

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Eighty-Ninth Edition - Nov. 21, 2004**

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



Just north of Haines Junction, looking towards the Bear Creek valley.

Photo courtesy Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj@shaw.ca](mailto:buzzy.cj@shaw.ca)

### **MY GOLF GAME**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

My golf course is a perfect place,  
I go there to unwind.  
Whenever I'm within its bounds  
I leave all cares behind.

I clean my clubs and mark my ball  
And put them in the car,  
Then head out for the clubhouse,  
Where all my buddies are.

I practice on the putting green,  
I swing a club or two.  
The calcium is breaking loose,  
The aches and pains are few.

My foursome now is ready,  
The starter calls my name.

My hand and eye are steady,  
And I'm ready for the game.

I stand upon the first tee,  
The scene that greets my eye  
Is one of peace and beauty,  
Shimmering sea and sky.

The fairway's like a carpet,  
And likewise is the green,  
Except for several divots  
Where the previous foursome's been.

I check my stance, a practice swing,  
I flex my knees and wiggle.  
And somewhere in the background,  
I hear my partner giggle.

Keep the head down, follow through,  
If I do it right, let's face it.  
A little luck, a member's bounce,  
No reason I can't ace it.

My swing is pure perfection,  
I stand and watch the green  
Hoping my club selection  
Was all it should have been.

My partner's looking angry,  
And he's coming after me.  
I look, and there's my @#%^& ball  
Still sitting on the tee.

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### **Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)**

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## **Chapter 32**

The trip north was uneventful except for the usual Alaska Highway glitches, a flat tire and a rock in the radiator. On arrival in Whitehorse we went to the Great Northern hangar and met Dawn Bartch. She had an apartment for us but we only stayed in it overnight. We got a three-bedroom house in Hillcrest, which was only a three-minute commute to the airport.

Dawn took me around the office and hangar and introduced me to everyone. Then we sat down and she explained the situation to me. There were scheduled passenger runs to Mayo, Dawson, Old Crow and Inuvik using three DC-3 airplanes. The shorter runs to Faro and Ross River were done with smaller twins. For charter bush work there were Otters, Beavers and Cessna 185. There was a large hangar for aircraft, storage and repair. It had rooms for parts and shop work. The offices were attached to the hangar and a ticket booth was in the airport terminal. It was a good set up with good personnel and equipment and no competition. The scheduled flights were routine but the charter work could get hectic at times. There was quite a bit of prospecting going on and the Dempster Highway was being built so the smaller airplanes were kept busy.

My job was medium pressure until we started a direct flight to Inuvik using a Fairchild F27 carrying a combination passenger and freight load. The freight traffic was building up rapidly but the passengers were not that great as we were running in competition with P.W.A. out of Edmonton. Their passengers could stay on the same airplane from Edmonton to Inuvik although they had two stops enroute. Ours had to take C.P. Air from Edmonton to Whitehorse then change over to us. Many people did not like to make that change.

A truck with twenty tons of fresh produce and groceries arrived once a week in Whitehorse and we carried it to Inuvik. This was steadily increasing through the winter.

In April the Fairchild had a landing accident in Inuvik. No one was hurt but the airplane was badly bent. A large weird looking airplane called a Guppy was flown from the U.S.A. to Inuvik to haul the Fairchild out for repair. The Guppy was basically a DC-6 with a huge oversize fuselage and a great bulbous nose, which opened up to permit large pieces such as an aircraft fuselage or missile to be loaded. At the time it was the only aircraft in the world that could carry such loads.

We had to have something to carry freight so Calgary sent us a DC-4. This was all right except it had four piston engines to look after, which increased our maintenance as the Fairchild had two turbo engines which are relatively trouble free. However, the DC-4 carried a bigger load so that was okay. Through the summer all the aircraft were busy with the mining, prospecting, and oil exploration on the Peel Plateau. The DC-3's were used for some of the charter work.

About eleven-thirty one night I was just going to bed when the phone rang. It was Al Warner at the hangar. He said I had better get down there as one undercarriage leg had collapsed and the DC-4 was on the floor. The airplane was going through a check and two men in the cockpit had done something that let the right leg retract. There was a Cessna 180 parked under the right wing tip so when the wing came down it flattened the 180 right to the floor. That had eased the 4 down preventing any major damage to it the 180 was a sad sight. The DC-4 was jacked up, the leg put down and it was soon back in service.

The Whitehorse base was thriving. We were busy making a good profit so it came as a terrible shock when I received word from Calgary that the company was bankrupt. I could not believe it. Of course, I knew what went on in Whitehorse. I had no idea of how the

money was being squandered in Calgary so had no idea such a thing was even imminent. I felt responsible to the employees under me but could give them no explanation. The timing could not have been, worse as looking for a job in the Yukon in winter was impossible. All these people had money coming to them, which they needed but the funds were tied up. I felt awful and mad.

The bankruptcy laws are for the birds. Secured loans get the first cut of the pie then the suppliers. If anything is left the employee might get a small portion owing him. I believe the time he has given to the company should be considered a secured loan and paid off from the top. Everyone received a pittance eventually and I came out three thousand dollars short.

Now that we were in the Yukon I did not want to leave so we decided to sit it out until spring.

(To be continued.)



Old Log Church – Whitehorse – January 1952  
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

## **SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE YUKON**

Written by  
**REVEREND LESLIE GEORGE CHAPPELL**  
Story submitted courtesy Judith (Chappell) Parkes [jparkes@telus.net](mailto:jparkes@telus.net)

### **The beginning of a new era**

It was in 1949 that my wife and I began to realise the need for changes to be made. We had lived in the Yukon for fifteen years with very little opportunity for rest periods. We had been active in the parish of Whitehorse from its pre-war smallness, through the war period with its transient army and civilian population of thirty thousand people - and the impact which that floating population had upon the church, - and we had come to the beginning of a new post-war period when the town was far too small for its newly developing potentiality. In addition, our children were approaching high-school years when they should have the opportunity to know more of Western Canada and its possibilities for them.

It seemed indicative that the time for change had come, so, with Archbishop Adams sponsorship, I wrote Archbishop Sexton in Victoria to ascertain if he would be willing to accept me on his diocesan staff. He replied to the effect that he could place me at Comox on Vancouver Island, and, with my acceptance, we began preparation for the transfer.

It was on Monday August 7th 1950 that we bid farewell from the train to the people we had known so long and so well. The previous day I had commemorated the sixteenth anniversary of my ordination; it was also the tenth anniversary of my appointment to the parish. Apart from these personal commemorations it was also the day on which the parish commemorated the 50th anniversary of the erection of the Old Log Church. These celebrations gave us a good feeling particularly as we had contributed as much as we were able to the welfare of the people in the parish. Of course, my wife and I felt that with this departure we were seeing for the last time the Territory we had traversed together since our wedding. It was very dubious that we would ever see it again, and, this feeling left an emptiness that could not be avoided.

### **Twenty-five years later.**

If the question of returning to the Yukon had been left in our hands entirely, probably the reaction would have been negative, but the decision was taken out of our hands when we accepted an invitation from the church people in Whitehorse twenty-five years later to join with them in the 75th anniversary of the parish. It was unbelievable. Who would anticipate what might happen in twenty-five years? It was also unbelievable that we would be in Whitehorse in three hours flying time instead of the four and a half days by ship and train as in the olden days.

When our hosts transported us down-town from the airport we passed notices advertising the City of Whitehorse. The interim years had seen the Territorial Administration transfer from Dawson City to Whitehorse. As we passed the outskirts of town and noticed the elimination of the construction and army camps, and reached the ball-park area, we saw that even that had gone. In that area there had been erected an extensive Federal Administration building complex. It was the same at the Regina Hotel. The hotel we had known was gone, and was replaced by a completely new and enlarged structure. During the five days of our visit this was the experience we encountered wherever we went. The

ground on the church block where three tennis courts had been used each summer was now the site of the new Cathedral. It was not a pleasant nostalgic feeling to realise that most of our friends homes had been torn down to be replaced by offices and stores. At the point on the river where the stern- wheelers used to turn through a 180 degree angle before commencing their journey down river there is now erected an imposing road bridge across the river leading to new hospital buildings, a high school and a large residential area that is comparable to any such area much further south. In our time this flat stretch of land had been nothing but scrub bush.

With one or two exceptions the only buildings we knew were the Old Log Church and the adjacent empty rectory that had been our home for ten years. Our feelings were again not altogether pleasantly nostalgic, but at least the buildings remained; they had not been torn down, to be replaced by other buildings for other purposes. We had not returned to Whitehorse to commemorate what had been but, was no longer, for here in the old log buildings was tangible evidence of 'the way back when', a time period about which newer residents of the city knew little or nothing. Those buildings recall people, old-timers and new-comers together.

It was somewhat symbolic of the thought of the involvement of the old with the new that the Sunday morning service of commemoration opened with the clergy, choir and congregation being present in the Old Log Church with an invitation to me to commence the service at the Prayer Desk I had used during so many years. Following this actual and symbolic opening, everyone processed to the adjacent Cathedral for the commemorative service of Holy Communion. My sermon topic necessarily took the congregation back in thought to my tour of duty in the parish, with the intention of laying before them some aspects of the foundations which had been created in bye-gone years, and upon which they were continuing to build to the glory of God. (The talk at the banquet on Monday evening had the same topic in mind if expressed in stories touched with as much humour as possible).

The symbol again became apparent during the reception of the elements when it became known that Mrs. Erikson - a very long-time resident - was in church and would find it much easier if communion could be taken to her in the pew. It was quickly arranged for me to do this, accompanied by the deacon. After the service Charlie Taylor remarked that even here was an illustration of the old and the new together in action. . "Here", he said, "was the little, staid, dignified, old priest (that's me) and the tall gangling young deacon, together giving communion both at the Altar-rail and in the pew."

An aspect of the change between the olden times and present circumstances that was not easily acceptable to my wife was the awareness that many of the women she met - who were girls under her leadership in the church's auxiliary organisations in the 1940's - were now, not only wives and mothers, but grand-mothers. Time marches on for everyone.

It seems strange that Whitehorse should be the sole remaining centre of activity for the work with which we had been engaged through the years. As an Indian village the native settlement at Moosehide has been abandoned. St. Paul's Hostel in Dawson City has ceased

to be a home for school children. Due to the cessation of river traffic, and the building of roads throughout the Territory, the mission and the town-site at Fort Selkirk are empty. The parish of Dawson City remains, but very restricted in its scope with the closing down of the placer-mining operation that kept the city alive for so many years. Mayo still struggles to keep itself going, and should go ahead now that it is accessible by road. This does not imply the collapse of the Anglican Church in Yukon, far from it. Wherever new roads have penetrated the Territory new town-sites and Indian villages are springing up with new churches keeping in touch with the hub-city of Whitehorse which is geared with a Cathedral and a Synod Office (a first) to help forward the church's work.

The present Yukon and the Yukon we knew are in essence two entirely different entities. This change began during the war years when the need for rapid transportation closed down the river traffic which had been the main channel of communication. This closure of channels necessitated the construction of many new roads through virgin territory to create a new network of communication with the hub-city and with the outside world.

My wife and I will always be most grateful to the congregation of the Cathedral Church in Whitehorse for making it possible for us to unite with them again at a time of celebration, for allowing us to speak of the “what had been” and to see for ourselves the positive direction in which the City and the Diocese are moving forward. We are able to say that our experiences in the Yukon include, not only the discontinued past, but also a little of the energetic present in the continuation of the story of the Church in that Diocese. It has been good to have known both the old and the new as these phases have been exhibited in that vast north-land.

(The End)



Anglican Church Whitehorse, circa 1900  
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

If you look at that 1900 photo of the church and you will see something of interest. As was common in early buildings, the church has storm porches front and back to conserve heat. They are using the principle of the igloo where the exterior and interior door are not

straight on, but are to one side. The idea was to enter the outer door and close it before opening the inner door which prevented cold air from rushing into the building. If the congregation was entering and had both doors open, the 90 degree angle of the doors prevented loss of heat. Actual igloos were built with a 90 degree tunnel of entry without a door to prevent wind from entering. Enough air was drawn so that the oil lamp used in the igloo was not starved for oxygen, and any stale air and smoke was expelled through a small hole in the dome of the igloo. You may see drawings of igloos nice dome shaped with a nice door cut in the side of them. This is a figment of someone's imagination and nothing like the real thing. A machete or snow knife was always carried by hunters and it did not take them long to put up a shelter for the night. The winds of the arctic created drift snow about 8 inches thick which was cut with the knife.

The doorway into the rectory did not use this principle and is more decoration, for upon entering both doors would be open and the cold air sweep across the floors cooling the room. We had storm doors at home, but in winter you did not keep that door open a second longer than necessary. As the cold air swept across the floor you could see a fog on the floor from it. Just a bit of northern knowledge!

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

The extension was there as far as I remember and that was in 1942. Yes we did go to the old log church I used to sing in the choir with Peter Chappel and also was in the church boys' league. My oldest boy Rick was the last baby to be christened in the log church in 1959 by Rev. Privet.

Fred Aylwin [fbaylwin@shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin@shaw.ca)

### ***THE LAUGHING MOUNTAIN GOAT***

By Al Oster [alosteryukon@jetstream.net](mailto:alosteryukon@jetstream.net)

One evening near the end of August in 1962 at our home in Whitehorse I was in the garage greasing and changing oil in our 1955 Pontiac when my wife Mary called from the house that Kit was on the phone. I crawled out from under the car, wiped most of the grease off my hands and went into the house. I wondered what Kit was up to in the middle of the week. Probably had a poker game lined up with some of the boys. You could never tell what he would come up with next.

"Hi Kit -, what's up?" I asked cautiously.

"Hey Al", he replied, "Sounds like the weather is gonna be just great for this coming up Labor Day weekend and I was wondering if you'd be interested in goin' mountain goat hunting up to Black Lake with Jack and I ?" Ever since I saw Jimmy Simpson from Bow Lake stalk a mountain goat and almost get it with just a hunting knife I craved the excitement of another goat hunt. I accepted the invitation without any further thought.

"Good," said Kit, "I'll pick you up in my truck at 5 o'clock Saturday morning and we'll get to Carcross early. Bob Watson is gonna lend us his clinker boat and motor and we'll go up Lake Bennett to Milhaven Bay, then we'll have to pull the boat up a little creek for about half a mile to Black Lake. There's an old cabin in there -, and lots of goat. Bring your rifle, spotting scope, packboard, sleeping bag and I'll bring the grub and a big crock of O.P rum".

Saturday morning dawned beautifully clear and warm. It was going to be a perfect weekend of weather for hunting. Kit, Jack and myself arrived in Carcross about 6.00 A.M., loaded our supplies into the boat and were ready to leave by 6.30.

"Well I guess that's it boys," Kit shouted, "We're ready to pull out. Let's untie the boat".

I watched Kit as he stooped to untie the boat mooring rope at the wharf, and I saw Jack untie the same rope at the bow of the boat. I wondered at the logic of this maneuver, but since I was the youngest of the trio, and a greenhorn Cheechako at that, I thought it prudent to refrain from comment. Jack untied his end of the rope and placed it on the wharf and then he and I walked to the end of the dock to pick up our rifles.

"What the heck's going on?" I heard Kit screaming, "Get the boat -, it's loose -, somebody get it -, we're gonna lose the \* @ ! ? \* thing -, get her in."

Jack and I stared in amazement. The current in the lake had taken the boat about 8 feet from the dock. The mooring rope lay serenely on the wharf - -, both ends untied. Kit uttered a string of unprintable words, jumped into the lake and splashed frantically toward the boat in waist high water. He grabbed the bow and pulled the boat back to the dock where Jack fastened his end of the rope back on the bow. I helped Kit out of the icy lake waters. He was still muttering unprintables through shivering lips. Jack and I thought it was hilarious and we had difficulty in controlling our amusement. We finally managed to dry Kit up enough to begin our journey up the lake to Milhaven Bay. We arrived at the cabin on Black Lake early in the afternoon and set up our camp. Jack prepared a delicious meal while Kit was glassing the mountain peaks with our spotting scope.

"There he is," Kit yelled and pointed with excitement, "Spotted a big one right up there on that ledge. Right near the top. Come have a look."

Jack and I made our way to the little knoll where Kit had set up the scope and we took turns looking up at the mountain peak. It was nearly straight up, - - and there was our goat -, almost at the peak.

"Too high to go after `em today," Kit said wisely, "We'll get up at the crack of dawn, have a bite to eat and start climbin' first thing in the morning before it gets too hot." Next morning was the beginning of another perfect weatherwise day. We were on our way

up the mountain before daybreak. There were now several goat at the same location on the mountain ledge near the top.

"We got `er made," Kit assured us with an authoritative tone in his voice, "There's one there for each of us. In 4 hours we'll have `em in our sights. It's fresh goat liver for supper tonight".

We clawed, scratched, groaned, huffed and puffed our way slowly up the precipitous incline. It was stifling hot with no breeze, and millions of blood thirsty black flies swarmed into our eyes, mouths, noses, ears and down our necks.

"Can't go any further," Jack gasped, "Got to give up and go back. I'll make her back to camp and have supper ready for you guys when you come down."

Kit and I went on alone and finally groped our way to the summit. We cautiously peered over the brink of a rocky ledge and there they were - -, 15 pure white mountain goat. But they were on a ledge on the other side of a deep ravine on the next mountain, and well out of rifle range. We discussed the matter briefly and decided we had no energy or desire to crawl down into the deep ravine and up the other adjoining mountain to where the goats were. We agreed to head back to camp and enjoy a hot rum and cigar while toasting our aching feet by the campfire.

We descended down a narrow gully that harbored a cold mountain stream and encountered a roaring little waterfall in our path. The walls of the canyon were steep, slippery and dangerous but we were too tired to go back up and change our course. We chose to descend by rope down the middle of the approximate 12 foot waterfall, and subsequently emerged soaking wet and numb from the icy waters. We arrived back in camp early in the evening and crowded close to the campfire to warm up and dry our wet clothes. Kit suggested we disrobe and hang our clothes on a pole by the fire. I preferred to keep mine on rather than provide a vast area of free lunch for hordes of black flies and hornets. Kit however hung his clothes on a pole suspended between 2 trees and stood nude with his back to the fire. He was obviously comfortable and confident in his wisdom. Jack and I were down by the lakeshore when we looked up at Kit and the campfire. We were startled to see a brighter than normal flame and realized that Kit's pants and shirt hanging on the pole had caught on fire. Kit was unaware of the tragedy because he was standing in front of the fire with his back was to the flame. We waved frantically and yelled a warning but he was unable to hear us. He saw us waving and waved back. We rushed up the slope to save Kits clothes but it was too late. His wardrobe was gone and he was now fair game for swarms of hungry black flies and hornets. We suggested a Tarzan look alike loin clothe made from his towel, and tied in place with his shoe laces, but somehow he had again lost his sense of humor. Jack and I once again became the recipients of a new surge of original and unprintable vocabulary.

The next morning we broke camp and headed home. Kit traveled with his sleeping bag wrapped around him to keep warm. The warm weekend weather had now turned cool and cloudy threatening snow. Our hunting weekend had turned out to be a completely

disorganized disaster doomed to failure from the time we left Whitehorse on Saturday morning at 5:00 AM. But the experience was unforgettable to say the least.

As we left our camp and headed back down the creek to Milhaven Bay I'm certain we could hear the mountains around Black Lake echo the hysterical sound of a LAUGHING MOUNTAIN GOAT.

\* \* \* \* \*

*And thereby came the inspiration to write the song entitled "THE LAUGHING MOUNTAIN GOAT" based on a true story.*

*(The words to the song will be in the next edition.)*

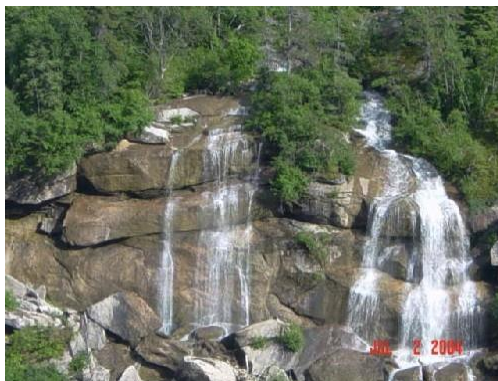
## OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART VIII

By Donna Clayson [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net)

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

The evening of July 16 we drove to Skagway, Alaska. It was a beautiful, warm evening, perfect for travelling on such a beautiful highway amongst some of the most breathtaking scenery in North America. I enjoy heights but when we left the American Customs I sometimes felt Bryan was driving a little fast on the sharp curves and was thankful for the cement barrier following the curvature of the road.

It was getting late when we got to Skagway so we searched for a campground. We had to be at the WP & YR station at 7:45 a.m. so wanted to find something close by with facilities. All we could find were RV parks where only RV's were permitted. All the campgrounds were full. At one campground there was a sign saying to go to the police station and they would assign a camping spot. The spot we got was in Dyea, 9 miles away on a road that snaked through the mountains. We decided to take our chances in Skagway and snuck into a spot reserved for RV's. We spent a quiet night and woke at 6:00 a.m. to a cloudy sky. I hoped the sun would peek through as I wanted to get some pictures while we were in the higher elevations. My advice to anyone wanting a campground in Skagway is to call ahead and see if you can make reservations.



Waterfall on the way to Skagway Photo courtesy Verena Ross

Since we were in a spot where we could not cook we searched the town for a restaurant. No luck as nothing was open that early in the morning. We grabbed a granola bar for breakfast knowing we would be eating lunch on the train. Spent an hour and a half taking pictures of buildings and sights around Skagway. I wanted a picture of Jeff Smith's Parlour (Soapy Smith) but it was difficult to get as there is a chain link fence surrounding it so a good shot is not possible. After the trip were supposed to meet Buckwheat Donohue who is with the City of Skagway Bureau, so I hoped to ask him for a good photo. (Buckwheat is very helpful with any information you may have about Skagway and can be reached at [infoskag@aptalaska.net](mailto:infoskag@aptalaska.net). Buckwheat has put out some CD's including a double one of three Jack London stories which were available May, 2004.)

We were looking forward to the train trip to Bennett and back. Bryan had never been on it before and the last time I took the trip was in 1976. We both work for the light rail transit in Edmonton in the maintenance department and with both rails being narrow gauge I was pretty sure Bryan would find it all very interesting. I was looking forward to the scenery and planned on spending the majority of the time outside on the platform.



White Pass Rail Brakeman

At 8:00 sharp we boarded the "Lake Atlin" car along with half a dozen other cars with familiar names painted on the side. Steam engine 73, a 1947 Baldwin locomotive puffed and snorted, impatient to get on its way. Every seat was occupied with persons speaking different languages; with anticipation written all over their face. I wondered how many were return riders that were there for the thrill of it. With a full head of steam and a long drawn out whistle we were on our way. The trip would be 8 ½ hours, an eighty mile round trip 20 miles beyond White Pass Summit to remote and historic Bennett, B.C. – the end of the Chilkoot Trail.



White Pass Rail Car – 'Lake Atlin'



Trail of 1898



**Old Trestle from Gold Rush**

designation shared with the Panama Canal, the Eiffel Tower and the Statue of Liberty

➤ Tens of thousands of men and 450 tons of explosives overcame harsh climate and challenging geography to create “the railway built of gold.”

➤ The WP & YR climbs nearly 3,000 feet in just 20 miles and features steep grades of up to 3.9%

➤ Cliffhanging turns of 16 degrees

➤ There are two tunnels and many bridges and trestles

➤ There’s a *steel* cantilever bridge which was the tallest of its kind in the world when it was constructed in 1901

Some interesting facts about the railway:

- Built in 1898 during the Klondike Gold Rush.
- Is an International Historic Civil Engineering Landmark – a

- Construction started May, 1898. On July 21, 1898, two months after construction began; the railroad's first engine went into service over the first four miles of completed track. The workers reached the summit of White Pass on February 20, 1899 and by July 6, 1899 construction reached Lake Bennett and the beginning of the river and lakes route. There was a crew laying rail north and another crew came from the north heading south and together they met on July 29, 1900 in Carcross. It took 26 months to complete and provided an easier route to the Klondike.

➤ You will see mountains, glaciers, gorges, waterfalls, tunnels, trestles and historic sites

➤ Skagway is at elevation 0 and White Pass Summit is at 2,865 feet (873 meters)

- The rails are three feet apart on a 10 foot wide roadbed

- The track is 110 miles long

- The cost to build was ten million dollars

- The railroad served as the main supply line for the construction of the Alaska Highway

- The old steam engines guzzled enormous amounts of fuel and water. The railroaders called them “hogs” and the engineer was called a “hoghead”

- #73 is a 1947 Baldwin 2-8-2 Mikado class steam locomotive

- Rotary Snowplow No. 1 was built in 1898 by the Cooke Locomotive and Machinery Company of Paterson, New Jersey for WP&YR and clears accumulations of snow 12 feet deep. It was retired in 1965

We slowly passed through the edge of town and beside the RV Park we had stayed. Tourists stood by their travelling homes and along the edge of the tracks waving to us, probably looking forward to their turn on the next trip. We passed by the Gold Rush

cemetery where Frank Reid and Jeff (Soapy) Smith are at eternal rest. We would tour through there later in the evening.

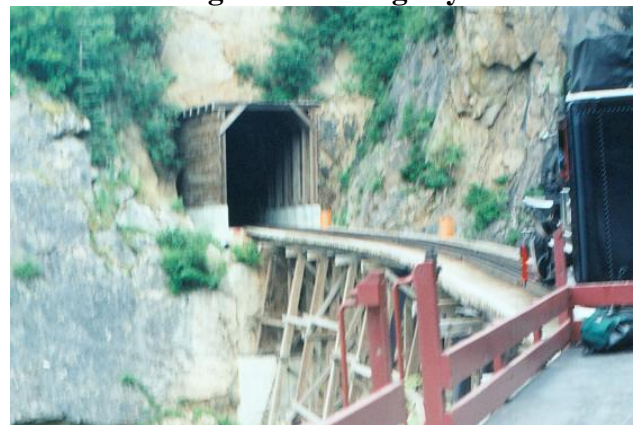


**Looking back at Engine 73 passing over the trestle**

Along the entire route interpreters explained some of the highlights along the way. Not far out of Skagway sits a lone grave marker. A man was killed by an avalanche, making it too dangerous and difficult to retrieve his body so a marker was erected at the spot. The lakes are clear with blue/green highlights and some of them have Mallard ducks occupying them. At mile 2.5 you can see the distant Coast Mountains that encompasses the Tongass National Forest. At mile 5.8 the track veers off to the right, across a fast rushing creek and on to the other side giving the passengers an excellent view of the locomotive and the rear cars. At mile 6.9 are whirlpools. We follow along the edge of forest and mountains to mile 14.0 where we again veer off to the right and approach our first mile long tunnel at mile 16.0. At mile 18.8 we enter into our second and final tunnel. We cross the Alaska-British Columbia border at mile 20.4 along with the White Pass Summit. Fraser, B.C. is at mile 27.7 and from here we follow the South Klondike Highway. As we cross the highway we see a line up of vehicles parked, anticipating the arrival of one of the most well-known trains in the world. As we cross the highway Loco 73 gives a long whistle and we wave back to the throngs of people showing their appreciation of the show. It was enough to give one goose bumps! On we go the end of the line at Bennett, B.C. at mile 40.6.



**Looking back to Skagway**



**Tunnels at Mile 16 and 18.8**



Summit Lake, South Klondike highway  
across the lake.



**U.S. Canadian Border – Mile 20.4**

We were given a boxed lunch at Fraser that included water bottles in the shape of a train and the container holding two wraps with beef, an apple, cookie, fruit juice and a bag of chips and a mint candy. The box was also in the shape of a train; cute and a real keeper.

At Bennett we had a guided tour that was very interesting; that I will tell you about next time ..... (To be Continued)

## **REINDEER**

Hi Sherron

I received my copy of the Yukoner Magazine issue # 28 which is put out by Sam Holloway (editor) & Dianne Green (publisher). There is an article in the magazine about Elly Porsild. Elly's husband Bob was involved in one of the greatest trail drives in the history of the north: a project that involved moving a herd of 3000 reindeer from a starting point in Alaska 1500 miles to the eastern shores of the Mackenzie Delta. It was to have taken 18 months and in fact took more than 5 years to complete. Bob & his brother Erling travelled & explored the proposed route in 1930.

The Yukoner Magazine is published four times a year.

Website: [www.yukoner.com](http://www.yukoner.com)

Thanks

Minnie Hassen [mhassen\\*yt.sympatico.ca](mailto:mhassen*yt.sympatico.ca)

## **YOUNG FOX**

When we were talking about foxes I said I had a cute picture of a young fox outside his den on the Jackson Lake road that I took around 1960 with a 35mm camera from about 6 or 8 feet. Well, for what it is worth, here it is. Found it today amongst a pile of other pictures. More to come when I am more comfortable with this machine and get some time. Spend most of my spare time reading Moc Tel.

Ron Butler [ron\\_but\\*shaw.ca](mailto:ron_but*shaw.ca)



**Young Fox**

Photo courtesy Ron Butler

## **A Couple of Fox Stories**

By Gordon Berberich [gord.and.em\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gord.and.em*shaw.ca)

I don't recall the exact year, but it would have been in the early 1960's, I worked for Jack and Gladys Burrows who ran the Taylor & Drury store at Hillcrest (The Air Force Base) at Whitehorse. Charlie Taylor was running the show at that time.

We had a red fox that we used to feed on the loading dock. It took us a long time before we could get him to come and take the food out of our hand. With patience we slowly worked with him and would throw the meat onto the dock, a little closer to us day by day until finally he would take it from your hand.

Every evening he would show up at the same time for his supper.

It was interesting to watch him, as we would talk to him and to see his reaction. He was always very timid even after we had gained his trust.

One beautiful night about a month before Christmas, I decided to go out and get our Christmas tree. I had my eye on one that sat in the middle of a cut line all by itself. To me it was the perfect tree.

I put on my mukluks and warm gear. Grabbed the toboggan and my hatchet and headed off to bring home our tree.

I rode the toboggan down from the road into the valley of the cut line like a true surfer. The cut line was fairly long and straight at this point and there was a hill to the north that the prized tree sat on. As I got to the bottom of the hill and started to climb up, I noticed a lot of eyes along the edge of the trees. At that point, I started to think that this was probably

not the brightest of my ideas. (As a teenager, I used to do some pretty off the wall things, like go fishing at McLean Lake on my bike at 02:00 hrs.) Anyway here I was in the middle of nowhere with my hatchet and toboggan and lots of eyes looking at me.

I decided to keep on going up the hill and to ignore the eyes as if they weren't there. When I reached the tree, I cleared the snow away from the base and began the task of chopping it down. While doing so I became aware that something was very close behind me. When I turned to see what it was, to my surprise, it was little red fox from the store. I don't remember what we had named him, but I called him by name and talked to him while I finished chopping the tree down. My little friend was the only one to come out of the trees. There were still lots of eyes in the bush watching what was going on.

I told him I didn't have any food for him and at one point I became a little concerned as he sniffed at my mukluks. I was thinking my foot might have been a good substitute for the no food that I had to offer. When I started to move around and tie the tree to the toboggan, he backed off a ways and sat and watched what I was doing.

I used the toboggan to surf down the cut line hill into the valley. As I walked along the valley, my little friend stayed behind me a short way off. All the while, the eyes in the trees moved along with us. When I got to the bottom of the hill that lead back up to the road, I had to put the tree back on the toboggan and retie it. For anyone reading this that knows me, rope and knots were and still are not my specialty. If my life depended on a knot, I wouldn't be here. I climbed the hill and made my way back to our house it was the house on the corner of the south road into Hillcrest and I believe it was Hillcrest Drive. It was the very first house you came to as you headed west from the Alaska Highway on the north side of the road. My little friend stayed with me all the way home.

The next evening at feeding time, he and I had a short discussion about the night before.

A few months later, our fox friend quit coming for supper. We never did find out what happened to him, he just disappeared.

A few years later, I was working at 75 mile camp on the Haines Highway. I believe that was the year that we moved an Atco house from Coal River to 75 mile for the camp foreman. If it was, Topy Topham was the foreman at the time. One of the mechanics had decided he had had enough of living in the middle of no where and was heading back to Whitehorse. About 25 miles north of camp, there was a den of new born foxes. This mechanic decided he wanted to take one of the pups back to Whitehorse with him and raise it as a pet. When I heard of his plan, I asked if I could come along with him when he went to pick up this pup. He was glad for the company so he said sure.

I was excited to go along as I had a pretty good idea what was about to happen. I don't know why he didn't, but that was his problem. When we arrived at the den, all of the pups were out rolling around and playing. Mom was not happy to see us and tried to round them up without a whole lot of success. The mechanic put on a pair of welders gloves and headed off to claim a pup. Poor Mom backed off with as many of the pups as would go

with her. The pup's eyes were not open yet and there were 5 or 6 of them. There was one pup that was away from the group and was wining. This was to be the one to become a pet. The mechanic grabbed the little guy and in a flash the little guy was in and out of the hands of the mechanic. At this point the mechanic started doing a rain dance or something and was screaming about his finger. Now this was why I wanted to come along.

I figured this whole ordeal would last about as long as it did. It played out just as I had imagined.

I came to that conclusion based on an experience a few years earlier at the T&D store in Hillcrest where we had a squirrel that decided to move into the store. Jack Burrows said we had to get the critter out of the store. We tried brooms and potato sacks and all kinds of things to steer and chase that squirrel out. We finally got him cornered and believe it was Jack who tried to convince me to pick it up and take it out of the store. Well I would have nothing to do with that. Jack put on a pair of cotton gloves with a pair of leather gloves over top. He grabbed the squirrel and that lasted a split second before Jack was doing the song and dance routine. Jack lost a bit of hide that day as the squirrel bit through the gloves like they weren't even there. In all of the excitement, the squirrel bolted for the open door and freedom. That solved the squirrel problem, but not Jack's finger problem. We had to dig out the first aid kit to patch up Jack.

Because of this experience, you can see why I was interested to observe the capture of the fox pup.

Now that I got off on a tangent, the mechanic never did get his fox pet that he was after. I heard later, that the mechanic couldn't work for a couple of months until his finger healed up.

## **SUNDAY SCHOOL CARAVAN MISSION**

Sherron, the following is some material about the Sunday school mission van. The book is no doubt out of print, but worth looking for through the library system.

Many of us who grew up in Whitehorse remember the arrival of the Anglican mission van and some details are recounted in the book.

Vera Fast. *Missionary on Wheels: Eva Hasell and the Sunday School Caravan Mission*. Toronto: Anglican Book Centre, 1979.

Vera Fast, in her book *Missionary on Wheels* (a 1979 Anglican Book Centre publication) detailed the history of the Sunday School Caravan Mission. From 1920 through to the early 1970s, the vanners brought the church and Sunday school to far off communities which were not normally served by the church. The vanners were the only church and often the only company many remote farmers and homesteaders had for months or years at a time.

Run by two so-called "British spinsters" -Eva Hasell and Iris Sayle (commonly known

in the church as Miss Hasell and Miss Sayle) -- the mission reached its peak between 1955 and 1959, with 31 vans and 62 workers working in 15 dioceses.

The vanners, always young women, usually British, typically served four months at a time. One of the two staffers on each van was expected to be a "Sunday school expert" trained in religious education in England or Canada; the second woman was required to be able to "drive a car, do running repairs (of the vehicle), cook and wash and, if possible, teach under the supervision of the expert."

Born into a wealthy family, Miss Hasell kept the operation running both with her own money and through constant fundraising back in the United Kingdom.

Rgds

Les McLaughlin [leslorn\\*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn*rogers.com)

## **BROWNIES**

I had near forgotten about the Brownies that travelled north yearly. Each year we used to see this van on the Yukon highways, but I never had the pleasure of meeting any of the missionaries. The reason they were called "Brownies" was from the brown habit that they wore. It took dedication to spend the summer in the van, doing all their own cooking while they travelled to the communities of the Yukon to bring the good word. When I was on the ferry at Stewart Crossing we used to take this van across the river as they travelled to the different communities. My job was to handle the ferry and make sure that vehicles made a safe crossing to the other side of the river. But on most occasions I was in the wheelhouse and never got to know the occupants.

The exception was the first year when we were using planks for loading and unloading. The planks would get greasy from mud during a rain and sometimes the ore trucks would slide off between the ferry and the bank. That meant a lot of jacking to get the truck back on the ferry, and mud covered, all of us. The following year we were provided with the ferry "Pelly" which had been reconstructed with a proper apron.

Fun and Games! Henry Breden [hjbreden\\*shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreden*shaw.ca)

## **MORE MEMORIES OF OUR TIME IN THE NORTH**

By Don Machan [demachan\\*telus.net](mailto:demachan*telus.net)

The Anglican missionary team, affectionately known as "The Brownies" due to the russet brown dresses they always wore, travelled around in a van that was their home when travelling around the North Peace River District of B.C. and Alberta, and along the Alaska Highway. They ventured up the Alaska Highway, at least as far as Watson Lake, Yukon. During the period when I was teaching at the Watson Lake Airport, probably in 1956 or 1957, they spent a few days at Watson Lake doing mission work.

I recall that one of the ladies was a Miss Sale or Sailes, but the second lady's name escapes me.

One Summer vacation that we spent visiting with my wife Bev's mother at Hudson Hope, the "Brownies" parked their van in my mother-in-law's yard while they were in Hudson Hope doing their mission work at the picturesque Anglican log church in Hudson's Hope. On that occasion, the Brownies had a young lady from England who had been sent out to serve as driver and helper. The young lady's name was Margaret Twining, the daughter of the well known tea manufacturers, Twinings Tea, available in most grocery stores. She was a delightful young lady, and after her return to England, she sent us a gift of Twinings teas. The Brownies were buxom middle to upper age ladies who were sent out from England to do mission work, and it was my impression that they were from rather upper class families in England, who came out to Canada for a few years to do mission work. They were a delightful pair.

Deaconess Hilda Hellaby had spent many years as an Anglican missionary and teacher in Vancouver's Chinese community prior to her arrival in the Yukon. She was stationed at Mayo to serve as teacher and mission worker at the First Nations community located across the Stewart River from the village of Mayo. Miss Hellaby had adopted a Chinese orphan girl, whose name was Felicity, while serving in the Vancouver Chinese community. Felicity married while we were living in Mayo, if memory serves me correctly, probably about 1958 or 59. I think her husband worked at Keno or Elsa. Hilda Hellaby was loved and admired by all who knew her. She later served the Anglican Church in Whitehorse, I believe.

Seeing Dick and Maggie Wallingham's Wedding Reception guest list was a wonderful trip down memory lane. What a great party it was! Dick will be interested to know that Lawrence Stahley, who grew up in the same neighborhood in the Lower Fraser. lives at Parksville, and we have been friends and Lodge Brothers for many years. Lawrence is currently confined to a wheel chair with an infected foot. He is currently waiting for surgery to have part of his toe removed. Apparently the Wallinghams and the Stahleys were very close friends.

The Newsham's Sunday School photographs brought back many memories, too. Our two eldest boys, Terry and Stewart, attended their Sunday School. Our youngest, Bob, was just one year old when we left Yukon in June, 1961.

Sincerely,      Don Machan

## **BROWNIES**

To answer Joyce Yardley's question, the two Brownies were Miss Hassel and Miss Sayle. I believe a Mission Van is on display at the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse.

Dianne Lattin-Pelletier [dianne.lattin-pelletier\\*telus.net](mailto:dianne.lattin-pelletier@telus.net)

## **CARIBOU HERD**

When I read the piece about the caribou herd I thought about this amazing movie we had seen at the Vancouver International Film Festival this year, a wonderful film about the Porcupine Caribou herd. Here's a bit more information about it perhaps Moctel readers would be interested and the website link is [www.beingcaribou.com](http://www.beingcaribou.com):

*Being Caribou [BECAR] Canadian Images*

*Newlyweds Karsten Heuer and Leanne Allison follow, on foot, the annual migration of the caribou from their wintering range in central Yukon to the spring calving grounds on Alaska's coastal plain. This stunning documentary reveals the threat posed by American oil and gas drilling to these northern creatures.*

The footage was all shot by Karsten and Leanne who have both worked in the Yukon - I think in the Haines Junction area and is absolutely wonderful. The feat of following the herd in itself was amazing, and the very real dangers they faced made it all the more gripping. I also noticed that the film was powerful for me as I know that country, but for many in the audience who have never seen the vastness of the land in the Yukon, it was more difficult to appreciate the incredible distances covered and hardships survived by the caribou let alone the young couple!!

Jan McConachy [jmccconachy@shaw.ca](mailto:jmccconachy@shaw.ca)

## **GILLIAN STILL WORKING HARD & REMEMBERING YUKON**

Hi Sherron... amazing information.... boy you really do work hard...and it is very touching.....We were at the Orpheum Theatre last night.....November 11th...WOW what an evening.. I sang with Dal Richards 16 .. Piece band.. and there were a lot of Artists, Terry Jacks .. Randy Backerman .. Shari Ulrich ... Many others...they had a lot of Poetry Reading.....and John Grey who wrote "Billy Bishop goes to war" he sang with his Son .. nice touch. And Rae Ackerman and his 16 Year old Daughter were back stage....she was a delight....and is bitten by the Show Biz BUG !!!!! .... It is a Good Thing that we Remember the fallen young men that gave their Lives.....such a waste.....and it doesn't stop does it.....sad.....Hugs Gillian

*I told Gillian I would like to use her message so folks would know what she is up to.*

Hi Sherron.. Thanks to you too .. If I can help you in any way...just let me know...I am so fortunate in so many ways .. because of the Yukon...it gave me so much.....The Yukon gave me work.. helped raise my two sons.. taught them to swim there .. and they went to school there... also they had a Holiday every Year.. all the time I was with the Frantic and Gaslight Follies.....made so many Dear friends.. which I still have but I miss the ones that have passed...very much...and of course last but not least.. I met my Terrific Husband.... so supportive.. he really is the "Wind beneath my Wings" he was with me all day yesterday at

the Theatre even took the day off .. and this weekend he has four Big Races.. but he was there for me.. and I will be there for him tomorrow and Sunday.....Yes I do count my Blessings..

Love to you too.. Gillian Campbell [gillianklondikekate\\*shaw.ca](mailto:gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca)

## **WILL ROGERS' STOP IN YUKON AND MARSH LAKE LODGE**

*Dianne has kindly passed along the information on two stories you may be interested in reading. If I knew Dick North or Dorothy Stuart I would contact them, but I do not and I do not want to duplicate Dianne's work. – Sherron*

For more information about Will Rogers' stop in the Yukon, readers can check out "Will Rogers Last Ride," a short article by Dick North. You'd have to contact Dick North for permission to run it but the print version is available in "The Yukoner Magazine" issue No. 17.

Also, you were asking about ownership of the Marsh Lake Lodge at mile 888. Dorothy Stuart wrote a story about her years at the Army Camp at that location during the years when Mike and Mary Nolan were running the lodge. That story is in "The Yukoner Magazine" issue No. 18. All back issues of the magazine are available from the publisher at the address below. The cost for each back issue is \$4 plus GST.

Dianne Green, The Yukoner Magazine [yukoner\\*marshlake.polarcom.com](mailto:yukoner*marshlake.polarcom.com)

## **WILL ROGERS/WILEY POST**

There is a small part of the Will Rogers/Wiley Post story that I can add. It can be verified in a book called 60 years below zero written by one of the Brower family in Barrow. Post and Rogers landed at a slough a few miles from Barrow, thinking that this bit of humanity on the coast had to be the town of Barrow. After a short visit with this Brower family, they again took off for Barrow which was only a few miles away but ran out of gas before they got there. Brower was the first one on the scene and both men were dead when he got there so there was nothing that could be done to save them. A monument was erected a few years ago in Barrow. The book is an excellent read about whale hunting and hardship in the Arctic. It is one of the best books I have ever read.

Sunday is still my best day of the week 'cause I get to read the Moc Tel. I can't imagine life without it.

Thanks to everyone who contributes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Don Frizzell [Frizzell\\*polarcom.com](mailto:Frizzell*polarcom.com)

## **UKHM BUILDING - MAYO**

Hello Harvey, re MocTel 88

The UKHM building that you refer to on Congdon and 2nd Ave. in Mayo was originally a residence. During my real early years, the building was further south about half way between 2nd and 1st. At that time, Peter Briba who was the Master Mechanic for Treadwell Yukon and his family lived in it. I remember Edna-May, their daughter; for in those early years I had a crush on her and she likely did not even know it. That had to be in the early 30s, for in 1935 they were not in the Mayo Postal List. After they left, the building was moved north to the new location and J.J. McCarthy lived upstairs and the lower floor was the T. Y. Office that he worked in. It may be of interest that about 1946 one of our Yukoners, Nancy Moulton, then Nancy Whitney was secretary in that office for UKHM. After the war, and J.J. McCarthy retired, Dale and Betty Robertson moved into the living quarters and Dale was in charge of the office for UKHM. You are right that Jack Foley was the next to live in the UKHM building. I lost track from then on as we had moved south.

Henry Breaden

Hi Henry, Thanks for the history of the UKHM building. It's always interesting to know the history and the occupants of buildings. I didn't know Peter Briba or the McCarthys but did the Robertsons and Jack Foley. And, of course I know Nancy (Whitney) Moulton. Nancy was one of my mother's best friends when they were young.

Just to give you the rest of the story about the house. As I recall, the building actually sat empty for a few years after it was used during 1953-54 as a temporary school. I am not sure what year the Newshams moved into it. I think maybe it was around 1958 or 59. After they left in 1962, it was again empty and I had the job of firing up the big old drum heater in the basement during the winter of 62-63. Then a young fellow by the name of Hank Leenders moved to Mayo and ran the mission. He got married after being there a winter to a gal from Cloverdale, BC named Rose ? and they lived in the house for a few years. I think it was after they left and moved to Whitehorse in the late '60's or maybe early 70's that the house was sold and torn down. Hank and Rose Leenders are now retired in Whitehorse, living in Riverdale. Hank was an accounting instructor at Yukon College for many years before retiring.

Thanks for the memories.

Harvey Burian [hburian\\*telus.net](mailto:hburian*telus.net)

## **YUKON POSTAL LIST & SEABEE**

*Lionel's message refers to a 1935 Yukon Postal list I forwarded to him which Henry had received from Joyce Yardley. I hope to find the time to get some of it typed in and shared with the group.*

*Also I had mentioned to him that I had been out to visit Jeanne Harbottle this afternoon and take to her the last three MocTels.*

*His mention of the obit is one that is in this edition and since he had lived in Dawson and worked on the river I was sure he would know Mrs. Burian.*

Just this instant did I finish printing off the MocTel 88 and I'm going to have another exciting read this evening. I'm amazed at how you crank out these editions so quickly and beautifully presented. I've only skimmed the Will Rogers input and pleased that the photos did reproduce reasonably well. Thank you for your praise, appreciation and encouragement, and I will try to contribute more in the future.

Indeed, I would very much like to receive the postal list. Again, I expect to be in for an exciting/emotional nostalgia trip when I study the list and won't be surprised if it doesn't trigger my 'hard core' with more interesting memories for our members. Having worked on the boats during school holidays in 1941, 43 and 44, as a galley boy cum pantry man cum waiter/cabin steward, I came to know the river stops well from Whitehorse to Fort Yukon. Thank you for thinking about me for this list and I'll be closely monitoring my "In" basket. Best wishes, Lionel

... I did receive the postal list and have managed to print it. Wow! The names therein recorded do indeed take me back those 69 +/- years. I will be perusing the list in detail/frequently and will try to zero in on some little events that I think may be of interest to "older" Dawsonites/Yukoners of times that may have meaning to them. I have close and very fond memories of our Dawson Chatelaine, Martha Louise Black, that I may someday put commit to paper and offer to you. How many of us are still around to remember people like Mary Clark-Hendra, Dave Gibson, Jimmy Oglow, Massie Sakata, and so very many others. There are many people that come to mind that are not on the list for what ever reason ... no family (?) ... no business or otherwise accounts (?) ... who knows (?). Thank you also for the obit for Yvonne Burian ... indeed, I remember Yvonne, but better still Rudy, as I'm sure his visits to Dawson from Stewart were more frequent. For everything, I again thank you. Sincerely, Lionel

Sherron ... I don't believe I ever met Jean Harbottle but sure saw Bud on many of his fly-ins to Dawson. Please tell her "thank you" for the manuscripts which I do read religiously and enjoy every chapter. In one of the earlier chapters, much mention is made to Norm Hartnell. I remember him so very well as I had my first airplane ride ever with Norm in the summer of '46(?), I think. My bosom pal and near brother, Kenny Hegstrom and I learned of Norm's arrival with his Seabee, and proceeded directly to the river shore. We approached Norm, introduced ourselves, and discussed his flight and airplane. We immediately learned that for \$8.00 each, he could take us up for a 20 minute spin, and you can imagine how quickly we came up with the 8 bucks. What a thrill that was! Kenny sat next to Norm in the right hand seat and I was directly behind with head between them both, watching Norm's every manuevere, listening intently to his comments. We cruised up river over Sunnydale, back and over Klondike City and a swing up the valley to Jackson's Tailings ... a jog into Bonanza ... back down to Dawson and a circuit over Moosehide before settling back onto the river. I recall meticulously scanning all the instruments on his "dash" and particularly, the controls, etc., above the wind screen. One warning plate adjacent to a control read "WARNING ... DO NOT REVERSE PROPS IN FLIGHT", or words to that effect. The Seabee was an amphibious airplane and could reverse the pitch of it's propellers to back out of estuaries, or perhaps even tarmac parking spots ... Jean would know. In any event, the warning sign was well understood even by me as I gave thought to

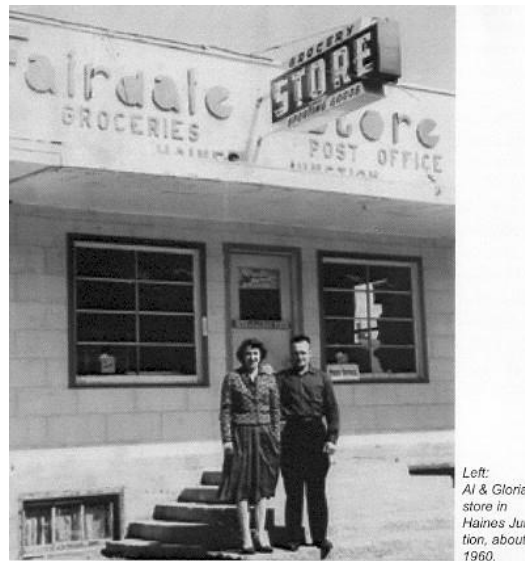
what might happen if one did reverse the props in flight. The best \$8.00 I've ever spent, to this day.

Regards, Lionel Brasseur [lynbrass@sympatico.ca](mailto:lynbrass@sympatico.ca)

## OBIT

**Margaret Yvonne Burian** passed away September 15, 2004, at Whitehorse General Hospital. She had been hospitalized for about three weeks. She leaves behind her five children, Alfred Burian of Surrey, B.C., Robin Burian of Stewart Island, Margaret Underwood of San Jacinto, Calif., Linda Taylor of Dawson City, and Ivan Burian, of Dawson City; also 14 grandchildren and 12 great grandchildren. Yvonne was born December 21, 1921 in Dawson City, where she lived until the age of five, and then moved to Stewart Island with her family. She lived at Stewart Island until 1990. She met her husband, Rudy Burian, at Stewart Island and they were married in Dawson in 1940. Rudy predeceased her in 1987. A Celebration of Life memorial was held at the Yukon Order of Pioneers Hall in Dawson on September 25, 2004.

Submitted by Margaret (Burian) Underwood [yukon180@hotmail.com](mailto:yukon180@hotmail.com)



**Alvin Franklin Allison** – Dec 21. 1924 - Aug 3, 2004

**Al Allison** was born on December 21, 1924, the third son of Howard Allison and Leotus Cornish, on a homestead near Senlac, Saskatchewan. He had two older brothers, Alfred and Raymond. In 1927 the family moved across the border to Paradise Valley, Alberta, (just south of Lloydminster). Due to their mother's illness, Al's parents moved to Edmonton in 1935, while the three sons stayed on the farm with relatives. When the boys moved into Edmonton a year later, their father was kept busy caring for their mother until her death in

1938, so the boys were usually on their own, picking up odd jobs while trying to go to school.

In his mid-teens, Al hopped trains to various places and jobs in western Canada, such as working in a circus in Manitoba with his brother Alf and on a tugboat near Vancouver. When he was old enough in 1942, Al followed his brothers and joined the Army. He served four years in World War II; in Holland, Belgium, France and Germany (his brother Alf later died from his war injuries). While the brothers were at war, their father remarried which resulted in two more brothers, Donald and Wayne.

After the war, Al went to the Yukon with his childhood friend from Paradise Valley, Dave Clay, to work as a truck driver on the Alaska Highway construction. He was posted to Destruction Bay in the Kluane area, where he stayed until 1950 to go to work in the oilfields near Edmonton. In 1952 he was back in the Yukon, prospecting in the Rancheria area, and then working on construction of the new Federal Building in Whitehorse. While there, he met Gloria Scalf, a teller at the Bank of Montreal. They fell in love and were married in Juneau, Alaska in 1953. Following their marriage he began a career building bridges and operating cranes on various bridges on the Klondike Highway, Alaska Highway, and Canol Road. He was the bridge foreman on most of these bridges and many are still in use today. In 1958, on the Canol Road alone, he built 14 wooden bridges and 2 bailey bridges, including the first bailey bridge assembled in the Yukon. He also worked on the new Haines to Fairbanks U.S. Military pipeline, clearing and constructing accesses in the B.C. section near Haines, Alaska.

Al and Gloria's first son Gordon had been born in 1955, and the transient construction life was becoming more difficult, so in 1958 they bought the Fairdale Store in Haines Junction as "a warm place to stay for the winter". Their second son Bob was born in 1959. Besides running the store, Al was Justice of the Peace, coroner, postmaster, fur buyer and propane dealer. Some of his best memories there are of the local First Nations people while buying furs from them.

After 10 years of hard work and long hours in the store, Al and Gloria decided to sell out and head south to give their boys a better chance at a good education. They moved to Kamloops, B.C. in 1968 where they co-owned a hardware store and Al worked for a crane company. In 1974 they moved to Blind Bay on Shuswap Lake, where he operated cranes in the area on occasion. The 1980's was a difficult time for Al, as he devoted himself to caring for Gloria during her affliction with Alzheimer's disease, until her passing in 1989. After this he began spending his winters in California, where he made many new friends and developed his love of golf. He moved to Salmon Arm in 1992 and continued spending winters in California until last year. This past winter spent in Salmon Arm enabled him to meet many new friends, including Maureen Moan, who became very special to him. Al and Maureen were making wedding plans at the time of his passing. Despite some tough times in his early life, Al's education at the "school of hard knocks" served him well in making a rich and healthy life for himself and his family. In addition to the family, that he was very proud of, his main joy was in the company of his friends, whether it be golfing, playing cards, or just visiting and laughing. We are all the better for having known him and will miss him dearly.

Al is survived by:

Son Gordon, daughter-in-law Roberta & grandchildren Nathan, Neal, Alida & Miranda.

Son Bob, daughter-in-law Sheila & grandchildren Holly & Sarah.

Brothers Raymond, Donald. & Wayne & their families.

Fiancee Maureen Moan.

Al was predeceased by Brother Alfred in 1967, wife Gloria in 1989, niece Kathy in 1970, & Nephew Jacob in 1997.

Obituaries (11/17/04)

**PLAINE \_ Rev. Joseph Leo**, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, age 91, died suddenly at Pandosy Place, Vancouver, BC on Friday, November 12, 2004. Fr. Plaine was born in Bedee (Ille-et-Vilaine), France on April 19, 1913, son of the late Jean and Mary (Houee) Plaine. He is survived by his sisters, Elise and Lucienne Plaine (nun); and brothers, Francois and Urbain, all in France. Following his ordination in France (La Brosse) on July 3, 1938 Fr. Joe was assigned to the mission fields of Northwestern Canada where he ministered for nearly 60 years in various areas of the North: Lejac, Telegraph Creek, Mayo, Macpherson, Old Crow, Dawson City, Atlin and Whitehorse serving here for several years as Chaplain while semi-retired. In 1997, Fr. Joe Plaine retired to Pandosy Place in Vancouver, BC after 59 years of dedicated ministry. Prayer Vigil will be held on Thursday November 18, at 7PM in St. Augustine's Catholic Church, 2028 West 7th Ave. Vancouver, were Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated on Friday November 19th 2004 at 11AM. Internment to follow at Oblate Cemetery, Mission BC. Kearney Funeral Home 604-736-0268 Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604



**ELLIS, Donald James Donald James (Jim) Ellis** was born December 13, 1947, and passed away suddenly on November 12, 2004 in Edmonton, AB. at the age of 56 years. He is lovingly remembered by his wife of 32 years, Shirley; his two sons Patrick (Heather) of Kamloops, B.C. and **Trevor (Kerri) of Mayo, Yukon** and his precious grandchildren Kyle and Keaton. He is also survived by his sisters Terry, Cathy (Mike), Norah (Crofton); and his brothers John (Susan) and Robert (Jan).

Jim will be missed dearly by his mother-in-law and father-in-law **Ada and Pat Van Bibber of Mayo, Yukon** along with their family as well as many nieces, nephews and cousins from both sides of the family and numerous friends. **He was predeceased by his dad, Jim Ellis, his mother Mary and his step-father Jack. Jim was an underground miner. He worked in Elsa, Yukon, Northern Ontario and most recently as far away as Africa.** In lieu of flowers, donations to the Scleroderma Society of Canada, 95 Woodfield Road S.W., Calgary, AB. T2W 5K5 would be appreciated. "It's been too many nights of being with to now be suddenly without." A Memorial Service will be held on Thursday, November 18, 2004 at 2:00 p.m. at Parkland Baptist Church, 121 Brookwood Drive, Spruce Grove, AB. with Reverend Lorne Trudgian officiating. Peace Garden Funeral

Chapels in care of arrangements. Bob Wilson-Director.Telephone (780) 962-2749 -Family Owned Funeral Provider- Published in the Edmonton Journal from 11/16/2004 - 11/17/2004.

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Sorry to do this, but our server (Sympatico) is about to become a thing of the past in both the Yukon and the NWT. As a result, we are - effective immediately - a NorthwesTel.

Our new addresses is: [kehoe\\*northwestel.net](mailto:kehoe*northwestel.net)

The old yt.sympatico address will still work until the end of December.

Pat & Maxine Kehoe

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Would you please remove me from your mailing list. I find that I do not have the time to keep up with the reading. I have enjoyed what I have read so far and I hope that you keep up the good work.

Thank you very much. Gail Webster nee WILCOX

WEBSTER, Gail (WILCOX) [dgwebster99@aol.com](mailto:dgwebster99@aol.com) (In Dawson, Stewart & Whse 1946-65) (604)626-5701 Langley

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Hi Sherron my name is Dave Cooper [dcooper\\*northwestel.net](mailto:dcooper*northwestel.net) I currently Live in Watson Lake Yukon at 121 Nisutlin Way apt#1 phone is 1-867-536-7879. I have been in the area for about 30 years but only recently in the past 4 years took up residence in town because of my health. I heard of the Moccasin Telegraph but never seen one until my friend Lloyd Kostiuck loaned me some issues that he had received. I loved them about the past, people's experiences, pictures and how the places changed. I would like very much to get involved in joining & receiving this interesting write-up of the Moccasin Telegraph. I hope to hear from you soon

Thank You..... Dave G Cooper

My name is Frank Schwertner and I reside in Whitehorse, YT. I was visiting my friend Hank Karr the other night and he showed me some of the articles from your online publication (Moccasin Telegraph).

I came to the Yukon from around the Dawson Creek area in B.C. in May of 1969 to go to work with Canadian National Telecommunications. I had intended in working for the summer, but found that I enjoyed the work, the people I met and the country, so I never

left. I retired from Northwestel (formerly CNT) on January 01 of this year. My partner of 30 years is Caroline Nelson who came to Whitehorse in 1973. We plan on staying in the Yukon for the foreseeable future.

Thank you, Frank Schwertner [frank.s\\*northwestel.net](mailto:frank.s*northwestel.net)

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Time is what allows us to remember the rich goodness of country butter without recalling all the churning.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

Submitted by Vivian Stuart (Lelievre) [lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca)

### **Cool Fruit Delight – No Baking Needed**

1 cup graham wafer crumbs  
4 tbsps melted margarine  
¼ cup sugar  
1 250-g bag mini marshmallows  
1 28-oz can fruit cocktail – drained  
1 500-m. container sour cream

Combine crumbs and sugar, add melted margarine and press mixture into pan. Mix rest of ingredients and put on top of crumb mixture. Refrigerate over night. Tastes even better the second day in the fridge.

Can also be used as a salad by omitting the crust and add orange sections.

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Dear Sherron: Could you please post a notice in the Telegraph pertaining to the Vancouver Yukoners' Association Christmas Luncheon. Other than the Spring Banquet, this is our largest event of the year as many people make an extra effort to attend.

Vancouver Yukoners' Association  
Christmas Luncheon Meeting  
HOLIDAY INN DOWNTOWN  
1110 Howe Street, Vancouver, B.C.  
Thursday, Dec. 9th, 2004 beginning at 11:45AM

This is a pot luck affair and there is no charge for attending. We only ask that those coming

bring some sandwiches, or sweets to be added to the table. Coffee and tea are provided by the hotel. The emphasis at this affair is visiting old friends, in other words, the business part of the meeting will be short.

Regards: Lowell Bleiler [LynBleiler\\*aol.com](mailto:LynBleiler@aol.com)

Some of the longtime Yukoners may recognize that we are having our Christmas luncheon much earlier than usual, so it might be an idea to emphasize that Dec. 9 is the correct date. We certainly wouldn't want anyone turning up on the 19th.

Thanks again: Lowell

### **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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)