

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Eighty-Sixth Edition- Oct. 31, 2004

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



“Our son a long time ago.”

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

HALLOWEEN

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

I sit and watch the evening news,
With all its, troubles, blood and gore,
I pale at the announcers views,
Then comes a knock upon my door.
A long and piercing scream I hear,
And after that, a troubled moan.
I try to overcome my fear,
But still my apprehension's growin'.

With trembling hands I turn the lock,
(I am a senior, gray and hobbelin')
Out on my porch, much to my shock,
I spy a mob of ghosts and goblins.
One is just a skeleton,
His bones reflect an eerie glow.
One has a lighted halo on,
But he is not a saint, I know.

There's buccaneers in pirate masks,
Who boldly fly the Jolly Roger.
They've swords and guns and whisky flasks,
Enough to cow this spineless codger.
I see an ancient warty hag,

Draped in costume, long and loose,
A headless man, two dressed in drag,
And there's a hangman with his noose.

No good will come of this I know.
They've come to cause us, hurt and pain,
They carry pillow sacks to stow
Their booty, ill begotten gains.
But it's my castle; I'm the king,
"What is it that you want", I bleat.
As one, their childish voices ring,
With joy and laughter "Trick or Treat."

As I top up their goody bags,
I have some feeling of chagrin,
Then shuffle back into my chair,
To watch the daily news again.
So thankful that I'm living free,
Where naught but this will cause me fright,
For its All Hallowed 'een, you see,
Ghosts and goblins roam tonight.

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The Witch's Cat

Webshot's photo courtesy Ron Kimball Studios

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

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Chapter 29

(Chapter 28 was eliminated at Jeanne's request, they were not in Yukon.)

We quit our jobs, put the trailer up for sale and loaded the Toronado with everything it could carry. The rest was piled high on the pick-up, covered with canvas and tied down.

We started off with me leading as I was afraid if Jeanne got ahead of me in that car I probably would not see her again until Rupert. She had a heavy foot and that car could really go. There were no problems. At Vancouver we visited my sister Doris and her husband Ron. Then we drove up the Fraser Canyon and on to Prince George where we took Highway 16 to Rupert.

This highway had many gravel surfaced stretches. One day I noticed that I had not seen Jeanne for some time so turned around and went back. When I found her she was parked on the side of the road with everything that had been in the trunk piled up outside. She had a flat tire and to get the spare the trunk had to be emptied. She was not a bit happy about it. When everything was squared away we set off. We did not go very far when she had another flat. The car was new, and of course, so were the tires but they were only two-ply and could not stand up to the gravel surface. We left the car and took the pick-up to Terrace, bought two new heavy duty tires and went back to get the car.

On arrival in Rupert we went to the Pacific Western base and met Dan McIver who had flown in from Vancouver to meet us and to get me started on the job. When we were settled in, Dan took me around the base to get acquainted with the personnel and see how the base operated.



Prince Rupert Base
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

For aircraft there were three Grumman Goose amphibious flying boats, a Beaver on floats and a Cessna 180 on floats. A large hangar for aircraft, storage and repair sat back from the water about two hundred feet. It had a large cement pad in front for aircraft parking, fueling facilities, and a cement ramp down into the water for the amphibians to get in and out of the water. Along the beach away was the office, ticket counters, passenger waiting room and pilots' room. Directly below the office were the floating docks for the floatplanes. There was a thirty-foot tide in this area, which had to be considered when building docks and ramps. Out in front of these facilities was a wide inlet from the ocean, which was used for the landings and take offs.

There was a good airport with six thousand foot hard surfaced runways but it was on an island about five miles away. The only way to get to it was by ferryboat or the amphibious aircraft. C.P. Air had two daily flights in and out of the airport using large

aircraft. Our job was to meet those flights with the three Goose amphibians using the wheels on the runway and load the passengers and baggage for Stewart and Alice Arm. If there were more passengers than the three airplanes could handle, the Beaver and Cessna landed on the water and tied up to a floating dock. A bus then delivered the passengers to them.

Dan checked me out in the Goose as I had never flown one before. He was an excellent pilot having flown for many years. The Goose could be a very dangerous airplane if the pilot was careless and left the undercarriage down while landing on the water. That was instant death to everyone aboard.

When Dan left for Vancouver I was on my own so settled down to observe the operation. There were two scheduled runs daily to Stewart and Alice Arm. Both of these places were at the ends of long inlets. Stewart was one hundred thirty miles from Rupert and Alice Arm one hundred miles. The flight was over salt water all the way and strictly visual as there were no aids for instrument flying except at Rupert. On the second flight of the day one Goose stayed at Stewart overnight to bring out passengers that wanted to catch the early morning C.P. Air flight south to Vancouver.

Seal Cove was the name of the base in Rupert. First thing in the morning two Goose with just the pilots and one agent flew to the airport and waited for C.P. Air. The third Goose would arrive from Stewart. When the passengers and baggage had been checked through the agent, they were loaded and the three aircraft would take off one after the other. About a third of the way, one would branch off for Alice Arm, the other two would go on to Stewart, which had the largest portion of the traffic. At Alice Arm the aircraft landed in the water, put down his wheels and taxied up a cement ramp to the terminal. The Stewart planes were all able to land on a five thousand foot runway. In winter if the snow had not been plowed off the runway, they could land in the water and park at a dock. All three would return to Rupert then repeat the same procedure in the afternoon with the exception of the one staying overnight at Stewart.

All bases and aircraft had radios so contact was kept with each one at all times. Prince Rupert was notorious for its bad weather so flying was not easy especially when maintaining a schedule under visual flight rules. In summer it seemed to rain all the time resulting in low ceilings and restricted visibility. Many days fog sat right on the water. In winter there was all of the above plus snowstorms and freezing temperatures.

Five days before we arrived in Rupert the company had had a fatal accident. A Chinese pilot had been returning to Rupert in bad weather in a Cessna 180 float plane. He was alone and had tried to cross a mountain ridge two thousand feet above sea level. Why he was so high in bad weather could not be figured out. Anyhow the aircraft crashed just fifty feet below the ridge.

Denny McCartney my friend from Winnipeg was the insurance adjustor and arrived in Rupert. He wanted me to go with him to see the wreck so he could visualize what had happened. We got in a helicopter flown by Bruce Payne and went up. Denny was an

expert at figuring out what happened to aircraft just before they crashed. The wreckage was sitting on the left side of a gully which ran from tide water, two thousand feet directly below, to the top of the ridge. It was fifty feet below the ridgeline. From the wreckage we walked back and around to the opposite side of the gully to look for clues. Sure enough the trees over there had their tops clipped off indicating the pilot had hugged the hillside as close as possible knowing he was going to have to turn to the left and needing all the room he could get to do it. He completed a one hundred eighty degree turn all right but when he leveled his wings, the right one hit a fairly big tree. This spun the plane right around so when it hit the ground it was going backwards and shedding parts as it went.

When it stopped the pilot was still alive but badly hurt. He got out of the plane and took the metal box that contained the emergency rations with him. Eventually he started down the hill dragging the box. Probably his intention was to get to the water where he would stand a chance of hailing a boat. He only went about a hundred feet when he must have discovered that he was more seriously hurt than he had thought. He left the box there and tried to get back to the wreck but died when part way. He was found the next day and flown out by helicopter.

While we were at the accident site we noticed that the fire extinguisher, radios, instruments and life preservers were there; the next day when the helicopter went back to get that equipment, it was all gone. During the night someone in a boat who knew where the aircraft was had landed two thousand feet below, climbed the mountain, gathered up all the stuff and made off with it. The police were notified and it was six months before it was all found in an abandoned gravel pit just out of town.



Wyn, Don, Bud & Doug - Prince Rupert 1968
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

The base was short of Goose pilots as the manager who had preceded me was the one and he had left the company. The Chinese pilot who had died on the mountain was another so there was only one other fellow Doug Veitch and myself. The other pilots were not twin engine qualified so I had to start a training school. When I was not flying a schedule, I spent all the time I could with three of them. They were all young and sharp fellows so it did not take too long before they had their endorsements on their licenses and were able to take over the scheduled runs.

The Grand Duke mine, a short way out of Stewart, had developed into a very large operation employing several hundred men. Also, a mine had started up at Alice Arm. This, too, was a large operation so our traffic was growing to the point where we had to run second sections for each schedule. This meant the aircraft had to double back after each trip to make another. This was working everyone pretty hard. I was flying as much as I could as a relief pilot spelling everyone off.

Jeanne went to work in the office on Saturdays and Sundays at first and later as a full time agent. Her job was to go to the airport in the morning in a Goose, check the passengers and baggage then return to the base on the ferry. She repeated the procedure in the afternoon.

John Theis and I were flying two Goose to Stewart one day when we came to a layer of fog about a thousand feet thick and laying right on the water. It was sunny above it so we flew on until we knew we were over Stewart. There was no way to get down as the fog continued beyond the end of the channel into the mountain passes so we went back to where the fog began. We met the Beaver on the way and told Don Munroe the pilot by radio there was no way he could get down at Stewart. He might as well land with us and we could taxi the twenty miles there.

The channel was about five miles wide here. We spread out a good distance apart so there would be little danger of running into each other in the fog and landed. Once into it the visibility was only a hundred feet. A compass course had to be set to keep from running into the beach. Our speed had to be less than ten miles an hour or we would ruin our props with water spray. It was over two hours before I saw a large metal buoy in front of me. I recognized it as the one barges were tied to at Stewart after being unloaded at the dock.

I stayed at the buoy until the other airplanes found the dock and were tied up. Then I started looking for it. I had the farthest to go as I had been on the opposite side of the channel. When I got closer to the dock John could hear my engines so directed me in. Most of our passengers were repeaters so they were used to just about anything happening on these flights and, of course, could tell the first trippers hairy tales of previous flights they had made.

Summer conditions were bad enough but in winter our problems escalated. Anytime you mix water, freezing temperatures and airplanes together there is no end to your troubles. We tried to use plus fifteen degrees fahrenheit as a cut-off. Below that the problems could be serious.

The Goose was a very wet airplane. On take off, water came right over the windshield, the passenger side windows and sometimes right over the engines. It was the same when landing so the passengers felt they were in a submarine. I was caught out one day in ten degrees going from Stewart to Alice Arm and then to Rupert. I had taken off from the airport in Stewart so, of course, there was no problem. I had to land in the water at Alice

Arm and that was okay. I taxied up the ramp, picked up my passengers and backed down into the water. I now had a heavy load so a great deal of water went all over the aircraft. I had set the elevators and rudder trim tabs for take off and climb. When I got to cruising altitude and tried to level off with the trim tabs they were frozen solid. The windshield was also a solid sheet of ice so I could not see forward.



Ramp at Prince Rupert – Goose
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

The aircraft had dual controls and the passenger sitting beside me was an elderly man but looked strong. I asked him to push on the control column to hold it forward so I could keep the nose down in level position. He was happy to oblige but one man could not last very long, as the pressure was very heavy so we alternated back and forth. It was a fifty-minute flight. We were both pretty tired of this heavy-duty way of flying an airplane. When I called the airport operator and told him I was on a long approach, he advised me that C.P. Air was also in the vicinity and intended to land. I called the C.P. Air captain and told him I was all iced up and could not see forward. If he saw a Goose he should stay clear. He said he was going out over the ocean and would wait until I was down.

On final approach I had to sideslip to see the runway out the side window then at the last few seconds straighten up and land. After touchdown I was able to keep straight by watching the edge of the pavement. When I was clear of the runway, C.P. Air landed. The pilot came over to look at the flying iceberg. He said it was no wonder I was squawking having to fly a thing like that.

* * * * *

Doug Veitch and I were flying to Rupert together when about twenty miles out we ran into a very heavy snow squall so landed in a channel behind a long island to wait until it passed. I had a full load of passengers and he was empty. We drifted in the centre of the channel with the engines idling so the planes would not turn sideways as there was a four foot choppy swell. They were pitching up and down so water was going over the top of them sometimes killing the engines. Of course, there was water going by the passenger windows continually which made the passengers nervous but there was nothing else we

could do as it was snowing so heavily we could hardly see one another a hundred yards apart.

We had been there for an hour with no let up in the snow. It was also beginning to get dark. We decided to find a place where we could beach the planes so we let them drift backwards and watched the shore. But it was all rock. Another half hour passed and no beach. I was getting really worried, as I did not know what I could possibly do in the dark with those passengers. Suddenly I saw a light spot in the air ahead and told Doug. He said he saw it, too, and to get out of there. We opened the throttle and took off. We only flew a few minutes in the snow when we broke out into clear air. What a relief!

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One day Jeanne was monitoring the radio and was startled out of her chair when a Mayday came in. That to the flying people is the same as an SOS is to the sea, a call for help. Aircraft say, MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY, the identification of the aircraft, and the position and repeat that three times. Then you listen for an answer. If one is received you then give the nature of your problem. Jeanne acknowledged receiving the Mayday. At the same time she dialed the Coast Guard Search and Rescue.

One of our Goose aircraft was down on the sea. The pilot Winston Hopkins had nine passengers aboard including women and one child. They were about seventy miles out with ten-foot swells. The aircraft was being severely pounded. They were in imminent danger of going down. The Coast Guard advised they could have their large Sikorsky S-61 helicopter in the air in about twenty minutes. It could carry twenty passengers, was quite fast for helicopters and could land on the water.



Goose at Ramp on Alice Arm – Prince Rupert
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

I was on the base and had been notified of the problems so I grabbed an engineer and lots of extra nylon rope and rushed over to the helicopter. The idea was that while the Coast Guard rescued the passengers, which they were well trained to do, the engineer and I would try to salvage the aircraft. Before we left, the pilot had told Jeanne that he had put

all his passengers into life preservers and on top of the wing, as he was afraid the aircraft was going to sink. He did not want anyone trapped in the cabin.

We were soon off on our way and it seemed like it was taking years to make that seventy miles. Upon arrival we saw a seventy-foot Fisheries Patrol boat lying off the aircraft. After contacting them by radio we were told everyone had been taken off by rubber dinghy and were safe on the boat. The seas were too rough for the helicopter to land so it was arranged to rendezvous behind a small island about three miles away. It would take the boat awhile to get there so we circled the aircraft sizing up the chance of saving it.

The wing floats that normally kept the airplane from rolling over when it was sitting on the water had broken loose from the electric motors in the wing. These motors moved the floats from a down position when sitting on the water to up when they formed the wing tip when flying or landing on the ground. The float and strut were still attached to their pivot bolts in the wing but were swinging through an arc of one hundred eighty degrees from the wing tip to far inboard on the bottom surface of the wing. When the float was at the wing tip the wing could only go to the water and the float would keep it from going any further but when that wing went down and the float was in the inboard position the wing tip could go far under water raising the other wing high in the air. The airplane was floating just a few hundred yards from a vertical rock wall that went right straight down into the sea. It was slowly drifting towards it.

We thought if we could get back in time we could lash the floats with rope in their proper position so the airplane would stay level while the boat towed it to a beach. There, we could get it out of the water to make a better repair. After that was settled we flew to the island and landed in its lee where the water was not quite so rough. When the boat arrived the passengers had been fed and with lots of hot coffee were warmed up and in good spirits. The transfer was made using the rubber dinghy to the helicopter and the engineer and I went aboard the boat where our pilot had stayed.

The boat Captain agreed to help us try to salvage the airplane. After the helicopter left, the boat made its way back to the aircraft. When we got there it was only a couple of hundred feet from the rock wall. The dinghy took the pilot and engineer to the aircraft and when they were aboard he took me and two long ropes to one wing float. We had to be very careful because if the wing came down on us while we were underneath it, we would be swamped. While waiting for us, the other two had got up on the wing and by moving it back and forth were able to stabilize the roll. After tying two ropes to the base of the strut where it attached to the float, I threw the other end of one up to the guys on top. I took the other to the aircraft and when the float was hanging vertical made it fast. Then the guys on top with their rope over the wing tip heaved in on it and made it fast to a hoisting ring bolt in the top of the wing. We now had one float in position. The aircraft was pitching up and down from a very high wave action so things were not easy.

The crewman running the motor of the dinghy took me to the other side to do the same thing. Only we had an extra problem there as there was a small breathing hole in the top

of the float and it had been under water so much that the float was half full of water making it very heavy. There was a drain plug in the bottom of the float but the machine was bouncing so badly it was impossible to get it out. The only way we were going to keep the aircraft level was for someone to ride on top of the opposite wing to keep it balanced. I elected to do that. A heavy, rope had been run from the bow of the plane to the stern of the boat keeping them about two hundred feet apart. I took up my position on the wing. The pilot and engineer got inside the aircraft and we were underway. The boat captain knew of a sandy beach in a protected bay.

It would take us about two hours to reach as we had to travel very slowly. The boat captain really knew his business and the tow went along well. Once in a great while the crew in the aircraft would have to start an engine to bring us back into line with the boat as the wind was strong and would blow it to the side. But most of the time the aircraft pilot was able to keep it straight with the water rudder on the aircraft. My position was very uncomfortable as it was raining now and to keep out of the wind as much as possible I was lying down holding on to a jagged hole in the top of the wing that the electric motor had been forced through.

In a couple of hours we pulled into a small cove and the towrope was cast off. The aircraft wheels were put down, the engines started and we taxied up onto a nice sandy beach. It was so dark by now we just left the aircraft and went out to the boat in the dinghy. They said they would stay with us until we made a more permanent repair in the morning. Then we could fly the aircraft home. We had a good meal, a good bunk and a good sleep while riding at anchor.

In the morning we cut wooden wedges to drive in around the float fitting in the wing, which held it solidly. The skin on the wing was smoothed out. We taped over the hole, drained the floats and we were ready to go. We put the plane in the water and did a few circles to test the floats. Then we were up and on our way home. Upon arrival there was a reception committee to meet us. All the passengers that had been on the aircraft the previous day were there. They wanted to thank Winston the pilot for doing such a wonderful job of looking after them and actually saving their lives. In fact, he had been short one life preserver so gave a passenger his own personal one leaving himself without one and he could not swim a single stroke.

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One day the weather was so bad with fog nothing could fly. C.P.Air had cancelled their flights, too. We had a radio call from Stewart that a man working in the mine had been severely injured and needed hospital attention. Would we come to get him? I told them we would try. I asked Don Munroe the Beaver pilot if he would like to go with me. He was a good natured, happy go lucky guy all the time and always game for anything. He also had a good pair of eyes, which I would need. He was ready to go.

I took my favourite Goose which was a lighter machine than the others and which I could throw around the sky like a Piper Cub. It also had the best windshield wipers of the

fleet. I would need them this wet foggy day. Along the beach where the land and sea met was white surf, which we followed like a white line on a highway. However, we were doing one hundred forty-five miles an hour and the highway could end any time against a rock wall. We stayed at fifty feet above the water, as that would clear any boats that were in our path so I did not have to watch for them. I just concentrated on the white surf. There were many bays and inlets. Some were many miles across so when we came to them we had to leave the shore and fly across open water then pick up the shore again on the other side. I left the wing floats down in the water landing position so if I had to I could chop the power and sit down immediately. It was quite a strain but with Don's good humor we were getting along okay.

We followed the right hand shore of the Portland Canal. When we got to Observatory Channel, which went to Alice Arm, I had to cross a wide body of open water to get back into the Portland Canal to get to Stewart. When we were across I picked up the left side of the channel to follow as that was my side and I could make instant changes in direction without going through Don.

The Stewart airport was only ten feet above high tide and the end of it was only one hundred yards from the water. When we got to the end of the channel the wheels went down and we were on. The injured man had died so there was no great rush about going back although they wanted us to take the body out to Rupert. Other people loaded the body while Don and I went up town for lunch. When we got back in an hour and a half the fog had risen a bit so we had almost a mile of visibility. We left Stewart and had a much better trip back.

We had a desperate call from the mine the next day to bring back the body as an inquest had not been held and the body should never have left Stewart until that was done. The undertaker brought it back and put it in the airplane in a box this time. The weather was better so I went alone. When I landed at Stewart, the inquest jury was on the runway. I stayed in my seat. They all got in, viewed the body, had the inquest then got out. I cranked up the engines and flew back to Rupert.

I later learned the body had been flown to Italy for burial. He had probably flown more miles after death than he had while alive.

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Another incident that happened at Rupert before I got there occurred when a pilot and just one woman passenger were flying down the channel and they crashed into the water. The aircraft sank immediately but he got out his side window and swam a short distance to shore where there was a vertical rock wall. He found a small shelf that he could stand on but when the tide was out there were many feet below him. He was there all afternoon and night until some time the next day when he was found and taken off.

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The Goose was a wonderful airplane for the job we were doing. It was well built, strong, and had adequate power with two Pratt and Whitney four hundred fifty horsepower engines. The weak link in the chain was the wing floats, which were subject to damage and many times were. Each one could be retracted or lowered independently of the other so when going into a left hand dock the pilot would ask a few of the left seat passengers to cross the aisle to the right side to make it heavier. Then he would retract the left float until it cleared the dock. When the airplane stopped moving, that float would be lowered again to keep the plane level.

One amusing thing to watch but terribly embarrassing for the pilot and terrifying to the passengers was to see a Goose taxi down a ramp with the wing floats retracted. When it got to the water and started to float one wing or the other would go right down until the tip and float reached the water putting the aircraft at a terrible angle and the passengers' windows almost under water. Of course, the pilot would quickly hit the switch extending the float and bringing the wing up level again but by then he felt about an inch high.

The airplane had a very large nose compartment that would hold eight or nine hundred pounds of baggage. When empty there was an opening in front of the co-pilot's seat where a person could get into and open two large hatch covers. He could stand in the forepeak and drop an anchor or tie up to a floating buoy.

The undercarriage was very narrow being only the width of the hull, so in cross winds or any movement on land, caution was the word.

(To be continued)

OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART VI

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

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

We left Army Beach, excited about our visit with Sam Holloway and Dianne Green. As we drove toward Whitehorse familiar scenes of the hills and mountains passed by. As a teen I enjoyed exploring new territory and this area had my footprints all over them. How I longed to stop and see if I could find the trees that had my initials from the mid 1960's carved into the bark. We were growing tired and around 10:30 we pulled into Wolf Creek Campground.

I was surprised at how much Wolf Creek had changed. There used to be residents living here but now the entire area was a campground. Well maintained and laid out. I would recommend a stay here.

In the morning we again pulled out our trusty cookstove. It was definitely broken in and already bore scars from the trip. The water for tea was heating and oatmeal with toast was on the menu. The campground offered a good nights' rest but I was looking forward

to getting the highway dust and smoke from the forest fires off our bodies. A trip to the Takhini Hotsprings was in order.

Surprises at the changing landscape kept our eyes wandering. The highway at the top of the Two Mile Hill had been widened and every lane had vehicles in them. The only thing familiar to me in this area was the deep gully on the north side of the road and I noticed the arrow on the Forest Services fire hazard notice board was pointing to extreme. The road leading to the Takhini Hotsprings was now paved and also widened. It was nice to travel on pavement but, secretly, I was missing the narrow, dusty road we traveled on as teens. It's called progress and at least the warm pool would be the same.

The entire area at the Hotsprings has been modernized. The camping area holds all sizes of vehicles – from the small sports car to the huge motorhomes that pull full-sized vehicles behind them. The campground is very well kept, however we had no intention of staying there as other accommodations were waiting for us. The outside of the building has had a paint job and as we walked through the front door I noticed the inside of the building had also been spruced up. It looked and felt clean and welcoming. I wondered if they still served their infamous Black Forest Cake. I checked the shelves and, sure enough, there it was in all its glory. Thank goodness some things stay constant I thought. Everything had changed from our last visit in 1999. You now had to lease a lock for \$10.00 for the locker, refundable when you returned it. The changing area, to me was completely unrecognizable to the point I had trouble finding the exit later. Everything had a fresh coat of paint in vibrant colors and the floor supported wooden foot racks to walk on. Impressive.



Takhini Hotsprings Café

The water level was lower than I had remembered so that an adult non-swimmer had no problem touching the bottom of the pool. The water needed a good cleaning and felt there was no excuse to have the bugs floating on top as the facility had just opened for the day. Nonetheless, we spent two hours soaking and chatting with the tourists. A visit to Whitehorse is not complete without a visit to the Takhini Hotsprings.



Change Room



Entrance area at Hot Springs

After a wonderful, relaxing soak we headed to the home of Rick and Joy Ross, my former husband and wife. I made good use of their laundry room and that evening they treated us to a delicious bar-be-que. We visited with our granddaughter, Krystal, and daughter, Verena as both of them were staying there. I was thinking it would be very easy to get used to this life.

Don & Muriel Frizzell were expecting us and had offered us the use of their motorhome. The Frizzells are the owners of Willow Printers in Porter Creek and actually lived on the same street I did in the 1970's. It was interesting to see how our old house had been fixed up and couldn't believe how big Porter Creek had grown.



Muriel & Don Frizzell

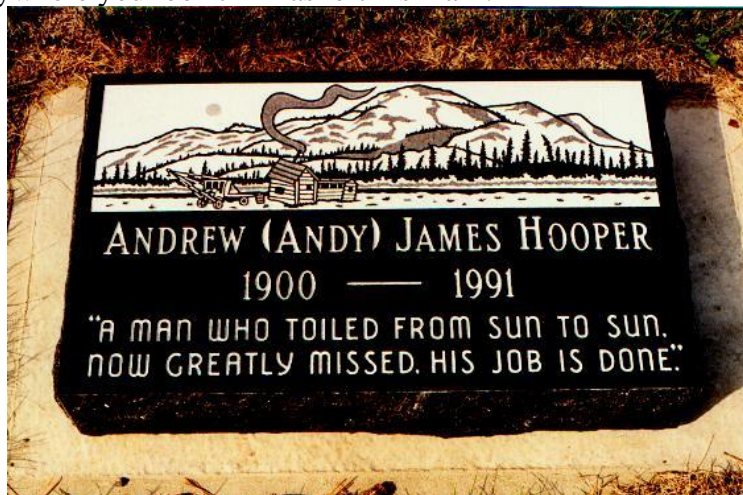
The motorhome offered to us was a converted Greyhound Bus and what a beauty it was! It literally had everything, including a microwave, television and entertainment package. Talk about luxury. Bryan enjoyed being able to stretch his legs while sleeping, something you can't do in the back of a Jimmy. We took Don up on his offer and decided to make this home base for the rest of our trip. It was so hot in Whitehorse that we enjoyed breakfast with no insects bothering us, which became the norm the entire time we were in the Yukon. It was nice to wake to the sounds of the deep-throated ravens, something I had missed since living here.

On July 16 we had a visit with Jackie Pierce at the Whitehorse Star. We had a wonderful discussion about recording Yukon history. I mentioned my interest on learning the origins on Whitehorse street names. Jackie mentioned a book written by Dolores Smith that mentions the street origins. Had a wonderful visit and I'd like to thank Jackie for taking time out of her busy day to chat with us. I meant to get a picture of Jackie and me but forgot!



Whitehorse Star Sign

A visit with a well-known resident of Whitehorse turned out to be a real treat. Jim Robb has lived in Whitehorse since the early 1950's. We met Jim at the Goldrush Inn and over a glass of red wine talked about Whitehorse history. Jim has collected items pertaining to the north and has recorded the history through his drawings and prints. A wonderful collection can be found on the walls at the Goldrush Inn. At Jim's home he showed us a stuffed moose head that was at the Whitehorse Inn along with a pair of snowshoes that dwarfed me as I stood beside them. His *Colourful Five Percent* is a must read as Jim has written stories of the residents that have lived in the Yukon. Jim's artwork can be found in just about every median – from business cards to grave markers to playing cards to blankets. Everywhere you look Jim has left his mark.



Andy Hoopers grave marker done by Jim



Jim Robb with Snowshoes – Whitehorse July 2004

We stayed in Whitehorse the majority of our trip and visited with former friends and strangers that quickly became our new friends. Next time I'll tell you about our visit with Hank Karr and the special benefit for one of the band members.

(To be continued.)



Halloween 1951 Dawson
Judy, Vivian & Arlene Lelievre
Photo courtesy Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca



Don't forget our four legged friends on Halloween
Keep them safe.

SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON

Written by

REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL

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

Whitehorse 1942 and later

It is a strange twist of history when war becomes the great factor of change in the life of a town which had no direct involvement in the holocaust. Yet, it has to be said that the time of change for the town began in April 1942 with the arrival of one of seven regiments of the United States Corps of Engineers equipped with some armour and the machinery needed to construct a 360 mile section of a new 1900 mile road through the bush-land into Alaska. This project - the cutting of the Alaska Highway - had been expedited so rapidly that armour and machinery had taken precedence over all other supplies in transit to the army base built up around the town. Until the first pay-day the troops were living on chili-con-carne and any other canned foods that were available. On pay day they literally invaded every store, and the commissariat of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, buying up every frying pan available. Every army vehicle passing through the streets that day had numerous frying pans hanging from the tail-board. I do not know how many quarters of beef the local butcher cut up to supply an insatiable demand for steak.

Among the troops utilized in the road construction work was a battalion of negro troops from the deep south. It was the month of May with bright sunlight, but when those darkies saw the snow way up on the mountains, they immediately pulled down the flaps of their caps over their ears as they alighted from the train. Up there it looked cold, and that was enough.

The army, together with a host of civilian workers, was engaged not only with this one stupendous task of cutting a highway. The engineers were also involved in the erection of a refinery processing oil from the newly constructed pipe-line from Norman Wells 600 miles away. In addition to all this American activity the Canadian Government also became involved in the rapid transformation of a small air-strip into a large and very active civilian and military air-port. The volume of construction work undertaken at this time easily accounts for the spectacular increase in the town's population from a normal number of nine hundred to a peak of 30,000. Until Canadian and American chaplains were appointed a Roman priest and myself were the sole active clergy.

It has been necessary to mention this military and civilian activity to account for the arrival of the R.C.A.F. at the airport, together with civilian meteorologists working with the Department of Transport, as well as the influx of numbers of trades-people who came to cater to the enlarged civilian population.

This influx of men with their families was the nucleus for the development of the worship-life and fellowship at the Old Log Church. Organists were available, a robed choir of men and boys, women and girls, came into being. The dormant branch of the Women's Auxiliary acquired new members and a new lease on life, by adding to its own membership, and also by adding a branch of the Church Boy's League, as well as Little Helpers and Junior and Senior Girls Auxiliary branches. In all of this new activity my wife played a very major role in organising the branches, as well as in their operation. There was still no parish hall, so the various groups held their meetings in the church vestry or in the rectory. Also on Sunday evenings after the church service/anywhere from thirty to sixty members of the congregation - largely from the armed forces and civilian workers - would gather in the rectory for a social hour after refreshments had been served. My wife and I were always so thankful that our two small children would go to bed and be undisturbed by all the noise from the sing-song and chatter down below. It was not until much later that they told us how frequently they sat at the top of the stairs listening to, and enjoying, the hubbub down below.

Toc H in 'Whitehorse Rector'

There was often reason on those Sunday evenings to think back to the First World War and the club set up by "Tubby" Clayton at All Hallows Church on Tower Hill in London. There was, however, no reason for us to set up a Toc H sign outside the rectory in Whitehorse for the troops abandoned rank the moment they entered the living-room. It was a common occurrence, after refreshments had been circulated, to find in the kitchen a colonel in the dish-pan - minus his tunic - and one or more G.I's with him handling tea-cloths, all as busy as bees and glad to be back in the atmosphere of a home.

Major Thomas McGrail

I had noticed the consistent presence in Church on Sundays of an American army officer of major's rank whose duties kept him occupied in a head-quarters office. I asked him if he would be interested in reading the scriptural lessons since I had been attracted by his speech. This suggestion appealed to him and for three years Major Thomas Mc Grail was usually present to read the scriptures at the lectern. A short while after commencing this task I learned - not from him - but in quite a roundabout way - that he was a member of the English faculty at Cornell University. There was an evening when Mrs. George Black and her Federal conservative member husband invited the major, together with my wife and I, for the evening. During dinner Mrs. Black charmed her guest by saying "Major McGrail, I have heard the lessons read in - St. Paul's Cathedral, I have heard them read in Westminster Abbey. I have never heard them presented as beautifully as when you read them". That was a very fitting commendation.

(To be continued)



Tagish – Sept. 8, 2004

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones@klondiker.com

CALIFORNIA BEACH

Good morning Sherron.....finally got another computer hooked up, so now I can catch up on about two months of messages.

In this MT85, you asked how California Beach at Tagish got its name.....this is what I know - I had "heard" that Johnny Johns of Carcross named it - when I had the pleasure of

meeting him a few years later, I asked him - he told me "Yes, I named it". He had been in California promoting his big game guiding business. After seeing the beaches in California and he thought "we have beaches just as nice as this in the Yukon" - on his return, he named the beach at Tagish "California Beach" and the name has stuck since then. He also named the river properties that connect Marsh Lake to Tagish Lake - "the Strip".

I remember well stopping at Tagish Ann's every time we went out to our cabin.....for bread and pies - exceptional!! Another stop we would always make was at Barbara and Archie Currie's store called Currie's Corner. It was a sad day when each of these places closed down. Tho' we stopped on each trip to Tagish, it was just to get the "goods" for the weekend and then on the way back for "goods" at home, it makes me sad that I can't really remember any stories or anecdotes which were passed on - because there were many! We were always made to feel so welcome - probably with the thought that these people would always be there and part of our lives.

My sons, Darren and Rick, and I still own property (Lot 7) right in the middle of California Beach - I spent time there this past August/September after my Dad passed away the end of July. With the water so high this year, there was hardly a beach to speak of, however, the beauty and calm of that spot still makes it one of my most favourite places I have even been.

After I catch up on the backlog, I will talk to you again..... soon I hope..... hi to Bill.....hope this finds you both healthy and happy.

Love and hugs, Bubs (Vars) Fraser bubs.fraser@shaw.ca

Sherron, before Ed and I purchased our cabin at California Beach, 1986, we made the acquaintance of Dorothy (Dot) and Lloyd Reid who had moved to Tagish Beach sometime during the building of the Alcan Highway. Lloyd worked on the highway and stayed at Ellen and Phil Davingnon's place. Dot had always claimed the beach was renamed California due to the number of Americans who were working on the highway and they missed their sandy beaches of California. The last time I saw Dot, prior to her passing a few years ago, she was insistent that the beach be called Tagish, not California Beach.

Tagish Anne, oh her cinnamon buns and pies were the best. When we lived in Whitehorse (1971-72) we would always camp at Tagish campsite just so that we could feast on the home cooked baking. If my memory serves me correctly, where the telephone booth is located at Tagish is where Anne had her booth...????

Brenda Cooper b.d.cooper@shaw.ca

FOX STORY

The fox stories in the last Moccasin Telegraph reminded of an occasion when as an RCMP officer I took a prisoner into the Whitehorse Correctional Center north of Camp Takhini. The guards were getting regular visits by a fox that would come into the center through the open front doors and they would entice it to the far end of the front office area by putting food on the floor. The fox came when I was booking my prisoner in and I remember her being very watchful of what or who was between her and the open door as she worked her way over to the food. I believe the guard said she had a den with young nearby.

Additionally, I often wonder why more stories don't come in from RCMP members. I suppose in many cases confidentiality is an issue but I certainly remember so many extremely interesting and humorous occasions during my service in Whitehorse and Watson Lake through the 70's. I remember one night being called to the bus depot in Whitehorse to deal with a gentleman who was passed out. I couldn't rouse him so worked him around sideways so I could get my arms around him under his armpits. I started to take him out to the patrol car backwards. He came out of his drunken stupor and started swinging his arms sideways till he saw my forage cap out of the corner of his eye. He immediately stopped and said "oh you're the police. I didn't know who was taking me where." When turbans became an official part of the RCMP uniform I reflected on this incident wondering what may have happened should he have seen a turban while he was swinging!

Keep up the good work. I so appreciate reading each issue.
Reg Jensen regwendyjensen@canada.com

HERMAN PETERSON EULOGY

Courtesy Bob Cameron

Hi Sherron - I guess you've heard by now that Herman Peterson passed on Friday night at 10:00. (Oct. 22, 2004) There will be a service in Atlin on Tuesday. I have been asked to do the Eulogy, and it was suggested that I pass it along to the MocTel. The service is being held in the Anglican Church in Atlin. Doris' address is Box 62, Atlin, B.C. V0W 1A0

Herman Peterson
1913 – 2004

We have joined here today in friendship and celebration to say goodbye to a man, a husband, and a friend who has been an inspiration to all of us with whom he shared his life – an inspiration as a pilot, an aircraft engineer, and a craftsman, but most of all, as a wonderful human being. Herman Peterson, the last of the early-day bush pilots, and one

who had certainly seen his share of bad flying weather, has taken off to a place where there are eternal blue skies and tailwinds.

Herman was born on December 29, 1913 in Latuque, Quebec. At the age of 10 he persuaded his father to take him to see a floatplane that had landed nearby. He climbed into the cockpit, moved the controls back and forth, and knew then and there that he would be an aviator. Before he had his first flying lesson, Herman bought a rare and slightly damaged open-cockpit bi-plane, with the fitting registration for a fledgling aviator, of CF-ABC, and he eagerly began the task of re-building. A local pilot, Joe Fecteau, who would become Herman's lifelong mentor, recognized the young man's enthusiasm, and agreed to teach him to fly.

By the end of 1941, Herman had earned his Commercial Pilot's Licence, his Aircraft Engineer's Licence, and the hand in marriage of his loving partner-for-life, Doris Bachelder. In 1942 the young couple moved to Carcross where Herman honed his skills as a bush pilot and aircraft maintenance engineer. One of his first assignments was a fitting introduction to his life of adventure in the North – that of flying as co-pilot and swamper on a Fokker Super Universal on skis, hauling out the engines, radios, bombsites, and armaments of the 3 B-26 bombers that crashed in Million Dollar Valley. It was considered to be a “classified” military job, and so Herman was not allowed to photograph his first great adventure.

In the years that followed, Herman flew thousands of hours on the wartime Canol and Alcan projects, as well Northern Airways' regular charter and scheduled mail routes.

In 1950 Herman and Doris moved to Atlin and started Peterson's Flying Service, with a small 3-place Aeronca Sedan. It was that year in the month of February, that their young friend Moe Grant went missing between Atlin and Carcross in his Tiger Moth. After the official search was called off, Herman doggedly continued to scour the country, until he found Moe, alive, but barely. No one is more acutely aware than Moe himself, that Herman's unselfish dedication saved his life.

Seventeen years later, when the company sold, the fleet had grown to include a Super Cub, a Cessna 180, two Beavers, an Otter, and a Bell 47G-4 helicopter, with a brand new JetRanger on order. During those 25 years of flying in the North, Herman built a solid reputation as a professional pilot, a reliable charter operator, and a superb maintenance engineer. In fact, in almost a quarter of a century of hauling the mail between Carcross, Atlin and Telegraph Creek, he never lost a single letter, or failed to get the mail through.

During his 17,000 hours of flying, Herman never injured a passenger, but he did pull himself out of some close calls. In 1948, while enroute from Frances Lake to Carcross in an aging Fairchild, the rudder began to part company from the vertical fin, jamming the airplane in a vicious left-hand skidding turn, which was rapidly becoming a spiral dive. Herman managed to cartwheel the crippled airplane into a beaver pond, destroying the aircraft, but enabling him and his passenger to make their way to shore, where they camped and fed the mosquitoes for the next 2 days. On the 3rd day their smoke signal

was spotted by a CPA mainline flight, and they were eventually rescued by bush pilot Dalziel in a borrowed Northern Airways Fairchild.

A few years later, the faithful little Aeronca, heavily loaded with freight, failed to make it over Raspberry Pass, 80 miles south of Telegraph Creek. It settled onto the rocks near the top end of the creek, and slowly summersaulted onto its back, leaving Herman hanging upside down by his seat belt. Six days later Herman showed up on foot on the south side of the Stikine River across from Telegraph Creek, a few pounds lighter, his feet badly blistered and swollen, but otherwise OK.

After his retirement from commercial flying, Herman enjoyed perfecting and flying his homebuilt Smith Miniplane, and his modified 1947 Luscombe floatplane. He also tackled the art of building fiddles, for which he often designed his own tooling. I am sure most of us in this room have seen and heard his beautifully-crafted masterpieces.

In 1965 Herman was honored by the BC Aviation Council for his contribution to northern aviation, including a daring rescue he carried out on the treacherous Iskut River. Some 25 years later, the new Atlin Airport was dedicated to Herman, and officially named Peterson Field. In 2003 Herman was inducted into the Yukon Transportation Hall of Fame, and last January many of us here joined Herman and Doris in celebrating their 65th Wedding Anniversary.

Clearly, we can all rejoice at having had Herman Peterson in our lives, and joyfully celebrate the full, rich, generous life that he crammed into his 90 years.

Bob Cameron
October 24, 2004



Buffalo – 1952 – Yukon

Photo courtesy Gordon 'Tubby' Tubman – Vernon

I contacted Bill Klassen, who, by the way is on the MocTel mail list. The following is his reply to my request for info:

Bill did some work on the buffalo in Yukon, or more correctly the plains bison in the late 1970's, including a twin otter flight up the Nisling River looking for them. His recollection is that the Yukon Fish and Game Association brought them in from Alberta and released them behind Braeburn about the same time as they brought in the Elk, about 1953. As far as Bill knows, the last buffalo was seen about 1970.

Manfred Hoefs, the Yukon's Game Branch's first Biologist, was the driving force behind the transplanting of the present herd of wood bison to the Yukon from Elk Island Park in about 1985 and he probably has accurate information about the first transplant effort as well. Manfred is aware of this communication between Bill and I so I will contact him for some follow up. – Ron Butler ron_but*shaw.ca

If anyone has further information about the buffalo or plains bison in Yukon it would be interesting to learn more about the project. – Sherron

Since the photo came from Maribeth's father I asked if she could put into words his understanding.

Dad has rather a sardonic sense of humor about some of these import efforts so it is hard to tell from his stories whether these were for the hunting pleasure of the club, or for the big game hunting industry. According to Dad, the First Nations people thought it was a delightful idea to provide these large food sources.

As a child, I heard more stories about the (much earlier) imported reindeer herd than I did of the buffalo.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca

(Maribeth's comment about reindeer caught my eye and I have received some feedback on that topic which I plan to place in the next edition. – Sherron)

When I guided for Phil Temple in 1972, he told me that he had seen the buffalo numbers dwindling over the previous years in that Greyling Creek country. He and the old timers in Burwash figured the wolves were getting the calves and so there was no recruitment into the herd. I always thought they had pretty much disappeared by the mid '70s.

I've had a few encounters with the wood buffalo as they were released on my trapline. They sure look big when they are in the middle of your skidoo trail in the middle of the night and you are sitting 2 feet off of the ground. Ornerly beasts too.

Larry Tricker in Carmacks has had them attack his D-7 cat when the rut is on, and I know a woman who was almost killed when one attacked her mini-van during the rut over in the N.W.T. around Ft. Smith.

I don't know what they taste like.

Rick Mortimer trapper*nemontel.net

There is very little information on record about the first bison introduction to the Yukon, since there was no real Yukon Wildlife Management agency in existence at the time. There was an office with a director and secretary, but their work was largely administrative in nature (licences, permits, traplines, but wolf control). Then Kjar ran the agency as its first Director. The first bison introduction was actually initiated by the Yukon Fish and Game Association, who was a powerful lobby group in those early days. Federal biologist Clarke (1944) was the first who recommended a bison introduction. He had done a biological reconnaissance of the newly completed Alaska Highway and he was impressed with the success of the Alaska bison introduction near Delta, which was done in 1928. The Yukon Fish and Game Association picked up on Clarke's suggestion and requested the federal government (Canadian Wildlife Service) to check into this possibility - not only for bison but also for elk. Federal biologist Dewey Soper was sent to the Yukon in 1950 to do a feasibility study. He looked at the Aishihik, Hutshi Lake and Braeburn areas, was impressed with the range conditions he saw, and recommended introductions of both species. Elk were brought in from Elk Island Park in Alberta, and bison came from Alaska's Delta herd. Six were captured, but only five bison survived and were released near Braeburn in 1951 (two bulls, 3 cows). There was no follow-up on the performance of this small herd. One of the bulls went his own way, and was shot near Haines Junction. The other remained in one groups, moved west, and were repeatedly observed for a longer time near the Aishihik airport, where a weather station was maintained at that time. The herd then moved north towards the Nisling River and downstream towards the Donjek. In 1957 several bison were observed near the junction of the Donjek and White Rivers. There were a few more sightings from that general area until 1973, when the last single bison was observed along the Nisling. None of the observations listed calves, so there is no tangible evidence that the herd ever reproduced. In 1980 the government began to consider an introduction of wood bison (the first introduction from Delta were Plains Bison) and several surveys were flown to ascertain whether plain bison were still alive. None was located and planning for wood bison proceeded. There were several introductions of wood bison starting in 1986, and the herd has now a size of 500 head and is heavily hunted with up to 80 bison shot every winter.

Regards
Manfred Hoefs

Sorry, I meant to include the title of Manfreds book with the info, but forgot. It is "OF MAN AND BEAST" true tales from Yukon's wilderness. It is a collection of stories collected and edited by Manfred and is quite interesting reading. Available from Manfred for \$34.00. I saw it in Macs Fireweed also.

Ron Butler ron_but*shaw.ca

PRINCESS SOPHIA

I am writing to report the Princess Sophia Memorial was a wonderful event!

There were approximately 100 people in attendance, most of them descendants and/or family members.

I had the opportunity to speak to many of them, and felt a special connection to all. There was a lady there whose father was lost on the Sophia when she was five years old. Her daughter and grand daughter also attended.

The Memorial was simple, but very moving. The tolling of the bell brought many of us to tears.

I felt very fortunate to have been able to attend.

Ginny Holl ginny_holl@hotmail.com

MOCTEL BRINGS MORE CONNECTIONS

Thanks for the note regarding Don Machan's messages being returned. I am sure it is MY server that is kicking these things out. I had three connections regarding that picture in your latest edition. I was thrilled to hear from Don & Cecile Curry, Bill Chapman, and your newest member Gloria Andison (Blendhiem). I was unable to connect with Gloria, until she went through the Curry's. Finally this morning it worked....so it must be on my end!

I will send Don Machan a note immediately, so thank you again...This is so exciting catching up with all these people. You've done it again Sherron.

Karren Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net

Thank you for your greatly appreciated help, resulting in an e-mail from Karen I was able to reply. Billy Chapman and Gloria (Blendhiem) Andison mentioned in Karen's message, were students in the Mayo school when I was Principal there 1953-55 and 1958-61. Thank you again, Sherron. Sincerely, Don Machan. demachan@telus.net

Thanks, Sherron,

I went to school with Gloria (Blindheim) Andison and know Bob as well. Bob is the son of Jack and Agnes Andison, the woman who was the attendant with my mom when I was born. Bob's mom and I also happened to have shared the same birthday (month and year!). Bob is the grandson of George Andison whom I mentioned lived next door to the Newshams.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net

REMOVE FROM LIST

Martha Kerr just phoned to say the MocTel is too much for her daughter to print and forward to her so they will take their name off for now and perhaps get their own computer.

Bill Kerr got on the phone to tell me that John Anton was affected by an apartment fire a couple of days ago. When I asked if John was still practicing he said he thought so. For those who do not recall, John Anton was a partner in Neilsen, Hudson, Anton in Whitehorse.

I thought that Bill Kerr meant that the fire was in a Kelowna building, but I see Canada 411 has John listed in Vernon.

You could still contact Bill and Martha via this address:

KERR, Bill & Martha & Colleen colleenkerr@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse) Kelowna

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please note our change of e-mail address: megareporting@klondiker.com

Thanks for all your hard work, my Sunday morning reading!

Joyce & Erwin Bachli
94 Walnut Crescent
Whitehorse, Yukon
Y1A 5J3

Hi everyone I now have a new e-mail address. We are now on hi speed internet no longer on dial up. The new address is myrnab@northwestel.net Myrna Butterworth

The weather here is definitely wintery, not really cold, but cold enough for the winter boots. The Yukon River is running ice bank to bank and the ferry has been pulled .The Bridge to nowhere controversy goes on. The Community is still run by an Advisory Council set up by the Territorial Government. Things are chugging right along..... Take care Myrna Butterworth

NEW ADDITIONS

I believe my husband and I were signed up by Minnie Hassen at one point, but for some reason we have lost touch. We grew up in Mayo and Elsa, married there and all of our kids were born there. We have lived in Whitehorse since 1989 when UKHM shut down. My husband, Bob, still works at Elsa with the maintenance crew. Please sign us up again.

Thanks, Gloria

Bob and Gloria Andison (nee Blindheim)

66 Alsek Road
Whitehorse, YT Y1A 3K4
globob*klondiker.com

Please sign me up for MocTel. Karen Shaw was the one who told me about the publication. My husband was a Yukoner for 33 years and I met him in Whitehorse. I was a resident for 13 years. We loved the Yukon but employment and a growing family meant a move to Terrace in 1977.

Thanks
Lynn Perrin mlperrin*telus.net
3501 Thomas Street
Terrace, BC V8G 3G6
(250) 638-1226

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Everyone has beauty but not everyone sees it.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Dill Pickles – Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

Fill each jar with pickling cukes.

Add to each jar

- 1 clove garlic
- 3 or 4 pieces of dill
- 1 grape leaf

Brine

- 13 cups water
- 5 cups white vinegar
- 1 cup pickling salt

Boil and pour in jars.

Seal jars and steam 15 minutes.

Makes 8 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