

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Eightieth Edition- Sept. 19, 2004**

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**Fall Colours – Yukon River Ferry – Dawson City**

Photo courtesy Debbie Algotsson [algotson@cityofdawson.ca](mailto:algotson@cityofdawson.ca)

### **LIKES AND DISLIKES**

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

We all have things that bug us,  
Things that make us sore,  
The things that I enjoy the most,  
Might irk you to the core.  
I will not eat cottage cheese,  
While others lap it up,  
Yet they are quite disgusted,  
When I put sugar in my cup.

My friends love playing in the snow,  
While I think winter stinks.  
The only way that I like ice is,  
As an additive to drinks.  
I could play golf every day  
From early spring through fall.  
But others think its stupid,  
To be talking to a ball.

There are those who like to exercise,  
I'd rather sit and think.  
I could be writing poetry  
While you're skating at the rink.

And if you like to surf the waves  
Go right ahead, get wet.  
As for me, I'd rather do  
My surfing on the net.

We all like things that please us,  
And dislike the things that don't.  
You may watch ballet or opera,  
But, you can your bet your boots I won't.  
Yet, on one thing we're in agreement,  
One that we all hate and fear,  
That is, sitting there, white knuckled,  
In that #S@%& dentist's chair.

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**Fall Colour – Crocus Bluff – Dawson City**

Photo courtesy Debbie Algotsson [algotson@cityofdawson.ca](mailto:algotson@cityofdawson.ca)

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

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### **Chapter 22**

A mining company had given me a proposition that if I would buy my own airplane, they would lease it from me. They wanted to have control over their flying instead of waiting to get a charter plane. This was going on more all the time but usually the company bought their own plane and hired a pilot. This idea suited me just fine so after leaving P.W.A. I went back to Ontario to buy an aircraft that I felt could do the job and that I could afford. I had a choice between a souped-up Stinson or a Fairchild 24 with a Ranger engine. I settled on the Fairchild and flew it home on floats. It also had wheels

and skis, which I carried, in the cabin. It was late in the float season so I did very little until I was on skis.

I had a phone call from Don Cannon in Vancouver telling me that there was a large party of claim stakers working north of Wasson Lake about seventy miles up the Liard River from Watson Lake. They should have been out a week or more earlier but he had heard nothing of them and would I go to Wasson Lake and see what the problem was. It was forty-five below zero at the time and I was not overly anxious to go out in that but the men might be in serious trouble, so I took off the next day.

When I arrived over the lake, I could see a crowd of men standing on the ice. They had a fine runway snow shoed out so I landed. Gordon Dickson was in charge of the crew and he told me that a Watson Lake charter company had taken them in and was supposed to pick them up ten days before but had never shown up. They were all pretty mad as the monotony of doing nothing was getting to them. They were short of food, also.

The period of daylight was very short so I only had time to take Dickson and two other men to Watson Lake where I remained overnight. There was no ski runway on the airport so I landed on the lake and put on the engine cover and drained the oil. After we got to town we found out the man who owned the flying company was in Africa hunting big game and had left his son-in-law to look after the business. Through some misunderstanding he had the pick-up date mixed up. He did not even have his Cessna 180 on skis yet. He asked me if he could go in on wheels but I told him I had not checked the runway with that in mind. I did not know if the packed snow would carry the wheels. However, I said I would go in first in the morning and check it. Then I would let him know what I thought. He agreed to that.

I had to preheat the engine in the morning using a gas blow pot, as it was bitterly cold. It took several hours. While I was doing that I heard the Cessna 180 take off from the airport and thought the pilot was going to check it for cold weather operation. But it headed north in the direction of Wasson Lake and did not come back. I could not believe it.

When I had the engine running, I took off and headed out. When I was in sight of the lake I could see a dark object on the ice that looked like it could be an airplane. When I circled the lake before landing, I saw it was an airplane all right, but it was upside down with its wheels in the air. I landed and found the pilot was okay but the airplane was badly bent. Now I had one more to take out. There was only enough daylight to make three trips a day, which would be nine men. It was going to take three more days to get them all out but I had taken in food so they were in better humor.

Taking the last two men, I was about halfway to Watson when the engine started to die down and almost stopped before I could switch to another tank. When I did, it caught again but would not come up to proper speed. So I had a problem with both tanks. They had plenty of gas in them but it was not getting to the engine. I selected the both tank position and it did better but still not up to normal. I dreaded the thought of having to go

down in the extreme cold weather, as it had been fifty below zero that morning. I suspected there was frost obstructing the filters. By following the river I got to Watson and while the engine was still warm put alcohol in both tanks and ran it for a while. It was not long before it would go up to full R.P.M.

The Cessna 180 was left at Wasson Lake until the owner returned from Africa. He went in, patched it up and flew it out.

I did not do very much after that, just a few trips a month until I was on floats again in the spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

One summer day in 1956 I had to take Don Cannon to a lake in the Coast Mountains close to Wrangell, Alaska to visit one of his camps. It was a cold rainy day and perfect for the formation of carburetor ice. This is formed by air rushing into the throat of the carburetor where it compresses, dropping in temperature and the moisture content freezes, slowly choking off the air necessary to keep the engine running. There is a knob in the cockpit with a long wire attached to it that runs down to a door on the carburetor air intake. When opened, it lets hot air from the exhaust manifold enter the carburetor and either keeps ice from forming or if it is already there will melt it. Otherwise the engine would stop and the aircraft go down. The heat cannot be left on for very long at a time as the engine loses two hundred R.P.M. while it is in use. It is necessary to put it on and off intermittently which I had been doing. We were over a particularly dry piece of country with few lakes to land on when I pulled out the knob. It should only have moved, about two inches but instead kept coming until I had about a foot of wire showing. I knew then that it had come loose from the carburetor so I could not use the heat. I looked over at Don but he was dozing in his seat so I stuffed the wire back down its tube so he would not see it as I did not want two of us sitting there waiting for the engine to quit.

We flew for an hour with me watching the tachometer and listening to every beat of the engine until I saw a lake large enough to land on. I woke up Don and told him I was going to land and do some work on the engine. When I got down and lifted the engine cowling, as I had suspected a screw holding the wire had come loose. After attaching the wire again and really tightening the screw, we were off. Don said he was glad I had not told him, as it probably would not have done his ulcers any good.

Late in the summer I was flying alone from Whitehorse to Watson Lake. I was over the Wolf Range when I suddenly noticed the cylinder head temperature needle was in the red danger mark. I quickly looked for a place to land as the engine might seize at any moment but there was nothing but rocks. On looking ahead about five miles, I saw a lower knob of a mountain and had a hunch that on the other side of it out of sight was a lake large enough to land on.

I pulled back the throttle to ease the engine and set up a glide angle that would take me around the mountain to the lake. If there was not one there I would be committed to land

on the ground as by putting on climb power to go look for another lake normally would just overheat the engine and I would lose it anyhow. While in the glide, the engine had cooled some and the needle was out of the red but still high. When I rounded the mountain there was a nice lake there. When I was over it and safe to make a landing I decided to experiment a bit to determine what might be wrong. The oil pressure was okay so I put on climb power and started to gain altitude while circling the lake. Wonder of wonders, the engine cooled well down on the gauge. After gaining sufficient height, I put it in the cruise position and the needle started heading for the red again. I stayed a long time over that lake trying everything to make it work properly but no luck. I finally decided to climb up very high. I would head for Watson Lake which was eighty miles away using the climb glide method of travel. If anyone had seen me they would have thought I was crazy but it worked and I arrived okay.

I checked that engine over thoroughly but could find nothing wrong so I had two engineers check it. They could not find anything even after I took them up for a flight check. I pulled that engine and put in a new one and the problem was eliminated.

I sold the Fairchild to an operator who was based in Inuvik, N.W.T. A short time after he had it, it caught fire while being refueled and was a total loss.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the summer of 1956, one of Don Cannon's prospecting parties had found a good mineral deposit on Old Gold Creek a tributary of the Liard River about a hundred miles above Watson Lake. To prove up the property, a great deal of drilling would be required. As there were no roads, airstrips or even foot trails to the area, it was proposed to use two cat trains to make a road and move in drills, rod, fuel and all the other equipment that goes with a drilling operation.

The take-off point was to be at about Mile 670 of the Alaska Highway where there was a hotel and cafe called the Transport Hotel. Everything was assembled there. It included two D-8 cats, six sleighs; one of them carrying a caboose for the crew to stay in, the fuel necessary for the cats to go in and out, the fuel for the drilling rigs, the steel rods and bits, food and camp gear, a bombardier snowmobile and a jeep. There were two cat skippers Curly and Ben, the bombardier driver Archie Currie, a trail scout to go ahead on snowshoes and mark out a possible trail, a cook, and myself as boss and jeep driver.

Everything was loaded and ready to go by the first of March 1957 so we left the Transport Hotel with the lead cat pulling three loaded sleighs. The other cat had two loaded sleighs and the caboose and the snowmobile and jeep followed. The main idea was to get everything into the drilling site and the cats and sleighs back out. Then the road would be abandoned. All that was required was a trail sufficient to get the outfit through.

If the timber was not too thick, the lead cat just lowered the dozer blade to within about a foot of the ground and pushed the trees over leaving enough snow for the sleighs to

slide on. But if the timber was too thick, he would unhook from the sleighs and go ahead making the trail. The other cat would keep moving all the sleighs forward behind the trailbreaker. This was all fine for everything but the jeep, which had to climb over all the downed trees and brush and a foot of loose snow. With chains on all four wheels, I could get along most of the time but when I got hung up on a bunch of trees the snowmobile would have to pull me off.

We could not travel after dark as it was too dangerous with trees falling all over the place. We just left the cats where they stopped, left the engines idling all night so they would not freeze up and went to the caboose for supper. It was like a travel trailer except instead of wheels it rode on a sleigh. There were four bunks in two tiers in the front, a table with benches on each side in the middle; a wood cook stove on one side, shelves on the other side for provisions and the door was at the rear. The sanitary provision was outside. Curly and Ben slept in one tier of bunks, Archie and I in the other tier. The trail scout slept on the floor between the bunks and the cook on the kitchen table. It certainly was not any Hilton but we were not there for luxury but to get a job done as fast as possible.

While the cook was making a meal, the rest of us sat on the bunks. After eating and cleaning up the place, we could sit at the table and play cards or lie in the bunks and read. We used two Coleman gas lamps for light. Everyone had to go to bed at the same time and the lamps were turned off. The cook kept a five-gallon can of water heating on the stove so in the morning a washbasin was filled, then taken outdoors to wash the hands and face. If the water was too hot, there was lots of snow handy to cool it off. After breakfast it was back to work while the cook cleaned house.

On the fifth day out Ben was ahead with his cat unhitched from the sleighs clearing a heavy patch of trees. He was moving slowly forward when the end of a tree came up between the track and the engine and pointed straight at his belly. He just had time to throw out the clutch handle and step on the brakes before he was pinned tightly to the back of the seat. Another second and he would have been skewered like shish kebab. He could not move so he started screaming for help. Archie ran up, saw what the problem was and carefully backed up the cat freeing Ben.

He was badly hurt and we had to get him out to medical aid. Using the two-way radio we had, we called Watson Lake. They said they would send a plane right away for him. We had passed a frozen lake suitable for the plane to land on just a short way back. Loading Ben on the snowmobile, we took him back to it. The airplane could easily find us. All he had to do was follow our trail and we were at the end of it. When we got Ben away I took over his cat and Archie and the cook kept up the jeep and snowmobile.

Three days later we arrived where we had to cross the Liard River. This was the key to the whole operation as there had to be sufficient ice to carry the heavy cats across now and also when they returned after delivering their loads. If there was not enough ice then for them to cross, they would have to stay on that side of the river until the next winter.

The trail scout had dug test holes all the way across. A minimum of four feet of ice was required to carry the cats.

A plane landed on the river and Ben was back badly bruised and hurting but ready to go to work. Ben's cat was in the lead so would be the first to cross. I told him I would ride with him for moral support. We started out standing on either side ready to leap clear if the cat dropped through. It was a mild day with the sun shining quite strongly on the snow on the ice making it slightly mushy. A cat track under those conditions would pack snow on the sprocket teeth at the rear, which shortened the track by forcing the front idler wheel back against the very heavy spring that kept the track tight. After a certain amount of snow had packed onto the sprocket it would break off and the idler would snap ahead with a terrific bang. We were well out on the ice when that happened and Ben and I jumped clear into the snow. On getting to our feet we saw the cat still going on its merry way instead of sinking out of sight as we thought it was going to do. We had to run to catch up to it and scramble back on. We reached the other side with the tracks still snapping and banging. After the whole outfit had crossed, it was back into the timber again.

It took us two weeks to reach the campsite. After we unloaded, the cats built a fairly decent road back on our trail for ten miles to a lake the airplane would use in the summer for re-supplying the camp. The jeep would use it to carry men and supplies to and from the lake. The bombardier would be used to move equipment around the drilling area.

When the cats were finished with the road, they left for the Alaska Highway. The cook went with them. An airplane from Watson Lake came into the lake where we left the jeep and bombardier and took the rest of us out. The plan now was that after break-up and the snow and ice had gone, the airplane would fly in the crews who would build a camp and start drilling.

(To be continued)



**Fall Colours – Slide – Dawson City**

Photo courtesy Debbie Algotsson [algotson@cityofdawson.ca](mailto:algotson@cityofdawson.ca)

## **OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART II**

By Donna Clayson [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net)

Note: all photos courtesy of Donna Clayson except where noted.

After lunch at Buckinghorse River Campground we continued on the next leg of our Yukon-bound trip. As we pulled into Fort Nelson at km 480 it was pouring rain. Stopped for gas and figured we'd better not complain at the price of \$1.03.9 as we knew the price would increase the further up the highway we drove. We decided not to stop and visit our friends, Bev & Steve Bapty; we'd give them a call on the way back home.

We'd heard about the forest fires around Whitehorse and area but were hoping by the time we got there the fires would be extinguished. Not so. As Steamboat Mountain came into view at km 538 (summit 3,500 ft.) we could see smoke lingering in the valley. Wanted to take some pictures but the smoke hid the mountains and scenery so the camera stayed put, close beside me, just in case wildlife was on the road.

At km 570 Indian Head loomed straight ahead. I tried using my digital camera but it was too far away. Out came my old, trusty, 35mm. I was glad I had decided to bring it at the last moment. I don't have very good zoom lens but it would have to do.



**Indian Head**

I remember my father telling me about this unique rock formation; how it looked like the head of an Indian. Whenever I traveled the highway I always made sure I was awake and

observant enough to spot the head. When I had children I pointed it out to them but all they could say was, “Where? I don’t see anything”.

At km 571 we crossed Tetsa River Bridge. An interesting note is that we will be crossing Tetsa River two more times in the next 12 km. I understand that there are Dolly Varden, whitefish and fly fishing for grayling in this river. Again, I was wishing I’d brought my rod and reel.

At km 595, roughly 140 km west of Fort Nelson we entered Stone Mountain Park. This park is 64,000 acres on the North Tetsa River. Here it was July and there was snow on the north side of the road. We stopped at Summit Lake Campground and took a picture of a caribou on the road. The buck was too quick for my slow shutter finger and all I got were the trees. We were wishing we had obtained a fishing license so we could try our luck for rainbow and lake trout at Summit Lake. I could almost taste fresh fish but canned chili and bread awaited us in our brand new plastic containers that held all our food.

I got a second chance for a great picture of Stone Sheep at km 623. The entire family was busy licking salt and minerals on the road. Great opportunities for picture taking but, like I said, I’m not very good at taking pictures. Thank goodness, our daughter, Verena managed to get some good shots on her way back home in August. She had been working in Whitehorse all summer at a Veterinarian Hospital and had to return to enter another year at the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology.



Verena Ross photo

We stopped at Stone Mountain Lodge. It’s a small neat place with one table. I found a few nice postcards I hadn’t seen before and thought they would make a nice addition to my collection. Found the owners were not very friendly when I inquired about washroom facilities. There were none available and wondered how the staff managed without. Decided to bypass the lodge on our way back.

Around km 627 is Racing River. This area of the Northern Rockies is a stepping stone to the Muskwa-Kechika (pronounced musk-quah ke-chee-kah) and often referred to as the Serengeti of The North. Here the boreal plains of the east meet the mountains of the west providing a diversity of habitats. The 4.4 million hectares allows plenty of room for the abundant elk, moose, stone sheep and mountain goat that roam the area.

It was time to gas up at Toad River, km 675. Imagine our surprise to find gas at 99.9, much cheaper than at Fort Nelson at \$1.03.9. Throughout our entire trip we found Fort Nelson had the most expensive gas. We stopped for something to eat and pulled out our still brand new propane cook stove. I highly recommend the campground that offers all services including a laundromat, and my favorite: showers. Became acquainted with a tourist from the U.S. who informed us gas was even cheaper at Contact Creek. I remembered reading that Toad River was established by Dennis and John Callison who guided PRA Surveyors into the area in 1941.

We were pleased with our gas purchase at Toad River and were dismayed to find gas was 98.9 at Poplars Campground. As in Toad River there were showers (remember, my favorite) and a nice gift shop.

We stopped and took pictures at Muncho Lake. The park is 218,000 acres of beautiful scenery. The smoke was getting heavier but I still managed to get some nice photos. The water was calm and temperature at +19C so a perfect day. After fueling up at Fort Nelson Bryan was keeping a close eye on the price of gas. It was up a bit at Muncho at 99.9. Still not bad. This was a good spot to view Stone Sheep on a dried gravel lakebed.



**Muncho Lake**

Notice the smoke in the background

Remote Muncho Lake is located within Muncho Lake Provincial Park on the Alaska Highway west of Toad River and south of Liard River. Muncho Lake displays a perpetually blue hue the result of copper oxides leached from the bedrock. The lake is so deep that the bottom has never been ascertained. It drops off immediately from the road and due to different levels of outcropping rock, there are numerous vehicles 'hung-up' on them. The lake is flanked by mountains with the Terminal Range on the west side. The Sentinel Range rises sharply above the campgrounds to the east and near the northern limit of the Rockies.

In the mid 1960's my mother was coming back on a Greyhound bus from a vacation in Alberta. For some reason the bus driver drove off the road, into Muncho Lake. As the bus started sinking the passengers headed for the back door emergency exit. With barely time to spare the last person barely made it out. All the luggage and personal effects were lost and as far as I know the bus is still down there, probably 'hung up' on a ledge. From that time on my mother was always nervous driving on that stretch of the highway.

Next, we continue our trip to Liard Hot Springs and beyond.  
(To be continued.)



**Bill Girard, Debbie and The Duchess – Carcross – early 1960's**

Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly\\*on.aibn.com](mailto:debbiekelly*on.aibn.com)

W.P & Y.R. ran The Duchess on a two mile track between Atlin Lake and Graham Inlet on Tagish Lake. See rolling stock at <http://wpyr.netfirms.com/railroad/rollingstock.html>

*The following is the first part in a series of short stories about the experiences of Rev. L.G. Chappell and his family. I have included the Index this time so you will have some idea what is to come. – Sherron*

# **SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON**

Submitted courtesy Judith (Chappell) Parkes [jparkes@telus.net](mailto:jparkes@telus.net)

Dedicated with fondest love to my wife Florence Winifred (Mick) whose love, support, tenacity and joy in sharing with me in many of these and other related undertakings enabled them to be brought to a satisfying degree of fruition.

Written by **REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL**

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### **How it all began**

It was during the month of April 1934 that a long period of mental and spiritual uncertainty came to a new focal sharpness for me with the visit to the Anglican Theological College in Vancouver by the Bishop of Yukon, Rt. Rev. W.A. Geddes, in search of students from the graduating class who would be willing to man the summer missions in his diocese. I had arrived in Vancouver in September 1932 to continue a course of theological training. When this course was about to come to a successful

conclusion there still remained a knotty problem needing to be resolved. As an immigrant from England I was not attached to any diocese, neither could I claim sponsorship from any Canadian bishop. The arrival of Bishop Geddes at the College all unknowingly opened the way to the possible solution of my dilemma, since it enabled me to leave Vancouver early in May 1934 on the C.P. Steamship Norah, in company with three other graduates. All of us headed for the far-distant Yukon Territory and the Indian missions to which we would be allocated individually for the summer months.

### **Champagne Landing and Klukshu**

It could certainly not be said that time hung heavily or that changes came slowly in that northern land. Within two months of my appointment to the mission at Champagne landing I had travelled with the native people to their summer fishing camp at Klukshu on the Deazadeash River. Here they caught innumerable salmon weighing up to thirty pounds apiece. These fish had travelled upstream for a thousand miles from the Bering Sea, without food since they had left the salt water. They had come this distance to spawn in the fresh water gravel bars, and though their flesh was sufficiently wasted from the long journey to be unfit for human consumption it nevertheless supplied the dog-teams with winter food after being boned, stretched on racks and sun-dried.

Along the banks of the river I noticed a series of shallow pits eighteen inches or so in depth and in diameter. These holes puzzled me as they seemed to have no use and the native people appeared disinclined to explain their existence. The visiting trader gave me the information I was seeking. They had been used until a few years previously when some of the villagers had become sick and others died. When the fish were taken from the river it had been the custom to throw into the pits the useless fish heads when the salmon were being prepared for drying. As soon as the pits were filled with salmon heads the holes were covered over with spruce and the heads were allowed to ferment and become a 'borne-brew' which had detrimental effects that had not been anticipated and which caused the practice to cease. At any time it was possible to walk down the river bank and find headless fish rotting away. In this instance it was not the native people who were responsible but hungry bears which found salmon heads to be a gastronomical delicacy. Brown bears, black bears and grizzlies roamed the entire country, but it was only on rare occasions that they were seen, and even less rare occasions when they were too close to be comfortable. With the trader's convoy of pack-horses we crossed the river at Dalton Post and on past an area of totally burnt-out trees toward the Alaskan boundary. That hour and a half's ride through the burnt-out area was possibly the most desolate of my experiences. There was not a blade of grass, not a leaf on the trees, not a bird to be seen. Even the horses shied at some of the blackened tree stumps which grotesquely resembled unwelcome bears. It is gratifying to know that nature has its own means of rectifying such wretched conditions. At Squaw Creek we found a considerable number of men and women who had set up a tent camp during the time they were sluicing the creek 'bars' in their search for colours and nuggets of that precious and elusive metal - gold. Many of the miners were American citizens and they were delighted to have me join with them on July 4th for a commemorative service on the banks of the creek. When the native people at Klukshu returned to Champagne Landing with their load of dried fish normal

activity was again resumed until I received an unexpected visit from Bishop Geddes. He had travelled seventy-five miles from Whitehorse and did not leave me long contemplating the reason for this visit. His question to me offered a final solution to the dilemma which had confronted me at the College. "Would I be interested in staying in the Yukon as an ordained member of the Diocesan Staff?" My ordination to the diaconate took place in the Old Log Church in Whitehorse early in August, and two days later I was aboard the stern-wheel steamship Casca going further north and headed for the mission at Moosehide, an Indian village on the Yukon River four miles north of Dawson City.

(To be continued.)



**Whitehorse, Yukon – 5:59PM - Sept 8, 2004**  
Photo courtesy Heather Jones [hjones@klondiker.com](mailto:hjones@klondiker.com)

## **FLYING IN 2004**

I asked Heather Jones recently if she would take a photo of Marsh Lake/McLintoch area. She had shared a couple of aerial photos with us last year, which were taken over Carcross. It was so enlightening to see that area from the air and I was curious to see what 21 years had done to the Marsh Lake area. Heather replied this week with a number of photos of that area as well as Tagish and Tutshi Lakes and a couple of Whitehorse. I was excited to get one out to you, so here it is. Wow has Whitehorse changed since 1983 when I left. – Sherron

## **A MESSAGE FROM DON MACHAN**

Sherron: In response to your plea for submissions from your subscribers, and as I have thoroughly enjoyed the weekly editions of The Moccasin Telegraph, I offer the following account of my Northern adventure, and if you consider it worthy of inclusion in MocTel, feel free to do so.

In 1950, I was selling life insurance for an agency in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. I had been employed as a script writer for a radio station (CKRM) in Regina in 1948 and 1949, and was persuaded to try my hand at life insurance sales. An impractical idea, since I did not own an automobile. I had been teaching in Saskatchewan from 1943 to 1948, and when the idea of selling insurance without transportation quickly lost its charm, I decided to return to the teaching profession.

I had always been rather adventurous and intrigued by the idea of venturing into our great Canadian North, and responded to an advertisement for a teaching position at Fort Nelson, B.C. When I arrived in Dawson Creek, the Superintendent of Schools advised me that he had just that day received a telegram from the C.O. of the Military Base at Fort Nelson advising that the teacher for the position had to be a female, as the other staff member of the two-room school was a female, and the two staff members were required to share living accommodations. However, the Superintendent urged me to consider accepting a teaching position in the one-room un-graded school at Hudson's Hope, B.C., and persuaded me to go with him to Hudson's Hope, and I could then decide if I wished to accept the position. It was an absolutely fabulous late Summer August day and the Peace River Valley was at the height of autumn splendour...a riot of colour! On the road from the Alaska Highway to Hudson Hope we encountered a bull moose...the first one I had ever seen, and the most magnificent animal, about a two or three year old. The magnificent animal and the scenery of the North Peace River country had me hooked, and I had made my decision long before arriving in Hudson's Hope. After a most interesting year at Hudson's Hope, where I met my wife-to-be, I accepted a teaching position at the Watson Lake Air Base. I will leave my Northern adventure story in the Yukon for a future instalment.

Don Machan, Qualicum Beach, B.C. [demachan@telus.net](mailto:demachan@telus.net)

## **WHITE PASS AVIATION STORY BRINGS BACK MEMORIES**

Hi, Sherron. In Jeanne's story on White Pass Aviation, I saw a name that rang a bell. In my bit "Boyhood Brushes with Death", I couldn't remember the CPA pilot's name on our 1948 flight to Whitehorse. The instant I saw Harvey Johnson's name in Jeanne's story, I knew he was the man.

So, to get it right, here is that segment of my earlier submission.

**In the summer of 1948, after spending a month in Edmonton with aunts & uncles, my mother, brother Grant (8 yrs.) & I (5 yrs.) completed our move from Surrey, B.C. to Whitehorse. Dad had gone earlier to find a house. On the CPA flight, the captain came on the intercom & introduced himself & welcomed everyone. Mom thought she recognized the name, so asked the stewardess to confirm it [*I wish I could recall it*]. Mom told the stewardess that she had known the captain growing up in Calder (Edmonton), and to say hello. A few minutes later, the stewardess came back & said that the pilot had invited us up to the cockpit. So we went in and stood there for awhile while Mom & the pilot renewed their friendship. It was during these minutes that I first suffered the motion sickness which plagued me for years. I vomitted all over the control panel. It's a credit to the cockpit crew that we didn't go down.**

Thanks to the Jeanne Harbottle's story on White Pass Aviation, in which she mentioned Harvey Johnson, I am reminded that he was that pilot.

Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)



**Foth House – 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue – Dawson City**

Photo courtesy Debbie (Foth) Algotsson [algotson@cityofdawson.ca](mailto:algotson@cityofdawson.ca)

Picture is of our log home that Pete built for our retirement home. (1976 - 1977) The day he retired, June 9th, 1977 we moved in. then realized the winters were too cold when we didn't work. Then in 1979 we bought our first mobile home here. Debbie and family still own this log home, but lives in her new home just above it on the hillside. She has always rented it to good people. Geologists now live in it. Nice view of the Yukon and Klondike rivers.

I forgot to tell you that in the picture of our log house in Dawson, on the left is the government 'Green House' that Joe and Marion Langevin lived in while he worked for forestry.

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

## **WHITE PASS AVIATION**

Fascinating reading, what wonderful History...great photos.. Thank you Gillian Campbell

### **OBIT**

Obituaries (09/11/04)

ROGER FERNAND BLANCHETTE - December 29, 1930 - August 31, 2004, died after heroically battling asbestosis for more than 4 years. Roger never complained and lived his life to his fullest ability, always with a smile and a sense of humor. Born in Quebec City, Roger was the baby in a family of 4 children. As a young man he struck out with a friend and headed West. After a brief time in Ontario working in logging and construction, Roger headed for Vancouver. He did not speak much English but he knew how to work hard and his search for work landed him in the Yukon. Roger spent from 1953 to 1965 in Cassiar and Whitehorse where he made many good friends and met Barbara. Roger worked for the mine in Cassiar driving the man-haul and ore trucks and then later for White Pass & Yukon Route (Transport Division) out of Whitehorse. Shortly after having their son Steven in Whitehorse, they moved to Lantzville on Vancouver Island where they had their daughter Diane. Roger worked for Imperial Oil Limited out of Departure Bay, Nanaimo from 1965 until he retired in 1986. Roger enjoyed square dancing, fishing, camping and traveling with Barbara. In retirement he was able to pursue his longtime passion as a Morse code and Ham radio operator with the local Amateur Radio club in nearby Parksville. Roger enjoyed simple pleasures, family and friends, fixing anything and everything, good food (especially maple sugar products) and his role as Grampa to his little Pootsie. Roger was the proud husband to Barbara, father to Steven (Catherine Scoffield) and Diane (Steve Page), Grampa to Ella, brother-in-law to David Gillespie (Astrid), brother to Therese Allard, Pauline Gagne, predeceased by Paul Blanchette. Roger was a loving Uncle to many wonderful nieces and nephews and a good friend and gentle soul to all that knew him well. No funeral service by request. There will be a gathering on Sunday, October 3rd at Schooner Cove in the Anchor Room from 2-4pm where family, friends and colleagues are invited to share their warm and numerous memories of Roger. Donations to the BC Lung Association would be appreciated if desired

Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

### **A MESSAGE FROM KARREN CROWLEY**

This poem was also among my old pictures. As you can see the author is unknown, but I thought it funny that it was written on "Yukon Government" paper. I think this was passed around during the first Rendezvous in Whitehorse, in 1962. It's very poor print, so I won't be offended if you choose not to use it.

Sincerely,

Karren (North) Crowley [kbcrowley\\*telus.net](mailto:kbcrowley*telus.net)



## GOVERNMENT OF THE YUKON TERRITORY

### TO WHITEHORSE

Have you ever been out in "The Great Alone"  
With a cold moon shining clear,  
When you feel most gone, as you stagger on,  
Over-filled, with the stuff they call "Beer"  
And only the howls of other night-owls  
As they, too stagger home through the snow,  
Where it sometimes gets sixty below.

Have you ever felt the hunger, the longing,  
For a T-Bone Steak and all that it means,  
Had a great long look at a Menu,  
Then, settled for Weiners and beans.  
Have you ever stumbled home through the twilight  
As the gravel sifts deep in your shoes.  
Then, Mister, you know you're in Whitehorse,  
Where it seems your best friend is the booze.

Out where everything's up, but wages  
And a buck goes as far as a dime,  
Four bits a slug for liquor,  
It takes a bit to have you a time.  
Meanwhile, there's beer parlours, cocktail bars and a ball  
room where folks go when they want to dance;  
Yep, this is the city of Whitehorse,  
The city of booze and romance.

And, away off the track is a beat-up old shack,  
Maybe buried down an alley, so deep  
It may not be much, but you escape the clutch  
Of bad memory and catch-up on sleep.  
Out where shacking-up couples are plentiful,  
Without benefit of clergy or priest,  
This is the city of Whitehorse,  
Far away from the narrow cold East.

Out here, liquor's just flowing like water,  
And rum, overproof, seems the best bet  
To those men and women from "The Great Outside"  
Those folks that want to forget.  
Yet the friendship seems warmer, lasts longer,  
Cemented in the Yukons cold snow,  
And, were I to be chased out of old Whitehorse,  
I'd sure hate like hell to go.

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

*New Honorary Member of Yukoners' Moccasin Telegraph group.*

Sherron: (an almost Yukoner wants to join)

Would you please add Earl Brown of Fort Nelson to the MocTel list? He's been coming up here every year for 20 years on behalf of The Milepost, and he knows everybody. He was mentioning to me at Rotary lunch that he'd heard about it, and wanted to join.

His e-mail is [milepost@pris.bc.ca](mailto:milepost@pris.bc.ca)

Thanks, Pam Buckway

Hi Sherron

I would like to add Sue Pattinson to your list she lived in Mayo from 1961 to 1963 her e-mail is [rsvpatt@telus.net](mailto:rsvpatt@telus.net) Now that I am in school I spend my week-ends out here she hates the p.c. but has one, so I do all her clean up etc. Sue married Fred McDonald at the age of 19 and away they went to the Yukon Mayo to be exact, my Dad and Fred and Ron & Helen Holloway were the best of friends so when I met Sue down here and she was Fred's first wife. We became the best of friends and still are. I would like for her to get involved in this as she had 2 children born there and knows the land as I do, not the city of Whitehorse. She has many old pictures and stories to add but I will probably be the one sending them in credit to her. Hope you are well, thanks for keeping us going. Love Moge

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Experience is yesterday's answer to today's problem.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

**CREAMED BUTTER CORN** – from Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj@shaw.ca](mailto:buzzy.cj@shaw.ca)

8 cups corn    Pre-cook 5 minutes before cutting off the cob  
3 cups water  
1/2 cup butter (or more)  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 tablespoon salt (or none)

Mix and boil for 5 minutes  
Set container in cold water (with ice-----) to cool  
Put into containers --- Freeze

Very good. I use this for making corn chowder soups as well.

## **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)