

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Fifteenth Edition - May 25, 2003**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

There were only two new additions to the list this week Anne Baltimore and Margaret Underwood (Burian). Their addresses are in the new additions section below.

Submissions to the Moccasin Telegraph are much reduced so there may not be a Moccasin Telegraph next weekend. It will strictly be in response to your input.

Thankyou to those who submitted stories and comments this week.

Correction: *(I made an error on Mark's e-mail address last week. – Sherron)*

Mark Tatlow, Watson Lake, now Edmonton [mtat@lynden.com](mailto:mtat@lynden.com)

### **A Tribute to a Very Enjoyable Group of Young Ladies**

By George Howell [howellgm@shaw.ca](mailto:howellgm@shaw.ca)

During the summer months of 1975, I, as a helicopter pilot with Trans North Turbo Air out of Whitehorse, was based, in Haines Junction, to fly casual charters as back up to their full-time machine, which lived there year round.

In conjunction with our very busy schedules which would involve providing service to clients from Beaver Creek to Carmacks, Braeburn and the entire Kluane Park, one segment of my services involved transporting and supporting, from time to time, a group of 17 young ladies. If any of them are reading this, perhaps a smile will cross their lips if it conjures up any special memories.

I refer to the 1975 version of the Youth Conservation Corps, in conjunction with Parks Canada and supervised and mentored by Frank, Josey Sias and their son, Doug. The Corps mandate was to construct two cabins at Mush and Bates Lakes, for use by parks and naturalist personnel. The duration was from early July to late August. My mandate (along with the other helicopter flown by Ron Eland) was to initially transport them and their total gear to the jobsite, and once established, fly in weekly supplies and then be available as and when required if an emergency should arise. Their camp had continuous radio contact with Parks in Haines Junction, as well as both helicopters.

These young women, in their mid-teens, underwent extensive briefings prior to embarkation to the jobsites as well as ongoing tutelage in the operation of chainsaws, hammers and spikes from Frank and Doug. Josie was the camp supervisor, (she ran the show, according to her) being the kitchen and culinary supervisor.

On final approach to the camp (they could hear the helicopter from miles away), I was always greeted with welcoming smiles of greeting. It was the delivery of mail, care packages and groceries that brought on the smiles, not me. When it was time to leave, a few of the girls would holler "hold on" and make a mad dash for their tent to finish and

stamp letters to Mom and Dad for me to mail. I did on occasion, see a hint of a tear of homesickness appear (in the early days of the project) on the cheeks of one or two who may have had a fleeting thought about hitching a ride back to civilization.

This same group soon lost any bashfulness (if they ever really had any) by the time we moved them from their first lake, to commence work on the second cabin. The complete camp had to be packed up and loaded into sling nets, which had to then be attached to the belly cargo hook under the helicopter. Some of them were natural stevedores who showed absolutely no fear as the helicopter hovered slowly over them as they attached the lifting ring to the cargo hook. More than once a loosely fitted hat would come dislodged and flutter away when the heavy downwash created by the main rotor would try to slam them to the ground. Once all their gear was moved to the new camp we would then load up all the seats with people and light carry-on hand luggage.

A conspiracy took place among one group of 4 girls who saw to it that they were together on the same flight in one specific helicopter. It seemed that the pilot, (I won't say which one) had struck them as a bit of a chauvanist and some of his joshing did not always meet with their approval. So they, once airbourne, held a stick to the back of his head and jokingly told him that he was being "hijacked" and instructed him to fly to another location, land and be their "hostage" until such time as he amicably amended his "attitude". The situation was resolved immediately when he abruptly pulled the helicopter into a steep climb, followed by a seat belt tightening "over the top" rapid dive along with a snappy turn to the right! It was by no coincidence that right then the "hijackers" quickly forgot their mission and with eyes resembling the size of saucers, they meekly begged for the return of "straight and level".

Their construction of cabins at both locations was second to none. Peeled logs and straight walls, complete with overhanging vestibule, characterized the typical rustic layout.

Of interest to some of the M.T. readers are the following names of the Corp:

Gail Voth	Pat Duncan	Pat Hildebrand
M. Bakke	Vickie Kulych	Mary Anne Baer
Carol Hull	Glenys Baltimore	Joy Wright
Susan Ross	Jocelyn Tait	Wendy McLoughlin
Patti Kellington	Eileen Watts	Dana Sibley
Ingrid Cowell		

These names are inscribed on a much cherished, hand drawn picture (colour) of my helicopter, (drawn by Gail Voth) complete with registration (C-FXFF) embossed with their signatures, given to me as a thank you for a memorable (to me and them) summer. One of the good things of life.

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*Hi Sherron,*

*Here's a story for you about Chuck Caddy, whom I remember living in Whitehorse in the '30s and '40s. It would really be interesting to see how many people remember him. Chuck was one of the colourful characters around town in those days. My late husband Gordon Yardley used to tell this story, and Cal Waddington later put it into print form. Hope we can persuade Cal to include some of Gordon's humorous Yukon stories in the Moccasin Telegraph.*

### **WHITEHORSE IN THE LATE 30'S**

Submitted by Joyce Yardley [joyceyardley@shaw.ca](mailto:joyceyardley@shaw.ca)

Back in the late 30's, when Whitehorse was just a sleepy little village of a few hundred souls, dirt roads with pot holes, some scattered cabins, and riverboats - the winters seemed to be a lot colder. It was commonplace in those days to go through spells of 40, 50, and even 60 degrees of below zero weather. The town - folk would stay inside, sometimes weeks at a time, huddled around wood stoves on those long cold winter nights; not that they didn't enjoy life, because they did. There was probably more camaraderie in those days than there is now, and people visited a lot, especially around Christmas and New Years.

The nights were darker then, too, and yet somehow brighter. The streets weren't lit up the way they are now, but on those cold, crisp, starlit nights the little town of Whitehorse was a shining jewel; the northern lights playing and swirling above, spikes of wood smoke going straight up, and sparkling lights in the windows.

Outside in the streets the only sounds you could hear was the groan of ice in the frozen Yukon river, the occasional squeak of someone's boots in the frigid snow, and sometimes the thumping of square frozen tires, when someone was lucky enough to get one of the very few vehicles in town started in that weather. You'd hear them bump down front street, past the White Pass Hotel, McPherson's Drug Store, the Hollywood Cafe', and Seely's Pool Hall.

It was colder all right, in those days, but people were warm and neighbourly, not that they aren't now, but it was different in those days. You didn't lock your doors, and your woodpile was accessible.

I remember one New Years Eve when Chuck Caddy ran out of wood. He and his wife lived in a little cabin in what is now downtown Whitehorse. Chuck had been running low for some days, lacking the ambition to pack the bucksaw into the woodlot, being smitten with the spirits of the season, I guess. They had been 'making do' with what wood his wife hauled in from across the river with the dog sleigh, and by New Years they were down to a stick or two.

After a while he began to eye his neighbour Tommy Campbell's dwindling stack. About ten o'clock one night, Chuck put on his shoepacks and parka and headed over, wheelbarrow and all. When he got there he noticed sounds of revelry coming from inside. Apparently a bunch of the boys were 'whooping it up.' Chuck began quietly to load up the wheelbarrow from that dwindling woodpile, and just as he was about to leave with it, the cabin door was flung open and Tommy stepped out. The light from that smoky kitchen fell right on Chuck and his load of wood.

"Hey!" shouted Tommy, "What's the big idea? Here it is New Years Eve .. a time of Auld Lang Syne and brotherly love, and here you're pinching the last of my firewood!"

Chuck hesitated only a minute, and then he slammed down that wheelbarrow, drew himself up in indignation, and declared.

"Well, that just about does it! If that ain't gratitude for you. Here it is 50~ below zero, and I notice you running out of wood, so I bring you a load, which I can barely afford to spare (with this he dumped the wheelbarrow over) and you accuse me of stealing your wood. Well, this beats anything I've seen yet!" By this time Tommy was feeling pretty embarrassed.

"By God, Chuck," he said, "I'm really sorry about this. Listen, why don't you come inside and have a drink or two with me and the boys." Chuck, not being the one to refuse an offer like that said, (grudgingly, as if his pride had been hurt.)

"W-e-l-l, alright then, don't mind if I do." They went inside where Chuck ended up staying until the last bottle was gone, and snores were coming from all corners. Then he slipped outside, loaded up his wheelbarrow again, and trudged on home.

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### A FOGGY MOOSE HUNT **Permission to use by Sam Holloway**

Last fall I had a strange experience while moose-hunting by boat down the Teslin River. I had camped on the riverbank for the night and found fresh moose tracks leading up a mountain on the east side of the river.

I followed those tracks, up and up and up till I got past the tree-line and saw a huge moose out in the open. Bang, bang, down it went and then I realized my mistake: how was I going to get the meat down to my boat?

It turned dark up there on the mountain and I could feel big snowflakes hitting my face like cold kisses. Then a thick fog rolled up the side hill from the river below.

So there I was in the dark, fogged in and vibrating from the cold. Rather than freeze to death waiting for daylight, here's what I did: I sliced the belly open and rolled the guts out of that old moose; then I crawled inside for the night. Nice and warm. Moist, too. I was dreaming about my mother when I felt something tugging at the moose. I opened the belly flap just a bit and peeked outside. A pack of a dozen or more wolves surrounded me, looking like they were about to eat the moose and me with it. But then I realized: we were moving! Those wolves had that moose on the drag!

From inside the moose's belly, I caught hold of the tailbone with one hand and the Adam's apple with the other and found out I could steer that thing. You know, like using the rudder on your boat.

With the wolves dragging it at full gallop, I steered that moose right down to my boat. Then I jumped out and shot one of the wolves and the rest scattered in all directions. I floated downriver till I got to Carmacks where I had left my truck. In the Carmacks Hotel I sold the wolf-hide to a German tourist. Then I tossed the meat into my old Dodge and drove home.

Windy Farr of Dawson had a similar experience some years ago so I guess it can happen to anybody. If you find yourself steering a moose, don't forget how to grab the tailbone and neckbone from the inside, and you'll be home with the meat in no time at all.

## WORLD'S LONGEST WOODEN FISH LADDER

**Whitehorse, Yukon**

**By Donna Clayson**

The hydroelectric dam in Whitehorse provides power for Whitehorse and the town of Faro. The water that is backed up by the dam forms Schwatka Lake that tamed the infamous Whitehorse Rapids. On the east side of the dam you can see the world's longest all-wooden fish ladder. When the salmon are running upstream to spawn you can view the fish through a window at the side of the ladder. The ladder was completed in 1959. The dam raised the water level through Miles Canyon to a depth of 40 feet at the lower end and 30 feet at the upper end. The spawning king salmon are aided by the ladder on their way from the Bering Sea to spawning grounds in southern Yukon. They are very large with their head as big as a man's head. Downstream from the dam below the Robert Service Campground, the river broadens into salmon spawning flats and beaver habitat.

Several other species of fish use the fishway, including trout, longnose suckers and the beautiful arctic grayling. The fishway is 2 meters deep and 366 meters long.

After entering the ladder the salmon leap over partitions that separate the many "steps" that make up the ladder, or swim through underwater doorways in each partition. About halfway up the ladder, the fish enter a large chamber where their size and gender can be observed and recorded.

Donna



Whitehorse Fish Ladder

Photo Taken by Donna Clayson 1971

## WHITEHORSE TROLLEY

By Donna Clayson

This small trolley (#531) came from Portugal and runs along the waterfront in Whitehorse on narrow gauge tracks. The Government of Yukon purchased it in 1999 for \$85,000 from Lake Superior Railroad Museum in Duluth, Minnesota. The trolley was built in 1925 and weighs 10 tonnes and can go 74 km/h, seating 24 people. After restoration the total cost came in at \$156,000.

So far Whitehorse has the furthest north operating narrow gauge trolley in the world. There are hopes that the trolley will eventually run all the way from Kishwoot Island park to Schwatka Lake.



Trolley #531 on the Whitehorse Waterfront  
Photo Taken by Donna Clayson 1999

### **HENRY'S KEEN OBSERVATIONS**

Sometimes you get the fish by the tail! The salmon run both ways in the fishway, in August upwards from the Bering Sea, and in the spring after the eggs hatch, many of them come down through the fishway on their way to the Bering Sea. Those smelts will be back as adults in four or five years time. There are many that come down through the turbines, and being Kaplan turbines the fatality rate was about 6 percent. It was not the turbines themselves, but the pressure change if they came to the surface too quickly from the pressure they were under as they came out to the tailrace.

If the water level in the fishway was not satisfactory, some of the salmon would spawn below the fish ladder as they were running out of time. The majority would make it through the fishway and up the river to the southern

lakes. Many of them would go up the McClintock river at the lower end of Marsh Lake. They could be seen from the highway bridge you cross just before seeing Marsh Lake. The ones that spawned below the fishway were usually the late ones that had taken too much time from the Bering Sea and just ran out of time. They were so far gone that they just spawned in the river below the fishway. Henry

### **NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST**

BALTIMORE, Anne (Born in Whitehorse) Destruction Bay (1955-1960), Haines Junction (1960-1970), Whitehorse (1970-1978). Now in Red Deer, Alberta

[abaltimore@communitysavings.ca](mailto:abaltimore@communitysavings.ca)

**Hello Sherron,**

**My friend, Ralph Lortie, sent me two editions of your Mocassin Telegraph and I thought they were great and would like to continue receiving them. I was born at Stewart River (also known as Stewart City and Stewart Island) at the confluence of the Yukon and Stewart Rivers. I grew up there and eventually went to school in Whitehorse for my last two years of High School. I moved to California in 1965 and have been here ever since. My maiden name is Burian.**

**Keep up the good work and thanks a million.**

**Margaret (Burian) Underwood. [yukonl80@hotmail.com](mailto:yukonl80@hotmail.com)**

### **STORY IDEAS FROM SANDY**

Ideas that came to mind today were as follows:

- Sourdough Rendezvous stories
- wood cutting stories
- outdoor adventures
- canning stories
- hunting stories
- can't forget the best one.....Fishing stories

I hope that helps. It truly amazes me what I think about driving around this city all day.  
HMMMMM...

ALL CLEAN I MIGHT ADD!!!!!!! LOL

Sandy

*Come on folks, doesn't that give you an idea for a story to share? – Sherron*

### **MADAME ZOOM**

Sherron,

The mining engineer in the Madame Zoom story would be my uncle, J.E.F. (Frank) Hoggan. I have heard him talk of Madame Zoom.

Uncle Frank was born in Dawson, son of John and Gladys Hoggan, and named after "Cap" Hoggan, his grandfather, a gold rush pioneer. He is actually a civil engineer with a specialty in arctic soils. He did take mining engineering first, but realized where mining in the North was heading, having worked his summers for Mr. Patty on assorted placer operations while going to school. So, to his parents' dismay, the man who had to be dragged kicking and screaming to elementary school, and who enjoyed mostly the social life of high school, ended up staying on at University of Alaska to earn his civil engineering degree.

As an expert in arctic soils, Uncle Frank continued to travel extensively in the North, even after he sold his Edmonton-based engineering business and "retired". Frank and his wife Jean have 4 children and 6 grandchildren. They divide their time between homes in Edmonton, AB; Edmonds, WA; and Sun City Arizona.

Love the Moccasin Telegraph. Love seeing the enjoyment my folks get from reading the issues I have printed off for them. The latest will definitely be mailed to them! Lots of folks they know in this issue!

Maribeth Mainer

Dear Sherron,

It's nice I got some response to my Madam Zoom story. I'll try another little story, soon about #4 and will hope to get some response to that, too.

I want to be sure about the mining engineer in my story, Frank Hogan or Hoggan. These Hoggan's lived near Keno. They had a one-year old son, in 1955. They invited four of us from Mayo to spend a weekend with them, in 1955. There were two of us girls and two guys. We had a lovely time.

I'm not sure if I should be asking you, or, his niece. ?? I figured you might like to be involved.

Thanks, Emily Stillwell

Oops! Wrong person.

My uncle Frank Hoggan got married in 1955, and his first child was a girl in 1956. Never lived in Keno although the family has lots of connections to Mayo history. So, I guess the man in Emily's story had to be the Hogan spelling.

Sorry to lead you astray.

Maribeth Mainer

*Emily is still looking for help here. - Sherron*

### **CAN YOU HELP ROBERT MARION WITH STORIES ABOUT HIS FATHER**

When visiting Neil and Frances Mcleod a while back they showed us a copy of "Sternwheelers on the Yukon River" that you had prepared. We went to the web sites listed and were impressed with the photos some of which we had. My father was Captain Norman "Kid" Marion, serving on the River from 1902 - 1946. While he was on several sternwheelers eg Keno, Naustlin, Aksala ...The Casca was his main one. We are seeking any information anyone might have to share on Captain Marion - positive, negative, indifferent - we just want to learn as much as we can about him. Would also be interested

in learning about his first wife Louise Delfel. If you, personally knew him or about him or know someone who did, we would appreciate hearing about it.

Are you part of the 'Yukoners of Vancouver'? We would like to attend the Sept meeting in Whitehorse and want to know if we are eligible to join the group and if so, how do we make application to become members.

Sincerely,  
Robert N Marion

Hello, Sherron,

Thank you so much for your response, it was truly appreciated. As a result we have heard from both John Gould and Henry. Although we had also sent a letter to Henry when we first wrote you, we were pleased to see you had referred us to him.

Through the Archives in Whitehorse and the Yukon we have been able to reconstruct Captain Marion's earlier life there, regarding his employment and the sternwheelers he was on, but we are having difficulty in finding someone who can tell us about him as a person. All the books and articles that reference him seem to dwell on his practical jokes and stories to the tourists. Henry gave us the web site for the Vancouver Yukoners and we'll see where to go from there.

Bob

P.S. "I do not have the folks on the list that had the copy of the Sternwheeler story that you saw" You probably didn't recognize the name because I have misspelled it. Should be Neil and Frances Macleod of Vancouver, BC. Now they must be on your list because they have been members for years and years. [rmarion@self-serv.net](mailto:rmarion@self-serv.net)

## **OBITURARY**

**(To contact Stan Hegstrom - [seaair@bcsupernet.com](mailto:seaair@bcsupernet.com) )**

God saw you getting tired  
When a cure was not to be.  
So He closed his arms  
Around you and whispered,  
"Come to Me."

You didn't deserve what  
You went through,  
So He gave you a rest.  
God's garden must be beautiful,  
For He only takes the best.

And when we saw you sleeping  
So peaceful and free from pain,  
We could not wish you back  
To suffer that again.

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF**



**ELLEN AILEEN HEGSTROM**

**Born**

December 19, 1933

Pilot Mound, Manitoba

**Passed Away**

May 19, 2003

Nanaimo, British Columbia

**Celebration of Life**

Wednesday, May 28, 2003 at 2:00 P.M

St. Mary's Anglican Church

Nanoose Bay, British Columbia

**Officiating**

Reverend Peter Norman

**Organist**

Al Cook

## **A REPORTER LOOKING FOR INFORMATION**

My name is Mifi Purvis. I work for Up Here magazine and I am looking for information about Margaret Vera Dorval, also known as Bombay Peggy. She lived in Dawson and also had a place in Keno in the late 1940s to around the 1970s. She died in Vancouver in 1982. Maybe members of your group knew her, or at least heard some stories about her?

I took a trip to Dawson and Whitehorse in the winter and was able to meet with a lot of people who knew her. Please pass the word around. I am nearing deadline, but would sure like more information if it's possible. I can be reached several ways:

Work telephone: (867) 920-4343

Home telephone: (867) 872-9342

Fax: (867) 873-2844

e-mail: [mifi@uphere.ca](mailto:mifi@uphere.ca)

Or send a letter (express post is faster!) to:

Up Here Publishing

Suite 800, 4920-52 Street

Yellowknife, NT X1A 2V7

Thanks in advance for your help!

Regards,  
Mifi Purvis  
Up Here Publishing

Hi Sherron,

Thanks so much for forwarding my message to people in the know.

I'm not a former Yukoner. I live in Yellowknife (four years and counting) and I work for Up Here magazine. We cover stories in Yukon, NWT and Nunavut. I'm writing a profile about Bombay Peggy for our upcoming issue.

In the course of my research for other stories, and just for interest, over the past few years I have corresponded with several Yukoners and former Yukoners who have mentioned your newsletter or forwarded sections of it to me. Nice job!

Sorry, I don't know a Marlin Purvis -- I wonder if she's a relative, it's not too common a name.

Thanks for your help,  
Mifi Purvis

### **ANOTHER HELPFUL HINT FROM HENRY**

Hi Sherron,

As I am running PC-cillin, it used to be that if I got an infected mail I used to get a CP-cillin warning. Since my wireless connection it seems that I am getting a POP 3 warning instead. This morning I got a mail from my nephew that was infected and was warned by Pop 3. A few days ago I got an infected mail from him and sent him back a warning that he had a bug and a free site on line where he could check his computer. I sent it to Donna when she was infected and she used it. The site is:

[http://housecall.trendmicro.com/housecall/start\\_corp.asp](http://housecall.trendmicro.com/housecall/start_corp.asp) . Don't know if you are familiar with it, but if you are using it for the first time use Canada as a country. The next box up click My computer and all the drives will checkmark. Just go to the right and hit "SCAN" and you are away. To pass the time while it is scanning, there is a quiz for you to do and might be enlightning. If you are clean it will tell you at the end. It is really promotion for Trend CP-cillin and that is why Donna is running CP-cillin which I have found to be a top antivirus and firewall. From it she now gets the automatic update and the weekly virus report. I have tried Norton and was extremely unhappy as it tied up my recycle bin and would not let me delete anything out of it. I got the CP-cillin software from Vancouver for CP-cillin 2003 and that is what both of us are running.

Henry Breaden

## **FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Please contact Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

To date **eleven previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **five special editions**. One titled Sternwheelers on the Yukon River, one Basketball in the 50's, Fifty-six years ago the world looked at Snag, Camp Takhini and the Alaska Highway. For the time being I will send out copies of the Special Editions after each dozen or so new people sign on.

**Sandy Campbell** has kindly agreed to send out copies of the earlier editions of the regular Moccasin Telegraph upon request. Please be specific as to which editions you are requesting.

Sandy is a working girl and will get to the requests at her earliest convenience.

Contact Sandy at [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Mayo 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebrations – June 3 – July 1 -

[http://www.yukonweb.com/community/mayo100/calendar\\_of\\_events.html](http://www.yukonweb.com/community/mayo100/calendar_of_events.html)

Okangan Yukoners' Picnic – June 22, 2003 - Summerland Orn. Gardens - Larry Chalmers

[larryjoanchalmers@telus.net](mailto:larryjoanchalmers@telus.net) (Edition 6)

Island Yukoners' Picnic - August 16 – Nanoose, St. Mary's Hall - contact Stan Hegstrom

[seaair@bcsupernet.com](mailto:seaair@bcsupernet.com) (details to come)

YXYCP Reunion - September 26 – 28 – Parksville, Bayside – contact Pat Besier [jpbesier@seaside.net](mailto:jpbesier@seaside.net)

(see edition 5)