

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 152nd Edition – March 19, 2006**

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



### **Hoar frost and Twiggy the Donkey**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [dougbell@yknnet.ca](mailto:dougbell@yknnet.ca) (In Whitehorse)

Our friends Laureen and Dave Gilbert have a large and interesting collection of antique heavy equipment, and Twiggy, their donkey, among other creatures. This was during a magnificent and heavy hoar frost we had in February - rare as you know. - Doug

## **THE BALLAD OF MOOSENECK McGRATH**

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

I recall, up in Dawson, a long time ago,  
While stationed up there in the ice and the snow,  
The police ran a barracks, an office and jail,  
All heated by wood and thereby hangs a tale.  
The wood must be cut into lengths and then stored,  
And we're talking large quantities – forty-five cords,  
Free labour provided by prisoners while  
They were serving “hard time” on the Mounties woodpile.

Along comes a vagrant named Mooseneck McGrath,  
Who was hauled into jail when he strayed from the path,  
Then, for intoxication and abusing his dogs,  
He was sentenced to seven months sawing up logs.  
Now Mooseneck was vengeful and no man of peace,  
And he vowed that he would even things with the Police,  
Then day after day as he sat in his cell,  
He dreamed of revenge and he planned it so well.

Now there came a great change and a new attitude,  
No longer rebellious nor surly of mood.  
As he took to his chores and he toiled long and hard,  
He was granted permission to work in the yard.  
He worked with a will as he sawed up the wood,  
And stacked it in rows just a neat as he could,  
And the Mounties on guard stood observing in awe,  
At the way this young convict could handle a saw.

Month after month he would work with a will,  
Measuring, cutting and stacking with skill,  
All neatly arranged and, though 'twas a bother.  
Each piece was exactly the length of each other.  
When he'd finished his task with skill and great speed,  
He was proud of himself and the Mounties agreed.  
They were oh so impressed with his rehabilitation.  
He was pardoned and quickly released from the station.

In September the cold Yukon winter arrived,  
But the Mounties were confident they would survive,  
They had that great woodpile so ably provided  
By Mooseneck, who in their fine cells had resided.  
They were proud of themselves and their bold rehab plan  
That had turned a young vagrant into such a fine man.  
But, alas, when the kindling in the furnace was lit,  
They found that the very first log wouldn't fit.

It would not fit the firebox, hard as they tried,  
Though they pushed and they hammered and twisted and pried,  
And at last when the log had been levered and rammed,  
Came the realization that the police had been scammed,  
Mooseneck, who had worked with a smile and a song,  
Had cut every fire log one inch too long.  
And now as the Mounties all fretted and cried,  
He was on the last boat for a winter "Outside".

Now folks will insist that, if anyone can,  
The Mounties will always recapture their man.  
But, while I admit that their record was good,  
They were all too damn busy just sawing up wood.  
So the Mounties set in for a long winters stay,  
While sawing one inch from each log every day.  
And ruing that day they had suffered the wrath,  
Of a Prince Rupert vagrant named Mooseneck McGrath.

## THE REST OF THE STORY

There was an old story that I heard while stationed in Dawson about the prisoner who was sentenced to the woodpile and in the process proceeded to cut every stick of firewood one inch too long for the Yukon stove.

While Mooseneck McGrath is, of course fictitious, the woodpile punishment was very real and was still in effect when I was stationed there in there in the early fifties. This is my version of what occurred.

Gus Barrett

## THE DAY THE YANKS BOMBED DAWSON

Sherron: A colleague in Inuvik forwarded this news item to me and I thought it might be of interest to your readers. As spring approaches (hopefully) this story about a flood in Dawson City caused by an ice jam and how it was resolved may be timely.

Bill Klassen [wjk\\*yknet.yk.ca](mailto:wjk*yknet.yk.ca) (In Whitehorse)

p.s. John Reid, who sent the item to my colleague, is the son of Paul Reid in the story and is currently working on a project having to do with planning for Beaufort Sea oil and gas development.



RC Sigs Station Whitehorse c. 1938/39

(The quality of this photograph is particularly poor because it was copied from a newspaper - the Feb. 1951 issue of the R.C. Signals Quarterly.)

The article was headed "WHEN SIGNALS CAME TO DAWSON"

The caption reads as follows:

"At the outbreak of the second world war the Dawson Staff comprised WO1 Frank Heath, Cpl. (now WOII) Paul Reid, Cpl. (now Capt.) J.E. Coderre, and a civilian messenger."

The Day the Yanks Bombed Dawson

(Newspaper clip from *The Standard*)

### ***The Bomber that Saved a City***

It was May 1944. All the rest of the world was concentrating on the coming invasion, but in Dawson City, Yukon, one thought alone was on everybody's mind ---- spring!

Then disaster struck. Just when it looked as if the long, dreary winter were (sic) over and green grass would soon be poking through, the ice-laden Yukon and Klondike rivers ganged up on the town, jammed their ice at its very doorstep, and flooded Dawson knee-deep in water.

In the paralyzed city, commerce was at a standstill. But day after agonizing day, the jam held. Twenty-five feet high and solid as Gibraltar, it looked as if it would last all summer.

WO. Reid and Signalman Hunka of the Royal Canadian Signal Corps station at Dawson were worse off than most. They had to be on the air all the time, and transmitting from a canoe is no fun.

Finally Reid got an idea. "Why not ask the Yanks for a hand?" he exclaimed. He quickly called the US Army air base at Fairbanks, Alaska. "Mrs. Dawson is sick," he told them. "A bad case of water-on-the-knee. Have you a doctor and a couple of eggs handy?"

Swiftly he outlined the trouble and suggested his remedy. In less than an hour Reid heard the roar of powerful motors overhead. The B-29, an elated crew at the controls, made one trial run over the jam dropped the "eggs", neatly hitting the target. With a thunderous explosion the ice gave away, the water rushed down the channel and almost immediately the happy Reid felt his canoe bump on solid ground.

**The only bomber ever to save a foreign city instead of destroying it** dipped its wings in salute as it headed home. And even as it disappeared, spring -- that most welcome of seasons -- was on its way to Dawson City.



**Gillian in Dawson  
for Yukon Dog Musher's event Dawson City March, 2005. (cont'd)**



Gillian has the audience involved.



Relax quick there is another gig to go to.



Another unsuspecting young man !



And a not so unsuspecting older man !



Hurry, hurry you are needed down on the ice.



Bet'cha Global's reporter Ted Chernecki doesn't know about the red underwear !  
Photos courtesy Gillian Campbell [gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca](mailto:gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

## **ALASTAIR IS A NEW HOME OWNER IN FARO**

Well, I am now a home-owner again the Yukon! My purchase of the house in Faro went through on March the 10th, and I look forward to spending a few months of the year there.

I enclose an article written at the request of Michelle at Focus on Faro, the town's monthly newsletter. Feel free to use it if you like.

Best regards, Alastair Findlay [GreenlochHouse@aol.com](mailto:GreenlochHouse@aol.com) (In Scotland)

## **The Time Before Faro (just)**

I remember Faro when it was just a name for an area not even on a map; (there were no maps of the Yukon then anyhow), and when we first tried to fly there we flew around for ages just trying to find what was to be the site for the Anvil Mine. It was an adventure, and it started in the offices of General Enterprises in Whitehorse where I was a young estimator and embryonic project manager at the time, and my boss was the legendary Bob Warner. The year was 1968.

Bob came into my office one day and handed me a piece of quarto-sized paper from the Ralph M. Parsons Construction Company whereupon was the longitude and latitude of a place near Ross River called the Anvil Mine followed by three short paragraphs asking for a quotation for huge volumes of blasting and vast quantities of reinforced concrete with the final paragraph stating that our prices should “include all necessary overheads required to carry out the work”.

I laughed.....Bob didn't.

No drawings, no specifications, no nuthin' – just those three little paragraphs to try and come up with a firm quotation within a few short weeks.

It was a nightmare; but we did have a little going for us however, as Parsons were required by the Canadian government to award the greater percentage of the work to Canadian contractors, and as we were the biggest contractor in the Yukon in those days, and realised that southern contractors got very scared 'north of 60'- we knew we had a chance. Somehow I came up with a price, (with a lot of help from Clive Boyd and Nelson Ford), and as luck or otherwise would have it, we got the job. Then the fun started.....

Mobilisation took months and involved little matters like Cat-trains overland (and over frozen lakes) to bring in the basics, constructing an airstrip to take a DC3 Dakota, setting up radio and telex communications, building a twelve-hundred-man camp - the list was endless and fraught with 'snafus' and 'fubars'! There were many occasions when I remembered Bob Warner's words to me when he took a chance on taking me on. They were: “If you're right more often than you're wrong you're a good guy, and we'll pay you lotsamoney. If you're wrong more often than you're right, there's a chunkawood on the wall there and it's called a -----g door!” He stuck to that simple formula with everyone who worked with him, but I have to say that he was the best boss I have ever had. Utterly ruthless, but always fair; and to me, the greatest hard-bitten construction man I have ever known. I loved him.

Ross River however was the 'railhead' as it were, and the jumping-off point for Anvil, being accessible from the South Canol Road. In those early days it was a heaving, bustling little town that could in my mind have stood comparison with Dawson in the days of the Gold Rush or in the Wild West. Choppers landing on the dusty main street forcing us to rush to the windows and slam them shut against the swirling dust; the single Mountie, John, breaking up bar fights single-handed and cuffing the worst offenders to the steel bar across the seats of his Chevy. There was one time I was having a peaceful drink with Chris Findlay, the then Yukon Territorial Geologist, when a bar stool flew over our heads and smashed into the wall behind us. It seemed the most natural thing in

the world to just grab our drinks, upturn the table, and carry on our conversation behind it 'till the mayhem subsided.

With the camp built; the itinerant workforce on site; and the infrastructure rising, the professional gamblers moved in.

The whole of western Canada in the 1960's seemed to be in the grip of an almost frenetic rush to construct and build - and there was no shortage of manpower. From Britain and the then communist states, and with emigration easy, they moved in, and all who had a mind to earned big money in the camps. Depriving them of their hard-earned dollars were the gamblers, and they moved in on Anvil (as they did wherever easy money was to be had). Some of our men had been 'taken to the cleaners', and although they had nobody to blame but themselves, General Enterprises' President, Harry Frome, decided he could do something about it. He went out there, incognito, and cleaned a lot of them out. For you see, they didn't know that Harry's 'hobby' was going to Las Vegas with a pile of money - and usually coming back with more!

Somehow the mine got built, but I wasn't there to see it finished. A crazy youthful notion finished up with my owning the Yukon Daily News for a short time, (which just about killed me), and after that a period of limbo before heading north to see what Alaska was like. Within this period however, I carried out my first (and only) piece of industrial espionage.

The Ralph M. Parsons Company didn't get rich by playing by the rules all the time, and they were refusing to pay G.E. for the fuel used on our heavy equipment. Their reason for withholding payment was that we could only produce a photocopy of the agreement on the fuel and not the original (through some sleight-of-hand on Parsons' part). Bob asked me to get a job in the site offices at Anvil, and thus, for a short period, I had the most mind-numbing work imaginable. I printed off construction plans - day after day after day, and had to pretend that the lines thereon were beyond my ken being in such a menial position. I did however manage to purloin the necessary original fuel agreement and put a photocopy back in the file and was stunned by my reaction. The shaking and sweating I went through convinced me that a thief must indeed be a different kind of being. Either that or have nerves of carbon steel! Once the deed was done I immediately resigned and brought the agreement back to Whitehorse. Bob gave me a thousand bucks then booked himself on a 'plane to New York to collect the company's \$120,000.

These are my memories of the early days of Faro.

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As possibly the newest home-owner in Faro, I have wondered if now being a part-time 'Faroite' makes me appropriately sound like some kind of mineral or ore.....!

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## **Re: The old time truckers on the Alaska Highway**

I remember Ozzie Stevens When I worked for the Post Office in the 50's. He used to drive the mail truck from Dawson Creek. Roy MacPhail (?) and Roy Nelson were a couple of others. I met Roy Nelson up there years ago when he was still a relatively

young man and he was even then celebrating an award for his one millionth mile on the Alaska Highway. And that was the highway as it was then not as it is now.

Amazing how the Moc/Tel keeps dredging up old memories. The picture of Maribeth Mainer and Jean Smith is a good example. We have known Jean since she was about ten. Her parents were very good friends and mentors to us when we were first getting our act together in Whitehorse. By coincidence Jean wound up working for me for a couple of years while we were in Port Alberni many years later. She is now retired and living here in the Qualicum Beach area.

Round and round we go.

Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach)

## Hello Okanagan Yukoners

Hi Sherron...Barrie and I have recently moved to Summerland BC. I have e-mailed Larry Chalmers and already gave him heck for this lousy weather. What's up with this snow and ice??? Our phone number is 250 404 4216 and e-mail address is [b\\_sravenhill@telus.net](mailto:b_sravenhill@telus.net) We would love to hear from folks in the neighbourhood. Sandie and Barrie Ravenhill

## COMMENTS FROM RALPH LORTIE

I thought this edition was terrific, especially the excellent story about THE MAYO ROAD by Joyce Hayden. Maybe you could get Dave Carter & Jim Perry to relate some of their fathers' adventures during their years of driving the road for United Keno Hill. Please express my sympathies to Rusty Reid & family.

Regards. Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca) (In Mississauga ON)

*(To Dave Carter, Jim Perry and any others who have stories to tell, we would really like to hear them. To Rusty Reid and family, we all send our sympathy. – Sherron)*

## OLD CITY DUMP CLEANED UP TO MAKE WAY FOR WHITEHORSE LION'S POOL – 1954 - 55

Thank you for the picture in the Moc Tel of the men, cleaning up the Town--I remember almost every one. It brings back memories, when the men - I think from the Lions Club - cleaned up the dump on 3rd Ave. in order to build the swimming pool. It was such a hot day -must have been 1954-55 and most of them were office people and had taken the shirts off. By evening, they looked like lobsters. We had started on our place on 212

Hoge Street. Most people are not aware, that there was a dump, before it became the [Whitehorse Lion's] swimming pool. Anne M. Domes [octavia13@northwestel.net](mailto:octavia13@northwestel.net) (In Faro)

## **BASKETBALL – WHITEHORSE – 1950's ?**

I am sending an old sports picture that may be of interest to the children of the players featured as all participants are either dead or incapacitated. They are:



L to R back row – Bill Gardon, White Pass; ( ? ) ; Gus Spohr, RCMP; John Mathieson, DOT; ( ? ); Johnnie Johnson ,RCMP;  
Front: Jack Needham, White Pass later Men's Wear; Jimmie Gentleman, Hospital Administrator; Syd Poulton, Building Supplies; Damon ?, Whitehorse Star; Bruce Cameron, Royal Canadian Corps of Signals.

Some of the noted positions may have been at a date later than the time of this picture.

If I have erred, I would welcome corrections as well as the names shown as ( ? )

Regards,

Rolf and Marg Hougen [marg@hougens.com](http://marg@hougens.com) (In Whitehorse or Vancouver)

## **THE IRISH FRY**

By Doug Bell [dougbell@yknnet.ca](mailto:dougbell@yknnet.ca) (In Whitehorse)

Bridgett O'Connor writing about Irish food tells us, "with its lush, rolling pastures, long shores, and clear waters, Ireland provides ideal conditions for the production of food and drink. The land and its gifts have long played an important role in Irish society and unique cooking methods and recipes emerged as a result. Irish food is reflective of various periods

of abundance, and scarcity, in its long history."

Well now, from our perspective, she's right on.

Since we're on about Irish food, we should begin with an Irish blessing!

"May you have warm words on a cold evening,  
A full moon on a dark night,  
The road downhill all the way to your door,  
And an Irish Fry to grace your table every day."

The Irish Fry line on the blessing is "me own," as himself would say.

The Fry, as it's affectionately called, is more than a breakfast. It's themselves. It defines them: it's generous, it's comforting and it's worthy of note. Like the flags of their favorite football teams, the Fry flies in the kitchens of the land, especially the B&B's. You'll not be leaving a B&B without being challenged to a "Fry." It's served with pleasurable, velvet gloved banter. "We'll not be lettin' you be goin' home to your mother looking like we've let you wither away to the scrapings." And 'tis an exercise not reserved for breakfast alone, so take care when you go.

The Fry is like the green of Ireland. Always around, wherever you go. You can run, you can hide, drive in circles for days, do what you will, but, stop, sit in a chair, at a table in Ireland, anywhere - the Irish Fry is there.

Meet the Fry! (Oh, if you meet it in the north it's an Ulster Fry, in Scotland, a Scottish Fry, we met it in the Republic so it's The Irish Fry.)

The Fry: Fruit sprinkled with superfine sugar, joined by a bowl of stir-a-bout, cooked in milk, drowned in thick cream. Rashers, and bangers follow, accompanied by gammon, eggs, boxty, tomatoes, baked beans, black or white pudding, spotted dog, soda farls, toast in a silver toast rack, colder than a Yukon winter night. It's been on the table since dawn.

Condiments few: salt, pepper, brown sauce, and red sauce, that's it! Spare space on the table is covered with baskets of fresh home-made bread, ready for a top of dairy butter, and berry jams.

'Tis a breakfast fit for a couple of dozen leprauchauns. It could, as the Irish say, "turn you as fat as a bishop."

It's a heart attack on a plate, it is!

The plates themselves are a hazard too. They're hot! Every stove in Ireland has two, or more ovens. One, a plate warming oven. Your Fry is served by a waiter wearing oven mitts which is warning itself. A warning given as much attention as a wet paint sign. People can't resist confirming the paint is wet. The plates are too hot to touch, ask anyone - the burn marks only last a wee while.

The cooking instructions for the Fry confirm the heart attack hazard. "It's the simplest of all dishes to cook, just a large frying pan, some beef drippings, then it's fry, fry, fry!"

While the fryings going on you have fruit and a bowl of stirabout - porridge. Fry the rashers, or streaky rashers - bacon, or fatty bacon; then fry the bangers - sausages. Fry the tomatoes, fry the eggs, and gammon - ham - fry the boxty - thin potato pancakes, fry the black pudding - pork blood, tripe, meat, cereals and seasonings encased in intestines - white pudding omits the blood. Thickly butter the spotted dog - scones with raisins, add some champs if you've a mind - mashed taters and green onion. Red sauce is ketchup, brown sauce is HP - no other choices. Top it off with tea, or coffee - your choice. It's proper coffee too; strong enough to tread a mouse on.

Brigitte, the writer also told us, many of the foods eaten daily by the Irish can be traced

back to the medieval, and even the Mesolithic eras. Butter's an example. It was, first used in Ireland in 4,000 B.C.

Butter, decades, or even centuries old, still pops up in the turf diggings, since the turf makes a good land fridge. Time has a way of throwing it's silent messages at you whatever you're doing in this green land.

I'm almost convinced, by insinuation only mind you, it's a personal perception I'm going on about, guessing, if you must be straight about it, the Irish Fry is some kind of initiation, a right of passage conceived by the little people, to instill the Emerald Isle into your stomach itself, and thereby they've 'gotcha!'

Once eaten, begorrah, you'll ever after be goin' around saying "There are two kinds of people in the world, those who are Irish and those who wish they were."

Teapots grace the Fry too; and every table in Ireland. You'll not be goin' under a roof in Ireland without the tea greeting, even if it's the first meeting. "Hello, good to meet you, sit, I'll put on a spot of tea!"

A spot of tea with sweets, lots of sweets, tea never stands alone in Ireland. After a few days you know Brigitte is right again. "Irish meals are not only substantial, they're frequent. From waking, when a cup of tea is the rule, until bedtime, many families consume as many as six meals or snacks."

Eamon and Margaret's for example. We arrived mid-morning. "Good to see you. I'll put on the tea." Tea, with scones, jams, bread, along with tales of the faeries themselves. Twenty minutes after the dishes were cleared Margaret disappeared into the kitchen, appearing within minutes with lunch. Plates heaped with gammon (ham) cheese, all the fixing's and more cakes, and, of course, tea. An hour later time to say goodbye and she says, "Sit you down I'll make some lunch for your journey." We'd just eaten twice in three hours, we faced two hours driving, even if we got lost, which we often did, and we needed lunch? You begin to think they're fattening you for next weeks market, or they're as daft as a bush. Just joshin' it's merely Irish hospitality at its finest!

Ah, 'tis their way, and 'tis a wonderful way they have, and I'd not change them for the world. Indeed I could readily return for more. I do go on about the place but it's pretty hard not to be enthusiastic about a place where everyone you meet treats you so well you feel they've mistaken you for royalty.

Irish Coffee was born out of that self same hospitality. An Irish drink almost the equal of the famed Guinness. An Irish drink born in 1939, in an unknown era; the era of the giant flying boats. On July 8, 1939, a Pan American Yankee Clipper crossed Irelands west coast at Foynes, landing on the famed Shannon River. The first commercial passenger flight to fly the new route from Botwood, Newfoundland to Ireland.

These giant seaplanes were luxury in the air. Passengers lounged in large staterooms, dining areas serving gourmet food, actually most of the amenities of an ocean liner. But these 41-ton planes were slow, and seldom flew more than 500 to 1,000 feet above the ocean. So on this July day they'd wallowed across the Atlantic for 19 hours.

The airline people at Foynes knew the flight had battled strong winds and stormy weather all the way. The base chef decided the guests should be greeted with proper Irish hospitality. A welcoming drink was in order.

He brewed some dark, strong coffee, added a healthy jigger of Irish whiskey, topped it off with a dollop of freshly whipped cream.

Each travel-weary passenger was greeted with a mug full. Lip-smacking rave reviews of a

fabulous drink spread around the world, and so it was, Irish coffee was born.

(The dollop of cream reminds me of the most unique dairy these old eyes have ever seen. You know those plain, unmarked, brown paper parcels. Well, this dairy is like that, plain and unmarked. Nary a sign to be seen on the place, no sign of life even. To our question - "It's a dairy. A dairy with only one customer, and that being Bailey's of Irish Cream fame.)

Oh, (speaking of plain and unmarked.) I've not mentioned the terrible suffering we North Americans endure in other parts of the world. According to some we should have been going around with a face on us that'd turn milk sour. Here we'd driven through, and around, a hundred and thirty-three towns and villages and nary a fast-food strip did we stumble upon. Indeed not even one fast-food-chain joint came into the sight of our wandering eyes. Oh the tragedy of it all.

Oh, the fast food joints are there, they told us so. Ah, sure, we can only conclude we were blessed with the luck of the Irish, with a wee bit of help from the little people perhaps.

We had to settle for pub grub. Pub grub at places with a plaque on the wall, from an independent tourism panel, reading, "Best Pub Grub in Ireland." Then they go and live up to the boast. We had to settle for pubs with names enticing you to come in and have a look. The Snooty Pig, the Goat Grill, the Cat and Cage, the Yukon Bar (Belturbot, Co. Cavan) and the Old Plaid Shawl, and the Whitehorse Pub, Belfast. Each pub you enter is as individual as it's name. Not one an echo of another, no carbon copies, no plastic chairs bolted to a tiled concrete floor, no weak-kneed coffee. We had to put up with a new eating, and visiting adventure, every time we opened a pub door.

(Oh, they do indeed serve the Guinness, and Irish whiskeys of renown, but they are not just to serve Oscar Wilde suggested clients, with his caustic comment, "Work is the curse of the drinking classes.")

Pubs are just part of the Irish neighborhood, they seem to have a dimension beyond a neighborhood restaurant, or maybe it's just imagination. They'd just as soon serve you tea and coffee as their famed lagers and the like.

Indeed there are things we could learn from them. They could learn from us too, yet, as is the way of the world, the conundrum that is Irish, is the same we all live with, summed up pretty well by this Irish toast:

Here's to you, as good as you are.

Here's to me, as bad as I am.

As good as you are, and as bad as I am,

I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.

Enjoy dinner, and lunch and breakfast, and let us all be thankful we can. If you're thinking of a trip to Europe, take in Ireland. You'll not be sorry!



**Ice falls on Cannery Bay Road – Haines Alaska**

Photo courtesy Ken Eby [kleby\\*whtvcable.com](mailto:kleby*whtvcable.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **Rescue of snowmobilers from Llewelyn Glacier is underway**

Courtesy Whitehorse Star – March 15, 2006

By Chuck Tobin

A rescue was underway at press time this afternoon to pull three missing snowmobilers from Atlin off the Llewelyn Glacier, with help being provided by the U.S. Coast Guard. Cpt. Guy Ridler of the Joint Victoria Rescue Centre in Victoria said this afternoon that the U.S. Coast Guard out of Sitka and Kodiak, Alaska, were providing a J-Hawk helicopter and C-130 Hercules to assist in the rescue.

Preliminary details provided by rescue officials and Atlin RCMP Cpl.

Larry Burke indicate seven snowmobilers left Atlin on Monday to travel into the Tulsequah River, where some of them live year-'round.

Ridler said the group of seven split up about eight kilometres from the river, with four carrying on and the other three embarking on the return 4 1/2-hour return trip to Atlin at about 6:30 p.m., or about a half-hour before sunset.

The rescue officer said Victoria was notified of the missing snowmobilers at about 3 p.m. Tuesday. He can't speculate on what might have happened, though he did note the skies were clear and the moon would have been out for the initial portion of the return trip.

The weather changed, however, and conditions turned to blowing snow. One can imagine the difficulty navigating high up on the mountain-top glacier under such conditions, with very little or no reference points, he said.

Ridler said the most recent word this afternoon was the crew of three were able to somehow get their GPS unit turned on, and have been able to provide the U.S. Coast Guard with an exact location.

Weather conditions are still a factor, however.

The RCMP are also dispatching a helicopter, and the three on the glacier have been in contact with an aircraft in the area.

“The three of them are OK, just a little cold,” Burke said.

The coast guard helicopter dispatched to assist is the same model that pulled several Yukon Quest mushers off the American Summit during last month’s sled dog race.

## **Stranded threesome relied on cave for survival**

Courtesy Whitehorse Star – March 16, 2006

By Chuck Tobin

An amazing piece of flying by an Atlin helicopter pilot is being credited as a crucial element in Wednesday’s dramatic rescue of three men from the Llewellynn Glacier near Atlin.

Dick Gilbert, Terry Jack and Leonard Parisien had become separated Monday from four others in a snowmachine convoy travelling over the glacier. They were rescued late Wednesday afternoon and transported to Whitehorse General Hospital, where two of them were admitted. One of them was discharged this morning, and the other is described as in stable condition, and up and about.

RCMP Cpl. Larry Burke said this morning that Atlin pilot Norm Graham of Discovery Helicopters was able maneuver his Bell 206 through what was described as near white-out conditions to within six metres of the stranded party. While the mountain guides the pilot was ferrying into the site to assist with the rescue are crediting a fine piece of flying as central to the rescue, the pilot is crediting the mountain guides with stepping forward to offer this assistance in extremely difficult conditions. Word was received in Atlin Tuesday morning that the three men were overdue from the trek across the glacier. Attempts by two friends who left Atlin shortly before daybreak Tuesday morning to assist were quashed by the relentless howling wind and white-out conditions on the glacier, Burke explained. The local search and rescue coordinator and the RCMP were contacted immediately after the two returned, but the nasty conditions on the glacier continued to thwart attempts to rescue the men Tuesday.

It was a U.S. Coast Guard C-130 which had arrived Wednesday to assist that picked up a mayday signal over the radio shortly before noon, though visibility remained next to nil. Upon further contact, the three were able to transmit their GPS co-ordinates. And back in Atlin, three local mountain guides working for Klondike Heli-Skiing for the season approached Graham to suggest if he could get them to within five kilometres of the site. Michi Cater, Haabs Rieser and Mike Beedell told him they could then ski in the rest of the way, as they now had the GPS co-ordinates, and at least help the three stay alive until they could be taken off the glacier. One of the three, Cater, is a professional high-mountain and glacier rescue expert, he said. But as Graham flew the 206 into the area, the conditions

allowed for some visibility, though limited, but he was able to get the crew to the exact location.

“We landed near their snowmachines, and watched them come out of their snowcave,” Graham said. “They were sure glad to see us.”

The guides loaded the rescued men into the chopper, unloaded the emergency gear they’d brought, and remained behind as Graham flew the men off the glacier.

Enroute from Juneau, however, was another private helicopter coming over to assist, with obvious experience in high-altitude and glacier work, Graham said. The Juneau chopper, he said, was able to make it into the site, and pick up the three guides. Graham said had it not been for the assistance of the U.S. Coast Guard and its ability to make contact and receive the GPS co-ordinates, and had it not been for the three guides offering their services, there may not have been a rescue.

And with temperatures hovering around -35 C atop the glacier, with 40-kilometre winds, another night on the Llewelyn Glacier would have been extremely difficult for the three, he suggested.

It was learned at press time this afternoon that the three dug a deep cave and covered the entrance with a blanket to keep as much of the elements out as they could.

### **Note from Bill Mayor -**

Tulsequah was my stomping grounds for a few years. The Shaws and Carlicks were the only ones there in the 70's (except for George Bacon through the summer).



**Cannery Bay – Haines Alaska – After a recent cold snap.**  
Photos courtesy Ken Eby [kleby\\*whtv.com](http://kleby*whtv.com) (In Whitehorse)



**Cannery Bay – Haines Alaska – After a recent cold snap.**  
Photos courtesy Ken Eby [kleby\\*whtv.com](mailto:kleby*whtv.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **OBIT**

**DORWARD, Christina Evelyn (nee Cameron)** passed away on March 10, 2006 at the age of 85. Our mother of six, grandmother to fourteen and great-grandmother to five will be missed by all. We take strength from Mom for her knowledge of the life hereafter and her joining with her loved ones on the other side. Mom's husband Frederick Ralph predeceased her in 2000, and a daughter Janet Anne in 1974. A brief Memorial Service will be held, Wednesday, March 15, 2006 at 2:00 p.m. at Appel Funeral Home/Central Memorial Chapel, 10530-116 Street, Edmonton. A family gathering will intern her remains at the Cameron plot in Busby in the spring. As Mom worked for many years at the Cross Cancer Institute, donations in lieu of flowers would gratefully be accepted by them. Throughout her life Mom was in service to others. As a respected Registered Nurse, she gave to others above self. She wrote the history of the Royal Alexandra School of Nursing "Below the Flight Path". Her poetry, bringing to words real life people and stories, blessed the lives of many who were the recipients. **Mom lived in Whitehorse for many years and has numerous friends there and fond memories of the North.** The service will be conducted by Reverend Joshua Phillipotts. Appel Funeral Home/Central Memorial Chapel 454-8088 "Our Family Serving Your Family"  
Published in the Edmonton Journal on 3/13/2006.

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Dad moved on the weekend to an assisted living place near where he has lived for years, and still fairly close to Mom. This was a planned move that was accelerated by his ending up in hospital recently with a short bout of pneumonia.

His telephone number remains the same: 250-558-0147 but he does not spend a lot of time in his room. Yesterday was his 86th birthday so he spent a lot of it answering calls from well-wishers. Telus really came through in getting his service switched in time.

Dad's mailing address is  
#13-2800 40th St. Vernon BC V1T 6J7

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

Jim Morrow now telus.net instead of shaw.ca [jimmorrow@telus.net](mailto:jimmorrow@telus.net)

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Yesterday Is History - Tomorrow A Mystery - Life is Not a Dress Rehearsal.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

### **Crowley's Scones**

Submitted by Karren (North) Crowley [kbcrowley@telus.net](mailto:kbcrowley@telus.net) (In Sidney)  
(I double this recipe)

2 cups flour  
½ cup sugar  
2 tsp. cream of tartar  
1 tsp. baking soda  
½ tsp. salt  
½ cup shortening  
½ cup raisins  
2 eggs  
¼ cup milk (or more if needed, I have used yogurt also)

Mix dry ingredients together in large bowl. Blend in shortening just till it looks crumbly. Add raisins, eggs and milk. With large spoon drop onto greased cookie sheet. Cook in hot oven (400 degrees) for 15 min. or till done.  
Enjoy with jam and cheese....a winner every time!

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Date: April 8th, 2006

Location: Hyatt Regency Vancouver, Regency Ballroom, 3rd Floor

Tickets: \$55.00/Person, Advance purchase a must.

Cheques gladly accepted. Mail to Mary MacDonald

#309-5166 Halifax St., Burnaby, BC, V5B 2N6  
Phone: 604-299-7533

Please provide the full names for each guest,  
and advise if there are any food allergy issues.  
Whitehorse: Tickets available from Gudrun Sparling  
Phone: 668-3958

**Vancouver Yukoners' Association**  
**Annual Banquet - Premier Event of the Year**

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

## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

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