

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 138th Edition – November 27, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



SS Klondike – Whitehorse – October 2005

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

THE HUNTER

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

The hunter stands in the trees beyond,
Sharp eyes scanning the lily pond,
At the ready, gun slung loose,
Awaiting that elusive moose.
A willow snaps, his eyes swing back,
To witness an enormous rack
Of antlers exiting the bush.
("Easy now, no need to rush").

The mighty bull stands on the beach
And strives, the lily pads to reach,
He stands majestic, wild and free,
Quite unaware that his enemy

Is taking aim and making plans,
To drop his moose upon the sands.
He knows that this will now complete,
His winter-long supply of meat.

Then from out the tangled vines,
Comes a cow moose with calf behind.
She stands beside the bull and feeds,
On lily pads and grass and weeds.
The calf bleats to express his need,
(Too tiny yet, for adult feed).
Then from her udder, soft as silk,
He sates himself with mother's milk.

The hunter stares, all motion freezes,
The pressure on the trigger eases,
He thinks of his wife and little one,
Then smiles and slowly lowers his gun.
He snaps a branch on a willow tree,
And watches the moose as they turn to flee.
He may regret the loss of meat,
But rejoice in a family still complete.

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BROOKS BROOK – Part 2 of 4

By Barb Harris (née Prouty) ostara*inetlink.ca

Living in Brooks Brook

The tea and sugar story continues....

Mom and this Indian fellow (turned out to be a local trapper named Johnny Jackson) developed quite a relationship. He would turn up at her door at odd intervals, sometimes alone, sometimes with one of his kids in tow. He always asked for tea and sugar. That was all. She always gave it to him. I suspect she even made a point of purchasing more than she needed, just so she wouldn't have to worry about running either of them short. Always, a few days after he had visited and collected the tea, she would open the door, or arrive home from a walk and find some part of an animal on the doorstep. She had learned after making dog food of the first offering that she could count on its quality and feel safe cooking it for her little family and the payback was always thereafter welcome, if not necessary. She told me this story several times but once, when I was a teenager, she mused about all the tea and sugar she gave him. Years later, after I was married and had kids of my own I had occasion to phone her one night and say 'Mom, Remember telling

me about your Indian trapper and all the tea and sugar you gave him? You wondered where it all went? I think I have the answer...'

I had just read Ellen Davignon's book, 'The Cinnamon Mine'. In it she described the delight she and her siblings had when a certain Indian trapper and his family camped near Johnson's Crossing. They would sneak away from their chores and visit with them, and looked forward with delight to the lovely sweet tea that they were always served there.

Blondie and Puddy

Mom was always infatuated with animals – to the extent that Blondie and Puddy accompanied us to the 'Wilderness'. I can't even imagine how they felt about that journey! Puddy was a male black and white cat who surrendered himself to whatever life brought him, including me. Blondie was a gem. She was a blonde Boxer, with a 'governess' complex. Shortly before leaving Fort William, my mother and my Auntie Kay took me and went for shopping and lunch. Mom had left instructions for the furnace repairman who was coming, telling him where to find everything. This was in the days when people felt comfortable leaving their homes unlocked. We all evidently had a wonderful afternoon, and Mom quite forgot about the furnace repairs. When we returned home, the repairman was waiting – patiently. Blondie was waiting with him. Blondie was very friendly with the repairman – until he tried to leave the house, when the repairs were complete. Then she was a Guardian. That poor man had cooled his heels for an entire afternoon waiting for Mom to rescue him.

She was the same way with me. I was crawling and as curious as any baby is likely to be. Mom never had a worry about me. She would set me out in the summer days on a blanket and put Blondie in charge. I was allowed full range of the blanket and whatever toys and such that were provided. Blondie saw to it, however, that I never roamed past the satin blanket bindings.

Puddy ended up accompanying us into Whitehorse when we eventually moved again, but Blondie did not. She disappeared one day during a brutal winter. Mom and Dad looked everywhere for her around the camp and the neighbours looked as well. Johnnie Jackson had developed a rapport with Blondie, and went out on snowshoes and spent days looking along his entire trap line for her in beastly cold weather, but she was never seen again.

Things I don't remember...

I have some very vague memories of playing under the kitchen table with a small boy, who would have been about my age, but that would be the only memory of him. It may have been when my mom was making arrangements to baby-sit the little boy. His mother was going to be teaching at the one room school in Brooks Brook. I think we got to have

a school because there was also an Army Camp located there. There were three definite areas in that little spot. There was the garage (repairs and gas pumps) and the CNT repeater station, the CNT homes (I think there were 4 or 5 of them) and then the Army Camp with a recreation hall and the school along with the houses and I have no idea how many of them there might have been. The road that went into Brooks Brook kind of circled around the inside of the entire small area and served each of the encampments.

Babysitting gave my mother, aside I suppose from a little bit of money, some relief from entertaining me. The little boy and I were about the same age and got along well I was told. One day, after we had been fed our lunch and perhaps had a nap, Mom was in the living room enjoying the opportunity to indulge her passion for reading. About the time she was really appreciating this opportunity and thinking 'My this is nice – the little ones are being so quiet' - reality crashed in. She sprinted into the kitchen, far too late, to find that we had been 'quietly' engaging ourselves in removing the wrappers from every last can of food in the cupboards.

Now remember that they would have laid in a years supply of groceries, mostly in cans, and that now she had no way of knowing what the heck she was going to be serving at any time of the day. The dog food was easy, and so was the canned milk, thank goodness, but every thing else was pretty much potluck from then on. A lot of cat food got thrown away, but Puddy was pretty resourceful when it came to his own meals.

(to be continued)

RON WOOD REMEMBERED

I was so sorry to read of Ron Wood's death. It brought back memories of trips that I made on CPA when Ron was the pilot, and the high regard held by all of us all who knew him, and his concern for the people who lived here. I sincerely hope that he will have a place in the Yukon Transportation Museum some day. I would certainly be willing to help make this happen. I have written of just a small incident that made me one of his fans.

Marny Ryder [MarnyRyder*whtvcable.com](mailto:MarnyRyder@whtvcable.com) (In Whitehorse)

November 18, 2005

Hi Sherron:

I read about the death of Captain Ron Wood, Canadian Pacific Airlines, in the most recent edition of the Moccasin Telegraph, and it brought back a very vivid memory of the reason I held this great pilot in such high regard.

I was a young, relatively inexperienced nurse, in the small community of Watson Lake, Yukon in 1961. Canadian Pacific Airlines landed in the community three times a week, depending on the weather, and this meant that the landings were somewhat sporadic in the winter months. One night, I was called out to see a woman working at a hotel in the

town. She was experiencing acute abdominal pain and was in such distress, that I believed she needed to see a doctor immediately because she possibly needed surgery. A phone call to the doctor in Whitehorse, confirmed my assessment, and he said he would contact CPA in Vancouver to see if the airline could make an unscheduled stop in Watson Lake to pick up the patient. The weather was best described as very marginal, blowing snow, cloud cover, and poor visibility. We drove out to the airport, in the ambulance, and parked by the airstrip to wait and pray. The alternative was a seven hour trip by ambulance in poor road conditions, and a patient who was not in the best condition to survive the trip. The runway lights were on, and we heard the plane descending. It seemed to roar in, and then the noise abated, as it passed over. I could have cried, and, as I turned to tell the ambulance driver to start out, I heard the plane come back again. This time it landed, and I could not even see it as it touched down, because of the snow. I was still crying when we loaded the patient on the plane, and Ron came back to watch the transfer with a smile on his face. His only comment was that it was a “little dicey” but he knew that when he heard the call from the doctor to come in, he knew that we needed his help. We did get the patient to the hospital on time, and she did require immediate surgery. Ron was, and has continued to be my hero, for many of the years he flew in the north. He was truly a northern pilot. I hope that some day, someone will document the many ways he helped the people in the north. My condolences to his family.

Marny Ryder MarnyRyder*whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse)

HOOTALINQUA

Just read the special about the Hootalinqua. As I was present during the burning of the boat I can give you some info about that. We were asked to burn it by Forestry. They wanted it burnt for the same reason they burn up all the cabins that they can....afraid someone else might do it and start a forest fire.....what can I say??? We burnt it as a joint exercise with Carcross Fire Dept.

Most of us thought it was a complete waste of time and effort, that it was a cultural artifact and should either be salvaged or left alone to rot in its own good time. Besides all that it was really hard to get burning! So much for bureaucrats that don't have enough real work to do.

Have a fun time on your holiday, Claudia MacPhee erstenhorpel@hotmail.com (In Tagish)

Hi Claudia

Interesting and at the same time sad. The poor boat still had a future and did have an owner.

Too bad forestry wouldn't look at history before they erase it. Guess they didn't give a 'hoot'.

Will place your message in the next edition of the MocTel. Thanks for telling us your part in the story.

Sherron

SIBILLA

I just received the telegraph from my Dad.

It was quite interesting to see the article about the Sibilla, since I currently own it.

It is now parked in Carcross in the yard of my store "Carcross Barracks Gallery"

We bought it with the store in Feb. 2004 -you can see the picture, it was in bad shape.

The paint was all peeling off, windows smashed out, boards missing, inside was stripped and used as a garbage dump, roofs were leaking. It was bad.

We have replaced the windows and some boards, repainted and cleaned it up. (picture July 2005) but it still has a long ways to go.

I would love to get any information about it that you may have access to. Willard Phelps (from Carcross) used to ride on it as a kid and so has told us some of the history.

I want to do a complete history of it and put a sign by the boat with history of it and photos of how it was used.

Any help would be greatly appreciated.

Greg Kehoe barracks@klondiker.com (In Carcross)

www.CarcrossBarracks.com



Sibilla February 2004

Photo courtesy Greg Kehoe barracks@klondiker.com (In Carcross)



Sibilla – July 2005

Photo courtesy Greg Kehoe barracks*klondiker.com (In Carcross)

* * * * *

(Some time back when we asked for memories of Ben My Chree, Dave Harder sent this message. It was held first while we attempted to gather enough to make a second special edition about Ben My Chree. That did not come about and more recently when Harvey Burian brought up the topic of the Hootlinqua I remembered Dave's reference to it in this message. So since Harvey only dealt with that aspect of this message, here is Dave's long held message.

Dave also sent another message this week which is posted later in this edition. – Sherron)

BEN MY CHREE AS I KNEW IT

By Dave Harder

Ben-My Chree as I knew it.

I had heard a lot about Ben-My-Chree and because it was in my guiding area, I was really looking forward to seeing it one day.

My first encounter with some of the things the Partridges had been involved with was at Partridge Lake. This is a small lake about four miles south of the West Arm of Bennet Lake, a small lake about six miles long between so very rugged mountains. While I was in the area in 1959 for the first time, scouting for game and possible camp sites, I came across a cabin that was built by the Partridges, it was built in the early part of the century, we didn't find any dates any where but the cans and bottles, told a lot about the time.

We also found mining tools in a shed.

It is also well to remember that there was a lot of activity in the early part of the century in all these places, but when the recession came in the 1920 to 1930 era, and mineral prices fell, nearly all prospecting activity stopped (especially in hard to get to areas) and did not become active again until nearly 1960.

So many of these cabins had dry food in containers. Some times we even found rifles, axes, snow shoes. Many times the cabins were still in good shape, a little cleaning and we could stay in them.

One day when we were out scouting, we tried some dried prunes from one of the cans to see if they had any taste to them, and they did even though they had some white powder on them.

We left the cabin and had traveled on foot for about a mile when I looked to see where one of the boys was. I saw him waving like mad. I was sure he had spotted some game, so I ran back to see what it was. Well he couldn't talk and he kept pointing at his throat and finally he whispered that he had taken a bunch of the prunes and ate them. I gave him some water and this started to help him. He was sure he was going to die but after a short while he was okay. The white stuff on the prunes was a form of alum, which just dried up his throat enough so he couldn't speak. Lesson learned stay away from old prunes.

The Partridges had been quite active prospecting and even tried hard rock mining. At Partridge Lake we found some of the diggings.

Their sailboat was used to travel to Carcross and then on to Tagish and Marsh Lake, which meant White Pass had to swing the railroad bridge because the bridge was over navigable water. I was told by Johnny Johns and others that White Pass played a big roll in having them relocate to Ben-My-Chree, so they wouldn't need to swing the bridge any more.

At Ben-My-Chree they found this very high-grade silver vein and they made an attempt to make a mine out of this. They even had a tramway all the way to the mineshaft. A snow slide wiped out the tramway and killed two people down at the lake, who those people were I don't know. That was such a disturbing mishap that they never tried mining it again.

I had the opportunity to take University students from Madison Wisconsin University down the lake on geology studies. At first we took them down with a small boat, but as the students grew in number every year we had to make other arrangements. That is when I bought the paddle wheeler the Hootalinqua. A 70 foot flat bottom boat that was originally built by a Mr. Combs in 1947, right on Fourth Avenue where the Stratford Hotel sits (it may have a different name now.)

We had to rebuild the upper part complete with a new wheel house and new motor. We used the original marine clutch and the rear end drive was from out of an old 1928 International truck. This was used to chain drive the paddle wheel. Mr. Coombs patented the paddle wheel as a cupped wheel. It was Don Jones who told me that this wheel would travel 1500 feet a minute compared to a straight wheel at 1200 feet per minute both at the same rpm. Don was very familiar with the operation of the Paddle wheelers. By the way the Paddle wheel is at Chuck Buchanan Museum in Carcross now that is all that is left of the boat now.

I used to take the students down Tagish Lake for three weeks at a time and it was during this time that I had the opportunity to explore and prospect as well. I did find the mine

shaft the first time I went to the top of the mountain, the remains of ore sacks and tent frames were still there. I staked the property right away and held it for several years.

The mineshaft was filled with ice so we had to drill and blast it out and we did find some very rich ore samples, some testing over 300 oz. per ton. We tried to get a mining company interested but when the price of silver dropped we couldn't get the money to get it off the ground.

In the mean time a man came to me one day and said that he now owned Ben-My-Chree, his name was Cy Porter. He asked if I would prefab a cabin for him, with our planed cabin logs which we manufactured at Ten Mile Ranch. We did that and then took it down and helped assembled it near one of the older buildings.

When I first came to Ben-My-Chree there were dishes and beds and even running water from a spring. The cook stove was still in good shape. Some of the best rhubarb you could find was 3 to 4 feet tall. There were lots of flowers as well.

The wharf to where the Tutshi used to come too was well over 1200 feet long and most of that was still standing.

At one time the glacier used to be quite close to the property, but now has receded back a couple of miles. I spent many days prospecting where the glaciers had receded. This is very beautiful country, but is also has very harsh deep snow and is windy. But, where the buildings are nestled against the mountain it is very warm and good for growing a garden. There are a lot of mountain goat ranging on both sides of the valley; as well it is good moose and bear country. The water in the lake was very milky from the glacial ice melting, but lots of clear cold mountain streams.

I will close this for now and do one on the paddle wheeler next time with some pictures.

Dave Harder daveharder@telus.net (In Delta BC)

(See a photo by Harvey Rossiter below of the cabin built with the logs that Dave Harder prepared and hauled to Ben My Chree. When I saw Harvey's photos the cabin with the greenhouse on top looked like what I envisioned was built from those logs.

Worthy of note also is that for many of you the blanks in the history of Ben My Chree can be filled in by not only reading the Moccasin Telegraph Special edition, but also by reading the book written by Cy R. Porter (with the forward written by boyhood friend Pierre Berton.) Klondike Paradise – Culture in the Wilderness reveals the use of the property during the time between then and now.

I will repost the special edition this week so that those who are interested can read it. – Sherron)

HARVEY ROSSITER'S TRIP TO BEN MY CHREE, ATLIN ETC

Hello Sherron, Thank you for the E mail and feel free to use any of the pictures in the URL for your publication.



HEADING DOWN TO BEN MY CHREE – August 2005
Photos courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)



HEADING DOWN TO BEN MY CHREE – August 2005
Photos courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)



Ben My Chree – August 2005

Photos courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)
Yes the house with the green house on top is at Ben My Chree.



Ben My Chree – August 2005

Photos courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)



The day we went down the Atlinto River in Archie Wiggins boat, Vera Kirkwood was with us and had not been to Ben My Chree in 60 years so it was fun to share her stories.



Our picnic at Ben My Chree - Beaver Dam at Ben My Chree
Photos courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)



View of Glacier leaving Ben My Chree – Glacial colour to water, getting rough.
Photos courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)

Vera and her husband Tom had lived for a while at Engineer Mine until they hit water and it flooded. I think she said that the main shaft was 400ft below lake level. You will see pictures of the mine and general store in the URL.

A group are back trying to reopen the mine.



Engineer Mine and Store

Photos courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)

On our return home we stopped at the Brooks cabin and had a wonderful visit with Marium and Jimmy Brooks. As always we had a good talk and great goodies with our coffee. I had not seen them in 30 years so a lot of sharing.



Brooks cabin & Garden ----- Vera Kirkwood, Marium & Jimmy Brooks

Photos courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)



Jimmy Brooks aircraft

They have done some wonderful work on the property building an airstrip and new hanger on the lake. I would like to go back next summer and spend a few days at the cabins they have for rent.



Archie Wiggins boat at Scotia Bay Train Dock

Photo courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)

We stopped for a visit at the train dock before entering the Atlinto River and I am sorry to report that the dock is sinking and a couple of the rail cars are underwater.

Someone has built a rather nice log home above the dock with a hot tub on the deck. I think it is in the pictures at my site. *(I didn't find these photos – Sherron)*

I also had a good visit with Doris Peterson. Her husband Herman had the air service in Atlin and flew originally for George Simmons of Carcross. Herman and I used to fly to Carcross in his little sea plane and visit George and his wife and have lunch. My only regret looking back on my store years is that I did not record the old timers that came into my store and told stories all winter long especially Norm Fisher who ran the mail to Telegraph Creek by dog team. When they stopped the dog team Herman Peterson started flying the mail and in 26 years he never missed a flight in weather that was hard to believe. He got me started in flying and gave me my first lessons. I was saddened by his passing.

I sold my store to Dick Snagoki and he later sold it to Andrew Williams, who still is the owner.

I am in the process of moving from the Gulfcoast of Mexico to the Pacific and will be in transit for a while but look ahead to sharing what I know and a little history of the Atlin area.

Best Wishes Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (Currently relocating within Mexico)

Hello Sherron, We would love to contribute to your newsletter.

Fran and I moved to Atlin in Aug. 1972. I was the Provincial Govt. Agent and Fran was my Deputy. At that time, I had 26 department jobs including Magistrate, Coroner, Gold Commissioner, etc. etc.

We had a wonderful time and will give you a better write-up of our life then. We left Atlin in 1978 and after several visits back, we came again in 2000 to live and bought a Houseboat to do Sightseeing trips on the Lake.

I realize this may sound choppy, but will put something together shortly that will give you a better picture.

We were very close to Peggy Milius and will give you something about our relationship with her.

Tara Milius, her daughter is also close to us and I'm sure she would like to add her story of her Mom. We will be talking to her soon.

Cheers for now,

Peter Newall (and Fran) newall@direcway.com (In Atlin)



Fran & Peter Newall at Peggy's Cove – August 2005
Photo courtesy Harvey Rossiter xicoharvey@yahoo.com (In Mexico)

MESSAGE FROM DAVE HARDER

I didn't know that a green house had been put on top of the log house. It would have been a tremendous view from up there in the green house. You would be able to see to the west right up to the glaciers, and down the lake all the way to the Wann River. From that vantage point you would be able to see north to where the Ben-My Chree silver mine is, and to the south are some real big mountains as well.

Cy Porter came to me and asked if I would prefab a log cabin for him, so we precut all the logs and numbered them, and cut the rafters as well. Actually Cy hauled the logs down on his own pontoon barge, he had to make several trips to get every thing down there.

I almost think that it may have been more of a look out than a green house because the scenery is so fantastic in that valley.

I prospected a lot of that country and staked the old mine site, At one time the ice field's were very close to the buildings maybe only mile or so up the river but over time the ice receded back several miles that meant more ground to look for minerals. Once you got near the ice it was always cold and often high winds, although we found many quartz veins we did not find any minerals to speak of, but that doesn't mean that it is not there.

The river is very muddy but little side streams are nice and clear and just loaded with Artic Grayling.

The very top end of the lake is filled in with silt for well over a half a mile so that you can only travel along the north side of the lake in a small channel. When the Tutshi used to go in there they had a wharf that was about 1200 feet long so they could dock and unload the passengers.

Most of the dock was there when we first came, but now it is nearly all gone.

The main game in that area are moose, bear and a lot of mountain goat, lots of berries as well.

I would just love to go and spend a while up there long enough so that you would be glad to see some new faces, and have some time to visit, instead of racing some one to the next traffic light or in some line up in the store.

Have a great trip Dave.

Dave Harder [daveharder*telus.net](mailto:daveharder@telus.net) (In Delta BC)

Pacific Airway

Volume Two in a Seven-Volume Series of Aviation History in the Northwest

**A SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION
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The Book

An aviation history of the airfields and seaplane bases which were part of the communities of the west coast of British Columbia and Alaska. Starting at Seattle, Washington, it carries on through Vancouver Island, the Central BC Coast, Queen Charlotte Islands, and southeast Alaska.

Over 370 archival photographs with a foreword by Greg McDougall, president of Harbour Air Seaplanes, the largest seaplane airline in the world, and an introduction by Jack Schofield, the founder of *West Coast Aviator Magazine*.

Pacific Airway contains original photographs and many firsthand recollections and memorabilia often provided by the airmen who participated in this exciting period of west coast aviation history from 1919 to 1960.

With great attention to detail, Chris Weicht has produced a well-researched and fascinating collection of stories. This is your chance to get to know some of the west coast's aviation trailblazers. These airmen paved the way for today's commercial aviation with flair and determination.

The Author

Chris Weicht is a retired professional pilot with over 17,000 hours of flight experience, including over 6,000 hours in float planes and flying boats. Chris has flown in the Arctic, the Yukon, and Alaska, as well as, the Caribbean and South America. He has flown in bush and float planes, airliners, and corporate jets.

In retirement, Chris travels extensively, lecturing on the history of his first love - aviation. During his travels throughout the northwest, he researches this history for inclusion in his forthcoming books.

In 1997 he published his first book, *Jericho Beach and the West Coast Flying Boat Stations*, which became a Canadian bestseller. His second book, *North by Northwest*, was published in 2004 and has received wide acceptance. *Pacific Airway* is the latest book in a seven-volume aviation history of the northwest.

At 67, Chris retired from commercial aviation and in September 2002 he celebrated the 50th anniversary of his first solo with a flight above the coast mountains of British Columbia.

Christopher Weicht

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ph 604-886-6877 fax 604-886-6867 cweicht@uniserve.com

Ordering information – from address above.

Price for 'Pacific Airways' - \$41.95 each plus *\$7.00 for shipping, plus \$2.00 for shipping for each additional book. Send your complete mailing address, plus e-mail address. Make cheque payable to Chris Weicht.

Hi Sherron,

I was introduced to the Moccasin Telegraph by Dunc Netzel a long time friend who is with the Yukon Government in Whitehorse. Dunc and I were both commanding officers of an Air Cadet Squadron in Abbotsford in the 1980's.

I have written a seven volume aviation history of North West Canada and Alaska, two of which are already published, "North by Northwest" tells the history of the inland route of aircraft going to the Yukon and Alaska via the Okanagan and Cariboo to Prince George then west to Hazelton which had an active airfield in the 1920-30 period, then north toward the Yukon. Volume two "Pacific Airway" tells the aviation history of each community on the west coast from Seattle Washington all of Vancouver Island, B.C. Coast, Queen Charlotte Islands and the south east Alaska communities of Annette Island, Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau, Yakutat and Yakataga.

Volume three "Air Route to the Klondike" is being prepared for publication now and is expected to hit the streets in March 2006, it details the aviation history of each place that had an airfield between Skagway and Dawson City as well as the approaches through northern B.C. including Telegraph Creek, Atlin, Tulsequah and Takla Landing. Many of these airfields are long gone (e.g. Fox Lake, Upper and Lower Laberge etc, etc.)

I have attempted to weave the story of the handful of men in outdated and underpowered machines that established a legacy of perseverance, ingenuity and dedication that has become an exciting part of our history. However these books are far more than a history of places, rather they deal with the aircraft, the pilots that flew them and the men and women who supported these operations. As such these books will be of interest to those with a desire to delve deeper into our north western Canadian aviation heritage.

These books (as well as my first book "Jericho Beach and the West Coast Flying Boat Stations" now out of print) are available by mail from myself and cost \$41.95 plus \$7.00 postage) each book has over 300 archival photographs and numerous diagrams in approximately 300 information packed pages.

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MOCTEL 136 – MESSAGE FROM LOIS TREMBLEY

Hi Sherron, Very interesting Moc-Tel...Thanks to you and all the others for your very hard work...Must take a lot of research on some things to figure it all out.

Have had a bad cold here and feeling sorry;;; for myself... The Moc-Tel and its many good writers always have a way of cheering me up...Keep up the good work.

One that I would think would be good researching would be the Old Experimental Farm at Haines Junction. I don't have any information myself, but maybe someone out there does. Also there was some kind of oil or fuel storage past the Village in Haines Junction that was used during WW2. I have a few interesting pictures of that if anyone knows its story and history. (I am not talking about the Pipeline) As far as I know some of the equipment is still there. It was a fascinating place for I and the kids to go looking around.

Well keep up the good work...Cheerio, Lois
Lois Trembley granny9t@shaw.ca (In Cedar BC)

Can anyone provide any information about the Experimental Farm and Oil/Fuel storage in the Haines Junction area. – Sherron

CORRECTION

Re: my story "Aklavik to Old Crow - 1958" appearing in the Moc Tel 25, on August 10, 2003. I have learned that former Chief Peter Moses received The British Empire Medal on behalf of the people of Old Crow and not as I had stated The Order of Canada.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw)

(An extract from the article. – “Chief Moses was wearing a light grey suit, a tie, and a dark, hard cap like a Captain's hat. It had an insignia on it of some kind. On the left side of his suit jacket he wore a ribbon holding his Order of Canada medal. Chief Moses was Chief when the Old Crow people managed to raise and send \$400 to the WWII war effort. Chief Moses was very proud of his medal. At this point, I was feeling that the Old Crow people were very much Canadian. Pictures were taken and we proceeded to the races.”)

MESSAGE FROM DONNA MCLEAN

Hello again Sherron,

You shouldn't bear all the brunt on the new complex. I too think it is an obscene amount of money and I've never seen anything like it. Three different sized hockey rinks....and no doubt they are heated.

However it is a done deal and a nice one for a town of 30,000 [under 20,000 on 2001 census] souls. Hope the rates are cheap so all can use it, not just the better off.

Sorry Larry.....I'm with Sherron on this one...really glad Whitehorse has it, as long as someone is using it.

Just curious tho...who paid for it?

My head will be along side yours. I'm sure but with the mess this country is in seniors housing is lacking, medical is in a sorry state and over all Canada is a mess. I think that's a terrible amount of money to spend on any athletic facility anywhere, emphasis on anywhere.

I love the “home on the snow poem”, and took the liberty of sending it to a few old Yukoners who aren't on internet, so it's going Canada post. It was charming and should be sung often. It's in a league with the winding in and winding out poem and the kee kee rist but its cold one.

Have a great holiday. Donna Mclean dj_mclean@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

RECOLLECTONS AND QUESTION FROM MARIBETH MAINER

Sherron;

I won't get down to a serious read of the Oct-Nov MocTel's until next week, being engaged these past weeks in production of newsletter and annual report for a charity I volunteer for. However, some quick impressions:

The picture of sunset on Fox Lake did double duty for me. Reminded me of the spectacular sunsets we used to see out of our living room above the NC when I was little. Also, we spent many weekends on Fox Lake fishing in the NC outboard boat.

Don't look to me for good memories of Miss Farley. As one of her hopeless cases, I did not fare well with the lady. However, she did nurture the talents of one of my classmates, Carol Parker. I hope Carol went on to great things as a result. Charitably, I must remind anyone writing about Miss Farley to include her Vancouver Hotel ballroom mural, with which my parents attempted to rehabilitate my opinion of the artist and teacher.

Loved the 1948 winter picture of the steamboats at Whitehorse. Now that is the way I remember them!

Glad to have a picture of the Burian store, even if it wasn't of the year that I visited.

Sorry to hear contributions are so dismal. Ours will be coming along in January. We look at it as a magazine subscription which, of course, we pay for.

I have some Whitehorse questions:

What were the origins of the terms Dowell area and Marwell area? Was the "refinery area" included in or separate from the Marwell area?

Why were the two "Flats" named as they were and do people still use those terms?

Did Camp Takhini include the whole armed forces base, just the above town portion, or just the army portion? Or was it a term in use only when the US Army was there?

I grew up only hearing the derogatory term for the hill the government employees lived on. Did it have an official name? It was a subdivision built in the early 50's near the armed forces housing.

Have I missed it or has no one done a story on the fire that destroyed the old NC building? I remember the pictures were spectacular. I went as a baby into an apartment in the "new" NC building.

Have a wonderful winter.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Thanks Maribeth, you have some food for thought here and hope you receive some answers.

The only bit I have a part answer to is that when I left in 1983 although the properties were being sold off to individuals it was still called CAMP TAKHINI. Across the highway from that and up on a knoll where I understood it to have been an Airforce housing area was called VALLEYVIEW. Just a little south of that, down the highway and about opposite the airport entrance was the entrance to HILLCREST. Hillcrest housing had also been sold to individuals, but Valleyview had continued to be used for government personnel like DOT employees. - Sherron

MEMORIES OF DORIS McMURPHY AND LILIAS FARLEY

Donna; In January or February of 1956, Doris had a broken leg, (in a vehicle accident, I believe), and I substituted, or at least, attempted to, as her temporary replacement, as the senior English instructor, at the Whitehorse School on Fourth Avenue, for a period of six weeks; very large shoes to fill, as Doris was a highly regarded and well loved teacher. Doris was a rather large lady, and the broken leg was a particularly serious burden for her.

Doris married quite late in life. I believe that her husband was in mining and prospecting in the Atlin or Carcross area. I think that she married [Mr. Steinbratten] in 1954 or 1955. Doris had a very dry sense of humour, and didn't suffer fools lightly.

I remember both Doris and Liliias Farley at some of the teachers' parties and get togethers. Liliias was a very classy lady, and a very classy dresser. She almost seemed a bit out of place in the rough and tumble of life in Whitehorse in the 1950's. Liliias' brother Joe was in Whitehorse at the time, and they may have resided together. She was well regarded as an artist and was the Art Instructor at the High School.

I would suggest that Lowell Bleiler or Gordon and Ruth McIntyre would be good sources of information on the three persons in question.

I remember Sheardown as a well known personality in Whitehorse, but I really wasn't personally acquainted with the individual.

Good luck in your endeavours.

Sincerely,

Don Machan, demachan@telus.net (In Qualicum Beach, B.C.)
(Watson Lake Airport 1951-53; 1956-58)(Mayo 1953-55; 1958-61)

Tribute to MISS MCMURPHY

by Heather Lang McFarlane heather@yknnet.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

The last time I saw Miss McMurphy, we both were in the Whitehorse Hospital waiting area. She was long retired by then, and very old. It was common knowledge that her

last years as a teacher had been bitter ones for her: she was not the '60s kind of 'feel-good' teacher. Her standards - her very high standards in English Literature and Grammar - were no longer respected by her students, and not even by her colleagues.

But in my time, she was the fearsome Miss McMurphy who taught us, all of us, in our tiny northern Whitehorse highschool, not only to write a coherent sentence, but also to compose - on command - an essay with a theme, and a beginning and an end. Every September, she faced a new class of grade eleven students who were, in her opinion, close to illiterate. As far as she was concerned, it was her job to teach English, and teach us she did. After two years of Miss McMurphy, even the 'flakes' could function easily in university.

Miss McMurphy was not kind, nor was she sensitive. When she gave me a poor grade on one of my papers, I complained (OK, I whined) that I had worked FOUR HOURS on that paper. She looked at me with her patented no-expression, said, "Well, then tonight you had better put in eight hours." I was outraged. But now, looking back upon times when I should have put much more time into various jobs, I have to agree with her. Miss McMurphy was correct: in the real world, it is all about results.

There was the unforgettable time in grade twelve, when she spent the entire hour reading aloud each and every "descriptive" essay written by her grade eleven class. Every pine tree clung to a craggy rock; every lake murmured; and every star glimmered. Over and over again. By the end of 50 minutes, I understood why my own efforts were returned festooned with "cliche" written in bright red pencil. Up until then, I had thought that "murmur" and "glimmer" were so melodious, that they were the epitome of that elusive 'onomatopoeia.'

I can still recite whole chunks from 'MacBeth' (not to mention a cute little item by Auden, "When I was one and twenty..."). Memorizing poetry for Miss McMurphy meant that we not only had to repeat the words with not one error: we had to include the correct punctuation. Words are a minor problem, when you're trying to remember where to put the semi-colon!

When I happened upon her in that hospital waiting room, I told Miss McMurphy that she had been the best teacher I ever had; that every time I wrote a sentence or a paragraph, I was thankful for the effort she made on her students' behalf; that I was honoured to have been one of her students.

She looked past me (she always did) with no smile (she never did) and said that she was afraid she didn't think that there was anyone left who could teach the things she taught us. If she was correct, then it is a tragedy. In her prime, Miss McMurphy gave her students something rare and valuable, something usually limited to the most exclusive private schools: an excellent education.

Tribute to MISS McMURPHY

By Bonnie (Romfo) Vars dvars@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

Miss McMurphy: if you ever met her, you would never forget her. But before we students ever met her, we heard the legends.

Doris, as we kids called her when well out of her hearing range, strived (strove???) for excellence in all her students. And her method of instilling the drive for excellence was with fear tactics. For two long years, all through grade eleven and twelve, we were warned that Judgment Day was close at hand. That was exam day, end of grade twelve, when we would put our best to paper and be ranked against all equivalent students in BC and Yukon.

An essay every night was common. Usually a descriptive essay. Doris liked to see words like “ashen sky” when she would look off into the distance and savour the literary moment. But she wasn't reading our essays with bliss; those moments came from reading a phrase in the text books. We poor slugs had not a chance.

But Miss McMurphy never quit urging us to improve, to expand. Blood-red sentiments such as “trite” and “pray” scribed across our essays really instilled the fear that we would never make the grade. She also would stop a lesson mid-sentence and state: “This facetious state of levity must cease.” That told us a lot more than to be quiet!

We were also required to memorize, and to learn to interpret, and to enjoy, poetry. So many poems, so little time. It seemed such useless information. But who among us cannot recite at least a part of “Break, Break, Break, on thy cold grey stones, o sea ...” ... Yes, someday when we cross the bar, we will have the same hopes as Browning.

So, years later when we each went our ways into the world, and were required to produce a sensible essay, paragraph, speech or whatever, and it came somewhat naturally, and we were aware of dangling modifiers and the dangers of using them, we looked back and thanked Miss McMurphy for all her hammering. And even to this day, as we get together with old school friends, we seldom reminisce without mentioning her name and what she really did for us. We learned, oh yes we learned.

* * * * *

Auden poem continued –

The Auden poem Heather mentioned goes

When I was one and twenty
I heard a wise man say
Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away

When I was ten and twenty I heard him say again.....

Over to you former Miss McMurphy students lets see if you were listening.

* * * * *

Here is one - - can you name author?

There in the shelter of a quiet place
I sit in solitude and meditate
Wondering, dreaming reminiscing
Wondrous days forever gone.

I was so young, so unsure
But I myself came of age and I
In my new world shed
My adolescent innocent dreams
My world becomes adult
With fears and frustrations and despair

Then at last I alone accept
And I alone desiring
My world to be good
Make it as I require for myself
I grow I learn
I realize and I believe.

Test for Yukoners.

What was Doris McMurphys most used phrase?

Did you learn more from her then your children do in school today?

Where was she from? Where did she get her teaching degree?

As she hated trite adjectives, write a one paragraph about a pine tree you think she would find acceptable. Send to Sherron and I, Anonymously if you wish. Don't be afraid, you are not at FH Collins anymore are you???????????????

Donna Mclean dj_mclean@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

HONOR YOUR TEACHERS

I would also like info/stories from people about Bennie Sheardown and his sports and teaching career; ditto Hank Bulgara and of course Gudrun Sparling. Should be fun when we get enough I will see about making some binders with pictures if I can get them.

Donna Mclean dj_mclean@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

OBIT

Frances Hakonson

In loving memory of Frances Vivian Hakonson 1924-2005 Fran arrived in Dawson City in the spring of 1946 to drive taxi for her future husband, Bill Hakonson. A strong Dawsonite and active community member, Fran got involved in the formation of the precursor to Klondike Visitors Association in late 40's and 50's, performing on stage in some of their earlier shows. While raising her children she also assisted Bill in the various family businesses, doing gold cleanups in the 50's, selling groceries in the Dawson Wholesale in the 60's and renting rooms in the Eldorado Hotel in the 70's. In more recent years Fran wrote a monthly column, "Bits & Bytes from the Net ", for the Klondike Sun. Fran is predeceased by her father, Nicholas Casper; mother, Ann Gerwazik; and sister, Alice Clarke. Fran will be missed by her husband, Bill; children, Ferone, Lenore, Wendy (Joe), Greg (Shelley); grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Published in the Saskatoon StarPhoenix on 11/23/2005.

Hamilton, Edna Ella Friday, 18 Nov 2005

Vernon Morning Star
Vernon, BC

Hamilton, Edna Ella passed away at Shuswap Lake General Hospital on September. 18, 2005 at the age of 59 years. Edna was born in Springfield, Massachusetts on May 4, 1946. She met & married Ian in Oakville Ontario and in 40 years of marriage lived in Duncan, B.C., Enderby, B.C. and **Dawson City, Yukon where they were placer gold miners for 23 summers.** Edna will be greatly missed by **husband Ian, son Sean** (Melanie) of Enderby and 2 grandchildren, Hunter and Alexandra; whom were the loves of her life, and sisters Shirley (Wayne) Campbell of Mississauga, Ontario, and Gladys (Al) Brandt of Ridgeway, Ontario. Edna will be lovingly remembered by numerous relatives and friends across Canada. A service will be held at Mountain View Funeral Home on Wednesday, November 23 at 2:00 pm. Followed by a tea service. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in her name to the Lung Association.

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

I find that I do not have time to read the Telegraph so could you kindly remove me from your mailing lists.

Thank you very much.

Karen Styba

STYBA, Karen creativecaring@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse 1959-78, 2002-)

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron we would love to receive future editions Ed & I are Yukoners since 1959 and still enjoy it as much as we did the first year looking forward to the MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH.

BETTY & ED SCHIFFKORN schiffkorn*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron, I would like to be added to your e-mail list.

A friend of mine sent me a copy and I found it so interesting. I have lived in Whitehorse since 1981 and have been front desk manager of a couple of hotels since I moved here.

Thank you for your time and I really look forward to getting the e-mails.

Debbie Welch welchdebbby@yahoo.ca (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Experience is a wonderful thing. It enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Patricia Glencross pdglenx*nb.sympatico.ca (In New Brunswick)

Sherron, my friend from Whitehorse [Beverly Whitehouse] sent me your Nov issue to show the fire there and I saw that you had request for recipesso these recipes are Christmas cookie and square recipes which are made with not too exotic ingredients, mostly stuff everyone has in their kitchen. I use these to help fill little fancy cookie jars I give to local seniors who don't do baking any more along with standard oatmeal, peanut butter and other plain cookies. These recipes make lots. My friend who gave me these recipes says they were originally in the Canadian Living Magazine.

Fruitcake Squares

1/2 butter or marg, softened
2/3 cup granulated sugar
1/4 cup packed light brown sugar
1/2 tsp finely grated lemon rind
1 egg
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 3/4 cup all purpose flour
1 tsp baking powder

1/2 tsp EACH of salt, ground cinnamon, and nutmeg
1 cup mixed candied fruit, chopped
1 cup raisins (probably light raisins be better for fancy squares)
1/2 cup pecans coarsely chopped

ICING:

2 1/4 cups icing sugar
1/4 cup butter, softened
2 tbsp water
1 tps vanilla (or 1/4 tsp almond extract)

Line 9 X 13" pan with parchment paper or grease, set aside

In a large bowl, beat butter with granulated and brown sugars until fluffy
beat in lemon rind and eggs. Stir in lemon juice.

In separate bowl, whisk together flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon, and nutmeg .Stir
into butter mixture until just combined. Add candied fruit raisins and pecans. Spread in
prepared pan.

Bake in center of 325 oven until lightly browned and cake tester inserted in center comes
out clean, about 40 minutes Let cool in pan on rack, Cover with plastic wrap and let stand
for 24 hours before icing.

ICING: in a bowl, beat together sugar, butter, water and vanilla until smooth and spread
over square base. (Make ahead and store in airtight container for up to a week makes
about 40 squares (cut 5 by 8).

Candy Cane Shortbread

2 cups butter or marg softened
1 cup granulated sugar
1/2 tsp peppermint extract
4 cups All purpose Flour
1/3 cup crushed candy cane

If baking off the day you make them, prepare cookie sheets and preheat oven to 350.

In a bowl, beat butter with sugar until fluffy, add extract and beat Stir in flour 1/2 cup at a
time until combined. Shape dough into 4 logs, each about 4 inches long and 2 inches in
diameter. Wrap in plastic wrap or waxed paper and refrigerate for at least 2 hours. Using
serrated knife, cut logs into 1/4 inch thick slices, place on pan about 2 inches apart on
prepared pans. Bakes in center of oven 8 minutes, remove and sprinkle crushed candy
in the center of each cookie. Return to oven and bake til firm to touch, bottoms are
golden and candies are melted, about two more minutes. Let cool on pan on a rack for ten
minutes. Transfer to rack to cool completely. Makes about 60 cookies

I am from New Brunswick ...enjoyed the [Moccasin Telegraph] magazine ..got lots of
character !!

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Association December Luncheon & Meeting

The Christmas Luncheon and Meeting will be held on **TUESDAY, December 6, 2005** at the Holiday Inn Downtown at 1110 Howe Street, Vancouver. As usual, this is a pot luck affair so please bring some sandwiches, or a desert that can be shared with others. Coffee and tea will be supplied.

To keep abreast of the Association's functions go to
<http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/events.htm>

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**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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