



Tagish Daisies

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

FORTUNE HUNTING

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

My net income has quickly diminished,
Through inflation and cutbacks and such.
They say that the good times are finished,
Though I never did have very much.
I've been struggling for a long term solution,
While my assets have hit a new low,
Then my wife just came up with the notion,
Why not give the stock market a go.

Now, I've never had faith in those stock market buys,
I've just not been a gambling man.
My friends all assured me to purchase was wise,
And that I should buy all that I can.
This was an electronics firm that was new,
'twould be featured on the big board.
It's a great opportunity, in the long view,
My future was all but secured.

It would come on the market at just seven bucks
A wonderful bargain indeed.
They say it would peak at a hundred, with luck,

“That’s an estimate, not guaranteed”
So we mortgaged our souls to the devil.
And we dived in for three thousand shares.
The broker seemed to be on the level,
For he smiled as he sold me his wares.

Then, at our computer, we watched through the day,
As the stock market started to slide.
It seemed that our future was slipping away
Like a boat on the outgoing tide.
But just before closing the trend seemed to turn,
And the price of our shares soon rebounded.
Now we smiled as we thought of our kids when they learned,
Of the massive new fortune we’d founded.

Then before we retired, with a head full of dreams.
We sat and we toasted our health
And we laughed at our plans and our outrageous schemes
To dispose of our newly found wealth.
We dreamed of new mansions with fabulous views,
And, next morning, when we awoke.
We threw back the covers and turned on the news.
Then we learned that our firm had gone broke.

© 2001 Gus Barrett

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 14

A co-driver of mine on the bus, 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.



Norm Hartnell left, Clyde Wann right.

This was taken on the Brown McDade Mine strip some fifty miles west of Carmacks.

As pilot I was delivering Clyde to the mining site – Norm

Photo courtesy Norm Hartnell ladue1shaw.ca

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 into 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 were 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 with seven days of layover making twenty-three day's 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 one 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 Godsend 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.



The Seabee CF-FOW and the Piper PA 12 was CF-FTK

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

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 crosswind when landing or taking off because it had a very large rudder surface and always tried to weathercock 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 our 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.

(To be continued.)



Cessna 140

Photo courtesy <http://www.ftlcomm.com/ensign/planes/cessna/140/140.html>

Norm Hartnell nor Jeanne Harbottle have a photo of the **Cessna 140** purchased by **Yukon Airways** was **CF-ELW**. Norm advises the craft was unpainted and would appear silver.

See aircraft specs at - <http://www.wcam.mb.ca/AC/CESSNA140CF.html>

Mayo Turbine Blow-up: by Henry Breaden

In the summer of 1967 we had rebuilt the No. 2 Gilks' Francis turbine at Mayo with Ed Jacobs doing the work for us. It was re-installed, but had a quirk that we did not expect. Where the speed ring was connected to the governor control arm in the turbine pit, there was a 1½ inch steel pin that made the connection. The pin was held in place with a ½ inch set screw that gradually worked back out in the next year and a half. Likely at the time it was tightened but maybe not centered and home. This allowed the pin to fall free and the turbine was free to do its own thing! Had the turbine been above 78 percent load, it would have gone wide open, as there is a turning point at about 78 per cent. This would have alerted the staff and it could have been corrected and the pin replaced.

But No; the load was likely floating at 78 percent which caused the pin to drop out and the turbine could go either way. From 0 to 78 % the governor is pushing, and from there to 100% it is holding back. The turbine slammed shut creating such back pressure that it lifted the head cover, unsocketing the lower end of the wicket gates and broke off the gates. The turbine played baseball with the wicket gates completely destroying the turbine runner. As the runner fired the gates out against the scroll case, the current picked them back up and back into the runner. At the same time it blew out the gasket between the pivot valve and the turbine, which allowed water under pressure to shoot upwards through the main floor grating. Had it been the gasket above the valve, we would really have been in trouble, as the slider head gate could not be closed. When I took over the plant after New Year 1967, there was a wooden stairway over the rock and down to the upper gate house. But after 15 years it was rotten and I did not want myself or the crew on it. So from the Spillway we built a floating walkway to the gate house using 45 gallon drums and wood.

Our operator on shift was Mundy Joe who headed for the north big door, but had second thoughts that maybe the dam had let go. Back through the water that was shooting up through the floor grating that soaked him to the skin. Dave Hill in his apartment up the hill heard the thump and decided to investigate. As he drove up to the front doors of the plant, he met poor Mundy Joe who was really shook up. These two started the Fairbanks 32 standby diesel and picked up the Mayo load and the NCPC hydro camp load, but the hydro plant was down. At Elsa, Keno Hill had to run their own diesels to supply the town. The Supt., Gerry Podhora and the rest of the crew attempted to drop the head gate, but being a slider it would not go to the bottom. Normally you would shut down the plant and close the pivot valves, and under no flow the gate would drop to the bottom.

In Whitehorse, Al Jamieson, Whitehorse Assistant Superintendent was listening to CBC and heard that Mayo was blacked out. He phoned me that something was wrong in Mayo, so I phoned the residence and spoke with Mary, the Superintendent's wife. She said the plant was flooded, but it was a while before I could speak to Gerry himself. He said that there was a good 6 feet of water in the basement and they were trying with axes and bars to get the lower door open. I knew because of pressure on that heavy door they would never get it open. My advice to Gerry was: "Gerry, you can't make it, take the cat and a pole and shove that door open. Next was to get ready for a trip.

Harry Jensen who was our electronics tech and I with a pickup headed for Mayo and arrived about 2:00 AM. We saw that Mundy Joe was operating the standby diesel plant and went down to have a look at the plant. No crew was to be found, but I put a pair of hip waders on and down the stairway to the basement. They had succeeded with the door, but there was still two feet of water in the basement, and I was sure that I could see water welling from the No. 2 head cover. We needed a crew, so I went into the office and phoned Gerry advising him, "Gerry, your day has just begun! So get your crew out and let's go!"

First was to see if we could safely close that pivot valve without it letting go. There was a hydraulic pump to close the valve, but the whole plant was down and no station service. The emergency hand hydraulic pump to close it was in the basement. The pivot valve was all under water and that sheet of pressure water shooting up through it. Not wanting any crew down there I had them run a hydraulic hose up the stairway and bring the pump up on the main floor. We were successful in closing it, which cut off the water flow into the plant. Part of the crew went to re-drop the head-gate, and the rest of us removed the inspection hatch bolts to allow a turbine inspection. As the station service transformer had been under water, Harry with a crew ran lines from the spillway structure to give us station service. Had you seen my face when I stuck my head through that inspection hatch, it would be one of amazement I am sure. There was the scroll case peppered from the wicket gates hitting it, and the wicket gates all neatly stacked just before the turbine. The turbine runner was actually in two pieces as the runner vanes had been chewed right through.

Being successful in dropping the head gate, we dewatered and made an inspection of the tunnel to assure that there was no damage done to the tunnel, which is some 5700 feet in length. It was secure, so we watered up ready to get No. 1 turbine back in business.

When we had station service back, the next thing was to check that pin in No. 1, but it was OK as it had a flange to prevent it from dropping through. The crew changed oil in the turbine bearing No. 1 and ready for it to go to work. Once Keno Hill was back on power, the crew were tired and it was time for Harry and I to head back to Whitehorse. First thing in Whitehorse was to check the speed ring pins, but we found that they all had flanges. I don't recall when we got some sleep to catch up!

The decision of Head Office was to have Dominion turbine come in and see what could be salvaged, as they were the builder of the No. 1 turbine at Mayo. I was asked to accompany the engineer from Dominion to Mayo and we would do some rotation tests to ascertain if the turbine shaft was still straight.

The day I left for Mayo was the day that the construction was to blow the plug on No. 3 new unit at Whitehorse. That was to blow and remove the coffer dam in the tailrace. I cannot explain it, but all through life whenever I had a premonition of something, I learned that if I did not listen to my inner self that I was in trouble. The last thing I said to

Graham before I left was, "I have a funny feeling about No.3, and I think it would be wise to have additional pumps in before they blow the plug."

The engineer and I flew to Mayo and we proceeded to do rotation tests, but as the remaining upper part of the runner still had some projections, they had to be cut off. I got down in the turbine with a cutting torch and was immediately in trouble. I had never cut stainless steel before, and when I heated the steel ready to blow it clear, when I applied the oxygen to cut, it just darkened again. I thought, "Henry somehow you have lost your touch!" so I called Gerry down to have a go at it. It was not very long before I heard a bunch of swearing coming up through the manhole, and I realized we were into something new. We had to melt those pieces off the upper runner to get clearance for rotation. Next was lifting the generator rotor on its jacks and put a special graphite lubricant between the thrust runner and the bearing shoes. It was good for several rotations, but once it was getting hard to start it had to be done over again. We established the shaft was straight and proceeded to lift the generator out of the way. The turbine shaft was lifted out and made ready for shipping back to Dominion Turbine. We were unaware of the hair raising condition that had come up in Whitehorse when they blew the plug. No. 3 was flooding!

I had lost a battle even going to Ted Humphry's where I wanted to leave the original wall between No. 2 and 3, and only to put in a water tight door. But I lost out and the wall was removed. No use crying over spilled milk, for what was done, was done. No 3 started to flood and D.P.W., Territorial Govt., Forestry and contractors were asked for pumps, which were delivered. The sump pumps couldn't handle it and the water was rising, but was eventually contained. From that day forward, any time I said to Graham, "I have a funny feeling about that," he always said, "I'm listening and let's talk." That same feeling carried me through many tough instances even after I took over from Graham. We had a great relationship, he and I, and many good years together.

With things settled away in Whitehorse, Graham drove to Mayo to pick up the Dominion engineer and myself the next day. Of all things it started to snow real wet snow and half thawing. The Mayo highway was like a skating rink, which made it pretty hard driving. On the way back, before Carmacks Graham was tired after battling it to Mayo and I relieved him. The highway was intermittent dry, ice and slush, and from moment to moment you were not sure of yourself as to what was around the next bend. I think the engineer in the back seat was saying a few Hail Mary's but was very quiet when the car would go into a slide. I am sure that if you were to find the back of that front seat you would find the imprints of the engineer's fingers, for he was not used to that kind of business. We arrived in Whitehorse and dropped him off at the Taku Hotel, and his last words were, "I don't know how you did it!" So that was another Mayo adventure!

HANK KARR

Dear Sherron --- What a great article on Hank Karr. I love his songs but have never knowingly heard him play or danced to his music in all my 50 years in the Yukon. But

here is another side of Hank. One day, I worked at the Hotsprings- 2 girls came to me and said, very excited, Hank Karr just walked in. with his wife. So? Where are they? They pointed them out to me and to my surprise, it was the bus driver- who when my husband was ill in the hospital, gave me a ride many times on the bus, never failed to ask, how Konrad was doing. I went to Mr. and Mrs. Karr and told him, I never knew, who he was. This was 10 years ago Hank-- you are not just a famous musician but a great and considerate human being.

All the Best. Anne M. Domes octavia13@yknnet.ca Faro - Yukon

Whitehorse High School



Robin McCullough, Frank Wengznowski, Tom Firth, Karen North, the next one I do not recall although she looks familiar – at the then Whitehorse High School.

Photo submitted by Debbie Kelly debbiekelly@on.aibn.com

MESSAGE FROM DON MACHAN FORMERLY A TEACHER IN YUKON

Due to some mix up Don has not been receiving the Moccasin Telegraph since he joined us near the end of May. Thanks to Harvey Burian drawing it to my attention, Don is now connected to the group.- Sherron

Dear Sherron: Thank you for your E-mail. It is especially appreciated, when someone, as busy as you must be, takes time to assist such "dummies" as myself. I will be wonderfully entertained by the past issues of the Moccasin Telegraph for the coming days. Perhaps I may even contribute to MocTel in the future.

I was particularly interested in the items on Freemasonry in Yukon. I became a Freemason, and was initiated into the Craft in Northern Lights Lodge #157, Mayo, in 1955, and look forward to receiving my 50-year pin next year. I am a Past District

Deputy Grand Master of District #22 (Vancouver Island North). Henry Breaden is also a PDDGM, and we regularly meet at various Island Lodges.

I was interested to learn that Gordon McIntyre was celebrating his 94th birthday. I always think of Gordon as being an ageless and unique character. We lived directly across the road from Gordon when I was Principal of Mayo Elementary-High School from 1953 to 1955, and from 1958 to 1961.

I have a great many wonderful memories of my years at Watson Lake Airport, Mayo, and Whitehorse. Perhaps I may recount some of those experiences in future installments of MocTel. I consider my years in Yukon as my most memorable. Ed and Flora Bleiler and their two great kids, Sybil and Lowell lived directly across the alley (We lived in the former Babe and Alec Smith residence, which was the Principal's residence for a period of time. Clara and J.J. Van Bibber and their family were also close neighbours.

Does the "Polar Bear Club" (the Mayo School student organization) still exist? The Mayo Polar Bear Club hosted the first Yukon School Curling Bonspiel, I believe it would have been in 1958. I would be interested to know if it still exists. The first Bonspiel consisted of rinks from Dawson, Elsa and Mayo. The temperature was 60 to 65 below zero (Fahrenheit) and the Dawson City team advised that they would not be coming, as a result. The Polar Bears were greatly distressed, and at a hastily arranged meeting it was decided that a taxi be dispatched to Dawson City to transport the Dawson school team to Mayo, and the Bonspiel was a success. The next year Whitehorse and Watson Lake also sent rinks to Mayo to the Bonspiel I believe the 1961 Bonspiel was held at Dawson City.

I have so many fond memories of my Yukon days, but I must avoid becoming a bore.

Thank you again for all you do, Sherron.

Sincerely, Don Machan demachan*telus.net

A HARBOTTLE / BIGGER DESCENDANT

Hi Sherron - I am loving your newsletter & am glad to see that my brothers have joined - Buck & Robert Fraser.

I have actually learned a lot about my ancestors – the Biggers & Harbottles- from the Moc Tel. My Harbottle grandparents had 25 grandchildren most of whom were born in the Yukon. There are only 5 of us here now - Vimy Yeulet (Cooper), Ethel Wilson (Johnson), Buck & Rob Fraser & myself. Some of my cousins I have not seen since I was a child & it is very exciting to hear of them or see pictures of them at the Yukoner's picnic (Bill Wilson, Collin Yeulet).

It is also great to hear about & to see old school pictures - from Ralph Lortie. I have a lot of pictures & as soon as I retire I hope to spend more time being involved.

I often wondered where Gert Squirechuck & Myrt Raymond were - now I know. I am still working for government – Tourism & it is over 30 years now.

My daughter & son-in-law got married two weeks ago after 13 years & 3 kids together - My son-in-law is from the Firth family so the 3 grandchildren are Yukoners for several generations on both sides.

If any members would like to see what Whitehorse or Dawson look like today (right now) they can punch on to the PR Services web site @ www.yukoninfo.com This site updates us on the smoke conditions in these communities & is changed daily.

Thanks again for doing this. Joy Denton joydenton2@yahoo.com

Congratulations to Sharon and ? Firth for producing 3 little 6th generation Yukoners. !! I remember Sharon as the little girl across the street on Alsek Road in Riverdale, all those years ago. – Sherron



Some of the **Bigger Family** – Al Bigger, Lillian Bigger, F.E. Harbottle, Grandma Bigger, Frank Bigger, Gordon Sprague, Jen Bigger.

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

In Chapter 1, Bud says his mother (Lillian) was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1883 to a family of three boys and three girls. They appear to be Al, Frank, ?, Lillian, Jen and Edna (not shown here, but later married Mr. Langholtz).

Recorded in the Pioneer Cemetery records in Whitehorse, under Bernadine Piper and her sister Nellie. (Edna's daughters from a previous marriage). Both are listed as born in West Plains. MO, USA. - Bernadine married T.C. Richards.

SMALL WORLD

Reading your new MocTel message prompted a memory of my own to add to your "small world" comment. I lived in Rome, Italy, for three years teaching English as a Second Language (1995-1998) and the school I worked for had a number of high-level government and business contracts. Sometimes our students would come to the school singly or in groups, but often we would go to the student's office and teach them privately. We never knew until we got there what level of English this person really would have (other than they were beginner, intermediate or advanced), or more importantly what level of interest they had, or how high up the hierarchical level he/she was in the company or Ministry, etc., which would dictate the level of formality of the classroom relationship.

My first student with the school and in my teaching career was Signore Borbone (I think that's how it was spelled), the leader of the Italian Legislature, which is the Italian law-making body -- so he was definitely a high-up mucky-muck. I had to go to his office in Montecitorio (like our Parliament Hill), surrender my passport, go through a metal detector, submit to a search of my book bag, all the while surrounded by armed soldiers with machine guns slung over their shoulders. After a week or two they didn't bother with an escort to his office or any of the other stuff, they just took my passport and waved me through the metal detector -- and I got used to the machine guns.

All I was told in preparation for the first class was that Signore Borbone's English was excellent and that he just wanted 10 hours of conversation over 10 weeks, with only a little bit of grammar thrown in. I was very worried, as I was completely inexperienced in teaching ESL -- and what in God's name were we going to talk about???

When he found out I was Canadian he offered the only thing he knew in any depth about Canada: the Klondyke Gold Rush. Turns out he was an absolute fiend about it: while he read everything he could get his hands on about it (of which there admittedly wasn't a lot written in Italian) he could never find anyone who shared his passion and he was beside himself when he found out I'd actually lived and worked up there and driven all over Bonanza Creek, worked for geologists out of Vancouver, etc., and had all kinds of stories to tell about what it was like. Too bad I didn't have any pictures with me, but I sure made a lot of drawings of placer claims and maps for him.

I taught a lot of military personnel as well, and as another example of a typically atypical class one time I had to play war games for 50 hours over two weeks with the second-in-command at the Italian Navy who needed to become familiar with a little handbook titled something like "The Rules of War According to the Geneva Convention". His posting was to a conference in Central Europe to play war games with other NATO representatives at roundtables with former Iron Curtain country military personnel who needed to come up to speed on the rules prior to accession to the European Union and NATO. English was to be the common language at this conference.

Hope others find this of interest.

Barbara MacDougall barbaramacdougall*rogers.com

YUKON FIRE INFORMATION

Fire bulletins at

<http://www.gov.yk.ca/depts/community/firemanagement/newbul2004.html> and map updates at <http://www.gov.yk.ca/depts/community/firemanagement/lyfm.html>; flood updates for southern Yukon also accessible from the wildfire bulletin page. Total fire activity at <http://www.gov.yk.ca/depts/community/firemanagement/wfmactivity2004.html>; other pertinent information available by following links from the main gov's page (www.gov.yk.ca)

Cheers, Pam Buckway buckway*yknet.ca

For those wanting to see current burning in the Yukon there is a great online map, compiled through satellite imagery ...

<http://activefiremaps.fs.fed.us/canada/activefiremaps.php?op=maps&rCode=ytx>

If you download the pdf map (fast internet connection preferred!), you can easily zoom in for complete detail.

For fires in other areas of Canada visit

<http://activefiremaps.fs.fed.us/canada/activefiremaps.php>

For fires in Alaska and southern US visit

<http://activefiremaps.fs.fed.us/activefiremaps.php>

More information about how the maps are compiled is at

<http://activefiremaps.fs.fed.us/canada/activefiremaps-info.php>

Sue Thomas sue.thomas*shaw.ca

FOREST FIRES

Folks might be interested to know, that we here in Moose Jaw are under forest fire smoke from the Yukon (mainly) as well as from northern BC and Alberta. People have been evacuated from Black Lake and Stony Rapids in Sask. too, that I know of. I have been going to cbc.north for fire information, which I haven't done, yet, today.

During my stay in Dawson in 1957, I think it was, we didn't get mail for six weeks. An aunt and a brother were very concerned at not hearing from me. I would have had to radio telephone in those days to get a message out.

I'm disappointed on the coverage of the forest fire situation in all areas and also on the earth quakes in B.C. We hear about Peterborough over and over. So, what else is new?

Emily Stillwell Eistillwell@hotmail.com

YUKON KLONDIKE DEFENCE FORCE

Sherron, some comments for you on the Klondike Defence Force:

I am not sure of the year when Edmonton decided they needed the equivalent to a Calgary Stampede. They felt that many Klondike gold seekers had headed north to the Yukon via Edmonton. I believe history proves them wrong.

So did Bob Erlam. Bob Erlam was running the Whitehorse Star and took great offence at this attempted theft of the "Klondike". Flo Whyard was the Editor at the time. Well, Erlam started quite a fuss and, from that, the Klondike Defence Force was formed, to protect the Yukon from the bad Edmontonians. I recall Roy Minter being involved. Minter's involvement in the highway led to talk about closing the Alaska Highway and perhaps banning Edmontonians from using it.

Sherron, if you can determine the year, a check of the Whitehorse Star archives would give you some interesting stories and good or at least interesting editorials.

The certificate you have was supposed to be like a War Bond, redeemable at some point in the future and the sale of them raised money to defend the Yukon. I had one framed on the wall in my office at Taylor Chevrolet Oldsmobile for many years.

It got a fair bit of press but Klondike Days survived and the Klondike Defence Force was disbanded and the whole thing died a slow and painful death.

Regards Chuck Halliday chuck*anchorsaway.ca

KLONDIKE DEFENCE FORCE CERTIFICATE

I notice that the Yukon Klondike Defence Force certificate was dated 1966. It seems about 1964 that Edmonton started the "Klondike Days"? Sure some stampedeers started out from Edmonton and had a hell of a time. Records show that the majority took at least a year, and many never made it. Yukon took exception to this Klondike Days business, and the Defence Force was to stop them using the name Klondike in their scheme.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

COMMENTS FROM HARVEY

Now that I have caught up on reading the MocTel editions, I see that you had the obit info on Ewen Morrison. I should have known that such news travels fast on the Moccasin Telegraph!

The only edition I am now missing is the special one with Glen Campbell's story. I tried to get it from the archives page but couldn't. I'm not sure if it is a problem at my end or on the archive.

I enjoyed the photos from the Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic. One of these days I will try to get to it. I see my Aunt Martha and cousin Frieda made it.

Thanks for all your continued efforts in gathering articles from us and putting these newsletters together.

Harvey Burian
Parksville, BC Canada
Hburian@telus.net

RE: GLEN CAMPBELL'S STORY THE SUMMER OF 1950

I just finished reading Glen Campbell's story of his first summer in the Yukon. Wow...that story brought back a lot of memories. I wasn't very old in 1950 and we were still living down at 26 Mile but many of the people he mentioned I recall. I remember visiting Louis Brown at his 17 Mile home/ranch many times. It was just 9 miles up the Stewart River from us...less if you took the then new highway.

I'm trying to remember if the boat Glen mentioned with the Chev engine is one my dad (Renny) built. I know he built several for people around that time and used old Chev engines as his power plants. Since there was lots of water available it was easy to keep them cooled. Just stick the intake from the water pump into the river on one side of the boat and the outflow on the other. The river became one big radiator! The boats all had the propeller in a tunnel near the rear of the boat so that you could go in really shallow water and not worry about shearing the propeller off on a sand bar. The old Chevy clutch and gear box was also used so that you had 4 speeds forward and 1 in reverse. Even the steering wheel, slightly modified to include a pulley with a cable to the rudder at the rear of the boat, was used. Just like driving an old truck down the river!

Sally Harris and her husband Cal, were friends of my parents. Sally later married "Yukon" Bud Fisher after Cal died. I don't know if she is still living but dad and I visited

her about 6 years ago in Penticton. Red McDonald and Dunc McGeachy I remember well. Little Dave Moses as well. I also got to know Lorne Ross later. He married my Grade 6 school teacher Jinx Poppoff (sp?) and they moved to Dawson and placer mined for a number of years. I can remember them because we had to have a new teacher half way through the year when Jinx got married and left Mayo. She later succumbed to cancer and I believe Lorne remarried and for many years continued to mine in the Dawson area. I also remember Patsy Fisher's pony. It was such a neat little horse. I remember Steve Albertina or Albertini. I don't know how he spelled his name. I didn't know the fellows Glen went out into the bush with, except for Jerry Somerton. I remember Larry Requa, who was with the Forest Service in Mayo for some years later.

Well....enough reminiscing for now. A few years after Glen's first summer in the Yukon, (about 1955) he took a couple of the teachers from Mayo down to visit Louis Brown. One of them, Marilyn White was my Grade 4 teacher. I have a couple of photos that came from Glen of her and her fellow teacher, Ruth Kerbs.

Great memories! And only a short while ago....just 50 years!

Harvey Burian [Hburian*telus.net](mailto:Hburian@telus.net)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Burning the candle at both ends is the worst way to make ends meet.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

MANDARINE ORANGE SALAD

(Taken from Eastern Star Cookbook - Dawson - 1962) Gladys Hoggan-----

Dissolve 2 pkts. Orange Jello in
1 1/3 cups boiling water, while hot Add 1 can frozen orange base.
As soon as dissolved add 2 small cans mandarine oranges and juice,
2 small cans crushed pineapple and juice. Mix well and leave to set.

Brownie Foth [lfoth*shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca)

DATES TO REMEMBER

VANCOUVER ISLAND YUKONERS' PICNIC

THE V.I. YUKONERS WILL BE HOLDING THEIR ANNUAL PICNIC AT

ST. MARY'S CHURCH HALL, 2600 POWDER POINT ROAD, NANOOSE BAY
ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON SATURDAY, THE 14th OF AUGUST 2004

BRING YOUR OWN BEVERAGE AND FOOD—ADMISSION FREE TABLES AND
CHAIRS PROVIDED IN OR OUT RAIN OR SHINE –ALWAYS A GOOD TIME

FOR MORE INFO CALL Stan Hegstrom at 250 468-9698 or email at
seaair@bcsupernet.com

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**. If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon please include your **maiden name** as well. 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