

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Forty Third Edition – December 14, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Dog Sled & Grey Mountain

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

PERCY DeWOLFE, THE IRON MAN OF THE NORTH

By Gus Barrett

He walked the trail of ninety-eight,
To join the rush for gold,
Out from Cape Breton's rugged shore,
To the Yukon's frigid cold.
When he got to Dawson City
He found that all the ground was staked,
He'd have to ply another trade,
If his fortune he would make.

Then Percy won a contract,
To deliver the Royal Mail,
Two hundred miles of heartache
On the Dawson to Eagle Trail.
Two hundred miles of river ice
And drifting arctic snow,
Through mountains, swamp and tundra,
Where no road could ever go.

He brought the mail by freight canoe,
Horse back, or dogs and sleigh,
Through spring floods or winter blizzards,

He would always find a way.
If mere mortals couldn't make it
It's a cinch that Percy can,
That's why, throughout the Yukon,
He was called The Iron Man.

Now each year they run a dog team race
Along that famous trail,
In honour of this mighty man,
Who always brought the mail.
Forty years, against the elements
He and his dog teams fought,
To be renowned for ever as
The Iron Man of the North.

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Son - Percy DeWolfe Jr.
At the Island Yukoners Picnic August 2003

SNOWBIRTH – CBC – DEC 18 – 7 PM Yukon

Snowbirth, a Christmas Triptych will be seen on CBC December 18 at 8pm in Nunavut, 7 pm in NWT and 7 pm in the Yukon.

Shot in Whitehorse last January Snowbirth is a musical performance that takes the audience through a period of anticipation, awakening and response to the birth of Christ through a 16-foot nativity snow sculpture.

The sculpture was designed by Don Watt and carved by Watt, Gisli Balzer and Michael Lane - the Yukon two-time Canadian Snow Sculpting Champions.

The production features the performances of Yukon singers and instrumentalists including Sonja Anderson, Andrea McColeman, Kim Barlow, Carol Diamond and boy soprano Calvin Levesque. The music was recorded at the Yukon Arts Centre under the direction of Rachel Grantham.

Doug Bell

A TOURIST EYE

J.E. Vigneau Sr. {1998}

I wonder what the tourists see?
Do they view the wonders of nature, just like me?
Do the facts of history, to Dawson draw?
Do they look at the Chilkoot Pass with awe?

And think back, one hundred years or so
That few would survive, to be called sourdough
Of the many tragedies and hardships, these men would face
Who were pulled by dreams and greed, to such a place
And the years go by, one by one
Life is hard, in the land of the Midnight Sun.

Against the harsh winter of cold and snow
Onward and upward they would go
Afraid to stop, afraid to rest
With silent prayers, to do their best
Asking the Almighty, for strength to survive
Asking for mercy, to be kept alive.

The endless chain, of man and beast
Stumbling, falling, the cross, they must bear
The "fever" drives them on; they must get their share
But many would perish, before the day is done
Never to see the Midnight Sun.

Nature has meant the strong to survive
Leaving behind the weak, less alive
Soon forgotten, their memories fade in the past
For yesterday's friends, no fault to cast
Hopes much dimmer now, from whence they begun
So long the journey! To the Midnight Sun.

Unknown to these poor mortals, who came for the precious gold
With their dreams of fame and riches, and stories left untold
The pass is just the first hurdle, with many more to come
To test the endurance, of each and every one
The land can be cruel in the Midnight Sun.

Un-numbered stories of folly and fame
Of winners and losers, no one left to blame
Time has mended, the wounds and scars of the past
Leaving more pleasant memories, the kind that will last
But truth is far reaching, such a terrible cost
When man's greed would take over, many lives would be lost.

No cowards, no heroes, these men be
Driven by the "fever", anyone can see
Half crazed, half mad, most very sorry since their journey begun
And cursed the day when they heard of
"Gold" in the land of the Midnight Sun.

An Invitation to Cruise the Yukon River

The Rose is Coming!! The Rose is Coming!!

Many of you have read of the trials and tribulations of the Yukon Rose in the Moccasin Telegraph and we are happy to be able to tell you that she will be ready to cruise the Yukon River in the Summer of 2004.

In fact an inaugural cruise for the new life of the Yukon Rose is being combined with the 75th anniversary of her first trip down the river in 1929. On that first trip she delivered supplies to the Taylor and Drury Stores between Whitehorse and Ross River and we are going to re-create the trip as closely as practical for her birthday. We will be departing Whitehorse on June 12 and visiting T&D stores in Lower Laberge, Hootalinqua, Little Salmon, Carmacks, Fort Selkirk, Coffee Creek, Mayo and Stewart Island. Some stores are gone, some have been rebuilt and some are somewhat deteriorated but we will be making deliveries anyway, albeit a little late.

We will be accompanied by numerous musicians along the route including Joe Loutchan, Hank Karr, Harmonica George and others. The Rose is not outfitted for sleeping aboard but sumptuous accommodations will be provided in camps that feature a chef, 110 v, real beds and bed linen and a crew that will attend to all your needs.

We arrive in Dawson on June 19th in time for the celebrations surrounding the 25th anniversary of the Dempster Highway.

There are only 20 seats available on the Yukon Rose for the trip and we have divided the voyage into “legs” so that you can join us for a day or the entire trip or any part.

If you are interested in joining us, please email the Yukon Rose at:

marcJ@yukonrose.com and a full information package will be emailed out.

Buzzsaw Jimmy

I opened the Special Edition and saw the picture of BuzzSaw Jim. I remember him well and I have one of his little booklets--somewhere. He used to come to the Whitehorse Inn every year shortly before Christmas and having the same name as T.C. Mr. Richards always gave him a bird. I also remember an incident one summer at the Post Office (Main and 4th) when his wooden leg bothered Jim and he took it off and a tourist lady almost fainted.

It all happened a LONG time ago.

Happy New Year every one. Anne M. Domes octavia13@yknet.ca

CANADA.COM SITE

I would like to discontinue the use of the Canada.com site as a means of storing the past editions of the Moccasin Telegraph. It seems unnecessary now that Jenny has the web page working well.

Please let me know if you still use the Canada.com site and prefer to continue to use it. It appears to me that it is not being accessed. sherronjones@shaw.ca

BUSH FLYING

I made a couple of typos in the special edition on Bush Flying. I misspelled Mounted in RCMP and typed TT instead of TG Stephens.

In addition I made a major boo boo when I left in two subheadings, which I typed in as a guide for me, while I was typing the article. One paragraph had three planes complete with their name, description and demise. I typed in “second plane-“ and “third plane-” as headings to give myself a guide to checking for accuracy of the details. Unfortunately I neglected to remove those two headings, which caused Jeanne to ask why I didn’t tell her I was going to butcher her article. Even though I had delivered a copy of the document to her several days before I sent it out to the group I only learned of my mistake after it was out.

I have been told by someone not in our group, that the article had a lot of errors in it, but when given the corrections I find that what I typed was not only in the 1970 newspaper article but also in the manuscript, which Bud wrote. So I am reluctant to do anything with those changes, many of which are more a different point of view or terminology rather than a different point of fact.

I have also been told that Clive Aspinal's message in the tribute to Herman Peterson was flawed, but upon checking with Clive, Donna has been advised that the facts in what he wrote came from the Petersons. He will discuss the matter with them again.

Our intention is to give you the most accurate information we can, but in the case of a newspaper article it should be as the person who wrote the article understood it to be at that point in history. If it could be proven that different facts now exist I would be pleased to print them for your information. sherronjones@shaw.ca



The Sea Bee... Whitehorse – 1947 I think....Bud Harbottle – Pilot

Photo courtesy of Bill Weigand

(Judging by the story below it would either be 1948 or Norm Hartnell as the Pilot.)

Hello Sherron

Sorry Jeri & I didn't make it to see you in Vernon as we planned. Jeri has just gone to Whitehorse now and I am in Vancouver. I was just reading the great article about Bush Pilots by Jeanne Harbottle, which triggered some more memories so I dived back into my old photo albums and there it was "a Sea Bee" plane with a pusher motor on top of the wings. I remember I was down by the river one afternoon watching this plane take off and land and I knew I just had to get a ride on that plane. I think it must have been 1947 or 48 from the album I had it in. As the pilot was tying the plane up to the shore I got up my nerve and approached him and asked, "how much will you charge for a ride in your plane?" I remember he was smiling as he looked at me and said, "How about \$15.00" and I said, "I get paid on Friday" and he said, "Ok see you then." I can still feel the thrill I felt as we landed in the Yukon River after the flight over Lake Lebarge.

That pilot was Bud Harbottle I am sure! I would really appreciate the history of that Airplane.

Bill Weigand bweigand@novus-tele.net

Hi Sherron: I don't remember this trip but if it was that early, it was probably me, as Bud didn't have his ticket yet. Quite looking forward to the article on the Seabee. I delivered it (brand spanking new) from Vancouver with my wife and baby daughter aboard.

Norm Hartnell laduel@shaw.ca

From the yet to be published manuscript written by Bud Harbottle.

Chapter 14

A co-driver of mine on the buses, Norm Hartnell, had been in the Air Force during the war and was still interested in airplanes. We had decided we would like to go into the flying charter business. Neither one of us had a great deal of money but we thought we could scrape up enough to buy an airplane to start the business. He would do the flying and I would stay on the tanker truck to help with expenses and keep food on the table.

The airplane we had selected was a Republic RC-3 Seabee. It was an amphibian flying boat type of aircraft that carried four people. It was a strange type in that it had the engine on top of the wing and instead of pulling like the conventional airplanes, it pushed. It had wheels so you could land on airports and by retracting the wheels in flight, you could also land on water.

The airplane cost ten thousand dollars new from the factory and we each had five thousand dollars with which we would be able to purchase the plane. Then we needed some capital to start the operation so the fellow that had hired me back in 1936 to fly for him, Clyde Wann, told us he would give us two thousand dollars if we would use Yukon Airways as the name of the company. That had been the name of his original company that had gone broke. This we agreed to. Also, a brother-in-law of mine threw in a thousand dollars for shares so we figured that we were well enough off to go ahead.

We formed a company and named it Yukon Airways. Then we bought the airplane. Hartnell took delivery of it in Vancouver and also got his civilian commercial license. He eventually brought the plane to Whitehorse. We got a Department of Transport Charter Certificate and an Operating Certificate. Neither one was easy to get. We had to fight for them as anyone could oppose them. There was another charter company in Carcross that had been operating for many years. They operated large aircraft and they opposed us. There was also a flying school in Whitehorse that opposed us but we were eventually able to get all the necessary certificates because we were veterans and they were not. So we were in business.

For the Operating Certificate we had to hire a licensed aircraft engineer. This was a drain on the finances but it was necessary as we were not qualified mechanics. There was one available who was not working at his trade at the time. He was working for White Pass as a vehicle mechanic and he agreed to work for us.

Business was very slow to begin with but was slowly picking up. The advantage we had over the opposition in Carcross was that they were using larger aircraft which were much more expensive to charter than ours. Also, anyone from Whitehorse either had to go the forty miles to Carcross or pay for their plane to come to Whitehorse to take them to their destination. Then the plane had to fly back to Carcross adding an extra eighty miles to what the rate would have been if they had taken us. Small planes like ours had never been available for charter in the country before. The flying public were used to paying the high rate for the large airplanes even if there was only one passenger. They were beginning to like

the idea of a substantially lower rate for flying up to three people. Things were going along quite well. We had to be very cautious, as an accident would put us completely out of business.

Sometimes in between my driving trips I would have to work most of the night on the plane helping with the maintenance. I was also taking flying lessons at the flying school with the intention of getting a commercial license of my own. All this kept me very busy but I did not mind as I was doing something I enjoyed.

I adapted very quickly and soloed in four hours, which was a very short time. The instructor let me go flying on my own after I had soloed. He even left for ten days to go out and buy another aircraft as he intended to go in the charter business, too, in opposition to us. I enjoyed those ten days on my own. I flew all over and did whatever I liked. I never broke or bent anything and learned quite a bit. It was not too long before I got my private license on October 11, 1947.

We were now doing so well we decided to buy another airplane. This would be a three place Piper Super Cruiser that we would have to pick up in Ontario, Canada. It was agreed that I would go east to pick it up and bring it home. If I was successful I would gain a great deal of experience and boost my flying hours substantially as it was a three thousand mile flight. When I got there an instructor checked me out and figured I was okay so I started for home.

This was in November, one of the worst months for flying weather in Canada especially in the northern part. There was a lot of wilderness country across the head of the Great Lakes so I decided to stay where there were people and farmers' fields in case I got into trouble. My route was Hamilton to Windsor, Detroit, Chicago, Staples, Winnipeg, Yorkton, North Battleford, Edmonton, then north to Grande Prairie, Ft. St. John, Ft. Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse. For navigation I used maps, which I knew how to read, railways, and main highways. I liked the railways the best as they had shallow grades and gradual turns whereas highways could climb up into bad weather rather abruptly and could be pretty crooked.

I was in snowstorms much of the way. I laid over in Winnipeg for three days due to weather and three days in Yorkton where it snowed two feet while I was there. I spent one day in North Battleford visiting relatives. It took me sixteen days flying and seven days of lay-over making twenty-three days total. The people of the flying fraternity as a whole are wonderful people. I know at many stops the people could sense my inexperience and went all out to help me. Twice I was invited to spend the night at private homes so they could hear stories of the Yukon.

I made one goof. I left Ft. Nelson in the afternoon for the three hundred mile flight to Watson Lake. I allowed three hours before dark but I did not take the time change into account and an hour out of Watson it was getting pretty dark. Finally, I could not see the ground any more so I climbed up high so I would not hit a mountain. I flew a compass course using the magnetic compass, which is one terrible thing to follow in a bouncing airplane. I used a flashlight for instrument reading. When I saw the revolving beacon at Watson, I thought I was home-free but as I neared the airport, two bright white lights suddenly appeared in the air in front of me. It was C.P. Air in the circuit to land. I got out of the way and waited until they were down. Then I went in. I had never made a night landing but someone along the way had told me to watch the individual runway lights on the approach. When they went into on long bar of light with no breaks, the aircraft was in

position to round out and land. I was watching the lights very carefully so when they were one long bar, I rounded out but I did not land. I kept on flying. I was easing the plane a little at a time but no bottom. Suddenly, the plane just dropped and hit with a king-size thump followed by a great bounce. I applied power and got it down the next time in better fashion. So much for night landings!

When I left Hamilton, I had a total of twenty-five hours and thirty minutes flying time on reaching Whitehorse I had sixty-seven hours and thirty minutes so the trip had taken me forty-two hours. I had to have a total of one hundred hours before I could get a commercial license. By using the Super Cruiser to put in time I rapidly built up hours. It was June 24, 1948 when I took my flight test and wrote and passed the exam. I now had a commercial license so could go to work in the flying business.

I quit my job on the tanker and started flying the mail route between Whitehorse, Carmacks and Fort Selkirk for which we had the contract. That was a God-send to us as the Government paid us to fly the round trip and any passengers and freight we carried was profit. That gave us an advantage over the other operators. The Whitehorse Flying School by this time had a charter license.

My partner Norm Hartnell was flying the Seabee on skis and that was really quite a feat as the plane had never been designed for skis but we had approval to put them on. It was all right except in a cross-wind when landing or taking off because it had a very large rudder surface and always tried to weather-cock into the wind. This was disconcerting on take-off especially; as before you had rudder control, the wind would turn the plane and it would head for the boondocks. This happened many times but we did not have any accidents.

I was flying the Super Cruiser. One day we were at Fort Selkirk and going to return to Whitehorse with no passengers on the Seabee. Hartnell said, "Why don't you fly the Seabee back?" I had never flown the Seabee solo but I felt confident so I said, "Okay". I had no problems so felt I had made quite an advance in my career. After that I flew the Seabee most of the time.

We acquired a third airplane, a small Cessna 140 because the Territorial Government was going to institute a wolf poisoning programme and would give us a contract to fly the agent around while he put out the bait on various lakes. This would be a full time winter operation so would keep the plane busy. We also needed another pilot to fly it.

We were not getting rich but neither were the other two companies. Actually it was tough going and we had to scramble to keep them all working.

AN ELECTRONIC CHRISTMAS WISH FOR YOU !

This is just about the nicest Christmas 'card' I ever received.

Please send it to everyone in the next MocTel.

Merry Christmas to all Sourdoughs!

CLICK HERE: [Merry Christmas](#)

Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca

(If this link does not work for you, it would be because your computer does not have the PowerPoint Viewer program, which supports this photo slide presentation. – Sherron)

WHITEHORSE CREMATORIUM?

This is my two-bits worth about the "crematorium" at the top of the clay cliffs in Whitehorse. We bought a little house at 808 Black Street in 1953, and for the next twelve years our children played in Puckett's Gulch and above the cliffs, often exploring what we had been told was a crematorium. I've been to it a few times, in my walks along the top of the cliff. It was made of concrete, and did appear to have ovens, but I could never find any reference to a crematorium in Whitehorse. What I did learn, (and I'm sorry, I can't remember the source) is that it was a huge bakery oven, installed probably by the US Army to bake bread for the troops and civilian highway workers. Not as romantic, perhaps, as a crematorium but much more practical and likely. People who lived here in '42 might remember.

Happy memories. Joyce Hayden jhayden@yknet.yk.ca



Yoops at Admin Bldg 1925 - Dawson

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

OBITUARY

KING James Leonard It is with great sadness that we mourn the passing of James Leonard King, L.L.B. Died Friday, December 5, 2003, surrounded by his loving family, following a long illness. Jim was born in Toronto, Ontario, August 26, 1922. From the age of 15, he worked on Cargo boats on the Great Lakes. In 1939 he joined the RCAF and worked as an

aircraft Mechanic in the early years of WWII. He married Jean Brownless on October 11, 1941 and had two daughters, Dale and Nancy who were born in Toronto in 1943 and 1946. In April 1943, he received his Pilot Wings at Uplands Air Base in Ottawa and joined the 424 Squadron Bomber Command, (Group 6). He flew both Halifax and Lancaster Bombers. Jim was shot down over Dusseldorf in 1944 and received the DFC for saving his crew and aircraft. He returned home in 1945. Jim attended the University of Toronto and U.B.C. Law School, graduating in 1953. He moved to Whitehorse, Yukon in 1954 to open his Law office and practiced there until the mid 60's. His family joined him in 1955. In addition to Law, he was active in the Hotel and Mining Business, coached Little League Baseball and managed the Whitehorse Merchants Hockey Team. Jim and Jean left Whitehorse in 1974 and have lived in Vancouver (Richmond) since. He is predeceased by his parents, Richard and Maud King; sisters, Kathleen and Shirley; brothers, Sidney, Gordon and Bont. He leaves to mourn Jean, his wife of 62 years; daughters, Dale Stokes (Doug Phillips), Nancy Lee King (Trevor Thompson); grandchildren, Brent (Kathy), Brad (Heidi) Suanne Stokes. James (Marlen), Kelly, Lee (Michelle) Brooks; great-grandchildren, Jamie, Ashley, Tyler, Jordyn, Joseph, Miranda, Colin and Paige. Memorial service to be held in mid January.

Our condolences go out to the family. – Sherron

I have been advised that Marnie Somerton passed away in Whitehorse, but I have not received any details. Our condolences go out to Les and his family. – Sherron



Santa, Mrs. Claus and Gillian Campbells piano player
Photo courtesy of Gillian Campbell

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH MENTIONED IN THE WHSE STAR

(The following is from Flo Whyard's column in the Whitehorse Star December 5, 2003 forwarded by Flo.)

Yukoner Sherron Jones moved south to Vernon, B.C. over 20 years ago, and last February put a list of ex-Yukoners together to keep in touch by e-mail. In less than a year, the Moccasin Telegraph newsletter has grown to some 463 readers and contributors of memories, Yukon history, photos, even recipes! There are usually enough letters and contributed articles to fill 20 pages every week.

As an indication of its success, The Moccasin Telegraph is now officially included in history at the Yukon Archives, with congratulations from the Minister of Tourism and Culture. The Hon. Elaine Taylor told Sherron Jones: "You have found a unique way to network with a very important circle of people who hold much of our territory's history in their stories and experiences. It is good to see these stories being recorded and shared." Yukoners or ex-Yukoners interested should contact sherronjones@shaw.ca. The 41st edition dated November 30, includes items from or about, Bill and Rusty Reid (photo), Gus Barrett's poem, Weather Wise, Dave Perks with memories of flying the DC3 to Old Crow in the 60's; Fred Aylwin's poetry; an item from The Whitehorse STAR April 13, 1928 reporting the first flights of The Queen of The Yukon into Carcross and Atlin; Henry Breaden's account of the Steamer Keno's near-disaster in the summer of 1947; memories of early years in Carcross by Gert (Rose) Squiechuk; Weldon Pinchin, who worked on riverboats and highway construction as well as big game hunts; Emily Stillwell of Dawson; photos of the Canyon Creek bridges (old and new) from Donna Clayson, Takhini Hotsprings memories from Sandy Campbell; news from Al Oster; Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart (suggesting a special edition for August 17) Ute Ewert, Jolene Lammers in Vancouver and Alexis Hill in Victoria.

Dorothy (Wilson) Graham contributed her mother's recipe for Christmas shortbread..from Katie Begg of Carcross..a Yukon treasure. She is taking some to the Vancouver Yukoners' Christmas lunch December 11 at The Holiday Inn Downtown.

Flo Whyard flo@polarcom.com



Photo courtesy Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca

Whitehorse - Grade 6 (1954-55)

Back Row : Frances Law, -----, -----, Jean Dunne, -----, Trudy Wilson(?), Barbel Rehkatsch, Diane Harris, Anne Little, -----, Mrs. Margaret Rhamey.

3rd Row : Emile Thibault, Geraldine O'Donnell, -----, Joy Fraser, Judy Beatty, Eileen ?, Viola Crebo, Gerda Goodbrand, Gwenne Carswell, Rita? Boss.

2nd Row : Irving Tudge, Bob MacDougal, Brian White (ducking), Lance ---, Gordon Parker, Chris Patrick, Ray Irvine.

Front Row : Joe Suits, -----, Ralph Lortie, David Perks.

QUERY ANSWERED

Jeanne Harbottle had asked me a couple of times if I knew who the big man was that used to always seem to be in from the T & D on Front Street in Whitehorse when ever she was in town. At first I discounted the question, as I did not have a clue to the answer. She had said the man always had several dogs with him and they were not on a leash. I guess it is unlikely any were on a leash in the early days. Then one day this week she asked me again if I had found out yet. She added that he may have been Russian and he was a very big man. I asked her if he had been in the colorful 5 percent book and she said no.

I was just heading downtown so I dropped a note to Henry Breaden, Fred Aylwin and Joyce Yardley thinking they could possibly know who Jeanne was talking about.

By the time I came back from town the answer was here and confirmed.

Hi Sherron

Yes his name was Mike Tadish (I think this is how its spelled) and he lived down on Whiskey Flats, he was Russian and I was told he was one of the most decorated war vets and had a metal plate in his head. He always had a bunch of dogs his favorite being a small black and white (I think Boston bull cross) he called Babe.

I know once a month when he received his money. Army pension or what ever he would go to Burns meat market and buy liver for his dogs. I never figured out why he never was one of the colourful 5 percent for he surely was a stand out individual and from what I had heard a gentleman.

Hope this helps and maybe jogs some other memories of him.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron,

I may have the answer for you, for he was one our Yukon characters. That was "Big Mike Tadich" who had the dogs, and he was around Whitehorse for many years. In the fall of 1942

when my dad went into Aishihik with White Pass to start the airstrip, Mike went in as his swamper. Mike was a very quiet man and fairly well kept to himself. During the fall of 42 when Hitler was invading Russia, Dad said to him that it looked bad. Mike said, "Don't worry about Russia, the same as Napoleon, they are backing into their own country and burning everything behind them. When they are back in far enough for a very long German supply line, they will cut them off and freeze them." (If you look in the history of the 2nd World War you will find that is exactly what happened.) The German army was not equipped for that cold weather and they suffered hell! Cheers, Henry.

A bit further on Big Mike Tadich, Alice remembers him and she said she always remembered him coming up from Whiskey Flats with his dogs. Henry.

Hello Sherron,

Here is Mikes listing in the Pioneer Cemetery Records:

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~canyk/lgrz.html> He was Milos Tadich "Big Mike" who passed away on 17th of June 1960 at the age of 73 years. During our first years in Whitehorse, Alice saw him many times in front of Taylor and Drury store as she used to shop there.

The other one, George Clark, better known as "Brittle Bones" used to write a weekly for the Star titled: "The Man About Town" George drove taxi for Ted Myles at the Whitehorse Inn Hotel when I best remember him. He was lacking in calcium or something, and the slightest fall he could break bones. George married Jack Mutch's daughter and I think he lived out his life with her. OK and who was Jack Mutch? I first met Jack in Bear Creek, Dawson in 1946 when he was in charge of the garage for the YCGC. Jack later was foreman for YTG in the New Carmacks repair shop in 1952 and I worked for him. He later started the Tourist Services service station and had the Austin dealership. When I joined the Lodge in 1960, lo and behold, he was a past Master and was active in the Lodge till we lost him. Up to 1960 I had been around Jack a lot and never knew that he was a Mason.

Henry and Alice Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

TADICH, Milos "Big Mike" 17 Jun 1960 age 73
Mike is buried in Pioneer Cemetery in Whitehorse

CLARK, George B. 28 Mar 1973 age 67
George is buried in Grey Mountain Cemetery in Whitehorse

(I you have a question, no matter how long ago the incident, ask. These folks have terrific memories and the answers are interesting to the rest of us. – Sherron)



May 2000 Rusty Reid on Sheep Mountain at Klaune Lake
Photo by Bill Reid

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

I was reading Flo Whyard's write up about the Moccasin Telegraph and she gave out your e-mail address and I would be very interested in receiving the newsletter. I have lived in Whitehorse since 1954 and knew many of the names that Flo mentioned was in the last letter. Could you please add me to the list.

Thank you Irma Gordon igordon@northwestel.net

Hi Sherron - cheers from an aging old White Passer - I am not sure that I can keep up with you and Don!! (*Frizzell*)

Roxie (*Taylor*) spoils me rotten in that every December I am invited out to Abbotsford for dinner - also there will be Arne Phillipson and his daughter Karen - this year it is next Sunday.

Don asked me to give you a short history of my involvement with the Yukon. It goes back to 1952 when I flew in there as an auditor for the Canadian Bank of Commerce - on entering the bank at 3.01 pm the first duty was to count all the cash and my job was to count No. 1 Teller - one charming young lady by the name of Edythe Kathleen Caddy (the first young lady ever hired by the bank in Whitehorse and the youngest of the 4 Caddy girls). After the audit I was asked to stay in Whitehorse as the Accountant at the bank and in 1953 I married that charming young lady. She alas died in 1999.

In 1954 I decided to leave the Bank and we settled in North Vancouver where I was hired as Asst. Manager to the White Pass Ocean Division, which was just being formed. The Manager was Bill Hamilton and he was married to Alma Caddy, Edie's elder sister. Bill Hamilton was the real driver in getting the operations going with the m.v. 'Clifford J. Rogers'. I became Manager of the Ocean Division in 1961 and subsequently brought both the 'Brown' and 'Klondike' into operation. Bill Hamilton was moved in 1961 to Head Office to become Manager of Freight Sales died in 1970 and I moved from the Ocean Division to take that position in 1971. I retired from the White Pass in 1983.

Dickson 'Dick' Sladden dsladden@telus.net

Hello Sherron,

My name is Michael Mason-Wood; I was born and raised in Mayo. I have been away 'outside' to school for a number of years. I have recently returned to Whitehorse and I am in the process of setting up my own business as a naturopathic doctor here in town, renting an office space off of Dr Rhonda Holway-McIntyre. I was talking to my aunt Marnie (Maggie Wallingham) and she mentioned the moccasin telegraph, I asked her about joining and she said to email you for this request. Could you please let me know if more is required by myself to become a member.

Yours in Health

Michael Mason-Wood, ND masonwoo@naturalterrain.com

Hello Sherron,

As a historian and longtime Yukoner (since 1973), I'd be very interested in signing up for your mailing list. Please let me know how to apply.

Wonderful that you are doing this!

Cheers,

Helene Dobrowolsky, Midnight Arts, 73 Kluane Crescent, Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 3G9
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Thanks for the newsletter---I used a lot of it in the column last Friday and will email it to you in case you don't see The Whitehorse Star---it is on the web if you ever take time to read it., especially the Friday issue.

Congratulations on your successful publication! I know how much time that must take....enjoyed the contact. Put me on the list, please. Don't you charge a subscription?

All the best, Flo Whyard flo@polarcom.com

Info about Moctel given to me by Laurie and Judy Butterworth, old friends from F.H. Collins.

Briefly, I moved to Whitehorse in 1973. I had met other Yukoners down south working in mine mills such as B.C. Moly at Kitsault, B.C.

I worked at Whitehorse Copper for two summers while I completed my education at F. H. Collins and the Vocational School.

This was a quick intro to the Yukon as I became a local school kid, I also worked with their parents! I got to know the Yukon fast!

Over the next 30 years, I have worked surveying on every major highway and as a water surveyor on all the major (and a lot of out-of-the-way) waterways. I also worked as an Engineering Tech for the Federal and Territorial Governments as well as private industry. I spent most of my holidays canoeing and exploring the North with a fabulous assortment of people, some of whom are passed on, many of whom live quietly off in the Yukon boonies, still having adventures.

I was quite interested in all the stories about the Hotsprings. I lived there for many years (1977- 82) in what is known as Happy Valley (the squatter area that used to exist beside the Hotsprings). I still know a few of the locals out there.

Konrad Domes was an old friend, he taught Surveying and Drafting to me (along with philosophy and good advice) and hundreds of others (we are collectively "Konrad's Army"). He and Anna were great confidants – and great optimists when times got hard. Konrad's life would make a good book! His life was like a history of major events of the 20th century. I was living at the Hotsprings when Erwin, Rudy and Ron bought the place from Kunze's. I had gone to school with Vern Kunze and through him met the rest of the folks in the area. (I first met Rudy' wife Barbara when I was on a Wardair flight to London and she was the Attendant!

There are many stories from that area – never a dull moment between Guys like Danny Nowlan, Erwin and the other characters in the area.

My future wife Kay and I took care of the place briefly when Rudy and Barb were living in the big house. It was great when the pool was closed (winter 77-78) and we had it all to ourselves. There weren't very many people out there then. (Us, Rudy & Barb, the Brennan's, Walkers, Nowlans, John Cummings and a few others maybe – it was very quiet.

I took many pictures in my travels with many famous (and infamous) Yukoners. I will attempt to sort through them – if you have anything in mind that you are searching for, I may have been there – sure got around in the 70's and 80's.

I lived in Faro for awhile, but mostly Whitehorse, where I still reside.

Thanks, Eric Petersen Epspl@polarcom.com

G'day!

Was reading Flo Whyard's column from the Whitehorse Star and understand that you have a newsletter for displaced Yukoners (won't say ex yet)! Sure would be interested in being added to your address list for this!

A bit about me: Moved to Whitehorse in 66. Joined the Navy in 77 when the recruiters came up to Whitehorse. My father opened up the WCC circa 67 as the director (place that is currently falling apart). My mother was the Commissioners secretary, while my oldest brother might have been one of your teachers at FH Collins (if you went there in the early 70's)! Anyways, when the Navy stops being fun I'll hopefully move back home, as I've still got lots of friends up there and hear the fishing is still excellent!

Even when deployed I keenly absorb any and all info I can find about the Yukon and the people. So I'm enthusiastically looking forward to your newsletter!

Tks in advance

Jim Morrow jimmorrow@shaw.ca

G'day Sherron!

As I work shift work (yes, after 27 years in the Navy, I'm back doing shift work (communications)!) I'm not always able to be timely with my responses! I'm currently living in Victoria although I have a house full of "cupboard cannibals" over on the mainland in Aldergrove!

I can see how things might be getting a bit out of hand....project turning into a fulltime occupation putting up with enthusiastic ex and current Yukoners!! Hopefully over the next while you will hear from some Yukoners that I know that aren't on your list! And boy oh boy is there ever some nostalgia in that list of yours! I should have graduated in '75 and see several people I haven't had the pleasure of their contact since I left! Will soon straighten that out!!

Also of note, I see that you are in Vernon! I have heard that Jim and Stevie Fordyce are there now (winters) (*correction Penticton ?*). Although my source on this is getting along in years, they were in Kelowna at one time. Also Roy and Nadene Old are just up the road in Enderby, but as of my last visit with them they didn't have a computer. Don't know if you've run into any of them?!!

Thank again! Jim Morrow jimmorrow@shaw.ca

Hi there Sherron:

Rolf Hougen was good enough to mention the "Moccasin Telegraph" to my wife Irmgard and I while attending the Ben Hoepfner performance in Vancouver a while ago; and forwarded the 41st addition for our information. I then had an opportunity to mention the item to three ex White Pass employees while having lunch in Steveston on Saturday. And so works the "Moccasin Telegraph" on she goes.

I used to be known as George from T & D's Charlie Taylor, CDT, was my boss, during my tenure in Whitehorse between 1954 and 1965. After moving to Vancouver I joined White Pass in Vancouver and worked there until Federal Industries decided that new blood was better than Yukon family.

Would you be kind enough to add my e-mail address (e.george_hartmann@telus.net) to the some 460 plus you already have? Thank you very much, much appreciated.

With compliments of the Season,

Kindest Regards,

E. George Hartmann

I just had a phone call from a family friend who I have known my whole life. He had been in the Navy with my Uncle and when I was growing up I knew him as a handsome man in a uniform and later as an engineer in the beginning years of the BC Ferries. In my conversation today I learned of a lot more of his sea life, which included relief work on the White Pass container ship the Frank H. Brown. I learned that my Uncle and he had both worked on the SS Princess Louise up to Skagway. I am hoping he will share a story with us. He even had service on the supply ships to the dew line. – Sherron

Honorary Member – Jim Robertson keepherafloat@shaw.ca Victoria

Hi Sheila Becker has sent me two Editions of Moccasin tele and we would like to receive it as well. My name is Velma Berg and I went to Whitehorse in 1952 and lived there until 1973. My husband is Rocky Hebert he went to Whitehorse in 1953. He was in the Army when he first went there.

E-mail velberg1@shaw.ca

We live in Langley, B.C.

Thanks Velma Berg

DONATIONS WELCOME

Until now I have kept away from the subject of donations. However I do incur some costs and have been happy to cover them. For example recently I copied over 500 sheets of material so that I would have it to use over time. More recently Jenny has indicated we will need to plan more web space to hold the Past Editions of the MocTel. So far we have used her and my free web space and I had hoped I could talk others using Shaw into donating their free web space to the project. I still think that is a possibility. If not I have the option of adding another connection and giving it the MocTel name, but that would be at a cost to me.

This past week I contacted John Firth to see if the Moccasin Telegraph may be eligible for a grant under the Yukon Foundation. Another ex-Yukoner friend of mine here in Vernon urged me to inquire. John said he would take a look and see if he could find a match and that applications were accepted in the spring and grants issued in July.

Meanwhile since it is a sure thing that we will need more web space I would ask that anyone on Shaw who may not be using or have intentions of using their own free web space and would like to donate it for use by the Moccasin Telegraph for storage of past editions, please contact Jenny Roberts. I would caution you that ideally it would be good to know you intend to stay a Shaw customer for the foreseeable future. Her address is - roberts-papps@shaw.ca Jenny will be able to guide you through the process of setting up the space from your computer account and then passing along the necessary information to her.

Just while we were in the middle of discussing this today I received the following message –

Hi Sherron.

Thank you for Moc Tel you have put in a lot time.

Have you spent \$\$\$\$ money if so I will send you a small donation to help.

And the rest of the readers might feel the same to keep the Moc Tel online.

Mike Schramek

Since I believe these coincidences happen for a reason and that it is in our best interest to keep going in the direction we are going at the present time, I will shyly admit that donations are welcome. My address is Sherron Jones, 9205 Orchard Ridge Drive, Vernon, B.C. V1B 1V8

And then this just in from Mike. –

A check is in the mail, publish this and maybe all the readers will help.

Mike Schramek crown-h2o@shaw.ca

CAN ANYONE HELP WITH THESE RETURNED MAILS

(If you are in contact with any of these folks, please let them know their mail is being returned. I think some of these are short-term problems. - Sherron)

Diagnostic code: smtp; 550 Invalid recipient: <dbaker001@sympatico.ca>
Recipient address: bob.nardi@rjnardi.com Reason: Illegal host/domain name found
Delivery to the following recipients failed. maroesja@hotmail.com
User mailbox exceeds allowed size: rasmuson@klondiker.com
<lbidlake@westman.wave.ca>: Sorry, no mailbox here by that name.

User mailbox exceeds allowed size: somerton@klondiker.com (*Mail returned for several weeks now*)
dstmiester@netscape.net> <<< 552 dstmiester MAILBOX FULL (*Mail returned for several weeks now*)
The recipient's account is temporarily over the maximum allowed mailbox size.
camiwalt@telus.net (*Mail returned for several weeks now*)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Just to let you know (and perhaps you could pass it along) -- as of December 10, our email will be changed to lbidlake@westman.wave.ca
Have a very Merry Christmas, and keep up the great work! Pat & Larry Bidlake

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If you are going around in circles, maybe it's because you're cutting too many corners.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Just a quickie but good. I do it quite often here at home
Mogey Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca

Frying Pan Bread

2 cups flour
1/2 tsp salt
2 tsp baking powder
1 tbp butter, marg, or {bear grease LOL}
Sugar maybe added for the sweet tooth, easy though.
Add enough water to make soft dough.

Heat frying pan not too hot. Add lard to cover bottom. Spoon dough into pan & flatten to about 1 " thick. Fry till well raised & turn should be golden brown and has a nice thick crust.
May be used for stew dumplings too.

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **forty-two previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **twenty special editions**.

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

DATES TO REMEMBER

For Vancouver Yukoners events check <http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/index.htm> or contact President Don Murray at - donaldmurray@telus.net or Secretary Nancy Moulton at - nancymoulton@telus.net
The Banquet will be on March 27, 2004 this year. Regards: Lowell

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**. **I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now**. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca