

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 347th Edition – November 27th, 2011

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Raven Sept 2011

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

My First Permanent Job: Night Watchman

By Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay BC)

“When am I going to get my raise to MM 1?” I would often wonder, as I trudged through the snow to the power house yet again. I had been on “night watch” for some three weeks now, and was getting damned tired of it. Not so much for the loneliness and the boredom of sitting in the garage or the Rec Hall all night, making my rounds every hour. . . No, I could handle that, but I was letting the world of heavy equipment operating go by.

My first year on “permanent” with DND; I was 18 and had spent my first year out of school driving a dump truck on the surface crews. In November, after the crews had closed down, I was assigned to Brooks Brook, mainly because this camp had limited living quarters for married men, thus requiring two or sometimes three single men in the camp’s staff. Only four out of the seven apartments were available for maintenance men, the others were used by Pool people, since Brooks was Central Area Headquarters. For this reason, the camp always had single men during

the winter, to keep the crew up to strength. There was a single men's quarters known as the "Sourdough Hotel", nothing more than a two room bunkhouse. These singles boarded with one of the camp families or, if none of the camp women would board them, drove every day to Johnson's Crossing Lodge at the north end of Teslin River bridge, seven miles away.

I had spent that summer of 1953 hauling gravel on the roving crews, first with a large one working in Watson Lake section, later with a smaller "patching crew" in Brooks Brook and Marsh Lake sections. At the end of the season, I was assigned, with several other drivers and our 5 Ton Fords, to the No. 1 Road crew (a military Engineer Unit tasked with major construction projects) ten miles south of Teslin to help finish the four-mile relocation just winding up. This job had gone behind schedule for a variety of reasons but the last half mile or so was being hastily finished, trying to beat freeze-up, after which most of the gravel pits would become difficult to access without thawing the material. The idea was to link up with the existing grade at Mile 794, thereby cutting off four miles or more of dangerous curves, treacherous especially in winter. They needed more gravel hauled and were short of trucks. In the event, the job was not completed until far after freeze-up, and gravel hauling conditions were atrocious, icy roads, loads sticking in dump boxes, but the tie-in was completed in late November. At the end of the job, we delivered our vehicles to the equipment pool at Swift River, and two of us were taken on permanent, one assigned to Watson Lake and myself to Brooks. We were not raised to Maintenance Man I, though, because the Establishment allowed only a predetermined number of men in this classification. Instead we were given MM III status, at about 25 cents, or about 20%, lower hourly wages,

I was given menial chores around the garage, helping with equipment maintenance and related jobs, like sweeping the floors and servicing the light plants. I was kept away from any snow ploughs or graders, but any driving job, up to five ton trucks was given me. My main chore that first winter however, was as night watchman. It had been found that in most camps during cold weather (say from about -20oF and colder) it was necessary to have someone checking water lines, generating plants and unoccupied buildings for freezing water or fuel lines. Our oil space heaters were not really reliable, and areas like the communal laundry room, the Rec Hall and the Pool office had to be checked at intervals during the non-working hours to make sure that the heaters were going and the water flowing.

Thus, the foreman would usually keep an eye on these areas in the evenings, but the night watchman would come on duty at 11 pm, and work through until seven. The extremes of the weather dictated how often his rounds should be: at forty below and colder, it was necessary to check everything every 45 minutes or so, since an oil stove could go out and freeze a building's contents in that length of time at that temperature. At 15 to 25 below (F), which was normal for that part of the country most of the time, every hour and a half or so would suffice.

Rounds included the power house, where the water system pump also was located, the aforementioned 80-foot long central building which housed, from south to north, the freezer/cooler lockers, the Rec Hall, the laundry room, the Pool Office and the one-room school. The cold water tap had to be kept running in all sinks in all buildings in camp or it would freeze. Oil space heaters we kept burning at a high setting to ensure the fuel moving through the lines at a good pace. We would also ensure that smoke was coming from all the other chimneys in camp; as well, we checked those of CNT's (CN Telecommunications, which operated the repeater station) four houses and their other buildings in the adjacent camp. We had to walk past them on our way to the power house, so this wasn't out of our way. Normally we spent our time in the garage office, reading or playing solitaire. Occasionally the foreman would give the night man something to do in the garage, like change the blades on a grader or perhaps do minor maintenance on a vehicle, but this was rare. It was felt that one person shouldn't work alone amongst heavy equipment,

carrying heavy tools or grader cutting edges around; there was potential for physical injury, with no one to help in case of accident.

My first winter of 1953-54 was particularly cold, and I stayed on night shift for many weeks in December and January. It really became boring, and I longed for the little sunshine that was available in these months: about three hours a day, tops. I also felt left out of camp activities as well, and when February came, I was ready for some other, any other, activity!

At the first week in February it was decreed that Dale George, the other single man, who actually was a Pool employee, would take two weeks of night watch. Dale was Area superintendent's Harry George's son, and drove the 3-ton Ford line truck. This was the "pony express" that delivered mail, spare parts, sometimes light equipment from Pool and Whitehorse to other camps in Central Area. I would become the "Pony" driver for two weeks; joy to be on the road again and away from the cursed night duty!

Oshkosh

By Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca (In Courtenay BC)

"I don't like this at all, at all; dammit, you were supposed to gas up before you left the yard. Did you check oil and stuff under the hood, or did you forget this too?"

"No, I did check oil and the rad and the belts and the tires; just slipped my mind to fuel up, sorry"

"Okay, just get your ass back to camp and gas up and get back to the shovel toot sweet!"

Ed (Tiny) Bennington was the sub-foreman of the crew and I met him on the road back to camp, after I'd discovered that the Ford dump truck's fuel tank was almost empty; not even enough fuel for one trip. Shovel operator Lawrence Purdy said I'd better get back and get some gas. Tiny was on his way to the field in his panel truck and we met halfway back to Iron Creek camp. I had a red, red face, but there was more to come.

I made several trips from the shovel to the dump zone at Mile 610 then it was lunch time and we ate our box lunches at the gravel pit where we were loading. On my second load after lunch Bennington came along to check on my driving and such, and of course was critical of my technique of descending Hyland River Hill. I'd just geared down one full gear and was rolling down in 4th, high range and using brakes as necessary. He told me in no uncertain terms that we were to gear down much more—3rd gear, low range; an he thought second was better. I still had a lot to learn, it seemed.

* * * * *

My very first job out of high school; driving a five ton Ford dump truck for the Army on the Alaska Highway at Mile 596. Was hired on at Brooks Brook, which was Area Headquarters, on June 12, and next morning rode down to my first job as casual truck driver on the resurfacing crew in Watson Lake section. My ride was with school chum and friend Dale George, son of the superintendent and Line Truck driver. This was the local "pony express" a three ton stake truck which travelled the Area, from Whitehorse to Coal River with mail, parts, grader blades, cable and all the other consumable pieces and bits required by the camps for routine maintenance, vehicle

repairs and supplies. In summer it made at least one trip to Coal River a week and one or two to Whitehorse, to resupply the Pool at Brooks Brook.

So we got to Watson that first day and got a room in the camp bunkhouse, then I rode down to Iron Creek with the camp foreman, Ches Campion, who was also the crew foreman. Since camp duties had to be attended to as well as the resurfacing project, he had a sub-foreman as well, who stayed with the crew.

But I learned slowly and soon could tool the big Ford as well as the other drivers, most of whom were high school kids from Dawson Creek, one or two I had known from my one year at that town's high school. One month with this crew, then there was a call from the small roving surface crew, working in the Teslin area, for an Oshkosh driver. I had never even heard of an Oshkosh, but I was tagged to be transferred to this crew, No 8, ASAP. It happened that the truck that I was driving was in need of new king pins in the front axle, so it was arranged that I would pack my gear and deliver old "605" to the repair shop at Watson Lake, then await transport to Mile 794, where the new crew was working.

Harry George soon appeared in the workshop and he told me I would be going with him as soon as he was finished his business with Campion. We left around noon and drove on north, arriving at 794 late in the afternoon. Here again I was assigned an ailing truck and told to take it to Brooks Brook maintenance camp for repair. Got there around supper time and then was given a pickup and went to my parent's lodge at Johnson's Crossing for supper and a bed, since there was no accommodations at Brooks, seven miles south of JC.

Next morning someone drove me to 794 and it transpired that the Oshkosh was down and under repair so I would be driving a three ton Dodge dumper, so went out in this under foreman Jim Keddell, a former RC Engineer sergeant major (in fact he thought he still was one). It rained that noon, after we had got a lift of clay on a hilly section of road near Morley Bay, and the road become so greasy I was unable to get my empty Dodge up the hill to the gravel pit after dumping. Fooled round a bit then the grader man, Harold Babcock, jumped in and selected second gear and gunned the old girl and spun his way all the way up the hill, spewing mud and pea gravel everywhere. So that's how it's done, I thought, but it was a poor way to get up a hill, but effective. I still had lots to learn.

I drove this truck for a week or so, we moved to Teslin where we operated out of Fleming's Motel, and the Oshkosh appeared, having been driven down from Brooks by the foreman there, Garth Holm. It turned out to be a huge pig of a truck, designed for ploughing snow with a front mounted plough. It had 11:00X22 tires on it, was four wheel drive and was one of the most uncomfortable vehicles I have driven, before or since. High off the ground, it had a huge steering wheel, necessary to steer the great front wheels; power steering was not installed (not many trucks has this feature in the 50's). The seat, a full-width bench was not badly padded, but the seat back was far to the rear of the cab and the seat was not at all adjustable. So a person sat on the seat with his arms high on the wheel, and the seatback some eight inches behind him! Driving the unit was not that bad; it had a fairly standard transmission with a two-speed auxiliary box that shifted well, and the engine, a six cylinder Hercules, was quite responsive. Its top speed was 42 miles per hour. (67 km/h)

So I became the “Oshkosh Kid” (I was just eighteen) and moved my share of clay and gravel for this surface crew the rest of the summer. By late August we were in Marsh Lake section and with our four trucks and a mobile shovel had done quite a lot of patching of worn-out sections of road, spreading clay and gravel on them and making the road more evenly surfaced and easier to traverse. The old Oshkosh was using quite a lot of oil, sometimes more than two gallons a day, and it was deemed that the engine needed rings and valves, or else we’d have to rig a ten gallon barrel of oil on top of the cab and gravity feed it into the oil-hungry Hercules. It was delivered to RCEME, the army workshop in Whitehorse and I drew a more or less new F8 Ford, like the one I used at Iron Creek earlier in the year. Its number was 616, and the last driver, in spite of Army regulations to the contrary had painted, crudely, “Sweet Sixteen” on the drivers’ door. This unit was quite new and was quite a change from the uncomfortable Oshkosh with its hard steering and draughty cab—it was getting towards fall by this time.

Sweet Sixteen and I worked out of Whitehorse for the last part of August and most of September, then were sent to Teslin as autumn descended to help a military Army crew finish a road relocation south of Teslin. We worked there until late in the fall, hauling gravel alongside military drivers with mostly three ton GMC’s. Two shovels loaded us and we finally finished the job in early November, long after there was snow on the ground and the ground frozen. Not a great job, and we were overnighing in Teslin, ten miles away because the Military camp had no room for us. Meals were taken at the camp, though, and we had to arise before seven and drive to the camp for breakfast.

Snowy and icy roads were normal for this time of year and it was a messy fall, with numerous minor accidents with the sapper drivers, some of whom had never driven under these conditions, and some who just didn’t care. I was glad to be finished with this crew.

We delivered our trucks to the equipment pool in Swift River and most drivers were laid off and headed on home to Dawson Creek and points south. I was taken on “permanent” and assigned to Brooks Brook, where I spent the winter as night watchman.

But this was the first year of full time employment for me and I had learned a lot. I became a competent driver and known for my expertise and care for equipment. Even though wages in those days were pretty poor, I did save about nine hundred dollars that summer, and by March of the next year, I was able to purchase my first car, a second hand Ford Tudor, for \$1400.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

The Thirty Mile River

The Yukon River is one of the grandest in the world. It flows almost two thousand miles from Marsh Lake to the Bering Sea. One of the gems in the entire Yukon River system - a section only thirty miles long - is now Canadian Heritage river.

More than half of the territory is drained by the Yukon River. That's a lot of fresh water heading into the salt-laden Bering Sea. The Yukon is fed by tributaries from the great mountain areas...the St. Elias, Cassiar, Pelly, Selwyn, and Ogilvie Mountains.

It might be surprising to some, but the Yukon River originates in the southern lakes, just 25 kilometers from the Pacific Ocean. Then it meanders northwest for 1140 km through the boreal forest of Yukon's central lowlands to the Alaska border. From here it flows westward for another 2,060 km through central Alaska and empties into the Bering Sea. A long river by any standards.

The Thirty Mile section is a relatively narrow channel. It begins at the northern end of Lake Laberge, and ends at the Teslin River, at a place called Hootalinqua. And the river has a special place in Canadian history.

At its peak in 1898, the Klondike Gold Rush saw more than 30,000 gold seekers, in at least 7,000 boats, travel the Thirty Mile sailing from Lake Bennett to the goldfields. Although Hootalinqua already existed as a stopping place for Teslin River miners, both it and Lower Laberge became very important during and after the gold rush. At Lower Laberge, there was a telegraph station, a North West Mounted Police post, supply depots, and a roadhouse. At Hootalinqua there was a telegraph station and police post, and later, on nearby Shipyard Island, slipways and a winter storage yard for paddle-wheelers. 17-Mile Wood Camp, as it was called, was one of many along the river.

At Lower Laberge, Hootalinqua and the 17-Mile Wood Camp you can still see the remains of the log buildings in varying states of repair. Of particular interest are the remains of the slipways and winter storage facility on Shipyard Island. Built in 1913 by the British Yukon Navigation Company, it is the last such site in the Yukon.

Here the 360-ton S.S. Evelyn, built in 1908, lies as a rustic reminder of those riverboat days. It was hauled to shore at the close of the 1913 shipping season. Sadly, the hull is slowly disintegrating.

The swift, narrow channel of the Thirty Mile was the most difficult part of the stern-wheelers' run between Whitehorse and Dawson City. Its strong current, shifting shoals and treacherous rocks claimed more ships than any other stretch of the Yukon River. Simply marked grave sites are found along the Thirty Mile, and some locations are named after the boats wrecked there - Domville Creek, Casca Reef, La France Creek and Tanana Reef. The Thirty Mile was designated a Canadian Heritage river in 1991.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



Hootalinqua junction at Carmacks with Lewis River. Yukon Archives. Frank Foster fonds, #158.

BOOK REVIEW – by Eleanor Millard

Wrong Highway by Stella T. Jenkins

Anyone who has used a honey bucket, had to get a vehicle towed out of the ditch on a muddy gravel highway, or married the “wrong” person, will love Stella T. Jenkins' candid memoir, *Wrong Highway*. It is aptly subtitled *The Misadventures of a Misplaced Society Girl* and has all the makings of a tragicomedy film set in the forties and fifties.

In the restless post-war world of British Columbia and the Yukon, a record by Ted Daffan depicted the author's life to her. In the song “**Headin' Down the Wrong Highway**”, one line reflects a life where the singer has “**done too many things that I shouldn't do.**” We are the richer for that journey.

Stella Jenkins started down that wrong highway by marrying George McCandless, the “right” man from her own traditional social class in Victoria who “believed in all things British.” At thirty-two she found herself divorced with four children after fifteen years of marriage. It was at a time and

place where a scandalized divorcee with children went back to her own parents' home to weep and remain dependent.

Not so for Stella. She found a clerical job to survive in Victoria and soon, a man. The world was full of veterans from the Second World War “adrift on the country” and one was Bob Smith, a bush wanderer who early on in their relationship walked from Teslin Lake to the BC coast over the Trail of 98 to Telegraph Creek. He was not only six years younger, but several inches shorter than the author, with a build like a wrestler and fiery red hair. She was hooked on his honesty and energetic love of life, an abrupt change from her Victoria family where she “had to live inside a suit of armour.”

Stella sneaked out of the armour for a Thanksgiving weekend with Bob and they began their life together “up the railway line a little from Burns Lake” where he was trapping. So began a peripatetic journey for the couple, with and sometimes without the children, through the backwoods and small communities of northern BC and the Yukon, recorded in thick letters and journals by both Stella and Bob, fortunately for us.

Bob “collected old men like nuggets,” and Stella found work with many an odd personality. Stella's warmth and empathetic approach to people (including her ex-husband) makes for fascinating descriptions of many characters we can relate to. Anyone who has lived with the same lack of riches will appreciate the challenges in their various homes sprinkled throughout the book from Smithers to Whitehorse and in Barriere, Clinton, and Kamloops, with many smaller settlements and bush locations in between.

Married without their families present, the couple sought adventure, hunting, and jobs driving up the Alaska Highway. They shipped the children off to their father and drove up the Alaska Highway with Bob's brother, Tom. The brothers were complete opposites, even physically. While Bob would tease and play, and was a stickler for neatness, Tom was kind and thoughtful, generous, but lazy, sloppy, and unreliable. “One man lived by the labour of his hands and the other by the working of his mind,” Stella says. They did not always get along but Stella says it was “the oddest love/hate relationship I had ever seen.”

Finances were “fairly low”, but spirits “way up” looking for work along the Highway. Stella was pregnant and camping in a pup tent was not always comfortable. For Stella as for many of us, the Alaska Highway “had a life of its own with news and good friends passing from settlement to settlement along its length. It did not need British Columbia or the Yukon or Alaska. It was its own thing and probably is still.” She notes that “there was no such thing as a restaurant on the Alcan. You just got fed.” For Alaska Highway buffs and anyone who has travelled that unforgettable route, the chapters about their trip and their stay in Fort Nelson working in the late 40's will be a highlight. Especially poignant is the vivid description of Muncho Lake, which Stella “was never to forget.”

By Christmas 1949, the couple was working and living in Whitehorse near Moccasin Flats. “There was fun everywhere,” she says, and recalls fifty-below temperatures, dealing with a honey bucket, and entertaining themselves listening to records and the radio with humour and energy. Their “little sourdough,” Mark, was born that winter, and he was a comfort for Stella in her depression over not being with her other children during that long winter.

In spite of the attractions in Whitehorse, Stella comments that they “were not the right material”. She says her “men folk did not wallow in gold rush history; they liked to make history” and they decided to leave, once they could make enough money.

Before there was a road, the narrow-gauge White Pass and Yukon Route railway ran year-round from Whitehorse to Skagway, through dangerous coastal mountains. They both found jobs at a section called Log Cabin, at the summit. While Bob laboured fixing the track which was “like a live thing, always thinking up mischief,” Stella was the cook for the half dozen men. Along with cooking, cleaning, and caring for toddler Mark, she was responsible for ordering, taking and giving messages, and several other duties that kept the railroad safely moving seven days a week. In their few spare hours, they hiked and fished in the wilderness at the Summit, with Bob carrying Mark in a backpack made from a cardboard egg carton. In such isolation, personality conflicts were not unknown, and Stella's description of spats and revenge are colourful.

With enough money earned to buy a “carryall” truck and trailer left over from the US Army, they were off down the Highway to several different communities in BC and facing family in Victoria the next spring.

The Wrong Highway is a case study of family and married life in the 40's and 50's, enhanced immensely by the author's sense of place and her strong voice. But it is also a deep love story. Bob had “never cured me of watching him or loving him” Stella says. “I was his lode star, his centre, but after reaching it, he would always veer off again.” Some of the most powerful writing in the book describes his wandering soul leaving her for the last time with his early death in Williams Lake.

This memoir gives its audience a clear sense of its Northern setting, its history, and the lives of the men and women of the time. It is a refreshing, satisfying read.

Eleanor Millard
emillard*northwestel.net
(In Carcross)
October 30, 2011



Family gathering at Oregon Avenue (Victoria) after Bob's death.

Standing: Henry, Robert, David

Seated: L to R: Joan (on stool), Stella's mother Nellie Cuming, Stella, Mark
(Henry, Robert, David, and Joan are McCandless children; Mark is Smith)

Stella married again, hence her current last name of Jenkins rather than Smith



The US Army carryall and trailer the family left the Yukon in, fall 1950.



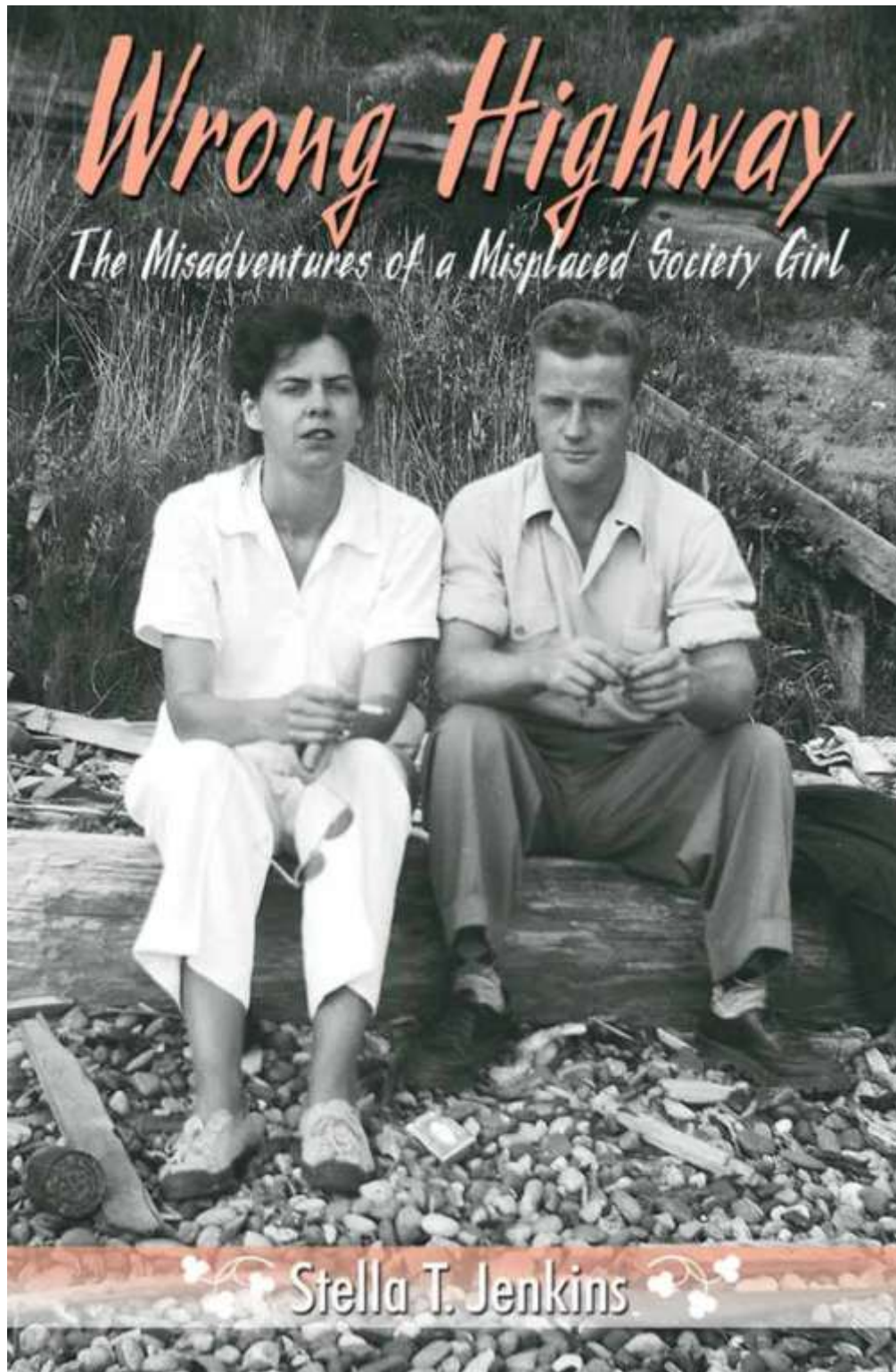
Cabin with moose horn, Moccasin Flats, Whitehorse, 1949-50. (The family lived here.)



Beached steamboats, Whitehorse, 1950



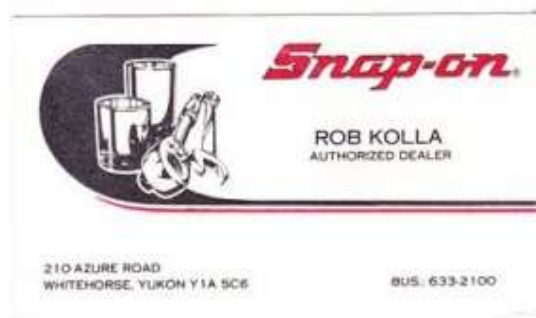
Bob packing Mark in makeshift baby carrier near Fraser, BC, (Log Cabin), 1950



Wrong Highway is now available on the Hancock House Publishers website at <http://www.hancockhouse.com/products/wrohig.htm> and can be purchased directly from them.

It will also be in Mac's Fireweed in Whitehorse, so watch for it there.

OLD BUSINESS CARDS – do they bring back memories to you? Submitted by Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley BC)



LILLIAN ALLING

I just wanted to say hello and to let you know that the Lillian alling book is completed. It was great to get to know her and now I send the book out into the world, and hope that someone else can continue the journey, and help to solve the mystery of Lillian Alling.

The book is now in print and available to purchase from www.caitlin-press.com or from <http://www.harbourpublishing.com/ordering.php> or from me directly at

www.susmithjosephy.com, if you know of any individuals, bookstores or libraries that may be interested.

Good luck with the Moccasin Telegraph, it's a great publication.

Sincerely,
Susan Smith-Josephy
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“Her first book, [Lillian Alling: The Journey Home](#), is now available from [Caitlin Press](#)

“I didn’t start out intending to write a book. But the story and legend of Lillian Alling intrigued me so much, I started researching it whenever I could. Before long, I had a pile of research papers two feet high, so I thought I’d better do something with it. The result is the book Lillian Alling: The Journey Home.”

FASD is not just a Native Problem, Says Helen Hoy

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestle.net (In Dawson)

Until fairly recently it was considered politically correct not to talk too much about fetal alcohol spectrum disorder (FASD), but Helen Hoy, a professor of English at Guelph University, feels it needs to be discussed in a larger context, and not simply as it might apply to First Nations people. In her lecture at the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre on October 18, Hoy used the 2002 novel Porcupines and China Dolls, by Robert Arthur Alexie, to address the topic of dysfunctional lives and communities.

Alexie’s novel takes its title from the experiences of children who went to residential schools, where they had their heads shaved and were subjected to a white dress code. It is said the girls looked like china dolls and the boys like porcupines when the process was complete.

Much has been written about the trauma that resulted from this system and how it drove participants to silence and substance abuse in their adult lives, creating dysfunctional families and communities where the damage spans generations.

FASD is one of the legacies of this system, but Hoy says the prevalence of the syndrome amongst natives is perhaps not so great as it is stereotypically thought to be. There are other conditions, some of them psychological and some social that can lead to the same sort of bizarre and self-defeating behavior.

Hoy’s interest in this condition was sparked by the daughter that she and her spouse, Thomas King, adopted and discovered, after many years of wondering what was wrong, had this condition,

The girl does not have the FASD features that can lead to a diagnosis, is highly verbal, intelligent and charming, but is afflicted with what Hoy terms an “executive function deficit” which makes her impulsive and often unable to relate actions to consequences.

Many of the symptoms of FASD are similar to those that may be found in people with attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) or some forms of autism.

Hoy suggests that it is currently more likely that native children will be diagnosed as FASD and non-natives as one of the other disorders, and that this stereotypical diagnosis needs to be looked at carefully. The diagnosis has political and social implications as well as implications for treatment.

Looking at Alexie’s novel, she says he describes communities where inebriation to the point of rational incapacity is routine. At one point a character says his group is “out of beer and out of common sense” which he identifies as “normal” for his town.

Hoy says she has seen statistics that indicate drinking is less prevalent among natives than it is generally thought to be and at least one study showed that educated, employed white women were more likely to be drinkers. On the other hand, natives who do drink were likely to drink more.

Some of her assertions will be seen as controversial when the full text of her lecture (in article form) is published next year in Mosaic, but Hoy is used to controversy.

She stirred up a hornet’s nest with another literary analysis in 2010 when she dared to suggest that Anne Shirley, the beloved redheaded orphan from the 1908 novel Anne of Green Gables, showed the same sort of symptoms of hyperactivity, fearlessness (often a result of an inability to connect cause and effect), flashes of anger and tangential behavior as do FASD victims. Online reactions to published stories about this theory on CBC.ca and MacLean’s online were extreme, to say the least.

As with the Alexie novel, she was quick to point out that she advances these theories simply to get people to think in a more focussed and less reflexive way about the issue of FASD.

Hoy’s appearance in Dawson was part of the 2011-12 Visiting Aboriginal Artist Series organized and hosted by the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre and the Yukon School of Visual Arts.

The Yukon Hospital Corporation Touts its Achievements at its AGM in Dawson.

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestle.net (In Dawson)

Following what Yukon Hospital Chair Craig Tuton said was a board policy, the YHC brought its annual general meeting to Dawson City on October 19, filling the Downtown Hotel conference room with about 45 locals who came to hear what the corporation, which will begin running medical services in town when the new hospital is finished in late 2012 or early 2013, had to say for itself.

The meeting broke neatly into two sections, the first dealing with the overall business of the corporation and the second with local issues. This article deals with the first part.

Tuton dominated the first half of the meeting with his overview of the corporation's year. Many of the points on which he touched were also part of the CEO's report from Joe MacGillivray, which left the latter with very little to say when it came his turn.

Tuton began with the corporation's expansion into Watson Lake and Dawson City, noting that this report marks the first full year of the YHC's running of the Watson Lake facility. New buildings are under construction in both towns, in line with the corporation's goals of locating services as close to source of patients as possible and making it possible for more patients to spend their hospital time closer to home.

Of the project in Watson Lake he said that some savings had been realized by reusing the metal frame left from the government's abortive hospital project there. Dawson, with its Historic Advisory Committee, presented the corporation with some difficult challenges in terms of design and construction.

Crocus Ridge, the new visiting physicians' residence, was opened during the year. This four-story facility provided 34 units for staff and physician accommodation and also provided a new home for the Yukon's Dept. of Health and Social Services on the first and second floors.

The corporation also worked with government departments over the last year to restore the Thomson Centre to its originally intended function as a continuing care facility.

The corporation and its support group, the Yukon Hospital Foundation, have worked hard to improve medical imaging facilities at Whitehorse General, and a proposed three year campaign to raise money for the purchase of an MRI (Magnetic resonance imaging) machine for the hospital is so far ahead in its progress that it may be possible to purchase the machine in two years instead of three.

In that case, Tuton said, the YHC would have to make sure there was a proper space in which to use the machine, and YTG has agreed to assist with that cost.

Meanwhile, x-rays taken in Watson Lake can now be sent out digitally to be read in Whitehorse, while really crucial images can be assessed by radiologists in Edmonton using the same system. In some cases this could mean a turn around time of 15-20 minutes.

Both Tuton and MacGillivray highlighted the corporation's status as one of the Top 100 Employers in Canada, selected from a possible list of 2,750 organizations across the country. Last August the YHC finalized a new four-year collective agreement with its staff that will run until 2014. Whitehorse General Hospital's successful accreditation review was completed in May and will also be in force until 2014.

MacGillivray acknowledged that recruiting and retention of medical professionals remain challenges for the corporation, as they have been for the government. He sees the corporation's achievements in the latter three areas as being useful in meeting the challenge in this competitive area.

Adeline Webber, the chair of the First Nations Health Committee, presented a brief overview of that program, noting that it was one of the areas that had received honourable mention by Accreditation Canada.

“We continue to offer Traditional Medicine awareness for patients; Cross Cultural workshops for Board members, staff and physicians; and traditional meals for in-patients.”
The program is offered in both Whitehorse and Watson Lake and will be part of the new offerings in Dawson.

Butterworth Receives Parks Award

By Dan Davidson uffish@northwestle.net (In Dawson)
September 22, 2011

As part of Parks Canada’s Centennial celebrations this year, the agency is also celebrating the contributions of 100 special volunteers across the country.

David Rohatensky, Superintendent of the Klondike National Historic Sites, presented a special certificate of recognition to Myrna Butterworth at a ceremony on September 16.

He read briefly from a letter by the chief executive officer for Parks Canada, Alan Latourelle.

“During this year of celebration of our centennial, on behalf of Parks Canada, I would like to thank you personally for your support in the accomplishment of our mandate. For 32 years, people like you have helped us ensure that Canada's treasured natural and historic places are a living legacy, connecting Canadians' hearts and minds.”

During the last two years, Rohatensky noted, over 5500 volunteers across the country have given time and energy to help organize special events, protect and present Canada’s national and historic treasures, and greet and guide visitors to Parks.

“Dawson is famous for being a volunteer town,” Rohatensky said. “Local residents lend themselves freely to many worthwhile and valuable causes. In a town famous for its volunteerism, it’s my pleasure to highlight the contributions of one individual in particular.

“Myrna Butterworth is always ready to help the community. Myrna has been a very special supporter of Parks Canada. She has a detailed knowledge of Dawson, its history, its land and its people. Whether it’s in her role as president of the IODE, her involvement with the Pioneer Women or with the Legion, or just as a long time resident of Bear Creek, Myrna brings an energy and a passion to every commitment and to every project.”

In particular, Rohatensky highlighted the Open House and Oral History Gathering that Parks held at the Bear Creek compound.

“People who lived or worked at Bear Creek are now in their senior years and we invited them back to share their stories with us. Myra personally knew many of the participants, and she used that relationship to help welcome people back and make them feel at ease. She spent many hours

volunteering in the kitchen, and at home preparing meals. Her friendly smile while she was serving meals made all the participants feel welcome and at home.

“Her contributions and support were instrumental in making the Bear Creek Gathering a success.”

He presented her with a Certificate of Appreciation and a backpack full of goodies.

“Thank you very much David,” Myrna replied. “I’d just like to say that volunteering for the Bear Creek program was sort of dear to my heart. I spent three summers there doing guided tours in the 1990s and I’ve lived there (in the subdivision next to the compound) for 38 years. It was a pleasure to work with Parks Canada staff on this project and I met a few people at that project that I hadn’t seen for 40 years. It was sort of special to me and any time I can help, I’ll donate my services.”



Myrna Butterworth and David Rohatensky
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestle.net (In Dawson)

YUKON FLOWERS, Bushes & Trees



New Shoots on the Juniper bush in Spring.

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



Minto Bridge near Mayo

Photo courtesy Warren Gammel of Fairbanks Alaska

100th BIRTHDAY



Hazel Kilbride

On October 20, 2011 Hazel Kilbride had her 100th birthday. On the 9th of October about 55 friends and family attended a birthday lunch at the Bella Beach Motor Inn at Davis Bay on British Columbia's Sunshine Coast. Hazel lived in the Dawson City area from 1935 to 1962. Her late husband, Fred Kilbride, was Dredge Master on YCGC #3 and #6. She has two sons, Rod and Gordon who were raised and went to school in Dawson. Hazel has lived on the Sunshine coast for many years and at present has an assisted living apartment in Sechelt.

Rod Kilbride rmkilbride@shaw.ca

OBIT

It is with sadness that we announce that **Annette Eugenie Dines** passed away on Nov 17, 2011, in Ottawa, Ontario at the age of 92.

Annette arrived in Dawson City from Ponteix, Saskatchewan, as a young 19 year old, in 1939 on the SS Klondike.

She lived with her sister Clara Symes, worked in Dawson, and eventually met the handsome John Dawson Dines.

They married on Nov. 25th, 1941 in St. Mary's Catholic Church, in Dawson City, and lived there with their 5 children until 1961 when they transferred to Yellowknife, NWT.

Mom loved the Yukon and the lifelong friends she made there.

She was a loving, compassionate and strong woman, who opened her home to all.

She will be missed by her 4 surviving children, 4 grandchildren and 5 great-grandsons and all the extended family.

Another Yukoner has gone home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I now have a new e-mail address.....please, do not open anything with my former address....my computer was broken into so be careful as they may have got all my address book e-mails.....just a warning....

My new address is jonak5@sunlite.ca

---Joyce Nakarayko

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Pressure is playing for \$50 a hole with only \$5 in your pocket.

--- Lee Trevino

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Key Lime Tarts

1 pkg frozen tart shells

1 can of Borden's sweetened condensed milk (Jill calls this Reindeer's Milk)

1/3 cup lime juice

1 small tub of Cool Whip

Bake tart shells according to directions. While they are cooling, whip the other three ingredients together thoroughly. Fill cooled tart shells and place them in the fridge to set. Enjoy!

DATES TO REMEMBER

Mark your calendar - Vancouver Yukoners Banquet 2012 – April 14 at the River Rock Casino.

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.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of sherronjones@shaw.ca and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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