

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Eighty-fourth Edition- Oct. 17, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Whitehorse Shipyard

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

ON BOARD THE SOURDOUGH

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Out on board the Sourdough, at anchor in the Bay,
Sunset to the westward marks the passing of the day.
The boat secured at anchor, the clean up chores are done,
We're sitting in the stern to catch those final rays of sun.
We've feasted on the finest food, a virtual repast.
And now we sit contented, with a brandy in our glass.
Telling stories of adventures that we had in days of yore
And it really doesn't matter that we've heard them all before.

When the evening breezes freshen and the brandy bottle's dry,
We crawl into our sleeping bags with a deep-contented sigh.
With the gently rolling motion of the boat upon the deep,
I soon forget reality and drift away in sleep.
I sleep a deep and dreamless sleep, until I reawaken,
To the wonderful aroma of Harry frying bacon.
Then when breakfast's over and we've washed the final dish,
With the motor humming smoothly, we are off to catch a fish.

Trolling through the ebbing tide just off Deep Bay light,
With Harry at the tiller we are waiting for the bite.
The rods are slowly bobbing in their holders on the rail,
And while we wait for action, Harry's telling me a tale.

The sun is shining brightly, the reflection off the sea,
Brings a gentle warmth and feeling of contentment over me.
Then the sense of peacefulness and wonder that I feel,
Is shattered in a moment by the screeching of a reel.

In a scene of pandemonium, the hook is quickly set,
With Harry handling the rod, I'm rushing for the net.
The rod is bent and twisted; the line is drawn and tight,
Harry's holding firmly as the Coho makes his fight.
The action's brief and furious, and then the fighting stops,
As the tired, gleaming salmon rises slowly to the top.
With our Coho safely landed, we can stop and maybe gloat.
Nothing's greater to a fisherman than salmon in the boat.

Now we're heading back to port, our fishing trip is through,
The Sourdough steaming proudly, with a proud and happy crew.
The weather's warm and pleasant, with not a hint of fog,
The record of our journey has been entered in the log.
We've enjoyed our little fishing trip; our appetite's been sated,
We've reminisced and laughed again, at stories we've related.
With boat secured, we head for home with pleasant thoughts of when
We will step on board the Sourdough and do it all again.

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Chapter 26

Jeanne and I decided to fly to Vancouver, B. C. via Calgary and across the southern part of British Columbia in the Cessna 195. We spent the night at a small airstrip called Cowley. There was a Department of Transport radio station there operated by a young fellow and his wife. They invited us to stay overnight with them, which we accepted.

It rained hard during the night and the hard dry earth we had parked the plane on the night before was now a gooey mess of prairie mud. The wheels made only one revolution when the build up of mud jammed them solid against the skis, which were still on. I decided to take off the ski gear and carry it in the cabin. It took all morning to do that so it was after lunch before we could taxi onto the hard surface, clean the wheels of mud and get out of there.

My intention was to fly the southern airline route as the ceiling was high enough to get above the mountains which we reached shortly after take off leaving the flat prairie behind. I had an automatic direction finder, which I was using, and our first checkpoint would be Cranbrook. We hit it right on the nose. Now the next place was Castlegar where we would

stop to refuel. I noticed the ceiling was coming down and it was not too long before the mountaintops ahead were covered with cloud. I had to descend to the valley below. I flew north along this valley looking for a pass that would let me go west again. I was not too far from the Kootenay Lakes, which stretched north and south for eighty miles, but I could not find a pass and the ceiling was still lowering. The valley I was in was completely void of habitation. We could not see any sign that anyone had ever been in it before.

I knew I was in trouble, of course. It was the first time in my life of traveling that I was completely lost. My only hope was to stay in this valley as long as the gas lasted because there had to be civilization somewhere ahead of us. It was late in the day and beginning to get dark which did not help the situation. Eventually I could see a large valley about twenty miles ahead. My valley went into it and in this country a wide valley meant people. Sure enough, we soon saw a light, then many lights. We were coming to a town of some sort.

When we were over it, I could see it had a fair sized population so should have an airport but I could not find one. There were some open fields but when I looked at them closely I could see large rocks three and four feet in diameter scattered around them so they were out. On the edge of town ran a good highway with a straight stretch about two miles long that would be ideal except for the heavy traffic on it. I flew back and forth down low along this piece of road with my landing lights on hoping for a break in the traffic so I could make a quick landing and get the airplane off the road but no luck.

A brightly lit gas station was at one end of this straight stretch and I had been using it as a marker to make my turns for another run down the highway. On the third turn I saw a young man standing in the light with his arm stretched and pointing away from the highway. I was very low and almost looked him in the eye. I knew he was trying to tell me where I could land so I straightened out and flew in the direction he indicated. I was going over heavy forest when the aircraft gave a slight lurch and the engine sound changed. I looked at the engine instruments. The oil pressure needle was just hitting the zero mark. I was out of oil and the sound I had heard was the propeller changing pitch as it was oil controlled. With no pressure it had automatically gone into fine pitch.

I knew this engine would only last seconds without oil so I told Jeanne to slide her seat back as far as it would go on the rails. This would help to keep her out of the instrument panel when we crashed. I could not move mine, as the skis were jammed in behind me. Suddenly right in front of me was a clearing in the trees. I knew it was a runway but I was going too fast to get down. There was nothing to do but go to the other end, make a turn and land in the opposite direction. This was to be done with an engine without lubrication. I kept up my speed so that when the engine seized up I would make a sharp turn and crash on the strip. At least I would not be in the trees. Another horrible thought that was going through my head was that if the engine seized while turning at such high RPM, the momentum of the prop would more likely tear the engine from its mounts and would fall to the ground leaving the airplane completely out of control. We would be dead for sure if that happened. At the other end I made a turn and headed back for the strip crossing over a high tension power line, then letting the plane just plop down on the runway. As soon as I was on I stopped the engine then had to brake very hard as the strip was short. When we stopped, we got out. I just could not

believe it. We were alive and safe. I gave silent thanks to the Supreme Power that had been in that aircraft with us.

When I checked the engine there was not a drop of oil in the tank but the belly of the plane was saturated with it. I took the engine cowling off and discovered the large copper pipe that took oil from the tank to the engine pump was broken in two allowing five gallons of oil to drain off into the air.

In a short time a car arrived. The man introduced himself as a doctor who practiced in the town of Invermere. He had a pilot's license, had just bought a Cessna 170 and just a short time before had this small strip built for his own use. There was no other landing area anywhere within many miles. He offered us a ride into town, which we accepted. On the way I wanted to find that gas station to thank our guide for pointing the way.

When we met him we saw that he was about fifteen years old. He had guessed that we were looking for a place to land so did the only thing he could by pointing the direction of the little runway. We thanked him and gave him a small token of appreciation. Then the doctor drove us to a hotel.

The next day I had a new pipe made up in a shop, bought five gallons of oil and went out to the airplane. I installed the pipe; put in the oil, turned over the engine with the starter for quite awhile to get the system full of oil, and then started it. The oil pressure came right up to normal and it hummed away beautifully. The propeller went through its cycles. There were no clunks, clanks or bangs so I assumed there was no damage. After a good ground run I test flew it and everything checked out normal. We stayed another night. Having decided that I had had enough of airplanes, we would go back to Edmonton, leave it there and find another mode of transportation to Vancouver.

We left first thing in the morning, flew south to Cranbrook then east to get out of the mountains. When we were approaching Cowley, I talked to the radio operator, our host the night we stayed there. He invited us to lunch. We landed and while eating explained why we never got to Vancouver. After a nice visit we took off and arrived in Edmonton in the afternoon. The engine had run perfectly and did so as long as I had it.

* * * * *

During the early winter of 1962, the company planned a massive airlift into the camp so the Bristol freighter of Ward Air in Yellowknife and two C-46's of Pacific Western Airlines were brought to Watson. There were D-7 cats that had been broken down into large pieces and put on wooden skids so they could be pulled into the aircraft, dozer blades, U-frames, carry-alls, a water tank truck, rollers and packers and building supplies. The flying had to be visual so I would leave early in the morning and fly a weather check reporting back what I saw and the best way to go. If it was too bad they stayed home.

The valley the camp was in was very narrow with high mountains on either side. The Anson could turn in it by climbing up about a thousand feet but the big aircraft could not. One

day a C-46 lost an engine on take off and had to fly thirty miles down the valley before he could turn and go back to camp.

The favorite route was to follow the Hyland River Valley until opposite the camp. There was a high mountain range that the boundary line for Yukon and North West Territories ran along which separated the water flowing to the Yukon watershed and the Liard River. There were three passes through it that we named Harrison for a Beaver pilot at Watson, Holoman for a helicopter pilot that did a lot of flying in the area and Harbottle for myself.

The camp had a base radio and could talk to all the aircraft so he kept everybody separated so two aircraft were not in the valley at the same time as there was not enough room for them. The loads were moving well so in about three weeks everything was in place. The big aircraft returned to their respective bases.

The company I worked for decided they would need a larger aircraft than the Anson for the summer, as there were more men and equipment to look after. There would be a lot of smaller freight to haul, too, so we started looking for a DC-3. A fellow in Yellowknife had one so we leased it.



DC-3 Watson Lake
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

This particular aircraft had belonged to Pacific Western Airlines and while landing on a frozen lake in the spring had broken through until the wings lay on the ice and held it up. It had been raised and sat on a wooden sort of bridge then a plank runway was built out in front of it for the take off run. The engines were started, opened up for take off and all the planks blew away from in front of the wheels. The plane moved forward and fell through again. P.W.A. then abandoned it. A pilot from Yellowknife, Chuck McEvoy, flew in an insurance adjustor to look at it. They did not even land. The adjustor simply declared it a write off. McEvoy offered him five hundred dollars for it as was, where it was and the man took it.

McEvoy flew in a crew of men, many empty gas drums to fill the cabin, air bags to put under the wings and tail, and left it there until the ice melted out of the lake. The plane was then moved to a place on shore that had been prepared for it. It was pulled out of the water to dry ground, the water drained out then left until the next winter. When the ice was strong enough to hold a large plane, two new engines were flown in and installed. The aircraft was then flown to Edmonton. It was put in the shop where new instruments, radios and upholstery were installed and it was given a paint job. It was ready to go to work just when we needed it.

A pilot Gordon Bartch and his wife Dawn who held a commercial license flew it to Watson. After I was checked out in it and my license endorsed for DC-3 we went to work alternating as captain on each trip. Dawn Bartch started a flying school on the airport and had a successful summer. We flew every day for a month without a break. One day the Superintendent at the mine who was in overall charge of the operation said we could have the next day off.

That night we had a party with the engineers, loaders, pilots and friends along with their wives. It was highly successful. Everyone had a good time with much refreshment until the wee hours of the morning. I had had two hours sleep when the phone rang. It was the manager **Roy Lambert** who was in charge of the Watson Lake end of the operation asking me if I was ready to fly. The Super at the mine had radioed in that he needed a backhoe flown in immediately. I screamed, of course, about the day off but he said he could not help it, as they needed the hoe. Rounding up the crew was about all my life was worth but they were eventually all at the airport. I do not think I ever saw a worse looking crew around an airplane. After the backhoe was loaded we all sat around drinking coffee that we had brought in thermos bottles. We were building up courage enough to take that airplane into the air. The load was finally delivered and unloaded on the airstrip. We returned home and I went to bed.

Three weeks later that backhoe was still in the same place we had left it. It was not even assembled yet. Every time I looked at it afterwards I had dark thoughts about that little man that needed it so badly.

The camp was dry. No booze was allowed. One day we had taken in a salesman with two heavy suitcases, which we took to be full of samples but they were full of booze. He thought he could make a fast clean up in there by selling at exorbitant prices. He did not figure what would happen when a bunch of thirsty men discovered there was liquor in camp. They stole it all and got roaring drunk. We had a desperate call from the Super to come in and take out twenty drunken men he had fired. When we got there they were all at the airstrip and in really high spirits. I was pretty worried about having so many boisterous people in the airplane. They might open the door and a bunch of them fallout.

Some of them could not make it up the boarding ladder and had to be thrown aboard. When they were all in their seats and belted down we cranked up and got out of there. We were not in the air long before the nose would be too heavy and the next minute the tail was too heavy so we were trimming continually. The cockpit door was shut so they could not get up front and bother us. It was getting so bad I told Gordon I was going back to straighten them out. What a sight! Some of them were on the floor arm wrestling. Two had gotten into a battle and

were all messed up. Others were arguing, singing or just shouting. I got the arm wrestlers back in their seats, told everyone to shut up, then said if anyone got out of his seat again we would radio ahead and have the police meet us. They would go to jail for a long time for endangering an aircraft while in flight. I guess that sounded pretty serious to them, as we had no more trouble. When we unloaded at Watson they were a sorry looking bunch of men.

We continued to haul until early October. The road was in by then so the DC-3 was no longer required. It was flown to Edmonton. I flew the Anson until the end of October when it was no longer needed. We advertised it for sale and got a bite right away. A Winnipeg, Manitoba company agreed to our price if we would deliver. This I did. The airplane had done a great job for its low cost of sixty-five hundred dollars.

Roy Lambert mentioned in this section has passed on, but his wife Doris Lambert was at the Okanagan Yukoners AGM last week and has promised to write us a story about Cantung. - Sherron

(To be continued)

SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON

Written by

REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL

Story submitted courtesy Judith (Chappell) Parkes [jparkes*telus.net](mailto:jparkes@telus.net)

Two unexpected experiences

There are two personal stories relative to the garden that need to be told. Unlike the second story, the first one had nothing to do with the garden itself, except that it began while I was - for the first time - preparing the seed beds, planting potatoes, and sowing seeds with a mechanical planter. Jimmy Wood, one of my Indian friends from Moosehide, came on to the ground to invite me to preach at that mission the following Sunday. The invitation was unusual since it was presented by a member of the congregation, and not by the missionary. I asked Jimmy if Mr. Anderson knew of this invitation, and his reply was "Yes, he wants you to come". Still seeking an excuse to postpone the visit I pleaded that there was too much to do in the garden at that time. Jimmy's immediate reply to that proffered excuse was "don't put garden in Sundays". In the midst of laughter I agreed to go. Mr. Anderson met me at the church, and asked me to conduct the service, as well as preach. This was an unusual request, but it was one to which I was pleased to agree. We sang Evensong, and when 'Magnificat' had been chanted the village chief Isaac came up the aisle followed by Jimmy Wood as his interpreter. Both men faced me in the aisle at the prayer desk. Translating the chief's words Jimmy said "We asked you to come today so we could have service again with you. We also asked, you because a year ago we were all sick and you helped us get well. We ask you to accept this gift." The chief handed me a flannel roll containing six solid silver teaspoons having the handles dipped in gold, with a

small gold nugget affixed to each handle, and the word 'Moosehide' engraved in the bowl of each spoon. Together with the roll I received the list of the donors - from the very young to the very old. There might not be a word in the native language comparable to the English 'thank-you' but they did not use that as an excuse for neglecting to offer their thanks.

The time of the second story is just a year later, and to give meaning to the story I must explain that the Klondyke River joins the Yukon' River at the southern limits of Dawson City. At this time of year both rivers were frozen over. It was by a freak of nature that the ice at the mouth of the Klondyke broke up but the Yukon River remained solid. As the flowing water began to build up in height behind the ice jam it sought out lower levels to continue its outflow. That lower level happened to be the streets and gardens of Dawson City. We were awakened, on the Sunday morning to hear water pouring under the building and down into the storage basement. Through the windows we could see that the water was almost at floor level. If necessary we would consider the evacuation of the children later, but for the moment we were glad there was to be a service in the Cathedral close at hand to which the children could be sent while the Hostel staff moved everything that was moveable to the upper floor. Fortunately the water did not penetrate the floor boards then or later. The children returned from church full of laughter. "Mrs. Chappell what do you think we sang this morning? "Shall we gather at the river'?"

In the garden ice-cold water a foot deep continued to flow over the seed beds and potato tubers for a week, seeking to empty itself into the Yukon River. Grayling were hooked above the seed beds. Even when the outflow disappeared I could do nothing but wait to re-seed the soil when it became less sodden. To my utter amazement - as the ground began to dry - rows of beets, turnips and other tiny plants peeped above the ground as they germinated. The only patch that remained bare should have shown carrot seed germination. As it was the only blank patch I was able to re-sow carrot seed roughly where it had been sown previously. In the summer there were crops of everything, including two crops of carrots. I had forgotten that carrot seed is longer in germination than other vegetable seeds. Unfortunately, the cold water had rotted the seed potatoes so that the crop was pitifully small.

Bishop Geddes kept his promise that we could spend our final year at Moosehide before going on furlough. He had secured the services of Mr. and Mrs. Derrom to replace us.

Return to Moosehide

When we returned to Moosehide we took with us our young son Peter, then sixteen months old. It was August 1938 with very pleasantly warm weather, but even so, the native youngsters were wrapped up from head to foot, whereas Peter would be running around the mission grounds in his little sun suit. Before very long, and without a comment

being made, the native youngsters were' also running around scantily clad. Similarly in the following July when Judith was a month old, there would be a line of diapers every morning on the mission clothes line - except Sundays. I could not recall having ever seen diaper lines in the village prior to this, but after the first display at the mission it frequently became an unscheduled race as to whose diapers were out first in the breeze. I have already mentioned how much it meant to me to have had the experience of working alone with these Indian people, because I had learned how much they could be influenced by the power of example. Not long after my return one of the younger married men came to ask if I would get him a cabin that was available in Dawson City. His wife and young family of three or four children were all with him in a tent and the cold weather was fast approaching. I sensed that he needed a little push to get him moving constructively, so, when he replied negatively to my enquiring as to what he had done to get a cabin for himself, my retort - to the effect that I would do nothing until I saw him trying to do something for himself - did what I hoped it would do, it got him started. The next morning, logs were in the river at the water's edge. In the course of a few days the logs were cut, placed in position, the log roof was chinked with grass, a window, door and stove were acquired. I had watched all this activity without becoming involved. When the cabin was nearly finished I asked Henry if there was anything he needed. When I was able to respond to his request for a length of stove pipe he installed his family in the warm cabin, away from the snow covered tent, and the very next day he hitched up his dog team, loaded his toboggan with a little food, one blanket, and a few other bare necessities, and was away several weeks hunting and trapping in snow' and quite cold weather. That little push really got him moving.

It was not often necessary to make any verbal request for the need of improvement, but this became necessary following my second Christmas-eve party for the distribution of gifts from the community tree in the hall. At this party almost all the men were more or less under the influence of hard liquor. I could not let this pass unchallenged, so, early in the next month I called a men's meeting in the church without disclosing its purpose. I was aware that with my first and now second, tour of duty with them, I had learned to know them well, and they had learned to understand me. I was sure they would listen to me, even though I was quite unable to anticipate what effect a tirade from me might have. I reminded them that usually when they went to a doctor he gave them medicine, but sometimes he took them to the hospital for surgery. I had been to them something like a doctor giving needful medicine, but that afternoon I had to use the knife. I dug rather deeply that afternoon telling them of my disgust with their drunkenness at the party, my concern in their treatment of the girls, and my surprise that they were not out of the village working, hunting or trapping. I could not tell from the unchanged expression on their faces how they had received my admonition. However, my wife and I received several Christmas cards from them the following year, and at the base of one card these words were added, "Everything fine this Christmas! Thanks to your good teachings".

Further alteration of plans

Our departure from Dawson City up-river by sternwheeler to Whitehorse was accompanied by a wonderful send off by our native and white friends at the dock-side. At that time of year the journey was slow - five days - as the steamship bucked the full flow of the fast moving current for the whole distance - except on Lake Labarge. We were on our way to England with passage arrangements completed from Montreal for ourselves and our two youngsters, Peter aged two years and four months and Judith two months. However, many days would elapse before we would reach Montreal for embarkation. Prior to leaving Dawson City we had heard unpleasant rumblings about conditions in Europe but no news was available on the ship as that type of vessel carried no radio communication equipment at that time. We arrived in Whitehorse during the night and were having breakfast when Bishop Geddes came on board. My first enquiry to him for news was met with the reply "It is inevitable, what are you going to do?" We had reached Whitehorse two days before England declared war on Germany. It was obvious that we would not take the children to England with war pending, but the question of our remaining in the Diocese was a matter for the Bishop to consider and resolve. It was resolved through the generosity of a missionary bachelor friend - the Rev. R.C.W. Ward. Bob's permanent mission was at Fort Selkirk, but he spent part of the year at a summer mission at Carmacks. When advised by wire of our predicament he offered to continue at this summer mission through the winter. Thanks to his generosity we re-boarded the sternwheeler and back-tracked down the river again as far as Fort Selkirk where we remained for a year. Bob never mentioned how he fared that winter in an un-insulated cabin.

(To be continued)

MADAM ZOOM

I'm afraid that I've stirred up quite a controversy with my attempt at a story on the basis of hearsay, but at least the story had some basis in fact, even if some of the details were apparently erroneous. I would be interested in pursuing the Wells, B.C. aspect of the story, and the Madams Zip and Zoom story there, also the original surname.

The Moccasin Telegraph has kept me confined to my computer for hours. I have especially enjoyed Gus Barrett's poetry, the Harbottle story, Doug Bell's photography, and of course, Henry Breaden's and Harvey Burian's great contributions. I have been waiting with eager anticipation to the great stories that Ruth and Gordon McIntyre must have to share, also the Dalziel northern aviation story.

Gus and Blanche Barrett live here, in paradise (Qualicum Beach), Harvey Burian lives just a couple of miles away, and Henry Breaden lives in Nanaimo, (about 25 miles from Q.B.) I must say that Gus's poetry is a well kept secret here, in Qualicum, and testifies to his humility, which shines through in his poetry. Keep up the great work you are doing, Sherron, for the benefit of all expatriate Yukoners. You must surely enjoy a great sense of satisfaction for the great service you are rendering.

Sincerely, Don Machan, Qualicum Beach, B.C. demachan@telus.net

WHITEHORSE HOSPITAL

I am hoping that more of you who have memories about this old building or even comments about its replacement will share those with us.- Sherron



Whitehorse Hospital
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

I was digging through some older discs and happen to run across a good photo of the hospital where Joyce and I were both born. She responded, so I guess she and Fred are back from their vacation. Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

Thanks Henry! You know, I had one somewhere, but don't remember it being nearly this good. Do you remember the head nurse at that time? It was Mrs. Howatt. She had long, thick, auburn hair which she always wore wrapped tightly in a bun. Very nice lady. She was also on duty when my daughter, Norma, was born. In the same room, apparently, where I was! Mrs. Howatt lived at the end of the same street we lived on, where the old Fraser home was that was later owned by John Scott for many years. We lived on the other end of the street, which, as I recall, was Hanson St. (just across the road from the old hospital) but our house was eventually torn down many years later. The late John Scott's house is still there, though. Mrs. Howatt taught all the girls in town, who belonged to the CGIT, to knit socks for the boys overseas, and also sewing and embroidery.

Cheers, Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@shaw.ca

You are very welcome Joyce, I just happened to see this in the Harbottle collection and being it was so clear I thought I would send it. Without doubt Mrs. Howatt would have been there when I was born, but as good as my memory is, not just that good! Yes, that would be Hanson Street. I always had trouble between Hanson and Hawkins but I think I finally have it straight. That photo would be before the nurse's residence was built to the left of it. All of those older nurses no matter where were wonderful women. The same was to be found in Mayo and Dawson.

Just recently when Sherron had a fall photo of Dawson, I said it was nice but I missed seeing old St. Mary's Hospital just to the left of the slide. This brought about a search as Sherron had never heard of it. What emerged was a classic history of Dawson from 1898 when St Mary's was built. It burned in 1950 which was devastating to Dawson and the Sisters of St. Anne who had run it for all of those years. It is amazing the photos that came out even to the original log hospital up on the hill. I guess I do enjoy digging through Yukon history, and the important part is that it is being archived. Some day long in the future, someone is going to bless the Moccasin Telegraph for making so much Yukon history available that might have been lost.

Cheers, Henry Breaden

Hi Sherron,

Before I was born my parents lived at 2nd and Strickland in Whitehorse. Sandy McPherson and his wife were their next door neighbours. They had three daughters, Frances, Charlotte and Isabelle. Their daughter, Charlotte used to baby-sit for Mom and Dad. The day I was born I guess it was cold as the devil and Charlotte walked Mom up to the hospital. At that time dad was somewhere on the Overland Trail to somewhere. By that time Charlotte had become Mrs. Owen Williams, and you also have that photo of their marriage.

When Alice first went up north she made the remark, "You have to be careful what you say, because everyone seems to be married to somebody's relation!" I guess this would be true due to the smaller population.

Henry.



Owen & Charlotte Williams
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle



This photo was marked as Dawson Hospital, but it has not been recognized yet.
Is there someone in our MocTel group who can identify this building? - Sherron
Perhaps it was in Whitehorse.
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Hi Sherron,

The photo of the original Whitehorse hospital for sure, but the one you show as a Dawson hospital does not register unless it was the building used after St. Mary Hospital burned. The early Dawson School was in the centre of a block, a very distinctive building. In latter years it was torn down and a new school built, but not to the height of the first one, and as I recall more spread out. If anyone has the answers it would be Gus and Blanche for Dawson.

Being that Joyce and I were both born in the original Whitehorse hospital we could likely come up with some memories. Of course I don't think we remember the big day for each of us as good as our memory may be. It would be nice to come up with some history for the old hospital something like St. Mary's in Dawson, and well worth working on.

Henry.

Hi Sherron,

Blanche will be giving you her nursing memories of the old hospital. This is just a view by the opposite sex.

During the fifties, many of young RCMP constables, including yours truly hooked up with nurses from the old hospital. (I guess due to similar work environment, shift work, etc, the two seemed to fit.) The nurses' residence was a favorite hangout during off shift hours, for a crib game, bridge game, or just for the companionship.

The hospital itself was a favorite stopping place for a hot cup of coffee while on foot patrols during those long cold winter nights. (Oh yes, we actually walked the beat in those days.)

There was a dumbwaiter shaft with rope and pulley system to bring food from the kitchen to the rooms above. It was "rumoured" that this shaft was known to be used occasionally by young men to escape in the event of a surprise visit by the matron. Ah... memories.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron:

I regret to report that I was too young to work in the old hospital that was on 2nd Avenue. All that was left when I arrived was the old pink nurses' residence. I came to Whitehorse in 1959 to work in the then, brand new hospital across the river. It was built in 1958/59 and opened in April or May of '59, and I arrived in December. I worked there for a year, and then was sent to Watson Lake to work in the Health Centre. I returned to the hospital in 1971 as an instructor in the nursing assistant program, and was there until 1984. I did not give up nursing in the interim, but nursed in the communities and in public health. The building that you sent that Harbottles identified as the hospital in Dawson is not familiar to me, and was not the hospital that I knew in 1961-1963.

The new hospital that was opened in 1995, is 90% new, but the office area on the second floor and the First Nations Health program underneath on the first floor, are renovated parts of the old hospital. Blanche would recognize the O.R. on top and the kitchen below. The damned ramp that we had to push stretchers up to the O.R. are still recognizable, and still there to be climbed.

I do have lots of memories of the old building, and in fact Kay Campbell and I have reminisced on many occasions. Lots of great times and many laughs.

Marny Ryder MarnyRyder*whtvcable.com

Hi Sherron:

If you go to the website of WGH at www.whitehorsehospital.ca there are some good pictures of the current hospital. I said in my original message that all I could recall was the old pink nurses' residence on 4th Ave --- should have said 2nd. I really have no sense of direction or location. Good thing I married a pilot who can find his way around the Yukon under any circumstances!

You are absolutely right! I knew Bud and Jean Harbottle in my days at Watson Lake. I did my medevac flying there in the old Anson!

Marny Ryder

The Old Whitehorse Hospital,
Blanche's first job in nursing, Sept. 1954.

After graduation from St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver, B.C. I obtained a position at the Old Whitehorse General Hospital. (I had applied to California with classmates but I'd met Gus a year previously when I was home to Dawson on holidays and "the call of the wild" was very strong.)

Jim Gentleman was Administrator at that time. He sent me my fare since I was unable to save any money on my \$8.00 per month stipend. The salary in Whitehorse at the time was \$100.00 per month. Doris Swain was the matron. Corinne Cyr filled in for her whenever necessary. Those two nurses guided us youngsters on many occasions.

Nursing in Whitehorse was different than St. Paul's Hosp. We had more responsibility and working conditions were quite different, but we soon adapted.

We lit the kitchen stove in the early morning so it would be hot for the cook (Gladys Lyslo – excellent cook and a wonderful lady. She taught me a few recipes, which I use to this day.) We locked the front door at night since very few in the area had telephones and some locals often wanted to use the phone to call a taxi to obtain bootleg booze. Sometimes we forgot to unlock the door when we were having a delivery and when the Doctor came he often stood pounding on the door in the sub zero weather to get in.

Which reminds me of a little story – we worked with a Finnish lady, Lisa Porsa. I came on shift one morning and when she gave her report she said “I call for the water – No water come - I call for the Doctor – No Doctor come – But the baby, she come.”

We had no specialists in those days but we had young, eager, dedicated, intelligent and well trained doctors, who worked round the clock, and all for the love of their fellow man. There was little or no Government or private medical insurance in those days. If they got paid, great – if not, so be it. Our doctors had to rely on their own skills. Transportation wasn't as great way back when and you couldn't medi-vac someone on the spur of the moment. It was even a challenge just to give a blood transfusion as it was tough to get donors – very few citizens had been “typed”. Nurses and RCMP were called on a lot.

There were so many Alaska Highway accidents; a lot of those were head injuries. Fortunately seat belts were invented and of course roads and cars improved. We also had many burn patients, thanks to the old wood stoves.

I must add that the hospital did have an “Indian Wing”, as it was known in those days. It was an addition on to the hospital. You had to walk down a long unheated corridor to care for these patients who were in dorms. The dorms each held about ten beds. One dorm for males and one for females with a cloakroom in between. (No doors.)

Youngsters from about six and up were in children's ward and maternity patients were upstairs in the maternity beds. Their babies were in the nursery. It was darn cold dashing through the unheated corridor carting your meds, bandages, food trays, large oxygen tanks etc., but we soon adjusted to that too. And I might add, loved every minute of it.

I learned a lot, had fun, made many friends and found it very rewarding. My mom used to tell me I was the only person she knew who couldn't wait to get home from holidays to go back to work. Unfortunately things change, and not always for the good. I feel sorry that a lot of nurses today do not feel the joy and gratification I felt after a days work.

Blanche Barrett Sourdoughs2*shaw.ca

OKANAGAN AGM PHOTOS

Wow!! Lots of Telegraph activity this weekend. Great! Seems a great time was had by all at the OK AGM.

Did not recognize too many people there but we were really pleased to see the picture of Alice Martin. We remember her well from our Yukon days. She was indeed a sourdough Rendezvous Queen, and a well deserving one. Not only a beauty, but a fine young lady as well. We both spent time helping Bill Grant, her "campaign manager" - Promoting, selling tickets etc. to ensure her election.

The Barretts Sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Thank you for the pictures from the Sunday gathering in Kelowna. For some reason I never seem to know too many people mentioned either in the news or in pictures, but recognized several in this group. Was delighted to see old friends again - - even if it was just their picture.

Thanks - - - -Merton Friesen mfriesen02@yahoo.ca



Photo courtesy Lois Trembley granny9t@shaw.ca

Here's a neat picture of Fall in the Yukon Sherron... It was taken by me about 1984 across from Bear Creek Lodge which used to be the old McIntosh Lodge a few miles North of Haines Junction. The orange circle there is one of those big mushrooms you see in the fall. I like walking around in the bush taking odd pictures. Once I found an old power saw chain that was grown right into the branch of a tree.

Lois Trembley granny9t@shaw.ca

WHITE PASS AVIATION

I wrote to Don Frizzell to see if he had received a copy of the White Pass Aviation Special Edition since I knew he was keen to read it. I was also wondering if he had enjoyed seeing all the photos of the old aircraft and learning about 'White Pass' aviation history. I also had an ulterior motive to solicit a note of appreciation for Jeanne. When I sent out the special there were quite a number of them returned to me listing the customer was over quota. Don said he had not received it so I have now given him the address to retrieve a copy from the MocTel Archives. – Sherron

Which site do I look at for the WP aviation stories? Reading the Harbottle story and his Cessna 195 reminds me of one of the older ones with the poor engines that I looked at purchasing in Abbotsford many years ago. We took it up for a test flight and could hardly see through the windshield for oil coming out of the engine. That was the first time I heard the name "Shakey Jake" for the Jacobs engine. They were a nice looking aircraft with lots of capacity.

Would you please pass on a special thanks to Jeanne Harbottle for me for giving us these articles. Some of us just get hung up on the old days and can't seem to get enough. I must get down to Mac's and see if I can't get a copy of her book.

Thanks

Don Frizzell Frizzell*polarcom.com

PRINCESS SOPHIA

Thanks for the Special Edition. My cousin, Ginny that sent it to you had called me earlier today about the memorial. Unfortunately, I will be away on holidays at that time, or I certainly would go over. It was my other cousin, Sylvia (Ginny's sister) that unveiled the plaque in Dawson either last year or the year before. Not sure how many direct descendants are around.

Arthemise Bell, her husband and 2 children died on the ship. Artemise was my grandmother, Marie Burkhard's sister.

They never found the baby girl's body, but Mr & Mrs Bell and child Robert are buried in Juneau.

I come from a long line of Yukoners. My Mom and Dad, 6 brothers and sisters and 2 of my children were born in the Yukon. Plus all my cousins born and raised there also.

Keep up the good work Sherron...I love receiving the Moc Tel each week.

Vivian Stuart lornellis*shaw.ca

PRINCESS SOPHIA

Hi Sherron. In 1969 I produced a one hour radio documentary about the sinking of the Sophia. It was called "LAMENT FOR A PRINCESS". It contained quite a few interviews with people who had relatives on the ship etc and told the full story of the tragedy.

An audio copy is now housed in the Yukon Archives in Whitehorse.

Maybe the organizers of the Sophia event would want to see if they can borrow a copy for use during their event.

Enjoy your Moctel very much and appreciate how much work you put into it.

Rgds

Les McLaughlin leslorn*rogers.com

Sherron, the NWT archives has put some radio samples online. You might want to tell readers that they can go to: <http://pwnhc.learnnet.nt.ca/exhibits/CBCExhibit/> and see what is there.

Mostly NWT. The Yukon archives have mostly Yukon material but I don't think any of it is online.

Rgds Les



Vancouver Maritime Museum Photo

Extracted from <http://www.nickmessinger.co.uk/sophia.html>

I am secretary for the Masonic Lodge in Dawson and 6 times a year I send out a Yukon type story. Way back when I condensed the story of the Sophia and sent it out to the members of our lodge. I see the Sophia is being talked about so am attaching my short version in case you have never read the book. It is a very interesting story and well written by Ken Coates. – Don

S.S. Princess Sophia

By Don Frizzell Frizzell*polarcom.com

This little known story, even to Yukoners, is an important part of the Yukon history. Many of those who perished were members of the Masonic Order, Order of Eastern Star as well as most other fraternities on the go at that time such as Order of Pioneers, Arctic Brotherhood, Oddfellows, etc.

Three hundred and fifty three people were known to have lost their lives and there were no survivors. Dawson City had a population in 1918 of 14,000 or so and many of the Sophia victims were well known in Dawson and the Yukon. Some had traveled from parts of Alaska, upriver to Dawson, thence on the last steamer of the year, upriver to Whitehorse. Once there, passengers were afforded more comfortable travel on the White Pass and Yukon Route narrow gauge railroad, for an 8 hour trip to Skagway.

Dawson, and the Yukon for that matter, was a seasonal place for many people. Arriving in droves on the first steamers in spring, the gold miners went on to Dawson to continue their mining. Running water in the creeks is required for gold mining and the Dawson City area is pretty much frozen up for 250 days of the year. Politicians and the like head south to warmer climates for the winter. Some shopkeepers go south to place their orders for the following year. Leaving the Yukon for the winter months is called "Going Outside". This term still prevails today, even with younger generations, and no doubt remains that this term will stay with us.

In October 1918, the War was still at the center of attention, the Canadian West was in a depression, and Dawson had frozen up although there was not much for snow yet. A major influenza epidemic was on the front page of most newspapers. Skagway was jammed with people trying to get on the last steamers headed south. There was a light snowfall that day in Skagway, but by early afternoon it had melted away. The captain of the Sophia knew before he left Victoria, British Columbia, that he would return with a record number of passengers. In addition to the normal lifeboats, he ordered extra floatation devices. These were hollow wooden boxes, 2 ft. X 2 ft. X 8 ft. with two strands of ropes around each side. These devices made the legal requirements of the day, but in all practicality would prove useless in the cold water. Most people would perish in less than 15 minutes.

Dawson was the Capital of the Yukon in those days. The seat of power was moved to Whitehorse many years later. Juneau, Alaska was the Capital of Alaska then as it is now.

The population of Juneau was around 7,000 in 1918. Alaska and the Yukon, while they comprise of a massive land territory had little population relatively speaking which remains true today.

Alaskans and Yukoners traveled back and forth with few restrictions. Many people, men and women, were Alaskans or citizens of other U.S.A. points working in the Yukon or seeking their fortunes. Many U.S.A. people remained in the Yukon and today are Canadian citizens or may hold what is called dual citizenship.

The heritage of the Yukon, while we think "Canadian", we are laced very heavily with the American influence. There are many of us who would dearly like to see the border erased from the maps and make us one territory, one way or the other.

The west coast of British Columbia has what is called "The Inside Passage". This refers to the route the steamships or other sailing vessels take between Seattle/Vancouver to Skagway, covering all coastal ports in-between. These waters are calmer than the open ocean as large islands protect this channel except for small sections every so often. If you can find a decent map of the West Coast, look it up and trace with your finger, the route of the steamships, Vancouver to Skagway, to give you an idea of the distance (900 miles) and the type of terrain. Very steep

mountainous country, rising from sea level to 7,000 feet, all within view from the deck of the ship.

The Princess Sophia, under the helm of Captain Leonard Locke arrived in Skagway October 23, 1918 at 1 PM. All afternoon she discharged cargo, took on supplies, loaded 24 work horses into the hold of the ship, 2 tons of personal effects, 266 parcels of Christmas gifts destined for the soldiers overseas, 5 dogs and finally the passengers. Many were employees of the British Yukon Navigation (the riverboat division of the White Pass and Yukon Railway) who were finished for the season. Many women were on board with their children headed "Outside" for the winter. Lastly \$65,000.00 in Gold Bullion was placed in the ships safe in the Captains quarters. Finally at 10 PM, the Sophia pulled up anchor, reversed engines, backed out into the bay at the head of the Lynn Canal, turned around and headed south at full speed estimated to be 12-15 knots. The Captain was anxious to make up for a 3-hour late departure.

At 11pm, 16 miles south of Skagway near Battery Point, the weather worsened. It started to snow and the winds came out of the north estimated at 50-80 miles per hour. The seas turned into large rollers and whitecaps. Shortly after, the Sophia passed a fishing vessel, Electo, that had tied up due to the poor weather. At this point the channel is about 10 miles wide. As the channel narrowed, 30 miles north of Juneau, Vanderbilt reef stood dead in the middle. The safe channel was to the east of Vanderbilt reef and was 2 miles wide. As was the custom in those days, the ship sounded the whistle every so often and counted the seconds it took for the sound to bounce back from the shore. This had worked well in the past, and Captain Locke had many trips up and down the Lynn Canal to his credit. It is not known who was at the helm at the time, Captain Locke or his first officer.

Vanderbilt reef was almost submerged. At extreme low tide, 12 feet of the reef showed above water. At normal high tide, it was just covered but would be noticeable in daylight. There was no lighthouse there although there is a light there today. Not that it would have made any difference, as these lights were few and far between in those days. Vessels have hit rocks with lights on them anyway, so the absence of a light did not mean much.

The Princess Sophia hit Vanderbilt Reef dead on at 11-12 knots at 2:10 am, October 24, 1918. The bottom of the ship had a 6 foot gash in it, but the momentum of the Vessel moving at 11-12 knots forced the ship up on top of the reef, where it came to rest in short order. At that hour, most passengers would be in their staterooms, awoken violently and immediately panic-stricken. However, because the Sophia had actually settled in a cradle of sorts on the top of the reef, she was in no immediate danger of sinking. Her two propellers were half out of the water, making it impossible to back off the reef and the engines were stopped. Captain Locke immediately sent wireless (Morse code) messages to Skagway and Juneau and asked for immediate assistance. The weather was still very treacherous, snowing and blowing, not another soul for 30 miles. In the next few minutes, a steam pipe burst, and the electricity went off. Total darkness. Pandemonium. Can you imagine what was going through everybody's mind? Certainly many would have turned to their Almighty for assistance.

Several vessels were alerted to the disaster, and the first arrived to offer assistance at 9 am. The seas were still very rough, still snowing and blowing and it was impossible to get near the Sophia.

Through a megaphone the two Captains agreed to wait for better weather as the Sophia seemed in no immediate danger of sinking. Soon other vessels arrived and circled the Sophia and the reef. Everyone agreed that the seas were too rough to attempt any rescue. Loss of some lives would have been certain under those conditions.

The weather worsened, the seas got higher, the snow heavier. Rescue vessels were unable to get anchors to hold and they all left to seek shelter from the storm in the lee of nearby islands. By 8 PM the Sophia was alone again. The power had been restored and the morale of the passengers somewhat improved, although most had remained indoors.

Many people wrote out their last will and testament. Some wrote letters to loved ones. Others took their jewellery and tied it in bags around their neck. Still others tied themselves together. The next rescue was planned for high tide at 5 am.

At 4 am it was snowing so hard, visibility was down to 30 feet. The Captains could not see the bow of their own ship. To venture out from their safe moorage would be foolish and dangerous. Nothing further to do but wait and hope for better weather. It continued to snow and blow all day.

At around 4:30 PM that afternoon, the wind shifted and turned to gale force. The wind picked up the stern of the ship, turned the ship around 180 degrees, (the bow was now facing north), and the ship was slowly sliding stern first into deeper water. The Sophia was doomed. At 4:50 PM on the 25th, the wireless operator on the Sophia asked for immediate assistance and stated that the ship was foundering and taking on water. The rescue vessels were unable to move due to the blinding snow and wind. At 5:00 PM, the wireless operator sent his last message: "For God's sake hurry, the water is coming in the pilot house". The pilothouse is at the very top forward part of the superstructure and is where the Captain commands his vessel. Shortly thereafter, the boilers blew up sending fragments of the boat all over and releasing tons of bunker oil, a very heavy type fuel oil used to fire the boilers. Passengers watches were all stopped at 5:05. In 35 minutes it was over and 353 people were dead. Either drowned, suffocated by the bunker oil, or killed in the explosion. The next morning as the weather improved and the rescue vessels returned, only 20 feet of the forward mast was visible above the waterline. There were no survivors. The next part of the story details how the bodies were picked up for many miles around and handled at the city of Juneau, Alaska. It is not that pleasant a story so I will only add that it placed a great deal of stress on the citizens of Juneau. A small city of 7500 people, overrun with mortuary duties, no place to suitably handle these duties, the town had more visitors than it had accommodation for. Undertakers from cities and towns the full length of the coast were involved and some of the bodies did not show up until the following spring. Needless to say, the citizens of Juneau were typical of those in other small towns. They pitched in, worked together, and got the job done admirably and without much thanks.

One story of interest is that of Al Winchell of Iditarod, Alaska. He and his wife had a lifelong pact that if she died first, he would bury her beside her mother. He had to wait for the rivers to freeze, then with a pair of snowshoes and a backpack; **he walked overland 400 miles** to Anchorage, Alaska. There he was able to get a boat to take him down the coast to Juneau. Once there he determined that his wife's body had not been found yet. He checked the ship's records and found that his wife was in stateroom 35. He hired a diver who brought up 2 bodies from stateroom 35 as well as another body from the hallway. None of them were Winchell's wife. By

now he was broke. He somehow borrowed \$10,000.00 and continued the search and finally in the spring of 1919 his wife's body was recovered. He was able to perform his committed task and he was at peace with himself.

The next part of the story deals with the insurance and liability. The workers compensation board of British Columbia made fair and adequate compensation for all the people who were working on the Sophia. This included about an extra 10 people who had been hired on in Skagway to help with the additional passengers that were taken on for this last trip of the season.

The liability took 14 years to get through the courts. The first decision was that it was not the fault of the Canadian Pacific. Then it was appealed and finally went to the Supreme Court where the decision was reversed. Under the laws of the day, the maximum liability was a sum equal to the value of the total revenue the vessel made for the trip, or in this case approximately \$9,500.00. Needless to say, by the time the legal people had taken their fees over 14 years, there remained the grand sum total of \$2.65 per person which was never paid out. The Canadian Pacific paid several hundred thousand dollars to the rescue ships, the people of Juneau for their help, the relatives of the victims for their travel expense and of course looking after the bodies. The Canadian Pacific had the Princess Sophia insured for 1.5 million dollars with Lloyds of London which they did receive.

Oh, and by the way, the divers recovered the \$65,000.00 in Gold Bullion too.

Well, there you have it in condensed form. If you would like the full story, the name of the book is "The Sinking of the Princess Sophia – Taking the North Down With Her" Written recently by Ken Coates & Bill Morrison. I paid \$21.99 for my copy.

Next summer (2000), the Klondike Centennial Committee is spending \$18,000.00 for a permanent memorial to be placed near the Yukon River in Dawson. This will consist of three permanent panels showing 3 photographs that were taken of the Sophia at the time as well as a brass plate memorial. Yukon Lodge 45 collected \$1,000.00 from local members in Whitehorse and Dawson which we will contribute in memory of the masonic members that we lost. No other memorials have ever been erected anywhere, to this date.

Don Frizzell
Secretary
Yukon 45.
December 20, 1999

** ** *

The Alaska State Museum has in its basement (and not currently on display) a collection of items from the sinking of the Princess Sophia, including cuff links, a magnifying glass, stopped watches and other personal articles of those who died. Over at the Juneau Douglas City Museum is a rare champagne bucket retrieved from the wreck of the Sophia.

Above brief note extracted from - http://juneaualaska.com/visit/stories/His_shipwrecks.shtml



Memorial - Dawson City

WP&YR's Gary Danielson speaks by the memorial with all the names of those who perished, including Mrs. E.M. Bell, the great aunt of Dawson's Sylvia Burkhard (left).

Photo by Carl Mulvihill

Above photo extracted from - <http://www.skagwaynews.com/boatspecialpage.html>



Bob Blakely, an old boyfriend.

Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

OBIT

Obituaries (10/09/04)

CALLISON _ Marjorie Rosalie (Clay) passed away at the Langley Memorial Hospital on October 6, 2004 at the age of 80 years. Survived by her husband of 60 years, Dennis; their children Gloria (Rodger) and Janice (Jim); her grandchildren Kendal, Carmen, Sheena, Darren and Kirby; great-grandchildren Dawson, Taryn, Emily and Cole; sisters Jean (Roy) and Gladys (Leonard); and brother Kenneth and many nieces and nephews.

Marjorie was born in Edmonton Alberta on October 22, 1923. After graduating from school she went to work for the Northern Alberta Railway in Dawson Creek. During her tenure with the NAR Marjorie resided at the boarding house of Mrs. Callison, fate would have that Mrs. Callison's son Dennis was Marjorie's true love. In 1944 Marjorie and Dennis were married and began what would be 60 exciting and extra ordinary years together. From operating Rolla Hotel to creating and running the Toad River Lodge at Mile 422 on the Alaska Highway and to owning and operating Callison Outfitting from Whitehorse, Yukon. Marjorie and Dennis were a tireless team. When it was time for retirement in 1980 Marjorie and Dennis moved to a small farm in the Salmon Arm area. After 10 years at the acreage it was time to move to a home with only a small yard to care for, also in Salmon Arm. Finally in 2000 Marjorie and Dennis located to Walnut Grove to be closer to family. Marjorie is remembered by all for her tireless work ethic, her unwavering devotion to her "boyfriend" Dennis, her awesome cooking and her spirit of willingness to give almost anything a try. She loved music including playing the piano and the accordion, playing crib, knitting and needlework. In lieu of flowers donations may be made to the Alzheimer's Society.
Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

HELPFUL HINT

Hi Sherron

Got word at work yesterday about these....
thought I would pass it on to you and everyone else
Jenny

Jenny works as a computer technical advisor and this message is slanted toward telling her how to deal with the problems, but the information is very useful to us. – Sherron

New Worm - Funner

New Worm - Funner: A new worm is currently circulating the internet. This is not currently a high impact worm but customers may be calling in who have been infected or who have questions regarding this worm

The Funner worm spreads via MSN Messenger. It will distribute a file called "funny.exe".

Customers may call regarding this file name, or with possible sluggish behavior on the PC.

Symptoms of infection are the presence of the file "funny.exe", and the following registry entry added:

```
HKEY_CURRENT_USER\Software\Microsoft\Windows\CurrentVersion\Run  
"MSMSGs" = C:\Program Files\Messenger\msmsg.exe" /background
```

The Hosts file will also be updated.

Worm removal instructions and more information are located on Symantec's security site.

Please follow normal billing procedures and policy when assisting with Virus and Worm removal.

Related Link:

<http://securityresponse.symantec.com/avcenter/venc/data/w32.funner.html>

Critical Windows Updates

Critical Windows Updates - Microsoft has released updates for newly discovered vulnerabilities affecting Microsoft products. Always recommend to customers that they download and apply the updates applicable to their products.

Microsoft has just released 10 Windows Updates, some rated as Critical, to address various vulnerabilities. Encourage all customers to install the Windows Updates that are applicable their PCs.

Obtaining Windows Security updates

The best way to avoid viruses is not to get them in the first place. Make sure that you regularly use Windows update to install all of the latest critical updates. Installing the latest critical updates from Microsoft makes your computer less vulnerable to malicious activity.

NOTE: Even if you have installed the latest critical updates a week ago, you may want to check for updates again. Microsoft regularly posts critical updates to prevent potential virus attacks. With recent vulnerabilities being exploited almost weekly by viruses, such as the Blaster worm or its variants, these updates are very important for protecting your PC.

To use Windows Update, connect to the Internet and go to the Windows Update web site. <http://v5.windowsupdate.microsoft.com/v5consumer/default.aspx?ln=en-us>

REMOVED FROM LIST

<clarkston@atlin.net>: Sorry, no mailbox here by that name. (#5.1.1)

CLARKSTON, Lorraine (Macdonald) clarkston*atlin.net (In Whitehorse 1971-93) Atlin, B.C.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

People are often like ducks. They appear calm and serene on the surface while below they are paddling like heck.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Pickled Asparagus - Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

Stand Asparagus in jars and to each jar add.

- 1 or two cloves of garlic
- 1 ½ tsp dill weed

Brine

- 20 cups water
- ¾ cup Pickling Salt
- 1 cup white vinegar

Boil and pour in jars.

Seal jars and steam 15 minutes.

Makes about eleven quarts.

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