

The POWDER MAGAZINE

THIRD EDITION

ELSA, YUKON TERRITORY

OCTOBER, 1973

Long Day's Hobble Into Mayo

5 a.m. Rise 'n' shine, rain or shine. I collect my various parts together and haul them, creaking, out of bed. In the sleepy half-light, it's chilly.

Mile 1. Already, I'm stiff and cold. For this I got up at such an ungodly hour? But the sun has just popped into view, beaming out a crisp September day. Not a cloud in the sky. The yellow and orange leaves lie warm on the hills.

Here's Mile 5, and Henry Voss bounces over with a smile, some groovy Sunday music, and scalding thick coffee.

It's a great day. The sun makes coloured dewdrops flash on the grass, and dead beer bottles wink up at me.

Rumours of hot food at Mile 10.

There it is! Bob and Bob's Place! A snapping fire, hot dogs, chili, cheer, hot rum, and — would you believe it — a real comfort station.

Now I'm off again — this time, in roaring good shape: filled and drained, and with my joints well oiled.

. . . Some twirp has pulled out the mileposts. Where's that Mile 15? Horrors! Maybe I've passed Mayo already.

Mile 15. Then, down that tedious straight stretch (what a drag strip) to Mile 20 for a fuzzy talk with a grogged-up walker. Drinks and a few bites to plug the hole. (Chase away the blues with Ellison's booze).

Slog through those miles. They say the two-mile hill is not so bad if you take it backwards, but my old joints won't even turn me around.

Mile 25 — tea and sympathy, but "keep on truckin'." If you tug a little harder on that pulley, I just might make it off the ground.

Dust and flies and — never again. Not even Fulvio's smile can ease the

pain. They say, however, that Mayo is just over that hill and around the corner.

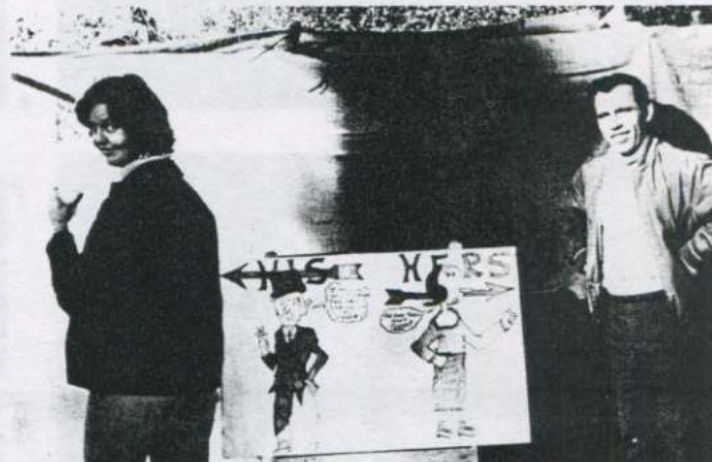
And there it is at last. The end. Now, if I can just crawl into the Chateau Mayo. A chair and a hot drink . . . ahhh . . . that's luxury. Say, when's the next Walkathon?

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Mount Haldane Lions Club earned over \$5,600 in their Third Annual Walkathon. That represents about \$10 per blister. The money will be sent to the CNIB, the Muscular Dystrophy Fund, and the Cancer Fund. Of the ninety-eight people who started walking, forty-six made it all the way. Congratulations to Ralph Blanchard, aged 11, who was the first one into Mayo. His time was just seven hours. Edward Ellison and Manuela Roberti, both aged 9, were the youngest walkers to make it all the way.



These determined — and very hungry — walkers are in a hurry to sprint the last mile to Bob and Bob's Place at Mile 10. The sign promises "hot drinks, booze, chocolate bars, and good home cooking" to ease the pain and frustrations of the Walkathon. Left to right: Hansi Wozniak, Bobby Walli, Eric Berg, Dagmar Strebakowski, and Mike Mancini.



Bob Anderson and Bob Damm spent the night at Mile 10, setting up their station. Their efforts were certainly appreciated. Next to the Chateau Mayo, Mile 10 was the most popular spot in the whole thirty miles. Cora Jones and Joe Uksini sneak off to the comfort station.

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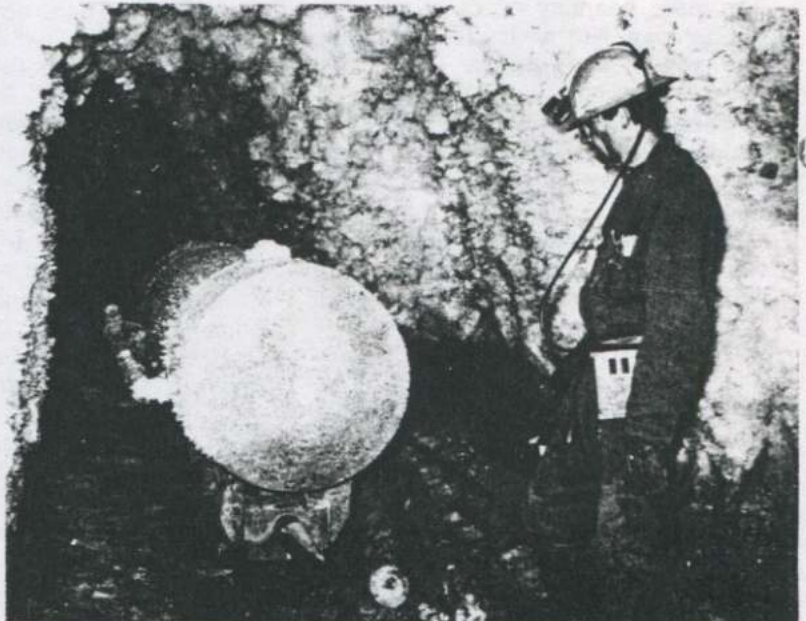
1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.

1. Just past the portal, the drift looks like an icy tomb, with hoarfrost covering the walls and ceiling. The ice remains year-round.
2. The large ice crystals break off when you brush against them — just like falling leaves.
3. Note the size and beautiful structure of this ice crystal.
4. This hot water tank will be used in stoping and drifting operations. The hot water, when pumped into the drills, will prevent them from freezing.
5. No, it's not a scene from the Dark Ages. Mike O'Donahue and John Webster use pick and shovel to clear the ice from the track. In places, the ice is two feet thick.
6. After filling the car, Mike and Guy Vallae push it to a waste pass and dump the ice.

For Children — Fun, Fantasy, and Lots of Love



Lillian Mills in the Elsa Library.

One of Lillian Mills' unique qualities is her love of children. Not just the usual head-patting, "don't you look cute", candy-giving fondness, but a lifelong understanding and love for the way children see the world.

And children love Lillian. They recognize someone who likes to get down on the floor with them and see things their way.

Lillian looks on children, not as noisy brats who sometimes get in the way of "important" or "realistic" adult activities, but as individuals who can teach us a lot if we will listen. Lillian says children's way of thinking is special — kids are highly imaginative and very creative. "They say the funniest things — the first ideas that pop into their heads."

Throughout her many years of close contact with children, Lillian says little people have taught her tolerance and compassion. Unlike adults, children don't bear a grudge. One minute they are cruel to each other; the next minute, they are hugging each other.

For this reason, Lillian prefers children to adults. Adults, she says, are neither tolerant nor compassionate. They bear grudges. Children speak often about their parents, and usually say good things about them. However, adults are catty. Children are honest; adults are calculating. Lillian is very strong on one point — there are no bad children. There are disobedient children, but they are too innocent to be bad. It is the child's social and physical environment that may eventually destroy his innocence.

Lillian should know all about children. Although she has only one child, she has worked with and loved little ones for most of her life. In her

native England, Lillian taught Sunday School and served as a volunteer in a children's hospital during World War II. After coming to Elsa in 1954, she taught Sunday School for ten years.

But Lillian is most revered for her magic in the Nursery School. And magic is not too strong a word, because, as well as enriching the children's lives, the School has helped preserve the winter sanity of many a young mother.

Lillian has taught Nursery School here since 1956. She views Nursery School as a time when children learn to share things and play together. But, most of all, says Lillian, children from 3 to 5 should have fun. Adults should let them go their own way, and allow children to exist in a world of fantasy as long as possible, because they'll get the "hard knocks" soon enough. However, Lillian is not overly permissive. She does not tolerate sloppy behaviour or work. Be-

cause the children know this, they try a little harder at Nursery School to mind their manners and do careful work.

Another of Lillian's remarkable traits is her energetic cheerfulness. She never seems down-in-the dumps. The secret? "Get involved". As well as running the Nursery School, Lillian has worked in the Elsa Library for eleven years, and has helped to build up a varied, up-to-date collection. One of her favorite activities was singing in the community choir. This group was so talented that CBC Radio played tapes of their voices. About ten years ago, CBC brought in the New Year with representatives from all over Canada on the National Network. As the clock struck midnight, the Elsa choir sang for the Yukon.

But Lillian is most admired for her unusual relationship with children. You've got to get down on the floor with them, she says, and see things their way. Then the fun begins.



The Nursery School class of '73. Back row: Michael Monaghan, Catherine Walli, Travis Hannah, Cheryl Moore, Jimmy Hogarth. Middle row: Kevin MacTavish, Dean Horvath, Stephen Nicholls, Michael Andison, April Bussey, and Buddy Rich. Bottom row: Heidi Sgorzelski, Sean Monaghan, Siobhan Rich, Lorelei Smith, Darren Hannah, and Barbara Kotschwar. Note the hand-made figures in the background.

Molded Cranberry Salad

2 cups raw cranberries
1 envelope orange gelatin
1 cup finely chopped celery
½ cup chopped nuts
1 cup granulated sugar
2 cups water
juice of 1 lemon

Pour ½ cup cold water into a

bowl. Add the gelatin and 1½ cups hot water. Stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Mix in lemon juice. Set aside to cool. Add cranberries, celery, and nuts (these may be ground together first) to the gelatin mixture. Place the salad in individual molds and let cool in the refrigerator. Serve in lettuce cups.

