

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 326<sup>th</sup> Edition – January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2011**

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



**Nares Lake looking towards Windy Arm - Christmas 2009**  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard@northwestel.net](mailto:emillard@northwestel.net) (In Carcross)

### **A YUKON NUGGET**

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg@hougens.com](http://marg@hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

### **LUCILLE HUNTER**

When I was a school kid growing up on Strickland Street, colourful characters were the norm. It was not unusual to find my Dad and Wigwam Harry sharing a story or two at our kitchen table. Andy Hooper could be seen hauling another old building to some new lot with this American army lift truck. BuzzSaw Jimmy was always around cutting trees with his homemade wood sawing contraption. Tuffy Cyr roamed the back alleys collecting the contents of the ubiquitous honey buckets and dumping them into a home-built container made of 45-gallon drums. Characters were...well, to me they were normal. Nothing out of the ordinary. And at the end of Strickland, near the hill leading to the airport, in a tiny shack, lived an old lady I seldom saw. Her name was Lucille Hunter. Born in Michigan,

she married Charles Hunter when she was just 16. In 1897, when she was 19, the couple joined the Klondike Gold Rush, travelling to the Yukon via the Stikine Trail. The journey was remarkable for two reasons: she and her husband were among a handful of African-American stampeders who came to the Klondike, and Lucille was nine months pregnant at the time. In Teslin, Mrs. Hunter gave birth to a baby girl whom she named...Teslin. For the local Native people, the hoard of white prospectors in their midst was an unusual sight, but never before had they seen a black person. Not quite sure what to call the Hunters, they simply described them as "just another kind of white person". Charles and Lucille travelled by dog team to the Klondike. To undertake this journey in winter, Charles may have had experience as a trapper or miner. Without survival skills, the young couple would have perished in the  $-60^{\circ}$  temperatures over hundreds of miles of wilderness. They arrived in Bonanza Creek in February 1898, well before the main throng of stampeders arrived. Here they staked three claims. Lucille worked alongside her husband digging for gold, while raising daughter Teslin in extremely primitive conditions. A few years later, the Hunters moved to Mayo where Charles staked and worked some silver claims. In June 1939, Charles died at age 65, leaving Lucille alone with her grandson, Buster, to carry on mining. Her daughter Teslin had died earlier, leaving Lucille to raise Buster. In 1942, when Alaska Highway construction began, Lucille and Buster moved to Whitehorse. Lucille set up a laundry business while Buster made the deliveries around town.



Mrs. Lucille Hunter in her home, Whitehorse 1960.  
Yukon Archives. Richard Harrington fonds, #277.

A few years later, Lucille moved to the tiny clapboard house on 8th Avenue, where she lived alone. As kids, we used to ride our toboggans down the nearby hill and we could hear the sound of the radio coming from inside as we slid silently past her home. Mrs. Hunter had gone blind, but kept up with the world and local affairs through the constant playing of her radio. The small home, her many visitors said, was filled with stacks of

newspapers, magazines, and other flammable stuff stored dangerously close to her wood stove, and friends worried about the danger of fire. One fateful night the house caught fire. Firefighters had a difficult job breaking through the security locks to rescue Lucille whose clothes were ablaze when she was rescued. She recovered from minor burns, but her little house on Strickland Street was gone so she moved to a small basement apartment downtown, where she continued to entertain guests with her fascinating stories and, of course, listened to the radio until her death in 1972 at the age of 93.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



**Lake Bennett**

You inspired me to get out today. Eleanor (Dec 28/10)  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard*northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Catholic Church (that's a dog sniffing at the corner) – Dec 28/10  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard*northwestel.net) (In Carcross)



Isabelle Pringle Library (Dec 28/10)  
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard [emillard\\*northwestel.net](mailto:emillard*northwestel.net) (In Carcross)

## **CAN YOU HELP IDENTIFY ANYONE IN THESE PHOTOS ?**

*If so quote Image number of photo and email Rolf & Marg Hougen at [marg@hougens.com](mailto:marg@hougens.com)*

Sherron, as you know Marg & I have donated 1500 photos to the ARCHIVES and another 1000 are now being scanned.

I know many of the people in the photos but not all.

Would it be possible for you to send a few items each week to your list of readers with the request they identify as many persons as possible?

I have sent 10 with this E-mail to let you know the type of photos in the collection.

The Archives would really appreciate your help, as will future historians.

Rolf Hougen [marg@hougens.com](mailto:marg@hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)



Image #1 L to R - BPOE Benevolent & Protective Order of Elks - 3rd in Chappie Chapman: Tom Bain, Whitehorse Star: ? : Bud Harrison RCMP: Harold Damon White Pass: Syd Poulton Lumber: ? :



Image #2 L to R - James and Diamond Quong - Engineer Alaska Hwy:



Image #3 Back row-LtoR - Gus Spohr RCMP: Bill Gordon White Pass: Mathieson DOT: ? : Johnnie Johnson RCMP: Front row: Jim Gentleman Hospital: Harold Damon White Pass: Bruce Cameron, RCCS (Royal Can Corps of Signals)



Image #4 L to R 3rd in - Archie Sinclair Post Office: Fred H Collins Commissioner: Ernie Theed White Pass: Aubrey Simmons Liberal MP: seated Miss Canada Dalcyce Smith: at mike Norm Chamberlist: Half hidden Gordon Armstrong Mayor:



Image #5 Right - Charlie Taylor



Image #6 Hugo & Mrs Seaholm : Kai & Inga Gertsen - Yukon Laundry: ? : Inga's father, Fur Shop:

## MacBride begins search for Yukon's hockey history

*Doug Graham is lean with hockey memories.*

Whitehorse Star by Jonathan Russell on December 8, 2010



**Photo by Jonathan Russell**

**HOCKEY HISTORY** – Leighann Chalykoff of the MacBride Museum, pictured right, poses with the re-created version of the hockey sweater in the left picture. The picture on the left, date unknown, was submitted by MacBride Museum of Yukon History, Taylor Collection, 2007-1-393, and is one of many the museum hopes to collect for Hockey Day.

Doug Graham is lean with hockey memories.

“We can remember playing in the old Jim Light Arena downtown when it was 30 below, and the windows used to always get broken of course in the summertime, and the wind would be coming through, and the snow – and we’d still be out there playing hockey,” he said.

“It was those kinds of things that made it fun.”

Graham is a member of the sub-committee working with the MacBride Museum of Yukon History to bring such black and white memories back to life to create a public display on Yukon’s hockey history for Hockey Day in Canada on Feb. 12.

The MacBride Museum has put the call out for photographs, trophies, sticks, jerseys or anything else that helps tell the story of Canada’s pastime in the Yukon.

The museum will take the hockey memorabilia on loan, use them for public displays in the museum, the Canada Games Centre and Takhini Arena, as well as other Hockey Day in Canada venues.

The pieces would then be returned to their owners, or kept at the MacBride for possible use in a long-term display.

“The rest of Canada all has their stories as well, but I think the rest of Canada is interested in how things have evolved in the Yukon, because the Yukon’s got that mystique,” Graham said. “So to see how we’ve matured and developed over the years will be interesting to them as well.”

Graham has been playing hockey in the Yukon continually since 1955.

He moved to Porter Creek when he was “a young fella,” before the subdivision was part of the city, and helped form the Porter Creek Rams at roughly 12-years-old, in the early 1960s.

“We were promptly thrashed by the teams in the city of Whitehorse, but as Porter Creek grew, we became much more competitive. ... It’s interesting, little things like that you remember,” Graham said.

The display will go further back, starting with the Dawson City Nuggets travelling to Ottawa to play the Silver Seven for the Stanley Cup in 1905, and leading up to the present day.

All memorabilia is welcome, said Leighann Chalykoff, communications director and collections researcher at the MacBride Museum.

The idea for collecting Yukon’s hockey history started when the MacBride started re-creating an old Yukon hockey sweater for the national event.

“This was sort of the perfect way for us to be involved,” Chalykoff said. “We went with the jersey idea and then it blossomed into something greater than that.”

The original sweater was found on an undated photo (believed to be from the 1930s or 1940s) that depicts a man wearing the jersey with a white horse inset into a maple leaf, she said.

“Instead of trying to create them exactly, we’ve tried to create a historic-themed jersey, because we thought, we’re never going to get them exactly the way that they were. But if anyone out there has one, we’d love to see it.”

The first batch of 48 jerseys arrived last Friday and are sold out. More, including children’s sizes, will arrive within 10 days. Ten of those jerseys are still up for grabs, Chalykoff said.

More are coming, she added.

Anyone who would like to pre-order a jersey – which costs \$99 apiece plus tax – or wants to submit a piece of Yukon hockey memorabilia, can call the MacBride at 667-2709, ext. 3.

Or call 667-2709 extension 2.

## **THIS ‘N THAT MOCTEL 325**

First of all, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you and Bill and to all MocTel readers.

I wanted to pass along how thrilled I was to see the photos courtesy of Rolf & Margaret Hougen. How I wish everyone could have the opportunity to also take in their display of precious photos in the Arts Underground. Thank goodness the Hougens had foresight to take and collect photos of the Yukon – we are richer for it. In the New Year I’ll be

spending time at the Whitehorse Archives perusing through the telephone books on where former businesses and residents' homes used to be. Such a shame that so many are now gone and replaced with a 'modern' building that has no stories to tell within its walls. I walk by these new buildings and can barely remember or can't remember what used to be there. Hopefully the phone book will help jog my memory.

I'm thinking it would be wonderful if the MocTel readers would send in their memories on 'what used to be in that location'. At least the Hougen's pictures help. Maybe something to think about.

I responded to Ron Hiltz on his query regarding mining shares. I'm sure my friend can help him.

I enjoyed the photo of Watson Lake 1958 courtesy of Doug Bell. Love those black & white photos!

Regarding Old Crow. I'm hoping Maribeth Mainer is able to convert the old VHS to DVD. I'd certainly be interesting in purchasing a copy.

Donna Clayson [bdclayson\\*northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **Moc Tel 325**

I just finished reading the latest issue of the MocTel. Great job as always! I sent off a quick note to Ron Hiltz advising him to contact a lawyer so that he doesn't get swindled. Most investors/shareholders who want to buy up shares will prey on the innocence of those who do not know their way around such matters. I recommended McCarthy Tetrault lawyers.

I really enjoyed the Yukon Nativity poem by Pete Harms. Made me feel homesick for the north. Here's a quote that holds my pioneering heart spellbound.

"There's a land where the mountains are nameless  
And the rivers all run God knows where;  
There are lives that are erring and aimless,  
And deaths that just hang by a hair;  
There are hardships that nobody reckons;  
There are valleys unpeopled and still;  
There's a land--oh, it beckons and beckons,  
And I want to go back--and I will."

[Robert William Service](#), *Spell of the Yukon*

Nan Desmarius [nandesmarais@hotmail.com](mailto:nandesmarais@hotmail.com) (In Coquitlam)

## **Vancouver Yukoners Website Redesigned**

Sherron, you read my mind! I was totally unprepared for folks thinking the address had changed. The following is what I was working on:

Yukoners past and present, near and far, if you think you might like to attend a Yukoners' event, check out our now fully accessible website: [www.vancouver-yukoners.com](http://www.vancouver-yukoners.com).

Now that we have dropped the members-only section, we can concentrate on keeping our postings current. Hopefully, we can stay on the good side of federal and provincial privacy legislation in our transition to a fully accessible site.

Thanks to Dean Whitehouse who had the vision and the contacts to create our website and see it through its first year.

Thank you to those Vancouver Yukoners who persevered through our attempts to make the Members Only section work. Your patience and feed back was appreciated. Now you may retire your user name and passwords. Celebrate!

Maribeth Mainer [vanyukoners@shaw.ca](mailto:vanyukoners@shaw.ca)  
Secretary Vancouver Yukoners' Association

## **1983 OBITUARY**

Sherron did you ever talk to this fellow when you were in Whitehorse?  
He use to come into the HBC Whitehorse store quite a bit.  
He could sure tell a few stories, and they were all true.  
Very interesting fellow, quite the adventurer, he had done allot of things in his life.

Alistair McGregor [mmac1952@telus.net](mailto:mmac1952@telus.net) (In Vernon)

## **CHARLES ALAN KENNETH INNES-TAYLOR 1900-1983**

When contemplating his long, colorful, and varied life, it is challenging to speculate on the single most influential action of polar survival expert Alan Innes-Taylor, who died in his sleep at his home in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, on 14 January 1983, leaving his wife Elizabeth and three grown children. His cold-regions survival training of civilian and military air crews directly helped the largest number of people. His five years as a Royal Northwest Mounted Police constable, first in British Columbia and later in Whitehorse, ranks a close second for service. Certainly his saving of the life of a drowning woman off the North Carolina coast in 1941, for which he received a

Carnegie Hero Medal was one of his most dramatic actions.

But for himself, the sheer coincidence in 1928 which propelled him from a Vancouver office to the Antarctic irrevocably changed his life. His delivery of sled-dogs to the First Byrd Antarctic Expedition (BAE I) sealed his polar passion and marked his entry into the circle of polar adventures.

Innes-Taylor's childhood held no clues to this future. Born outside of London to an old family (his great-uncle was a prime minister of New Zealand), Innes-Taylor was shortly introduced to the peripatetic life he would lead when his father moved to North America for business reasons. By 1908, the young Victorian was living in Toronto, where his mother gave singing lessons. Since his parents traveled extensively, Innes-Taylor came to be self-reliant in the mould of English school boy. Animals filled his need for companionship, and he was interested in animal husbandry from the time he first saw the buffalo/cattle crossbreed raised by friends on a farm in the Trent River Valley of Ontario.

Innes-Taylor enlisted in 1917 in the Royal Canadian Flying Corps. At Camp Mohawk, Ontario, he learned to solo a Curtiss JN4A in under seven hours - his alternative was reassignment to the infantry. This introduction to aviation instilled an appreciation for airpower that he always carried with him.

Following post-war jobs as a farmer and surveyor, Innes-Taylor began moving north in 1921 when he joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. He trained in Regina, battled "Wobblies" in Vancouver, was posted to Esquimalt, and was later stationed in Whitehorse, where he learned dog-mushing. After his departure from the RCMP in 1926, Innes-Taylor worked at a variety of jobs, all of which enlarged his knowledge of the Yukon and proved valuable to the territory in years to come. He was a miner at the Treadwell Yukon Mine in Keno Hill, and later a purser on the British Yukon Navigation Company's *SS Whitehorse* which ran between Whitehorse and Dawson.

It was this northern experience which uniquely qualified Innes-Taylor to journey south in 1929, providing fresh sled-dogs to BAE I.\* On that expedition Admiral Byrd, piloted by Bernt Balchen, made the first flight over the South Pole.

Though only minimally involved with the expedition on the ice, Innes-Taylor did see the autumnal days of the Antarctic whaling industry while on board the Norwegian whaler *SS Kosmos*. Such participation in historic changes recurred throughout his life. He witnessed the passage from heroic to modern exploration with the transitions from sail (on the cutter *Bear*) to steam (on the *Eleanor Bolling*), from man hauled sledges to ski-equipped airplanes, from dogsleds to tractors.

Innes-Taylor was also present for such events in the Canadian North. He experienced the switch from riverine roads plied by canoes, steamboats, and dogsleds to contemporary asphalt corridors used by cars and airplanes. He helped to make possible the first commercial air flights over the North Pole from Stockholm to Tokyo via Anchorage.

Innes-Taylor returned to Antarctica in 1933 as chief of field operations for BAE 11. This expedition marked a stage in the evolution of cold-regions science from generalized exploration to specialized scientific enquiry. Byrd had an ambitious program for the continued exploration of Antarctica. Part of it was a meteorology study during which he was to live alone for the winter at advance base, 100 miles from the main base.

Innes-Taylor, with Finn Ronne and two others, pioneered the route to advance base, marking depots for the tractor train to follow. They built Byrd's hut, and in March 1934 Byrd began the famous solo on which he almost died.

Innes-Taylor's return to Little America was plagued with low temperatures and high winds. The dogs were dying and several had to be shot, even though it took ten minutes to thaw out the revolver. The pemmican was unsuitable and new rations were made that austral winter.

During this time, Innes-Taylor composed detailed memoranda planning the coming field season. There were to be three field parties. The first would carry out a geophysical survey south across the Ross Ice Shelf and up onto the Polar Plateau.

The second would accompany the survey to the foot of the Queen Maud Mountains, and then branch east into the peaks to study geology. The third group would also study geology, but in the unexplored Edsel Ford Mountains of Marie Byrd Land to the northeast of Little America.

As logistics were thinly stretched, Innes-Taylor recommended that his support party remain at base to provide any necessary emergency assistance. Byrd wrote of this:

*Innes-Taylor, in planning the whole operation, had modestly assigned himself an inconspicuous role. Now these men came forward, volunteering, for the good of the whole operation, to eliminate themselves. I should rather find such bigness in my Associates than discover a mountain range (Discovery, 1935).*

By late December 1934 all the field parties returned from successful field programs. The Marie Byrd Land party, under Paul Siple, had made the first scientific reconnaissance of a land discovered from aircraft. The Plateau party, under Morgan and Bramhall, had introduced the use of seismics for determining ice thickness. The expedition had also accomplished the first high-altitude polar meteorological observations; made the southern most meteor and cosmic ray observations; and discovered by air the Rockefeller Plateau on the southeast edge of the Ross Ice Shelf, helping to disprove the existence of a hypothetical strait between the Weddell and Ross seas.

At the start of World War II, Innes-Taylor was commissioned, by Special Act of Congress, as a captain in the U.S. Army Air Force. His first assignment was to southeastern Greenland where he helped to rescue air crews downed on the ice sheet. After mid-1942 and for the remainder of the war, he trained arctic and mountain troops in Colorado and Canada. In this work he became associated with Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Paul-Emile Victor, the founder of Expeditions Polaires Françaises, Frank

Smythe, England's famous Himalayan mountaineer, and Belmore Browne, Alaskan explorer and artist. At Jasper, Alberta, in 1944, Innes-Taylor supervised mountain training of the Lovat Scouts for the intended invasion of Norway. Although the invasion was never staged, Innes-Taylor received a commendation for this operation.

Before the war, Antarctic biologist Carl Eklund had become interested in beaver farming. He had designed pens with flowing water in which the beavers would live on trees cut from surrounding timberlands. The beaver rancher would sell the debarked timber for fence posts and pulpwood, and the beaver for breeding stock and research purposes. Innes-Taylor tried this novel scheme in 1946 by leasing 1200 acres near Entrance, Alberta, just north of Jasper. He remarked to the *Montreal Gazette*, "We hope to provide live beavers to governments and organizations which might require them for reestablishment of watersheds and zoos." Two years later, design problems and inadequate finances ended this experiment in wildlife management and conservation.

Innes-Taylor never shirked disagreeable duties. He had collected diseased animal tissue for a study of equine encephalitis by the Lederle Laboratories, for which he worked from 1937 to 1941, and had embalmed bodies during his expeditions.

Perhaps his most dispiriting experience, about which he wrote a poignant article for the second issue of *Arctic*, was his service as executive officer at Isachsen Land, latitude 78°N on Ellef Ringnes Island in the Canadian Arctic. Isachsen was part of Operation Arctops, a joint American-Canadian arctic meteorology project designed to provide weather reports from the strategic High Arctic. Innes-Taylor and his party of six spent almost a year at this station, which had been visited only once before - by Stefansson, thirty years earlier - and which was inaccessible during the summer. In addition to supervising daily weather observations, Innes-Taylor banded birds and observed tidal and sea ice fluctuations. But he lamented the loss of simplicity, almost of innocence, that this new, spiritless, mechanized exploration brought to the unchanged land.

In 1950 he was recalled by the U.S. Air Force to command survival-training schools for Korean War flight crews, first in Colorado and later in Idaho. This work eventually brought him to Ladd Air Force Base, now Ft. Wainwright, in Fairbanks, where in October 1953 he became a researcher in charge of the Environmental Protection Section of the USAF Arctic Aero-medical Lab. His section was responsible for improving techniques and equipment for cold-weather survival. Innes-Taylor also advised physiologists and biochemists developing new survival rations, and participated in their field trials. It was his 86 suggestion that led to microclimatic studies of the snow/ground interface, which resulted in the development of snowmound shelters at ground level.

Though self-educated, Innes-Taylor understood the difficulties and challenges of scientific research, having so often critically supported it. He valued new scientific techniques and encouraged newcomers in their application. He was especially helpful in pointing out unforeseen problems. As one biologist from this period has remarked, Innes-Taylor was an inspiration in the practical solution of applied research problems.

After 1956, Innes-Taylor applied his knowledge of polar survival as a consultant to international airline companies, especially Scandinavian Airlines which pioneered the transpolar air route in 1957. He trained many air crews for this mission, and wrote for SAS the highly acclaimed manual *2% is the Arctic*. He also introduced special survival gear such as exposure suits and circular, multi-person sleeping bags.

Innes-Taylor always maintained his interest in science, and as a Fellow of the Arctic Institute acted as factotum for its field operations out of Whitehorse and later Kluane Lake. He advocated an integrated arctic science policy and wrote in 1961 for the *Fairbanks Daily News-Miner*:

*It would appear there should be an overall plan for scientific investigation of the Arctic....it seems that none of this can come about until the University attracts students to an Arctic Department which embraces all the interested sciences and some of the practical problems...let's have a plan and let us have people trained to live in the Arctic.*

During those years Innes-Taylor lived in Eagle, Alaska, and later in Dawson and Whitehorse, Yukon. He ran Yukon River float trips for the public, and was ahead of his time in using the trips to teach conservation and ecology. As an outgrowth of his long association with the area, he documented historical sites all along the Yukon's rivers for the territorial Department of Tourism. He was instrumental in saving the Dawson archives when they were flooded in 1966. Because of this work and his general contributions to the North, he was awarded the Order of Canada in 1977 and the Yukon Commissioner's Medal in 1982.

Innes-Taylor remained bewitched by the North. Though an adventurer, seizing new and diverse opportunities, he wrestled to temper his life of innovation with the lessons of the past. To some degree he came to regret the changes in the life of the North, changes he himself had helped to bring about. Such a contradiction was natural for Innes-Taylor, a remarkable mixture of the practical and theoretical, domestic and exotic, realistic and romantic, old and new.

Philip S. Marshal

Published in MARCH 1984 – found online at - [pubs.aina.ucalgary.ca/arctic/Arctic37-1-87.pdf](http://pubs.aina.ucalgary.ca/arctic/Arctic37-1-87.pdf)

### **Empty Boots - A Whaling Story**

ALAN INNES-TAYLOR

The following is a heretofore unpublished account [1984] of a small but significant part of the 1st Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1928-1930. It recounts one man's first journey to Antarctica.

The author is the late Alan Innes-Taylor, polar survival expert, and the manuscript was recently made available by his family. Only minor grammatical changes have been made.

By the sheerest of coincidences, Innes-Taylor in December 1928 was visiting Edward Farn, manager of the Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Company in Vancouver, B.C. The phone rang; the caller was Captain Railey, Admiral Byrd's New York manager, desperately asking for help in procuring fresh sled dogs. Some of the expedition's original 94 sled dogs had died from distemper and diarrhea en route from North America to New Zealand. Farn knew of Innes-Taylor's dog mushing experience - Innes-Taylor had been an RCMP constable in Whitehorse and was at that time a freighter for a Yukon mining company - and turned from the phone to enquire whether he was interested in collecting and delivering the dogs. He was, and his life was changed forever.

Innes-Taylor obtained the dogs from Pat Hardy at Grouse Mountain near Vancouver and sailed south on 9 January 1929.

All his dogs arrived safely in New Zealand, having suffered only from seasickness. In the tropics he had fed them barley water twice daily and wetted down their sun shades to keep them cool. When the weather cooled, he changed the dogs' diet to solid feed and exercised them by harnessing them to a wooden sled which they hauled around the deck, to the delight of the passengers and crew.

With 15 tons of new dog pemmican, mixed up by Norman Vaughan and others at the Hudson's Candy Factory in Dunedin, New Zealand, Byrd's expedition had moved on to Antarctica, The remaining dogs improved sufficiently to allow the offloading of supplies and the establishment of base camp, the first Little America, at the Bay of Whales. Meanwhile, Innes-Taylor sailed after them bringing the canine replacements, but his ship could not penetrate the pack ice barring the way to Little America. He returned to winter over in New Zealand with his dogs. During this second quarantine, Innes-Taylor asked for permission to take his dogs to the mountains and train them until October. The thought of his ferocious sled dogs loose amid all those New Zealand sheep raised a furor among the Kiwi stockmen.

However, Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, and the *Christchurch Star* newspaper were amenable to the idea and after Innes-Taylor met with the ranchers to agree to keep the dogs tied and to depart in October, government permission was granted. "Husky Camp" was set up at the

Tasman Glacier, 12 miles from the Hermitage Hotel at Mt. Cook. Four miles up the trail was Ball Hut, run by the well known alpine painter, Duncan Darragh. Innes-Taylor and his dogs moved 70,000 pounds of food and building materials that austral winter to erect the Malte Brun Hut 16 miles farther up the glacier. A trail was shoveled across the Ball Glacier, and the dogteams once rescued a Mr. Egglestone, saving his frostbitten hands and feet.

On 29 November 1929, Admiral Byrd, piloted by Bernt Balchen and assisted by June and McKinley, made the first flight over the South Pole. At that time, Innes-Taylor was again working his way south with his dogs, which now were needed to speed the expedition's evacuation. He reached Little America on 18 February 1930. Innes-Taylor returned there three years later as chief of field operations for the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition. He died in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, on 14 January 1983.

**Some explanatory remarks** may be in order. Quail Island is a traditional quarantine station in Lyttleton, New Zealand, harbour for Christchurch. It was also used by Scott and Shackleton to prevent the introduction of new animal diseases into agricultural New Zealand. Other notes by Innes-Taylor indicate that his first quarantine was in Dunedin, his second in Lyttleton, not Wellington.

The other expedition ship was the *City of New York*, Amundsen's *Samson* from Tromsø, Norway. It was a spruce and oak-hulled barque built in 1882 and fitted with an auxiliary steam engine.

The *Eleanor Bolling* was the first metal-hulled ship to reach the Bay of Whales. The Bay of Whales is an indentation on the barrier of the Ross Ice Shelf used by Amundsen as Framheim, base of his first expedition to the South Pole in 1911.

Otago Heads is off the entrance to Dunedin's harbor.

Ice blink is a glare on the underside of a low cloud cover, produced by light reflecting from an ice-covered surface in an otherwise open-water area.

Currently the Soviets, Peruvians, and Japanese are still whaling in southern waters.

The 1930 cargo of whale oil was \$21.55/barrel. A similar volume of petroleum at today's prices of \$29.00/barrel would be worth \$3.4 million.

The Plimsoll mark is a set of lines on the outside of a ship's hull which, when compared to the waterline, indicates how loaded the vessel is.

*Philip S. Marshall*  
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The two pair of sea boots stood outside their cabin doors, mute reminders that Pilot Lief Lier and Doctor Ingvald Schreiner would return no more to fill them. This was aboard the whaling factory ship *SS Kosmos*, launched at Belfast in early 1929 and now on her first voyage to the Ross Sea, via Curaçao, the Panama Canal and New Zealand.

We were lying at South latitude 67 and 174 degrees East longitude some 20 miles west of Scott Island and it was the 26th of December 1929. This giant ship, 570 feet long with a

beam of 70 feet and a crew of 300 men, could bunker some 120 000 barrels of oil and with her super-heated steam reciprocating engine make some 11 knots fully loaded. Along with the ship were seven chasers, 135-foot trawler-type vessels with a speed of 14 knots and carrying a harpoon gun in the bow firing an explosive-head harpoon. These small vessels carried a crew of thirteen including the captain who was the gunner.

Just before sailing from Sandefjord, Norway, the owners of the *Kosmos* decided to include a light aircraft for spotting whales. This was how it came about that we had a skilled pilot on board, who would test out the feasibility of using an aircraft for spotting whales.

**In early January of this year 1929, I [Allan Innes-Taylor] had sailed from Vancouver, British Columbia,** with 30 sled dogs aboard the passenger liner *Niagara* to join the Byrd Antarctic Expedition which had lost many dogs while passing through the tropics.

Arriving in Auckland, New Zealand, I quickly transferred to a coastal steamer, the *Katoa*, for passage down to Wellington, thence to Dunedin, the expedition's headquarters. Here on Quail Island, a quarantine station, I awaited passage south to Antarctica. Both expedition ships had made one trip to the Bay of Whales, and the *Eleanor Bolling*, a small Chelsea Class minesweeper of WWI vintage, was due in a few days for a second.

She finally arrived and loading began immediately as the season was late. With the dogs on the highest deck and 60 tons of coal in 200-pound sacks on the after hatches, we sailed down the harbour under the guidance of our Scottish pilot. As he went over the side at Otago Heads he remarked to me:

“Well, my lad, I’ve seen all sorts of ships but none loaded as heavy as this one. I wish you good luck; you’ll need it if I’m to see you again”.

Some six days later [17 February 1929] when well into the great westerly storm area, we found out what it meant to take an overloaded vessel into these parts. In a matter of two hours we were headed into a full gale and high seas. The skipper laid the ship into the weather. We rolled as much as 50 degrees and it was difficult to keep the ship from broaching owing to our heavy deck cargo. The dogs were all seasick.

During the first night of the storm I was on the 8 to 12 watch at the wheel when the chief engineer came to report that we were making water in the after hold which had a cargo of coal, and that the bilges were clogged with coal dust and he could not pump out. The captain called all hands on deck to rig life lines and to jettison the after deck load of coal. Each sack, weighing two hundred pounds, was water-soaked and partly frozen. It was a man-killing job on the wildly pitching vessel, accomplished in the desperation to save us from foundering.

Meantime in the engine room, the chief engineer drilled through the bulkhead into the after hold some five feet above the keel to let the water into the engine room bilges where it could be handled. This worked, and further holes were drilled down to below the

engine room plates. On deck after eight hours, the last sack of coal went over the side. The ship rode higher in the mountainous seas and became more manageable.

The storm persisted for another 18 hours; then the seas moderated and we were able to proceed south again towards the pack ice.

Finally we saw the ice blink ahead, but found the pack ice impenetrable. The *City of New York*, our other barque-rigged ship, advised that she was leaving the Bay of Whales as everything was freezing up and that we should return to New Zealand. Reluctantly we put about.

The sled dogs and I on our arrival in Dunedin were transferred to a quarantine island in Wellington harbour, which at one time had been a leper station. Here we remained for about a month until special permission was granted by the New Zealand government to go to the Tasman Glacier. We could continue training our dogs there, and also assist in transporting equipment and material for the erection of shelters in the high mountains.

The winter passed, and then one day in late September a message came from Admiral Byrd telling us to report to Wellington and there go aboard the whaling factory ship *Kosmos*, which would take me as far as the ice pack where I could transfer to the barque *City of New York* when she came down.

There was also the possibility that the *Kosmos* would hunt whales in the Ross Sea in which case they would drop me off at the Bay of Whales with one of the chasers.

Loading dogs, sleds, and gear aboard trucks we travelled up to Wellington where we were welcomed aboard the *Kosmos* by Captain Andreason and his crew. Eight hours after I was on board we sailed and as the tugs warped us out from the dock, with most of the crew lining the rail, hats went sailing ashore to the hundreds who had come to see us off, sure sign that we'd be back. As we proceeded out of the harbour, I was introduced to Lief Lier, the airplane pilot, and Ingvold Schreiner, the ship's doctor. We were to become fast friends.

Off the harbour mouth the pilot left us and soon the green hills of New Zealand disappeared and the seas came to meet us as we pointed towards the Roaring Forties and the Antarctic.

In six days we were off the pack ice which lies across the southern approaches to the Ross Sea. It wasn't long before the chasers were hunting and the *Kos 3* brought in the first whale, a large blue, 85 feet long and weighing approximately a ton to a foot. As soon as the seas became calm the De Havilland Moth on floats was slung over the side and Lier made his first flight. There were problems to be met in this experiment: how did an airplane flying 75 knots/hour spot whales travelling slowly and then guide a chaser sailing 14 knots to where they were? Nowadays they use helicopters and the whale doesn't have a chance.

Whales were being killed at the rate of eight to ten every 24 hours, mostly blues with a few finbacks and Knidl, or humpbacks.

Suddenly in November the whales disappeared and chaser after chaser reported no catch. Captain Andreason and the chaser captains believed that the whales had gone through the ice pack into the Ross Sea. This could mean the pack was opening up and so it was decided to attempt a penetration.

The airplane was sent up to spot the best place to enter the ice, and shortly we turned south with a chaser on each side of us breaking the ice and the other five following in our wake. We proceeded slowly for four days and then encountered heavy pressure ice and were stopped.

We couldn't go astern or ahead. No open leads in sight, and the pressure was increasing hourly. Within 12 hours plates at the waterline and below buckled and we began to take water at some 20 000 gallons an hour in the forward hold. Pumps were brought up onto the forward deck and were able to handle the incoming water. Twelve-by-twelves were used to shore up the forward bulkhead. Finally the pressure eased and we were able to turn the ship and proceed north again towards the edge of the pack ice. I was always amazed at the calm way in which the captain and his crew dealt with major difficulties encountered, and also how they always seemed to have on board the necessary gear to do the job.

As soon as we reached the northern edge of the pack and it was calm, a soft patch was lowered over the damaged plates on the outside of the ship and a coffer dam was constructed inside the hull. This took care of the situation. The chasers meanwhile were hunting again and reported that whales had reappeared.

It seemed likely they had run into trouble trying to get through the pack as we had, for after all, a whale must come up to breathe every 45 minutes. On the meat deck of a whaling ship there are some 27 winches, two of which are used to pull a whale up through the stern aperture, and the others for the flensing operation and to haul chunks of meat and blubber to the press boilers where they are pushed in by men with long hooks. In the old raw sea air and especially when it is foggy, the sight of 100 men tearing a whale to pieces in the awful stench of corrupt blood and slopping around in it is a carnage beyond description, and sticks in the mind forever. Each workman wears a pair of rubber pants and seaboots made of waterproof leather with wooden soles. When the men come off a 12-hour shift, the seaboots are always left outside the cabin doors. After a while one gets used to the stench which permeates everything, but one never gets used to the sight of a beautiful streamlined whale being hacked to pieces for oil which eventually ends up in margarine and cosmetics.

This meat deck was a dangerous place. One day [6 December 1929] a workman [Nils Hansen] put a winch hook into some 600 pounds of whale intestine to drag and drop it over the side, and when he gave the signal to begin pulling, suddenly the hook pulled out and caught in the top of the man's boot, pulling him quickly into the winch where the steam shut-off valve broke and he was whirled round and round, each time smashing his

head against the steel bulkhead. Signals were sent below to shut off all steam in that part of the ship. The man had been killed instantly.

The doctor and I carried his broken body up to the surgery, followed by his son who had seen the whole thing happen.

Later he went to the captain and asked if his father's body could be taken back to Norway. Men who go to sea have superstitions about death at sea and Captain Andreason was no exception. Burial at sea was the custom, but he felt sorry for the young man and his father who had died so far from home.

He agreed to the request and the doctor and I did the embalming.

The blacksmith built a steel casket and the body was laid inside, the top welded and through a small opening in the top we poured in a mixture of formaldehyde and alcohol. Finally with the coffin sealed it was placed aft in a locked room. There were mutterings amongst the men that surely now we'd never reach land again. The damage to the ship, their friend killed on the meat deck; surely, they said, a third catastrophe will overtake us all.

About this time one of my dogs, a bitch called Maggie, gave birth to 13 pups. She was in no condition to handle that many.

The doctor suggested that we take half the litter away from the mother and bring them up on whale's milk. We went to the captain and asked if it would be possible for one of the chaser captains to take a she-whale with calf. This was against international law on whaling and we had a whaling inspector on board. One of the chaser captains was consulted and he said that under the circumstances it would be possible and that after all - the inspector had to sleep sometime. 24 hours later, unbeknownst to anyone, we were advised that many gallons of whale's milk, in fresh frozen blocks, were in the refrigerator section. We got a small block, thawed and then tasted it - thick and bittersweet, but not bad. We both decided that it was probably too rich for the pups *so* we broke it down by adding 20% sterile water.

Next medicine bottles and nipples were made from rubber thumb stalls. Six weeks later the pups were twice the size of those left with the mother. We decided that whale's milk was the answer to raising giants. So far as I know no further experiments with whale's milk on either animals or humans have ever been tried, but it's certainly worth looking into.

Other whaling ships now came into the area: the *Nielsen Alonzo*, the *C.A. Lursen* and the *Southern Princess*, a British whaler with a Norwegian crew. Within 100 miles from each other those ships drifted while 27 chasers slaughtered these great and beautiful creatures, that with a flick of their tail could bend the steel plates of a ship and who in their dying moments could leap free of the sea, 100 tons of blooded flesh.

Whenever the seas were calm and the weather clear, Lier made flights over the area spotting whales. I frequently accompanied him and at the end of the day we'd forgather in the doctor's cabin to talk of future adventures: crossing Antarctica with dogs,

exploring remote areas of the Yukon, and, of immediate interest, a flight over the Balleny Islands which lay west of us and towards which we were slowly drifting. We agreed that sometime around Christmas would be a good time for such a flight.

We went over the airplane most carefully and made some adjustments. The normal range was 4 to 5 hours.

We would have to take off with 1810 lbs. On December 20<sup>th</sup> we made a test flight with all our weight. We found the aircraft sluggish, but after 30 minutes flight, control was normal. We now felt confident that when we had a perfect day, with calm and unlimited visibility, we could go. The plan was to fly over the chasers that were along our course and spot whales, and then hop a further 75 miles to the Ballenys.

The Balleny Islands are mountains rising some 10 000 feet out of the sea, with sheer rock shorelines. A forbidding area surrounded with churning pack ice.

So we waited and Christmas came, the only day during the entire whale-hunting season when the work of killing whales stops for 24 hours.

On this day there was feasting and meeting with all the chaser crews. Maggie's puppies were flourishing, especially those fed on whale's milk. Everyone aboard was given a generous lashing of brandy. Each man had his thoughts of home. Christmas packages put aboard in August were opened.

It was a good day with the sun shining, but there was little mention of what this day really meant to mankind.

The following day was clear and calm. Lier said we should go and so we got our gear together. While I was getting dressed the doctor came to my cabin and asked me if he could go in my place. There was no sickness aboard at the moment, he said, and it was a chance for him to get away from the ship for a few hours. I didn't have the heart to refuse him, but I said he should be sure to get the captain's permission to go. He went off and returned shortly, happy that the captain, after a lot of persuading, had said yes, he could go. It was disappointing, but then I thought there would be another time.

Soon the airplane N42 was in the water and being refueled, then towed away from the ship. I had said goodbye to my friends and hoped they'd have a good flight to the Ballenys.

They took a long run to get off, but finally were airborne and soon disappeared to the west. One hour later I went to the radio room to find out how they were doing and was somewhat disturbed to find out that Lier had taken the radio out to lighten the plane. However, one of the chasers reported that Lier had landed alongside and then taken off flying to the west.

The hours went by with no further word and at 1600, one hour before they would be out of fuel, the captain and I were on the bridge scanning the horizon. Word was sent out to all the chasers to post special lookouts. 1700 came and the captain ordered all chasers in for full bunkering and immediate search.

At 1900 all chasers were steaming west in a search pattern and the other factory ships were alerted to the situation. At 2300 all chasers of the factory ships were asked to assist and by 0800 of the following day 27 chasers were searching the seas to the west.

The weather stayed clear and calm for a whole week, but not a sign, no wreckage - nothing. On the eighth day the fog blew in and the search was discontinued. Chasers that had penetrated far to the west reported that there was a belt of heavy ice all around the Ballenys. All hope of finding the two men and their aircraft was now abandoned. Captain Andreason stated he would send two chasers around the islands in March when the ice would be away from their shores.

Now each day seemed like an age. As we came to mess there were two pairs of empty boots outside their cabin doors. There were the two empty seats at the table. No more plans for future adventures. They were gone, swallowed up in the immensity of the Antarctic.

In March we were deep in the water. 116 000 barrels were in the tanks, worth 2 million dollars. But we were six feet over the Plimsoll mark, badly damaged in the bow, missing two men and carrying one body home for burial. Two chasers circumnavigated the Ballenys. Nothing was seen, nothing found. The winds still raged across the bleak peaks of the Ballenys and solitary Adelie penguins coasted along on bits of ice going nowhere; whales spouted as they moved swiftly to the west. The waves thundered against the sheer walls and the white spume made a touch of light against the dark islands.

Then on the last day of the final search the wind died, the sea became calm, and for a few moments it was still. I had a feeling then that has persisted since, that somewhere high on the islands' mountaintops, my two friends lie amidst the wreckage of their plane, enveloped by that peace to be found where no man has ever trod or ever will, and I have wondered many times why I was not along on this adventure into the unknown.

## **CASINO SILVER MINES SHARES**

Merry Christmas, Sherron!

Ron Hiltz asked his question about Casino Silver Mines at [allexperts.com](http://allexperts.com) a couple of weeks ago and got this very good answer:

"Ronald, from the information I have available, the Company merged into Pacific Sentinel Gold on the basis of 3 Pacific Sentinel shares for 4 Casino shares. The Company later did a 1 for 5 reverse stock split before changing its name to Great Basin Gold. Great Basin is still around - it trades on the TSX and NYSE Amex for about \$2.70 per share. You need to contact the current transfer agent, Computershare ([www.computershare.com](http://www.computershare.com)) to see if they have you as a shareholder. "

Best regards,

Murray Lundberg [yukonalaska@gmail.com](mailto:yukonalaska@gmail.com) (In Whitehorse)

ExploreNorth.com

Discover the circumpolar North, from Alaska to Greenland and Siberia

<http://www.explorenorth.com>



Pink Mountain Top

Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)

Haven't talked to you in a while... I hope your winter is going well... we have had a lot of 30 below stuff... I'm sure you don't miss that... we have been down to one vehicle for about ten days now... good thing we are retired and nothing is really that important to have to go to town...!

Anyway, I took this picture out our living room window this morning at 10:45... (through the glass)... too cold to go outside... thought you might like it for your next Moc Tel... I don't have any story to go with it...the days are getting longer but it does take a while for the sun to pop over the mountains.

We are all well and healthy and enjoying friends and family over the holidays...

Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)

## WADDELL'S 60<sup>TH</sup> WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

While perusing last Saturday's Edmonton journal I spotted a picture of Bob and Betty Waddell, recognizing the celebration of their 60th Wedding Anniversary. Bob was a long time Weather Observer for MOT Whitehorse in the late 50s and 60s, later moved to Edmonton International Airport prior to his retirement.

The Waddells used to be regular visitors of our next door neighbours Cpl Stan & Sheila Hadley when we lived in Camp Takhini TMQs in the 60s. Betty and Sheila were sisters. I looked up Bob's phone number, called him and had a great chat. First time we had talked to each other in over 45 years.

Winter has been not too bad up here yet - a few days of temperatures down to -31C with wind chill.

During my Class One driver's medical early November, just prior to my 80th birthday, I learned I had both bone and lung cancer. Have had radiation treatments for the bone tumours, further biopsies needed for the lung problem - leaving that until into the New Year. As it was my 80th birthday I decided to finally hang up my spurs and leave big rig driving to the younger folks and get back to more ham radio operating.

Best to you both. 73

Earle Smith [t16ru672@telusplanet.net](mailto:t16ru672@telusplanet.net) (In Grande Prairie AB)

## YUKON ORDER OF PIONEERS

*Can anyone help with a current email address or telephone number for any of these men?*

Bill Weigand has suggested I forward you a copy (attached) of our "Missing In Action" members list in the hopes that you may have some up to date contact information for me from your impressive resources. Anything you have would be appreciated very much. Thanking you in advance for your kind consideration in all of these matters.

I remain,  
Grant M. Lundy [waterquality@klondiker.com](mailto:waterquality@klondiker.com)  
Membership Communications & Scribe  
Yukon Order Of Pioneers, Lodge 2  
Phone and Fax (867) 668-6667

NAME	ADDRESS
ERICKSON, PETER	C/O P.O. BOX 1031, CLEARWATER, B.C., V0E 1N0

<b>HABBERFIELD, BRUCE</b>	<b>11 HERON DRIVE, WHITEHORSE, YUKON, Y1A 5R5</b>
<b>HENKE, STEVE</b>	<b>27 SAMANTHA DR., BLIBLI, QLD, AUSTRALIA, 4560</b>
<b>HOLWAY, RON</b>	<b>ML. 92297 ALASKA HWY., WHITEHORSE, YUKON Y1A 4K9</b>
<b>HUFFMAN, WAYNE LORNE</b>	<b>1707 HOLLY ST., WHITEHORSE, YUKON Y1A 4E6</b>
<b>LINTICK, MURRAY</b>	<b>P.O. BOX 10059, WHITEHORSE, YUKON, Y1A 7A1</b>
<b>MacKILL, DON</b>	<b>3343 CRANE RD., WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C., V2G 4X4</b>
<b>MASON-WOOD, SIMON</b>	<b>10 COUCH RD., WHITEHORSE, YUKON, Y1A 5W5</b>
<b>MAZUR, RICHARD</b>	<b>P.O. BOX 5316, HAINES JCT., YUKON, Y0B 1L0</b>
<b>PARENT, JAMES</b>	<b>P.O. BOX 1449, RIMBEY, ALTA., T0C 2J0</b>
<b>STITT, DENNIS BRIAN</b>	<b>P.O. BOX 21089, WHITEHORSE, YUKON, Y1A 6P7</b>
<b>VEINOTT, RICHARD</b>	<b>#219-707-8TH AVE., NEW WESTMIN., B.C. V3M 2R2</b>
<b>WHITFIELD, LARRY</b>	<b>P.O. BOX 20080, WHITEHORSE, YUKON, Y1A 7A2</b>
<b>McKENNA, WAYNE</b>	<b>P.O. BOX 63, SITE 4, RR. 1, CARVELL, ALTA., T0E 0H0</b>
<b>BECHTEL, ROBERT BRUCE</b>	<b>P.O. BOX 2337, MARSH LAKE, YUKON, Y0B 1Y2</b>

## **NEED YOUR HELP TO IDENTIFY PEOPLE IN PHOTOS**

*Can anyone help with names for these photos? - Sherron*

Sherron I am attaching two photos. Recalling your articles on the Whitehorse Inn I have this photo and I am not sure if I sent it to you sometime ago when I was trying to identify the people I couldn't recall...I now have all the names except the young lady first on the left...Next to her is Al Bourassa (Leo Bourassa's brother....he worked at T&D store) next is Dovic and Lill Leonard, Fred McLaughlin, Bill Miller and his wife behind me on the right end.....On the back I have written Firemen's Ball -Whitehorse Inn April 16, 1948... Dovic worked at T&D Motors. I wonder if there might be some one "out there" who could identify the lady? One last try.

Happy New Year!

Bill and Jeri Weigand [bweigand@shaw.ca](mailto:bweigand@shaw.ca) (In Steveston)



I now have all the names except the young lady first on the left...Next to her is Al Bourassa (Leo Bourassa's brother....he worked at T&D store) next is Dovic and Lill Leonard (Dovic worked at T&D Motors), Fred McLaughlin, Bill Miller and his wife behind me on the right end.

On the back I have written Firemen's Ball -Whitehorse Inn April 16, 1948.

Photo courtesy Bill & Jeri Weigand [bweigand\\*shaw.ca](mailto:bweigand@shaw.ca) (In Steveston BC)



The other (a guess who) picture might be interesting to find a few names...from 1967...The visit of Princess Alexandra..at the airport...she is talking to Donald Buckler (Jeri's youngest son).

Photo courtesy Bill & Jeri Weigand [bweigand\\*shaw.ca](mailto:bweigand@shaw.ca) (In Steveston BC)

## **MACKENZIE VALLY PIPELINE RECEIVES FEDERAL APPROVAL**

CALGARY - The Mackenzie Gas Project has been approved by federal regulators, marking a new chapter in a 30-year pursuit of Arctic natural gas riches by southern producers and a territorial government seeking economic independence. The massive \$16.2-billion pipeline will run down the western flank of the Northwest Territories before landing in Alberta to flow natural gas to markets in the province and North America.

"This is a great day, not just for the North, but for Canada as a whole," said Bob Reid, president of the Aboriginal Pipeline Group. "It's been a very lengthy regulatory process, but that's all behind us now."

While an Arctic pipeline would create much-needed economic growth in Northwest Territories and Canada, reaction was more muted from oil and gas producers backing the \$16.2-billion project.

"Approval from the National Energy Board is a significant positive and its also a vital and necessary step in the process," said Pius Rolheiser, Imperial Oil spokesman. "Having said that, it's just one step and this is a journey of many steps. A lot of work remains to be done before the proponents will be in a position to make a decision."

Read

more: <http://www.calgaryherald.com/news/Mackenzie+Valley+pipeline+closer+reality/3989014/story.html#ixzz19QFIXy92>

Submitted by Pat King [patkingis@shaw.ca](mailto:patkingis@shaw.ca) (In Penticton)

### **Tom Brokaw explains Canada to Americans**

Submitted by George Bliss [jrsports@sasktel.net](mailto:jrsports@sasktel.net) (In Regina)

[www.wimp.com/explainscanada/](http://www.wimp.com/explainscanada/)

*Take note of the reference to the war of 1812. – Sherron*

## **NO NEWS FROM DAWSON**

It's been high minus teens here during the day. -18 right now [ Dec. 28, 2010] in spite of an airport high of -26 forecast. Nothing new to send though. It's been quiet.

Sent from my iPod

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

## YUKON WILDFLOWERS etc.



Montana Moutain Sept 2010

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

## ARTISTIC TALENT



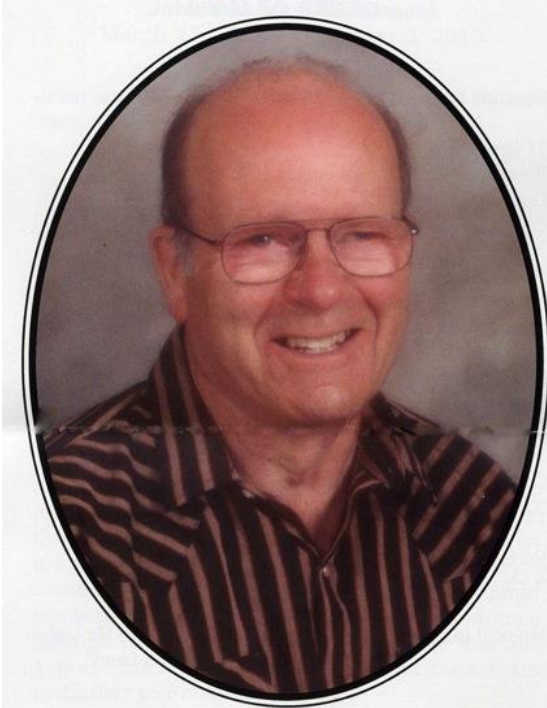
**What will we do with Granny when  
the Ice is all gone ?**

Bonnie Dalziel [bonniedalziel@klondiker.com](mailto:bonniedalziel@klondiker.com)  
(In Whitehorse)

This is my tapestry called, "What Will We Do With Granny When The Ice Is All Gone"? Size 60 X 44 inches It is made from silk, leather, fur.....hand quilted. It is one of 77 pieces being prepared for exhibition soon.

Bonnie

## OBIT



**John MacDonald**  
1934-2010

**John Franklin MacDonald**  
March 27, 1934 – December 3, 2010

John was born in Dawson City, Yukon to the late Jack and Florence MacDonald.

All of his life was spent in this part of the world where he worked in many different capacities ranging from truck driver, heavy equipment operator, road builder, mechanic until he retired from the Government of Yukon as Field Mechanical Superintendent in 1999.

Being a true Yukoner, he was also a member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers – an organization that was very close to his heart. John firmly believed in trying to make one's community a better place, a conviction that led him to be actively involved with Whitehorse Citizens on Patrol.

John was a loving husband to his wife Sue and a great father to his stepchildren: Kristofer Carruthers (Sheryl), Kelly Carruthers (Tiffany), grandchildren Molly, Oliver, Hailey and Karley; a brother to Mary MacDonald, Lynn Dooley (Jim), uncle to Patricia (Julius Briner), James, Florence, Samuel (Danielle) and John Dooley. He was also a great-uncle to Jessica, Julia and Carrie and godfather to Fr. Ain Leetma.

John was regularly seen walking with Tiffany and Sach, his four-legged friends he enjoyed spending time with and who kept him active until the last days of his life.

I just heard that Gill Fitzgibbon passed away on Boxing Day. She worked in the Federal Government, the College, YTG, and in Ottawa for ten years or more, then returned to the Yukon a few years ago. She was Frank Turner's first wife, and they had a son, Saul.

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

### ***Gillian Fitzgibbon***

Passed away suddenly at home at the age of 62. Beloved mother of Saul Turner and proud "G G" of Myla Turner.

Eldest daughter of the late Margaret and John Fitzgibbon (Ottawa, ON). She will be sadly missed by her brother Brian (Gatineau, PQ), and sisters Jane (France) and Sandy (Cantley, PQ).

*The family will receive friends at the Heritage North Funeral Home, 412 Cook*

*Street between 2:00 and 4:00 pm on Friday, December 31, 2010, to share fond memories and stories in celebration of her life.*

In lieu of flowers, memorial donations made to the Mae Bachur Animal Shelter would be greatly appreciated.

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Sorry it took us so long to respond. Between the holidays and with trying to get ready to leave here on the 20th, we're beginning to get pretty busy.

Larry lived in Whitehorse from 1969 - 2008  
Doris lived in Whitehorse from 1964 - 2008

We will be mailing you a \$25 check tomorrow to your Arizona address. Please add us to the mailing list.

Thanks...Doris & Larry Chalifour [doris-larry@hotmail.com](mailto:doris-larry@hotmail.com) (In Whitehorse)

We're living in Penticton now.

That said, we're in Kingman, AZ tonight on our way to Port Isabel, TX. We have a little cottage and have been spending the winters there for 5 years, but are a bit late heading down this year. We've been running ahead of this weather system for the past three days. Today we were in and out of rain, slush and snow most of the day. Be glad when we're completely out of it!

Doris & Larry Chalifour [doris-larry@hotmail.com](mailto:doris-larry@hotmail.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Hello Sherron

First off..let me express our sincere gratitude to you for all the hard work you have been doing over the last many years to keep Yukoners in touch with each other. I will not delete any addresses I have gleaned from the Telegraph as I may be re-subscribing in the future, but I must cancel my subscription for the present because I am working hard at trying to get my business operating. I am an amateur photographer trying to break into the market and it is taking a lot of my time. For anyone interested, my new web site is:

[www.yukonfrozntimephotography.com](http://www.yukonfrozntimephotography.com)

It is not a completed site, as of yet, but some of the Galleries are available for viewers. If anyone wishes to make a comment please feel free to do so.

Thanks again, Sherron  
And May you all have a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous  
2011.  
Norm & Jean Bastien

BASTIEN, Norm [hondahog\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hondahog*northwestel.net) (In Haines Junction)

[b\\_sravenhill@telus.net](mailto:b_sravenhill@telus.net) (after RCPT TO): 550 5.1.1 <[b\\_sravenhill@telus.net](mailto:b_sravenhill@telus.net)> recipient  
rejected

RAVENHILL, Barrie & Sandie [b\\_sravenhill@telus.net](mailto:b_sravenhill@telus.net) (Dawson 1947- 58, Whse 1958-72,  
Watson L. 1972-98) Keremeos

[geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca](mailto:geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca)

The recipient's e-mail address was not found in the recipient's e-mail system.

VanBibber, Geraldine & Pat [geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca](mailto:geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca) ([former] Commission of Yukon)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*The strongest reason for the people to retain the right to keep and bear arms is, as a last resort, to protect themselves against tyranny in government. - Thomas Jefferson*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Since you mentioned you needed more recipes, here's one of my own. I used to make this up in the Yukon for a hearty breakfast served with sausage/bacon/or your choice. Also good with sliced bananas on the side!

### Nan's Cackleberries

This is truly my own unique creation, inspired years ago by my mother's scotched eggs, which was to crack an egg into a buttered muffin tin and top with crushed soda biscuits and bake. In 1983, I experimented until I found just the right ingredients. Mushrooms are the key. Without them, this dish would not be as tasty or as interesting. Be creative and try your own.

What the heck is a cackleberry?

“Cackleberry” is slang term used for hen's egg. Hens ‘cackle’ when they lay an egg. Dominikers are considered America's oldest hen bread, brought here from the UK during

colonial times. However, the Australians use the term also, which causes me to think that the term originated in England some time before the last century.

#### Ingredients:

Tbs butter  
2 whole eggs  
Diced red pepper  
Diced yellow pepper  
Small tomato, chopped or cherry tomatoes halved  
2 large mushrooms, sliced  
French Bread, 1 slice cubed  
Monterey Jack cheese, shredded  
Mozzarella cheese, shredded  
Minced Garlic, optional  
Salt and Pepper  
Paprika

#### Special Baking Dish:

Round corning ware baking dish approximately 4-5" across and 1 ½ " high.

#### Instructions:

- Melt butter and pour into bottom of baking dish.
- Crack two eggs into dish without breaking the yolks.
- By hand, carefully place red and yellow diced peppers in the egg white portion of the dish.
- Do the same with the tomatoes. Not too much of these veggies, you want this for flavor and color.
- You want the eggs to hold them when cooked as the peppers and tomatoes have a lot of liquid in them when baked.
- Place sliced mushrooms over top carefully in a layer without breaking the egg yolks.
- Salt, Pepper and minced garlic to your own taste.
- Place a layer of cubed French bread over top in one layer.
- Add shredded cheeses. Any type of cheese on hand will do.
- Sprinkle Paprika over the top for color.

Place the baking dish on a cookie tray to prevent spillage/dripping. Bake in a preheated oven at 425 degrees for approximately 10 to 15 minutes. Keep your eye on it, you don't want the egg yolks to cook all the way through, yet you want the whites to be cooked thoroughly. Or you cook the yolks solid, depending on your taste.

Remove from the Oven and immediately scoop out the whole round dish with a large serving spoon onto a plate. Serve with banana halved, length-wise and sliced strawberries on the side, Or orange garnish.

And voila - a truly unique kind of omelet not shaken or stirred! Its appearance is in a neat round shape. The veggie juices are absorbed upward into the French bread while the cheeses are melted downwards into the French bread. Be careful you don't burn your tongue, as these Cackleberries hold the heat longer than typical eggs or omelets due to the veggies inside. Enjoy!

Nan Desmarais,

Good things to you and your readers!

Nan Desmarius [nandesmarais@hotmail.com](mailto:nandesmarais@hotmail.com) Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada  
former resident of Whitehorse, Mayo Road, and Dawson City

## DATES TO REMEMBER



### **The Vancouver Yukoners' Association invites**

Yukoners past and present to attend our 83rd Annual Banquet

Date: April 16, 2011

Place: River Rock Casino/Resort – Whistler Ballroom

Address: 8811 River Rd, Richmond BC – Free Parking

### **Hotel reservations:**

Telephone: 604-247-8900 *or* toll free 1-866-748-3718

Ask for *Vancouver Yukoners' rate*

If booking *before* Feb.1, 2011, ask for our *Early Bird* rate.

### **Banquet Tickets:**

\$55.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to  
*Vancouver Yukoners' Association*

Banquet Reception/Registration: Ballroom Foyer 5pm – 6pm Dinner: 6:30 pm

Hospitality Suite: Open Friday evening and Saturday

Note: registration/pick up tickets at Hospitality Suite

Check [www.vancouver-yukoners.com](http://www.vancouver-yukoners.com) for updates

### **FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:**

email: [lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca) Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4

Phone: 250-383-1349

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

### **For further information contact:**

Jim Perry [4perry@telus.net](mailto:4perry@telus.net) Phone: 604-853-7340

Yukon residents call 867-668-2228 or 1-800-661-0407 for AIR NORTH discount, quote  
Convention Code 5HUP12W8

## **SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

There is an annual subscription fee of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

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

## **MOCTEL ARCHIVES**

A disc (DVD) is now available, containing all MocTels 1 - 325 (2003 – 2010) including all Special Editions. If you wish to receive a copy, please send a cheque for \$25. – include a note that you are sending the money for a disc and include your mailing address. A disc will be mailed to you.

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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