

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 101st Edition – Feb. 13, 2005

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Myrna Butterworth's yard – Dawson - Feb 3, 2005 –46 C.
Photo courtesy Lorraine Butterworth c/o myrnab@northwestel.net

REMENISCING

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

I sit and watch the ocean waves
Lap gently at the shore,
And as I watch, my thoughts go back
To Bishops Cove once more.
My recollections are so clear,
Yet I've been gone for fifty years.

I see the house upon a hill
Where sometimes, as a child,
I'd watch in fascination
As Atlantic storms ran wild.
And wonder how my life would be,
If I could go beyond that sea.

I see the outline of the snow
Piled high against the window pane,
As 'round the glowing stove we'd sit
To watch the raging blizzard wane.

And yet the blizzard's praise we'd sing,
It brought us snow for randying.

I see the little one room school,
Where I spent many endless days,
And learned my lessons while I longed
To spend my time in other ways.
I yearned to leave that schoolhouse door
To fish and dream along the shore.

I see that narrow gravel road
That winds its way beside the sea,
Where lovers walk and children play
In peaceful, calm serenity.
How many trysts have been bestowed,
Along that winding gravel road.

I see the little fishing boats
Set out at dawn, by twos and threes,
Skimming the waves as tiny sails,
Catch the early morning breeze.
On shore we await that moment when,
We see their safe return again.

Now I sit here, quite content,
Living once more near the sea,
Though far across the continent
From where, back then, I used to be.
But still, as through this land I rove,
My thoughts go back to Bishops Cove.

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HEELS & HEROS

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

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GOOD-BYE LITTLE BUDDY

Tom quickly ordered Sam, Major and Jeep into the water to swim ashore. I watched them bob along the swirling white mass of foam and boulders and hoped they weren't bruised crashing against the rocks. All were strong swimmers and as soon as they hit the shore we breathed again.

Lots of activity and little conversation was going on. Tom lashed two long lines together and handed one end to Les. He leapt over the side of the jeep and headed for the island. Les was tall and still the water was up to his waist. It took all his strength and agility to keep from being washed downstream. Watching him fight the rush of the river I couldn't help wondering how Whammy and I could make it. We were both built close to the ground, and Chan was so light he couldn't possibly stand against the current.

Les made the line fast to a pile of drift and hung onto the rope. Tom put Chee Chee on the roof of the jeep and, without further ado, helped me into the river. I held tightly to the down rope and Tom walked beside me on the river side. My feet kept washing out from under me and I half swam and half walked. Tom held me steady, thus keeping me from being washed downstream while he guided me to shore. The distance wasn't very great but to me it was a long, wet, hairy walk. When my feet were on dry land and I stood alone, Tom returned to the jeep.

His next rescue was Chan. He clung to the rope tightly but he was so light it was all Tom could do to keep him from being washed away. Many times his feet were washed out from beneath him and Tom would make a wild grab and hung on till he got his footing. I could see Chee Chee patiently waiting for her turn, and Whammy looked as if he would like to try it on his own.

When Chan stood beside me Tom returned for Whammy. He made it a little faster this time, in spite of the fact Whammy was short he had weight and it helped him stay on the bottom. All the time this was going on I didn't hear a word spoken. Tom would speak to us to encourage us on the way to shore, but that was all.

Whammy stood beside Chan and I as though in a trance and we watched Tom return for Chee Chee. She hadn't moved since he put her on the roof. Had she jumped and tried to swim she would have ended up in Norman Wells. Chee Chee was so light and tiny the current would have carried her away.

Tom silently looked at us. We all stood staring at the little jeep sitting high on a boulder in the middle of the river. It looked so tiny and lonely. Sadly we realized we had lost our little buddy.

I gathered wood from the drift pile and started a fire, since we were soaked and it isn't exactly warm in the North in the fall. The dogs ran up shaking and with wagging tongues hanging out. They were forced some distance downstream and had run back up the shore, only to have to swim from the mainland to the island to be with us. I was sure Major was laughing he loved water. The mutts investigated the island, and then flopped on the beach to snooze.

By now the fire was crackling merrily and we all gathered around for the warmth. I was still stunned and realized our troubles were just beginning. Whammy looked pale and tired and Chan was exhausted. He hadn't hurt his back seriously but it was sore and he would have a nice black and blue mark.

There was nothing left but for Tom and Les to return to the jeep and bring ashore what was left. They made three trips and the pile that stood on the beach when they were through looked pretty desperate. We all had our bedrolls and some clothing, but there was darn little grub. Whammy had a suitcase full of pills but they wouldn't help the larder. Fortunately we had the dog packs and even the little pile would be a good load for the mutts. I was secretly sure of one thing: the tourists would know what the dogs were for and be darn glad of them in short order.

After having a cup of coffee, Tom and Les again returned to the little jeep and, unlashng the barrels, brought in the planks and line to make a raft to cross the channel separating us from the mainland. Time was passing and none of us had yet recovered from the wild ride down the river and our miraculous escape.

Tom worked swiftly and quietly building his raft. Whammy had little to say. As yet he hadn't come up with another dream and I felt he would have kept it to himself if he had.

Once again Tom whistled for the dogs and sent them across the channel. Chee Chee would be privileged to ride. The raft looked pretty loaded. What with the pile of gear for six people exclusive of food it was impressive.

Tom said, "O.K., Mrs. T.O., you sit on the load. Les will go across with another line and Chan and Whammy can hang onto the raft in the water." He would stay with them and push while Les pulled, keeping the raft from tipping.

Whammy set up a real ruckus. He couldn't swim a stroke and was scared to death he would drown. Chan couldn't swim, either, but he was silent and took his place alongside Tom. While Les pulled and Tom steered our progress was slow but steady. The raft was top-heavy and I thought Tom was going to knock Whammy unconscious. He was so frightened he kept trying to crawl up with me and he very nearly swamped us. I didn't doubt that I could swim to shore, but I was going to be darn mad if I lost my bedroll. Again and again Tom pulled Whammy back in the water and threatened to drown him if he didn't calm down. I think Whammy believed him as he finally just clung to the side for dear life. Always being a good swimmer and never having feared water, I couldn't help but feel sorry for both of them.

Les tied the raft to a stout tree and started unloading. Whammy and Chan had scrambled to shore and were breathing deeply. The day had taken its toll and they had a lifetime of thrills.

I built another fire and put the pot on. Tom said he had no idea how far downstream we had gone and would try to find a trail to the road. We still had to get the gear packed and start hoofing it. Major and Chee Chee gleefully trotted behind their soaked master and hoped for more excitement.

Les finished piling the gear on the beach. Again all was silent. I was wondering what would happen when they all got their second wind. The situation was a little different now.

Tom returned shortly saying it wasn't too far to the road but that it was a steep climb and everyone would have to pack. Whammy and Chan groaned to their feet and, gathering what they could, staggered off up the mountain. Les took a load and followed. Tom and I thought it better to get all the gear to the road before fixing the dog packs. It was a cinch that some of this stuff would have to be left and it was up to the men to discard what wouldn't be essential.

Whammy and Chan could only make the one trip so it was up to the three of us to get the rest of the gear. We struggled thru the buck brush and up the mountain a dozen times before we had all the supplies on the road. I was thanking my stars I was young and rugged, because you sure gotta be tough.

Les had little to say since we lost the jeep, but his attitude had certainly changed. He was surly and indifferent. I watched him gather a few items and put them in his pack and take off. Tom called him back and told him he would pack his own bedroll and any personal gear he wanted. Les looked, grabbed a down coat from the pile, and walked back to the river and threw it in.

I have never forgotten this stupidity. There is nothing heavy about a down jacket and he would well wish he had it before this trip was over. Then he mumbled that the dogs would pack the rest and again stalked off. We all ignored him, but you could feel the hostility in the air.

Whammy had us in stitches. He just couldn't decide which pills he would need. How in the name of heaven he would pack his pigskin bag and all his little treasures was beyond me. He thought he might as well cache his teeth, as there was precious little food to use them on. Chan had little trouble making his decision - - he packed his bedroll and a change of footgear. Tom had stressed the importance of dry feet and good boots. If they had these it would be half the battle.

Whammy finally put all his pills, etc., into the pigskin bag and hung it in a tree. We left all the guns except the rifle Tom packed and my 22. Les had a pistol strapped to his hip and we had plenty of ammunition, or so we thought.

When we had all gathered what was essential to our comfort there was still an awful pile of stuff on the ground. Between pots and pans, dishes, remainder of the grub and odds and ends the dogs were going to have a load.

Tom told Chan and Whammy to head up the road. We would follow as soon as we had the dogs packed. Whammy was all for staying right where we were for the night but Tom finally convinced him we would be better off making as much mileage as we could, as long as we had a long way to go.

Tom silently smoothed down Sam's rough coat and put his pack on. These packs were a little different than the general pack. They had been built for the Hudson's Bay prospectors and were a solid piece of heavy rubber. Most of the dog packs were made of heavy canvas and were ripped easily on snags, and weren't waterproof. The rubber dog packs were heavy but Sam was a big dog weighing over 100 pounds, long legged and strong. These packs were hotter on the dogs than canvas and it was important to brush their fur flat before putting on the pack. Tom tied the pack under his belly and across his breast. Jeep was wagging like mad. This little guy loved to pack. He was small compared to Sam, weighing about 90 pounds, but short and strong in the back and broad in the chest. His coat was heavy and black. Tom cinched him up and tied them.

Sorting out the gear I mumbled there was far too much for Sam and Jeep. A good pack for a dog is about 40 pounds and we had well over 100 pounds on the ground. It was clear we would have to pack Major, if you can imagine a Springer spaniel with a pack. He only stood 18 inches on tiptoe and the size of a pack was usually 20 inches wide by 18 inches or more deep. I would have to improvise some way. If nothing else he could carry the 20 pounds of rice we had. Shortening up a pack to the smallest possible size, I measured him and found it would do.

Major was so short I just couldn't tie the cinches and he kept sitting down like a good little dog. So I just put the pack on the ground, rolled Major on his back and put the pack on like a mother would put on a diaper. Not exactly standard procedure for a work dog but it served the purpose and now Major could join the men.

Before loading the dogs we took a last walk to the river to make sure all was picked, also to bid our little buddy farewell. Tom silently cursed as he looked at the jeep abandoned on a rock. A valuable piece of equipment was lost and it was all so unnecessary. Finally, looking at me he said, "Well, Mrs. T.O., guess we better go." Not a word about our predicament or the horrors we had come thru. Thinking to myself how silent, are the silent men of the north.

I loaded Jeep first and he staggered away, tail in a tight curl and proud as punch, his sturdy legs bearing well the weight he carried.

I poured the rice in Major's pack and turned him loose. He was hilarious. All we could see were his long ears and stub of a tail going 90 miles per. If he sagged in the middle we couldn't tell as his belly was nearly on the ground anyway. Proud as Jeep he took his place at his side and off they went.

Tom had sorted most of the heavy stuff for Sam, the price of being big. As I loaded the pack I could see he would be way overloaded. Tom didn't say anything, but when he staggered under the load, tears rolled down my cheeks. I just couldn't put any more on him and told Tom I would pack it myself. He could see Sam could hardly stand and I was sure he would soften. "O.K., he said, "but it all has to go." Tom tied the axe on the top of Sam's pack and watched him stagger after Jeep.

While I fixed my own pack I once again raged inwardly at Les. Not only were we a million miles from nothing, but also my dogs were going hungry and were packing twice as much as they should to keep these people alive. More than once dogs have saved the lives of men in the bush, but this situation was stupid and could have been avoided.

I lifted my pack, hoisted it over my shoulders and Tom held it high while I adjusted the straps. I let the tears dry on my face, too mad and too tired to wipe them off. Tom was good to dogs, but if they were work dogs they worked and those who coddled them as I did could never brag about a good team. I sometimes thought he was cruel, but this is the way of the north. "Only the strong shall survive."

While helping Tom with his pack we gave Chee Chee a look and with a flick of her tail she shot up the road after the big dogs. She didn't have to be so smart; she could have packed Whammy's teeth.

I braced myself as we approached Chan and Whammy. Les was still half a mile ahead of them. Tom asked how they were doing but he didn't sympathize with their plight or soften what was to come. I knew he was worried about these two men. He knew we could walk to Norman in a few days with no ill effects, but with one man ill and the other in bad physical shape it wouldn't be easy. Les would prove to be a problem. His total lack of consideration for others and his conceit would be his undoing.

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Tom and Chan started ahead of Whammy and I. Chan would have kept up to Tom if it killed him. Whammy made about 100 yards and asked me to tell Tom to slow down. I could have told him it wouldn't do any good, but instead I just ignored him. He said he was tired and couldn't we stop. Lordy, I thought, if we make five miles a day at this rate it will take us another month to reach Norman, and we wouldn't last a month.

When we left the river we were 131 miles from Norman Wells and that is a long walk for a bushman let alone a tourist and a hungry tourist at that. It was pretty plain that from now on Whammy was my problem and Tom would make sure he kept well ahead and out of earshot. Bless him.

Man, I thought, what I couldn't do with a tailor-made cigarette. Whammy had done most of the rolling for Chan and I and did a pretty good job, but nothing is worse than burning paper and burnt coffee. I asked Whammy if he thought we should try some of the Yukon weeds. We had forgotten about it after discussing it earlier. As soon as T.O. stopped for a breather I would see what kind weed we could smoke.

So far we had had beautiful weather and not a flake of snow. It was warm walking and we had our jackets lashed to our packs. It was getting late and Whammy started

complaining that Tom was going to walk all night. Knowing Tom was looking for a shelter, I again held my peace.

Shortly before dark we found a shelter that would do for the night. The shelter was clean and equipped with stove, beds and table so we were in luck. I could hardly wait to get the packs off the dogs and just wished I had a great big steak to give them. Poor little Major had made a million miles on his stubby legs and we were proud of him. Chan remarked how amazing it was that a dog, for his size, could out pack a horse, which he does.

Major lay on the road and rolled and scratched. Jeep and Sam had a wild shake and flopped contentedly on the ground. I gave them each a drink and hoped I could get enough gophers to feed them.

Gopher hunting had been taken up in earnest and during the day Les had shot about six of them. The gophers would dive into the four-inch pipe lying alongside the road and getting them out was a riot. The dogs would be snuffling and barking at one end with Les trying to shake them out the other. It was all a little confusing, both to the dogs and the gopher. However, we needed meat and one way or another the gopher had to go.

Tom cut wood and Les hunted for squirrels. He got enough to fill part of the cavity so the dogs would get a little food. We had rice, coffee and gopher for dinner. I made soup of the bones and gave it to the mutts. If nothing else I had to keep their stomachs from shrinking. More than one Indian and trapper has killed his dogs by letting them starve, then giving them a big feed when they got some game. By giving them soup this was prevented. Providing the ammunition held out and we could get a couple of gophers for each person and three or four for each dog we would survive. It wouldn't be caviar, but we'd eat. I felt sorrier for the dogs than for ourselves - - we knew better and they were foolish enough to trust us. They had to work hard and all they got for their faithfulness was a starvation diet and a pat on the head with luck.

It had been a long day and God knows a wild one. Conversation was limited to low groans and moans. Whammy had aches and pains from head to toe. Les said his shoulders were broken, yet he had the lightest pack of all. He had thrown everything away but his bedroll and pistol. Chan still didn't complain and I wished to heaven he would. He looked awful.

Morning came too soon and if the moaning and groaning was in gear last night it was in high pitch this A.M. Every one had aching muscles where they never knew they had muscles. We were not only sore but the old boy upstairs was really testing us. It was pouring down rain and blowing a gale.

We had a big bowl of rolled oats for breakfast. The trapper's diet was coming into its own. Tasted wonderful, dry milk and all.

It would be nice to say the heck with it and sit by the fire all day, but this is for the rich, so off we went, the dogs with tails high. They were happy.

Whammy and Chan couldn't get over the idea they had eaten gopher. Les was noncommittal and I assume after the life of a combat soldier your stomach could stand most anything. The most surprising thing was that gopher meat is good, sweet as pork and white as chicken. I found in later years it is a great delicacy with the Indians, only they singe the fur and roast the gopher on a stick in front of the fire, guts and all.

The men had on peak caps, which helped to keep the rain from dripping off the ends of their noses. I wasn't as fortunate. I was wearing a bandana and it just held the water so it fell in a steady stream. Everyone was miserable. Even the gophers stayed underground.

We crossed numerous creeks and it was either straight up or straight down traveling. The road was slippery and didn't help the lousy dispositions of the travelers. Tempers were short and Les was doing his best to promote trouble. He carelessly shot away precious ammunition at nothing. He ridiculed everyone and everything about them. It never seemed to enter his head that he was solely responsible for our plight and if he had an ounce of brains would have considered this and quieted down.

We huddled on the side of the road by a fire and ate lunch, chicken noodle soup and coffee. I gave up the idea of hunting a weed for a cigarette. I was wet enough and the thought of a soggy cigarette didn't appeal to me.

Tom, Chan and Les took off leaving Whammy and me to trundle behind. Whammy was crying steadily. He was tired, wet and hungry, couldn't we stop? This was a never-ending reverie. Believe it or not - he could be fun. In between crying jags he had me laughing half the time.

Chee Chee was busy snuffling through the bush and I noticed Whammy kept watching her. Finally I could see the reason. Chee Chee would find a berry bush and pick off the berries, nibbling contentedly. Whammy just couldn't stand it and after awhile he would follow her. When she found a loaded bush he would sit with her and eat berries. I always knew the Tal-Tan was remarkable, but there is one thing sure, Chee Chee would never starve if she were left in the bush.

The rain let up as the day wore on and the miles dragged by. Whammy and Chee Chee were in and out of the buckbrush eating high bush cranberries.

Walking along one of the few level stretches of road we could see a large camp. It was close to dark and I guessed Tom would make camp here for the night. It was still a couple of miles distant and to us that was an hour or more. I felt like running ahead of them but I was waterlogged.

What made me notice Major at that time I'll never know. He was twice his size; he looked like a pork barrel with a twitch of a tail and long ears. I couldn't believe my eyes.

The camp was getting closer and I could hardly wait to find out if my suspicions were right.

Tom helped me unpack the dogs and put Jeep and Sam in a dry place. They were tired, wet and hungry as we all were. When I unpacked Major I couldn't help but laugh. Tragic as it was it was funny. The rain had wet the rice and it had swelled giving Major his size. Well, wet or not we would have to eat the stuff. If I had known how to make Sake we could have floated to Norman Wells in an alcoholic haze. Taking Major's pack into the cookhouse I spread the rice to dry.

Tom started the oil stove after Whammy had the light plant going. The larder looked pretty skimpy, sour rice and biscuits. Believe me you haven't lived until you have eaten fermented rice, but beggars can't be choosers. I made the balance of the flour into biscuits and if carefully rationed we would have another three days of bread. In fact, all but the coffee and tea would be gone in another three days, and we still had 115 miles to go.

What a sorry looking meal for five tired, hungry people. I just felt terrible. At least we had something. The weather had made gopher hunting impossible, which meant that our poor, hard-working dogs got only warm water. If love would keep our dogs alive I sure loved them. When I took out the water I could have cried. Sam rubbed his big old head against my leg and his huge body wiggled happily as I talked to him. Jeep waited patiently for his turn and when I kneeled in front of him his lovely green eyes were wide with trust. Tears poured down my cheeks while I bugged and whispered in Jeep's ear. "OH GOD!" I prayed. "Don't let anything happen to these wonderful pups because of us."

When I returned to the cookhouse I felt lower than a snake's vest button. I was so upset about our family I gave little thought to the welfare of humans.

The shock and seriousness of our situation seemed to hit everyone at the same time. Tom was telling Chan that the only thing we could do was keep going as fast as we could. He knew that the men couldn't make very good time and were averaging about eight miles a day. If all went accordingly we would still have another two weeks walk.

Whammy immediately insisted Tom leave us and light out for Norman to get an airplane. Chan interceded, saying he just knew that his wife had sent for an airplane by now, but with this weather it would be impossible to look for us. That we should keep going until the weather cleared and then make further plans.

Les of course could see little sense in any of this and said so. He reminded Chan that he had left orders for a plane to be sent after them if they did not return to Johnson's Crossing in six days. We had been on the road for nine days and if the weather was out in Whitehorse a plane couldn't make it. So why all the fuss?! Les was implying we were making too much of nothing and what was a few hundred miles between friends.

Tom quietly told Les that in three days we would be out of food and it would be up to him and T.O. to see that none of us starved and that if he didn't stop firing his pistol at the wind and wasting ammunition he would find a way to prevent it.

The three of us were stunned. We watched the lines around Les's mouth tighten. He glared at Tom and the hate was naked in his eyes. Les could feel the tension in the air. He knew he was outnumbered and he had met his match in the man looking at him with ice blue eyes. The muscles in Tom's neck were hard and strained. I sensed it was all he could do to keep from strangling Les. The minutes passed without a word. Les wheeled and left the room. The air cleared, but we knew it was only temporary.

Whammy was getting panicky and he started playing one against the other. He hounded Chan to agree that Tom leave. He pleaded with me to see that he would. I knew if Tom left it would not be alone, and these men would perish without him.

(To be continued.)



**Jim Cole is the one 'flour packing' at the Rendezvous
It appears to be Jim Light on the left.**

Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

ACCIDENT WITH DC4 By Clarence Tingley

Submitted by Donna Clayson. Clarence was employed as a mechanic by Great Northern Airways (GNA) when this incident occurred. Below is his story on what happened.

The DC4 was up on jacks and the oleos (landing gear shock absorbers) were having the "O" rings replaced with a new type that was more suitable to the sub-zero temperatures

that they were to be subjected to. The original type were subject to bad leakage and would leak oil and air out, and this condition made landings with a heavy load extremely hard on the whole landing gear structure.

The job had been completed on the left gear (left being as viewed from the pilots seat) while the right side was very nearly finished and a couple of men were still working on it. Now a bit more technical information for you. Whenever a plane of any size is in the hangar, it is normal procedure to put on the landing gear safety locks. This is to prevent the landing gear collapsing in the event the hydraulic system pressure failed for some reason such as a broken hose or fitting.

Also this plane has squat switches, which are electrical switches that, when the plane is sitting on the ground, open the electrical circuit and if some one in the cockpit selected gear up, nothing would happen. Fail safe it would seem. Only one problem: built into the system in the cockpit is an override switch which defeats the squat switches. This override switch is out of sight and located inside the pedestal and down low. There is a small opening where one can shove a finger in and press the switch to activate the gear, gear meaning the landing gear. Now we have this situation: Plane in hangar, left wheel on the floor in normal position. Right wheel is now down on the floor and gear locks are in place. Someone is in cockpit area and starting up the auxiliary power plant to supply auxiliary power for the system. At least one man is still under the right wing and cleaning up spilled hydraulic fluid etc. Under the right wing is a Cessna 180 full of fuel. Lots of room for it because the DC4 is so much larger an A/C. Suddenly there is a very loud bang, someone hollers "Get to hell out of there" and then a loud "CRUNCH" Someone in the cockpit had retracted the gear and as the gear started up it overpowered the gear safety locks and they were hurled across the hangar. Dennis Hosking was working under the plane and an Engineer named George Kyle luckily saw the danger and was the one who hollered. Raw fuel was pouring out of the Cessna 180, which was now squashed down on the hangar floor and looked about 3 feet high. There was a mad rush to shut off the Herman Nelson heaters which had been pouring heat into the engines which were to be started as soon as the plane was pushed outside. The Fire Department arrived and wanted to flood every thing with foam, and I think it was Al Warner who talked them out of it, but possibly there were others involved too. The hangar was closed and no one was supposed to be allowed in, especially media types. As the tail was sticking out of the hangar, myself and others threw tarps over as much as possible to hide especially the GNA logo and registration.

ABSOLUTELY NO PICTURES ALLOWED.

The plane was eventually repaired and flew again. I believe that I have the only picture of the scene as it was immediately after the accident.

Moc Tel 89 and the Harbottle story brought back these old memories and I remembered taking the picture, and they can't fire me now so, last night I went thru a whole bunch of slides and sure enough I found the picture and it is actually pretty good for the conditions that existed at the time and the danger of getting caught.

*I asked Clarence if he knew the fellow in the cockpit that released the override switch.
Below is his answer:*

Yes I knew the guy who was in the cockpit and caused the trouble but I don't remember his name but I do know that he was an Engineer that GNA hired to look after the DC4. Not too long after this incident I wrote the Government test and got my Endorsement on the plane and it never gave me any serious problems on any of the trips I was on but I remember that the right wing was always stained green from the seepage of the 100/130 fuel.



Photo courtesy Clarence Tingley

The crushed Cessna 180 is under the outside engine with the wing of the DC4 extending another 50 feet.

OTTER FALLS PHOTO ON THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL

The photo was taken by Blondie Hougen, my part was to hold the legs of the camera in the water to keep it steady. Blondie took the picture and it was accepted as part of a national contest at the time. I thought this was all recorded by the Hougens.

How the picture was taken is a short story.

It was in the 3rd or 4th week of August 1950. I was working for Alex Davies, he was a big game hunter out of Champagne Landing. I was at the camp on the river at the top end of Otter Lake. Along came this lost soul with all this 'Stuff' and said he was looking for Otter Falls and where was it. After a cup of coffee and some talk it was decided that I would go with him to show him the way.

Making sure the camp was O.K. for a few hours we set of to the falls.

Upon arriving I just sat on the bank. Blondie took his look around and decided to go into the water. He set up his camera on a three leg tripod. The problem was the current was too strong and the legs of the tripod would not let him hold the camera still. (My small part in all this was to be talked into the water to hold the legs still while Blondie took his pictures.)

The rest as you all know is history.

Side bar stories to this if you want them??

Blondie & I became good chums I learned about cameras and cooking from him.

Also that summer was my first time turning down a marriage proposal her dad even tried to sweeten the pot by throwing in 6 horses and a bottle of rum. The problem was I had to go and catch the horses.

Also when the five dollar bill was in circulation I took my wife at that time to the falls, made her stand on the rock (top right). Came home had some people in gave them all new 5\$ bills and put the slide on with my wife in the same place standing on the rock.

Please thank Jeanne for her stories it filled in gaps for me & brought good times. The Canol Road was just as she says, I was one of many who drove it in the fall to get a moose.

Cheers for now Weldon Pinchin [pinchin*gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com)

A MESSAGE TO JEANNE HARBOTTLE

I wish to offer my sincere appreciation Jeanne, for your contributions to the Moccasin Telegraph. The piece written about your life with Bud, and the aviation industry was so interesting. And the article on the Canol Road and the trip to Norman Wells is such a great northern tale with such description and feeling. As an ex-northerner and having travelled the area, it was of particular interest to me.

I spent the year's 1958-1965 in Watson Lake. I was the skinny blonde guy working for Johnny Friend and Hughie Peet at Watson Lake Motors as bookkeeper/partsman. I hope my memory serves me well in remembering you as a red, no - make that auburn pony-tailed gal around the Watson Lake Hotel as a cook, barmaid or chargehand of the whole thing in the days of Rita and Ted.

I recall the various people from Canada Tungsten doing business with Watson Lake Motors (Jack Crowhurst (spelling?) Dick Horncastle etc. Bud also dropped in on occasion as well.

Bob Stubenberg and I opened and operated the Sportsman Motel in 1961, then purchased Twilite Services a few years later from Harold Simpson. Following some time after Walt Forsberg passed away, his wife Joyce married Bob. Bob passed away some years later and Joyce and I continued to operate the expediting business for some years prior to selling it to Joyce's son John in 1994.

Just a bit of northern trivia. Those were fun days with the Komish's, Vic Cheropita, Jack and Vangie, the bankers and all the people who made small northern community living a real closeness, and a lot of hard work but with a lot of fun.

As an aside, we had the opportunity to become good friends with the Porsild family operating Johnson's Crossing Lodge. Bob and Elly's son Aksel lives a half-mile from Ruby and I in Courtenay, and he too is having these great reads from your memoirs. Ruby is a former Watson Lake teacher I met and married there in 1962.

Thanks again for offering such vivid memories of those Yukon times. Also sincere appreciation to Sherron. The Moccasin Telegraph is such a showcase for these excellent works.

Regards,
Norm Paulson backrdhaven@shaw.ca



Myrna Butterworth's lawn chairs awaiting spring - Feb 3, 2005- Dawson -46 C.
Photo courtesy Lorraine Butterworth

Sherron, my daughter Lorraine took these pictures of my Yard last Thursday Feb 3rd at 1:00 pm it was -46 at the time. Right now we are into our 5th day of -45 and it's getting a

little depressing even with all that sunshine. I am finding that one tends to sit and read and eat a whole lot more in this cold weather.

I am really enjoying Jeanne Harbottle's story Heels and Heroes and hope she keeps on with more memoirs.

I also enjoyed the picture that Tina Parsons sent in .I more or less grew up with them. The building behind them is Hickeys Garage later to become Klondike Motors owned by Will Crayford.

You may use any of these pictures if you wish.

Keep the MocTel coming.

Regards Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net

HAINES JUNCTION TEMP – from Gary McRobb

Observed at: Haines Junction 9 February 2005 4:00 PM PST
Temperature **1 °C**

AN INTERESTING WEBSITE FOUND BY HERB GAEN

Bicycling across Canada – Newfoundland to Alaska. Includes narrative and photos of Yukon.

What an adventure!

<http://www.mvermeulen.com/canada/> ...click on pictures to enlarge...

A MESSAGE FROM GILLIAN CAMPBELL

Hello Sherron....Welcome back...We are going to the Yukoners BALL...at the Hyatt this Year..Bill and Jeri I think are planning to go...and I e-mailed Helen Munroe to see if she is going.... the numbers are down Mary was telling me.. but maybe it will be a big Rush at the end....as you know a lot of our members have passed on.. sad to lose all those very interesting friends... but life is like that...I sure feel blessed that I had so many friends in the Yukon who did enrich my Sons and my life..when I was working up there....such great characters.....Howie and Doris Gates had a great time in Mexico.. and who should they bump into IN A BAR !!! of course Harry Waldron....he is such a nice natured chap...and a character.

Have a Great and contented Day...Hugs Gillian gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca

Memories from the cake box, as I remember them.

By Weldon Pinchin

Canada vs U S A. Yukon vs Alaska.

There was a quiet concern in the Yukon, regarding the U.S. Army and its survey crew that were building the highway when it got to Kluane Lake and the Slim River area.

Mt. McKinley-

You know Canada, and North Americas highest mountain.

Enter Rex Jackson head of the department of (then) mines & resources. One of his jobs was to check out the story the U.S. were going to redraw the Yukon Alaska border so it was in Alaska.

Enter Rupert Chambers park warden for Kluane national park, under Rex Jackson.

Both men were very fit, strong and bush wise.

They went into the backcountry to make sure this did not happen. As you know they were successful.

Canada, & Yukon have the Mountain.

Rupert Chambers looked after the park till he retired, went on to B.C. & Bowen Island. Bought a small boat rental business. He was there till his passing

Rex. Jackson -

As he was a Federal Government man he had a pass to drive on the highway. This in the 1941 & 1942 time frame. Remember the war was on so gates and guards were all along the road.

He brought his wife Eva and son Henry (DAVE) Jackson to Whitehorse in 1942. They were living in lower Whitehorse by the old hospital and Ed Jacobs was his neighbor. They got a P.M.Q. To live in, in upper Whitehorse where they were till his sudden death in 1949.

Eva and Dave moved to Victoria . Eva remarried to Charlie Wilmott a retired deep-sea navy diver. They were both there, Eva & Charlie till their passing.

Dave has retired now and lives in Duncan on Vancouver Island. He is not on the computer or internet . His hobby is working with rare woods.

I was lucky to have known and lived with them all .

The dates, and other info. I checked with Dave last week.

A personal note on this story, the U.S.A. has not changed its world policy. A level playing field for all the world as long as it slopes to their end of the field. I am going to be in trouble somewhere if you print this.

SOOOOO whats new in life.

In all the world I wouldn't want anybody else for neighbours..... with a 3,000 plus mile undefended border.

Cheers Weldon [pinchin*gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com)

A MESSAGE FROM LES SOMMERTON

It's kind of funny Sherron you mentioning letting Jeanne Harbottle know we appreciate the info, and that Bud did a wonderful job of getting it down on paper - we used to live down the alley from Harbottles in that house across from the liquor store in the picture Joyce sent (thanks Joyce) - that was timely wasn't it - Dick Saunders, caretaker of the school, lived next on the street and then Bob Small, the tinsmith lived in the cluster of buildings on second - the alley between Dick and us had a nice grade for sleigh riding - also Harbottle's garage was right at the top - one day Bud came along when we were sleigh riding and asked us if we wanted to go for a ride in his dad's car and when we said yes - there were three of us - I was the youngest of the group (around seven years) anyhow we did manage to get the car rolling but unfortunately Bud couldn't get the car to go - he never did tell us what his dad had to say when he found the car out on the street.

So thanks Jeanne for Bud's life story and also that crazy ride you yourself had.

So once again glad your back SherronLes Sommerton
[lsomerton*northwestel.net](mailto:lsomerton@northwestel.net)

A MESSAGE FROM CLIFF ARMSTRONG

I ran across this Canol web site and found it very interesting.
I would think the Moc Tel folks would also find it enjoyable.
I was very lucky to have flown 2 US Bechtel people low level from Ross River to Norman wells with a Helicopter to check the line out in 1970

www.members.shaw.ca/cryofront/Canol%20Pipeline.htm

Here is some Northern history that is interesting

<http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/stations.htm>

Cliff Armstrong ss*still.net

LOST GRAVES

I have just been adding Moc Tel 100 to our collection here at Yukon Archives and the comments re: "Lost Graves" caught my eye. This has been a wonderful resource for a wide variety of researchers. I thought the PREFACE and EXPLANATORY NOTES may be of interest.

From "Lost Graves" Produced by the City of Whitehorse, July 1989. Researched by Margaret (Peg) Crook and Helen Horback. Typed and compiled by Norma L. Felker

"PREFACE

Pioneer Cemetery

The Pioneer Cemetery on Sixth Avenue in Whitehorse was in operation from 1900 until 1965. According to Mrs. Otto Partridge's diary, the first burial was that of James Brown on October 11, 1900. By 1904 there were 22 burials in the cemetery. As early as 1902 there was a feeling amongst townfolk that a new site should be found. In 1908 a new spot was considered, "ten acres downriver on the left bank", to quote the report in the *Star* newspaper. However, nothing came of this and the original location remained in use. After it had been surveyed in 1901, the Crown received title to the land and the officials of the Territorial Government were in charge of administration. Although the City of Whitehorse was established as a municipality in 1950, the City did not accept responsibility for managing the cemetery until 1965. Unfortunately, no consecutive records of burials were kept, apart from individual churches and the Masonic Lodge. About twenty years ago [ca. 1969] most of the wooden markers were removed in a misguided clean-up of the area. As a result, there is no complete record of individual gravesites, apart from those with stone monuments. There seemed to be a need for a compilation of as many as possible of the names of those at rest in the cemetery and this list is the result."

"EXPLANATORY NOTES

Information for the period up to the end of 1928 was gathered from records of the Territorial Government Department of Vital Statistics, the Anglican and Roman Catholic church records, and from microfilm records of the *Whitehorse Star* at the Archives. After this date, records at the Department of Vital Statistics were no longer available. It was therefore decided to leave the remainder of the names as they were shown in church records under the heading of the individual church. In some cases, additional details were found in the old newspaper records; however, all the files are not complete.

All obituaries were copied from the early Whitehorse papers. It is regretted that some names may have been missed.

In 1967, Mr. Konrad Domes set his class at the Vocational Institute the task of mapping Pioneer Cemetery. A copy of this map appears at the back of this book. As this was done before the destruction of the markers, it is the only records that remains. We are very grateful to Mr. Domes for his help and encouragement."

As ever,
Heather Jones Heather.Jones@gov.yk.ca

MAIL REJECTED – REMOVED FROM MAILING LIST

Recipient address: mstutter@kootenay.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

STUTTER, Mike & Donna mstutter@kootenay.com (In Dawson 1954 – 1976, then only summers) Creston BC

Recipient address: gmlarocque@hotmail.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

LaRocque, BoBo & Gail gmlarocque@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse area)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi folks, after a very long wait, we are finally in our new home. We have just reconnected to our email, but have a new address. It's daveandlouise@shaw.ca

Dave & Louise Perchie

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If you are doing your best, you won't have time to worry about failure.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Dennis Eve denmeve@aol.com

Blackberry and Raspberry Trifle

250 g (9 oz.) blackberries, defrost if frozen
3 level tbs Splenda
15 ml (1 tbs) water

4 sponge fingers
75 g (3 oz) raspberries
285 ml (10fl oz) skimmed milk (30 ml 2 tbps reserved)
2 level tbps custard powder
Whipped cream to decorate.

Place blackberries, 2 tbsp splenda and water together in a pan.
Bring to a boil, reduce heat and gently simmer for 5 minutes until fruit is tender.
Remove from heat and cool slightly.

Break sponge fingers into pieces and place at bottom of four desert bowls.
Divide raspberries between the four and pour stewed blackberries, cool and then chill 1 hour.

Bring milk to boil in a small pan. Mix custard powder with reserved mil and pour into pan, stirring until thickened. Stir in remaining 1 tbps Splenda. Place a piece of clingfilm over and touching custard to prevent skin forming. Once cool, spoon over trifles and leave to set in fridge for 1 hour and then top trifles with whipped cream.

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