

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Seventy Fifth Edition- Aug. 15, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Sunset Reflected over Gray Mountain

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

CAPTIVE OF THE NORTH

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

If you have stood upon the Dome
To watch the Midnight Sun,
Seen the beauty of the springtime bursting forth,
If you've seen the caribou roam,
Seen dog-team races run,
You'll forever be a captive of the north.

If you've seen the town of Dawson,
In the pale blue winter light.
Seen the Aurora Borealis all aglow.
If you've experienced the awesome
Yukon River, felt its might,
You're a northerner, no matter where you go.

If you've rode it's winding narrow rails,
Climbed its mountains, tall and stark,
Panned it's nuggets from the crystal streams.
Walked the ancient gold rush trails,
Struggled through the winter's dark,

You will always see the Yukon in your dreams.

If you've seen the autumn freeze-up,
Stayed for break- up in the spring,
If you've trod the path along the canyon wall.
If you've ever made a camp-stop
Out beyond the arctic ring,
Then, my friend, you'll always hear the Yukon call.

If you've ever rode the river boats,
Through Five Fingers, unforgiving,
Seen the rapids where the water roils and froths,
If you've trailed the sheep and mountain goats,
Then, no matter where you're living,
Your heart is set forever in the north.

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Chapter 17

In March 1951 a couple of Government men wanted me to take them to Kotcho Lake which is a fairly large one sixty miles north-east of Ft. Nelson, B. C. They only wanted to stay two days so I would go back to Nelson and wait to pick them up. I took the Super Cruiser, as it would be adequate for the load. I picked them up and flew to the lake. There was an old log cabin on the shore where they wanted to be put off, as they would stay in it. As usual before landing at a strange place I looked the area over closely for snowdrifts and overflow. That is water on top of ice but under the snow and it made moving the aircraft very difficult and sometimes impossible.

I landed out in the lake and taxied toward shore. When about a hundred feet out, I felt the aircraft sag. I knew we were going through the ice. I hit the throttle and the engine roared to life. Then there was a tremendous crash and the aircraft shook violently. The engine just screamed. I chopped the throttle and the aircraft came to a stop sitting on the snow on solid ice. When the engine stopped, I could see there was no propeller. We got out to see what had happened.

We saw that a creek came into the lake at the place where I had intended to park. It was frozen but the water had run under the ice just leaving enough to hold the snow but not the weight of the aircraft. We had dropped through. We were moving when this happened and by opening up the engine we had enough momentum to put us up on good ice again. However, when we dropped through, the propeller being the most forward part and made of wood had struck the ice and both blades broke off at the metal hubs. No other damage had been done but we were really stuck without the prop. I had filed a

flight plan at Ft. Nelson stating that I would be back there by evening. When I did not arrive the Air Force Search and Rescue were alerted that I was overdue.

In the meantime we had snow shod out the word HELP in the snow on the ice and filled in our tracks with spruce boughs to make it clear to anyone flying over. We had also set up residence in the cabin as we might have a long wait.



Here is a shot of our Super Cruiser, CF-FTK, (which is a Piper PA 12) along with our Seabee. - Norm Hartnell - ladue1*shaw.ca

Next morning an Air Force DC-3 flew over us and waggled his wings signifying that he had seen us. I had a very short-range radio in the aircraft with which I could talk to him but I did not have a frequency on which he could talk to me. I told him what was wrong and what we needed for repairs and to waggle his wings if he understood. He acknowledged and then dropped a note saying he would try to have a ski-equipped aircraft come in the next day. We were to mark out a safe landing area. We spent the time checking the ice and marking out a runway with spruce boughs.

Sure enough the next morning a Mounted Police Norseman on skis arrived and landed on our marked strip. Besides the pilot there was an engineer and as luck would have it this same engineer had worked for us before going with the police so he knew the aircraft. I was sure glad to see Ray Farrell, as he was an excellent engineer.

When he had been with us that particular aircraft had a fixed pitch wooden propeller and that is what he had brought with him. The trouble now was that the propeller shaft had been drilled and a variable pitch propeller had been put on. This meant that engine oil from the engine was pumped through the shaft to the propeller, which actuated the blades to change their pitch. Now we had the problem of blocking the shaft so all the oil would not be pumped out of the engine. A wooden plug was made and

driven into the hole in the shaft. Then wire was run from the plug back to the base of both blades and tightened so the oil pressure could not blowout the plug. I ran up the engine and it was checked after shut down. There was only a small drip leaking by the plug. As the engine oil was up to full and I only had sixty miles to go we agreed there was plenty of oil for the time required. I made a short test flight and it was discovered that the leaking oil would soon cover the windshield and I would not be able to see forward. This could be a problem navigating, as it was strange country to me. The police pilot said he would fly at my cruising speed and I would stay just off his wing where I could see him out the side window. He would lead me to Ft. Nelson.

I never ever liked putting my faith in anyone else. I would rather depend on my own judgment but as his aircraft was loaded with navigation equipment I could not see how we could go wrong. We headed out. I took up my position and everything seemed to go well. We did not have communication between aircraft but did not need it. After forty-five minutes, I figured we should have Nelson in sight but I could not see it. Suddenly the Norseman made a sharp ninety-degree turn to the right and I stayed with him as I thought he was going downwind for an approach to the airport. There was still nothing in sight as there should have been. We then flew on and on with nothing below us except forest and the occasional lake. I was becoming quite agitated by now and was keeping a nervous eye on the oil and gas gauges. I knew something was desperately wrong but I could not figure out what he was trying to do. After flying for another hour I finally saw buildings below and then the Nelson airport.

After landing, the pilot came over to me. His face was as red as a beet and he was actually shaking as if he had a disease. He started to tell me what had happened and could hardly talk. What he had done on leaving Kotcho Lake was set his automatic direction finder on what he thought was the Ft. Nelson frequency but instead it was the Ft. St. John frequency. He then sat back and just followed the needle instead of crosschecking his compass to be sure we were on the right heading for Nelson. He was so embarrassed and could not stop apologizing. I felt sorry for him as I knew how I would feel if I had done the same thing. We had done our repair well and there was still lots of oil.

* * * * *

During break-up in the spring of 1951, George went to Ontario and bought a Mark 5 Norseman from the Ontario Provincial Airservice who was noted for their excellent maintenance. The airplane was like new. As we had another contract with the Topographical Survey for the summer, we wanted to use the Norseman. The Government insisted on a Beaver so I took it north and George kept the Norseman in Whitehorse.

Norm Hartnell had gone south to fly a Beaver for Mannix Construction Company who were building a dam on the Nechako River in interior British Columbia. He *was* only going to stay until spring but he liked his job so well he decided to stay there. Although he kept his shares in the company, he never did come back. That left George and me to do the flying and Gordon Cameron on maintenance.

I had a man helping me named Gordon Grady. He was working his way to a commercial license. As he rode with me most of the time, he gained a lot of experience. We were working our way north along the eastern Yukon border so we hauled our gas from Norman Wells, North West Territories but the supplies still came through Mayo. When we got to Taylor Lake we worked west to Eagle, Alaska with our base camp on Blackstone Lake. I was spending my nights in camp now instead of Mayo.

The helicopter crews were having trouble with breakdowns and in my log books there are many flights for helicopter searches. If one was not in camp by evening, we would go out after dark and search for a campfire. Of course, we knew the area they had been working in so flew back and forth, sometimes covering hundreds of miles. One campfire in an area that big is pretty hard to find but we always managed. In the morning, the other helicopter would go out to it and determine the problem.

Our last camp for the summer was on Caribou Lake in the Richardson Mountains. When all the men and gear were moved back to Mayo, I returned to Whitehorse. I had put in five hundred eighty-eight hours in one hundred two days giving me an average of five hours forty-five minutes a day.

* * * * *

I had only been in Whitehorse four days when George took the Norseman and I took the Beaver to Jackfish Lake at Ross River to move the whole winter's supplies to Pelly Lake Trading Post. A tent camp had been set up at Jackfish. We had a good camp cook and a great pile of supplies to move. On take-off, the Beaver would have four or five hundred feet of altitude at the far end of the lake but the Norseman would be dragging out just over the trees. On return to Whitehorse we decided to sell the Norseman and buy a new Beaver in the spring. George flew the Norseman to Vancouver and sold it.

* * * * *

One winter day, I took Gordon Dickson and his helper Hardrock MacDonald from Mayo in the Super Cruiser to a glacier high in the Ogilvie Mountains. The trip there was uneventful with no problems. When I wanted to take-off, they pushed the aircraft around by hand and I took off down the steep gradient that the glacier had. On their pickup day, Gordon Cameron and I were in Mayo with a Beaver so we went in to pick them up.

The glacier had a very steep slope and was now glare ice. We landed uphill and when the aircraft came to a stop I had to hold it with the engine running or it would have slid backwards. After the gear and passengers were loaded, Cameron suggested he push on the tail to turn the aircraft around, as it was so slippery we thought we might have trouble trying it on power alone. He would then run for the door and the others would help him in. That sounded good so he got out and I kept the engine idling. As the aircraft came around with its nose downhill, it also started to move forward. Gordon made a run for the door and just had his upper body across the sill when I had to apply power to keep control. We began to move quite quickly and more power was needed. Due to Gordon's bulky clothes, the men were having trouble trying to pull him in. He was still half out the door when I had to apply take-off power as we were using up the available room for a

successful take-off. The skis had just left the ice when he was finally heaved inside and the door shut. When he got in his seat beside me, he asked if I would have flown to Mayo with him hanging outside. I just answered him, "*What else could I do?*" He replied that he had always felt engineers were expendable.

* * * * *

We were operating off the ice on Lake Laberge in the spring as the snow had gone from the Whitehorse airport. We had a call from the mine in Mayo wanting us to bring in a load of dynamite and a box of caps, as it was urgently needed. It was illegal to fly dynamite and caps in the same aircraft, as the caps were very dangerous to handle. We were anxious to oblige the mine people but the dynamite was useless without the caps.

It was decided that Gordon Cameron would go with me and if it looked like we were going to have any problems enroute he would throw the caps out his side window. It was a warm day in late April and the weather was good so we did not anticipate any problem.

After passing Carmacks, which was about one hundred miles out, we ran into a light snowstorm. It increased in intensity as we went along. The temperature was just above freezing so as the snow increased, the flakes got larger. Their splattering on the windshield made it harder to see forward so we decided that if we could reach Selkirk we would land there and wait it out. There were still people living there and we would have a place to stay. Upon arriving there we discovered the field was bare of snow as there had been none before the snowstorm and now the flakes were melting as soon as they hit the ground. There was a grassy area, which we decided to land on paralleling the runway. The skis on the aircraft were Elliot Brother's wood laminated type with copper sheathing on the bottoms. There was a possibility the aircraft would go up on its nose due to the heavy drag but I felt confident I could keep the tail down by applying power on the rollout.

The landing went okay and we shuddered to a stop after a very short run. We shut off the engine and sat looking at one another when Gordon said, "*Hey, I still have the caps*", and so he did. If we had gone up on our nose, the dynamite would probably have come forward crushing us along with the caps against the instrument panel. We would have been the first humans in orbit.

We had a good winter and managed to keep our customers happy with four airplanes.

(To be continued.)

MARSH LAKE DAM

By Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

Here are a couple of shots of the original Marsh Lake Dam. If you notice on the upstream side there are vertical timbers from the top of the dam to the river bottom. They were called stanchions and took the weight of the water. Across them horizontally was placed planks 2 inch by 8 inch, which held back the water. In the fall the stanchions were placed

and the planks dropped in on the upper side of the stanchions to start saving water. A certain amount of water was released during the storing until the dam was full. By that time of year the river was down to low flow for the winter. Once there was water needed for launching the boats at the shipyards, water was released, and the planks were gradually all taken out. The stanchions were then pulled up and stored for the summer and painted if necessary. It was all bull work, but the way things were done in those days.

By the time the dam was fully open, the crew was used to cut wood for the combination bunkhouse-cookhouse for the next year. We were very lucky that Elizabeth Taylor, the foreman's wife was doing the cooking for us in 1945, and we ate like kings. Our Foreman, Bob Taylor was the one that sent me to the workshop for a gallon of Tartan paint. You can imagine a kid of about 17 looking for that? Never did find it!

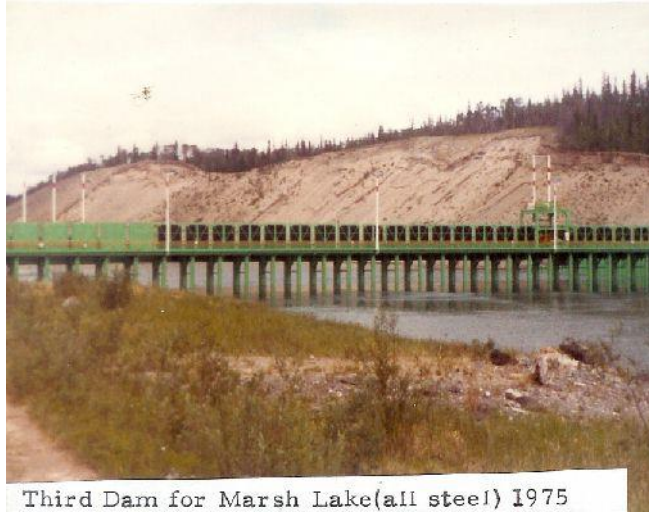


Marsh Lake Dam 1945

Photo courtesy Henry Breaden

On the photo I sent of the two old dams, I sure wish that Bob Taylor of that area or Jimmy Quong of DPW were still here to give us the history of the upper dam. It seems to me that DPW built the upper dam in the early 1950s, and Bob Taylor was still taking care of it. The idea of the hoist was so that one man could lower the gates without having a crew. I know that Bob Taylor was there till the early 1960s and there was no longer need of control of the river. When there was no longer a need for it, the half on the near side was taken out to allow boats to travel up into the lake. This was rebuilt by Montreal Engineering in 1969 when there was a need for storage, and a boat lock was installed on

the near shore. The far side I was never comfortable on as it shook like a dog, and I was happy to see steel going in on the new upstream dam. - Henry



Third Dam for Marsh Lake(all steel) 1975

Marsh Lake Dam 1975

Photo courtesy Henry Breaden

Here is a shot of the present steel dam on the Yukon River. You will note that the two old wooden dams below it have been removed. - Henry

1905 FIRE – MEMORY TIDBIT

I guess I never let something die that should be mentioned. Did you notice in the places that burned, one was R. Lowe & Co.? Robert Lowe was the representative for Whitehorse on the Yukon Council. If you remember the Robert Lowe Bridge over the Canyon was the name of it which was brought about by him. Another was Martin Confectionary which would be owned by Patrick Martin who was the skipper on the Canadian from Victoria to Yukon. He had a larger store after that, and I remember my dad mentioning that Paddy loaded his Model T Ford with freight from a boxcar. When he backed in to the doorway it was fine, but as he loaded it settled on the springs and hung up. As he looked at it he was heard to say, "I think she drifted into the leeward!"

Henry Breaden

JAMES MURDOCH

Hi Gillian

Do you suppose this is Jim or Lyle's son?

I found this on <http://www.whitehorsestar.com/index.php>

Sherron

Thanks to the Whitehorse Star for allowing me to share this photo. - Sherron



BELTING THEM OUT

Yukoner James Murdoch works up a sweat at the Discovery Bar in Whitehorse Monday evening. Murdoch, along with his group, appeared at last weekend's Dawson City Music Festival. Murdoch has been active on the Toronto music scene and has a video now playing on Much Music. (This message from the online Whitehorse Star, about a week ago.) – Sherron

Dear Sherron, Jimmy Smith Commissioner of the Yukon's...Daughter married Jim Murdoch.. and yes this is his son.. all a very talented family.. great to work for, which I did for many years.... The only reason I left was because my Sons were being taken out of School early to go to the Yukon and then they had to start a short new Season at the Whitehorse School.....he looks just like his Dad but also so much like Marilyn his Mother .. so pleased that he is doing so well..... Gillian xo

Hi Gillian

What a neat story and most of us know Jimmy Smith. I never met his daughter.

How did Debbie Murdoch fit into the picture of the Murdoch family?

I see the resemblance to Jim Murdoch, which is why I asked if you knew anything, I figured you would.

Thanks Gillian, I won't do anything with the information you have shared unless you say you think it is okay.

Sherron

Hi Sherron.... Debbie Murdoch (WINSTON) was his first wife.. they never had any children.. they were divorced before he was going out with Marilyn...both such nice ladies... Debbie was in the "Frantic Follies" Show for Years all the time I was Leading Lady and she made all the costumes for the Show (except mine of course.. mine were all made by Ray Buchanan and he has just finished another one for me.. Brilliant all fringe with lots of jewells on it, all hand sewn. I did a Gig at the Hotel Van night before last, and as I work very hard and move a lot I do wear them well... so I have a new one every year.. I have a room FULL of costumes... because I also look after my costumes.).... and when I left.. things changed...Alexander has always had talent.. and I wouldn't be at all surprised if Lyle's...(younger brother of Jim's) children will also have the talent gene... I had some great times with them all on TOUR, what a panic that was... I took film of us all on tour, no sound which is a shame.. also their other Brother hmmm can't seem to remember his name is also an actor entertainer and is very good.. we have been on the set

quite a few times... oh yes Laurie Murdoch. He is married with two daughters I believe. I am sure as far as I know.. all I have said is fact.. so why not give the young chap a plug.

If you get a minute, please check out my Sons web page. www.jgrooves.com he is working steady in Santa Barbara....you may find it of interest.
Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca

James Murdoch - <http://www.jamesmurdochband.com/> Or
http://www.newmusiccanada.com/genres/artist.cfm?Band_Id=6233

*I e-mailed James Murdoch via the e-mail address given on his webpage. This is his reply.
– Sherron*

Hi Sherron

Thanks for your email and interest. Sounds like you're quite the sleuth! Yes, Jim Murdoch was my father and Marilyn, my Mother. My Grandfather, Jim Smith was once Commissioner in Yukon.

I play music full time these days and am located equally between, Edmonton and Whitehorse.

What do you do now in Vernon? Did you know my Father/Mother?

I actually have a website: www.jamesmurdochband.com

Thanks for your interest.

Please add me to your mail out:

11819 - 76th Ave. Edmonton, Ab. T6G 0L1

Cheers, James Murdoch info*jamesmurdochband.com

A MESSAGE FROM EARLE SMITH

Sherron: Sorry I've been so busy and have had no time to do anything other than briefly glance at your postings. This will give me much interesting reading this winter if retired life slows up a bit.

Was wondering if you had seen a recent issue of, I believe, "Uphere" magazine which had an article about the infamous "road rage" incident back around 1961 when Gerry Braden was shot and wounded by an irate Yankee tourist on the Alaska Highway - think it was around Squanga Lake.

I knew Gerry well, having participated in road rallies with him and others such as Stu McGowan, back in the 50s and early 60s. Gerry was also brother-in-law of Gordon Cameron, one time Mayor of Whitehorse and Commissioner of YT.

Regards,

Earle Smith - Grande Prairie AB t16ru672*telusplanet.net

Shooting on the Alaska Highway

Extracted from the Whitehorse Star 100 Years by Henry Braden.

A story proposed by Earle Smith of Grand Prairie, Alberta promoted this search of a story of a shooting on the Alaska Highway at about Mile 855 near Squanga Lake Lodge. It was extracted from the story, for the original covered near a full page in the Whitehorse Star 100 Years Edition. The trial concluded on August 10, 1961.

Donald Lawrence Hass 39 of Orillia, Washington with his 16 year old daughter and 18 year old son, Vernon Wayne were travelling north to Alaska on the Alaska Highway. Meanwhile, Gerry Braden, an accountant from Whitehorse accompanied by Hazel Cole of Watson Lake, Melvina Isbister and Lyle Fisher were headed for Whitehorse. Mr. Braden was driving Miss Cole's 1961 Volkswagen. As they came up behind the large black Oldsmobile of Mr. Hass that had just left Squanga Lodge, it was travelling about 45 miles an hour. Each time they attempted to pass the other car speeded up. Finally they were able to pass, but immediately Braden noticed the other car following close behind. After driving at 75 miles per hour for some distance, he thought he heard a gun shot, and when looking back saw what appeared to be a rifle sticking out of the window of the following car. Braden slowed down to allow the other vehicle to pass, and when the dust settled, he saw the car stopped and two men got out.

Mr. Braden said that he noticed the other driver lower his arms as though pointing a gun. This scared Mr. Braden still more and he speeded up to pass the other car. He estimated that the gun was fired when the Volkswagen was within 25 feet of the Oldsmobile. He did not see the gun fired, but one of his passengers was hit with flecked glass and he realized that he had been hit himself.

Mr. Braden said, "I saw a lot of blood running out of me. There was no thought of stopping in my mind." He drove for about a half mile, then realized that he couldn't out distance the black car so he stopped because he was afraid the other driver might fire again, possibly damaging the car or the occupants. When he stopped, Mr. Braden said the other driver came right beside him stopped in the centre of the road. Gerry went on, "The driver came up to me with his gun, I put my hands up and said, "What the hell do you want?" and he said, "I just want you." I stammered something and he said, "You bastard you ran me off the road." I said I did not and then he said something like "Oh my gosh, did I hit you?" He asked me to go ahead but I refused and said, "You go ahead" and he did rapidly.

The Oldsmobile was apprehended in a road block near mile 904 by the police. When the car was searched, police discovered two rifles, a shot gun and two revolvers. Asked why he had fired the gun, Hass told the police, "I was attempting to stop them to learn the driver's identity. I might add that I shot at the road in front of the Volkswagen."

In court Dr. J.C. Hibberd testified he treated Mr. Braden for a bullet wound in the neck. The doctor said that he removed an expended bullet which had lodged about one quarter

of an inch above the collar-bone and appeared to have entered from the right, diagonally on a horizontal line. The doctor added the bullet had barely missed the artery on that side of Mr. Braden's neck.

Vernon Wayne Hass took the stand and said that the Volkswagen had cut in ahead of his father's car, forcing it into a shallow ditch and spraying it with rocks which pitted the windshield. His father wanted to catch the other driver, to get his license with the idea of having the insurance company pay for the windshield. He said he was wearing a .32 automatic in a holster on his hip and also had a 30-30 Winchester. He wanted to "pop the tire" on the Volkswagen but his father wouldn't let him do that.

Judge Parker found Donald Hass guilty as charged and sentenced him to two years imprisonment in the B.C. Penitentiary, with the recommendation that immediately as the term was up Hass be deported. The Judge also recommended that Hass' son Vernon Wayne be deported immediately, and that neither Hass nor his son be allowed to enter Canada again.

Henry's comments:

Can you for the moment think of that 16 year old daughter of Hass? Would that not be most distressing for her in a strange country with her father and brother both in trouble? It does not say anything about this girl in the write-up, but it would make you wonder how she made out, and what her opinion would be of Canada.

I personally drove the north highways in the early years when it was dust and flying gravel, and the highway barely wide enough to pass two vehicles. The term "Road Rage" had not been coined then, but that is what it really was. What was upsetting was to come up behind a slow moving tourist sight-seeing, and have them speed up when you try to overtake. You were left in a cloud of dust and flying gravel but you didn't run around shooting anyone. If they only learned to hold the centre of the highway till the rear car had slowed down, move to the right and motion the rear car through. Usually you got a "Toot, Toot" of the horn for thank you and you both resumed your travel. I can well remember going on vacation with a brand new tinted windshield and only making it to Marsh Lake before I picked up the first rock, but that was just the hazard of the highways during those years.

KLONDIKE – EDGAR MILLEN – ALBERT JOHNSON – RAT RIVER

Hi Les, I am very pleased to receive your newsy message. I have placed it in the next MocTel. I am sitting here listening to Hank Karr on CD and catching up on mail; the Yukon is never far away, your photo on the cover and your message on the inside.

Every where I go lately I am meeting folks who have links to the Yukon. One who tells me a story about the wool worsted flag Union Jack in the NWMP Inspector Strickland family. He manned the White Pass summit as an inspector.

A young fellow doing some work at our house yesterday was telling me of his grandmothers uncle Edgar Millen who was shot by Albert Johnson. One thing surprised me when the young fellow said, my dad had all Edgar's stuff until he donated it to the EDMONTON museum. I asked if there was a reason it was given to Edmonton rather than YUKON. He thought there wasn't much thought in the decision.

The lady Miss Dubetz I met at work this week taught in Yukon and now this morning I hear from Brownie Foth that she took night school classes from her in 1965, at FH Collins. She also taught Debbie Kelly.

Thanks Les for your input, it is appreciated. I hope some other topics will inspire you to share your thoughts. – Sherron

EDGAR MILLEN VOICE – ALBERT JOHNSON STORY – 1 hr. Radio program

Still at Sturgeon Lake until mid or end of September.

Re Albert Johnson. You can go to this site:

<http://pwnhc.ca/exhibits/cbcexhibit/madtrapper.html> and read a brief description and hear a clip of a documentary I produced in the seventies about the Mad Trapper.

Included the voice of John Milne, brother of Edgar Millen.

Regards

Les McLaughlin leslorn*rogers.com

MISS DORIS DUBETZ

Since I found Miss Dubetz living in Vernon I had a second meeting with her and sent the details to Brownie Foth. – Sherron

Hi Brownie, Doris was in today to decide on which of the design options I had given her.

I told her I had heard from you and what you had said. At first she asked the name again and it didn't click. Then I told her about you going to Beaver Creek and the light went on and I am pretty sure she has you in her memory.

She explained that you came to class one day and said you were so disappointed you wouldn't be able to finish the class as you were moving. She said she offered to let you finish by sending lessons back and forth.

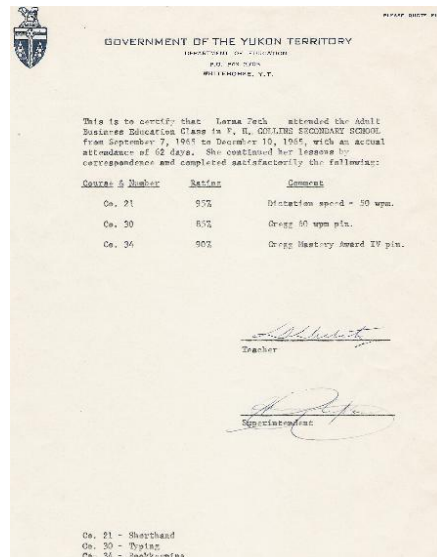
She said each week this big burly truck driver would drive up to the school and she and he would exchange papers and off he would go.

She also said you had given her a lovely dish and I think she said something about love written on it. She said every time she puts candy or crackers or something into it to use it she tells the story of you.

Tell me if she remembers you. Love Sherron

Sherron, I read that note to Pete and his eyes teared as he well remembers the entire story. He said, "If she ever knew how many hours daily that you typed on that big typewriter". I would type way into the night, working on my typing speed. When Lynne, our daughter, took her grade 9 by correspondence at Beaver Creek, she felt it was her most thorough year of her 12 years of schooling. Well, I feel the same! Miss Dubetz was so wonderful in marking my papers, very fair, and always told me why she gave me the grade that she did. Everything was always on the up and up with her. When I returned to write my final exams, I wrote them with the other adult students. Everyone treated me royally and seemed happy to have me back, even for just a few days.

After hearing from you, I will write her immediately. This will be a fun letter. I hope she hangs on, cause the next time that I go to Lynne's; I will certainly go to Vernon and look her up. That is when I will have a cuppa tea with you, Sherron, but don't hold your breath. Thanks for writing that note again, maybe she will be back to see you and tell you if she gets my letter to her. I am thrilled about all this. (All because of the Moc Tel.) Loved that rain, beautiful rain last night, hope we get another bit tonight. I think I went by the name of Lorna while I went to school, perhaps you called me Brownie. I know on my certificate she had Lorna Foth, I must hunt for that and send her a copy. That would please her, I am sure. Hugs, Brownie.



Wow how neat of you to share that with me. I also recall she said today how smart you were and it certainly shows in your marks. Well done Brownie. I also recall that when I mentioned you had come to Yukon as a nurse that is what clicked with her. Luv Sherron

No! I wasn't that smart, but I enjoyed every minute that I was with Miss Dubetz. Several of the 'drop outs' came there to fool around, I was more mature and I wanted to get this under my belt. Sorry that I never used the short hand, but where in Beaver Creek would I get to use that? When we left 4 years later, I started with social work, and Miss Lafayette always put her files on a tape recorder and I typed from that. Too bad, I did pretty good in Gregg short hand. I found the accounting pretty difficult and would wait for Pete to come home to help me as he was always good with figures. But then when I left W.H. and all the big machines, I couldn't carry on too well. But I have always loved typing. I wrote her a funny letter tonight and enclosed her copy of my diploma. Brownie

Brownie I look forward to the day you will be in Vernon and we can have tea at my house. Thanks for letting me share your messages relating to 39 years ago (1965).

To complete my saga of being exposed to Yukon connections all the time here in Vernon; I was in the Dentist's chair a few days ago, complete with a mouth full of rubber dam when my dentist said, Bill and Pat Stitt were just up to Yukon for a couple of weeks and could hardly recognize Whitehorse with all the new facilities.

That made me bristle and tell him about the Federal money for a bridge at Dawson when our bridge in this valley is lacking. For anyone interested this is the website for the Kelowna Bridge Web Cam. It is a three lane bridge and some shots are of the access.
<http://www.chbc.com/feature/bridgecam/>

We visited Brian and Pauline Warner last night who have their two daughters Helen from Edmonton and Sarah from Australia visiting. Pauline was telling me they were held up on the bridge the other day as it opened to let a sail boat go through. – Sherron

Re: TOURIST SERVICES PHOTO

You are right. I had forgotten that the Tourist Services restaurant was operated by Herbie Lee. Add that if you wish

Regards

Chuck Halliday chuck*anchorsaway.ca

1963 ARMY SOFTBALL TEAM

Hi Sherron, Joe Roenspies has informed me of some new & amended names on the Army 1963 ball team (which appeared in my Baseball & Softball item). Joe received a similar photo from one of his brothers, with all the names on the back. So you could plug this into a MocTel.

Cheers, Ralph Lortie rlortie001*sympatico.ca



Army 1963 , City Softball League (photo and names courtesy of Joe Roenspies)
BACK : Jim Armstrong, Joe Roenspies, Bob Anderson, Al Adams, Barry Connatty.
MIDDLE : Ross Roenspies, Ed Ness, Ken Roenspies, Sandy Kerr, Ken Fife, Merv Kelly (coach).
FRONT : Harry Amon, Mitch Zurawell, Jim Judd (asst. coach), Jim Dodd, Bill Disabato. Batboy: Kerry Roenspies

ANDY BAIRD - CAN ANYONE HELP?

Hello. The Dawson City Museum passed me your e-mail address they thought that some old-timers affiliated with your group might remember the above named couple, or their daughter, Bernice Edith Baird (or Edith Bernice Baird). Andrew Baird was Head accountant at the Yukon Consolidated Gold Company YCGC) Bear Creek, Dawson area which closed about 1960. He was a member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers I understand, and wrote a book on the Yukon as he was there 60 years. If you have any details on this family please advise.

Thanks, Phyllis Powell. ElviraPow@aol.com

I am researching Andrew Baird's life, and an associate Thomas Llewellyn Jones from Wales, UK.

I replied to Phyllis and among other things told her my husband's family had Llewellyn as a second name in their Jones family and that I had traced them to northern Wales. I also passed Phyllis' message onto to a couple of people who I thought may know those in question. - Sherron

Hello. Thanks for your prompt reply. Good, quite a few people should read the notice in the area. My Thomas Llewellyn Jones was from South Wales, Alltwen, near Swansea. He worked in Alaska in the gold mines for a few years, and the Yukon, Keno City. His foreman was Jack Stewart of the Guggenheim Mines. Apparently he lived on or near Keno Hill. He was quite well known as a flyweight or lightweight boxer in the area, and often had fights with a man called Ed Kimball. Andrew was years in Bear Creek, and had 1 daughter Edith Bernice (or Bernice Edith) who married in the area, but I have been unable to find her marriage details probably married 1930-1940 era. Phyllis Powell.

Hello Sherron

I knew Andy Baird well had many talks with him, but I never knew his wife or daughter. Andy came in the country during the stampede he was from Australia, in fact the gold country of Australia. His first job was on Chechaco Hill, from there to Sulphur C where he mined on his own.

He wrote a book of early day stories, info on the Mounted police, the Yukon Order of Pioneers of which he was a very active member. The book is long out of print I am lucky enough to have one in my collection.

This is some of what I know on Andy Baird.
John Gould jmgould@cityofdawson.ca

Please help if you can, ideally Phyllis would like to find more information. - Sherron

PETRIFIED CAT

While in Whitehorse two weeks ago I visited Jonas Smith - Lounge Manager at the Capital Hotel. I asked him if there were any special methods he had to follow so the cat could be displayed. The original story was written in Moccasin Telegraph - Edition 10, April 20, 2003. Below is his answer:

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

Hi Donna,

Just to reiterate, we originally wanted to display the cat on a wall, much like a mounted fish, but were told by experts that we should reconsider. Whatever mounting system to hold the cat upright and affix it to a wall we chose, such as bolts or hooks, would ultimately damage the cat in time, when gravity would eventually take its toll and the fragile body would weaken around the bolts. It was suggested that we display the cat in the same position that he'd been in for the last 50 years. It was even suggested to have a custom foam form carved for him to lay upon that would fit the contours of his body in order to ensure that he remained in the same condition. I however opted for squiggly packing styrofoam chips and purple velvet.

It was also recommended that we avoid yellow lighting, for there's something in the yellow end of the spectrum that deteriorates organic material. Finally, we sealed his glass case tight with aquatic silicone, to keep him as dry as he'd been in that crawlspace for all those years.

I've also included an excerpt from a book that I heard about on the internet. Apparently finding mummified cats is more common than one would think.

Anyway, until next time take care,

Jonas Smith - Lounge Manager - Capital Hotel
103 Main Street - Whitehorse - Yukon - Y1A 2A7
(867)-667-2565 (phone) - (867)-667-4682 (fax)
thecap*internorth.com - www.capitalhotel-yukon.com



Photo courtesy Jonas Smith – Capital Hotel Lounge Manager

An answer to "cats in walls". A reader seems to have discovered a possible answer to the stories we have been getting lately about mummified cats in the walls of old buildings. Just a tidbit of information on this subject. I have a book titled, "The Life, History and Magic of The Cat". In a section called "The Cult of the Cat" I found a picture of the body of a cat with this explanation:

"A very ancient custom demands that, to ensure the solidity of a building, a living cat should be walled up and built into the foundations. Some of these cats have been discovered in the ruins of medieval castles, or during demolition work there. They have been found effectively mummified, desiccated and emaciated but perfectly preserved either because they were sealed off from humidity or because death from hunger and thirst always entails a degree of dryness that stops putrefaction taking. There is in the veterinary college of Alfort the desiccated corpse of a cat which was found before the First World War between the ceiling and floor of an old seventeenth century house in the Rue Mouffetard."

Title: Life, History and Magic of the Cat **Author:** Mery, Fernand

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Finally moved in and have changed my email to shaw, took some time as had to get a router and then the e cable would not fit my old 98 so back for more parts.. hope this works, I wanted 'stanh' but some one had it so I got stanvh*shaw.ca the v is for my

middle name - while I'm at it the new phone # is 250 655-2939, also the address is 1026 Brickley Close, Sidney BC V8L 5L1

Best to all --Stan and Connie

REMOVED FROM LIST

<valang@vip.net>:

Sorry, no mailbox here by that name. (#5.1.1)

PAOLERA, Angelo & Val (RISTEAU) valang*vip.net (In Whitehorse 1952, 1964-84) 250-495-7585 Osoyoos

Mike Paolera has advised that his mother has shut the computer down for the summer.

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron

I must thank you for all your hard work on the Telegraph.

I am recommending Dave Carter be added to your mailing list.

Dave has lived in the Yukon for 50 years and was actually in the high school graduation picture on the last issue.

He would be delighted to receive issues of the Telegraph.

E-mail address is

Dave-Carter*coldwellbanker.ca

Thanks again,
Joyce Bachli

(I wrote to Dave Carter and attempted to pull from my memory the fact that he worked for the City of Whitehorse during the time I was working there.)

Hi Sherron

You were right, I worked with recreation department from 1975-80. In fact, my old boss, Brian Noble just passed through on a motorcycle on his way to Alaska -- hadn't seen each other for 25 years!

I have been interested in the Moccasin Telegraph for some time so would love to be on your list, including the last one with our graduation guys. Hard to believe how ugly us guys were when you look at us now.

Thanks Sherron

Dave Carter

Dear Ms. Jones:

Ron and Colleen Butler visited the Yukon this summer and mentioned the "telegraph." Then Joyce Bachli provided me with your e-mail coordinates a couple of weeks ago. Rayanne and I would like to be included in the mailings.

I came to the Yukon in 1966 as a constable in the RCMP and was stationed at Teslin, Watson Lake, Whitehorse, Burwash Landing, Haines Junction and Beaver Creek. I worked for J.B. "Fitz" Fitzgerald for a couple of years ('70 - '72) as a "game guardian" in Watson Lake. I went to the UofA Fairbanks (B.Sc. Wildlife Management) and came back to the Yukon to work on the Foothills Alaska Highway Pipeline project, in the department of health, and then back to the department of renewable resources. I left gov't in 1990, did some ecotourism and natural resources work in Russia and continue to do contract work in that field.

Rayanne and I met at Burwash Landing in 1967 when she came up with several university friends to work for the Allingers at the Lodge. We married in 1969 and except for stints away from the Yukon at university, we've lived here at Mile 4.2, Takhini Hot Springs Road, ever since. We have a son and three daughters, all grown. Our son, Del, and daughter Katrina and her husband Stephen live in the Yukon. Roxanne and her husband Brodie and son Cambie live in North Vancouver. Our youngest, Carolyn (and her husband Brandon) is studying nursing at Trinity Western University, home for the summer.

Joyce suggested I give you a bit of background, so there it is. Use as much or as little of it as you need.

I look forward to receiving the Telegraph. Is there a subscription fee?

Regards,

Bill and Rayanne Klassen
Box 20183
Whitehorse, Y.T.
Y1A 7A2
wjk*yknet.yk.ca

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The worst mistake a boss can make is not to say "well done".
John Ashcroft

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca

Basic Sourdough Starter

2 cups all-purpose flour
3 tablespoons sugar
1 envelope or 1 tablespoon active dry yeast
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
2 cups warm water (110 degrees F)

Combine all the ingredients in a 2-quart plastic pitcher with a lid. (Make sure the lid has a pour spout or other air source.) Stir together with a wooden or a plastic spoon (no metal). Don't worry about the lumps, they will disappear.

Cover the pitcher with a lid and then a clean tea towel. Place in a warm location, free from drafts (behind the wood stove, unless you have a cat, or near the kitchen stove).

Allow fermenting for 3 to 5 days, stirring once or twice a day.

Makes 3 to 4 cups.

Store unused sourdough in the refrigerator.

DATES TO REMEMBER

The Okanagan Yukoners' AGM and luncheon will be held at the Best Western Hotel on the corner of Harvey Ave and Leckie Rd in Kelowna. It takes place at Noon on Sunday October 3, 2004. The cost is \$15.00 per person which includes lunch. People usually start to arrive around 11am and visit for a while before lunch.

The hotel has asked us to supply some numbers well in advance so they can prepare. If you wish to pay in advance so you don't have to wait at the door, you may send a cheque made out to Okanagan Yukoners' to me at; Larry Chalmers Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0. If you are not paying in advance please contact me by Phone (250-498-6887) or by e-mail ([aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)) or at the address above.

If you decide at the last minute to come that is OK too, but we will be much happier if you let us know in advance. Come out and enjoy some good old Yukon camaraderie and maybe discover a long lost friend.

Larry Chalmers

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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)