

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Eighty-fifth Edition- Oct. 24, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

To use an e-mail address from the MocTel, substitute the * with @.



Red Fox

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca

Hi Sherron, Yes, the red fox, shown in Doug Bell's photo are native to Yukon. The red fox is very common throughout the forested areas of the Territory and were frequently seen denning around Whitehorse. Wayne Towriss photographed a den below the trailer park on the way to Porter Creek. This den was, I think, less than 100 feet from the nearest mobile home. I also have a favourite picture of a young fox outside his den on the road to Jackson Lake on the Fish Lake road. It was taken in 1960. This little fox was so curious he let me get within about 10 feet of him before he scuttled down his hole. He has the cutest look on his face, his head cocked to one side as he watched me approach. Too bad it is a slide or I would send it to you.

There are also other coloured foxes up there which people called "cross foxes" but as far as I know these are just a color faze of the red fox.

The Yukon's other fox, the Arctic fox, is, of course, also native to the Territory and is found in the coastal region. It is smaller than the red, white in winter and brown in summer. Like many hi arctic animals the arctic fox has smaller extremities than its southern cousin, shorter legs, smaller ears, shorter snout, a good example of "Allen's rule" whereby heat loss is proportionate to the extent of body surface, making it easier for him to keep warm in extreme temperatures by reduced body surface. This is the same for the lemming which probably form the bulk of the arctic fox's diet. A very interesting creature is the arctic fox. In winter he often feeds on the scraps left by Polar Bears far out on the arctic ice, miles from shore, and like the Polar Bear, does not hibernate.

Ron Butler ron_but*shaw.ca

Ron is correct about the foxes. I've trapped lots of them here, and they are all the different colour variations of the red fox. Even the red fox comes in different shades of red.

During the gold rush era the pure black ones were selling for around \$1,200.00 which, when you think of it, must have been about a year's wages. Service had a ballad about a "Black Fox Skin." I believe it was these prices which spawned the whole ranch raised fox industry.

Rick Mortimer trapper*nemontel.net

ON LOOKING AHEAD

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca

When in our twenties life was sweet,
The road ahead of us was long.
No grass grew beneath our feet,
We lived for parties, wine and song.
"Life is for the young", we said,
And never paused to look ahead.

As our thirties came and went,
They were awfully busy years,
Day after day, our time was spent,
Juggling family and careers,
"These are busy times", we said,
And never paused to look ahead.

In our forties we're in our prime,
Blessed with health and energy,
Teenagers now consumed our time,
Little time for you and me.
"We still have lots of years," we said,
We never paused to look ahead.

Our fifties came, the kids have gone,
We've all the free time we require.
We're satisfied with what we've done.
And plan our life when we retire.
"Our lives will now slow down," we said,
But never paused to look ahead.

Our sixties were a time of stress,
Interspersed with times of fun,
Some darker days, but none the less,
We had our winters in the sun.
"Life is sometimes harsh," we said,
Treasure each day, don't look ahead.

Now we're in our seventies,

And time for us is winding down,
As we look back in reverie,
Delighted that we're still around.
"One day at a time," we say,
Tomorrow's just another day.

Take each day as it arrives,
Work to make each day worthwhile,
Keep perspective, in your lives
Always try to wear a smile.
"You never can go back" it's said,
Nor can you change what lies ahead.

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Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 27

The man that owned the company that bought the Anson offered me a job as operations manager. I looked at all phases of the operation and met the employees and decided it would be a good challenge so I accepted. First I wanted to return to Watson, talk it over with my wife, sell the 195, drive to Vancouver and take a month's holiday. That was acceptable to him. I said I would be back the first of December.

On return to Watson, I got in touch with an operator who had a flying service out of Ft. St. John and who wanted to buy the airplane. He still wanted it. The idea we hatched was that I would fly the plane to John, Jeanne would drive the station wagon and pick me up there, then we would go on to Vancouver. As luck would have it, just when we were ready to leave the weather turned mild then froze again leaving the whole length of the highway a glare sheet of ice. Jeanne would have no part of driving on that, as she was desperately afraid of ice. I hired a pilot Jimmy Close who had flown the aircraft many times to take the airplane and I would drive the station wagon. Jimmy delivered the plane and flew back on the airline. I drove the wagon and had no problems.

After finishing our business in Ft. St. John, we went on to Vancouver. The highway was as slippery as any road I had ever been on. We had our holiday in Vancouver and were in Winnipeg by the first of December 1962.

We rented a nice new house in a small town called Selkirk. It was twenty miles from the airport where I would be working.

During World War II this field had been used as a flying training base but now was abandoned by everyone except the company. It had three hard surfaced runways, one large hangar and several warehouses for aircraft parts storage. For aircraft we had three

flying boats PBY 5-A's, five Ansons, two Beech 18's one Fairchild Husky, one Cessna 180 and one Stinson 108. All these aircraft were in bad shape and needed extensive repair work to bring them up to the industry standard. Although there were expert metal men and engine and airframe personnel, there was no one to pull them all together. Each one was doing his own thing, which caused confusion and a lack of morale.

I was not an aircraft engineer so what I needed was a top man in all phases of repair work to organize the shop. I had just the one in mind if I could get him. He was Denny McCartney the man who had repaired the wrecked Beaver at Watson. He had his home and family in Vancouver and was reluctant to leave but after much persuasion agreed to come and take over the shop.

The flying personnel were all top people. The flying boat pilots had flown them during the war so knew the intricate quirks of flying a big boat. The other pilots were just as good with the Ansons and Beeches but again there was no one man in charge so that part of the organization was confused also.

The company did not carry any passengers. The loads consisted of carrying supplies out to the camps and bringing fish back. These were fresh water fish that brought a high price when sold in New York. The camps were scattered all over northern Manitoba on large lakes. Camps consisted of log living quarters and storage sheds where the fish were packed in ice. They were never frozen, just kept cold. There was a crew of fishermen at each camp that put nets under the ice in winter. A small tractor pulled a sleigh around to each set to collect the fish. It was also used to keep the ice runway clear of snow so the aircraft could use wheels instead of skis. In the summer only the flying boats and the two twin Beeches on floats could be used.

As the company had other small businesses besides flying fish, all the office work was done in one building in Winnipeg.

The flights averaged about two hundred and fifty miles each way over country that was absolutely flat. With a heavy load or low ceiling the pilot only had to climb a few hundred feet with no danger of running into anything. From Lake Winnipeg north there was no habitation except for the odd Indian village and the fish camps.

Another small job in summer was hauling wild rice. Northern Manitoba had many rice sloughs that the Indians paddled canoes through. They beat the rice into the canoe with the paddles. It was put in sacks. An aircraft on floats would pick it up and fly it to the base where there was a processing plant. It was packaged and shipped to New York. This was a very lucrative part of the operation.

It was not long before Denny had one of the PBY's in the hangar with the wings and tail surfaces off and scattered all over the floor in the process of being rebuilt. I used the Anson I had brought from Watson to get around to the camps to check on them and help them with any problems they had.

One night I had to stay over at the God's Lake camp. It was very cold around forty below zero. There was no shelter for the aircraft. It had to sit out on the ice so I drained the lubricating oil from each engine into cans that we carried for that purpose. I took them indoors to keep them warm. In the morning it was just as cold but there was also a strong wind blowing which made working outside very difficult. The camp had a Herman Nelson gas heater that put out 400,000 BTU's through two long flexible fabric hoses. I put the engine covers on, then put a heater hose into each engine. It would take at least an hour and a half before they would be warm enough to start. There was a warm building a couple of hundred feet away, which I stayed in and watched through the windows.

After giving it lots of time I put the oil back in each engine tank, pulled the heater away, took off the covers, jumped in and started the right engine. It took a little time to smooth out then I tried the left one but it would not catch. It had cooled off too much in that short interval. There was nothing to do but to leave the right one idling while I recovered the left one and put both heater ducts into it. I sat in the aircraft while it was warming up again and, of course; I was getting very cold, as the aircraft heater did not work until the plane was airborne. After twenty minutes it was outside, pull the heater away, take off the cover and jump in. This time the engine started. When it smoothed out, threw my gear in the cabin and got out of there. I was so cold by then I vibrated all the way home, which took nearly two hours.

In the Yukon when it was very cold there was never any wind but in Manitoba it seemed to me that the colder the temperature, the stronger the wind blew. I have seen engineers working on an engine outdoors with one heater duct up under the back of their parkas and the other one on the engine. Even then their fingers would be frostbitten from handling the cold tools and parts. At home on cold days if we had to take garbage out to the can, which was about thirty feet from the door, winter gear had to be put on.

In the spring I found there was very little for me to do on the ground so I was taking whatever aircraft was available and flying trips to the camps. The country was so flat it was monotonous sitting there for a couple of hour's just droning along, landing, getting a load then droning back. We did not like the winters. There was not enough for me to do on the ground. The flying was monotonous so I put in my resignation. We loaded the station wagon and two dogs and headed for Vancouver in mid 1963.

On arrival there we borrowed some camping gear from my sister Doris and her husband Ron Greenslade and drove up into the Okanagan country. We sat around on the lakeshores enjoying the warm weather. But that was not the answer so back to Vancouver where we bought a twenty-one foot by eight-foot houseboat and a six-wheel trailer to haul it on.

It was all fixed up inside like a travel trailer. It had a Volvo inboard engine with an outboard drive. We went up the Fraser Canyon to Shuswap Lake where we launched it. This lake had eight hundred miles of shoreline so there was lots of room to play in. We chugged across the lake to a sandy beach and anchored off shore for the night. About a hundred yards from us was a bunch of steel buoys that marked off a designated

swimming area. After supper we sat out on the deck and I thought this is the life. Why hadn't I become a sailor instead of an airline pilot?

In the middle of the night we were awakened by a tremendous crash, then a steady banging against the boat. It was pitch black outside so I could not see anything. The wind had come up and we were pitching all over the place. I got to the stern with a flashlight and discovered we were up against one of the steel buoys, which was hitting the boat quite hard. Evidently the strong wind had pushed us backward dragging the anchor. I started the engine and while Jeanne steered I checked for damage. There was none except some removed paint. We went around and down wind of the buoys and reset the anchor but there was no sleep. I drank coffee until daylight and continually checked the anchor. That was lesson number one!

We sailed all over the lake visiting the many little towns around the shore and just being lazy. The weather was great and so was the fishing. One day we pulled into a little town called Sicamous to refuel and buy groceries. It was nice there so we stayed for a while. After leaving we were out in the lake a couple of miles from shore when the engine just revved up. We were not going anywhere so I suspected there was something wrong with the propeller.

The outboard drive could be pivoted straight up so the prop was easy to get at. When I had it up where I could get at it I discovered that the connection between the prop and the drive shaft, which was a half moon key, had sheared. I did not have a spare so there was nothing to do but make one. I had a good toolbox with a hacksaw and files so all I needed was a good piece of metal for the key. While I was getting squared away with the repair, Jeanne said she could hear water running in the boat. I told her she was dreaming because I specifically asked the people when we bought the boat if water could get in through the outboard drive and they had assured me there was no way. The seal between boat and drive prevented it.

I went on with my key manufacturing thinking no more of it but she insisted she could hear water. Well, her hearing was better than mine so I started investigating. When I had the box covering the motor off, we could see water coming in around the drive. Jeanne took a paddle and sat on the bow to become our new mode of propulsion. When she did so the bow dipped, the stern rose and there was no more leak so I went on with my key making. It was going to take me a long time to get the metal to size so I told Jeanne to pile gear on the bow to keep the stern out of the water but she said she was going to paddle to shore if it took all day as she did not want to bob around the middle of a lake in a leaky boat. When the key was finished, I put on the prop, cranked up and away we went back to Sicamous to get a factory made key and a spare.

One day we were up in the northeast end of the lake where a creek came in. It was full of salmon going up to spawn. I stood in the water and threw fish onto the beach with my hands. We lived pretty well for a few days on salmon steaks.

After a nice long holiday we loaded the boat on the trailer and went back to Vancouver where we sold it.

* * * * *

Don Cannon had asked me if I would go to Grand Duke mine and give Jack Campbell a hand as he was in the process of opening a tunnel into the mountain for mineral exploration. I was anxious to get back to work again and although there would not be any flying involved I would be working with equipment which I enjoyed. This was a male camp so Jeanne took the two dogs and drove to California to visit her folks. I flew by airline to Prince Rupert, then to Stewart, B.C. by Grumman Goose, then to camp in a single engine Otter.

This was really beautiful country with high rugged mountains and valleys full of huge live glaciers. The camp sat on solid bedrock with a large glacier on each side. There were about thirty men there. In winter this area had a fifty-foot snowfall. The mountains were covered year round. It was a weird place to live as massive avalanches were continually coming down. When the glaciers moved, the whole country shook as in an earthquake. No one was allowed to go on the glaciers on foot. They had to be on a tracked vehicle such as a bombardier snow machine because the crevasses were so numerous and deep it was all your life was worth if you went down one. At the campsite the ice was over two thousand feet deep.

One day I was out on the ice with a Bombardier when I discovered a large hole going straight down like a well. A lot of surface water was flowing down it. I had an old timber on the rig so pushed it down the hole. I could hear it falling and striking the sides of the hole for an awfully long time.

The winter before a lot of freight had been brought in from tidewater using large snow machines and a D-6 caterpillar. While crossing a crevasse that could not be seen because of the snow cover, the back end had broken through the snow and the machine went down the crack backwards for about fifty feet where it wedged in between the walls. The driver was killed and his body was recovered but the cat is still there.

After I had left, a large avalanche came off the mountain and buried the whole camp killing many of the men and injuring many others. Fortunately it happened in the daytime when many of the men were away working somewhere else or the death toll would have been much higher. I had two close friends involved. One was killed and the other was buried for three days before he was dug out still alive.

The purpose of all this activity was to tap a large copper mineral body that had been found in the mountain so tunnels were being driven into it. The main one was about a mile deep. At the entrance a huge room had been blasted out of solid rock to house the large diesel engines that supplied lighting and air to the tunnel. It was not possible to have anything outside in this area as avalanches were coming down continually. Below the main tunnel another one had been started. It was five hundred feet lower and directly

under the main tunnel and in about two hundred yards. Later when the avalanche that buried the camp came down it also sealed off the lower tunnel trapping the men working inside. They had to dig their way out using equipment they had with them.

In summer everything had to be flown to camp from Stewart, B.C. Pat Carey flew the single engine Otter and had to land on a very short strip. In winter a runway was built on the glacier by packing the snow down solid. This runway was safe to use larger C-46 aircraft.

One day one of these big aircraft brought in a load and in the center of the cabin was a pile of sixteen foot long six by six squared timbers. The plane landed and during the rollout the main wheels broke through the snow crust and it went up on its nose. The timbers shot forward between the pilot and co-pilot's seats into the nose of the aircraft and did not touch either one of them.

That area had the worst weather I had ever seen. Fog, rain, snow and strong winds made flying very hazardous. One day, Pat Carey was taking a load from Stewart to the camp in the single Otter. It was snowing but he had been over the route so many times he knew every inch of it. He went up the Salmon Glacier to the summit. He got over that okay. Then he went down another glacier to a valley it met at right angles where he would turn right flying up another glacier to camp. These valleys were thousands of feet deep from the mountaintops to the valley floors and very narrow so it was not easy to turn an aircraft around.

When he got to the valley leading to camp it was plugged solid with fog so he turned around and attempted to retrace the route. But he could not get over the summit again as that had closed in. He was now trapped. The wind was blowing very hard so he had trouble turning again and trying to get down to lower country. Suddenly he was in a complete whiteout and could see nothing. He was on instruments with rock walls very close to either wing.

The next thing he knew he woke up in his seat. His clothes were on fire and everything was quiet. He was in terrible pain but got out of his seat and beat the fire out of his clothes. Then he saw that the airplane was sitting on an ice shelf in a deep V in the side of the mountain. There were three vertical walls going straight up from him and on the fourth side the tail hung out over a vertical drop of several thousand feet. The aircraft had stopped in three quarters of its length. The engine had been torn out and was lying about fifty feet ahead. The shelf the plane was sitting on had a steep slope. As the front of the plane was on fire his cargo of drums of diesel oil would have made a terribly hot fire. There was no place for him to go except by the engine, which was only fifty feet away. He rolled all the drums out the door and they disappeared over the cliff. Then he got out and over to the engine as the fire completely consumed the aircraft.

When he had time to take stock of his injuries he found that he hurt all over. The worst was that one eye was lying on his cheek. He got that back in the hole then tied a piece of clothing around his head to hold it there. Now there was nothing to do but wait to see if

anyone would find him. When he had pushed out the drums of diesel he had also thrown out his sleeping bag and emergency rations onto the ice. They had rolled on the steep slope and disappeared over the edge. He just had the clothes on his back to keep him warm. Of course, he was in shock but he was a tough guy.

In the afternoon when he did not return to Stewart, Bill his engineer who kept the flight watch checked with camp. He found out he had not arrived there so he knew he had to be down somewhere. It was late in the afternoon before he could get a helicopter out on a search. By then, the weather had improved so the search followed the regular route. They found Pat sitting on his little shelf still alive. There was no way they could get down to him to pick him up and no way Pat could get to an area where they could go so they returned to Stewart. It was now too dark to go back again so they had to leave him out there overnight.

Pat had no idea how he ever survived that night but when the helicopter returned in the morning with a great long rope hanging from its belly, Pat was able to tie it around himself and they lifted him out of there. They set the line down on the ice way below where he was picked up and flew him to Stewart where a fixed wing airplane flew him to hospital in Prince Rupert. He came out of there okay except for the eye, which he lost. His flying days were over and that was a pity because he was a first class pilot and a real nice guy. As he was well up in his fifties he went into retirement and settled down on a small island out of Vancouver.

Everyone was on a rotation system. After three months in camp they were flown out for two weeks then back to work. When my time was up in December 1963 I flew to Vancouver and bought a ticket to California. A bit of living amongst the glaciers went a long way.

It was not feasible to haul ore from Grand Duke crossing the glaciers so in years to come an eleven mile tunnel that took a double railway track was driven right through the mountains. It came out in a valley that went right down to Stewart. A road could be built for trucks and there were no glaciers to contend with. The camp where I had been was abandoned and I joined Jeanne in California at her mothers.

After being there a couple of months I had a phone call one night from a Dan McIver in Vancouver who was in charge of all Pacific Western Airlines VFR operations. He wanted to know if I would be interested in taking over their base at Prince Rupert, B.C. as manager. I told him I would be and could be in Rupert by the first of May 1967. This gave me about two months to make the move.

That offer could not have come at a better time as I was not happy with what I was doing and although Jeanne had an excellent job where she was, she was just as anxious to go north again.

(To be continued)

SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON

Written by

REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL

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

Fort Selkirk

This mission post, situated on the river about half-way between Dawson and Whitehorse at that time had a white population comprising around a dozen families - among whom was the only Mountie between Dawson and Whitehorse and a few individuals, together with a loosely-knit group of Indian families. The presence of a Hudson's Bay store, and a branch of a Whitehorse-based store marked the post as a centre for trappers to dispose of their trapped pelts, and also to obtain supplies. After the departure of the last stern-wheeler to Whitehorse in September until the arrival of the first boat in June the following year the settlement was completely shut off from the outside world - apart from the weather restricted mail plane - the services of the Government Telegraph operator, and the limited number of programmes available on home radios. Each evening at 9 p.m. every radio in the settlement was tuned-in to the Richfield News from the States to keep in touch with the situation in France, prior to, during, and following the evacuation from Dunkirk. Another means of communication I had previously encountered was again made evident following a telegram I received from the hospital in Whitehorse advising me of the death of an Indian boy, together with the request that I notify the parents. Upon learning that the boy's father was hunting with his friend Copper Peter, I went along the trail to meet them as they returned with their catch. When I met them, and was about to tell Sam of his loss, he said, "you don't have to tell me, Copper Peter has already told me". Moccasin telegraph is an Indian means of communication that I found to be very accurate in its communication content. I could only assume that this is another aspect of mental telepathy functioning between individuals, sometimes hundreds of miles apart.

Whitehorse 1940

It was in August 1940 that we again boarded a sternwheeler up-river to Whitehorse, this time to remain, as I had been appointed incumbent at the Old Log Church - Christ Church! Whitehorse was then a pleasant little town of nine hundred people in the summer-time diminishing to half that number in the winter months. The town is the northern terminus of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, a narrow gauge railroad connecting the ocean-going vessels from Vancouver and Seattle with the interior of the north country through the Alaskan port of Skagway, which was also the southern terminus of the one hundred and ten mile railway. It is an interesting - if time consuming-trip. When the trains left Skagway with their load of passengers or freight the three engines were required to pull this load up to a height of 2800 feet above sea-level in a distance of twelve miles through mountain passes of rugged beauty, and then descend with a gentler grade to Carcross and Whitehorse, which was the southern port and ship-

yards for the six or seven sternwheelers that plied the Yukon river. When this shipping activity ceased during the winter months many of the crew members and shipyard workers went south to warmer climes. Just out of town there was a short aircraft runway used mainly by Pan-American Airlines, aircraft travelling to and from Fairbanks, Alaska.



Rev. & Mrs. L.G. Chappell – Whitehorse – 1940's

Photo courtesy Judith (Chappell) Parkes

(Does anyone happen to know where this photo was taken? Is it the Manse?)

Whitehorse 1941

It was during the winter of 1940-1941 prior to any war-time activity in the town that the American Air Force instituted a shuttle-service to ferry Martin bomber aircraft to Alaska for transference to the Russian Air Force. There was no radar beam in the area at that time, so, pilots were subject to Visual Flight Rules which required the aircraft to remain on the runway overnight. Whitehorse was so small that there would have been little entertainment for the crews if a number of house-holders had not opened their homes to entertain these crews whenever they had to stop-over in Whitehorse over-night. On one occasion a bomber was resuming its journey when one of the plane's wheels dug into the snow-bank thrown up in ploughing the runway to keep it fit for taxiing before take-off. The plane canted over to one side causing a propellor to gouge into the ground, smashing off the tip of one blade. This piece of aluminum penetrated the plane smashing the co-pilot's elbow and finally coming to rest buried in another crew-man's chest. When the two injured men were hospitalized the doctor went to work to remove the jagged claw like piece of aluminum from the crew-man's chest. The man was very sick, but fortunately no vital organ had been penetrated. Then came the surgery for the other man's smashed elbow. Later in the afternoon it became known that three other bombers were in trouble, and that three other men were to be hospitalized. One man had a broken arm, another was in concussion, and the third had suffered a severe gash above one eye. All additional surgery was completed around mid-night. Already in the hospital maternity department was one of the town's home-makers waiting the arrival of her new baby. Around 10:30 that evening her husband and I were drinking coffee in the hospital kitchen commenting

upon the accidents. Suddenly he said “If it is a boy we'll call him Martin". After a moment's reflection he added “If it is a girl we can't very well call her Martini”. It was a girl and she arrived at 2:30 a.m. That was just a typical day for the doctor and the small nursing staff of that time. Although the winter was quiet and cold it was an uneasy quiet because the Japanese Army had over-run the Alaskan islands in the north Pacific not too many miles away. In the northerner's mind it was problematical whether the Japanese would push their drive further east to the mainland, or go south into Asia.

(To be continued)

OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART V

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

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

We left Atlin with the sounds of thunder and rain falling. I've always loved the northern rains. The clouds always had different levels of colour and the soft rain felt gentle on my bare skin. Experiencing a rain shower in Alberta does not compare to the north. In Alberta the day is grey and cool but in the north the air remains warm and the colors in the mountains increases the brilliant hues of blue, grey and, sometimes, white. The memories of the summers spent in the north came rushing back and I felt a peace I hadn't felt in a long time.

The rain stopped not far out of Atlin and the blue sky peeked through. The winds picked up though and when we drove into Army Beach to visit Sam Holloway (Editor) and Dianne Green (Publisher) of the *Yukoner Magazine* the white caps were banging against the wooden partition in front of their home. As we pulled into their driveway there was “Dodge”, his 1966 Powerwagon, the truck Sam has devoted several comments about in the magazine. I was looking forward to seeing it.

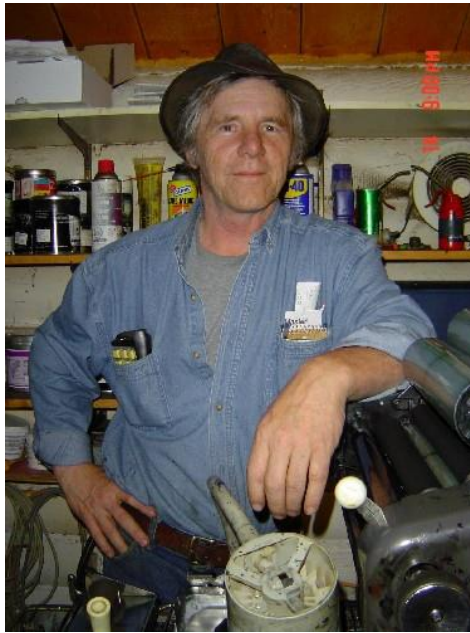


“Dodge”

Sam really likes his Dodges, just like some people like Fords, or Chevs but nothing has character like this truck. His main transport is a '72 Dodge pickup with a '78 Dodge

front end and grill that he's been driving for 25 years. This must be the vehicle we saw numerous times driving around Whitehorse. He has eight other Dodges in various stages of decay. Sounds like our place. We had to buy acreage to store the various pre-war and post-war vehicles including parts' cars.

It was quite a thrill meeting Sam and Dianne. They have a beautiful home on the shore of Marsh Lake and the view is spectacular. I've been a faithful subscriber for years of the magazine the couple put out every couple of months. I can appreciate the hard work of researching stories and getting pictures but never realized how much work it was until we had a tour of his print shop. After a cup of tea and an introduction to their two dogs, Pooper and Muttsy and cat named Sneaky, Sam gave us a tour.



Sam Holloway

On the outside of the print shop hang numerous artifacts and antiques from the goldrush. The shop should be on a postcard.



Sam's Print Shop

As we walked through the door I felt we had gone back in time. Reference books lined one wall and every nook and cranny was taken. So neat and tidy, unlike my workspace at home. There stood the oldest printer I'd ever seen; a conglomerate of moveable parts.

The story regarding the printer is better told in Sam's words:

Note: Permission given to use from Sam's website: www.yukoner.com

The Humbling Machine

© By Sam Holloway

A couple of years ago a friend of mine bought an old printing press. He never found the time to use it so, last summer; I traded him an old Dodge truck for it. All the truck needed was a motor, a transmission, tires and a paint job and it would be as good as new, so I know he got the best of me on that deal.

Some friends helped me wrestle the press into the cabin where I set it up on some steel plates so it wouldn't crash through the floor.

When it comes to machinery, I always thought of myself as being smarter than the average bear.

This thing would make my fortune: all I had to do was fire it up and start printing books, magazines, wanted posters, whatever.

Cathy Robertson of Yukon Instant Printing (now Copy/Copy) was kind enough to come out and give me a half-hour lesson and then I sent for a video tape on running this type of press.

I mentioned what kind of press I had to Sam Cawley of Willow Printers. His advice was: "Never turn your back on that model of press."

My first job was to print a book written by a friend of mine. At the Canon dealer I bought some paper at \$8 a ream, got some ink and fountain solution and there I was, in the printing business at last.

I filled the input tray with paper, and slopped some black, gooey, sticky ink into the intake holder, threw the switches for the vacuum and air and then fired up the press.

At lightning speed, the pages rushed through to the other side where they heaped up in a tangled mess. Some pages stuck to the blanket roller and worked their way up through all the ink rollers where they disintegrated into a billion shreds of fibre.

In the meantime, the pages rattled through, turning blacker and blacker all the time.

I shut her down and started my first press wash. When I lifted the ink tray off, long goobers of ink left snaky trails all over my lovely press. Pages were tangled in the belts below the press and I had paper everywhere you could see.

Three hours later I looked like the master mechanic in a tar factory but the press was clean.

I started again and the same thing happened.

So I washed it down then fired it up again and the same thing happened, but not right away.

By the tenth try and five thousand pages later, I actually got one page to print "I've mastered you now, you son-of-a-b----!"

So I piled a thousand sheets onto the input tray and kept adjusting water, fountain solution, buckle settings, vacuum, air, and so forth. Some pages came out faded, some were too dark and some had little rips in them here and there.

Sometimes I would forget to set just one little lever and all hell would break loose in the little cabin. This old press can make a mess quicker than any five-year-old in his mother's kitchen, believe you me.

It took several trips to the Canon store for paper but I kept at it until one day I printed ten different pages and they all looked pretty fair to me. A real printer wouldn't agree but in the Yukon, these pages were passable.

"I've got you now, you son-of-a-b----!"

My ego returned after the humbling days and weeks of fighting this machine. The weather had turned cold and dry and I learned some lessons about humidity and humility. In the middle of a run, the old press started whacking and rattling and thumped itself right up off the steel floor plate. By the time I hit the switch, it happened twice more. I figured the whole works was shot.

What happened was that ten or more pages stuck together with static electricity and went through the rollers all together. A vaporizer from Canadian Tire solved that problem and I actually got a book printed (Ghost Towns & Trails of the Yukon). If you happen to come across one of those books, you'll know it didn't come easy. Darn that old Sawatsky anyhow.

Since I wrote this article, I have printed several books, thousands of business cards, and 11 issues of The Yukoner Magazine. The old press still acts up on almost every run, but now I can figure out what's wrong. Needless to say, it is much easier now. - Sam



Sam's Printer

In the back of the shop stood the neatest collator. Sam explained how it separates the pages for the magazine. Bryan was enthralled with all this unique equipment and would have spent the entire night trying to figure out how it worked if we'd let him. The collator sorts the pages of the magazine. It does in two days what took three weeks doing it by hand. It came from a print shop in Saskatchewan. Sam built a floor, put the collator on it, and then built the walls and roof around it.



The Collator

I'd like to thank Sam and Dianne for the tour and hospitality given to us. It was truly one of the highlights of our trip.

In Part VI we head to Whitehorse. Most of our time was spent in the capital city where we met so many wonderful people. Stories told, experiences of many different varieties – but that's next time

(To be continued)



Rev. & Mrs. Dixon

Photo courtesy Gary McRobb gdmcrobbyknet.ca

After seven years of service at St. Christopher's Anglican Church, **Reverend Canon Geoffrey Dixon and his wife Rosalind** left Haines Junction, Yukon on September 26, 2004 to retire from full-time service in Parksville, B.C.

While serving in Haines Junction, they also traveled tirelessly around the Yukon ministering and teaching.

Starting substitute parish work just four days after unpacking in Parksville, the pace Geoffrey and Rosalind maintain won't slow much with retirement. There have already been several requests for their ministerial and teaching assistance including the Yukon locations of Watson Lake, Old Crow, Dawson City, and Mayo.

Their faithful Pioneer Club Kids are hoping they will return to Haines Junction next year for summer bible club.

Rev. Dixon was ordained in England in 1971. Geoffrey and Rosalind then came to Canada and worked in Arctic communities for several years. They plan to return to Holman Island where their work began.

Their departure from Haines Junction was 33 years ago to the day of Geoffrey's ordination.

They will be greatly missed by many, but we are happy for their new adventure and wish them all the best in their "redirection" of service.

Submitted by Nancy Marshall. Parish Member (forwarded by Gary McRobb)

Hi Sherron:

We delight in sending you this story. How we do appreciate reading and re-reading each copy of the Moccasin Telegraph. It is read with delight. We would be glad to hear of any who knew us back in the 50-60's, in the Yukon. Please e mail us....so we can get acquainted again, especially the "kids" who came to the Sunday school in Mayo.

Gerald & Beulah Newsham gbnewsham@silk.net

A Trip Back In Time

The opportunity for the adventure of a lifetime arrived in the form of an E-mail from Erin Wallingham, early in 2004. Erin had invited us to her wedding in Whitehorse to Clifford Schultz on July 10, 2004. At the same time she wished also to honor her grandparents, Dick and Margaret Wallingham (our former neighbors in Mayo) on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary; and who were purposely being kept in the dark about her plot.

Beulah and I were excited over the prospect of returning to the Yukon, and after making our decision to go; we happily accepted her invitation and began to make plans and reservations for the trip. On July 9th, we flew from Kelowna, B.C. to Whitehorse, arriving in the afternoon under beautiful Yukon skies. There we picked up our reserved Pontiac Sunfire at the Airport and drove to the Gold Rush Motel.

From the Motel we made contact with the bride's parents, Sam and Maureen Wallingham, and were invited to pre-nuptial festivities at their home that evening, making sure that Grandma and Grandpa Wallingham were still blissfully unaware of our arrival.

The morning of July 10th dawned cool and rainy, but by afternoon it had stopped raining in time to proceed with the garden wedding, where friends and family had already gathered. So as not to let the cat out of the bag, we had parked our car out of sight down the block a little way - and remained in it until given the cue to join the group. We were then led stealthily through the back door of Sam and Maureen's home and through Sam's office to the garden, to be shown seats at the rear of the expectant assemblage.

Following a simple wedding ceremony, Uncle Si Woods, (Master of Ceremonies who was in on Erin's plot), signalled us to come forward to 'say a few words' to the guests; and especially to the grandparent's of the bride. A number of those in the gathering were naturally curious as this mystery couple made their way to the front - and where they might fit into the picture.

The crowd was still more mystified when I asked that the Senior Wallinghams join us at the front. Of course they had no idea who we were; and after fifty years we did not recognize them. In little more than a fleeting moment a flood of long forgotten memories began to surface, and heartfelt emotions immediately erupted following my introduction to them as being the once very young pastor who had performed their marriage ceremony in the small town of Mayo in 1954.

During the late afternoon and evening a dinner and reception was held in the Banquet Room of the Yukon Art Centre for some one hundred guests. In broad daylight (around 10.00 p.m. Yukon time), we had taken our leave in anticipation of tomorrow's nostalgic journey into the past: the past where more than fifty years ago, in Mayo, it had all begun. It was there we had first met a teen-aged Margaret Woods and her friend Dick

Wallingham - and the rest is history!

Gerald and Beulah Newsham [Gbnewsham*silk.net](mailto:Gbnewsham@silk.net)

(as told to Beulah's sister Mildred McDonald)

We had Sunday school in the old School which was our home with a big front room. It was owned by the United Keno Hill mines for a time. We are not Anglican or Catholic. We knew Reg Alcock from the Anglican Church. I worked at the Hospital as book keeper for a few years then went to work for Charlie Taylor at T & D's as manager of the Mayo store. At this time I also was fire-chief in the town. We left Mayo in 1962, and this was the first time we returned to look at the changes in Mayo during the last 50+ years.

Thanks for your E Mail

Gerald & Beulah Newsham

Good Afternoon Sherron:

Thank you for the photo taken at the 2003 V.I. Yukoners picnic. It was good of you to take the trouble, and much appreciated. Coincidentally, I received a photo, taken at this years picnic, from Karen (North) Crowley, almost simultaneously.

You mentioned in your e-mail, that you were of the opinion, that Gerald and Buelah Newsham were Ministering for the Anglican Church, in Mayo, in the 50's. I believe that they were connected to a Baptist, Evangelical or Pentecostal Church of some description. As I recall, Rev. Wareham (Anglican Church) had drowned in a tragic accident in a Mayo District lake, shortly prior to our arrival in Mayo, and Archdeacon Kirksey was the Anglican Minister. A Rev. Reg. Alcock followed Rev. Kirksey. Deaconess Hilda Hellaby was also in Mayo for the Anglican Church at that time, and provided both educational and spiritual services to the First Nations people in the Mayo District.

Miss Hellaby was greatly loved and admired by everyone who knew and was associated with her. I believe that she would be a most suitable candidate for a special edition. Dr. J.V. Clarke is another candidate I would suggest as a prime candidate. I have very often stated that Dr. Clarke was the only true genius I have ever known, or been associated with, and displayed all the usual characteristics.

I have often wondered if Reg. Alcock, the Liberal M.P. from Winnipeg, prominent in current news, is connected with the Rev. Alcock we knew in Mayo.

Our boys attended Newsham's Sunday School. It was only a block from our residence (the former Alec & Babe Smith residence), and on the same street.

I will put together another episode of our Northern Adventure soon.

Sincerely, Don Machan [demachan*telus.net](mailto:demachan@telus.net)

I was trying to obtain a photo of the church where the Sunday School took place and had approached Don before I learned that the Sunday School had taken place in the Newsham's home.

As a point of interest, I have not been able to come up with the photo of the Anglican Church in Mayo in the 1950's. If anyone has one it would be nice to share it with the group.

I have agreed with Don that tributes to Hilda Hellaby and Dr. Clarke are in order, and have asked if he would be willing to collect the messages from our group since I never met either and could not do the job justice. If you met either of these people would you please send a message to Don. demachan@telus.net If anyone could help Don with this challenge, with photos or other memorabilia please send them along to him. If he does not receive anything from the group I am not expecting that he will proceed.

– Sherron

FORMER MAYOITES MEET AFTER 49 YEARS

Hi Sherron

Attached is a picture of Don Machan and his wife Bev and I at the Yukoners picnic in Aug. I was delighted to attend this picnic and get re-acquainted with my old teacher. We had not seen each other for forty-nine years, so had a wonderful day "remembering when". Don Machan was my teacher back in the early '50's in Mayo. Thanks to you and MocTel many old friendships have been rekindled.

Karren Crowley (North) kbcrowley*telus.net



Karren Crowley (North), Bev & Don Machan – Nanoose Bay Yukoners Picnic
Photo courtesy Karren Crowley



Tagish Bridge – Sept. 8 2004

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones@klondiker.com

Can anyone tell us how Tagish Beach got the name California Beach and is it still referred to as that? Who remembers Tagish Anne's and all the baked goodies? - Sherron

SNOWBIRDS LEAVING

Sherron -- Joe Roenspies kelly-roen@rogers.com You asked me for a contribution about the 5 1/2 years in the Yukon, and I haven't forgotten you. The problem is that we are leaving for the winter to Arizona in 8 days time, and with all the stuff that needs to be done, I don't think I am going to have the time before we go. The Indians have been very good to us with their Indian Summer, and even the leaves on the trees are taking their own sweet time about falling, and I hate to leave with the lawn covered with leaves. I tell you, I have been praying for a killing frost, about minus 10 C would be great. In any event you can hold me to it, bug me, harangue me, but after we get settled back in here again, I'll give it a whirl. Its all lies anyway.

By the way, I have a son in the Force who was transferred to Kamloops July 1st this year. He was born August 16, 1965 in Whse, and his oldest sister was born same hospital August 16, 1963. Our youngest daughter was born in the same Hospital as I was, Humboldt, SK on 4th August, 1967.

So I must go, have a good winter, and by the way, we will not be taking our computer with us. We are renting this time, and we have to take everything with us, AND bring it all back. WE sold our place down there and there is nowhere to leave stuff from one year's end to the next. So we kind of have to "...make a list and check it twice..." as the song goes. All the very best -- Joe

PS We expect to leave here on Oct. 21, and return to Ottawa on about Apr. 20th, 2005, with a tan and a much better golf swing. JCR

I suggested to Joe, that he should keep his wish for -10 to his part of the world and asked if I could use his message since it contained some interesting information. – Sherron

I'm not sure you are aware of this but members of the Force once stationed in the Yukon have a Yukon Night every year at some location. I'm not sure where it is being held this year, we have never been able to attend one yet, in 2002 it was at Red Deer, AB but we always seem to be "...a day late and a dollar short..." some how. Oh, and finally, you don't have to hold the MocTel for me, go ahead, publish, and I'll pick up when we come back.

Have a great time of fun in the sun and will be back on line next spring. Joe - alias GPB (my staff used to call me Grand Pooh Bah)

HAINES JUNCTION TO CEDAR BC



Thought you might like a picture of the old couple....Yip it's us...Larry & Lois Tremblay playing tourists in Chemainus, B.C. last spring. granny9t@shaw.ca

Larry and I lived in the Yukon from 1972 until he retired from Parks Canada in 1985. We lived at the old "Farm" and 4 of our 5 children went to school in Haines Junction. Our daughters Terry & Kelli being among some of the first graduates of grade 12 there. Before that the children had to take their High school in Whitehorse and be boarded out for the school year.

I was manager of the then, Chevron Self-Serve gas station for the first three years it was open. I worked also for Jack Brewster doing books and Cooking at Mother's Cozy Corner for many years. I could tell many funny stories of happenings at all three places.

Larry is still a Yukoner and works his mining property every summer spending some 6 or 7 months enjoying the Yukon scenery.

We did buy property in Cedar, B.C. just outside of Nanaimo in 1985 and was to be our "Retirement Dream Home". But, like I said can't drag Larry out of the North.

I am quite satisfied to stay home and keep the "Home Fires" burning in a warmer climate. I do miss the pretty fall colors from up there, but not the cold weather.

Cherio, Lois granny9t@shaw.ca

A MESSAGE FROM KARREN CROWLEY



“The Mayo Polar Bears”

Karren North, Lois Cole, Penny North, Sheila Scambler, Mary Jean Boyle

This picture was taken of "our gang", I think in Mary Jean Boyles house. The name of our school club was "the Mayo Polar Bears". Although, anyone that went to high school was a member of the club, it seemed that these "girls" ran the show! They had great times together, as teenagers in a small town. It would be just grand if we could turn the clock back.

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

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD IN YUKON

A short note to say hello and thanks, I have been slowly catching up on my reading of Moc Tel, I have downloaded issues as they become available and saved them for times when I can actually read them. I am finding it quite enjoyable and informative, some of the people's names are familiar and some of the stories do come close to my childhood, such as the story of Buzzsaw Jimmy.

I remember when I would detour from the assigned street I was to follow to attend kinder garden to watch the saws cutting up fire wood, either I would be late for school or late arriving home or mom would catch me in the act as she had to come look for me. The sound of the saw and the smell of wood would draw me like a magnet as a child, and yes mom would scold me of the danger and for not obeying. I wonder if Jimmy might have been the person sawing back during those years.

Some one who I remember back during those years was a man called "Wigwam Harry" I cant be certain if I spelt it correctly but he was a fascinating person to find in my travel's as a child.

He was tall with long gray hair and beard and dressed in dirty long under wear and pants with bracers. I would watch him digging like a fiend as I was being towed by the hand so I would not stop to ask a thousand questions as was my habit as a child.

I enjoyed articles on bush planes, as a child I was drawn to the float plane dock in whiskey flats.

One article on leaving the Yukon, echoes many of my own feelings when I left the Yukon, the north never left me.

Any how I've been able to read nearly half of the issues to date as time permits, the rest of the time is life in progress. "The faster I go the farther I get behind", "I play at my desk when I can escape"

In closing the best to all. Ron Hiltz [ronmarg*glinx.com](mailto:ronmarg@glinx.com)

OBIT INDEX – YUKON NEWS 1960's thru 1980's

You can view an index of the deaths recorded in the Yukon New during this 30 year period at these addresses. Actual newspapers are archived at Yukon Archives.

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~canyk/yn1960s.html>

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~canyk/yn1970s.html>

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~canyk/yn1980s.html>

OBIT

Obituaries (10/16/04)

MACWILLIAM _ Betty-Jean 1930- 2004. It is with great sadness that we announce that Betty-Jean (Beegee) MacWilliam, beloved wife, mother, grandmother, sister and aunt, passed away at the Rockyview General Hospital in Calgary on October 4, 2004. She was 74 years young. She will be dearly remembered and missed by her loving husband of 48 years, Donald; children Alex (Paula), Bruce and Christina; grandchildren, Cameron, Andrew, Lindsay and Tala; **brother Gordon (Bonnie) Cameron** of Edmonton; and sister Helen (Gerald) Braden of Menlo Park California; many nieces and nephews and by countless friends in the many places around the world she has lived and visited. She was predeceased by her **parents Willard and Jessie Cameron**, son Grant Philip and nephew Jay Skelding. Beegee was born in Vancouver on September 20, 1930 and attended Florence Nightingale School **before moving with her family to the Yukon Territory in 1942**. Beegee returned to Vancouver to complete high school at King Edward High School and worked for the Standard Oil Company **before moving back to Whitehorse in 1953**. **While working at the White Pass & Yukon Railway**, Beegee met a young law student from Calgary employed on the riverboat "Tutshi". Beegee and Don MacWilliam were married in Whitehorse on December 20, 1955 and started their family in the Yukon shortly thereafter. They moved to Calgary in 1960 and there until 1979 when they moved to Stavanger, Norway. After five very enjoyable years in Norway, Beegee and Don returned to Calgary. Following Don's retirement in 1989, Beegee and Don moved to

Vancouver and, 2 years later, to Victoria. They returned to Calgary in 1997. They travelled to Europe, the Caribbean, Fiji, Tahiti, New Zealand and Australia and made close and longlasting friendships wherever they went. Beegee loved people and animals. She gave freely of her time to a variety of volunteer organizations in Alberta and British Columbia. She bravely battled a chronic lung disorder for the last five years of her life. Despite her ongoing struggles, Beegee continued to devote herself to her family and friends. If friends so desire, memorial tributes may be made in Beegee's name to the Calgary Humane Society's "By Leaps and Bounds Campaign". The family wishes to give special thanks to Dr. Dargie, Pastor Glasgow and the nurses and staff of Units 57 and 59 at the Rockyview General Hospital for the compassionate care they provided to Beegee in her final weeks and for the understanding and consideration they showed to our family during this difficult period.

Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

Sherron - Thanks for the obit on my Aunt Beegee. One thing that might interest your Yukon history oriented readers - she often told me of her vivid recollection of the day Les Cook crashed on the street only a hundred yards from their house on Lambert Street. She had just gotten home from school, and was visiting with her mom, when they heard the roar of the stalling (wings, not engine) Norseman, as it barely cleared their house. My dad watched it all from the airport escarpment, and for a few horrifying seconds it looked to him like it was going to hit his parent's house. December 4, 1942 - a tragic day for the Yukon. Bob Cameron

Help Hint

I found since I have all the Moccasin Telegraphs and all the information and photos submitted to me in one huge file it is getting more and more time consuming to find any one piece of information.

I suspected that I may be able to SELECT ALL and CTRL F to search the whole file of MocTel information and it worked.

I even saved it all with my DVD burner onto one DVD disc and I just did a test by opening the DVD disc and opened the MocTel folder, did SELECT ALL and CTRL F and opted to search ALL FILES and folders and entered **Johnnie Johns** as the keyword and up came MocTel 38. (I am able to do the same thing on my hard drive by first selecting only the MocTel file.)

Then all I needed to do was open MocTel 38 and CTRL F again and enter **Johnnie Johns** in that window and click on FIND NEXT and it goes right to the line and highlights **Johnnie Johns**.

(I did have the alternate spelling Johnny Johns in a number of other places.)

(I often use CTRL F to search a WORD document or a MocTel edition for a particular name and it is a wonderful tool.) – Sherron

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron, Sam Holloway has been forwarding The Moccasin Telegraph to me. Although we are in the same household, we have different email addresses so I would like to get my own copy. I am a writer and the publisher of The Yukoner Magazine. I've lived in the Yukon for 20 years this month. Arrived here on my birthday in 1984 and have been writing about the Yukon ever since.

Dianne Green, publisher
Yukoner Magazine
Yukoner*marshlake.polarcom.com

Sheila Becker has been so kind in sharing the 'Moccasin Telegraph' with me and find it very interesting. Please put me on your mailing list. My name is Alice Laursen. My maiden name is Martin. I was born in Dawson and attended school in Whitehorse. So that makes me a true "Yukoner". I now live in Penticton. I can be reached by email at ronal*shaw.ca
Keep up the good work.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The best thing parents can do for their children is to love each other.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Mustard Sauce - Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

Easy and excellent with baked ham.

1 cup sugar
4 tsp dry mustard
2 eggs
2/3 cup vinegar

Whip with whisk.
Microwave to boil.
Thickens as it cools.

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