

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Ninety-Fifth Edition – Jan. 2, 2005

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



Yukon River Christmas Day 2004

Photo courtesy Jill Sutton

Jill, Kaleb, Casper & I went for a walk Christmas Day down to the Yukon River. Really nice picture.... does it capture for you that it was also 20 something below with a breeze to boot. Yep, it was very cold but lovely.

My daughter, Jill Sutton took the picture so she should get credit for it.

Take care all, Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

'Tis the day after Christmas, we're down at the store
With leftover toys and electronics galore.
The staff are all feeling quite nervous and pale,
As they're bracing themselves for the post Christmas sale.
There are cell phones and game boys, computers and such,
For which, up to now, we've been charging too much.
There are bright decorations and Christmas tree lights,
Barbies and war toys and other delights.
Red tags are attached and the prices are slashed,
And the clerks at their stations are counting their cash
And they're sneaking a drink for the courage they'll need,
When the doors open up to the human stampede.

With one eye out the window and one on the clock,
I see customers scuffle as they circle the block

They mumble and grumble, they bitch and they whine,
And they're offering bribes to move up in the line.
There are children, whose eyes are a sparkle with greed,
With the thought of more gifts that they really don't need.
While mothers with little ones strapped to their backs,
Envision new bonnets and dresses and slacks.
There are men playing hooky from well paying jobs,
Lining up for cheap sports wear or watches and fobs.
Some have waited since yesterday outside the store
For seven o'clock when we open the door.

Now the small hand's on seven, the big one on twelve,
The staff are all praying and crossing themselves,
They know there'll be mayhem till well after four,
As the boss-man leaned forward and unlocked the door.
Then as the old greeter said "welcome aboard",
We were all overcome by that thundering horde.
Soon the men were all cussing, the women in tears,
The little ones swinging from bright chandeliers.
There was merchandise strewn from the front to the back,
As they fought for the gaudiest clothes on the rack.

There were free-for-all's going in the camera boutique,
The men's wear department will be closed for a week
One lady appeared looking battered and bruised,
Triumphantly grasping two mismatching shoes,
While two others came by looking pallid and wan,
Fighting over the seat from the gentlemen's john.
And then two little fellows with freckles and curls
Were found in the stockroom with two little girls.
The bedlam went on until twenty past four,
When there wasn't a whole item left in the store,
And I swore that next season I'd languish in jail
Before I would work at post Christmas sale.

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The following unpublished book "Heels & Heros" written by Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle, will be included in the proceeding MocTel editions about 6 pages at a time. This story took place in the fall of 1948 which was her second year in the bush. She has written a book "Woman In the Bush" which covers some of her experiences during the first winter (1947-48) as a trappers wife (married to Tom Connolly). Jeanne has also given me permission to share "Woman In The Bush" with you, but I felt it was most important and exciting to share with you the unpublished material first. This young lady was brought up in California, so all of this was new and would you believe exciting to her. – Sherron

HEELS & HEROS

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly

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FORWARD

The Canol Road and oil pipeline were built by the American Army in 1943. It was to supply oil to the Yukon from Norman Wells in the Northwest Territories. Canol is: derived from the name Canadian Alaskan Northern Oil Line. From Mile 835 on the Alaska Highway to Mile 0 on the Mackenzie River the road was 513 miles long, crossed eight major rivers, numerous small rivers and seven divides. It was an engineering marvel at a reputed cost of \$600,000,000.00 to the American taxpayer.

As soon as it was put into operation it was abandoned. The line was too small and the cost prohibitive to maintain. When the Army pulled out they were in such a hurry they even left dirty dishes in sinks. Old shoes, socks, boots, pants and assorted gear was strewn from one end of the bunk houses to the other.

The pumping stations were like small towns consisting of numerous buildings, light plants, washing machines, showers and well furnished officer's quarters. However, the equipment that was left was the big attraction to construction men, they came from far and near to purchase shovels, caterpillars, trucks, jeeps, diesel engines, welders, parts, tires, huge storage tanks, half tracks, thousands of gallons of fuel, both gas and diesel, drums of grease and oil, paint and thinner. I could never itemize the fantastic amount of equipment and pipe that was abandoned.

The Canol was put up for bid and it is rumored that Foster and Davidson of Pittsburgh bought it lock stock and barrel for \$400,000.00. One subcontractor made over a million dollars alone on the pipe he which he sold to South America.

For fifteen years one contractor after another salvaged everything from the buildings to the equipment off the Canol Road.

THE BRIGHT LIGHTS

The winter had been long and depriving and I was thrilled to see the bright lights of Whitehorse. Even a small town seemed huge after eight months of bush country. I gaped at all the fancy foods in the markets and the pretty cotton dresses in the shops. I felt free as a bird swishing along in a dress after months in slacks and heavy jackets.

Tom was like a kid in the sports department. He fondled the new rifles and bought all sorts of fancy fishing tackle. He even bought a bicycle, and why I will never know as he hated fishing, and a bicycle on the Canol Road ?????? Really!

The town was a bustle of tourists and out-of-town shoppers. We adjusted to the environment without any difficulty. Waltzing into the Whitehorse Inn our mouths watered, for the menu was so packed with good things we couldn't make up our minds. After much hemming and hawing we finally decided on pork chops. I could hardly wait to taste them; our diet had consisted mostly of lean meat all winter and the thought of sweet pork was a most welcome treat. We finished our delicious meal and much to my horror I got sick. My stomach just couldn't take the rich food and needless to say, I was somewhat disgusted.

Returning to our room I sat looking out the hotel window and watched the activity below. How long it had been since I had seen people, old or young, male or female. Heard such sounds as tires crunching on gravel... shrill female voices deep male voices... heels tapping lightly on the Sidewalk... horns honking... a train whistle... a siren blow... the deep-throated boot of the steamboats... iron wheels clacking on steel tracks... and then the little sounds that most people never think of. The rattle of a key in the lock... the click of a light switch... water running in the shower a telephone ring... a vacuum cleaner... church bells... a baby cry... children's laughter. I felt reborn. My world had been one of beauty and silence. I spent hours savouring every sight and sound of civilization.

We had sold our fur at a fair price and could afford to play all summer, the whole two months. Our shopping spree ended and after loading the pick-up with goodies we started back to Teslin Lake. Flying along the highway at 40 and 50 miles an hour was terrifying. I expected to be airborne any minute. After months on shanks mare--well, speed was something I would have to get used to again.

When we got to Teslin, Johnny Dewhurst had returned from the Nisutlin River after a fair winter's trapping and was working on the new Lodge for McLeery. We were glad to see a new hotel as some of the lodgings on the highway were pretty grim.

Tom and I rented our old cabin and begged use of the police canoe for trips on the Lake. Teslin Lake is 100 miles long, so we had lots of places to explore. Even our mutts were relishing the idle days after months of cold, hard work. They would pay the fiddler for their laziness when they had to go to work again this fall.

It was much easier than I had expected to settle again into the social whirl. We had many dances in Teslin and lots of fish fries. We played bridge at McLeery's once or twice a week and enjoyed every minute of it. Warm, lazy days on the lake and evenings with friends made the Majestic Itsi's seem in another world. We were living it up.

The first of August, much to my horror, Tom wanted to return to the cabin at 252. I stood and gaped at this ever-loving mountain man. I knew it all had to come to an end but I wasn't expecting it so soon. He had a million and one reasons why we should get back

to the glorious world of silence and beauty and who was I to argue. We had made some wonderful new friends and I groaned at the thought of not seeing any of them again for nine months at least.



Grace & Johnny Dewhurst, Tom Connolly, Bill & Slim at Teslin
Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

Pansy Bailey had been a never-ending source of joy to us. She had one of the most infectious laugh I ever heard and a brood of healthy, happy youngsters. Just the thought of a young bull moose made her mouth water, and as far as I was concerned the longer you chewed the bigger it got. Her husband Frank was the Forestry Officer and before he came to Teslin he was a factor for Hudson's Bay. The only post the Hudson Bay had in the Yukon, on Francis Lake. The post had been closed at the beginning of the war and the Francis Lake Indians had migrated to Pelly Lakes and Lower Post. Frank and Pansy were wonderful people and treated us as one of the family. I would miss them.

So once again Mac agreed to outfit us, and once again we made out a winter grubstake and gathered up odds and ends from the Indians. Tom had walked out of his snowshoes so he ordered a new pair from "Old Peter Fox" reputed to make the best snowshoes in the Yukon. I preferred factory shoes and, because they were made much stronger, it would be another year before I would need another pair. Mrs. Geddes made us mitts and moccasins and knife cases out of moose hide. She did fine work and sewed all her seams with sinew. Some of the natives used store thread and the snow would rot it in no time. We splurged and bought a battery-powered radio. The battery was supposed to be good for a thousand hours and with our being away from the cabin most of the time it should last us the winter. This was a luxury we would really enjoy. I also made sure that this Christmas I would have something to put under the tree for Tom. I had a plain gun case made and bought enough beads to do the fancy work myself. I was going to put his initials on the case with the remainder of my grizzly (the claws). I bought popcorn and colored paper to decorate the tree with, instead of the macaroni and tinfoil I had used last Christmas.

Tom and I were checking out our grubstake against the list and making sure we had everything, as once we left Teslin it would be too late to procure it. Johnny was sitting idly by when suddenly he said, "How would it be if I came up on the line with you this winter, Tom?"

I didn't know Dewhurst too well but I did know he resented Tom having a new partner. Tom agreed, though, providing Johnny ran his old line and would help him build a new cabin. "Fine," said Dewhurst. "I still have a month or so of work for Mac and as soon as I am finished I'll be up."

Tom asked Johnny if he would mind taking care of two of our dogs and bringing them up with him. We would have a much easier time feeding two and they would be plenty if we wanted to pack. John agreed, so we decided to leave Spot and Topper with him. They were excellent dogs and we loved them, however, both of them had soft feet and the Canol was hard on them.

We would take Chee Chee, our small Tahl Tan bear dog, Sam and Jeep, both sleigh dogs, and a Springer spaniel named Major. Major was a born comic and a wonderful retriever. He was anything but dignified; when he wagged, he wagged from ear to tail and when he ran I swore he would get airborne, the full length of his ears held straight out in the wind. Major was fun and even the hard working Sam and Jeep tolerated this queer looking critter and put up with his antics.

We were ready to leave Teslin on the 2nd day of August. Johnny took us to Johnson's Crossing in McLeery's pickup, from where we hoped to get a ride to the cabin.

As we toured past the familiar sights on the Alaska Highway, I mused that it seemed like yesterday that we had come back to civilization. We had been out for two months and now we were on our way back to the Majestic Itsi's and the never-ending battle against nature at its worst. At least I wasn't the green, ignorant female that had braved the wilderness the previous winter. I was educated in the ways of the bush and was pretty certain I could hold my own.

CANOL

We arrived at the crossing in short order and Tom immediately set out to discover if one of the truckers was going North. Bud Falconer had left just a short time before we arrived but Little Joe would be leaving soon. Both of us had ridden with Little Joe numerous times and we were glad to be going back with him.

Standing in the yard and watching all the activity, we were hailed by Clay Carmen, superintendent for Foster and Davidson, to come into the cook shack and have some lunch. Clay was from the eastern United States but he spent some time praising the Yukon. He intended to spend the winter in Johnson's Crossing as representative for his company. They hoped to haul all winter, or at least keep the pipe crews cutting the oil

line. There was 513 miles of it between Johnson's Crossing and Norman Wells on the Mackenzie River in the Northwest Territories.

Little Joe hollered from the door and we said our farewells to Clay and the kindly cook. Tom was as enthusiastic as usual and was kidding me about looking so sad. I mumbled something about us being some kind of nuts to go high-tailing it into the bush for months on end and never seeing anyone or caring if we did. I was glad I wasn't my mother who had to worry about us. "You're a big girl now," he said.

Last winter, while we were on the trap line, my mother had become frantic with worry after not hearing from us for months. She wrote the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to find out if we were dead or alive and was informed of our whereabouts and that if we did not arrive in Teslin by the end of June they would send out a patrol to look for us. I groaned when I thought how matter of fact it must have sounded to a gal that had never been in the bush or had the slightest idea what a trapper was. At least this time I had made sure she was well informed of our plans.

Tom hollered, taking me out of my thoughts. "Little Joe is loaded, gal, grab Chee Chee and come on."

I hated the thought of the long ride over the precarious Canol Road. We could see the thunderheads building up over the mountains and it looked like a storm was brewing. I sat between Tom and Little Joe with Chee Chee on my lap. Tom watched anxiously out the cab window to see that the dogs were O.K. We had lost one of our dogs with Little Joe the previous fall when he decided to jump over the side and was hung on his chain. By the time Joe and Tom got to the poor little mutt he was dead. Since then we have been doubly careful about keeping their chains short and continually watching them. The minutes passed; the mutts settled down, so we settled down and watched the road in front of us.

The truck was lightly loaded and we were making pretty good time. Slowly we labored up the long, steep grades, the dust boiling up in clouds around the truck.

The cab of the truck was warm and cozy and I found myself dozing contentedly. My contentment was short-lived. I lifted my head to the crashing of rain on the roof. The windshield was obliterated and Little Joe slowed the truck to a crawl with a muffled curse. Rain whipped across the road in torrents and lashed the side of the cab. We were only half way across the flats, a long stretch of level road. When dry it was like a racetrack, but when wet it was like grease. I stiffened in the seat as I felt the back end skid and noticed that Tom did the same. We sat like stones waiting to slide into the ditch or over the bank. The rain belted down and Little Joe was as busy as a bird dog fighting the wheel. The silence in the cab was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Chee Chee was rigid in my lap. Time passed so slowly as we skittered and slid along the greased, muddy road, taking up both sides and wishing for more. I don't think I had breathed for eons when I let out a sigh that sounded like a big wind and everyone laughed. Some of the tension was eased and conversation bubbled out of Joe and T.O. (Tom) Tom stated he

would rather drive dogs than a truck any day. Joe was inclined to agree in between cusses, saying we would have it beat in another 15 miles. I thought silently he might as well say fifteen hundred; they were the longest 15 miles I can remember.

The sky brightened, the storm passed as suddenly as it had started. To the west the red blaze of the sunset bathed the hillside.

Tom asked Little Joe to stop for a few minutes and he would check on the dogs, if they weren't drowned after that deluge. As soon as we hit the ground they were all up, shaking, wagging, and just tickled to death to see someone. The world smelled so fresh and sweet after its bath I completely forgot how miserable I had been only minutes ago.

Little Joe geared down as we started the long descent to Quiet Lake. It lay below us a glorious blue and the fiery sunset reflected in the glassy surface. The water was like a mirror and how perfectly suited to its name Quiet Lake.

The road paralleled the lake for about five miles. There wasn't any beach to speak of but it was lovely. On one of the few points extending from the shore were a couple of tents and a meat rack. Joe slowed the truck and Andy Smith, a native from Teslin, hailed us to stop. He had just come back from a successful moose hunt. His wife and family were cutting the meat in long, thin strips to hang on the racks to dry. They had spent most of the summer fishing in the lake and had hundreds of dry trout and white fish ready for the winter. Andy was one of the most industrious Indians from Teslin or any other village. His summers weren't spent around the post but in the bush; consequently he could spend most of the winter trapping instead of hunting to keep his family alive.



Quiet Lake

Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

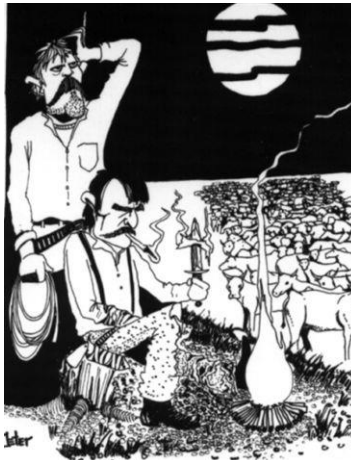
We didn't get out of the truck, but Andy made sure we had a nice piece of fresh meat to take along. The dogs set up an awful ruckus in answer to Andy's team tied in the bush. We could hardly hear ourselves think, so with a wave and a thank you we were off again.

Climbing up the blue ridge away from the lake the sun was in the last stages of setting and made a fabulous picture. We started down the other side of the ridge and when we crossed the Rose River it was dark. We settled down for another long stretch along the Lappie River across the divide to 387 camp in the Pelly Valley.

The camp was lit up like a Christmas tree when we pulled into the yard and although it was late we were pretty sure the cook would take pity on us and give us some dinner. Joe got parked and Tom settled the mutts under the spruce trees for the night.

It felt good to get out and stretch our legs after 10 hours on the road. We headed for the cook shack and while the chef prepared a meal we drank cup after cup of coffee. While we were sitting drinking the hot brew, Bud Falconer walked in. We were both glad to see him, and after he had told us that none of the trucks had crossed the McMillan yet this year we wondered how we would get our gear to the cabin. We could always use dog pack and canoe, but hoped we wouldn't have to.

(To be continued)



Drawing by Bill Oster. Copyright © 1992

THE KLONDIKE CATTLE DRIVE

By Al Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net

(Excerpt from the Al Oster Song Folio. Copyright © 1992 by Northland Music Publishing Co.)
(Song "Klondike Cattle Drive" words & music by Al Oster. Recorded KRLP-1007 cassette)

The onslaught of Stampeders rushing into the gold fields of the Klondike in 1898 created a serious food shortage. Meat was particularly in very short supply and high demand.

Norman Lee, a Chilcotin cattle rancher west of Williams Lake, B. C., heard of the shortage and decided to take a herd of cattle north on the Ashcroft Trail to Teslin Lake, then butcher the cattle and raft them by water to Whitehorse, and then to Dawson City on the Yukon River by Sternwheeler.

Lee and 7 of his best wranglers left the Chilcotin ranch on May 17, 1898 with 200 top grade beef cattle bound for Teslin Lake in the Yukon. The Ashcroft Trail was a nightmare of soft, deep mud from heavy spring rains, and there was very little grass or other fodder for the cattle in the heavily forested areas along the route. Poisonous weeds and starvation took their toll of animals and after almost 5 months on the trail they finally reached Teslin Lake on October 3, 1898 with approximately 150 cattle that were not much more than a walking sack of skin and bones.

Here they constructed a number of small scows from trees logged on the hillside and equipped them with makeshift horse blanket sails. They butchered the beef and loaded the scows for transport down Teslin Lake to Whitehorse and then to Dawson. On the third day of their journey on the lake the skies became cloudy and a fierce wind blew up and pushed the scows to the lake shore where they were quickly broken up by high waves and jagged shore rock. Lee and his sailor wranglers were barely able to scurry to the safety of shore and then stand by helplessly as they watched the beef sink to the bottom of the lake. The gruelling 1500 mile and 5 month Cattle Drive was finally over. Fortunately there were no lives lost or serious injuries and after the storm subsided they were also able to rescue some equipment from the lakeshore.

Lee sold all the supplies, horses, saddles, etc. he was able to salvage and scraped up enough money to pay the wages due to his wranglers after which the parties separated. Some went on to the Klondike Gold fields and others remained in Whitehorse. Lee and one wrangler left Teslin with \$85.00 and spent the winter living in an old Telegraph Trail cabin by the Stikine River near Telegraph Creek. They set up a short trapline and bartered furs for food and supplies at the local trading post in order to survive the winter. The following year he arrived in Vancouver on a boat from Wrangell, Alaska with his dog, a blanket bedroll, and one dollar of wealth. He was undaunted by his failure and returned to his ranch at Hanceville in the Chilcotin to start anew. He died a wealthy rancher at age 79 and became a legend in the history of the 1898 Klondike Gold Rush.

Al Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net

KLONDIKE CATTLE DRIVE (The) (Al Oster)

By Al Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net

(Key of A or C * 4/4 * Moderately * Copyright © 1962 by Northland Music Co)

Chorus (Intro & after verse #2 - 4 - 6)

For /d fifteen hundred /a miles, /e7 will they stay a /a live
/d Going to Dawson /a City, On the /e7 Klondike Cattle /a Drive / .

(1)

From the /a rolling cattle /d country of the /e7 famous Cari /a boo

A / rancher Mr. /d Norman Lee /e7 had some work to /a do
He'd /d take two hundred /a cattle north in /e7 eighteen ninety /a eight
Way /d up to Dawson /a City where the /e7 hungry miners /a wait.

(2)

They /a started on their /d journey and /e7 things were going /a fine
They / pushed the cattle /d northward /e7 thru the spruce and /a pine
They'd /d have to get to /a Dawson town be /e7 fore the winter /a snow
So /d hit the trail you /a cowboys, a /e7 thousand miles to /a go.

Chorus

(3)

O'er /a mountains and the /d valleys and a /e7 cross the rivers /a wide
They / pushed the cattle /d to the north and /e7 many of them /a died
The /d days were growing /a colder and /e7 summer's almost /a gone.
They /d had to get to /a Dawson so they /e7 travelled on and /a on.

(4)

They /a finally drove the /d cattle to the /e7 shores of Teslin /a Bay
From / here they'd go to /d Dawson by the /d Yukon water /a way
They'd /d butcher all the /a cattle here and /e7 load them on a /a scow
They /d set the sail and /a started off, it was al /e7 most over /a now.

Chorus

(5)

The /a sky turned dark and /d cloudy and the /e7 wind began to /a roar
All / night it tossed the /d scow around and /e7 blew them into /a shore
Their /d journey now was /a ended here as the /e7 wind howled all a/a round
It /d broke the scow up /a on the rocks and the /e7 load of beef went /a down.

(6)

Now the /a cattle drive had /d ended, there was /e7 nothing left to /a do
But / turn their back and /d head for home, back /e7 to the Cari /a boo
But /d even tho his /a plan had failed, the /e7 drive was not in /a vain
For the /d history of the /a Klondike made a /e7 legend of his /a name.

Chorus

* * * * *

Joyce Yardley's saga, to California and back. Notes on Our Fall 2004 Car Trip, Sept. 2004

20th Went to visit Joyce and Roy Carlson in San Carlos. Joyce is my second cousin, granddaughter of my Uncle Leslie Richards (she was named after me but I'd never met her before.) We had corresponded for years by e-mail. She had invited us to visit her and her 94 year old mother,(who lives with her and Roy; my first cousin Ann.) Joyce's brother and his wife, and her daughter and son-in-law, all arrived for dinner. We had a very pleasant overnight visit with them .

21st We took off for South Lake Tahoe. Now we were in completely different surroundings . Very pleasant mountain and lake areas.

We stopped at Applebees in Lake Tahoe and sampled their Riblet Platter, Portabello & Swiss burger and a "perfect Martini."

Checked into the best Holiday Inn Express we had seen so far, (and they were all excellent)



Joyce Carlson and her mother with Joyce Yardley

Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyceyardley*shaw.ca

22nd We stopped in Reno, Nevada, and ate at the Olive Garden.

23rd Stayed in Chemult, Oregon

24th Yakima, Wash. We ate at the Red Lobster.

25th Stopped by Leavenworth, where, to our surprise, they were just starting up the celebrations for their 41st Annual “Autumn Leaves” festival! The main road was all cordoned off, and the sidewalks lined with empty chairs waiting for all the activity to start. We stayed there a couple of hours, enjoying the parade with about 6 marching bands with bugles and drums. Among the many fabulous floats were two very pretty Canadian creations, including a prize winner from Osoyoos, B.C.

Took lots of pictures then drove on to Anacortes, Wash. The highway that evening was loaded with bikers, passing us; driving alongside; and bringing up the rear. Of course the logo “Hell’s Angels” was very evident.

“Oh well,” I thought, “We’ll soon be pulling into our hotel, anyway.” Imagine my surprise when they all wheeled in behind us in formation, and parked - all neatly lined up - right alongside our car! There were at least 40 of them, riding double and they had the hotel completely booked up, except for our room, which we had paid for well in advance.

A black-leathered guy, not noticing our car, I guess, (-) approached Fred with a smile and asked, “So what are you two riding?” Fred replied without batting an eye, “A tank!”

That evening, driving around town, we saw bikers parked at almost every cafe, bar, and store in the vicinity. Surprisingly, we never heard a sound in the hotel all night, and in

the morning when we went for breakfast they had already left. Apparently they were all headed for a convention in Reno.

26th We caught a very early ferry in the morning to Sidney; from there we caught one from Brentwood Bay to Mill Bay.

We had brunch on the Malahat highway, at “Fridays” and arrived home around noon.

Joyce and Fred are back at home in Nanaimo. (The End.)

OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART XIII

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (in Ardrossan AB)

Note: all photos courtesy of Donna Clayson unless otherwise noted.

We left Whitehorse the evening of July 16. We were to be at the Haines Junction airport at 10:00 a.m. the next morning for a prearranged helicopter flight. I had been looking forward to this tour for 38 years and was hoping the hot, dry weather would hold out until after the flight.

We stayed in the Pine Creek campground outside of Haines Junction and during the night it started to rain. I was hoping the weather would clear before 10:00 as there was no way I wanted to miss the excursion into the mountains. When it was time to get up it was too wet to cook breakfast and the heavy clouds hid the view of the mountains. I was devastated as I realized it was unlikely a helicopter would fly in this weather and even if it did the likelihood of seeing anything was next to nil.

With breakfast out of the question we headed to the airport. Our pilot, Doug Makkonen was just taking off to pick up some hunters. We were told he would have a look while in the air and see if he could take us into the glaciers. Ten minutes later he was back with his passengers and with good news. The weather was clearing up and the clouds were high.

As we climbed into the Ranger III I took the front seat beside Doug and Bryan climbed into the back right behind me. One of the employees came along for the ride. The minute the skis left the helipad my heart skipped a beat. What a thrill and well worth the years of waiting.

We headed to the Dusty and Lowell Glacier. I'd heard quite a bit about Doug, our pilot. About what a great pilot he is and how he has set the highest-flying altitude record of 20,000 feet. He's been flying for 32 years and 30 of those with TNTA. Doug flies a helicopter like you or I would drive a vehicle. He's relaxed and completely at home as he manoeuvres the chopper. I knew as we left the airport that this trip was going to be the highlight of our trip.



Ranger III

As we headed toward the glaciers I looked down at my old hometown. It looked very different from the air and so much bigger as when I lived in the Junction in the early 1960's. Doug & I chatted nonstop about the people we both knew that were in the flying business.



Dusty Glacier

Doug wanted to show us the mountain sheep that frequent one of the mountains. He flew the Ranger up one side and down the other but couldn't find the herd. As he was banking to the right I looked left and there they were! I pointed and Doug banked even more so he could fly over them and get a good look. It was this action that caused Bryan's stomach to keep going in the opposite direction and my "Yippee" that caused Doug to laugh. Bryan was done most of the remaining trip but I was only getting started. The goats were running trying to escape the noise of the blades and Doug mentioned that

some goats will hide their head in a crevasse thinking they are hiding. It was a quick look but I managed to get a picture of them, albeit far away.



Mountain Sheep

On our way to Dusty Glacier we skimmed along the valley. I noticed the trees had a tinge of red to them. Doug explained that the spruce beetle was decimating thousands of hectares in the Alsek River corridor in the Park including the Shakwak Valley north of Haines Junction. The devastation is enormous and to think the authorities are powerless to stop it. Doug explained that fire would be the only way to stop the beetle but the Park was unwilling to take such drastic action. Wildfires help create a more mixed forest, encouraging the growth of other species such as lodgepole pine, which is more resistant to beetle attacks than spruce. Lightning strikes are infrequent in the area, as are fires, and no lodgepole pine breaks up this spruce forest. I was thinking that if fire could be the only answer then why not set up burn areas? As it is I'm afraid that in time there will be no spruce trees growing in Klane National Park. The beetle will only survive in trees that have been weakened by stress. When the beetles invade trees, they bore into them and lay their eggs underneath the bark. After larvae hatch from the eggs, they feed on what's called the phloem, the tissue just beneath the bark that transports nutrients from leaves to roots. A healthy tree will fight back by producing large amounts of pitch and flooding the beetles and their eggs out of the tree. A weakened tree does not have the energy to fight and will eventually die as the larvae eat away the phloem. There has been a drought in this region for years, weakening the spruce. Also, the winters have been mild allowing good breeding conditions for the beetle. Another problem is that most of the trees are the same age. That's because in the 1850's the waters of Glacial Lake Alsek covered more than 100 kilometres of valley bottom in this area. When the lake drained, it sent a wall of water down the Alsek River and up onto the surrounding slopes, flooding the trees growing there. Such beautiful country and to have this happening is a shame.

On to the Lowell Glacier. I was amazed at the beauty of the ice with the mountains rising so high on either side. The colors of the small lakes within the glacier are superb and breathtaking. Again, Doug explained that such beauty comes at a cost. The ice is melting due to global warming and if these conditions continue the glaciers will melt

away. I couldn't fathom this information and decided to just enjoy what I was looking at. I took numerous pictures but it's difficult to get really good ones when you're moving at 120 miles an hour and you're pointing through the bubble. The beauty of the Glacier was overwhelming.



Small lakes on the glacier

The clouds cleared but not enough to see Mt. Logan. As we skimmed over and beside the mountains Doug mentioned that he is frequently hired to retrieve bodies of mountain climbers. There are a couple that cannot be found and the mountain will remain their resting place forever.

On the way back Doug took us down closer to the face of the glacier. From the air it's hard to imagine the depth of the ice. We viewed icebergs amongst the glaciated waters, the same area that kayaks and hikers frequent.



Edge of Glacier

The flight was an hour of sheer joy and I felt a contentment that can only be found when your dreams are finally fulfilled. We headed back through a different valley than we had come and the majestic mountains seem to part for us as we skimmed over the land.

Haines Junction loomed ahead from a different view than when we had left an hour previous.



Valley on the way back to Haines Junction

Doug gave us a quick tour of the new housing developments going in and of his home that sits on the shore of a lake. On to the airport and as he stopped the Ranger in mid flight on the edge of the tarmac, he explained he was ensuring there were no aircraft about to land as he crossed it.



Donna & Elaine Hurlburt at the Bakery

We gave Elaine Hurlburt a call after we left the airport. She was expecting us and wanting to give us a tour. Haines Junction has grown so much in 40 plus years. I was thrilled when Elaine took me back to the house I lived in so many years ago. There is now a beautiful recreation centre, a college and the Haines Junction Village Bakery. Elaine treated us to some baking and a tea and they even have a salmon BBQ. I highly recommend the bakery and feel no trip would be complete without a visit. We spent quite some time in the visitor information centre. Their displays show everything about

Klaune National Park. An information book titled *Klaune National Park & Reserve of Canada Management Plan* put out by Parks Canada is a must read for anyone interested in what is currently going on in the Park.



Me in front of my former home

An excellent website for The Village Bakery can be found at <http://www.junctionbakery.com/index.html>

Another website that is very interesting is <http://www.hainesjunctionyukon.com/Home.html>

Ever heard of the 100 dollar burger?
<http://www.100dollarhamburger.com/cyht.html>

It was a full day but after all the excitement we certainly weren't tired. The day began gloomy but certainly ended on a perfect note.

We headed for Burwash Landing but that's next time.

(To be continued)

KLONDIKE AIRWAYS

By Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

I see that the old Klondike Airways building is still going stronger than ever. Of course Klondike Airways was T. C. Richards, but they never owned a plane. He had the overland stage and mail contract from the 1920s till it ended in the latter 1930s. Where in the real early days horses had been used, Greenfield and Pickering progressed to the first track tractors, gasoline driven Holt 2 ton and Holt 5 ton cats. Holt became what has been now known as Caterpillar since the 1930s. T.C. Richards had a different idea of faster transport of mail and lighter freight, and that was by snowmobile. They were converted trucks with three wheels and a ski on each side running a steel track over the wheels.

They were very successful and were built right in Whitehorse by Slim Keobke, the uncle of Bucky in Marsh Lake. In 1936, T.C. brought in the first diesel cats in Yukon, 2 yellow Caterpillar RD6 diesels. All trips started from that same building with Klondike Airways on the side, so it does play a great part in past history.

Henry Breaden

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ IN YUKON HISTORY BOOKS *A reply to Weldon's question in MocTel 93.*

Hello Weldon,

Yes, I think in the Moc Tel you did get your answer of where the Yukon name came from. I have a copy of Yukon Places and Names by Robert Coutts, but I have certain reservations on some of his research. If you look at the name Breaden in that book, you would find that he had a native wife and lived 20 miles up the Pelly River. Yes they did live 20 miles up the Pelly at Braden Canyon. I have done a complete family research, and my grandmother was Elizabeth Caroline Brown born in Westmeath, Renfrew, Ontario Oct. 18, 1873. The daughter of Augustus Brown and Caroline McClellan, both of them Scottish decent. Elizabeth entered Yukon through the Tagish post August 7, 1899, a month after the White Pass was complete to Bennett. So she is the native wife that Harry had! After finding that which I did many years ago, I have wondered just how good the research was of that writer. If he were correct, don't you think I would have my feet in the gravy train in Indian Land Claims? No, I think that Robert was guessing a bit on that one. Hope you are having a good winter on the island and a Merry Christmas to you.

Henry Breaden

Weldon, go to: <http://www3.sympatico.ca/larry.kenney/historical.html> and you will find the Marchand bridge that Augustus Brown built in 1898 for Quebec. It is now a heritage site and still in use. As you scroll down, you will see a plaque that was placed when it was made a historic site.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES – FROM ANOTHER SOURCE

The book 'The Yukon Story' by W.R. Hamilton – published by Mitchell Press in 1964 the year Mr. Hamilton died has a slightly different explanation for the name YUKON.

"The Yukon, which gets its name from the Indian word "Yuckoo" meaning clear water...." while "The name "Klondike", according to the late William Ogilvie, is an adaptation of the Indian word "Trondiuck" meaning "Hammerwater". The stream was noted for its annual salmon run, and the Indians trapped the fish by means of barriers of stakes which were driven or hammered into the gravel bed."

RECOLLECTIONS - Can anyone add to this?

Hello Sherron, I have remembered a couple of names from the Signal Core, that was renamed DOT I guess. These folks lived here in Dawson during the years, 1940's to whenever they closed down. You may be able to get more names from your readers.

Wes Sheire, Chuck Grey, Bev. Summers, I am not sure of the spelling, but perhaps the readers can also fix that.

I believe that Wes Sheire still lives in the Yukon. Perhaps the Whitehorse area. Chuck is in Sooke B.C. I don't know where the Summers family went, after leaving Dawson.

I have left you with a few puzzles haven't I?

Fran Hakonson bfhakon*northwestel.net

Hello Sherron:

When the Army relinquished operation of the NWT&Y radio system to Department of Transport in Feb, 1960, several of the Army radio ops stayed on with DoT in Dawson City.

Don Shailer remained as OIC, while Ron Robbins (who eventually transferred to the Wetaskiwin Radio Monitoring Station), Ted Ainsley (now deceased) remained as operators.

Regarding Mayo, Mike Waddel transferred with DoT to Whitehorse for a while. The last OIC of RCCS in Mayo was Harry Burton, who moved to the DoT Regional Office in Edmonton.

For now, Sherron, these are the only names and faces I recall from the '60s.

Doug Bell, great historian and photographer that he is, would probably prove to be a wealth of info on some of these individuals...

George Howell howellgm*shaw.ca

RCS - DOT

Happy New Year.

I haven't any new names to add to those you have. Sorry. I'm working on a book about the DOT radio operators & the Northwest Staging Route so have done a bit of research

on RCS to lead into the radio story of the north, but haven't dug far into RCS yet.

Check this web site - http://www.img.forces.gc.ca/commelec/Brhistory/chap1_e.htm
It's a history of the Corps. If you check the first chapter there's a neat letter at the end about Tagish, and in the final appendix there's a brief paragraph about turning it over to the DOT in 1957.

(I have attached the letter re Tagish below. The reference to 1957 comes at the end of this page http://www.img.forces.gc.ca/commelec/Brhistory/chap6_e.htm – Sherron)

Rex Terpenning, former CPA northerner has written about the RCS too I have a copy of it but neglected to add the web site on my copy so you might search on his name. Sorry didn't have enough time to dig more and still meet your deadline.

Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

“EXTRACT FROM 1904 YUKON TELEGRAPH TRAFFIC JOURNAL 565

August 30th, 1904. *(note over one hundred years ago.- Sherron)*

J.Y. Rochester, Esq. Actg Supt,
Yukon Telg Svc,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir;

I beg to advise that Operator Grimes has applied for two months leave of absence, which I have granted, taking effect from yesterday.

I was very glad to have him apply for this as I had fully made up my mind to force him to take a vacation in order to get him out of Tagish for a time; as five years in a place like that is too long for any man.

I had Operator Chambers of Caribou turn his office over to his wife, and himself, go to Tagish to relieve Grimes.

I believe that latter is going East, and will no doubt call on you in Vancouver.

Alfred. A. Clegg
Dist Supt”

YOUR HELP IS REQUESTED

Hi Sherron: Thank you so much for your continued work on the Moccasin Telegraph. I enjoy them immensely.

I'm writing to ask for your help by publishing this and for the help of the many Yukoners past and present who subscribe. I think all will empathize with Gail and my situation.

Back in the spring, our home on the Mayo Road was broken into and robbed. It was an unusual theft in that the types of items commonly removed were ignored (stereo, television, tools, etc.), and only things of the greatest personal value to us were taken. These included all family heirloom jewellery, watches, silverware and other such things. But the thieves also stole a lovely large moosetufting, and two original, very special Yukon paintings. We realize that there is almost no hope of recovering the items lost, with the exception of the paintings. Their distinctive beauty and subject matter increase the likelihood they might reappear for sale in the south. Clearly the thieves believed they had a market for Yukon art (at least the RCMP think so), because other paintings and prints were left. They are also very likely to be spotted by anyone with knowledge and affection for the Yukon.

The first painting is by Diana May Nobbs. It is a striking and quite spectacular scene of Lake Laberge. If still in its original frame, it carries a brass identification plate.

The second painting is by Jim Vest. It depicts a scene of Dawson City from around 1975. The view is from the alley behind Seventh Avenue looking toward the Moosehide Slide. This painting is meaningful to us because it shows the first home Gail and I lived in (on the left side of the image), which I later renovated and re-sided. The house was build around 1901.



Lake Laberge by Donna May Nobbs
Photo courtesy Bob and Gail Nardi



Alley behind 7th Avenue – Dawson City – Jim Vest Painting
Photo courtesy Bob and Gail Nardi

I occurred us that a Yukoner might recognize them if they are offered for sale at an auction or gallery, or privately. If anyone sees them, we would appreciate a call at 867-633-3119, or an email to bob.nardi@rjnardi.com. The RCMP file is still open since the theft only happened about 9 months ago, so a call to the police would also be appreciated.

Thank you for your help on this. We know it's a long shot, but all other trails have gone cold.

Yours truly, Bob & Gail (Phelan) Nardi

A MESSAGE FROM AUDREY VIGNEAU

HAPPY NEW YEAR 2005 TO EVERYONE THAT RECEIVES AND READS THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH.

THIS IS SUCH A GREAT INFORMATION PAPER TO ALL WHO WISH TO LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR YUKON {OF WHICH I AM PROUD TO BE A RESIDENT} WE ALL OWE SHERRON FOR DOING ALL THIS WORK. GOD BLESS AND KEEP YOU SHERRON.

THANKS AUDREY & JOE VIGNEAU{Dawson City} vigneau@yknnet.ca

OBIT

EMERY, Andrew George Andrew George Emery passed away suddenly on December 18 at home, just 9 days after his 79th birthday. When he was a youngster, Andy's family farmed near Cold Lake, AB where he eventually took over the farm. In 1956 he began to work for Department of National Defence, first in construction and later as a stationary engineer. **In 1964 he was transferred to Whitehorse for 2 years and stayed 24.** He worked hard to get his Steam Engineering certificates and was soon chief of the "Steam Plant". He and his wife Colleen raised two children Elaine (Calder) and Wayne. Wayne remains in Whitehorse and Elaine lives in Grande Cache, AB. He retired to Sicamous in 1988. He is survived by his loving wife and their two children; two grandchildren, Douglas and Brooke; as well as many nieces, nephews and cousins. Andy loved his family. He also enjoyed fishing, working with wood and visiting with family and friends. He will be sadly missed. A Celebration of his life will be held at Sicamous Bible Church on December 30 at 2:00 p.m. with a fellowship to follow downstairs. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations in Andy's name may be made to the Heart and Stroke Foundation, Box 1141, Salmon Arm, B.C., V1E 4P3. Cremation arrangements entrusted to Fischer's Funeral Services and Crematorium Ltd., Salmon Arm, B.C. (250) 833-1129. Published in the Edmonton Journal on 12/29/2004

NEW ADDITION

My husband and I would like to be put on the mailing list for the Moccasin Telegraph. I received the Dec.18th addition from a friend and found it to be a thoroughly enjoyable read. Jim and I were both born in Whitehorse and currently live at Marsh Lake, Yukon. My maiden name was Phillips - parents were Grace & Norm Phillips and my husbands parents were Bea & Ross Craig.
NormaLee Craig [craig868*msn.com](mailto:craig868@msn.com)

We are former Yukoners. Please add us to the list for Mocc. Telegraph. Thank you
Gord Michener [michener*encode.com](mailto:michener@encode.com)

Hi Sherron This is Sandy (Gord's wife) We lived in Whitehorse from 1986-1995. Gord with YTG Director of Legal Services. He loved dog mushing with Bill Thompson and crew, went back up for last Mail Run. Two of our four daughters were with us in Yukon, Anna and Jane. I worked with Hospice Yukon and Barb Nimco and Assoc. (EAP). We heard about this through our good friend Ginny Storey in Victoria. Thanks

We received a copy of #94 from my sister-in-law, Sally Hogan and thought this is a great way to tap into "what's up" in the north. We are John and Dianne (Mitchell) Backe. Both of us and our two boys, Mike and Adam, were born in Whitehorse. After reading about the fire of 1961 it certainly brought back memories for me as my dad (Dave Mitchell) was a firefighter in Whitehorse. John's family operated businesses in Haines

Junction and that's where we started out our married life. Kelowna is home now. So that's who we are, now I can take time to re-read your latest. Thanks.
John & Dianne Backe hj1016@shaw.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Here is my new email address. We are on high speed Internet now.
Dianne Green
The Yukoner Magazine
PO Box 15
Whitehorse, YT Y1A 5X9
phone/fax 867-660-5030
yukonermagazine@northwestel.net

Please note the change of e-mail address from jwmurray@island.net to
murrayjm@shaw.ca
John Murray

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Love is like wildflower. It's often found in the most unlikely places.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Pineapple Dream Squares

Submitted by Vivian Stuart (Lelievre) lornellis@shaw.ca

2 1/2 cups graham wafer crumbs
1/2 cup melted butter
Press into square pan. Bake at 250 for 20 minutes. **Cool**

Filling – add to cooled base
2 cups icing sugar
1/2 cup butter
2 beaten eggs (use only 1 egg if large)
Vanilla

Topping – add to top of filling
1/2 pint whipping cream (whipped of course)
1 can crushed pineapple drained

Refrigerate overnight

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