

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Eighty-Third Edition- Oct. 10, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



“Yukon Turkey”

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca

(Have you ever witnessed a Raven torment a Cat? I have. – Sherron)

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Dear Lord, before we start this feast
Of turkey, vegetables and dressing,
Just for a moment let us pause
To thank you for our many blessings.
We thank you for the little gifts
That we have gained along the way,
We thank you for the lives we lead,
And thank you for this autumn day.

We thank you for our native land,
Where we may live and grow in peace,

And pray that we will see the day
When hate and prejudice will cease.
We thank you for the friends we have,
And now that we are old and sage,
We thank you for our memories,
And for our Yukon heritage.

We thank you for the warming sun,
As well as for those April showers,
We thank you for all nature's gifts,
And for the right to call them ours.
We thank you for the fun we've shared,
And even for the tears we've cried.
Down through the years life has been good,
Please Lord let us be satisfied.

Now as we sit at this repast,
Of food and drink and all good stuff,
We hope some day 'twill come to pass,
That all God's children have enough.
And as we eat and share a quaff,
We're grateful that we have so much,
Oh yes, thanks for the "Telegraph"
Where all our friends may keep in touch.

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Chapter 25

1959 was a poor year for flying as Newmont had caught up on the work they were doing. I only put in three hundred twenty-five hours for the summer. At the end of September, just before freeze-up, I flew the aircraft to Edmonton on floats and changed over to wheel-skis at Cooking Lake. Then I parked the plane on the Edmonton airport.

I went to Vancouver for a while and then to Yellowknife to see if there was any work for an aircraft. There were more planes than cars there so I went back to Edmonton and cranked up the 195 and flew to Watson Lake just after the New Year 1960. There was not any work for the 195 but B.C. Yukon Air Service needed a Beaver pilot so I went to *work* for them. They had three Beavers and one Cessna 180. The aircraft were kept in good shape so I had no mechanical problems. I flew almost every day. In June I flew one hundred four hours; July one hundred seventy-eight hours and August one hundred forty-seven hours for a total of seven hundred seventy-five hours for the year. This averaged sixty-five hours a month which was considered pretty good for bush flying. Watson

Lake was a pretty lively place with a lot of mining people moving through the area creating all types of business.

I had a good friend named Skook Davidson. When he was young he had been a big and powerful man but now he was in his seventies and crippled from falling off too many horses with which he had worked all his life. He now had a horse ranch on the Ketchika River about hundred and fifteen miles south of Watson Lake. It was in a beautiful piece of mountainous country with wild game all around.

In the fall of the year he took out trophy hunters who were a select clientele. Many of them came back year after year, not always to hunt but to have an outdoor trip with Skook as he was good company and ran a good camp. This year he had a brother of the Shah of Iran, a Prince, coming to get sheep and caribou trophies on a two-week hunt. I met him when he got off the C. P. Airline at Watson and took him right out to Skook's in a float equipped Beaver.

Skook greeted him as if he had known him all his life. There certainly was not any pomp and ceremony that Princes were used to having. He was in the wrong place for that. He seemed to be a nice guy and would be at ease in most any kind of company.

Skook had good help with an excellent cook and native guides who had been born and raised in the area. They were to travel by pack train and saddle horses from the ranch to where the main hunting camp would be on Dahl Lake. They made a date for me to come back to Dahl in a week.

When I got back he had his sheep trophy but did not have a caribou. They asked me to stay overnight and in the morning fly the Prince and two native guides to a lake in another area where there were many caribou. We left early in the morning and flew about fifty miles to another lake where I let them off and returned to Dahl Lake. I would return in the early evening to pick them up as they definitely did not want to stay there overnight. Taking Skook with me, I was back there by five o'clock but they had not returned yet from their hunt. We waited until it was almost too dark to take off when they finally arrived with a very large trophy caribou head.

I told Skook and the Prince that it was going to be so dark by the time we got to camp that the risk of getting down was very high. He asked if I could do it and I told him I could not decide that until we were over the camp. Then I could decide. If I was against it then the only alternative was to fly to Watson Lake where I would have lights and a large lake to land on with minimum risk. The Prince said to go. I climbed up over the lake to twelve thousand feet before I started across the mountains, as I could not see them. I knew the highest one was not over ten thousand feet.

The Prince sat up front with me. The two guides in seats right behind us and Skook curled up behind the horns on the floor against the rear bulkhead. I knew he was scared and I did not blame him. He would tackle the wildest horse that came but airplanes were something else. I knew the camp would have a big open fire and that is what I watched for. When I saw it, it looked like a match so far below. I orbited at my present altitude to get oriented, as I had, while flying, formulated a plan on the best way to get down. I knew how the lake lay in relation to the fire. I knew the length and the mountains around. When I was all squared away I orbited the fire to the left letting down rapidly and keeping it in sight all the time. When I was about five hundred feet above it, I straightened out and

flew directly away from it in the direction of the other end of the lake. That was the hardest thing I had done for a long time because it was like flying into a black hole. Nothing could be seen. I had a terrible time forcing myself from turning back too soon. I needed plenty of distance to make a turn, then let down very slowly until I would be on the water.

When I estimated I had gone about two-thirds the length of the lake I made the turn to the left and could see the fire again. I knew there was a small low island somewhere ahead of me but as long as I could see the fire there could not be anything directly in my way. By manipulating the throttle, I let the airplane descend very slowly until I felt it kiss the water. The passengers did not know we had landed until I opened the throttle to stay on the step. Then they could see the phosphorescent water spraying out to the side of the floats.

When we got to the camp and unloaded, the Prince was so excited and elated he could not stop talking. He was a pilot also and could appreciate the problem. He said that that was one of his great experiences of life. Skook was just mighty happy to be back in his camp with his horses which to him were much more reliable and safer than, fooling around with an airplane.

At the end of 1960, my wife and I were divorced so I stayed on in Watson Lake. 1961 started out at the same pace with all the aircraft working steadily.

One of the Beaver pilots Walt Forseberg took a load of Water Resources people in to the Nahanni River and landed on the ice just above the falls. The Water Resources had strung a cable across the valley that hung about fifty feet above the ice. They used it to measure the flow of the river. Walt knew it was there so when his party was ready to go he taxied down the ice towards the falls with the intention of taking off upstream. He went down far enough he thought to be able to get airborne and fly over the cable. When he was flying, he saw at the last second that he could not get over the cable so he dived under it. His air rudder hit it and was torn off.

He now had no control of the airplane in a lateral direction so when it started turning to the left and heading for the hillside he could not do anything about it. It hit the trees at the edge of the river and crashed on a pile of rocks. Walt and his two passengers were badly shook up with some broken bones and many cuts and bruises but they were all alive. The airplane was in terrible shape. The wings were torn off and the engine bent out of shape.

After they were out and in hospital, I flew in an insurance adjustor who was also an excellent aircraft engineer. He had spent his time in the Air Force during World War II salvaging and rebuilding wrecked aircraft. His name was Denny McCartney. After viewing the wreck he decided it could be rebuilt on site and flown out. He would do the work.

Not long after I took him out, he was back in Watson with a helper, tools, rigging, parts and camp gear. I flew all his stuff in to the wreck where he set up a tent camp and went to work. I did not envy him, as the weather was a long way below zero. I do not recall how long he was rebuilding it but I would guess it was about a month later when we got a call from him that he was ready to fly. Walt was all healed up by then and wanted to fly it out. I took him in. After testing the engine, all gear and the helper were loaded in my plane. Denny and Walt were on the other one.

After we were both airborne, I took up a position just off Walt's wing where I could watch him. We had one hundred sixty miles to go to Watson. We were in the air for about forty-five minutes when Walt suddenly started a turn to the left and spiraled down to land on a very small lake right below us. We did not have communication between aircraft so I had to guess that he had a pretty serious problem, as there were larger lakes around to land on if he had the time to get to them. They were standing in the snow when I circled over to let them know I knew where they were. Then I went on to Watson.

While I was unloading and gassing up a fellow came over and introduced himself as Slim Knight. He had just come in on the airline from Vancouver. He had been a fighter pilot during the war flying Spitfires and was now flying out of Vancouver. He knew Denny and wondered if he could go with me to pick him up, as he wanted to see how a bush operation was flown. One more would not make any difference so I said okay.

When we got back to Walt and Denny, I landed. Then I noticed that the lake was much smaller than I had thought and I was going to need all of it to get the three of them out. Walt's engine had packed up and quit and that is why he landed where he did. They boarded and Knight was sitting in front beside me. I taxied right to the edge of the lake on the downwind side then turned and started the take off. In front of us on the other side of the lake was a hill several hundred feet high, which we would have to go over. I pulled the aircraft off as soon as I could, and holding the nose down and keeping on full power built up as much flying speed as possible. We were headed straight for the bottom of the hill. I held level flight for as long as possible then zoomed straight up and over the hill. After we were clear, Knight said he had often wondered how bush pilots flew and now that he had seen it we could have it. When we got a new engine I flew it in. The change was made. I took the old engine out and Walt flew his airplane.

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A large tungsten mineral deposit had been discovered at the head of the Flat River, which flowed into the Nahanni River. To develop it, everything would have to be flown in using large freight type aircraft. But first a landing strip had to be prepared. A single engine Otter aircraft chartered from Pacific Western Airlines at Yellowknife was brought to Watson to take a small tractor with dozer blade into Flat Lake, which was five miles from where the camp and mill site would be.

The ice on the lake was thick enough to carry the big aircraft which would take in larger tractors and earth moving equipment to build an airstrip five thousand feet long. When that was completed, the ice would be gone so everything to build a camp and some mining equipment would be flown into the airstrip. Also, the Government would start building a road to the site. It would be one hundred fifty miles long so it would be quite some time before it was usable.

After the strip on the ice was completed early in the winter, a Bristol Freighter belonging to Ward Air in Yellowknife was brought to Watson to haul the equipment to build the airstrip and a small camp.

At the end of March the representative of the company Jack Crowhurst and his on site manager Roy Lambert came to me with a proposition. Would I buy for them a twin engine airplane of my

choice that could haul passengers and light freight. The large freight aircraft could not haul passengers. It was a good deal so I decided to go with them. I left B.C. Yukon and flew to Calgary to look for what I had in mind. I wanted an Anson the same as I had flown out of Whitehorse a few years before.

What I needed was an airplane that could take off and land in a short space at a slow speed. Conditions were going to be difficult in at the mine site until the regular airport was built. Also, I wanted adequate power so the aircraft could be maneuvered in tight places, as there was a high mountain range to go through. As well, that piece of country was subject to bad weather. The Anson filled these needs and carried ten passengers, which was about the right number. I went to Calgary and found just what I wanted. The airplane was in first-class shape for a war surplus type. It had two low time, Pratt and Whitney Wasp engines with four hundred fifty take off horsepower each. It did not have a cargo door but a company was doing that modification so I took it there and had the door installed. The aircraft cost five thousand dollars and the mod was fifteen hundred dollars. So for sixty-five hundred dollars I had an airplane. When I told Crowhurst and Lambert the price they could not believe it. We hired an excellent engineer, Lloyd Mollison to do the maintenance work and servicing and were in business. A small strip had been built by this time and after trying it with a light airplane decided it was okay so started hauling.

There was no end to the men and supplies needed for all the work that was going on at the mine site. I had an amusing incident one day. I had taken the Watson Lake doctor into the camp and was bringing him out. He was sitting up front with me when I got the hiccups. They were making me sort of jump every time even though I was trying not to be obvious. At last I told him I had the hiccups. He said, *"Thank God for that. I thought you were having a heart attack."* I asked him what he would have done if I had had a heart attack. *"Well,"* he said, *"When I first saw you starting to jump I really paid attention to what you were doing with the aircraft and figured maybe I could do the same thing."*

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Bud Harbottle and Anson in Ross River

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Late in the summer I was returning to Watson with six passengers in the back and the company timekeeper who was six feet four inches up front with me. The Anson had four gas tanks, two in each wing. I would use the two outboard tanks first. When they got down to ten gallons in each I would switch over to the two inboards that were full. There were two levers in the instrument panel to do the change over. The tanks were down to ten gallons so I lifted the left hand lever. Then I tried the right one but it would not budge. I took a great heave on it and the handle broke off way inside the instrument panel. I was not going to be able to use any gas in the right inboard tank and had only ten gallons left in the outboard tank and eighty miles to go. There is also a cross-feed valve that allows one engine to pump gas to the other engine but when I tried to cross-feed, that valve stuck also. I knew I was going to lose the right engine. I immediately started to climb, as the Anson is not a good single engine airplane with a load. The propellers are not full feathering and the two broad blades create a terrible drag on one side. Consequently full opposite rudder has to be held to keep the plane from turning. This creates more drag so it just goes down in a shallow glide. There was a five thousand foot mountain I would have to cross just a few miles from the Watson airport and I would have to hold enough altitude to get over that or I was in trouble for sure.

Holding constant left rudder, as I had to do was a terrible strain on my leg so I asked Dick Horncastle the long legged passenger to put his left leg on the rudder and lock his knee to give me a rest. By switching back and forth we got along okay. I had advised Watson by radio that I had lost an engine so when we crossed the last mountain with two hundred feet to spare the people on the ground could see us. Just then I went through a small cloud and the people on the ground thought it was smoke and that I was on fire. They rushed out the fire trucks and ambulance, which were waiting alongside the runway when we landed.

There were hundreds of Ansons around the country in various stages of cannibalization so it was no problem to get parts and we were soon back in business.

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Later in the fall there was a bad car accident on the Alaska Highway near Watson. A man was seriously injured with a bad head wound. The doctor said he would have to have medical help that could only be had in Edmonton, which was a thousand miles away. Would I take him? Otherwise he would probably die. Immediately that that is said, a pilot is put under tremendous pressure because he is now responsible for a person's life. The weather was as foul as it could get. There were low clouds, rain and snow all the way. The aircraft was not equipped for instrument flying so it would have to be contact. Under the prevailing conditions it was really going to be something for the book. There was nothing I could say except I would give it a try.

We loaded the patient Jack Simpson, a nurse from the hospital named Marny, my wife Jeanne to help her, my engineer Lloyd Mollison to help everyone and away we went. I followed the Liard River for about a hundred and fifty miles until it turned north. Then I went cross-country to Ft. Nelson and the Alaska Highway and along the highway to Ft. St. John. The nurse wanted to stop there and have a doctor look at the patient. While that was going on, Lloyd gassed the airplane. Then we were on our way again. The rain we had to Ft. St. John changed to snow, which we had for the seven hundred miles to Edmonton.

On arrival we all went to the hospital with the patient. The nurse who had not worn sufficient clothes to keep warm had put on a pair of Lloyd's cover-alls. They were about a foot too long in the arms and legs so were rolled up in many folds. The seat drooped so low it dragged out her tracks. That is the way she arrived at the hospital. The head nurse asked if we had brought a nurse with us and when I pointed to Marny, her eyes popped open and she said, "*You're a nurse!*" Marny just said, "*Why not!*" We stayed in Edmonton overnight and returned to Watson the next day in better weather.

A few years later I saw our patient in Whitehorse. He and his wife were managing the bar in the 98 Hotel and he was in fine shape. The nurse later married a pilot in Whitehorse and became Mrs. Marny Ryder.

Flying slowed up during the winter. I only averaged forty hours a month. The weather was bad and construction had slowed down.

One night my phone rang. It was the doctor again. He had a man and wife who had been in a bad auto accident and had to get to the hospital in Whitehorse and would I take them? There was no other twin-engine airplane in the area so I had to say yes even though the aircraft was not equipped for night flying.

There were no instrument lights so I covered a flashlight lens with red lipstick so it would not affect my night vision and took Roth Rose a young fellow with me to hold it. I had an automatic direction finder that was good for thirty miles. As we had two hundred eighty-five miles to go it would not be much help. For instruments I had an artificial horizon and a directional gyro that processed badly. Neither one had been checked for many years. I had the basic airspeed, altimeter, ball and needle and magnetic compass. After loading the two patients, a nurse and my flashlight holding helper, we were off.

It was a dark night so as soon as we were airborne we were on instruments and I took a general direction for Whitehorse. I had to cross the Wolf Range about seventy miles out so I climbed to eleven thousand feet to clear them. The cloud base was at eight thousand feet so now we were completely blind. I did not mind that as I knew how rough the country was that was going by below and would just as soon not see it.

There was very little instrument flying between Watson and Whitehorse at that time. What there was was in the daytime so I did not worry about running into another airplane.

About halfway the nurse came up to tell me that the woman had just died but the man was still okay. I had no let down charts, of course, but I knew the Whitehorse area so well I was able to get down and land okay. We stayed overnight, returning to Watson the next day.

(To be continued)

SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON

Written by

REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL

Story submitted courtesy Judith (Chappell) Parkes jparkes@telus.net

A change in marriage plans

When it became apparent that I would be spending some years in the Yukon I cabled my fiancée in England to make arrangements for her journey to Canada and the Yukon. She had waited patiently during the years spent at the college. After our marriage we were expecting to continue working among the people at Moosehide. That was the prime reason for the re-decoration of the mission house. However, it was not to be, at least not for a while. The dramatic change in our plans was occasioned by the illness and death of Mr. Charles Johnson, principal of St. Paul's Hostel in Dawson City. This institution was maintained by the Diocese of Yukon to house children of school age whose parents, lived in out-lying areas where there were no school facilities. The children were the families of mixed marriages, and as such were entitled to attend the public school - a privilege denied to the Indian children at that time. During a visit to England, Bishop Geddes had visited Miss Winifred Campbell at her parents' home, thereby learning that my fiancée was then engaged in work with children in her home town of Lichfield, Staffordshire. The death of Mr. Johnson compelled Bishop Geddes to face the necessity of securing the immediate services of a suitable couple to continue the work of the Hostel. Undoubtedly, the knowledge that there was a young woman trained in children's work on her way to marry one of his clergy would induce him to wonder if he could persuade them both to postpone their intention to work at Moosehide and instead, take on the responsibility of maintaining St. Paul's Hostel for a year to give him time to find another couple to continue the work. Of course, nothing could be resolved until after our re-union in June 1935. It was a tremendous decision for two young people to consider. Could she - who had left her work with children in England, and had travelled nine thousand miles to Dawson City to become the wife of a missionary - become amenable to the thought of resuming similar work with her husband, even for a limited time, in an environment that was entirely new to her? Could he - who had had little experience with children, and who had received ordination in the Church of God - be competent to undertake the administrative and maintenance duties in a home of some thirty school children? It was a dramatic situation, but when we were confronted with the proposition and faced each other with this pertinent question between us, I think we both knew that the question would be resolved affirmatively, simply because we both knew that God was telling us that we could and should, agree to the Bishop's proposal.

Marriage and Honeymoon

A few days later - on July 11th 1935 - we were married in St. Paul's Cathedral in Dawson City by Bishop Geddes. During the wedding service Mrs. Geddes acted as my bride's accompanying matron

of honour, the Rev. A. A. Anderson was my best man, and Mr. Arthur Coldrick escorted the bride into the church.

Bishop and Mrs. Geddes kindly gave us an open-house reception at Bishop's Court following the service, after which our friends gave us a noisy car-horn escort to the river bank where Jimmy Wood awaited us with his boat to take us to Moosehide. This long narrow pole-boat used by native people was described as a 'Yukon Gondola' in the account of the wedding published in the Dawson News.

On arriving in the village we discovered that the Indian people had cut a bridal-path through the tall flowering fire-weed from the river bank right up the hill to the mission house. I had previously arranged for a native-style party that evening to enable the people to meet my bride. We were advised that we would be called when everything was ready. It was 11.30 that evening when the summons came. A rather tired bride and groom arrived at the community house to find it completely cleaned and decorated, a table conspicuously laden with gifts and the entire village population surrounding the walls greeting us with hand-clapping and broad smiles on every face. The splendour of the welcome acted as an antidote to our weariness. As soon as the fiddlers were tuned-up and the dance was under way it was not long before Jimmy Wood came across to us to crave 'the honour' of a dance with my bride. I believe the party went on until dawn, but a very tired newly married couple excused themselves around 3 a.m. very tired but very happy. It was reported to me later that the chief had forbidden anyone to go near the mission house while we were there, and it was evident that this injunction had been observed to the letter and the spirit by everyone in the village. The only person to transgress that injunction was Bishop Geddes himself when he came down to visit the village people. Ten days later we found ourselves responsible to - but not responsible for - thirty children and a small staff. It was to be three years, not one as was intended, before the Bishop was able to secure the services of a married couple to replace us. The Bishop had always promised us the opportunity to work at Moosehide, and we were there together for a year prior to setting out on furlough in 1939.

St. Paul's Hostel

I can only speak of our work at the Hostel so far as it applied to me for the maintenance of the buildings and grounds. The care of the children is a subject upon which my wife only could speak or write with authority, and the recounting of that story could be quite lengthy and intricate as it would combine her several duties as matron, wife and in due time, mother. Caring for the children at the Hostel involved a considerable number of routine duties for everyone on the staff. In addition inventories of stock-rooms for clothing and linens needed constant checking, supplies of native meats had to be purchased and stored, cord-wood had to be brought in, sawn up and piled, bins in the basement for the storage of vegetables required periodic inspection to check for rot, seven wood-burning stoves and their sheet-metal chimneys required frequent attention to obviate the danger of fire through the build-up of creosote from the spruce and jack-pine logs burning in the stoves twenty-four hours a day for eight months each year. There was also the chore of maintaining the supply of vegetables for that large family! The garden soil was exceedingly good since it comprised the muck left behind by the melting glaciers in earlier ages. This rich soil was around twelve inches

in depth with permanent frost beneath it. Most garden vegetable seeds would develop into very good crops. Though the growing season was relatively short the presence of twenty-four hours day- light induced very rapid growth. In some instances care was needed to ensure that growing plants were partially deprived of sunlight. I have seen spinach plants go to seed flower when the plants were four inches high. Rhubarb clumps went to seed every year.

(To be continued)

NORTHERN ADVENTURE – Chapter 3

By Don Machan demachan@telus.net

During our stay at Watson Lake, the RCAF base was down-sized to a Detachment, and the Commanding Officer was F/O Ross Currie, and he and his wife Jean became our good friends. Verna and Ed Erickson lived in the apartment adjacent to ours, on the waterfront of Watson Lake, - a beautiful place to live. Watson Lake Airport residents referred to the Airbase as "The Riviera of the North", and invariably applied for an extension when their posting was ended.

I was particularly impressed with the almost total lack of winds and the amazing amount of snow in winter. Watson Lake is situated in a basin or plateau sheltered by mountains. An average accumulated snowfall of 144 inches, with virtually no wind, resulted in the snow piling up on the rooftops to a depth of several feet, and columns of snow on top of fenceposts. Smoke from chimneys would also rise straight up. Winter wonderland post card material.

One bitterly cold winter day, following a day of unseasonably warm weather, the roads were a continuous sheet of pure ice. Pete MacDonald's girls arrived at our door, tearfully imploring assistance in transporting their father to Lower Post, the nearest nursing station, at the Residential School, 26 miles distant. They had contacted the Commanding Officer and the local RCMP Detachment, but they advised that it simply wasn't safe to venture out on the roads.

Perhaps the fact that Pete MacDonald was a First Nations person, and not employed permanently on the Base may have influenced their decision to refuse help. I decided that I had to at least attempt to get Pete to the nursing station. I suspected from the description given to me that Pete was probably suffering a ruptured appendix.

If memory serves me correctly, the year would have been 1956 or 1957. I took the MacDonald girls and went to the MacDonald home on the East side of the Airport Runways and picked up a very ill patient and his wife and proceeded, very slowly to Lower Post. Approximately half way between Watson Lake on the Highway, commonly referred to as "the Y", I was going around a curve in the road where the road was rather steeply sloped downward from the cliff side on the right, to the bank side at the left side. I was driving very slowly, but because of the slope of the road and the glare ice, the car very slowly slid sideways into the shallow ditch and right against the bank. Unable to proceed, I got out to see what could be done. At that moment I heard a vehicle approaching, and thinking that he would suffer the same fate, and end up sliding into my car, I started back up the road to try to warn the driver. Bad idea! It was a truck with a trailer, and when I motioned to him as he started around the curve, he applied his brakes, and as the brakes on the semi

were defective, the trailer jack-knifed, and the rear wheel of the trailer caught the back end of my car and swung it around so that I was heading in the opposite direction.

To my surprise, the truck driver was Walter Greene, whom I had been acquainted with during my stay at Hudson's Hope. After some difficulty, Walter was able to pull me back on the road, and we limped into Lower Post where the Nursing Sister at the Indian Residential School ministered to patient.

I had never experienced road conditions like that, nor have I since. One could have skated from the Airport to Lower Post with ease.

During the summers of 1952 and 1953, I worked as chief steward in the Officers Mess for the Summer Training Camps for the City of Calgary and City of Winnipeg Reserve Squadrons. I would like to have a dollar for every ounce of Overproof Rum I served up that Summer.

It was a fun time, only marred by an accident. A pilot failed to pull out of a dive and crashed into the runway.

I remember also, participating, as an observer, on the search for a missing aircraft. I believe that would have been in 1956 or 1957. I have some recollection that Gordon Toole may have been the one who finally spotted the downed aircraft.

Don Machan

OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART IV

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

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

I was looking forward to getting to Atlin. We were carrying some special cargo, carefully wrapped in a plastic container. Last year Clarence Tingley asked me if I would like to have some memorabilia he had been keeping since the mid 1960's. Danny Bereza had bought the Royal Hotel in Atlin and asked Clarence and Bill Dayton if they would like anything as he was cleaning out the hotel. Of course when Clarence asked if I was interested I could hardly wait for the packages to arrive. Below are the items donated to the Museum in Clarence's name:



Clarence Tingley

(These messages below, about the donated items, are extractions from messages to Donna from Clarence Tingley.) - Sherron

SPRUCE GUM COUGH SYRUP

The cough syrup came out of the Royal Hotel after Danny Bereza bought it. After looking it over I realized it was still worth keeping and there is still lots of info on the bottle. There is probably liquid in the bottle as the cork was not all the way out. I could read that it was first called Greys Spruce Gum Syrup and they were bought out by the Watkins people and you can see the date 1900 and there is much more writing on the bottle.



Dated: September 20, 1934
Signed by Louie Schultz

CANCELLED CHEQUES

When you get your parcel and are looking it over, take a good look at the different stamps that were used. You may want to check into it further than I did. The stamp catalogues, and this is from years back, rated them as follows:

- King George V and Queen Mary - 3 cent stamp 1910--1935--\$ 75.00
- King George V 2 cent stamp \$ 20.00 - This is for a Brown Stamp.
- King George V 3 cent (Red) \$20.00

This totals up to \$290.00 which is better than a kick in the butt with a frozen mukluk. They may not be worth anything as they are used, but, on the other hand they may be worth more because they are in place on the cheques and in excellent condition in my opinion.

OLD LOCK

Received the old lock from Bill & Edie Nelson. It was pretty rusty and was still attached to the hasp. There was no key to open it, so eventually I cut the hasp off and sprayed the lock with oil and put it in my toolbox. It remained there until 1982 or maybe 1983, at which time I started to take an interest in it and after many false tries I managed to make a key for it. I still have it and it should be

back in Atlin. Now an old lock doesn't sound like much but Bill had told me that this lock had been on a doghouse. This fact, to me at least, makes the lock a unique item. I have never heard of a lock on a doghouse before so maybe this is something that was common in Atlin in those days. Any ideas?

The Atlin lock needs the key to both open and close, and is kind of odd to use until one gets the hang of it.

HEADLAMPS

It was in late 1966 or around the middle of 1967 when Bill Dayton and I took a drive up to the old Nolan Mine. We were scouting around for old bottles. While browsing around we came across this object lying on the ground and I recognized it as being the windshield frame from some kind of an old car. There was no glass in it but I thought that there might be a nametag on the other side. Some of the old cars had windshields that were composed of two pieces of glass, and were mounted in the frame horizontally, and on hinges. This system allowed the driver to open up the windshield for ventilation. Now it so happened that since the time this windshield had been discarded a tree had grown up thru where the glass would have been. The tree was about 4 inches in diameter, so this gives a clue how long the windshield had lain on the ground before Bill and I came across it. We chopped the tree down and turned it over, but instead of finding a nametag, we found that on each side was one of the original headlamps. They were in good shape, with not a great deal of rust but the glass was missing from both lamps and a circular ring that held the glass was missing on one. Bill took one and I took the other. Later Bill gave me his. This type of headlamp was usually mounted about half way up on the windshield, one on each side. They used oil, which was, in those days, referred to as coal oil, which, these days is Kerosene. The wick being immersed in the oil burned merrily away giving off light. I am sure that the small amount of light they produced was more to let some pedestrian be able to see them coming at night, rather than allowing the driver to see anything. The wicks still can be moved up and down and as I said the rust is not too bad considering the length of time they laid on the ground. All that I ever did to them was to wipe them down with an oily rag, and usually did this about once a year. If, after reading this, you would like to take them under your wing, just let me know and I will ship them to you and then you could turn them over to the Atlin museum.

A little bit about the lamps:

On the top is printed Edmunds and Jones Corporation

Dearborn Michigan

The name Ford is written in the old freehand style.

On the bottom (which is the oil tank) is printed---

Patented May 26 1914

Patented June 23 1914

These dates indicate that they could be about 90 years old. They are all metal, about 9 inches in height and the lens opening is 3 ½ inches in Diameter. They also have the original bolts that I had to undo to remove them from the frame.

That's about it Donna, so if you are interested in taking them into your care, just let me know and I will ship them to you and then I would be sure they would never end up on some garbage dump.

There were never any old cars around the Nolan Mine during my time, but as you say the museum might possibly know something about it. I have my doubts but there may exist some old photos. There was only one old car that I can recall and it was off to the side on the road out to Bob Carneys place, but unfortunately it had been practically destroyed. It was a beauty though, and had 4 individual cylinders whose water jackets were not a part of the casting but, a strip of copper was wrapped around and soldered. It would have been a very rare bird had not the rest of the block not been smashed up. - Clarence

OLD BOTTLE

That is the last of my Atlin collection except for an old bottle that I dug out of the Atlin garbage dump. It is not made of glass like most bottles but of some ceramic material and glazed over a medium dark brown. It stands 10 3/4 inches tall and is 3 inches in diameter at the bottom and about 3 1/4 inches at the top. It appears to be made in such a way that it has to have a cork to close the opening at the top. At the top shoulder is a sort of a flattened oval, and within the oval is what is probably a Lion with its tail held up over its back with the end of the tail curled back to the right.

This should keep your mind busy trying to think of what it was made for originally. This is the very last of my Atlin goodies and I know they will be in good hands.

(The above messages are from Clarence to Donna.)- Sherron



Lorraine Clarkson, Donna Clayson; Kirsten Timpany, Patricia Kother

I had prearranged a meeting with the Atlin Historical Society and Museum and met with Patricia Kother, Vice President and a student under grant for archival studies, Kirsten Timpany along with Lorraine Clarkson so all the items could be donated in Clarence's name. It felt good to have permission from Clarence to get these treasures back home where they belong. The Atlin staff was excited as they donned their protective gloves and handled all the pieces with care. As they reviewed each and every cheque their excitement grew and when I showed them the bottles they grew even more excited. How I wished Clarence could have been there in person to hand over these

treasures. The Atlin Historical Society is doing a wonderful job of preserving Atlin History and on a volunteer basis I might add. I highly recommend a visit to view all the work these residents have done.

While in Atlin we visited with Gerri Johnsen and her mother, Alvina Manweiler. Gerri does a wonderful job of putting out *The Prospector* newsletter every second week. If you haven't had a chance to read it I would highly recommend it. There are numerous photos of the Atlin residents and its chock full of community activity information. You may contact Gerri at prospector@atlin.net or telephone 1-250-651-7660 for a subscription. Gerri invited us to her lovely home where she's busy growing and transplanting flowers. There are flowers in pots, flowers on snow machines, in the garden and surrounding the house, everywhere you can think of. Gerri told us her flowers are everywhere in Atlin. Wish I had a green thumb like Gerri.



Donna Clayson & Gerri Johnsen



Flowers on a snow machine

We also had a wonderful visit with Vera Kirkwood. She has a lovely home right on the shore of Atlin Lake. Again, someone with a green thumb. I saw Doris Peterson for a few moments but she didn't remember me from the years I spent in Atlin. Doris is looking very good and I would have loved to reminisce. The rest of the day was spent touring the town and taking numerous pictures of the buildings. We had lunch using our not-so-new-anymore camp stove at the park. The area had changed quite a bit from the last time I was there. A ball diamond and shed used up some of the open area. As we ate our soup and sandwiches, memories of July 1, 1970 came to mind. I recalled people of all ages pushing an orange with their nose from one end of the field to the other. Horse races, clowns, people all having such fun as only a small community can.

I remembered playing bingo in the Moose Hall. I didn't like bingo but my mother-in-law, Mae Ross wanted me to go with her. Prizes were pies made by the local women so I figured that was a good incentive. We used kidney beans to cover the squares as the numbers were called. I won just about every time and each time I yelled "BINGO!" kidney beans were tossed my way – some a little hard and faster I thought. I won so many pies I had to use the pickup to cart them back to the post office, where my father-in-law was postmaster at the time. Mae was no longer speaking to me and I felt so guilty about winning that I drove the truck to the fair grounds and distributed them amongst the campers. Of course I left one with Mae. She began speaking to me again.

There was so much to do in Atlin that one day was not enough. We will be back!
(To be continued.)

YUKON HOME GROWN PILOT FLYS AIR CANADA TO WHITEHORSE

Last Friday, I was on my way home from a short vacation in Vancouver, I flew Air Canada and as we took off, the Cabin attendant announced the name of the captain (Reid) and the name of the second officer- but who ever pays attention to names. After landing and waiting for the luggage, I saw Bill and Rusty Reid in the luggage Lobby and the Captain with them. I approached him and wondered if he was the son of Bill and Rusty, yes he was. I remember him and his friends a long time ago. He told me, he is 27 years with Air Canada and has very few trips to the Yukon and that his parents were on the plane, was not even arranged. I was thrilled to be piloted home by a local boy- who obviously did very well. Anne M. Domes [octavia13*yknnet.ca](mailto:octavia13@yknnet.ca)

WERNECKE PLANE CRASH – Oct. 21, 1941

I have been reading bush pilot Pat Callison's book 'Pack Dogs to Helicopters' and found a part where our Honorary Member Marilyn Chase's father is mentioned. I copied the short piece and sent it off to Marilyn. She found that the opinion it contained was consistent with what she had previously seen in research she had done. Here is the extract from Pat Callison's book. (Permission to use extracts from the book has been granted by Joan (Callison) Rodschat.) - Sherron

“It was while we were overnighing at Takla that word came over the Hudson's Bay private-commercial radio that Livingstone Wernecke who had been associated with the Wernecke silver mine at Keno, Yukon, and who had owned one of the first bush aircraft in the Yukon had been killed with his pilot in a plane crash. From the report, Mr. Wernecke and his pilot were 75 miles north of Prince Rupert, following the coast in low weather, when they spotted a wrecked aircraft on the beach. The pilot apparently made a turn over the wreck and flew into the trees, the visibility was very bad.” – Pat Callison

Thanks, Sherron.....that was the story I was able to obtain from newspaper articles. The other pilot, Bud Bodding didn't think my dad and Mr. Wernecke could see them below as the visibility was so bad - so I don't really know. I wonder if there was any communication with an airport in Alert Bay just before the crash? How would anyone know if Dad and Mr. W. saw anything if they couldn't communicate it? Would Henry or Bob Cameron know if there was any communication? – Marilyn Chase

In August of 2003 I released a Moccasin Telegraph Special Edition “Death is a Two Sided Coin ” which covered the story I received from Marilyn (Gropstis) Chase, daughter of Charles Gropstis. Marilyn forwarded a manuscript, written by Bud Bodding along with a newspaper clipping from her local paper. Her father Charles Gropstis was the pilot for Livingstone Wernecke when the two crashed, and died, on Salal Island, off the coast of British Columbia, on October 21, 1941. Marilyn had met with Bud Bodding in Ketchikan AK in 2002 and he presented her with a manuscript which he had written. Written in handwriting on the typed manuscript was “2/22/2002 – To Marilyn: A very fantastic but true story which hit close to home. Signed Bud Bodding.” – Sherron Jones

(I then forwarded Marilyn's message on to Bob Cameron for his comments. We had heard that Bob had visited the crash site this year. – 2004)

Hi, Sherron - This spring, while bringing my boat up the coast from Victoria to Skagway, I visited the crash site on the very inhospitable shore of Salal Island. It was a rare opportunity that Millbank Sound laid down long enough for us to sneak in there among the reefs that protect that ragged, rocky shore.

When I arrived (on shore) at the point of impact, it was clear that the wreck had been removed many years ago, and that there had been no human activity there since, but I did find two pieces of the engine, which I have brought home. Other than those 2 pieces, there was not a sign of anything man-made on that storm-ravaged shore.

We then cruised on to Ketchikan, where we visited with Bud Boddling. His account of the whole tragic ordeal, entitled "Death is a Two-sided Coin" is probably the most accurate record to be found anywhere. His detailed recollection makes it pretty clear that the Bellanca likely did not see the over turned Waco, but was retreating due to the bad weather.

The coastline there, which he (Gropstis) would have been following very closely (ie *very low!*) suddenly presents a 90 degree turn at Salal Island; he undoubtedly reacted to that sudden change in the shoreline quickly, hooking his left wing in the treetops, instantly cartwheeling them into the ground.

Bud's recollection of the Bellanca passing over them, and then returning a few moments later, was pretty much an *ear witness* account, as the fog was so low and so thick. Sitting off shore on his overturned Waco, he *heard* but did not *see* the crash.

I have been wanting to tell Marilyn of my visit to the site, but I have lost track of her e-mail address. Feel free to forward this e-mail to her, and maybe we can regain contact. Regards – Bob Cameron

Wow! Bob's analysis of *why* the Wernecke plane crashed really makes sense. The initial word was very likely an assumption made not knowing all of the conditions and not having the second pilot Bud Boddings' story. Thanks Bob. – Sherron

Sherron - Feel free to put my message in the MocTel if you think it would be of interest. I talked to Bud Boddling last night and he is sounding quite chipper - we had a few laughs together about other early aviation scenarios. We have been keeping in touch since making acquaintance last spring. Regards – Bob Cameron yukoncamerons@klondiker.com

Hi Sherron, It's fine if you want to use my message in the MocTel.....I enjoyed reading B. Cameron's message also. I am very grateful that Bob went to Salal Island, too. The area sounds like a miserable place to be! I DO have closure and I have so many people to thank; you and the MocTel, Lyn Bleiler for putting me in touch with you, Henry for having some recollection of dad's plane, Bob Cameron for making contact with Bud and Bud for being kind, generous and interested in helping me understand what happened on that fateful day in Oct., 1941. You all are so special to

me! It's like I have a new family and it makes me very happy! Keep in touch and I'll do the same.....Affectionately, Marilyn Chase [cmchase1*verizon.net](mailto:cmchase1@verizon.net)



Island

Photo courtesy Heather Jones [hjones*klondiker.com](mailto:hjones@klondiker.com)

The "island" photo is the island in/on the Tagish River, this is where Bill and Ley Dickson have had a cabin for many years. – Heather Jones

At first I thought this was the Island on the east end of Tutshi Lake on the south side of the lake, about 3 miles or so from the end of the lake, but now I see it is the river.

One day I had a hunter out looking for game and we spotted a Caribou on shore just behind the Island in Tutshi Lake. I parked the pontoon boat on the Island to see if we could get the bull Caribou, as it turned out it was too small for what the hunter was looking for, so when we got back on the boat the hunter said what do you think about fishing for a while and just keep looking for game at the same time. When I went to the rear of the boat I looked in to the water and there where 40 or 50 nice trout lying in the shad from the boat, the water was so clear that the hunter said why fish when I can take pictures right where they are at. It was common when we first traveled the lake to see schools of fish just like that, In fact the first fish we caught was over 25 lbs. Remember this lake had never seen a boat till we took that pontoon boat in there. 1960. The natives had at time carried in a small canoe for hunting or trapping. The fishing dropped off very fast after the Skagway road went through that area..

Regard Dave Harder [daveharder*telus.net](mailto:daveharder@telus.net)

DAWSON RCMP STATION AND NURSING STATION 2004



New Dawson RCMP Detachment officially opened Sept. 30, 2004
Photo courtesy Debbie Algotsson



Dawson Nursing Station (clinic and 2 bedrooms, 4 beds in all.)
Photo courtesy Debbie Algotsson

WIGWAM HARRY

Wigwam Harry was my next door Neighbour when I lived in Sleepy Hollow and Moccasin Flats. He was quite a colorful person. I remember that his friend and he went up the Alaska Highway and brought back an old U.S. Army Half-trak that had been abandoned along the Highway. They used it to move houses around. I used to see Harry quite a bit, but most of the time he wasn't in too good a shape.

When I read some of the stories in the Moccasin Telegraph, it brings back some good times I had in Whitehorse.

Ron Olson r0n-pr0*shaw.ca

ROBERT SERVICE

Hi Sherron, I'm wondering if you could send an email around about the upcoming *Vernacular of Robert Service* Festival? It will take place in November with a school-wide recitation storytelling festival on Saturday, November 13; Celebrity Service on Friday, November 19; and the Annual Dinner on Sunday, November 21.

We've set up a website with details.

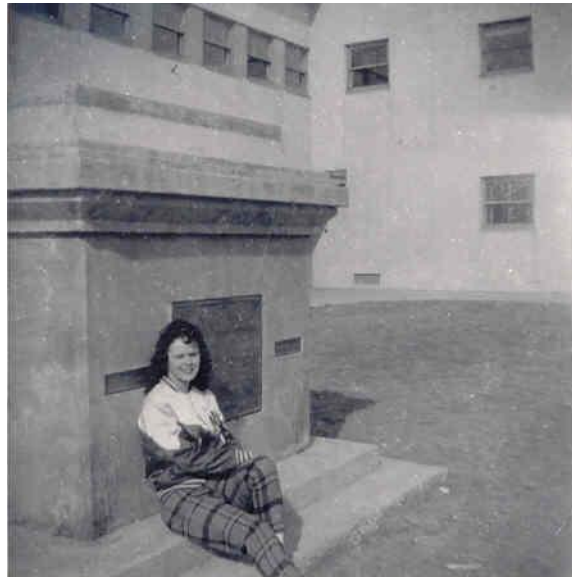
<http://www.macbridemuseum.com/robertservice/service/index.htm>

Thanks alot, Lisa

Lisa Badenhorst, Heritage Programmer

MacBride Museum, Whitehorse, Yukon, (867) 667-2709 ext. 3

Email: lisa@macbridemuseum.com Website: www.macbridemuseum.com



Me at old post office 4th and Main early 1960's.

Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

Autumn Feast, 1951 by Karen Shaw

As if our tiny house was not crowded enough with parents and five year old twins sharing the same bedroom, my parents took in another set of twins for the school year. In the autumn of 1951, Lil Perrin, who cooked and boarded at the Mayo Hospital, entrusted her seven year old fraternal twin boys, Keith and Marshall, to my parents' care.

In my memory, the boys bore no resemblance. Keith, a gentle soul, fair and blue eyed, enjoyed deep discussions with Mom as she prepared supper. Marshall, constantly on the move, kept his brunette curls bouncing. His favourite song, for obvious reasons, was "Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes". Once Marshall discovered Dad had a rifle, he pestered him to take him hunting. Keith, not wanting to be left out, joined the serenade.

By the time the request had become an annoyance, the ice on the Stewart River prevented the steamboats from delivering fresh meat. Dad spent his days off in the northern forest hunting for "something decent" to put on the table. Dad finally relented, packed Mom and the kids into a truck and headed out of town past Five Mile Lake. We walked into the forest until Dad marked a bull's eye on a large tree. The boys had several tries aiming at the target before twin, Sharon, had her turn. Finally, Dad sat me down against a tree, loaded his last bullet and placed the rifle on my shoulder with instructions. The rifle was so heavy. I aimed. I gently squeezed the trigger. I missed, of course, and have always wondered if it had anything to do with closing my eyes at the last second.

Disheartened at the prospect of yet another version of Spam Surprise we climbed into the truck for the drive home. As we rounded a curve we saw two grouse in the middle of the road. Without a second thought Dad floored the gas pedal. Illegal? Probably. Unsportsmanlike? Most definitely! But this family enjoyed a feast that evening.

As I recounted this story recently, my nephew exclaimed, "You ate roadkill?!"

Yes, as a matter of fact, we did. It never crossed our minds to pass up such fresh meat.

Although this is a thanksgiving story it is not connected to the traditional "October Harvest Festival" where each year my family gathers to recount the blessings of the past year before we indulge in our favourite flavours. As in years past, I will drag out and rinse my grandmother's cream-coloured roasting pan, find her dressing recipe and prepare the turkey. I will remember her teaching me to cook. I will recall my grandfather's Scottish grace.

"Some ha'e meat an' canno' eat.
Some ha'en't meat tha' want it.
But, we ha'e meat and we can eat,
So may the Lord be thanked."

I will remember my mother and her lessons. I will give thanks for my heritage.

I will remember too, the words of my sister, Sharon Hallam, who often said, "Food shared always

tastes better". Because I believe that too, I'd like to share my grandmother's dressing recipe with you.

Grandma McMillan's Turkey Dressing

(Latena Dawes Jones Mcmillan)

2 c. bread crumbs (fine)
1 c. Roman meal (or 7 grain cereal)
1 handful of rolled oats
1 Tbsp. poultry seasoning
2 tsp. salt
Pepper to taste
1 large chopped onion
1 large celery stick
Small amounts of celery tops and parsley
1-2 Tbsp. fat, lard, shortening, margarine or vegetable oil
1 large tin (or 2 small) CAMPBELL'S cream of mushroom soup
Minced giblets *
1-2 strips of finely chopped bacon *
Thyme, sage and savoury to taste *
* Optional

Mix all ingredients together and fill turkey's cavity. Place turkey (breast side down) in large covered roasting pan. Roast at 325 for 15 minutes per pound. (i.e. a 4 pound turkey would take 1 hour; 16 pound birds take 4 hours, etc.) About 1/2 hour before serving time, turn the bird over. Remove lid and allow the turkey to turn golden. When cooked, remove turkey from pan and place on large platter. At time of serving, remove dressing from cavity and serve in separate dish.

P.S.

I've lost touch with Keith and Marshall Perrin so if anyone in MocTel Land knows their whereabouts, I'd be pleased.

Karen Shaw kshaw*interchange.ubc.ca

Thanks Sherron.

Having my story published on Oct. 10th is great -- even better because it would have been my mom's 82nd birthday. In a way, it is a tribute to her too.

Glad you liked it. Hope you get a chance to try the recipe. It goes great with chicken too.

Karen Shaw, Stats do not change or save lives; stories do.

MADAM ZOOM / MADAME ZEHUNE / MADAME ZHEUME

I read the story about the wedding dress, it may be another one but the one I know of was different, but to start. The Gaundroue's had no daughter only two sons, James and Robert both boys moved to Winnipeg shortly before Margretta and Elmer moved there, it was Elmer's home town. As far as I know the boys are still there, they have never come back to Dawson.

The wedding dress I know of was for Mrs. John Dines Sr. daughter. She asked madam zoom to make the dress when it got close to the wedding day she went to Madam Zoom's home to ask about the dress. When asked to come in she got a shock, here was Madam Zoom sitting on the couch in her bra and panties, Home Brew Pete was sitting in a galvanized tub with a broom in his hand. She was hollering at him row you S.O.B. Mrs. Dines left. Her daughter finally had to get another dress to get married in. The last time I saw the daughter I asked her about the dress Madam Zoom was to make, she said they finally got it well after the wedding.

I knew Madam Zoom quite well and there are a number of stories about this interesting character.
John Gould jmgould@cityofdawson.ca

Good morning Sherron; More on Madam zoom, Her name was Zehune at least that was her name before she got married. She married Herbert Corbett; he went overseas with the Canadian Army during the 2nd world war and was killed. They were good friends of Mike Winage, "Black Mike".

Another story about this Lady. In the fall of 1946 she went into the N.C.Co. store and saw a fur coat. She told the clerk, Jean Cook she liked it and gave a down payment then finally paid it off just before Christmas. When she paid it off Jean said I will get a box and package it for you, Madam Zoom said never mind I will put it on here, she took off her cloth coat and was naked she put on the fur coat and went out into the minus 40 weather.

John Gould

There may have been more than one of these wedding dress events. The one I know was. Mrs. John Dines Sr. ordered the dress for her daughter Solway, now Solway Fyke, I think she is on your list of e-mails address. She is the one who told me that they finally got the dress after she was married.

At the time Mrs. Dines went to see about the dress she was on her way to an IODE meeting, she went first to Madam Zooms and then to the meeting and told the ladies there what she saw at Madam Zooms

I got the story from one of the ladies at the meeting several years later.

John Gould

MADAME ZOOM WEDDING DRESS STORY

Unfortunately, the Madame Zoom/wedding dress story could not have been about Uncle Elmer Gaundroue's daughter as he had only sons, Bob and Jim.

For a very brief moment, I considered the possibility that the dress might be for a daughter-in-law-to-be. It was a very brief moment. No one who knew the Gaundroue's would ever believe that Aunt Margretta would delegate a confrontation to Uncle Elmer.

Uncle Elmer was the Dawson fire chief for many years. It would help to know when this story is supposed to have originated.

This reminds me of a "**Yukoners are everywhere**" story.

I was getting copy ready for St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing 1966 edition and looking through my personal album for the requisite childhood picture of graduating student. My friend, from Calgary, looks over my shoulder, puts a finger down on my kindergarten graduation picture and says, "That's you, and that's Lucien (her sister)". In nearly 3 years, this was the first time I had known that she had ever lived in Whitehorse. They had arrived late in the school year but put Lucien in kindergarten anyway.

Fast forward more than 30 years and I am in San Diego to attend the wedding of my friend's youngest son. I am to meet my kindergarten classmate for the first time since 1950. Joining us for this wedding is their very elderly aunt, also from Calgary, who turns out to be a delightfully spry and interesting lady, retired from the Canadian Foreign Service. Don't ask me how the conversation got round to it, but somehow we ended up talking about Dawson. This lovely lady lived adjacent to the firehall and knew the Gaundroue's well.

Does anyone happen to know where Bob and Jim Gaundroue ended up?
Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

MADAME ZHEUME

Hi Sherron, just finished reading the latest issue of the MocTel. Was a little upset by some of the comments on "Zoom". It seems to me that her name was spelled a little more exotically, I saw it spelled as Madame Zheume, her married name was Corbett. Her husband was Herb Corbett. The story is that Herb won her in a Poker Game with "Windy" Farr, after marrying her he went overseas in WW 2, where he was killed in action on Malta. Zheume was an excellent dress maker but her own dresses were put together with dressmaking pins, and she also wore these incredible hats, which she probably made herself. Her mate in later years was Black Mike Winage another Dawson character. Montreal Mike was a different person altogether who arrived in Dawson in the 50's, he was a prospector in the Dawson and Mayo districts as well as a miner. Thanks for all the St. Mary's Hospital Fire stories and the picture that Barrett's sent in. The fire really devastated Dawson but the Sisters didn't give up and we weren't without services for very long. Seems to me the School was used as an emergency services hospital for the first few days until they could get the community Hall, now known as Gertie's, warmed up and set up so they could use it as a temporary hospital, then the McLoed White residence on 5th and Princess was set up for the summer of 1950 until they could get the old Courthouse and the Commissioners Residence setup so we could have full hospital services again. Just thought I'd put in my two cents worth.

There was an ice cream and T shirt shop here a few years ago that was called Madame Zoom no one corrected the people who owned the business I think that lots of times places, people and the correct spelling of names get lost in the shuffle. Gaundreaus, had 2 sons Bob and Jim they left here after they got out of School and as far as I know never returned to Dawson.

Take care Myrna Butterworth myrnab@yknet.ca

MADAM ZOOM

I wrote to Don Machan to give him a heads up on the replies regarding the Madam Zoom topic he so kindly gave us some insight into. This is his reply, - Sherron

Sherron:

Thank you for your comments re: Madam Zoom. My apologies for any erroneous details in my Madam Zoom story, but I recounted the story as it was related to me, a classic example of how the facts of history may become distorted. The only part of the story, as related to me, that I may have erred in, was that the character in the tub may have been "Black Mike", rather than "Montreal Mike". I assume that "Madam Zoom" was a nickname, rather than a proper name, since they were known in Wells, B.C., as sisters, familiarly known as Madam Zip and Madam Zoom. I recall hearing her proper name when she was living in Keno City, and later, in Mayo, and although I don't remember it, I'm sure that it was a distinctly French name.

I'm enjoying the weekly editions of MocTel, and the back issues will keep me entertained for weeks to come. You deserve The Order of Canada, at least.

I believe that she married about the time she moved to Mayo, but I can't recall Who the lucky fellow was. I will appreciate any assistance and clarification regarding "Madam Zoom".
Sincerely, Don Machan, Qualicum Beach, B.C. demachan*telus.net

REV. CHAPPELL

I am really enjoying the Chappell narrative. Having spent a lifetime hearing bits and pieces, it is great to have it unfold in some semblance of order. My family knew him in the Moosehide days. The Chappell family story has touched on the Hoggan-Tubman family story many times since. Rev. Chappell presided at my Uncle George's wedding at Selkirk. In Whitehorse, at the old log church, he baptized myself and my brother. I remember vividly watching Mrs. Chappell ordering Peter off of the church roof and him ignoring her, knowing that there was nothing she could do to him until he came down. The Whitehorse rectory of their time was a masterpiece of design-by-committee or log cabin with pretensions or seemed-like-a-good-idea-at-the-time. The Chappell's left Whitehorse before my oldest little sister needed baptizing but we caught up to them in time for Mr. Chappell to baptize the youngest Tubman in Vancouver. As a student nurse, I often walked down to Christ Church Cathedral where that same Peter played the organ (shockingly in his stocking feet) with very un-Anglican gusto, for the times. By this time, Judith was teaching in Burnaby. On graduation, I ended up in Hope, where the Chappell's now lived. They welcomed me and often fed me. It was Rev. Chappell who told me how well I had done in my RN exams because one of my instructors was a friend and had called to tell him. (So I got my RN results by moccasin telegraph!) A year later, Rev. Chappell presided at my wedding. The families kept in touch, and we occasionally visited the Chappells in their retirement in White Rock.
Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca

NEW ADDITIONS

Martha & Bill Kerr asked at the Okanagan Yukoners luncheon if I would send along a copy of the MocTel to their daughter Colleen Kerr at colleenkerr@shaw.ca
Martha & Bill do not have a computer but Martha said she would collect the MocTel from her daughter who lives close to them in Kelowna.

Hi Sherron! I'm interested in receiving your Moccasin Telegraph. Our names are **Mike and Lynda Rittenhouse (nee Pelletier)**. Mike moved to Whse with his family in 1966. I moved there with my family in 1974. We moved out in 1986 (we lived in Alaska 1982-1985). We are now living (8 years) in Victoria, B.C.

Thanks! Lynda lyndarittenhouse@telus.net

Hi! Thanks for the fast reply!

My parents are Jack and Jeanette Pelletier. They own Riverside Grocery (since 1982). They moved to Summerland B.C. a couple of years ago and my baby sister Leona runs it now with her husband. Mike's parents, Sharilyn and Jim Rittenhouse owned Custom Boot and Saddlery in Whse. Jim has died and Sharilyn lives here with us now. Did you graduate from FH? So you got to Whse just a couple of years after Mike did. We love it here in Victoria. Ever want to come back? Altho Vernon is pretty nice too! I've heard of quite a few Yukoners have moved there.

My brother's wife said that they introduced themselves to you at the reunion this past summer. (Lindsey Pelletier and Dianne Lattin-Pelletier). They live in Summerland too.

Looking forward to receiving the next edition! Thanks again! Lynda lyndarittenhouse@telus.net

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Could you update my email address to mtat66@yahoo.com

Thanks Mark Tatlow

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Perhaps it's only coincidence, but man's best friend can't talk.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

A few of us in Eagle have tried this, and so far it's a 100% success! Our friend who runs a B&B loves it because she can make it the night before, and then bake it in the morning.....and so far her patrons have loved it! Since many of us will now have some blueberries in the freezer, it's a good time to give it a try.

- Jean Turner njturner@aptalaska.net

BLUEBERRY CREAM CHEESE BAKE

makes 7x11" pan (thicker) or 9x13" pan (thinner)

Cut 1-inch bread cubes - enough to make 6 Cups (about 8 slices). Place HALF in greased pan.

Cover with:

8 oz. cream cheese, cut into 1/2" cubes

1 Cup blueberries (fresh or frozen)

remainder of bread cubes

Beat well, then pour over pan:

8 eggs

1.5 Cups Milk

Cover with foil, then refrigerate at least 8 hours, but no more than 24 hours.

Bake at 350 for 30 minutes covered with foil -- then remove foil and bake 25-30 minutes longer until brown and center is set.

Reportedly EXCELLENT served with blueberry syrup!

Also reportedly works very well as a dessert (like bread pudding).

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