading Post. A lot of the Trading Post owners went under after their first few years because they had no experience as trappers. A trader had to know his pelts. He had to know what season they were trapped in, what condition they’d been salted or dried in, and so on, so he’d know what they’d be worth in the big cities. An animal grows its thickest and

highest quality fur when the weather's the coldest and it's had food enough to keep healthy. I knew my pelts and I knew my markets, so I did pretty well as a Trading Post owner.

In 1932, at the age of 22, I had two Trading Posts in northern British Columbia and at that time there was no liquor up in my part of B.C. because all supplies came in through southern Alaska. This was before the Alcan Highway was built, and liquor couldn't be shipped across the border from the U.S. or shipped through the mails. So I had my Freight Forwarders down in Vancouver pack bottles of rum down at the bottom of my supply boxes mixed in with cans of food, coffee, and bags of flour and rice. Then they nailed up the boxes and shipped them through regularly, and if anyone ever knew about it they said nothing about it because after all, life is hard enough in the North without a little—or even a lot—of good strong alcohol!

In addition I also used to take trips by horse and cart up into Alaska and buy grain alcohol for \$1.50 a "Mickey" ... that's a pint, in case you don't know! That stuff is a real body-warmer when you cut it with hot water and a little sugar!

I don't make a very good clerk.

Running a trading post was a pretty seasonal business ... and most of the time a little too slow for me. I like to be moving, so when I heard the government was letting contracts for a mail delivery run up the Peace River to Fort Nelson, British Columbia, it started me thinking. The government barely paid enough to cover overhead, but I knew I could also bring in supplies and whiskey for my trading posts and have my overhead covered that way, so I put in for the contract and got it."

During the summer I ran the mail and supply route in a 30-foot long riverboat with a wide, flat bottom and a "Kicker"—that's an outboard motor. In the shallows, or when the water was low, I had to pole the boat, or haul it with a line from the shore. That was some hard work! The motor often ran up on submerged logs, or hidden rocks and sand bars. The fellows who ran riverboats on the northern rivers used to say that you should always take lots of extra gas with you and a case of extra propellers ... and hope you ran out of gas first!

During Spring break-up and Fall freeze-up, when I could no longer travel on the river, I traveled over an old logging road with a team of eight horses and a cart. After things froze up solid, I hitched the horses to a big freighting sled piled high with boxes and loose freight and we traveled over the frozen river ice. The trip was always treacherous because the river still ran beneath the ice and weakened the ice in spots, and those spots were always changing. I always carried with me an eight-foot-long steel crowbar with one end forged into a 4-inch wide ice chisel for testing the ice. I'd give the ice several knocks in places I knew were likely to be thin, and if the chisel didn't break through, I'd know it would hold up under the weight of the team and the freight sled.

I knew every inch of that river by heart, and whenever I came to a sand bar, a sharp turn, a log pile-up, or an open stretch, I'd slow down the team, get off the sled, and walk ahead of the team to test the ice. I always had boxes piled higher in the front of the sled so I could drive the team standing up at a good height. In case the whole load went through the ice, I could always jump clear. We would often come to a place where the ice was questionable and there was no other way around.

I'd just crack the whip, swear, yell at the team at the top of my lungs ... and pray, and we'd take the bad parts at a dead run! Sometimes a horse's hoof—they had specially-made steel horseshoes for the ice—would break through the ice. Sometimes the whole back end of a horse broke through, but the momentum of the rest of the team and the heavy sled would haul the horse out and back on his feet again, and I'd have to stop at a safe spot further along to dry the horse off before he froze up. I never lost a horse, but I was extra careful, too. Many times I'd stop and camp during late afternoon if the sun was out and the ice liable to be weak. Then I'd harness up at one or two in the morning when it was coldest—if I had enough moonlight—and continue on.

In the winter, the trip took six days going one way and six days coming back. In summertime it only took three days. One of the drivers that had the contract for the run before me wasn't careful enough and he ran onto a bad spot in the river ice. The whole team of eight horses and freight sled went through and under the ice and they never found a trace of the horses or sled. The driver was high enough up so that when he saw what was happening he was able to jump clear."

Pat paused for a minute in this story and I interrupted him.

"How did you get started flying airplanes," I asked.

"That's kind of interesting," he said. "One of my younger brothers and I arranged a contract with a mining company to supply a crew of their prospectors who were checking the Finlayson River for placer gold deposits. That was about 1936. It turned into a contract that lasted several years and involved our freighting placer mining pipe and machinery in addition to supplies. I went out and bought an old Fairchild 71 floatplane with the deal that the guy that sold it to me had to teach me to fly it ... which he did ... and I was pretty soon doing things with that old floatplane that it was never designed to do. It's a wonder I didn't kill myself in the process, but that old Fairchild was a tough airplane and it was very forgiving of foolish pilots.

Learning to fly was a real challenge for me. I loved every minute of it! I practiced flying that plane for hours and hours, and every extra penny I earned went into gas and parts to keep the plane and me in the air. It was the only floatplane around at that time, so it paid for itself in a very short period of time.

I flew placer mining pipe in to Finlayson Lake, and since there was no place to land on the river where they wanted to do the mining, my brother and I had to build a riverboat to

carry the pipe down the Finlayson River which started there at Finlayson lake. We decided we'd have to have lumber to build the boat and the best trees for lumber were down at France's Lake quite a ways away so we flew in supplies to France's Lake and set up camp there. We decided to make France's Lake the main supply point for the mining company's operation because we needed a place to store fuel barrels, and also supplies so the Bears wouldn't get at them.

The first thing we did was set to work cutting lumber for the roof and floor of a log cabin storehouse. In order to do that we had to first build a platform about 8 feet up off the ground next to a bank so we could roll logs up onto the platform, peg them in place, and then "whipsaw" them into planks. We had no chainsaws back then so we felled the trees with a two-man crosscut saw, trimmed the branches with an axe, and then dragged the logs to the platform using a rig made up of a 4-inch-thick pole stretched between my brother's and my shoulders with a chain in the middle hooked to what looked like a pair of steel ice tongs. We'd then roll the logs up onto the platform using our peaveys. Next we'd run a chalk line to mark the location for each cut and start to work with the whipsaw. The whipsaw was kind of like a crosscut saw, but it had different handles on each end so one person could stand up on top of the log that was being cut and pull the saw up, then the person standing down under the platform would pull the saw down when it was his turn. It's one hell of a tedious way to make lumber.

Back then you didn't think how much time and work things took, you just did what had to be done.

We built the walls for the camp out of logs, put in the floor and roof from the lumber we had sawed up, and sealed the roof with several layers of tarpaper with dirt on top of that. When we finally had a cozy little camp, we started cutting up the lumber for the riverboat. When that was done we tied the lumber onto the float plane and flew it up to Finlayson Lake where we nailed the boat together and filled the cracks with cotton soaked in Spruce pitch. It worked fine—all 500 pounds of boat—and that's how we paid for most of the plane. We worked hard, let me tell you. It wasn't easy. Flying was more risky, but it was a better kind of work and for better pay so I just stuck to it."

Pat went on for hours with tales of his experiences until I started to yawn and then we called it quits for the night.

Several days later, Pat told me about an old customer and friend of his named Oly Roleg, a trapper who had a shack not far from the public bathhouse at the Takhini Hot Springs a few miles from Whitehorse. He told me I would enjoy talking to Oly since he was a good story teller, so I climbed into my little VW panel truck and headed for Takhini Hot Springs. I found Oly's little plywood shack covered with black tar paper off by itself, and as I climbed out of my van I heard the sharp crack of a high-powered rifle coming from the rear of the shack. Not far from the shack, at the edge of the forest and against a small hill, Oly had set up a target for sighting in his rifles.

The cabin door was wide open despite the mosquitoes and black flies. As I knocked, I could see the interior of a small camp with only the barest necessities. A cot stood along one wall; a wood-burning sheepherder's stove in one corner; a chair made from the thick butt of a tree with a chainsaw; and a table made from lengths of tree branch for legs and a piece of cast-off plywood for a tabletop. On top of the table in random disarray there were numerous magazines, newspapers, rock samples, cloth sample bags, a geologist's magnifying glass, two hunting knives, a whetstone, and a .357 Magnum revolver with a 6-inch-long barrel. There was no sink or running water, and I had noticed a tiny outhouse not far off at the edge of the trees.

Oly was sighting his rifle out of the only window in the camp, and without even looking up, invited me in and told me to sit anywhere I could find a place to sit. By his accent, I could tell he was not native to the Yukon ... or North America either. I found out later his home had originally been Sweden.

“Pe dunned in choost a mindit”, he said, and fired the remaining shots from the Winchester's magazine into the black center of the target. We talked for a while about Pat Callison and then I gradually turned the conversation in the direction of Oly and his experiences in the north woods. As it turned out, he loved to tell stories and started right off with one.

“Vone timbe I'm vendt back to de Lake from our placer mine to get some tree lumber for make de sluice box and flume—me and anudder fella—an ve valk almost two mile back to de lake. Ven ve almost dere, I hear dis awful snort and crash and splash in de lake. I say to dis fella wit me: “Ssshh! Be qviet! Ve need some meat back in de camp.”

“So I sneak t'rough de bush to de edge of de lake and sure enough dere vas two big damn Moose feed in de reeds and dey vas makin' a hell of a racket. I take out my pistol and I'm sit down like dis and hold my pistol wid bot' hands support by my knees.....and.....BAM! I shoot de big one right in de back of de head. He have his head down in de vater feed' on de bottom.”

“Vell.....he never kick, or roll, or move one muscle. He chust fall right straight down in de vater. De udder vone he take off in de bush. Den ve bot' have to wade out in de vater and haul dat son-of-a-bitch to shore and skin him out. Vot a job dat vas!....and ve bot' soakin' vet! Ve make four trips back to camp vit de meat before de volves or de bear smell it, and ve leaves de carcass for dem.”

“Anudder day I vas prospect up in de Nahanni Country. Dere is very few white men go up in dat country, you know. Up dere de Grizzly is King. Ever'ting run from him and vot don't run he kill. Von big Grizzly he tear down my cache von day and he mus' be damn big bear 'cause my cache twelve feet up off de ground! I be pretty damn mad at dat bear, so I sit down to wait for him come back. I prop me up agains' one pole of my cache vit my eider down sleepin' bag around me so I can get out qvick if I have to. I have my pistol out, and my rifle in de bag wit' me.....and de axe right dere vere I can reach him.”

“Pretty soon it get dark and de stream runnin' by make me sleepy, so I go to sleep. All of a sudden I hear “WHOOOF” right in my face and I come avake right qvick! I grab de rifle

and stick it in de bear's ribs. It vas pitch black dark an I jus'empty de gun into him. He tooks off an drags hissself down to de river vit his whole back broke.”

“I light up de lantern and follow him down de river to a sand bar, den I give him one more shot vich don' seem to bodder him atall. Den I gets up closer and give him one in de shoulder so he fall down in de river and drown. By de Jesus dem t'ings are some tough!”

“Dey're awful qvick too. Vun time Sam Jansson vas valk along de Moose trail vit his five dogs in front of him. Each dog have a load in a pack on his back and all of a sudden, CRASH!...and WHAP! A big bear jump out de bush and kill de lead dog qvick as a vink and vit vone svipe of de paw! Sam always hav his rifle handy, so he kill dat bear before he kill any more of his dogs, den have to carry de dog's load back to camp hissself.”

After Oley finished, I traded stories with him and told him about the time I had landed my helicopter in a clearing in the forest right where the Wind River and the Bonnet Plume River meet. I landed gingerly to sort of feel the footing hidden by the tall grasses. I had to be on firm and level ground in order to be able to leave the helicopter running and unattended while I unloaded the cargo racks on each side of the ship.

Finding the ground solid and level, I let the engine idle down, blades still turning, climbed out and started to unrope the tents and supplies for the Geologists' camp to be set up at the river's edge. I caught a movement out of the corner of my eye, looked up, and there was a very large Black Bear headed for the helicopter at a lumbering run. He was moving fast enough so that it looked like he'd get to me before I could get into the cockpit and unstrap my rifle from the rear cockpit bulkhead just above and behind where my head was when in my seat.

As I opened the helicopter door, the Bear stopped —just at the edge of where the blades were turning at about 1,000RPM—and stood straight up to look the situation over. Another two or three feet further on and the Bear would have had his head chopped off and maybe killed all of us as the helicopter chewed itself up into a mass of twisted wreckage.

I didn't waste any time unstrapping the rifle, levering a shell into the chamber and firing a few shots close to his head to scare him off. The noise of the gun and the helicopter together did the job and he immediately set off in the direction from which he'd come at an even faster clip! Fortunately, he didn't return before I brought the Geologists back an hour later, and the Geologists weren't bothered by him either.

After that I wore my .357 Magnum revolver at my waist at all times, and well understood why I was allowed by the RCMP to carry it as a “survival” weapon. Each of the Geologists' camps carried a rifle for protection, though they never had to use it that I was aware of. The stories abound of bears destroying tent camps, so no-one in the North Woods goes out unarmed.

Finally the cold weather of Winter set in and the lucrative summer and early fall exploration and supply contracts all but ended. Pat had one contract to supply the winter seismograph trains as they tracked across the miles of Tundra looking for oil underground, but I didn't want to struggle with the bitter cold and wild weather of winter. Spring, summer, and early fall were treacherous enough in that country.

Once back within the bounds of civilization, I had two job offers waiting for me: one as a crop duster pilot in New Zealand; the other as a Ski Instructor and part time Executive Pilot at Lake Tahoe in Northern California. I took the latter job, which eventually launched me into real estate marketing and sales for ski area resort developers who were developing entire planned resort towns in Squaw Valley, California, and Snowmass-At-Aspen, Colorado. I found life more than just a little safer on the ground, but now I understood why the North had drawn so many people to its vast, untouched beauty.

I could not have seen more giant honey-tipped grizzlies, barren ground grizzlies, black bear, wolves, caribou, Dahl sheep, mountain goats, moose, beaver, and an endless panorama of birds closer-up and in the wild ... and in less time. All of this quite often no more than a few feet away from my safe seat inside of that noisy, shuddering, maneuverable Hiller 12E helicopter.

And ... no ... I never did see a Sasquatch or anything resembling one, though some of the prospectors who had lived alone in the bush for six months or so looked and smelled far worse than any Sasquatch I could imagine. One prospector smelled so rank I had to take both doors off the helicopter and strap them onto the cargo rack just to be able to stand the two-hour flight with him back to Dawson City!

Over the years since 1962 I've heard various stories about Pat Callison and my old helicopter, CF-MLL. I heard that MLL had crashed on a mountainside in the Yukon and been left there for dead.....the fate of many faithful old worn-out bush planes. If you're reading this story, and you're familiar with the people and places I mention, I'd be interested to hear from you.

And now here's a somewhat different story of the same experience and time frame as told in the pictures taken by myself and the various members of the Operation Porcupine team.

The Story in Pictures section – continued
Operation Porcupine – (Continued)



River Bank Geology
Photo by Kit Cain

Much tamer are the river landings, especially when you as the pilot have time to kill. You can take your spinning rod out of its hiding place and flick a lure into a back-eddy for whatever fish are local for that time of year. In one lake, I lost two lures before I figured out that it was the teeth of a pike or pickerel that cut off my leader like a razor blade ... and not a piece of steel leader for a hundred miles!



Samson's Anvil
Photo by Kit Cain

The photo above is of one of my favorite navigational landmarks on the Arctic Coastal Plain. It was obvious for many miles in all directions. I called it "Samson's Anvil".



CF-ONF Engine Failure
Photo by Kit Cain

Every now and then machines, like humans, fail to operate in a manner fitting to their original design. The stress of operational fatigue sets in and the weakest link fails. Stu's engine on CE-ONF failed in flight at about 500- feet when he was loaded with rocks, geologists, and fly camp equipment. Fortunately, he was over this swamp and auto rotated down safely into about six inches of water and grass. ONF sits in the background with her rotorhead and transmission removed. Both engineers set up tents, built a log platform out to and around ONF and worked day and twilight night to re-move the damaged engine. Meantime, Pat Callison loaded a brand new engine, a third engineer, and about 100 pounds of tools into his Cessna 180, known affectionately around the Yukon as "KPI" and flew out from Whitehorse to help.



ONF Engine Replacement – Pat Callison (left) balancing on a log.
Photo by Kit Cain

When Pat landed on the Porcupine River with that load, the floats of CF-KPI were almost entirely underwater. How he ever managed to take off with all that weight I can't imagine. Unloading 400 pounds of engine block onto the river bank was no easy task at all; then it was my job to heli-lift the engine out and drop it on the log pad next to CF-ONE. That's Pat Callison to the left in the fedora.



Cessna CF- KPI
Photo by Kit Cain

Pat kept a big, enamelled pot of coffee on the open fire all the time while the three engineer/mechanics stripped the old engine down and unbolted it. I don't recall whether we switched engines using the helicopter or a tripod made of spruce poles and a chain hoist, but I do recall flying the bad engine back to the river bank and loading it into the Cessna. The front passenger seat had been removed from the Cessna, and due to critical center of gravity limitations in the Cessna, the engine and the mechanic both had to occupy the space normally taken up by the passenger seat. Down the floats went until only the front two or three feet were above water, and Pat taxied out onto the river to head back to Whitehorse to overhaul the engine. I didn't think he'd ever get the floats up onto their step, but Pat had obviously forgotten more about flying than most people ever know. Below is KPI loaded—and flying—but don't ask me how.



CF-MLL slinging Avon inflatable
Photo by Kit Cain

Slinging the engines from the river to the swamp and back looked and acted similar to the picture to the one above where CF-MLL is slinging an Avon inflatable for river reconnaissance. The hook beneath the helicopter's belly is electrically actuated by a button on the pilot's cyclic control stick so that he can quickly release the load if the engine fails. Unfortunately, he can also punch the wrong button and drop his very expensive load into the river... or worse. The engine failure in CF-ONE was not the only incident or major problem during the expedition, but it was the most serious.

Tribute to Danny Jurovich – October 23, 1939 to June 28, 2008 – Part 2

- composed and assembled by Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net from personal recollections and information, encouragement and photos provided by Eva Jurovich, George Jurovich, Mary Jean Morrison, Karren (North) Crowley, Lynette Bleiler and Gerald Newsham, Glen Campbell and Brian McGeachy and the Mayo-Elementary High School AURORA Yearbooks from 1955-56 and 1956-56
- unless otherwise noted, all photos are courtesy of Eva Jurovich

The Years 1951 - 1961

In 1951 The Jurovich family decided to move to Mayo where because of the mining boom happening at the United Keno Hill Mines in Elsa and Calumet and the construction of the Northern Canada Power Commission hydro electric power plant and dam on the Mayo River close to the town there were great opportunities. Milo, with a partner, Mike Franich, bought the Silver Inn Hotel and the Jurovich family settled in Mayo.

Danny's family first lived in the cabin at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Centre Street that had once housed the Mayo School and where later, John and Kay Boyce built the Tim-o-Lou (now called the North Star) Motel. The first encounter between the Burian and Jurovich families happened shortly after they had moved to Mayo. My parents and I were still living down at 26 Mile on the Stewart River and we had taken a trip down to Pelly Crossing. In those days the means of crossing the Pelly, Stewart (and the Yukon) Rivers was by ferries which, on occasion (perhaps some would say quite often) would breakdown, leaving those on the wrong side of the river (in terms of where they wanted to be) no choice but to wait until repairs were made. On this particular trip, when we arrived at the Stewart River on our way back from Pelly, we discovered that the Stewart River ferry was broken down and so we had no choice but to wait for it to be repaired. Waiting for the same repairs were the Jurovich family and I met Marie, Danny, George, Larry and their parents for the first time. I cannot recall exactly how long it took the ferry to be repaired, since I was having fun with my new playmates, except that it must have been quite a number of hours (as you will see below from the time we arrived in Mayo.) I do remember that it was summer time and so darkness did not ensue as the night progressed. Finally we were able to cross the river and arriving on the other side found that a short stretch of the roadway leading from the ferry dock had been recently raised (perhaps to accommodate the rising waters of the Stewart River). The surface of this raised roadway was softer than normal and as we disembarked from the ferry the Jurovich's car wheels sank into the roadway enough so that the oil pan of the car struck a rock half buried in the gravel. The result was a rather large gash in the oil pan from which gushed the oil in such quantity that their car's motor could not be run. Although we were planning to return to our home at 26 Mile, because the Jurovich family wanted to get back to Mayo, my dad offered to tow them to Mayo. I remember we arrived at their home in the early morning and stayed the rest of the night, or morning, with them. I

can still see the sun coming up just as I was settling into bed, which, in those days before daylight savings time, must have been around 1:00 to 1:30 AM.

Danny quickly made new friends with the other young people in Mayo. He was active in sports and participated in many of the activities of the young people of that day. One of his early jobs was delivering papers. He also worked for Ed Kunze manually turning on the 14 street lights each night. For this he was paid \$0.25 per bulb. Later he went to work in a garage after school. His pay was gas for his car. When he was 17 or 18 Danny got a job during the summer months resurfacing the road between Elsa and Keno. Upon finishing school, Danny got a job as an operator for Northern Canada Power Commission. Ed Kunze was the supervisor and some of the other operators included Louis Kazinski, Archie Lampman, and Al Tucker. His job was to take hourly readings from the meters and record them. Between readings he either read pocket books or cleaned his car.

I remember Danny during these years for two things: his love of and participation in sports, particularly curling and his love of and having the greatest cars!

Danny competed in both the High School Bonspiels that included students from across the Yukon and a few teams from Alaska and later in the district adult bonspiels, skipping teams that often won the main trophies that were offered.

During the late 1950s and early 1960s, as a young boy who was also interested in cars (what boy isn't?!), I remember waiting each year with great interest to see what Danny's new car would be. He usually bought Chevs and when he would return from Whitehorse with his new vehicle, he would proudly drive up and down the streets of Mayo so that we could all see his new acquisition. Danny was also very kind to the younger boys in the town. Whenever he got a new car, he would ask us if we wanted a ride and he would take us out to Five Mile Lake or the power dam so we could see how his car rode. I remember that his cars always were spotless as well. As has been noted by others, Danny spent many hours cleaning and polishing his cars and ensuring that they looked very sharp and ran well.

In July 1961, Danny married Eva Nicholls, a local teacher. It was the first big community wedding in the town held for some time.

George, Danny's brother remembers these years as follows:

“In 1951 we moved to Mayo as dad had purchased the Silver Inn Hotel and we lived in a cabin where the North Star (formerly Tim-o-Lou) Motel now stands. We would take turns filling the water barrel with the hand pump from the well. Dad had bought a new car from Mike Cole in Keno. It was a 1952 Chev 2 door hard top, 2 tone green, I think. Dan stayed up half the night checking on the car. He was always washing it. Then we built a new house and in 1955 dad bought a 1955 Ford Fairlane 2door hard top, bright yellow and white. It had a standard transmission. We would push it out of the garage so dad couldn't hear us and go for a drive. I think Dan put more miles than dad did on the

car! We would go cut wood on the weekend. Our old truck was a 1947 yellow International. Dan was driving when he was 14 down the back alleys as we used to watch when the RCMP would leave town. When we went driving our brakes never seemed to work that well. Then we upgraded to a one-ton 1951 Dodge pickup. It seemed we were always at Albert Pelland's garage getting Jack Bestplug, his mechanic, to repair something. Dan always wanted everything to work.

We always chopped all our wood in the Fall and stored it in the basement. I think Wilf Gordon or Albert Pelland brought the wood for the house and hotel. Dan and myself would start cutting wood and keep a eye on each other on the amount of wood each cut and have a few disagreements who was doing the most work. Every Fall we would throw all the wood down a chute in the hotel and pile it in the basement to supply for the Winter, then we would haul beer to the hotel. At the beginning it came in wooden barrels. I think beer was .25 per bottle. Dan liked that the best. He did the driving then we would wash the walls in the beer parlour back to white from yellow. Everyone seemed to smoke in those days.

We made the most of the Summer as mom always made a nice picnic. We all enjoyed going to Mayo Lake on a Sunday to go swimming before they built the dam. Dad enjoyed his fishing and least once a year we would go up to Keno 700. Dan and I went often with dad fishing at the Mayo power dam.

We had so many wonderful times and great friends. Our school years were the best. Dan's first job was working at Mackeno Mine out of Keno near Crystal Lake. Mike McGeachy and Dan would come to Mayo in Mike's 1933 Ford Coupe on the weekends. Dan enjoyed his cars a lot. His first car was a 1956 Chev bought from Cliff Greig and his first new car was a 1959 Chev 2 door hard top Impala which he kept spotless. He must have polished it up on his breaks. He was working at Northern Canada Power Commission as a operator with Louis Kazinsky (who always would have a smoke going). Dan would say Louie would smoke 2 whole rolled cans of smokes when he made a trip to Whitehorse in his jeep. Later Dan and Eva purchased the Northern Commercial store in 1969 and ran it as Danny's Department Store Ltd."



Danny in Mayo in c.1951-52



Danny as a delivery boy in Mayo c. 1951-52



Danny in a Hallowe'en costume in Mayo c.1951-52



Mayo Men's Wear Team c. 1951-52
Front l to r: Danny, Mike McGeachy, Henry Arthur
Back l to r: Tommy Retallick, George Jurovich, Fenton O'Gorman
Original Photo Courtesy of Glen Campbell



Mayo High School - 6 December 1954
l to r: Mike McGeachy, Danny, George, Charles Tweedy,
Tommy Retallick, Nelson (Ted) North, Betty Gordon
Teacher: Don Machan (just visible above Tom Retallick)
Original Photo Courtesy Gerald Newsham



Inter-High School Curling Bonspiel Banquet
Held in Mayo at the YOOP Hall in 1955

Standing l to r: Teacher Ruth (Batty) McIntyre, Mary Jean (Boyle) Morrison, George Jurovich, Mike McGeachy, Danny Jurovich, Principal Don Machan
Ed Bleiler can be seen seated to the right of Don Machan
Betty (Gordon) Lone can be seen seated between Danny and Don Machan
Original Photo Courtesy of Mary Jean Morrison

Mary Jean's comments on the above photo she provided:

"It was the high school bonspiel banquet 1955, Danny was in grade 8 and skipped the rink, with Mike, Georgie and I in grade 7 completing the team. We were given the chance to play with the "big kids" and won the bonspiel. We were so proud of that achievement!

I love the picture of Danny and Mike down at the curling rink. They were so "cool" !!
(see below)

Please put in my memories of Danny - Danny loved his vehicles. I remember he got a new bike in grade six. It was black; I think it was a Raleigh with three speeds. It was a very special bike and he was so proud of it. He wanted to share so he gave all the kids a chance to ride it. He even gave the kids like me a ride on the cross bar because I was not tall enough to ride a boy's bike. Another memory of Danny and his favorite vehicle; was his new car, a yellow and white Ford Fairlane. He loved to take everyone for rides, and I must admit we likely drove much faster than our parents would have approved. Teens never change. Once Danny was all grown up and married he moved on to even bigger

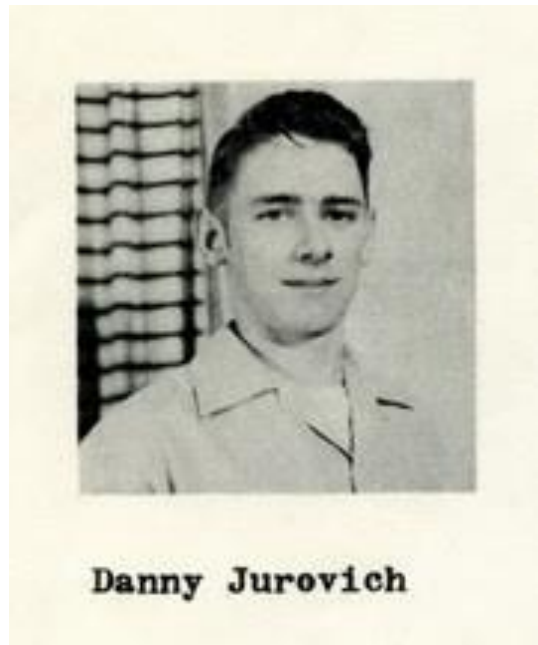
vehicles. He loved the excitement and the adventure of being on the road. Fortunately in later years Eve was able to travel with him to explore the roads and meet people across North America. Danny loved to share his enthusiasm for adventure, family and friends. His vehicles gave him another means to share his interests and adventures. He was a good friend and we will all miss him.”



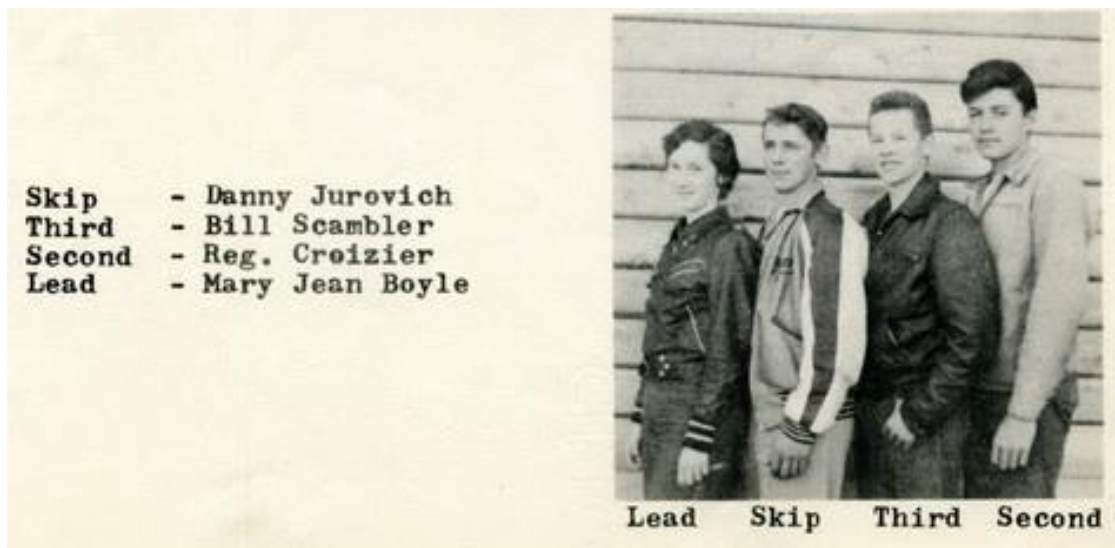
Friends for Life – Danny and Mike McGeachy down at the curling rink c. 1956-57
Original Photo Courtesy of Mary Jean Morrison



Mayo School “AURORA” Yearbook photo 1955-56



Mayo School "AURORA" Yearbook photo 1956-57



Mayo High School Team to the Inter-School Curling Bonspiel March 1957
 Photo from the Mayo School "AURORA" Yearbook 1956-57



Mayo School Concert 1956-57

L to R: Bill Scambler, Marie Jurovich, Margaret Scambler, Mike McGeachy,
Danny Jurovich, George Jurovich, Steve Van Bibber
Original Photo Courtesy of Brian McGeachy



Danny with friends at the Mayo Hydro Dam

L to R Jack Kirkup, from the Royal Bank, Lois Cole, Danny, Penny North,
Mary Jean (Boyle) Morrison, Karren North
Original Courtesy of Karren Crowley

Karren (North) Crowley comments on the above photo she provided.

“I’m trying to remember the year...it must have been 57-58, but at that time Danny was working up at Hydro. The photo shows six of us, so that meant who ever was taking the picture was also along that day. Unless it was Louie Kazinski who might have been working there that day, and just came out to take the photo.

I remember the day, like it was yesterday (almost). It was one of those wonderful spring days when the water was running everywhere as the snow melted. We obviously had gone up to the dam in two vehicles as all of us would not have fit in one car. On second thought we could have all driven in the same vehicle in that time of our lives, we did squeeze lots of bodies into one vehicle. Danny had taken us on a tour of the dam. And it was all very impressive to us.

It was all really wonderful and innocent for being part of a small town growing up, was like we all belonged. We all watched out for each other, and my memories of Danny just bring back warm thoughts. He was like a big brother to us all. I can still see him wearing that hat and smiling. I guess in my mind that’s how I will remember him.”



Danny with Sandy Sander (front) and Eva (Nicholls) Jurovich, driving three school teachers to Dawson City in 1959. Joan Wiegel took the picture.



Danny's and Eva's Wedding Day – July 15, 1961

End of Part 2
To Be Continued

COMMENTS RE MOCTEL 298

Hi Sherron, Such interesting reading once again, and the Photos are really special, loved reading about Madame Trembleys Store...I used to go in and help Norma Cole, in 1967, and her son, Dean, used to take my two sons for a motor bike ride, Norma was one special lady, we have lost contact now, and that is a shame, that was my first Year in Dawson and it was quite the Adventure.

I had to wear the lace up shoes in the show, and when I was helping Norma, I was bitten by a black fly, and I could hardly get my foot into the shoe...as my ankle was so swollen, BUT THE SHOW HAD TO GO ON pain or no pain...Nice memories....apart from the bite...

Thanks Sherron also the Poem...such enjoyable reading, such a talent Gus has...

Hugs Gillian

Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

Thanks Sherron,

Great edition of the Moc/Tel. Particularly enjoying Kit Cain's adventures, as many memories from that era are locked in my memory box. The tribute to Danny J. was also a gem.

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

Hi Sherron: Hope all is well with you. Enjoyed the stories and photos. After seeing the Goddard under water, I checked my dad's black and white slides from the Klondike and found this one. Enjoy.

Cheers Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam BC)



A. J. Goddard

First boat from Dawson arriving at Whitehorse

(The second line of the caption is obstructed from view due to the frame of the slide.)

(From the information below it looks like the caption may read **July 4, 1898 . . .**)

Hi Sherron: I just took apart the frame and found these wordings. "**First boat from Dawson arriving at Whitehorse July 4, 1898 with passengers, gold and Royal mail.**"

Gina

Photo courtesy Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam BC)

A.J. Goddard - Goddard was an engine designer from Iowa who saw an opportunity to cash in on the gold rush. With the help of his wife, Goddard planned to take two steamboats into the Yukon through the White Pass during the winter of 1897 so that they could take the first cargo down the river in the spring. Goddard discovered that this was not as easy as he thought. He and his wife were forced to move the vessels in bits and pieces across the narrow White Pass, a job that took the entire winter, forcing them to endure deathly cold and physical exhaustion. The Goddards' determination paid out in the end, as they established the first steamboat link between the gold fields and the Pacific coast.

From this website in a list prepared by Wm MacBride in 1949 -

http://www.yesnet.yk.ca/schools/carcross/sternwheeler_pages/list_of_boats.htm

A. J. Goddard - 15 tons, the hull was built in San Francisco but assembled at Lake Bennett. It was the **first boat from the upper Yukon to arrive at Dawson on June 21, 1898**. It sank in 1899 at Goddard's Point on Lake Laberge.

CORRECTION MADE TO MOCTEL 298

Corrections, to the article in Moctel 298 about Gillian Campbell's upcoming performances at the Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous were made to the online copies on November 30th at 10 PM. We were advised that the Press Release included in MocTel 298 was not a final copy and the mention of Northwestel was incorrect as it was not confirmed. So if you read that article before November 30th and remember Northwestel being mentioned, please strike that from your memory. ;-))) --- Sherron Jones

CAN ANYONE HELP WITH THIS REQUEST ? ? ?

In 1948, a USAF C-47 ran off course and out of fuel, crash landing on the frozen Stewart River. A few days later a rescue squadron dropped supplies including a large glider that had been towed from Fairbanks by a C-54. The crew of the C-47 got aboard the glider, the C-54 flew past, hooked its tow cable and yarded it into the air and back to Alaska. The damaged C-47 was supposedly repaired, refueled, fitted with skis and eventually flown back to Alaska. We would like to know if anyone recalls this incident and any details about it, for instance, where on the Stewart River, it crashed. We are interested in doing an article on this and are also preparing for publication another of our river books, this time on the Stewart River. Credit would be given, of course, to anyone who supplied information that we could use.

Also, does anyone know if the USAF or the RCAF have Archived information?

Thank you.

Mike and Jocelyn Rourke riversnorth@gmail.com (In Houston, BC)

Air North's Christmas Bash

These photos were taken at **Air North's Christmas Bash**. Lots of food and beverages were served and the friendliest staff ever. We had a great time.

Canyon Mountain Boys have been playing together for 7 years. It was very difficult to get a photo due to so many people crowded in the small area. Also, offered was an opportunity to have our photo taken with the 2010 Olympic Torch. Joe Sparling flew the

original torch all over the north (see article below courtesy CBC online). I haven't received my picture as yet via e-mail but will pass it along with I get it.

Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



l to r - Jeff Faulkner - guitar
John Faulkner - stand up base
Stephen Maltby - mandolin and guitar,
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



l to r - Jeff Faulkner - guitar
John Faulkner - stand up base
Stephen Maltby - mandolin and guitar,
Mike Stockstill is on banjo (only his arm is showing)
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Yukon airline to fly Olympic torch across North

Last Updated: Tuesday, October 27, 2009 | 2:32 PM CT

CBC News

Air North will be flying the Olympic flame to more than 20 communities in northern Canada starting next week.

The Whitehorse-based airline is scheduled to transport the Olympic torch and its handlers across the North over a 10-day period starting Monday.

Air North will take the torch to all three territories, as well as northern communities in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Quebec, and Newfoundland and Labrador.

Air North successfully bid for the Olympic contract last year and had to obtain special government clearance to transport the torch, which must remain lit at all times, president and CEO Joe Sparling told CBC News.

"There are special approvals that Transport [Canada] gives for the transportation of the torch, and it has to be handled in a particular approved fashion," he said.

Sparling said security is a major factor, but added that RCMP and Olympic officials are taking care of that.

The flame was lit on Oct. 22 in Olympia, Greece.

The Canadian torch relay begins Friday in Victoria, moving up British Columbia to Comox, B.C., where the Air North crew will pick it up and start the next leg of the relay, which consists of stops in:

Nov. 3 - Sandspit, Skidegate, Queen Charlotte, Taku River and Atlin, B.C., and Whitehorse, Yukon.

Nov. 4 - Dawson City and Old Crow, Yukon, and Inuvik, N.W.T.

Nov. 5 - Yellowknife, Dettah and N'dilo, N.W.T., and Kugluktuk, Nunavut.

Nov. 6 - Grande Prairie, Fort McMurray and Cold Lake, Alta.

Nov. 7 - La Ronge, Sask., and Thompson, Man.

Nov. 8 - Churchill, Man., and Canadian Force Station Alert, Nunavut.

Nov. 9 - Grise Fiord, Resolute, and Iqaluit, Nunavut.

Nov. 10 - Kuujuaq, Gaspé, Uashat Mak Man-Utenam and Sept-Îles, Que.

Nov. 11 - Wabush, Labrador City, CFB Goose Bay, Sheshatshiu, North West River and Happy Valley-Goose Bay, N.L.

Nov. 12 - Hopedale, L'Anse aux Meadows and St. Anthony, N.L.

It will hand off the Olympic torch in St. John's, N.L., on Nov. 13. The torch will arrive in Vancouver on Feb. 12, 2010, for the opening ceremonies of the Winter Olympics.

Sparling said some of the communities Air North will fly to are so small that its Boeing 737 jet will not be able to land. The torch will have to be transferred to smaller aircraft before going to those communities, he said.

However, Sparling said the jet will touch down in Dawson City and Old Crow, marking a first for the airline.

"They just, this fall, completed some runway and ramp improvements to make Old Crow and Dawson both jet-capable," he said.

Sparling said Air North is now looking at introducing jet flights to both communities on Mondays and Fridays during the peak summer season.

GIRL GUIDING IN YUKON

We're looking for Guiding memories! Girl Guides of Canada is 100 years old next year -- and a mere 96 years old in the Yukon. The Yukon Girl Guides Council would love to hear YOUR story about Guiding in the Yukon ... one we can share with our members at our big celebration early in 2010. Former Guides and all Friends of Guiding are invited to send your stories to girlguides@klondiker.com

Thank you!
Kerri Scholz
Office Manager
Girl Guides of Canada- Yukon Council
867-667-2455
<http://www.girlguides.ca/>

Dawson Heritage Plan Receives National Award

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

November 12, 2009

One of the last actions of the 2006-2009 Dawson City Council on October 6/09 was to give third reading to a cluster of bylaws which enacted the provisions of the new Zoning and Heritage Management Plan. These included an amendment to the Official Community Plan, the Zoning and Heritage Management Bylaw, a Heritage Bylaw, a Heritage Fund Bylaw, and a Heritage Advisory Committee Bylaw.

This brought closure to a process which had been in motion since October 2008, when council received and approved the Heritage Management Plan developed on the town's behalf by Commonwealth Historic Resource Management Ltd.

This report had been submitted to council in March 2008 and was completed after several years' worth of consultations with citizens and agencies within the town.

As former mayor John Steins noted in his online blog, "One of many underlying themes in the heritage plan is the objective to celebrate and preserve all the periods of Dawson's history beginning with the Gold Rush. Also, certain zones were established within Dawson with each area recognized as having a unique character.

"Encouragement is also given to avoid constructing 'phony' movie set type facades that have no historic relevance to the period."

The plan and its main author, Hal Kalman, received a major award from the Canadian Association of Heritage Professionals (CAHP) at this year's Heritage Canada Foundation conference in Toronto on September 18, 2009.

The Yukon government had prepared and issued a press release, dated September 25, on this matter, but for some reason it did not get issued until after the municipal elections in the middle of October.

It was withdrawn the day it was released as it "contained inaccurate information". This apparently referred to the fact that there were quotations from former mayor John Steins in the press release and, as he had lost the position in the election, it would no longer be accurate to quote him in that capacity.

Steins was the driving force on council in terms of bringing this plan to the table and shepherding it through some often reluctant debates. In the original government press release, which has so far not been corrected or reissued, he is quoted as follows: "I'm extremely excited and proud that the Heritage Management Plan will be recognized, This award validates the importance of preserving and celebrating the heritage integrity of Dawson City."

The process was funded by the City of Dawson with financial and technical assistance from the Cultural Services Branch of the Yukon government.

"The Government of Yukon would like to congratulate the City of Dawson and Commonwealth Historic Resources Management Ltd on this achievement," said Minister of Tourism and Culture Elaine Taylor.

"It is because of their hard work and the dedication and foresight of many Dawsonites that this plan not only came to fruition, but achieved national recognition."

"We're delighted that a national heritage conservation organization has recognized the importance of Dawson City as a historic area and the need for ongoing management and protection with a formal heritage management plan," said Kalman.

“Implementation of this plan will give the City and the territory a regulatory basis on which to make wise decisions about development within this significant cultural landscape.”

One of the first major changes in the administration of local development is that a great deal more responsibility has been placed in the hands of the town’s Development Officer, Jay Armitage.

The former Planning Board was officially disbanded as a result of these changes, and a new Heritage Advisory Committee has been installed in its place. The new board consists of Jim Williams, Shirley Pennell, Trina Buhler, Bill Kendrick and Sylvia Burkhard.

Many of these folk were on the former Planning Board.



The Anglican Rectory, sometimes known as Stringer House, is an example of a “Dawson Style” heritage building.

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



The Westmark annex on Fifth Avenue is cited in Kalman's report as an example of how NOT to be historically sympathetic.

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

CFYT-fm Graduates to a 7 year license

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

November 15, 2009

The big news at the annual general meeting for Dawson's CFYT-fm radio station was that the volunteer run not-for-profit society had received approval from the CRTC to extend its broadcast license for another 7 years.

As president Kyla MacArthur told the 14 or so members at the meeting, this meant that the fledgling society has a new status.

"The training wheels are off," she told the membership after the excited applause died down.

The station will be allowed to expand its output to 50 Watts, to broadcast in stereo.

The license notes that the station "Dawson City Radio indicated that the station would broadcast 126 hours of programming each broadcast week" with 44 hours of that time being home grown shows and the other "82 hours of programming originating from the commercial radio station CKRW-FM Whitehorse."

McArthur noted that the CRTC expects more from the station at this stage. The mostly music oriented station will need to find ways to increase its broadcasting of news, discussions between hosts and guests on current affairs, sports reports supplied by the City Recreation Department” and other news.

The license states that the “applicant committed to devote at least 5% of the news broadcast to local stories each broadcast week.”

Some of this may take the form of live audio and video broadcasts of such events as the Dawson City Music Festival and the recent live audio coverage of election results during the municipal elections in October.

The station possesses remote broadcast equipment and volunteers have had training in how to use it.

In its ruling the CRTC encourages CFYT to pursue more of this type of content as part of its mandate as a Type B Community FM Radio Station.

MacArthur noted that the society has been successful in replacing a lot of its outdated equipment with the financial assistance of the City of Dawson’s funding program, as well as increased revenue from the rolling ads on DCTV’s channel 11. A recent “radiothon” raised \$3,000.00.

Since the society is basically stable now in terms of having a home base, decent finances, good equipment and a base of some 18 volunteer programmers, MacArthur reported that the board felt this would be a good year to engage in visioning and planning for the future, for what the society might look like and be doing in five year’s time.

Director Peter Menzies (one of the founders of the original version of CFYT two decades ago) led a presentation on possible major goals of a 5 Year plan, the main points of which included facilities (particularly a larger working space) and equipment; programing (including podcasting and more remotes); organizational structure (including part time paid staff); better communication with volunteers; and governance issues.

The station has already begun streaming its live feed from its website at <http://cfyt.ca/> thanks to the efforts of director Jen Laliberty.

The society has also hired Aaron Burnie as a year round part-time station manager, changing its previous practice of having only seasonal managers. In his report Burnie indicated that internet streaming has put “Dawson on the map” and that he’d been getting messages from far and wide. He said he was looking for someone to organize sports reporting, and cautioned volunteers to remember to lock the doors when they leave the building.



CFYT-fm works out of this small building on Queen Street, about half a block from Front Street.

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



CFYT held its AGM in the KIAC School of Visual Arts building on November 12.

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

Christmas Bazaar packs School Gym

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

November 16 2009

If the overabundance of snow was not enough make it perfectly clear, the school gymnasium packed with people and the tables piled high with things to buy finished the job.

It's winter in the Klondike - and it won't be long until Christmas.

Not everyone in town was at the annual Christmas Bazaar between 11 in the morning and

4 in the afternoon. The snow plough and grader operators were on the streets fighting a losing battle against the fluffy white flakes that kept obliterating their progress.

Hundreds of other people were in the gym, making the rounds of the tables and displays, shopping for pottery, baked goods, second hand items from the Anglican Thrift Store, jewelry, candy, knitted goods and T-shirts, baked goods and footwear, wood carving and tole painting.

This isn't the only bazaar in Dawson during November and December; it isn't even the first any more. But it's still the biggest.

In the Ancillary Room the concession stand was doing a brisk business, while the school's cake walk and 50/50 draw were raising money for a variety of projects, including a school band trip to California.

On the stage Santa was busy greeting children and posing for photographs while the buying and selling continued through the afternoon.

The snow continued, and by the end of the day you still couldn't tell where the ploughs had been, but could only imagine how much deeper the streets would have been buried if they hadn't made the effort.



The high school was raising money with this cake walk.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Shirley Pennell's fabric art included this bear.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The school gym was packed for hours on November 14.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Santa was busy posing with the little ones.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Klondike Sun board members Allie Winton and Tara Borin brought some SUN shine to the bazaar and sold a few subscriptions.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Tr'ëhuhch'in Näwtr'udäh'a Scrapbook becomes a Printed Book

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

November 16, 2009

Tr'ëhuhch'in Näwtr'udäh'a: Finding Our Way Home is the book version of the scrapbook project created by the K'änächà Residential School Survivors Support Group between 2004 and 2007, as an outgrowth of a group that began meeting in 1998.

The impressive 116 page coffee table sized book was launched at the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre during a three hour event on the afternoon of November 10.

“It's a great day,” said Tr'ondek Hwëch'in Manager of Social Programs Debbie Nagano. “We've waited a long time.”

The TH Singers sang the “Welcome Song” and the “Happy Song” to open the event and elder Doris Roberts presented a prayer prepared by the K'änächà group, including a request to God, K'ähodhät, or the Great Spirit.

“Bless our communities with strength, understanding and love to heal the residential school traumas. Bless all those who are still hurting and in need of your help to find their way. Give them the strength and support that they need to fulfill their healing journey. Help them to bring the light back into place that are dark. Help us to work towards a strong future for our children. This we pray in your name, K'ähodhät.”

Deputy Chief Roberta Joseph welcomed everyone on behalf of the TH council, elders and youth.

“The completion and launching of this book has provided an inspiration to our people, to those who've attended residential school, and has provided recognition and acknowledgment of the life that many of our citizens had lived during the time that they attended residential school.

“As a residential school survivor I have also seen many changes in our people, especially those who worked on this book. I've seen them become more open, more sharing, just able to let a lot of things go while working on this book. It has provided a lot of healing to them, to our community as a whole, to our future children. There's hope for a healthy future.”

The scrapbook was initially put on public display after three years of preparation in May 2007. Kathy Millen, one of the founders of the K'änächà group, read from her introduction in the book how the original members got together at the home of the late Dot Roberts and her daughter, Krystle, to share food and to talk in a circle about some of the things that were troubling them from their pasts.

TH Social Programs funded a number of sessions with counsellor Gloria Baldwin-

Schultz, sent some of the members to the Committee on Abuse in Residential Schools meetings in Whitehorse and, after the Land Claims settlement here, hired Sharon Moore as a Community Counsellor.

Moore worked with the group to collect information, stories and photographs. “At one of our weekly meetings, one of our group, Frankie Blanchard, brought some pictures from the Yukon Archives that were taken at the residential school we attended. When we saw the pictures we realized how much of the story they told. We came up with the idea of a scrapbook that would tell our stories using the photos and our words.

It was scary to think about sharing our stories outside of our group, but we also wanted people to start understanding us better.”

When the collection was just about done it was decided to make it the center of a big Welcome Home ceremony planned for May 2007.

“Chris Clarke and Christine Blanchard were hired to do more research and help us put it all together. People from the community who knew about scrapbooking came to help and teach us about how to do it. As we got closer to finishing, more and more people from our families and from the community came out to help.”

All of the names of those who participated in some way, both first nations people and others, are listed in the acknowledgments at the beginning of this book.

Also recorded here are several pages of photographs from the Welcome Home ceremony itself, pages which were not part of the original book.

Response to the scrapbook was immediately positive, both in Dawson, where First Nation people came from all over the territory to see it, and in other communities, which talked of preparing their own projects after they saw this one. It soon became clear that it would need to be published in a more portable form.

That project, undertaken by Michael Edwards of Cirque Consulting & Communications, was a painstaking process in which every attempt was made to have the printed product echo the original scrapbook.

Chief Ed Taylor had to be in Ottawa on this day, but sent a letter which was read by Debbie Nagano.

“We’ve all been touched by what went on in those schools. For years our people were silent on what happened. It was a secret we didn’t talk about and it festered in the dark. The survivors brought us into the light by talking about their experience and working on the scrapbook. They took a secret that made our community sick and stripped away its power by exposing it to the light of the day.

“Mähsi cho for what you have done. Mähsi cho for helping our community heal.”

Copies of the book were presented to the many people who had had a hand in making it happen, starting with the core members of K'anächà who could be present for the event: Frank Blanchard, Kathy Bullen, Frank Semple, and Ronald Johnson, who is known as "the mayor of Moosehide."

"We travelled to Haines Junction about two years ago. They'd heard about our scrapbook and wanted to know how to go about it," Johnson said. They spent a two day workshop on that subject. Later the Selkirk First Nation also expressed an interest. Johnson, like all the Dawson survivors, attended the Chooutla Indian School near Carcross, which was a long way from Dawson City in those days of poor roads. He recalled the gender and cultural segregation that marked his time there. He ran away once and his story is in the book.

Ironically, after he was 16 years old and no longer required to attend after the end of grade 8, he was offered a job as a boys' supervisor.

"I took it to help out my family in Dawson." He remembers that, when he could manage it, he was less strict with his charges than some of the other supervisors. During that time he also managed to complete his grade 9 and 10 studies via correspondence courses.

"I could write a book." said Chris Clarke, who created the layout of the original scrapbook. "Not that book, but another one, about my experience and everything I learned here. I didn't come in cold, in terms of knowing what happened, but the experience of working on the project taught me what history FEELS like."

Former TH Community Counsellor Sharon Moore was one of the last to be honoured that afternoon, and she said that she felt, in her time on the project and working with the K'anächà group, that the project had gone a long way towards laying to rest some of the personal pain of her clients and friends, and had broken down some of the barriers that have long existed between native and non-native people in the town.



Pages from the original scrapbook, which remains on display.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The same pages from the published book.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Kathy Bullen reads from her introduction to the book.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Deputy Chief Roberta Joseph with a copy of Tr'ëhuhch' in N'äwtr'udäh'a: Finding Our Way Home. - Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Some of the K'anächà group members: Kathy Bullen, Frank Blanchard, Ronald Johnson and Frank Semple.

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

SANTA MAKES SURPRISE VISIT TO VANCOUVER YUKONERS

Gillian and Ed

What a wonderful surprise to have you "pop in" today. The balloon hats were a hoot!

Maribeth



Santa & Mrs. Claus – Edward Thompson & Gillian Campbell
Photo courtesy Maribeth Mainer [vanyukoners*shaw.ca](mailto:vanyukoners@shaw.ca) (Vancouver Yukoners Ass'n)



Corinne Loeppky, Mary McDonald, ?, Nancy Moulton, Blanche & Gus Barrett, and Jim McCausland playing with their Christmas gift from Santa.
Photo courtesy Maribeth Mainer [vanyukoners*shaw.ca](mailto:vanyukoners@shaw.ca) (Vancouver Yukoners Ass'n)

ARTISTIC TALENT



In Whitehorse SS Klondike all lit up with bridge in the background and a full moon shining brightly taken Dec 3 2009. Temperature at the time was -5C.
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have not moved but have a change of Email address for you. The new or preferred one is wsc18475@yahoo.ca. Please do not use mjcwsc@telus.net. Regards, Bill Craig

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron. We heard about your publication from Harvey Burian and would be interested in getting on the email list. How do we pay for the subscription? I moved to the Yukon in 1978 for a summer job in Whitehorse and stayed working for the RCMP and then getting a teaching job, first in Whitehorse, then from 80-85 in Faro and from 86-88 in Watson Lake. My husband first started going to the Yukon in 1977 when he and a friend canoed from Marsh Lake to the Bering Sea. He continued to spend summers there canoeing and guiding for Gold Rush River Tours (which he later became a partner in) and then moved year round to Faro with me in 1980. We were married there and our first child was born there just before we moved when the mine shut down in 85. My maiden name was Trotter. In 1983, we started our company, Rivers North Publications and published our first map book on Yukon Rivers. We are still in that business and still actively research all things northern and manage to spend some time during most summers on the rivers of the north.

We presently live in Houston, BC. We are planning on doing an article about a crash landing of a USAF plane on the Stewart River in 1948 and are looking for info on that incident. I don't know if Harvey forwarded this to you or mentioned it. If not, I can supply more details as he suggested your publication might be a good route to go to find out if any former Yukoners remember hearing anything about this.

Thank you very much.

Jocelyn and Mike Rourke riversnorth@gmail.com (In Houston, BC)

OBIT



PARSONS, Arthur Ernest (Art) (Buzz) Died peacefully at home on December 5th, surrounded by his loving family. Art was born in Saskatoon, Sask. on May 30, 1932. Art (Dad) will be deeply missed by his wife, Tina of 53 years and their five children: Theresa (Dale), Tina Marie (Fred), Tammy (Bruce), Michael (Tara), Toni (Tom) twelve beautiful grandchildren, sisters in law, nieces, nephews, cousins, aunts and uncle and many dear friends. A celebration of Art's life will be held on Wednesday, December 16th, 2009 at 10 a.m. at First Memorial Chapel located at 4725 Falaise Drive, Victoria, B.C. with a reception to follow. In lieu of flowers donations to Victoria Hospice or Red Cross would be appreciated 571939

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient was rejected.

Recipient: <lindachristiansen@northwestel.net>

Reason: No such user (lindachristiansen@northwestel.net)

CHRISTIANSEN, Linda lindachristiansen@northwestel.net (Born & raised in Dawson)

Recipient was rejected.

Recipient: <ggarant@shaw.ca>

Reason: #5.1.0 Address rejected ggarant@shaw.ca

GARANT, Gerry ggarant@shaw.ca (Whitehorse, Watson Lake, Dawson 1953 – 1987)
Abbotsford

Recipient was rejected.

Recipient: <v_kerr25@sympatico.ca>

Reason: #5.1.0 Address rejected v_kerr25@sympatico.ca

KERR, Wendy (BERGERON) v_kerr25@sympatico.ca (In Whitehorse) Sauble Beach ON

<dfurniss@telus.net>: host 192.168.80.12[192.168.80.12] said: 550 Invalid
recipient: <dfurniss@telus.net> (in reply to RCPT TO command)

FURNISS, Karen dfurniss@telus.net (Born in Yukon) Delta

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“You win some, you lose some, and some get rained out, but you gotta suit up for them all.” - J. Askenberg

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Yuma)

Rum Cake

- 1 gold or yellow cake mix
- 1 Jello – Vanilla or Pumpkin – (Instant Pudding)
- 4 eggs
- ½ cup cold water
- ½ cup cooking oil
- ½ cup rum

Grease and Flour Bundt pan
Bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees

Glaze

- ¼ lb butter
- 1/8 c water

1 ½ c Icing sugar
1/8 c rum

Melt butter and stir in water & sugar.
Boil 1 min stirring.
Remove from heat.
Stir in rum.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Yukoner's Christmas lunch

ABC Country Restaurant
6671 Mary Ellen, Nanaimo, B.C.

Thursday, Dec. 17th, Noon social, with lunch to follow

More Info: Harriett Butterworth 250-751-1194
Sharon Redmond 250-729-9773

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

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