

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Eighty-Seventh Edition- Nov. 7, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Mushrooms

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

REMEMBRANCE DAY

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Old men marching side by side,
Wearing their medals with glowing pride.
And as they stop at the monument,
One of their number, old and bent,
Approaches the shrine on shuffling feet,
And with tears in his eyes he lays a wreath,
To honor the one's who have gone before,
Casualties of that distant war.

A little boy in the watching crowd,
Turns to his daddy and asks aloud,
"Tell me daddy, tell me why
All those old men stand and cry?"
He doesn't know of that ancient strife
That fight for a cause, a way of life,
Doesn't know of the youths who've died.
While loved ones stayed at home and cried.

He hasn't watched as mighty planes
Suddenly roll and crash in flames,
Or seen great ships on the ocean blue
Explode and disappear from view.
He hasn't crawled through a field of mud,
Sick of the horror and stained with blood,
While all around, the canons roar,
And young men die by the countless score.

If he understood why so many died,
He would know why old men stood and cried.
Why each succeeding year they come
And proudly march to the pipe and drum,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
Wearing their honors with open pride.
He hasn't studied history yet,
Tell him daddy; lest we forget.

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Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 30

Pacific Western Airlines had wanted to dispose of all their VFR bases so they could concentrate on their larger airline business. They finally had a buyer in Terrace, B. C. The transfer was made in early fall 1968 and I stayed for a month until they had their own personnel settled in. Then we packed up our car and pick-up and set off for Fort St. James to manage a small base there for Northern Mountain Airways whose main base was in Prince George, B. C.

When we arrived the President of the company met us. He settled us into a nice house right on the base. The office was just a short distance from the house. The dock where the airplanes were floating was directly in front of it; this was on the shore of Stuart Lake a large body of fresh water fifty miles long.

The town was a real sleepy little place with a population of three or four hundred people, a large proportion being natives. This had been the home and operating base of Russ Baker a famous bush pilot of earlier years. He had left here to start an operation out of Vancouver called Pacific Western Airlines. He bought out small companies and built up his business until he was the third largest airline in Canada. He had died a few years before we arrived in St. James but his wife still lived there and we spent many hours listening to her tales of Russ' exploits.

Another famous pilot Sheldon Luck was living here on a small ranch on the outskirts of town raising prize cattle. He still flew in the summer. He had been chief pilot for Yukon Southern Air Transport, which opened the flying route in the 1930's from Edmonton and Vancouver to Whitehorse. They used Norseman aircraft on floats and skis. He also had many good stories to tell.

This was a low-pressure base, which suited me just fine after being at Prince Rupert. For the present I would be the only pilot as it was nearing fall freeze-up and very few people were moving in or out of the bush. If I needed help a young fellow that had worked for the company and was living in town could be called on. Also, Prince George was only thirty minutes flying time away and I could get more planes and pilots there if necessary.

Ft. St. James was the jumping off point for a huge piece of country to the north, thousands of miles in area with only a handful of people living there. The only way to get around was by aircraft as there were no roads. I did not do too much flying before ice began forming along the lakeshore and it was time to get the airplanes out of water. Ed MacPherson the General Manager of the Company had asked me if I could land the planes on the Prince George airport as there were sixteen inches of snow to act as a cushion. It would simplify the procedure of changing over to wheels. I told him I thought I could. On my last trip out of Ft. St. James I had to go quite away south to pick up a man and wife at a fly-in fishing lodge on a large lake and take them to Prince George. I told them what I intended to do and it was okay with them.

When I got close to George I asked the tower if it was okay with them if I landed on the airport. They said to land at my own discretion. After picking out a suitable area I landed and taxied over to the ramp. That had been so successful Ed asked me to bring up another Beaver and Cessna. They had frozen in at their float base. I went down to look that situation over and decided it was possible but dicey as the river take off area was full of drifting ice. I had had this set up before so knew what the problems would be.

The base was in a lagoon off the river and was frozen all around the shore for about thirty feet. The centre and channel leading to the river were clear. After the ice around the airplanes and out to open water was broken up, the equipment and seats taken out to lighten the plane as much as possible, I taxied the Beaver out to the river and into the drifting ice. There I let it drift while I watched for the inside of a bend. That usually meant clear stretches as the current took the ice across to the outside of the bend. All I needed were two hundred feet of open water to get airborne but I had to go around quite a few bends before I found what I was looking for. I drifted down to the lower end of the relatively clear area, turned around and opened, the throttle to the stop. It was on the step immediately and gained speed rapidly. Before it got to the ice I popped it into the air and held a proper pitch angle to keep it there until it had flying speed. Then the nose could be lowered to a normal climb angle.

After all the planes were on the Prince George airport we had a quiet period until the ice was hard enough on the lake to start a ski operation.

We were getting a lot of snow so I bought a new Nordic skidoo to play with in my idle time. A helicopter pilot and another fixed wing pilot had skidoos so we had many good trips exploring the numerous backwoods trails.

Just before New Year's a young fellow that helped me around the base bought a new skidoo and wanted to try it out. He asked me if I would go with him. It was a bright moonlit night so we started out on my favourite trail. Before long we came to a small tree three or four inches through that had fallen across the trail. As I always carried an axe with me I decided to cut it out. I got to the point where I thought one more good blow should do it so took a mighty swing and the axe never stopped but went right through and into my left foot. I was thoroughly disgusted, as I had always prided myself with being a good axe man. After seeing a two-inch gash in my rubber boot I knew the foot must also have a pretty good cut so we got on our machines and went home.

With the boot off, we could see it was a long cut but not deep. As the flesh on top of the foot is very thin, the bone had taken the brunt of the blow and was chipped. Jeanne bandaged it to stop the bleeding but it needed stitching. There was no doctor closer than Prince George so we called a first-aid man who lived in town. He came over and looked at it and agreed it needed stitching but he had never sewn anyone before. He would give it a try if I wanted him to. It was hurting like hell by this time and he did not have any anesthetic so I took a couple of stiff shots of rye whiskey and told him to go ahead. He did a good job of it and then he had a couple of stiff shots. Whenever I am hurt I have to sing for some reason. Jeanne said I serenaded her all night.

The company was having a big New Year's party for employees and friends. We were invited, of course, so even though I was on crutches we thought we should go as we were the new ones and could meet everyone. The party was being held in the large hangar. The aircraft had been moved out, the place cleaned up and decorated, and tables and chairs set for a dinner. When we arrived the party was in full swing. There was lots of good food and drink and after dinner, dancing. Everyone was having a hilarious time except me. I had to keep out of the way with my sore foot. I do not know how many times the crutches were kicked out from under me or my foot stepped on but before midnight I had had enough and we went home.

One day I had to take a doctor and a nurse to Babine a small village on a hundred mile lake of the same name. It was snowing and blowing very hard so to find it I had to follow the shore until I went over a cluster of buildings and knew I had arrived. I turned back over the lake to make my downwind leg before landing and was in a complete whiteout nothing could be seen. The lake was very wide so there was no danger of running into anything. Holding twenty feet on the altimeter, I flew about a mile then started a shallow turn to the left for my landing run. About halfway around there was a solid thump. The left ski had contacted the ice. Anytime an airplane hits anything while flying it is a severe shock for the pilot and needless to say I was completely shook up. If I had been making a steeper turn it would have been the wing tip, which could have hit first probably cart

wheeling me all over the ice. I straightened out and landed. That was the only time in my flying career that I hit the surface unintentionally.

Later in the spring when the weather was getting warmer two men wanted to go about seventy miles north to land on a large meadow well away from any lakes. I told them I would not guarantee a landing until I had seen the place. They accepted that so away we went. On arrival, I saw it was indeed a large level meadow with lots of room for a landing. It was surrounded by hills that rose six or seven hundred feet above the landing site.

I landed and the aircraft came to a stop very quickly buried to its belly in four feet of snow that was very soft as the outside air was just above freezing. I was a bit alarmed because the only way I could move the aircraft was with full power and then it did so very slowly.

The men were only going to be a couple of hours doing whatever they had come to do so I waited for them. In the interval I would snowshoe a runway. When the men got back I still had a lot of work to do so they helped. After we had enough runway packed for a take off I tried it but could not get anywhere near enough speed due to the drag of the wet snow. There was nothing to do but wait until it cooled off after dark and the snow would freeze again. It was a full moon night but the sky was full of large black broken clouds moving very quickly across the moon. One minute it would be like daylight, the next you could not see anything.

I needed the light so I could see to get up and over the hill that was directly in my path. I made several starts but the interval of light was too short. About eleven o'clock I saw some bigger breaks coming so had the engine running. While it was still dark I started my run. The timing was perfect. I had light just as I was airborne and until I was clear of the hill. Then it did not matter anymore.

It was illegal to fly after dark in a single engine airplane in Canada at that time so to keep from alerting any officials I landed a couple of miles out on the big lake and taxied into the base. The next day a number of people told me they had heard an airplane engine late at night and wondered if I had been flying. I told them I had been working on the engine and had run it up for a test. I named the place where we had landed "Midnight Meadow" and entered it in the aircraft logbook.

(To be continued)

SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON

Written by

REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL

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

Ecumenicity and Hospitality

The fact that the Anglican and Roman churches were the only denominations active in town at this period added greatly to ecumenicity. Numbers of the active church workers and congregational members subscribed to other religious persuasions, but very few found any reason to be upset because they were worshipping God in the manner prescribed by the Anglican Book of Common Prayer. It was an exhilarating experience for them and for us to be worshipping together, to have fellowship together, and to be aware that these two essentials could bring us together and over-rule lesser considerations that could so easily have dominated our thinking.

There were many occasions when the Old Log Church rectory was called upon to offer hospitality to clergy and their families, to summer students and other-staff members either going-outside or coming into the diocese. There was usually a lag between the time of arrival of sternwheelers, and the arrival and departure of ocean-going vessels at Skagway. On one such occasion a new principal for St. Paul's Hostel and his wife were waiting for a sternwheeler to take them to Dawson City. Two of our friends from Dawson City were staying with us on their way outside, one an elderly lady, and the other a young nurse who was leaving the Territory to enlist with the South African Auxiliary Nursing Sisters. My wife had arranged for these two ladies to share a bedroom, Mr. & Mrs. Phillips had another, our children were taken care of and so were we, when the Bishop arrived unexpectedly. Seeing the situation he immediately asked how we could manage. When he agreed to sleep on the living room settee the problem was resolved. Next morning our young nurse friend cornered my wife and I. She could hardly suppress her laughter to tell us her story. Just before going to sleep the previous evening her roommate said "Doris, this bed is so big, there would be plenty of room for Bishop Geddes."

How the Chappells' were Honoured

In 1943 my wife became a Life Member of the W.A., an honour and gift to her from Bishop and Mrs. Geddes. The certificate reads - "This is to certify that Florence Winifred Chappell is constituted a Life Member of this Auxiliary in appreciation of her devoted and untiring services in the work of the Church in the Diocese of Yukon". In the same year she travelled to Hamilton for the Dominion W.A. meetings to act as proxy for Mrs. Geddes the Diocesan President. This was her first visit outside since 1935.

The following year the Bishop arranged a holiday outside for me - my first holiday in ten years. On my return the church committee called on me to attend a kangaroo court in the new parish hall in the presence of many of the congregation. The charge against me was "that I had willfully and deliberately deserted my wife, leaving her without visible means of support, thereby causing her to become a care upon the parish". In spite of every defence I could present the acting judge - Horace Moore, the church secretary and local news publisher - was determined upon my guilt, whereupon, in due form, he pronounced sentence against me. Taking a letter from the table he announced to the assembled group

that he was authorised by the bishop to state publicly that I had been appointed an honorary Canon of the Diocese.

Rt. Rev. William Archibald Geddes

It was in 1946 that Bishop Geddes was obliged to spend time in Vancouver under medical care to receive treatment for a heart condition that had again flared-up after a respite of several years. Prior to his consecration and appointment to the See of Yukon he had spent several years in the Arctic as a missionary. Here he had developed a heart condition brought about largely by the strain of lengthy and strenuous dog-team trips in the course of his work among the scattered people to whom he ministered. He came to the Diocese of Yukon at the end of the depression years, and was faced with the task of maintaining the Diocese with little income from within the Diocese, and with very restricted financial support from the Church's National Offices in Toronto. Although the See House was in Dawson City he was usually on the move throughout the Diocese when not attending Provincial Synod meetings at the coast or General Synod meetings wherever they were held. It can truly be said that his office was to be found wherever his hat and coat were located. These were still days of slow and intermittent transportation within the Diocese.

The medical treatment in Vancouver had advanced to the stage where he was preparing to return north and resume activity, but he suffered a relapse that proved to be fatal before further medical aid could be secured. He collapsed and died in his garden on April 16th 1947.

He was greatly missed by his diocesan clergy and his many native and white friends from Old Crow in the north to Carcross in the south. Everywhere people valued his friendship and looked to him as a true father in God. We were enabled to take our young family south for their first visit to the 'Outside' in 1946 and this was to be our last association with our Bishop. Sometime later Archbishop Adams volunteered to oversee the diocese until arrangements could be completed for the consecration and appointment of a new diocesan.

(To be continued)

November 11th – Whitehorse - Reminiscences

Remember the days when there was not a statutory holiday on November 11, but EVERYTHING stopped at 11:00 for the two minute silence? It was Nov.11, 1954, Miss Kilden's grade 5 class. The two minute silence had just begun. Into the silence, indoors and out, came the desperate sounds of an airhorn. A BYN semitrailer was coming down the Two Mile Hill, apparently with failing brakes. The driver managed to slow the truck down enough to make the yard across the street from school, but he must have had a tense few minutes.

A year later, it was my turn to break the silence. It was a brilliantly sunny day but bitterly cold. For some reason, I was entrusted with taking my baby sister to my grandparents, all by myself. I was 11. The pram was brand-new, having finally arrived after the White Pass strike, and rolled beautifully over the snow. Following my explicit directions, I had to proceed through the Cenotaph crowd, just as the silence began. I was horrified to discover that the pram springs squeaked terribly. Stopping didn't help as Heather's movements kept the squeak (and the glares) going. It was a very long two minutes!

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca



Tagish – Sept. 8, 2004

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones*klondiker.com

*Since neither of the stories that Heather had heard came from this group, here are a couple of more interpretations of how Tagish Beach received the name California Beach.
– Sherron*

Hope all is well with you.....oh and I think the photo of "Tagish" is what is or was called the California Beach area however some locals prefer to simply call it "Tagish Beach". You may want to ask readers if they know the origin of the "California Beach" name as I have heard two separate and very different accounts (one that the beach reminded the Americans passing through in 1898 of beaches in California and the other that some Californians living in the area in the 40's were called to serve in WWII and never returned so the beach was named in their honour). It would interesting to see if others have other stories or can confirm either of the above.

Best, Heather Jones

Clouds

By Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@shaw.ca

Most of the time I enjoy long car rides. Sometimes, though, I become bored and restless, traveling over a road that has become all too familiar over the years. Conversation has run out, and the driver immersed now, in his own thoughts....At times like these I recall what my Mother used to tell me when I was little. "Look up at the sky," she would say, "and watch the clouds play."

Summer skies in the Yukon can be a feast for the eyes. When the cumulous clouds mushroom up from the horizon, they look like great round pillows of sunshine, piling up - one on top of the other, dominating the skyline. Usually a wind will materialize, breaking up the formations and whipping them across the sky. Shaped and molded by the wind's fancy, the clouds now turn into enticing shapes and forms, becoming a moving picture extravaganza, to watch...spellbound.

Every bend in the road presents a new vista; a skyscape for your viewing pleasure. Cloud watching can be a thrilling game when you are a child, firing your adventurous spirit and lifting you to great heights! You can let your imagination run wild.

Monsters of all shapes and sizes plunge through the sky. Horses with flowing manes rear up in the air; there are dragons with tendrils of white flame, flicking from open mouths. Continuously changed by the wind, these massive creatures create a metamorphose of form before your very eyes. A parade of whales, flying fish, seals and dolphins suddenly become ducks, teddy bears, kittens, or frolicking puppies.

Sometimes, though, in the evening, when the fury of the wind dies down...tranquility reigns in the heavens. This is when I loved to lay back and contemplate the soft languid puffy clouds; little feathery wisps hanging lightly in the air. Fluffy white swans, lambs and mermaids, slowly drifting by – merging lazily together, to form ever-new shapes; finally just dissolving into the hemisphere. And the sunsets! breathtaking hues of fuchsia and silvery gray hanging just above the horizon, as daytime gives way to twilight.

Suddenly all this peace is shattered by the swift straight shaft of a jet stream ... streaking through the sky, leaving a white trail which pierces the blue like the blade of a knife. But even as I watch, nature takes over, and begins softening the edges of this intrusion, gently blending it into the universe, and restoring order once again.

Joyce Yardley ©

REINDEER

Maribeth mentioned Reindeer about which I knew nothing, (except for Santa's of course) so I asked for more insight into the topic as it affects Yukon. Here is her reply – Sherron

You are going to have to throw this one out to the old-timers to fill in the story. They were driven over through Alaska from Russia. I remember some of the drovers were still alive and talking about it when I was a child but I am not sure of the when and who. As to why, when the place was already full of caribou, I do not know. That the effort was a failure is obvious.

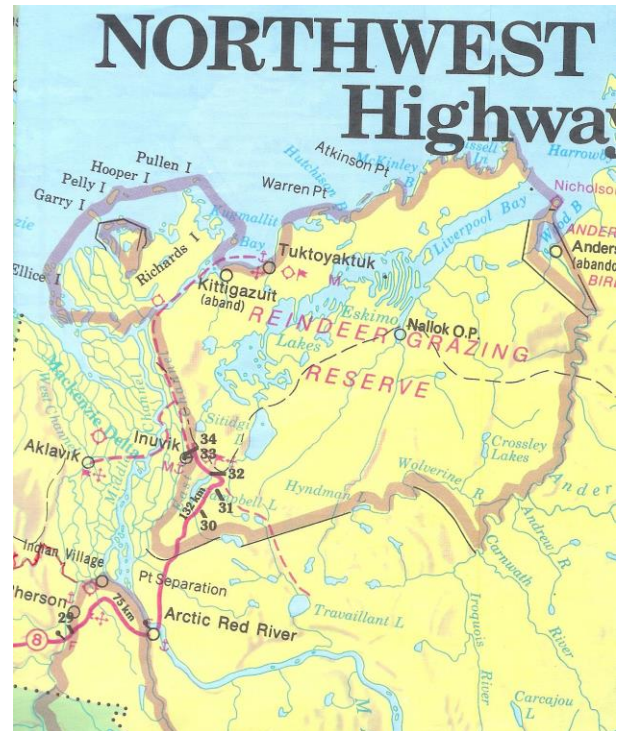
This is why the MocTel has been such a treasure. These stories that "everybody" knows that did not get recorded or were recorded but lost.

Maribeth Mainer mainerm1@shaw.ca

I have no knowledge of reindeer brought into the Yukon. Elk, yes that did happen at one time, and they seem to be doing OK. Deer have been moving north for some time, but in early years they were not seen in Yukon. The first that I know is a Mule Deer spotted at mile 10 on the Mayo Highway in the summer of 1953 by Gordon Grady who was mechanic for YTG. Gordon was from B.C. He had hunted deer frequently, and knew what deer were when he saw them. Likely global warming has caused it as the prior winters were likely too severe for them to survive.

But yes, there were reindeer brought in and settled to the east of the McKenzie delta in a reserve in NWT. There is a copy of a map attached. The intent was to sustain the Inuit if the caribou herd were to diminish, and to give the Inuit a viable business. I have read the whole story of them being brought over, but I forget what year. Angus and Mildred Morrison, friends, spent many years on the reserve supervising the grazing and

culling. As far as I know, it is a viable business today run by the Inuit. So many are slaughtered and shipped each fall.



Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

The following is an extract from this site.

http://www.deer-library.com/artman/publish/article_165.shtml

Reindeer are members of the genus *Rangifer tarandus* that also includes the caribou. They are part of the *Cervidae* (deer) family. Some confusion has arisen over the differences between the words reindeer and caribou. The animals are called caribou in

North America, and reindeer in Europe and Russia. The exception to this is the group of animals at Tuktoyaktuk that are the descendants of reindeer that arrived in 1935. Reindeer were also introduced to Newfoundland from Norway in 1908, but have lost that name and their descendants are now called caribou.

The most significant relocation of reindeer in Canada was the five year trek from Alaska to the Mackenzie River delta, where almost 3000 animals arrived in March of 1935. Only 10% were from the herd that originally left Alaska, 90% were born on the trail. The descendants of this herd are currently maintained in and around Tuktoyaktuk. However, there is good evidence to show that they have interbred freely with the caribou of the Bluenose herd, a group with which they share range for part of the year.



Caribou or Reindeer. Photo: Canadian Museum of Nature

The photo above is from

http://www.canadianbiodiversity.mcgill.ca/english/species/mammals/mammalpages/Ran_tar.htm

This site has extensive information about the Reindeer and Caribou including and confirming such facts as the Wolf is the primary predator. This is a quote from this site “A healthy caribou can outrun a wolf, however, and it is most frequently the old or infirm who fall prey. The most important element of the Caribou's diet is lichens, which lay in a mat upon tundra and hang from coniferous trees in the boreal forest. In addition to lichen, caribou will graze upon horsetails, sedges, twigs and forbs.”

* * * *

Aksel is probably the one best able to respond to the query since his father and uncle conducted the assessment of the capacity of the range in the Mackenzie Delta and Tuk Peninsula to sustain the reindeer. There is still a reindeer herd operation in the Delta region, run by Lloyd Binder of Inuvik, a grandson (I think) of one of the original reindeer

herders. Dick North wrote a book about the reindeer drive and the Inuvialuit have published a book about the project as well. While the introduction of the reindeer herd may not have been as successful as some had hoped, it did provide a living for a number of Inuvialuit over the years.

Bill Klassen, Whitehorse wjk*yknet.yk.ca

* * * *

My Dad and his brother were involved in the famous reindeer drive during which 3000 reindeer were driven (herded) from Western Alaska to the Mackenzie Delta, a Federal Government project. It's an involved story and was done very well in book form by Dick North (Arctic Exodus) and the CBC did a teledrama on it a few years ago. I can supply a few pages of the story if you want, and if you give me a month or two.

Aksel Porsild yukoner1*shaw.ca



Photo from Parks Canada site

http://www.pc.gc.ca/lhn-nhs/yt/ssklondike/index_e.asp

S.S. KLONDIKE

Recently a party was held on the S.S. Klondike to celebrate the completion of renovations done by Parks Canada. There was a good attendance. The group I was with consisted of Amy & Phyllis LePage, Babe Richards, Betty Taylor, Gordon Ryder, Lloyd & Marny Ryder, and myself Gudrun Sparling (Erickson). There was a lot of reminiscing. The freight deck was set up with tables of 8. The buffet was arranged on top of one of the lifeboats. Decorations around the sides consisted of cases of milk, coffee etc. --- whatever used to be carried on the trips. On the main deck the dining area was set up for appetizers and a complimentary glass of champagne. Violin music was in the main salon. Later in the evening a band played for those who wanted to dance. It was a fun evening and brought back a lot of old memories and lots of good stories. I hope a lot of the old steamboat people will see this.

Gudrun Sparling (Erickson) gudrun*whtvcable.com

There are lots of great photos of the inside of the Klondike at this site – Sherron
http://www.galenfrysinger.com/whitehorse_klondike.htm



The Detroit News - 1935
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

I had this photo among many I have received courtesy Jeanne Harbottle and I didn't know the significance of the photo until I stumbled across a photo in the 1975 Silver Anniversary Edition of the Whitehorse Star which mentioned that their photo showed the plane leaving with news for the outside world of the death of Will Rogers & Wiley Post.

As usual I asked Henry if he could enlighten me at all. These are his replies.

Yes Sherron,

I know about Will Rogers and Wiley Post who crashed at Barrow, Alaska. Will Rogers was a well known actor, well loved by all and had a saying, "I never met a man I did not like." Post was his pilot, and there was an account just a couple of nights ago on TV. I will find it and boot it over to you as it is quite a story. They were headed for Siberia when they crashed at Barrow. In the 30s there was a ballad out Rennie Burian's brother Alfred used to sing and play his guitar, "Will Rogers and Wiley Post." It was from Alfred that I got into guitar myself after trying a mandolin.

Henry hjbreaden@shaw.ca

With regards to Will, go to: <http://www.willrogers.org/> . or: <http://www.acepilots.com/post.html> for Wiley Post. Between the two I think you will get the whole story.

For those who do not wish to check the sites for details – *(below are some extracts)*

Wiley Post Pilot of the Winnie Mae First to Fly Solo around the World, Lost over Alaska

When Wiley Post and Will Rogers crashed at Point Barrow, Alaska on August 15, 1935, the world mourned the loss of the great flier and the beloved humorist.

Post twice set the record for flying around the world:

June, 1931 - 8 days, 16 hours - with navigator Harold Gatty
July, 1933 - 7 days, 19 hours - solo
Also a scientific innovator, Post developed a pressure suit that permitted him to fly the Winnie Mae into the stratosphere.

Will Rogers Biography

Born in 1879 on a large ranch in the Cherokee Nation near what later would become Oologah, Oklahoma, Will Rogers was taught by a freed slave how to use a lasso as a tool to work Texas Longhorn cattle on the family ranch.

As he grew older, Will Rogers' roping skills developed so special that he was listed in the Guinness Book of Records for throwing three lassos at once: One rope caught the running horse's neck, the other would hoop around the rider and the third swooped up under the horse to loop all four legs.

Will Rogers was the star of Broadway and 71 movies of the 1920s and 1930s; a popular broadcaster; besides writing more than 4,000 syndicated newspaper columns and befriending Presidents, Senators and Kings.

During his lifetime, he traveled around the globe three times-- meeting people, covering wars, talking about peace and learning everything possible.

He wrote six books. In fact he published more than two million words. He was the first big time radio commentator, was a guest at the White House and his opinions were sought by the leaders of the world.

He always thought of himself as first a caring member of the human race, American, then a Cherokee Indian; a faithful husband and a father. Even though he was the top-paid star in Hollywood, he was a family man. Will Rogers was very close to his wife, Betty, and their four children.

There were eight children born to Will Rogers' parents, but only four reached adulthood on the rugged frontier of 19th Century Indian Territory. While a fast horse thrilled Will Rogers, he also loved flying. It was on a flight to Alaska in 1935 with a daring one-eyed Oklahoma pilot named Wiley Post that their plane crashed and both men lost their lives.

OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART VII

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net

Note: all photos courtesy of Donna Clayson.

On July 15 we woke to a light rain and 24°C. The cooler weather felt good but didn't last long and soon we were basking in hot sunshine again. We paid a visit to Hank & Pam Karr at their home in Riverdale. They have a beautiful home with a well manicured yard which reminded me a bit of the song Hank wrote, "Our House" that talks about a home built for two and the white picket fence.

I brought along the Special Edition article I had done on Hank to give to him personally. Hank laughed saying he had already seen it as one of the Transit bus drivers where Hank works had plastered it on the wall. It was distributed through the Moccasin Telegraph a few days earlier.

Hank mentioned that a benefit for Merv Bales, one of the band members was being held at the Legion on Friday, July 16. Five thousand dollars had been raised to offset expenses incurred by Merv while he was in Calgary for medical reasons. While Merv was in Calgary in treatment the benefit was held on his birthday, so the left over cake was frozen. At the presentation we all enjoyed a piece of the thawed birthday cake. A large birthday card signed by friends and family was also presented to an emotional Merv.



Merv Bales with poster.

We met so many nice people at the function and I must thank Hank for telling us about it. Some of the attendees were Bill & Rusty Reid, Al & Mary Oster, Ed Issac, Gene Brown's wife who travelled all the way from New Zealand, Mr & Mrs. Ray Parks, Jim Robb and of course Hank and Pam. There were so many more people attending showing Merv support and unfortunately I didn't get everyone's name. After the event I enjoyed

listening in on the memories. One story in particular included Hank, Jim, Al and Ed about the time they spent at WHTV. I can see a story in the making on this one and will see if these gentlemen will send their memories in to the MocTel.



Mr. & Mrs. Merv Bales



Pam & Hank Karr



Al Oster, Ed Isaac, Mary Oster



Bill & Rusty Reid, Donna Clayson



Jim Robb, Al Oster



Donna Clayson, Hank Karr

An interesting note is that Al Oster wrote a song called *"Midnight Sun Rock"* in less than 10 minutes just prior to doing a rock n' roll gig at the Whitehorse High School for a dance around 1960 or so. The song is in the Nashville Rockabilly Hall of Fame. To see the proof go to "Google", type in Search area "Rockabilly Hall of Fame Al Oster" and look under the "O's". The song is much requested in England, Holland, Norway and Finland. It's also in demand for 45 RPM record collectors in the USA. It was recorded

on a 45 RPM backed with *Next Boat* and also on Al's first "*Yukon Gold*" LP in 1959, both of which are collector items.

With all the talent at Merv's presentation I was secretly hoping these fine musicians would belt out a few tunes. Listening to the memories made up for it.

After the benefit we drove to Skagway Alaska. We had tickets to ride on the White Pass & Yukon Railway with the Steam Locomotive, Number 73 the next morning. But that's next timeto be continued.

I asked Bill Maylor to see if he could find an Obit in Sask for me the other day and he came back with a whole lot of Obits and number of them were formerly RCMP in Yukon. One name I recall from my time in Yukon was Siemens. – Sherron

OBIT - RCMP

Published: 08/27/2004

Fort Qu'Appelle, SK

SIEMENS_WILLIAM "BILL" Staff Sgt., Retired, husband, father, grandfather, brother and friend, late of Fort Qu'Appelle, SK passed away after a brief struggle with leukemia on Thursday, August 26, 2004. He was predeceased by his father, Wilhelm; his mother, Helena; brother, Johny; and brother-in-law, Keith (Sheila) Reinhart. Bill's memory will forever be cherished by his family: loving wife, Muriel of 41 years; son, Douglas of Edmonton, AB; daughter, Rhonda (Shane) Mead of Irma, AB; granddaughters, Jordan and Jayme; brother, Hank; sisters, Esther and Marie; brother-in-law, Gerry (Hazel) Reinhart; and sister-in-law, Norma (Pat) Korpatt; as well as numerous nieces, nephews, family and friends. Bill was a 26-year veteran of the R.C.M.P. serving primarily in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Yukon, and the N.W.T. Following his retirement he was a Sheriff in Humboldt, Wynyard and Regina. Bill was instrumental in organizing the Good Sam club in Saskatchewan, and was the first Provincial Director. He was also the first president of the Queen City Sam's Chapter. A VISITATION for family and friends will be held at the Regina Funeral Home, Hwy #1 East on Monday, August 30, 2004 from 7:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. A SERVICE TO REMEMBER BILL'S LIFE will be held at the R.C.M.P. Chapel, 6101 Dewdney Avenue on Tuesday, August 31, 2004 at 11:00 a.m. Those wishing to may make donations in Bill's memory to the Friends of 3B, Pasqua Hospital, 4101 Dewdney Ave., Regina, SK S4T 1A5 or to the Canadian Cancer Society, 1910 McIntyre St., Regina, SK S4P 2R3. Arrangements are entrusted to Regina Funeral Home (306-789-8850).

Other obituaries for former RCMP families in Yukon Bill found were –

Regina, SK

HELMSING--ROBERT F. "Bob", "Rob", Staff Sergeant with the R.C.M.P. (Retired), dearly beloved husband of Colleen and father of Anthea, passed away peacefully on

Wednesday, May 21, 2003, with family by his side, at the age of 55 years, in Regina, Saskatchewan.

Regina, SK

SILCOX--E. Lynn. It is with great sadness, the family announce the passing of Lynn Silcox on Monday, February 19, 2001, at the age of 61 years, after a short but courageous battle with cancer.

FERGUSSON _George Robert (Bert) Fergusson passed away June 21, 2004 at Circle Drive Special Care Home at age 86. Born December 21, 1917, to Robert and Maggie Fergusson, Bert was the oldest of 13 children raised in Rocanville, SK. Left to mourn are his loving wife of 61 years, Helen; and his children, Bob (Judy) of Kamloops, BC, Lynne (Garry) Nolan of Parksville, BC, Jim (Angie) of Saskatoon, Sid (Jean) of Edmonton, AB and Kay (Dale Farrell) of Saskatoon; along with 16 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren. He is also survived by brothers, Bill, Ross, Ward, Logan and Wes; and sisters, Ruth Godwin, Florence Hubbard, Muriel Botterill, Alice Jones and Carrie Nixon. He was predeceased by his parents, Robert and Maggie Fergusson; brother, Keith; and sister, Jean Nixon. As a young man, Bert joined the RCMP in 1940 and was stationed in Vancouver, Dawson and Whitehorse, Yukon Territories where he met and married Helen Epp in 1943.

Ottawa, ON

Shirley Madge (Rennie) Marcoux 1923 - 2003 (Veteran WWII) -- Passed away peacefully surrounded by her loving family in Ottawa, Ontario on April 23rd, 2003 in her 80th year, Shirley Madge (Rennie) Marcoux, beloved wife of Guy Marcoux (RCMP retired) and daughter of the late Margaret and Alexander Rennie of Abbey, Saskatchewan. Devoted mother of Stewart (Claudette Levesque) of Longueuil, Quebec, Rennie (Guy Gallant) of Ottawa, Ontario, Maureen (RCMP) of White Rock, B.C., and Michel (Julia Burns) of Surrey, B.C.

If you wish the complete obituary on these four above let me know and I will send them to you. – Sherron

In addition Bill Maylor referred me to this site which lists Saskatchewan born people whose deaths were reported in the Yukon News. 1960 – 2000.

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~cansk/Yukon/yukonobitssaskstraysAlpha.html>

Sherron

Thanks so much for your note and the obits. I worked with Bill Siemens in Whitehorse. He and Muriel (and family) lived two doors away from us in Camp Takhini. We lost track of one another and I've often wondered how and where they were. I knew of a couple of the others as well. I forwarded your message to another retired member, Greg Lyslo.

Re: the ideas for stories. I'll send the odd little thing and maybe it will serve to inspire a

few other submissions.

I Want My Notice Served in My Mother Language

One night in Whitehorse one of the members brought in an impaired driver for a breathalyser. The man was very ignorant throughout the whole procedure and when it came time for his release or incarceration the member chose to release him and was serving the breathalyser documents at the front counter. The other members on shift and in the office were sitting around not hearing what was going on at the front until the arresting member came back fuming and fed up. One of the members asked what was up and he colourfully said the individual wanted his appearance notice served in his "mother language". The "mother language" he was referring to was French. One of the fellows in the back said "that's no problem. I can do that".

He calmly took the appearance noticed to the front counter and held it up, paused a moment as he looked at it and said "dis is dat dere appearance notis. You are required to attend court da 22nd day of Aprill, 1975 etc." He never got finished and the guy grabbed it from him and left. The member was as cool as a cucumber and his "French" (well the accent anyway) was as good as any I've ever heard. In years to come when the bilingualism issue got so hot I'm sure it would have been cause for a severe reprimand.

Enjoy the day and DO keep up the good work.

Reg Jensen regwendyjensen@canada.com



Marsh Lake Lodge – 1960's

Photo forwarded by Florence Roberts from Lance Hewstan collection.

Came across these pictures and thought someone would like to write a piece about the Marsh Lake Lodge and the Casca and Whitehorse. I remember the Old lodge and we went out there for supper one evening in 1973. If I remember correctly it burned down that winter or the next. It was full of wonderful taxidermy and atmosphere; wood smoke and stuffed animals and good food too. I don't know who took the picture but it is from some old pictures that Lance Hewstan had collected for a book. The other is definitely taken by Lance of the Casca and Whitehorse in 1969.

I think the photo of Marsh Lake Lodge came from the Archives but Lance had no credit on it. Judging by the cars it was taken in the mid 60's so he very well could have taken it himself. He was an avid photographer and he has some wonderful pictures of Otter Falls. Lance Hewstan took the picture of the boats in February 1969 for a magazine he used to put out.



Sternwheelers Casca & Whitehorse – 1969 Whitehorse

Photo forwarded by Florence Roberts from Lance Hewstan collection.

I have his collection of short biographies he was preparing to publish before he passed away in 1992. His name may evoke some memories for people who lived here in the 60-70s as he and Jack Burrows used to have some very lively political discussions on "Talk Back" between 11am and noon daily, Monday to Friday, on CKRW. I can't remember who the host at the time was but I think there were several over the years. It was always good entertainment and I think we even learned a few things. Lance and Jack only lived a couple of houses apart on Willow Crescent for the last years.

Florence Roberts yapper@klondiker.com

The Whitehorse and Casca were painted and fenced in the early 1970's and the next year burned to the ground by young people camped on the boats.

We would be interested to hear from anyone who can identify the owners of Marsh Lake Lodge during the life of these two buildings. Is the one below the one Mike Nolan originally built? Approximately what year would it have been built? When the Alaska Highway was completed, opened to the public or perhaps when the Army left or about the same time as the Porsild's started Johnson's Crossing?



Marsh Lake Lodge 1952

Photo Courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

The 1952 photo is one we have shown in MocTel 38 along with a story by Bucky Keopke.

Bucky indicated that Charles Shandalla had the lodge in the mid 1960's and that it burned when he had it and that it was not rebuilt. Mr. Tubman indicated in MocTel 48 that he left a couple of his NC company visitors in 1945-46 with Mike Nolan at Marsh Lake Lodge.

It would be interesting to know who built and operated each of these buildings. - Sherron

NEWS ABOUT DAWSON CITY

Hi Sherron,

Just wanted to pass on this new website for you to take a look at, may be interesting to a lot of your readers.

<http://cityofdawson.com/dawson/>

Peter Gould pgould*northwestel.net

This is from the main page:

Welcome to CityofDawson.com Town Hall [discussion forum](#).

In case you missed it, newly elected Dawson City Mayor and Council were fired by the Yukon Territorial Government in April 2004.

Many believe that this action by the higher level of government was heavy-handed, unjustified and a cynical abuse of their power under the Yukon Municipalities Act. Others believe it was a justified and proper action by the government. Whatever the reason, it appears like frontier politics at its best. Consequently, Dawsonites are left with no elected representation.

Government appointed trustee Raymond Hayes along with the appointed advisory board - Kevin Hewar, Kelly Miller, Bill Bowie, Helmut Schoener and Corrine Gaudet have taken the place of the previous Mayor and Council. Although the Advisory Board members have stepped forward to serve our community, they are in this capacity, recommending bylaws and town policy on behalf of the citizens of Dawson. Some citizens object to this because this Advisory Council was not given permission by the voters to do so.

Taking this unfortunate circumstance into consideration it was decided to activate this Town Hall website so citizens who would otherwise not be willing to publicly speak out on civic issues could do so on the forum pages found here.

This is likely the most critical time in Dawson's history. The impending bridge across the Yukon River project is rearing its multi-million dollar head, local waste management issues are still not resolved, improved health care facilities for Dawson have been on YTG's back burner for awhile and the government appointed trustee and advisory committee to take the place of Dawson Mayor & Council last spring all underscore the importance of becoming more aware of your municipal affairs.

This Town Hall discussion forum is open to all Yukoners and anyone with something useful to contribute.

There are no restrictions as to who can post although you should register your user name. It is a simple one step process with no personal info required. We ask that you observe good netiquette manners, refrain from using vulgar language or making threats. If these considerations are met, then we have a great opportunity for a dialogue that concern both Dawsonites and Yukoners alike. Happy posting!

REMOVED FROM LIST

I asked Henry Breaden try to get through to first four addresses and his mail was returned from all. – Sherron

HEPP, Ken & Gail (KOLKIND) khepp*telusplanet.net (In Whse. from 1946-1959 Grad) Leduc AB

Recipient address: khepp@telusplanet.net

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

NORTH, Ted & Trudy (DeWolfe) tntnorth*mts.net (Trudy born in Dawson 1938, Ted from Mayo) Winnipeg

Recipient address: tntnorth@mts.net

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

PARK, Bob goldpan99@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse since 1964)

Recipient address: goldpan99@hotmail.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Eleanor Clubb

Recipient address: declubb@whtvcable.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

This one has been coming back for weeks. – Sherron

WYKES, Colin & Georgene cgwykes*shaw.ca (Colin in Whse 1973-85) Nanoose Bay

Your message cannot be delivered to the following recipient

Original address: cgwykes@shaw.ca

Reason: Over quota

I'm leaving the territory so as of the first of next week this e-mail address will be defunct. I thoroughly enjoyed every single issue of the telegraph and I hope I can hook back into it when I reach the other side.

Thanx and all the best.

Skip Rudderham

RUDDENHAM, Skip srudderh*whitehoremotors.com (In Whitehorse since 2002)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have a new address the City of Dawson shut down the internet, my new address is jgould*northwestel.net John Gould

I do apologize for not giving you my updated addresses. My excuse is the "hazards of moving". My new email;

dorotheaK*telus.net My new address is: 306-20240- 54a Ave.
Langley, B.C.
V3A 3W7

Could you please send any issues I have missed.

Could you please update my e-mail, it has changed to pgould*northwestel.net
Thank you Peter Gould

Hi everyone just wanted to let you know I have a new address.

bfhakon*northwestel.net
Fran Hakonson

NEW ADDITIONS

My name is Millie Bodnar - maiden name Speer & my email address is millie_speerbodnar*hotmail.com

I lived mostly in Yukon from 1943 - 1956 in various places with Whitehorse being the longest.

My brother, Bill Speer, informed me about the Moccasin Telegraph & I would most certainly like to be on your list.

Bill probably told you that we lived at various places on the Highway & Dad was the second owner of Mac's Newstand which he ran for approximately 5 years.

I married Joe Bodnar who came to Whitehorse to play hockey for the Merchant Hockey Team, coached then by Lloyd Camry.

We now divide our time between Dawson Creek, in the summer & Apache Junction for the winter months.

I hope this is enough information & that I am able to be on your list.

Just noticed that my address doesn't show an _ between millie & speer.

Thanks for your consideration, Millie Bodnar

Hi Sherron,

Thanks for the email. I am now printing up the latest copy of the MocTel. Read a few parts of several when we visited Daisy in October and enjoyed them very much. Daisy was my mothers' best friend when we lived on Spruce Creek in the early 40's. My mother died when I was 5 years old so until my father could get established with his own business in Yellowknife I stayed with my grandparents in Atlin until I was 10 years old. My grandparents were the McKechnies, Bill and Nancy. Their house is still standing just off Pearl Ave. behind the old liquor store. While Daisy and Ryder were still on Spruce Creek they would have me up to spend the weekends as I was in school by then. They wanted to adopt me but that was out of the question as I wanted to be with my father

I left Atlin in 1948 to go to Yellowknife to live with my Dad. I did not return to Atlin until 1988 for a visit. Returned again in 1998 for the big celebration. Must go back again soon as it is such a beautiful place and has lots of memories for me.

I would like to contribute to the cost of the MocTel so if there is a subscription fee or whatever, let me know.

Regards, Bill Knutsen wknutsen@telus.net

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

You can't change the past, but you can ruin the present by worrying over the future.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Oatmeal Cake

Cake

1 ½ cups boiling water	1 tsp nutmeg
1 cup raw rolled oats	1 tsp cinnamon
1 ½ cups flour	½ cup butter
1 tsp baking soda	1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar	2 eggs, 1 tsp vanilla

In med. Bowl mix boiling water and rolled oats, let cool 30 min.

After mixing well, grease & flour a 9x9 pan.

Mix dry ingredients, in large bowl, cream butter & sugars.

Gradually add eggs one at a time. Beat till creamy & add vanilla.

Add rolled oats and mix, then add flour. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes.

Topping

3 tbsp soft butter	¾ cup chopped nuts
¾ cup brown sugar	1 egg
½ cup shredded coconut	3 tbsp milk

Combine topping ingredients in small pot on stove, set aside.
Spread over top of cake, hot from the oven. Bake additional 10 minutes, until golden brown ... cool & slice.
Enjoy Karren Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net

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