

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Seventy Eighth Edition- Sept. 5, 2004**

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



**Sunset at Judas Creek, Marsh Lake Yukon**

Photo courtesy Mark Peschke [markpeschke@hotmail.com](mailto:markpeschke@hotmail.com)

**THE BARFLY**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

He teeters on his bar stool in a cold flea bitten dive,  
Bleary-eyed and suffering the “shakes”.  
He barely eats enough these days, to keep himself alive,  
But he’ll get his drinks by any means it takes.  
He’s been out on the corner and he’s bummed himself a buck,  
He has hustled anybody who came near.  
Now he’s cold and wet and hungry but he knows, with any luck.  
The bartender will let him have a beer.

He’s a lost soul and a failure, but it wasn’t always thus,  
He was once a man, successful in his trade,  
He had a home and family, much like any one of us,  
Then he blew it in a game of “Ace-Away”.  
It was just one night of pleasure, just a friendly little game,  
With newfound friends he’d met the day before.  
They treated him to whiskey till he didn’t know his name,  
Then they led him to the dice game on the floor..

They stripped him of his bank account, and praised him as he lost,  
They stripped him of his furniture and home,  
He sat and rolled the loaded dice, unmindful of the cost,

Unmindful of the bitter days to come.  
They slapped him proudly on the back, laughing at his jokes,  
They urged him on to roll one final time.  
Then when it was over, when assured that he was broke,  
They left him in the street without a dime.

When he woke up in the gutter, not a penny to his name,  
Disgusted with the thing that he'd become.  
Filled with self-pity and remorse, he hung his head in shame,  
And he turned to his remaining friend, the rum.  
So he fell into the bottle, and he never could recover,  
Folks jeer at him and treat him like a fool,  
Then drop a quarter in his hat just to tide him over,  
But they laugh to see him teeter on his stool.

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### **Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)**

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## **Chapter 20**

After Chisholm and Kulan recorded their claims, the secret was out so in 1954 we were kept busy flying stakers into the area. In the Pelly River Valley we were busy flying on skis. There was a secret staking deal going on at Drury Lake but rumors were getting around. When a staker asked us if anyone was at Drury Lake we would just say we did not know. We told them if we did not know, then there more than likely was no one there as the only way in was to fly and we were the only ones doing that. They would think that maybe they could be the first ones to stake in the area so would book a charter. I would take them and their gear. On arrival we could see smoke from tent camps all around the lake. They would ask who those people were and I would tell them they were probably Indian hunters. They would remark that there must be an awful lot of game in this area to keep all those people eating. Of course, as soon as they were on the ground they would find out they were just one among the many.

Each adult could only stake eight claims in an area so if you wanted more you had to have more people and then transfer their claims to you. A well-known prospector wanted to stake one hundred claims just off a lake north of the Pelly River. He hired twelve elderly Indian women at Ross River. I took them to the frozen lake in two trips. The prospector had the claims staked so all he had to do was put a woman's name on each group of eight, have them sign the transfer papers and they could go home again.

While the women were in the bush I went off and did some other work. When I returned they were all waiting at the lake to go home. I opened the door and waved for them to come aboard expecting to take six and come back for the other six as the Beaver only

carried six passengers plus the pilot. They were like stampeding cattle and in seconds all twelve were in the airplane. I tried to explain that I could only take six but no one would get out and I was not about to force anyone. I decided to take them all. The weight was no problem for the Beaver but twelve people was highly illegal especially when I did not have seats for half of them. Anyhow, I delivered them all to Ross River. When I told the prospector what had happened he just had a good laugh and said that as he had not heard the plane come back for a second trip, he thought that was probably what had happened.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Yukon River valley at Whitehorse was subject to heavy fog that, at times, plugged the whole valley. This was due to the large lakes at each end of it. I came in one day in clear blue sky above the fog which was about five hundred feet thick and I had no way of getting down as I did not have the instruments for a blind approach. A military DC-4 was going to make an approach and as I was alone in the plane I asked the tower if I could follow it down. He said it was okay with him. I anticipated that he would be much faster than I was so while he was circling I climbed up to a higher altitude above where I expected him to enter the fog. As he came along, I put the nose down and gained speed and we entered the fog together with me just to his right rear. We were doing fine until my speed bled off and he slowly disappeared. I had established a glide slope and course so continued the approach. I came out right on the runway and landed. While I was taxiing in I could not see the DC-4 anywhere so asked the tower what had happened. He said the DC-4 had aborted the approach and had gone to his alternate airport. I felt pretty good about that. With all the goodies he had in his cockpit compared to the magnetic compass, airspeed and altimeter that I had in mine, I was the one to get down. I thought I had discovered a new way to make approaches but I never tried it again.

\* \* \* \* \*

I went to Ross River one day with a Beaver to pick up Jeanne Connolly, a Mounted Policeman and an Indian woman with a baby. After the pick up, on the return, I had to go to Blind Creek to deliver some parts. The temperature was thirty-five below and the inside of the aircraft was not hot by any means as the Beaver heater was not the best in the world. Everyone was warmly dressed so we were getting along okay.

After leaving Blind Creek, I was climbing up to get over the Pelly Mountain Range when I heard a sound coming from the engine. It was only a ticking sound at first. The instruments checked out all right so I was not too worried. As we went along the sound grew in intensity and it was now a knocking sound that I did not like. I eased back on the climb power I had been using. I would not be able to get over the top of the mountains but I knew passes, which would let me through at lower elevations. After we were through the mountains, the knocking was so loud that the passengers could hear it so I had to tell them there was a problem. I did not know what it was yet. I kept coming back on the power to ease the engine as much as possible yet using enough that we were not losing any altitude. I could have landed almost anywhere if the engine had quit because we were on skis. I could see nothing to be gained by that, as it was very cold. From the

sound coming from the engine now, I was sure there was nothing I could do on the ground to fix the problem. As long as it would run and keep us in the air, I kept going.

Over Lake Laberge we were losing altitude slowly as I was pulling the throttle back. The engine was now pounding and making a terrific noise. I stayed above the frozen Yukon River where I could land if the engine did blow up but we just had enough altitude left to get onto the Whitehorse airport. I immediately shut off the engine and a vehicle came out and towed it to the hangar. Gordon pulled the sumps and screens and caught a whole handful of metal from the crankshaft bearings. I am positive that if that had been any other than a Pratt and Whitney Wasp Engine we would never have made it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I came in over Whitehorse on another day with the whole valley fogged in but it was beautiful on top. I had been talking to Gordon Cameron on our base radio and told him I was not sure I could get down. He suggested that he would go up to the tower and talk me down by listening to the sound of my engine. There was a two hundred foot ceiling at the airport so if I spiraled down right over him I would break out over the runway. I thought about that for a while then told him I was going to try something else first.

The large Grey Mountain on the east side of the valley had gullies down the side going right to the river in places. I flew along the mountainside and sure enough I could see down one gully and at the bottom was the river. The Beaver was wonderful for making steep approaches. With full flap and the engine idling, it could go down almost vertically without gaining speed. That is what I did and slid down the mountainside until I was under the fog. Then I put on power, raised the flaps and flew to the airport.

I had seen a DC-3 on a demonstration come over the end of the runway at a thousand feet above the airport and with full flap and idling engines land on the runway. Eight years later I did the same thing with a DC-3 to get under the fog at Cantung, a mining camp on the Flat River near Nahanni.

\* \* \* \* \*

One winter day I had a call to go to Blind Creek and pick up a man. This was the first winter after the big mineral discovery there and two men had been left to act as caretakers for the winter. One was Alan Kulan the man who had made the discovery. The other was a cat skinner in his late forties.

Upon arrival, Kulan took me aside and told me his partner was acting very strange and he wanted him out of there. He said several times while he was sleeping he had woken up and stared into a flashlight three inches from his nose. The guy was standing over him and staring. They had a radio set that gave them communication with Whitehorse. This guy would sit at it with it shut off and talk to the police for hours. I did not want to go alone with the guy but Kulan could not leave the camp as they had a lot of perishable supplies and they would freeze. Ross River was only a few minutes by air so I decided to

go there and get someone to go with me to Whitehorse. On the flight to Ross the guy seemed to be all right although he would not talk to me.

No one wanted to go with me so it was decided we would stay at Tom and Jeanne Connolly's place overnight and evaluate the guy. If he was violent, Tom would go with us the next day but I would have to bring him right back. If the guy was rational, I would take him myself.

After he ate supper, he put a kitchen chair close to a blank wall of the room and sat there looking at the wall. There was a bed for him but he said he wanted to stay where he was. In the morning he was still there. He had breakfast and I decided to go alone with him. There was a pyrene fire extinguisher in the aircraft and before he got in I had put it up on the outboard side of my seat. I figured that if he did anything I could not control by talking I would squirt the fluid in his face and then clobber him with the container. He was no problem and the only time he said anything was when we were flying over a frozen lake and he saw some caribou. He said, "*Caribou*", and I acknowledged. That was the extent of our conversation. In Whitehorse I called the police and they picked him up and took him away.

About a month later I was sitting in the kitchen of my house on a cold fifty below night just before going to bed when there was a knock on the back door. When I opened it, a man was standing there in heavy winter clothes. His parka hood was over his head held together around his face with his hand so I could only see his eyes. At first, I thought it was a friend putting on an act to tell me it was cold out! Then I recognized him and my hair started to prickle.

We stared at each other and I finally said, "*What can I do for you?*" He said, "*Take me to Alan Kulan's house.*" I knew Alan's wife was home alone as he was still out at the camp so I really did not know what to do. There was no way I was taking him to Alan's house. I did not want to refuse him and send him on his way, as he was intent on getting to Alan's. If I did not keep control of him until I could get him to the police, he may get there on his own and do something desperate. I told him to go out and get in the pick-up, which was plugged in so I knew it would start while I put on some heavy clothes.

I went out and he was sitting in the truck. I started the engine and while it was warming up I tried to talk to him and get him to agree to go to the police barracks, which was just a half block away. He said, "*Take me to Kulan's house.*" I drove out onto Fourth Avenue and then north. About seven blocks away was the street Kulan lived on. About two blocks west of Fourth Avenue, I turned and looked at him. He never moved or said anything so I kept driving along Fourth. I figured now that he did not know where Kulan lived. I drove to the edge of the town proper where there were no more streetlights beyond a tavern called Tourist Services. I stopped, as I had no intention of driving off into the dark with this guy. I told him I was going to turn around and take him back to the police station as I thought now I could push him a little. He said, "*Okay*". We got back to the intersection going to Kulan's house and he suddenly said, "*Stop here*". I did. He opened his door and put one foot on the ground. He was half in and half out of the truck

and just stayed there staring at me. I stared right back directly into his eyes. He stayed that way for thirty or forty seconds then got back in and closed the door. He said, "*Take me to the police.*" I said, "*Yes, Sir*", and away we went. At the station I stopped at the front of the building and told him to wait in the truck and I would get someone to come out and talk to him. I went in and told the Mounties. One of them went out with me but at the truck there was no sign of my passenger. They immediately started out looking for him saying they would put a watch on Kulan's house for the night. I went home.

They did not find him but two weeks later someone found him in an abandoned house lying on a bed. He had frozen hands and feet and was taken to the hospital. I never heard of him again.

\* \* \* \* \*

As we did not have the combination wheel-skis in those days that they have now, it was either one or the other. The skis were long, wide laminated wood with a copper sheathing bottom and fitted directly to the undercarriage axle. In the spring after the snow had gone from the airport, we landed on the south end of Lake Laberge, which would be frozen for some time. Later on, when the ice got bad we put the planes on wheels and flew them to the airport. We had four airplanes parked there abreast one day when George arrived overhead in the Cessna 180. There were quite a few of us working on the planes and we watched him go north then turn south for his approach towards us.

There was a light north wind and the snow had gone leaving bare ice, which was very slippery. He had touched down quite a way out but was coming very quickly towards the planes and us so we all ran to get out of the way. It looked like he was going to wipe out some airplanes. There was a gap between two of the planes, which he aimed for but it did not look wide enough to let him through. It was and he went right past us still moving. When he taxied back we put the airplane in the gap and there was a two-foot space on each wing tip. He never did explain why he did that.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the winter George had built two plywood skiffs in the hangar. They were ten feet long and about three and a half feet wide good enough for two men to fish from. When we were on floats he tied one to each float of a Beaver and flew them to Coglan Lake ten miles north of Lower Laberge. He had the idea of setting up a fishing camp the same as we had at Alligator Lake where a good part of our business had been flying in fishermen. Coglan Lake would give us more flying time, but expense did not seem to matter to the true fisherman. With both boats on the floats, he was just able to keep the airplane flying, as the drag was so great. Eighty miles an hour was his top speed. It was an excellent fishing lake and gave us another source of income.

The major mineral discovery at Blind Creek sparked a great staking spree in all the surrounding area. Another discovery had been made in the Ketja River country so we were kept very busy on the Beavers and used the Cessna 180 when necessary. The flying

school was being neglected so we hired an instructor to take care of that. His name was Lloyd Romfo and he was an excellent instructor. He became very popular with his students so that was an asset.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was working out of Mayo with a Beaver and had to pick up two prospectors on Side Slip Lake, which was about thirty miles south of Mayo. The load was going to be light so I took a Mounted Police friend along for the ride. There was a very strong wind aloft blowing from the north and the air was turbulent. The lake lay in an east-west valley with high mountains on the north and south sides. Down drafts had to be expected. The approach and landing were easy as there was low ground right to the water but the take-off could be rugged as I could not go out the other end of the valley under the present conditions. I would have to turn and come out the way I had gone in.

I picked up the passengers and their gear then taxied out for take-off. While I was still taxiing I was watching the water and saw the wind was going in many directions. In fact, one burst seemed to come down vertically and make waves in all directions. I was not happy with the situation but I had a light load and all the confidence in the world in the Beaver, especially in its great power which I thought would pull me out of anything so I took-off. I climbed as fast as I could, hugging the north hillside, which the wind was coming over. If there were any downdrafts, that is where they should be. So if I encountered one I would turn slightly left and be over the lake again where I could recover. I had five hundred feet while still in the boundary of the lake and had not had a downdraft so started my turn left. I was halfway through the turn when we started going down. I steepened the turn as I was heading for the mountainside across the valley and put on full power. The turn was completed, but we were still in a steep bank when we hit the trees on the mountainside with a great crash.

I thought for sure we were going in. If we had, we would have just rolled up into a big ball, as we were now going downwind and moving over the ground very quickly. But when the floats hit the tops of the trees, we bounced clear and out over the valley again where I recovered control. I looked over at the Policeman. He was sitting there with his arms folded across his chest and had not uttered a sound. The guy had plenty of nerve, as I am sure almost anyone in the same situation would have let out a screech of some kind.

I had always been told by experienced pilots that a downdraft would never put you right on the ground as the wind striking the ground had a reciprocal draft going up so that would keep the airplane clear of actually touching the ground. I found out in later years that was not true as I was put back on the water twice after gaining several hundred feet of altitude.

\* \* \* \* \*

While operating on rivers we would sometimes run onto sand bars and get stuck. If I had passengers I would tell them they had to get in the water and push. They would

sometimes ask, "Well, what about you?" and I would tell them that a good captain never left his ship. If they wanted to go anywhere they had better get with it. They could see the sense to that and jumped in. I would help with the engine.



Grace & Johnny Dewhurst, Tom Connolly, Bill Bosley and Slim at Teslin  
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Tom Connolly and his wife Jeanne had a home on the Pelly River about a mile below the footbridge. One day Tom and his friend Johnny Dewhurst wanted me to take them out in the bush but first they wanted to taxi up to the trading post, which was on the south bank of the Pelly just below the bridge. I told them that there was a sand bar there and I could not get to shore. They did not think there was a bar there but if I did get stuck they would push me off so I agreed to go. Sure enough we went on a bar. They got out and into the water. After getting me turned so the plane faced the opposite shore I told them I would start the engine to help pull it free. With the engine running and each of them on a float rocking it, I started to move. I was soon floating again and went across to the opposite shore and tied up. An Indian boy there told me I had knocked the two men in the river but I could not figure out how I could have done that.



Tom & Jeanne Connolly's Ross River home  
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

I walked across the footbridge and into the store. There were Tom and Johnny soaking wet and madder than wet hens. They told me that as the plane started to float they had straightened up and the tail planes which had been behind them had come along and hit them both in the head knocking them down into the river. Of course, I had a great bang out of that, as it was their own fault for not listening to me. Anyhow I took them, still in their wet clothes, to where they wanted to go.

\* \* \* \* \*

One thing we had to be very careful of when putting people out in the bush all over the country was to have their location recorded and the pick-up date firmly established by everyone concerned. If anyone was forgotten they could easily starve to death. My method was to have the individual or the chief of a party write in my notebook exactly what their instructions were and their location and sign it. If there was a dispute I had it in writing.

We had a situation the winter before where George took two men to Niddery Lake a long way north of any civilization where they were going to stay until spring. He had so much of a load he could only take enough of their supplies to last them to December. What he had to leave behind he would take in before Christmas. But he forgot and neither Gordon nor I knew of the arrangement although I knew the men wanted to be out in April.

I went to get them in the spring. When I arrived there was only one man in camp. The other was out hunting. He had heard the airplane so was soon in camp, also. They were very mad. In fact, they had me a bit worried. They were both in pretty rough shape, as they had had no food since the first of January except what they were able to get hunting. There was a pile of moose bones in front of the tent that had been boiled so many times they looked like rubber. I brought out my emergency rations, which we always carried in good supply, and they started to cook hot cakes.

I stayed overnight sleeping in the airplane. I woke up many times and could hear them still cooking and eating. In the morning with full bellies, they were in much better humor so we loaded their gear and headed for home. These two men had lived in the bush most of their lives so had been able to survive. Others with less experience would not have made it.

Waiting for an airplane in the bush could be very boring and frustrating. This sometimes happened if the people allowed themselves too much time to do their work but could not get out until the appointed day. They thought up many ways to amuse themselves. One enterprising fellow built a chair with legs, seat, backrest and arms out of willows. It was a beautiful job. He had a sign painted on the back of it, '**Plane Watcher's Chair**'. I have often wished I had taken it out but I did not. It may still be there.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had eight men to pick up on Quiet Lake but as the airplane only carried six passengers it meant two would have to stay overnight and be picked up in the morning. It was late in the day and I would not have time before dark to make another trip that day. Of course, no one wanted to stay out another night so I finally agreed to take all of them.

When I was ten miles or so out of Whitehorse, I talked to Gordon Cameron on the base radio. He informed me that my friends were waiting for me at the dock. I knew immediately whom he meant by '*my friends*' as we had been expecting the *Department of Transport Inspectors* any time and here I was flying into their arms with nine people in a seven people airplane. Very irregular!

There was a lake six miles out of town behind Grey Mountain so I told the men I was going to land there and let two off. Then I would go to Whitehorse with the others and return immediately for them. They agreed. I let the two off and delivered the others. Sure enough the inspectors were there and wanted to check the airplane. Explaining I had more people to pick up before dark, I took the Cessna 180 and did the trip.

\* \* \* \* \*

There were two geologists and their gear to pick up on Kluane Lake. I went out and loaded them and took off. As I was climbing out, the engine started to backfire with great explosions. I leveled off and called Gordon on the radio and explained what was going on. I asked what I should do about it. He said it sounded like a serious problem but if I thought I could get the airplane home it would save a lot of time and expense.

Circling around the lake and experimenting I found that after a back-fire I would lose altitude but could get it back again after the engine revved up. I asked the passengers what they wanted to do; go back where I picked them up or take a chance with me on going to Whitehorse. It would be about an hour flight and over some pretty dry country. They said if I was going, they were, too. I headed out over Bear Creek Summit, which had a few lakes. Then it was dry until we got to another big lake at Haines Junction. The backfires were really terrific. After one, the engine would die right down until I thought it was going to stop completely. Then it would start to wind up again and I could get back to altitude. When we got to the Takhini River I felt we were home free as I could set down anytime all the way to Whitehorse. We made it okay and when the offending jug was pulled we saw that an exhaust valve was stuck wide open. Even pounding it with a hammer would not close it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The people at Pelly Farm notified us they had a live wolverine they wanted picked up and taken to Whitehorse for further shipment to a zoo outside. Gordon Cameron and I stopped in there and picked it up. They had it in a factory built iron-barred cage that looked strong enough but a wolverine is a powerful and vicious animal especially when

cornered and he sure did not like that cage. We put him in the Beaver right up against my seat so when I turned around to look at him he was about six inches from my face.

We were peacefully cruising along when he suddenly went into a great rage, gnashing his teeth and tearing at the bars and making guttural sounds. My hair went straight on end. He settled down for a while but soon did it again. I soon found out why. I saw Gordon poke his fingers at him and hiss at it. I told Gordon to stop teasing it or I would push him out of the airplane as it was scaring the daylights out of me. It was peaceful for a while and then the darn thing jumped and hit the bars so hard it shook my seat. I just about left the two of them right there. I looked over the bars carefully to see if any were cracked or broken because if he should get out of there I am sure both Gordon and I would have left.

We got it home and shipped on to the zoo and I did not care if I ever saw one of them again at such close quarters.

\* \* \* \* \*

When hunting season opened in August we had many big game hunters to take out to the various hunting camps that were north of Mayo, north of Ross River, in the Big Lake area, Lake Arkel, and one close to Whitehorse at Rat Lake. This was a good source of revenue.

(To be continued.)

## **MAKING A DIFFERENCE WITH THE MOCTEL**

Buck is really interested in his uncle's story (Bud Harbottle) but by the time we got registered to receive the Moccasin Telegraph we had missed the first 11 chapters. Is there any way we could get them?  
I'd appreciate it if you could help.

Lynda Fraser [dfraser@yknnet.ca](mailto:dfraser@yknnet.ca)

*(The missing MocTels have been sent. – Sherron)*

## **A MESSAGE FROM DOUG TRIM**

Dear Sherron

The Moccasin Telegraph is great for Yukoners to stay connected. I am learning more about my community with each issue.

I am Douglas Trim. I arrived in the Yukon in the spring of 1973 from Banff, Alberta. I flew into Whitehorse with a small back pack and big dreams of working in some remote camp and saving lots of money. The key word here is “dreams”. I secured employment at Taylor Chev pumping gas and washing cars. Chuck Halliday managed the

joint and Adam Styba was the accountant. Al Castagner managed the gas station, where I worked. A friend, Ray Taylor (no relation to the Chevy dealership), was planning on a career change and I took over from him working for his father, Ray senior, refuelling aircraft at the airport. This occupation lasted until I was hired as a bouncer at the Whitehorse Inn in the lounge. Eddie Keenan senior asked me what kind of wages I would accept and I told him that I would do the job for five dollars an hour and my drinks. After two or three weeks he asked me to step into his office as he wished to re-negotiate my wages. This was ok by me because the job was affecting my health a fair bit.

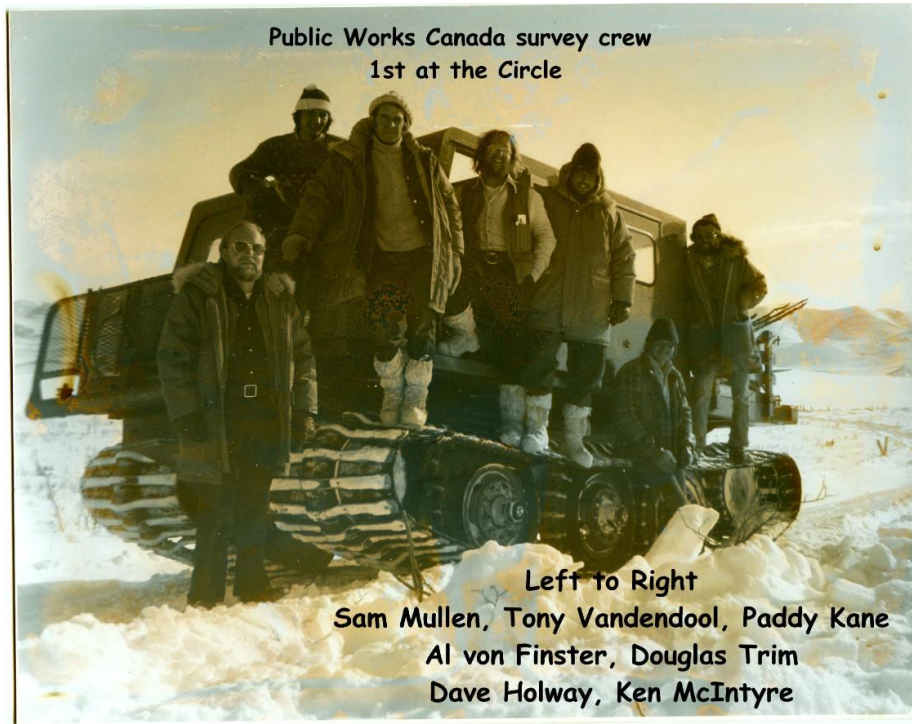


Photo courtesy Doug Trim

It came to pass that the Federal Government was hiring labourers to cut survey line on the Skagway Road. I drove out to the camp with a friend and we got hired on. I worked for DPW on that project until freeze up and was laid off. I was told I could hire back on if I wanted to work on the Dempster Highway project and soon found myself working out of Majestic Wiley's camp at mile 200 (?). I learned how to survey and also helped out with the Drilling program doing soils testing. The next contract north belonged to General Enterprise I think. Their camp was in the pit right across the road from where the Eagle Plains hotel is today. The party chief was an American fellow who was quite adept at legal surveying and it was his calculations that decided that we had reached the Arctic Circle. By his reckoning the Circle fell about a mile south of where the Monument is today, right in a shale pit on the east side of the road and a swampy coulee on the right side of the road. This was a terrible place for the Circle so we moved it about a mile north to a much more scenic spot. DPW erected a 4x8 plywood sign delineating the Arctic Circle but we thought the location needed something else. I received the ok for my crew to cut and haul logs from the Eagle River valley, these to be used to construct a monument worthy of the Arctic Circle location. GE donated a scraper tire to hang from

the frame and we painted the tire red for some reason. Tourists and travellers from all over the world proceeded to attach their mark to our monument with signs and bottles with notes inside.



Arctic Circle Monument – Dempster Highway  
Photo courtesy Doug Trim

To this day I am still not sure if the Arctic Circle Monument is in the right spot. I can only assume it is correctly located because every trucker, tourist and traveller has a GPS and I have heard of no complaints.

By this time I had become fairly domesticated and had married a wonderful woman. We were expecting a baby and I decided that a job closer to Whitehorse was in order. I got hired on at the Whitehorse Correctional Center as a guard and lasted two years in that position. I have a lot of jail tales but one piece of history stands out at WCC. We have all heard how Jack Rolls was convicted of killing Al Kulan in Ross River. In those days it was standard procedure to segregate an inmate who had just been sentenced to a very long jail term. One guard was assigned to watch the inmate until he was sent Outside. This one on one assignment that I had received gave Jack a great opportunity to tell me all the details from his point of view. I was never sure if his point of view was from the realm of reality or not.

After babysitting all those whining, snivelling inmates for two years I decided that I should check out my old position at DPW and see if I could get hired back on. As it turned out they were in need of a driller and I handed in my notice to YTG. I worked for DPW until 1992. Then the YTG took over its share of the Alaska Highway and wanted all the DPW staff and programs to go along with it. So, one day in 1992 I was a Fed. And the next day I was a YTG employee. I have just retired from the Highways Engineering Department. We still live out here at the Carcross Cut-off and have no plans to change this.

Douglas Trim

Whitehorse, Yukon

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**Forest Fire Sunset – Marsh Lake – 2004**

Photo courtesy Mark Peschke

Good morning Sherron:

Was up North over the last few weeks (and missed the Yukoner picnic on the island), but had a great time with friends and relatives. Mark Peschke took these awesome 'fire season sunset' photos around Judas Creek. The warm weather has sure played a number on the fires this year. I couldn't believe that the leaves were still all green last week but when driving south from Fort Nelson to Fort St. John they had already turned colour.

It might be worth including any number of these in a Moccasin Telegraph to bring back memories of those Yukon fire seasons? Note that Mark has given me permission to send these to you to use but please give Mark photo credits if you use one.

Yours truly,  
Fred Hoenisch [Fred.Hoenisch@gems9.gov.bc.ca](mailto:Fred.Hoenisch@gems9.gov.bc.ca)

## **JOYCE YARDLEY'S BOOKS**

*(I told Henry it had occurred to me that we should do a testimonial to Joyce Yardley's books and support those Yukoners who are supporting the MocTel.*

*Joyce has previously given us a couple of the stories from her books. – Sherron)*

Hi Sherron, OK you talked me into it!

We have had the first two books written by Joyce Yardley for several years, Yukon Riverboat Days and Crazy Cooks and gold Miners. The first one is a real Yukon documentary, and many of the old-timers were interviewed before they were gone. In it

you would find Life on the Yukon river, The LePage Family, The Taylor and Drury Story, The Goulter Family, The Retallacks, The Camerons, Chappie Chapman Story and The Van Bibbers.

On The Paddlewheelers is found, James Moran, Chuck Beaumont's Story, Louis Irvine, Johnny Hogan, Ed Whitehouse, Hymie Koshevoy, Len Usher and Charlie Randall and The Whitehorse Shipyards. Each and every story is enthralling and you are amazed at the simplicity in which they lived, but how much they accomplished. The LePage family starts from Happy LePage as he was known cutting wood for the steamboats and on a trip south found his bride, Pauline. Pauline mentions traveling by a Model T Ford truck overland to Carmacks with drivers, my father Spot Cash, Jim Breaden and Ernie Somerton. Where Happy and Pauline located was Rink Rapids in total isolation. But Pauline adopted that country and raised a family enduring all the hardships. The book goes on to the full story of Taylor and Drury from the time Isaac left Ashcroft through the sinking of the Thistle steamboat and beyond. If you do not have a copy of this book I would advise you to correct that oversight. You would find many enjoyable hours and find yourself going back to check on this or that to refresh your memory. Life on the river is something that is in past history, and it is only by books like this one that you get a glimpse of what it was like.

In Joyce's next book is a documentary of her own life and the people around her. She started out with the intent of documenting her family for posterity. But they could see that it was not a dry document, but one full of information, good times as well as bad times and a bit of laughter. With some persuasion Joyce did publish her document and I for one can say, "Thank goodness she did." When Alice was reading the book and came to the part of Gordon being struck down and thought, "Oh no! not Gordon!" Here is a book on how the Yukon used to be, and as you read you become part of it.

So here are two books that I truly recommend, and Joyce has her third book with the publisher at this time. We already have an order on an autographed copy as soon as it is published, and I know we will enjoy her new book.

As an item of interest, Joyce must be made of the right stuff for she and I were born in the same old hospital in Whitehorse on Second Avenue. (I just want a free ride on this lady's great reputation!)

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

## **Whitehorse Plant**

By Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

There were many years in the early 1960s that I was classed as an operator, but did not really know if I was fish or fowl. I was handling maintenance and repairs at Whitehorse and became concerned with No. 1 hydro generator. It was skating and developing a knock that I was not happy with. Jesse Barwise didn't think anything was urgent, but I persisted in us checking the generator bearing clearances. We had never opened up the bearings before, but on opening we found that the oil was black, which it should not be. We called in Ed Jacobs, as we had found cracks in some of the rotor arms. After nosing

around, he found that the rotor was cracked 3/4 the way around under a weld and machining. Good thing that he found it for the generator could have torn out the rotor and stator windings. The crack was in the lamination just above the thrust and guide runner. It was the movement between laminations that had caused the blackened oil. Now we were into a major job of pulling the exciter and generator, taking the pole pieces off the rotor and making a timber cradle to ship it back to the factory at Westinghouse.

I gained exceptional experience working with the Westinghouse erector that came in to supervise the work. When the rotor came back, I worked with him aligning and balancing the unit, skills that I carried all my years of working with hydro units. Even made use of that knowledge with the two generators at Mayo. Adding weight to balance a generator, you have to know about how much and how many degrees to lead the throw that I was taught by him.

Another was the pump for No. 1 governor, which I did not like the vibration and sound of. We could not shut down the unit as we were full loaded, so I borrowed a stroboscopy, which I had used in the Army shops before power plants. It is a variable strobe light that you can match to the speed of what you are examining. On the coupling between the motor and pump I had a look, and although the unit was running you can optically stop the shaft and gradually turn it around. I found that one of the four coupling bolts was gone. So we scheduled a repair after midnight when one unit could handle the load. There was always excitement wherever you wanted to look, and always hope to catch things before they blew up in your face.

## **LOIS HAS DOWNLOADED THE MICROSOFT SERVICE PACK**

I downloaded the New Service Pak2 and thoroughly love it. I haven't found any real problems with it so far. Sure speeded up my computer as it doesn't load all the little pictures in the pages one views unless you want it to and then there is a tool bar to click to bring up the pictures. Seems anything that it blocks that I have noticed is optional. It blocks and you can say to bring it up.

Sorry I didn't get to the Yukoners on the Island to meet all you good folks, but my daughter and grandson came from the Yukon that very same day. I hadn't seen them for a while and they were only here a couple of days.

Cherio, Lois Tremblay [granny9t@shaw.ca](mailto:granny9t@shaw.ca)

## **DID YOU KNOW?**

Bill and I were out for a bar-b-que at a friend's house last night. Among the other guests were some other realtors. I think most of you know my husband is a realtor.

The topic came around to the Moccasin Telegraph and how it is growing.

One of the ladies, Carol Fischer said she had advertised Okanagan property in a Whitehorse newspaper 20 years ago and received a very official letter from what she recalls to have been the Tourism department of the Yukon Government. She was advised that her advertising was not welcome in Yukon and that they did not want people to leave the Yukon while they were trying to increase the population.

When Carol started talking I was thinking she may be going to say she had a letter from the City of Whitehorse telling her she needed a business license. I do recall that happening at least in one time period. As I recall it the license fees were even increased for Non-Residents in order to discourage the competition.

I also read in the first section of the Whitehorse Star 100th Anniversary edition that 100 years ago a group in the community of Whitehorse gathered and ordered five Chinese men to return from whence they came. The community members gathered \$200. to pay their way back to Victoria. In another article a photo shows a group of men gathered along the shore of Atlin Lake while they witness the exit of 'Mr. Jap' from Atlin.

I only raise these topics because it has certainly has made me think, and I expect it will many of you too.

It also made me think of mind control and the experiences I have had listening as a ham radio operator to the propaganda on the airwaves from Radio Moscow or Radio America.

It would be interesting to know what the policies are in Yukon today. – Sherron Jones

## **JOE LANGEVIN UPDATE**

A little more info on Joe Langevin. I visited him yesterday and he said it was OK to send you this. He will be 94 this October; I think he said the 3rd. His grandson Kelsey, Brian's son, is visiting him and he confirmed this. Quite incredible isn't it. Still living on his own, cooking his meals and doing very well, even though his memory is failing quite badly.

I need to correct some of the things I said on Aug 23. Joe was with Forestry in Haines Junction and was an ex-officio Game Guardian. He was transferred to Dawson in 1960, retiring in 1972. He and Marion continued to live in Dawson, opening a museum, which they ran until moving to the Parksville area 7 or 8 years later. Joe had a claim on Bonanza which he worked most summers, selling it in 1989.

Marion died in either 1997 or 98, Joe could not remember for sure.

In case anyone is interested, his address is 1535 Sharon Place, Qualicum Beach, V9P1Y8, phone 250-752-3509.

He has turned part of his house into a little Yukon museum and loves to show it off. Has a lot of interesting stuff on display.

Ron Butler [ron\\_but\\*shaw.ca](mailto:ron_but*shaw.ca)

## HELP WITH THE FORNIER FAMILY

In a recent Mocket there was mention of the Fournier family and Archie's three daughters and son. The son's name is Murrell and he just celebrated his 89th birthday. He is my step father.

Gwenne and I enjoy all of the Mockets.  
All the best to you.

Joe Redmond [yukon43\\*telusplanet.com](mailto:yukon43@telusplanet.com)

*(Joe has also forwarded some helpful details for the White Pass Aviation special edition which will be out soon and you will see the rest of this message then.)*

## PREVIOUS NEW ADDITION

Sherron, it was a pleasure meeting you at the Vancouver Island Picnic. I guess things were meant to be what with me driving by casually and seeing the flag. I have great memories of the Yukon and although I have not been back in over thirty years my heart is still there. I will go back one day and soon. My kids have asked about going there and I hope to take them next summer. Won't hold my breath though as I don't know what will happen before then!! For an update note on the email list my current residence is should be noted as Victoria/Nanose Bay, BC. I am working on a short article for the MocTel and once I have it finished will send it along. Hopefully you can use it.  
Until later, Ted. [swenson.tf\\*shaw.ca](mailto:swenson.tf@shaw.ca)

## REMOVED FROM LIST

Could you please take me off your subscriber list, I will get your stories from dad.  
Thanx a bunch.

Cindy  
WOLSYNUK, Cindy [wolsynuk\\*polarcom.com](mailto:wolsynuk@polarcom.com) (In Whitehorse)

This address is returned most of the time.  
<<< 552 dstmiester MAILBOX FULL  
554 <[dstmiester@netscape.net](mailto:dstmiester@netscape.net)>... Service unavailable  
DEASTY, Mike & Nancy [Dstmiester\\*netscape.net](mailto:Dstmiester@netscape.net) (In Whitehorse)

Recipient address: [llballe@msn.com](mailto:llballe@msn.com)  
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address  
Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Requested action not taken: mailbox unavailable  
BALLA, Lawrence [llballe@msn.com](mailto:llballe@msn.com) (In Whitehorse 19?? - ?) Red Deer

## NEW ADDITIONS

Sherron, Would love to be included in the moccasin telegraph please. Just heard about it from Madeline Boyd. She sent me some about the Nanoose Picnic.

I retired to the Yukon in April of 1986. I have lived in Whitehorse, since moving from the Vancouver area.

Thankyou for including me on your mailing list.  
Evelyn Church [evelync@klondiker.com](mailto:evelync@klondiker.com)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*A closed mind, like a closed room, becomes awfully stuffy.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

**FREEZER ZUCHINI SOUP** – from Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj@shaw.ca](mailto:buzzy.cj@shaw.ca)

1 large zuchinni  
1/4 cup butter  
2 large potatoes, cut up  
1 large onion, cubed  
1 oxo cube (beef or chicken)  
1 cup cream

Boil potatoes, zucchini and onion in a little water with the oxo cube. Cook til soft, add butter. Puree in blender and freeze.

To use, thaw the soup, reheat and add cream, salt and pepper to taste before serving.  
Very good with a sprinkle of parmesan cheese on top.

## 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)