

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 174th Edition – September 10th, 2006

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



Birds Eye View - Daisies

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca (In Whitehorse)

Red Lady

by Alf Bilton

Likely missin' Alberta an' sweet prairie hay,
That bunch of new horses was determined to stray;
So the boss said, "You watch 'em, an' fetch 'em at dawn!
But you'd best use my red mare an' not what you're on."

Well, she looked kinda puny fer riders my size,
But her gait was as gentle as fluff in blue skies.
Then we left outta there at the speed of a thought,
An' I started to wonder if she could be bought.

She was nimble an' quicker than even spooked deer,
Just as pretty to look at as icy cold beer,
Sure-footed an' trail-wise, an' surprisingly strong ...
Right from the beginning, we got right along.

She could tote me 'way higher than any tree line:
With the sheep gettin' nose-bleeds, Red Lady was fine,
Up where eagles got dizzy while just wheezin' by,
An' I'd scroonch in the saddle to stop brushin' sky.

A friend an' advisor, an' a good watcher too,
I just never found anythin' she couldn't do.
I reckon she's best horse that I ever will ride,
Though I know there's a lot yet that I haven't tried.

We followed those horses an' a couple new foals
Even into the deepest of God-forgot holes.
Once she kicked a red devil right offa the trail,
Gettin' through to a colt with a arrow-shaped tail.

Boys, I know you've seen nothin' like what I described,
An' now Bucky is wond'rin' just what I imbibed;
But I'll swear on the Bible that any man's brought:
I will always regret Lady couldn't be bought.

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Alf Bilton

Whitehorse, Yukon

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 4

DEASE LAKE

In the spring of 1938 Ethel and I took over Lakehouse, a road house on the south end of Dease Lake. It was a log building big enough to have a small store, a dining room, kitchen, living quarters for us and a dormitory with bunks upstairs. It had been built about 1930 and catered to prospectors, packtrain men who carried supplies for the Hudson's Bay posts in the area and down river, and big game hunters stayed there on occasion. Ethel took over the meals and rooms and I bought a truck to haul supplies between Telegraph Creek and Dease Lake. During that year we enlarged the roadhouse to twice its original size and events were to prove that it was a good thing we did.

During March 1939 a well known bush pilot, George (Dal) Dalziel, the Flying Trapper, came to Dease Lake from Fort Simpson N.W.T. He was flying a Curtis Robin and said he would like to sell the aircraft, or share in it. He wanted \$5,000 for the aircraft which seemed like an awful pile of money in my life. Ethel and I did some serious talking over the kitchen table for a few hours. I got in touch with Bill Strong, a friend in Telegraph Creek who was a fur buyer, had a couple of trading posts and a boat he used for freighting on the Stikine River. I told him I was certain that owning an aircraft based at Dease Lake could make us some money. Bill went along with the idea, but told me he had done a lot of things in his life but flying an airplane wasn't one of them and he had no intentions of starting at his age. Bill purchased one third of the Curtis Robin, I another

third and Dal retained a third interest and agreed to fly the aircraft and manage the business which we called "Cassiar Airways".

Dal brought his family from Edmonton and they lived at Dease Lake for over a year. In 1940 they returned to Edmonton where Dal started flying for the U.S. Army as a civilian pilot and continued as such for the duration of the war. After that he settled at Watson Lake in the Yukon and operated his own flying service, B.C. - Yukon Air Service which he operated for many years. When he sold the business he made his summer home at Watson Lake. For the last several years of his life Dal had a winter home on Salt Spring Island.

As for me I just couldn't wait to finish the trucking season and get to Vancouver and get started on flying lessons. We called the Eburne Hotel our home that winter where we had a two room suite.

At 28, I was older than most of the students but didn't have any real problems getting the hang of it. I was checked out for my solo flight in 8 to 10 hours of instruction which was about average, then came the triangle test flight, Vancouver, Yale, Sumas, Vancouver to see if we could keep ourselves from getting lost.

The only time I could have been in trouble was one morning, I guess I was impatient to get my hours in and not accustomed to coast weather, took off with a light ground fog drifting in. I flew out over the water some distance getting the feel of the aircraft and ran right into a fog bank coming in from the west. I could see as much as if I were inside a black cow. In these circumstances one loses all sense of direction - there is no up or down and the crucial thing is to make a turn and still be oriented. I never thought of the compass, I just knew I had to rely upon the sense of direction I guess I had been born with. I made a 180 degree turn and headed back for the airport.

When I came out of the fog and saw the airport I had about 50 feet and landed crosswise on the grass area. That fact didn't bother me at all, I was so thankful to have my feet on the ground. Early lesson - never fly into a fog bank.

Ethel and I lived at Dease Lake from 1938 to 1941 and until the construction of the Alaska Highway started, the south end of Dease Lake where we had our Lakeview Roadhouse was an isolated spot, but it was a good life.

During the summer when the road between Telegraph Creek and Dease was open we got our mail and supplies fairly regularly but during the winter it was another matter. For 5 months our mail had to come by dogteam and sometimes there were only 2 trips in all that time.

I remember one Christmas there were Ethel, Joan and I, the Hudson's Bay post manager and his wife, Bob and Pat Campbell, and four fellows from the mine. About 10 days before Christmas a young fellow from the other end of the lake, Buck Adsit, and I went to Telegraph Creek by dogteam to pick up the Christmas mail and some little extras for the holiday, and when we got back it really seemed like Christmas, opening the parcels and letters from home. We had a big roast of moose and the women made all sorts of pies and cakes and we had a really good Christmas. While there is heavy snow at Dease it doesn't get extremely cold so we could get out and snowshoe, ski or toboggan.

Our nearest police was at Telegraph Creek and the only time we saw him was if

something rather serious happened in our area. Under these circumstances people work out means of solving community problems and a "good neighbour" has real meaning.

While the police were 75 miles away the second civilized need was a liquor-store. Ours was 450 miles away in Prince Rupert, via road, riverboat and coast steamer.

We solved that problem by having the wholesalers, Kelly Douglas from whom we purchased our supplies in Vancouver; repack some of the case goods, adding the bottles of liquor which we had listed on our regular order.

I remember one fall when Leo Cormier who had a trading post at Lower Post, 150 miles north of Dease Lake, arrived at our place with his riverboat, scow, and crew of 4 men, to pick up his supplies. They loaded all his freight except the repacks which contained the liquor, and these were opened on the spot and soon the bottles were being passed around.

By 9 o'clock in the evening the crew was in fine form particularly a young Irishman, Kelly Shay who was making up for a long, dry spell.

By 10 or 11 o'clock Ethel and I decided to call it a day and expected our guests to do likewise. We had been sleeping *only* a short *while* when we were wakened by the damnedest commotion. I jumped out of bed and looked out the upstairs window and there was Leo Cormier holding up a gas lantern so Kelly Shay and another crew member could see to pummel one another. Because of the condition they both were in they weren't doing any damage but they were making an awful lot of noise.

I went down and tried to talk them in to being quiet but to no avail, Kelly was all steamed up for a fight and he wasn't going to be stopped.

About 100 feet from our roadhouse was a warehouse so I walked over to it, opened the door, came back, lined Kelly up, ran him into the warehouse and padlocked the door. He was one mad Irishman, believe me, for about an hour he ranted and raved and tried to wreck the place but eventually ran out of steam and went to sleep - so did the rest of us.

He woke up about 9 in the morning and I let him out - there were no hard feelings, we just did what had to be done to keep the peace. If our Christmas was quiet I remember when we sort of made up for it at New Years.

There were about 12 or 15 people at our roadhouse the New Years of 1939 and we were having a lively party so that by midnight we were in great shape to welcome the New Year. We decided that we needed noisemakers, so we had everything from a big washtub, pots and pans to pound, to a shot gun to fire off.

While I was looking around for my noisemaker I remembered the elephant gun my friend Percy Peacock had left in my care. The bore was the size of a 20 gauge shotgun and the shell was about 5 inches long. I loaded up the elephant gun and joined the rest outside to wait for the stroke of midnight.

When it did, all hell broke loose - but the finale was when I fired the elephant gun... the concussion loosened the 2 feet of heavy snow on the roof of the roadhouse and down it came right on top of us. It was the funniest thing to see us all scrambling out of the snow which had nearly buried us. No one was hurt and the party carried on.

Another time it was a warm summer evening and some of the miners from the Boulder

Creek were staying at our roadhouse, waiting to pick their supplies and again the cases containing the liquor were opened and a party ensued. Three of the fellows were loggers from Washington State and one of them, John White, took a shine to Rita, a young woman who was helping Ethel in the roadhouse.

The front of our place was about 100 feet from the lake and as John wandered toward the lake he saw a big old wooden wheelbarrow parked halfway down. He looked at it a minute then stepped into it, curled up and went to sleep. I couldn't resist the temptation -I got hold of the handles and wheeled the barrow out into the lake where the water was 3 or 4 feet deep. John woke in a hurry, soaking wet. Rita didn't think this was a nice way to treat John and she bustled around telling him he should get into some dry clothes so as not to catch a cold.

John got changed went and sat in the wheelbarrow, and I ran him into the lake again. Great fun.

To be continued....

FOX KIT

Doug's photo of the fox kit in 173 reminded me of Alice's encounter with a fox at the Yukon Crossing. Unless you are a pro, they all seem to look the same except maybe in size. I was working on the new highway across from the old Yukon Crossing where Phyllis LePage was born, and Alice had a fox visit her. We used canned Pacific milk for our needs along with Trumilk that was in powder form. The first thing I heard from Alice was, "Isn't he cute?" And looking back I could see this fox that appeared full grown.

Alice took a dish and put some canned milk in it, leaving it where the fox could get it. Well, from the first sniff and lick he decided that was a bit of all right. So when he had it finished, he would step back and allow her to refill the dish. But at no time did he allow her to touch him. I can't remember how many times she refilled the dish, until she came to throwing out the old coffee. When it came to a refill, instead of milk she put in coffee to see what he would do with it. He sniffed and I guess was not impressed, for he instead piddled in the dish and walked off disgusted!

Prior, we had a tame squirrel at the Stewart Ferry that used to come right into the house. They are quite possessive of their turf and would never allow another squirrel on the property. When Alice was doing her hair with a mirror on the table, he used to come up on the table. When he saw that other squirrel in the mirror, he was ready to do battle! Quickly running around to the back of the mirror, he could not find the other squirrel.

But he was hell on toilet paper, taking it up to line his nest. So we had to put an elastic band around it so that it was secure. Another time I built a river boat and started caulking cotton in the seams. By next morning it was all pulled out and up in his nest. Lucky that I had lots of spare cotton and was able to finish the job.

At the same location of the Stewart Ferry, there was no place for drivers to relieve themselves, so we dug a hole and put a single hole outdoor unit on it. I could not help but laugh when shortly after installed, upon looking outside in the morning someone had put on the door the White Pass slogan in bright yellow letters, " GATEWAY TO THE YUKON ". It was so funny that we just left it there.

Cheers,

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



Copper Center (a 1968 postcard)

Photo courtesy Donna (Needham) McLean dj_mclean@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

It always gives me goosebumps when I receive material that meshes. Both this photo and the Veins of Venus document arrived here the same day. Jack Stewart comments in his recount of 1898 – 1899 that Copper Center was about 105 miles inland from Valdez. Now we see it on the Richardson Highway in a 1968 postcard. – Sherron

THE VEINS OF VENUS – Continued

By Dixie Read as told to her by Jack Stewart

Jack Stewart and Pete Cashman became pretty well-known guides around Copper Center, and very early in the fall of that year, 1898, Jack was rounding up supplies to get ready for the winter overland trip to Dawson, when Captain Abercrombie, surveyor for the United States Army called upon their services. The Captain had been down to Woods Canyon from Copper River with his men and had made a survey around Turrell. He and his men had cached their saddles up there and left 12 horses and a mule turned loose, when the snows had started. He wanted these recovered, in order that he could turn them over to the government. He offered Pete and Jack \$25.00 a head to go up and bring back the horses. They decided it was worth prolonging the Dawson City journey for a couple of weeks to take that money.

They started off on a boat down the Copper River with two weeks' food supply. They hadn't gone far when they saw a Siwash Indian camp and a group of excited Indians stood offshore motioning to them to come in. When they pulled in, the Indians, by making motions and signs, gave them to understand that four or five miles farther down, the river was beginning to seal, freeze and suck under. The Indians were very hospitable and invited them to stay the night in their camp, and gave them a hut covered with bark in which to sleep. They were so tickled to have the boys stay with them and were so good to them, that the boys gave a good portion of their food to them to repay their cordial welcome. The next morning they decided they would still try to get as far as possible on the river. The Indians ran along the shore, though, because they knew the boys wouldn't get far in the boat, and very soon after they had started they did run into ice and couldn't go on. The Indians pointed to an island in the middle of the river, and between the boat and the island the river was frozen just enough so they couldn't reach it by boat, and yet strong enough to walk on. They had a couple of boards in the boat, and by putting down one board and stepping from the boat onto it, and then putting down the second board and stepping to it from the first, and repeating the process several times, they were able to make it to the island. After a short time, the river froze solid enough to walk on, and the Indians joined them from the shore. Jack and Pete showed them their 30-30 carbine and how to shoot it, and the Indians were entranced and kept saying "Wylie - wylie", which meant "good, very good". Soon Jack and Pete said their farewells to the Indians and started on their way on foot toward Wood Canyon.

They located the cache and the horses, built a corral and then rounded them up. By this time, however, the winter snows had really set in, and when they started the horses toward the coast so they could get them to Valdez by boat, they found themselves bucking one canyon after another and their food running out. There was nothing to do but turn back and head towards Copper Center with the horses, which were weakening fast without food. Finally in desperation they were forced to shoot all but one horse and one mule, and their own food supply was completely exhausted. All along the way back the Indians gave them frozen and dried salmon, let them camp with them, and the squaws even mended their clothes with sinew, string they made from animal muscles.

One night they came upon a partly built cabin shared by two or three men, only one of whom was there. He offered them food, mixed flour and corn meal and bacon, and immediately went back to reading his book. They ate everything in sight, as they were both half-starved, and the man never looked up from his book. Another night when they were almost frozen they tried building a camp Indian style. They sat in front of the fire and went to sleep, and because they had been so cold, they got too close to the fire and burned the soles out of their moccasins, but again the Indians came to their rescue and mended them with sinew. They finally arrived at Copper Center late one night, nearly frozen and starved. The first cabin they came to was Mr. Amy's. They woke him up, and he cooked them a good feed, and they ate it all. It wasn't about to be enough, though, so they thanked him and went on to another friend's cabin. The only name this man was known by was Red-Whiskers Fisher. He made them a huge pot of beans, and this time they ate until they had plenty.

After spending the night at Copper Center, they left the horse and mule and started on foot overland to Valdez to report their trip to Captain Abercrombie. While they were walking up the Clutina River, now frozen over, Jack hit a soft spot and got his feet soaked. That small matter was nothing short of a catastrophe in that below-zero weather. They were about three miles from Dr. Logan's cabin, so they ran all the way. It took them about forty-five minutes even so, and by the time they arrived, Jack's feet were frostbitten. That ended their trip to Valdez. He had to stay until his feet were well again, and by that time it was necessary to get back to Copper Center if he was ever going to get started to Dawson. He never got to Captain Abercrombie, and they never collected a nickel for the horse and mule they did bring back from that unfortunate trip. Later, when Captain Abercrombie learned the facts, he made a detailed report to Washington, D. C.

To interrupt the story of Jack Stewart's own life for a moment, a word may be said here about the fate of his friend, young Dr. Logan. Soon after Jack's feet were well and he left and went back to Copper Center with Pete, Dr. Logan, who had been caring for several men with scurvy for no remuneration, tried to take his group to Valdez so they could get "out". On the way over the glacier, they ran into a terrible storm. Several days later their bodies were found on the fourth bench. All of them, that is, except Dr. Logan's. They found the body of one man who had fallen and broken an ankle, which had been bandaged by the doctor, and they found the tracks of Dr. Logan in the snow where he had tried to go in search of help, but evidently was swallowed by one of the ever-feared yawning crevasses.

Back in Copper Center it was well into winter, the winter of 1898, and already a late start for those who were going overland to Dawson City. Stewart bade his friend, Pete Cashman, good-bye, and he and George Hatch started out again, still determined to reach their goal--gold in Dawson City. There were many others, still, who had not become discouraged yet, and who also started out for Dawson. It was a bitter cold winter. They went as far north up the Copper River as they could. Then they started towards Kentasta Pass. Just before they reached there, which took weeks getting this far along, one of the men along the trail, Bob Isett, a prize wrestler, became ill and died immediately. Jack Stewart helped to bury him. Everywhere there was nothing but snow and ice, and the men felt bad about burying a man in such a desolate place. They felt sure that no one would

ever be along that trail again, and yet they wanted to pay his body some respect, so they put a marker up and called this spot Point Desolation. To this day Desolation Point is a well-known spot on the map of Alaska.

All this time that the men were on the trail people were pouring into Dawson City by coming in from Skagway, over the White Pass to Whitehorse, and going down the Yukon River, but nobody yet had ever reached it overland from Alaska. Jack Stewart and George Hatch kept on, over the Kentasta Pass to the Tokijo River, over the Divide and across the Tanana River, and overland again--ever northward. Along about this point they reached the first actual trail, made by those who had come out from Dawson City this far to prospect. Up to this point, they had made their own trail. They were pulling three loads, and the going had been tough, so half-way to the Yukon Hatch decided to sell out all but one load and buy a dog. If they were ever going to make it to Dawson City, they needed to have a light load and a dog. It was at this time, half-way to the Yukon, that others made their final decision, too, of whether to stick it out and reach Dawson, or turn back. There were six men who stayed on; Pooley and Knight, partners, two big brothers from Colorado named Barnes, George Hatch, and Jack Stewart. These six men, split into two groups, were the only men who came overland by sled in winter to Dawson City. Actually Stewart, Hatch, and Pooley were the first to arrive; the Barnes brothers and Knight came in a little later. That brings up the split partnership of Knight and Jack Pooley. Pooley had a dog and Knight didn't so he pulled out with his stuff and left Pooley, and Pooley couldn't get everything on his sled, so he came in with Stewart and Hatch. Of course there were a great many split partnerships along the trail, and many ended with vicious quarrels. Once there were two Dutchmen who split up while they were going up the river. They became angry, quarreled, and decided to break up their partnership then and there. One of them, in a huff, said they would just have to divide everything evenly and the other filled with rage took out his knife and ripped their canvas boat right in the middle!

Under the tenseness and strain that these men lived, in bitter cold and great fatigue and often, hunger, it is not hard to see why there would be a great deal of quarreling. There was little law and order in this wilderness. One "Doc" Tanner had talked two men into taking him into their partnership by making them believe he was a man of experience. Along the trail the two men realized that they had made a mistake in taking him in as he proved more of a liability than an asset. They were talking in their tent one night while Tanner was absent, and decided between themselves that they would make him get out and go on his own. Tanner, however, standing outside the tent, overheard the plans. They never had a chance. He walked in and shot them both without a word!

But law and order was maintained to some degree by the men on the trail. To protect themselves from thievery they had an unwritten law; when some item was found on the trail, the finder didn't dare keep it, for it might cost him his life; instead he put it on a pole and stuck it up in the snow for the loser to find and claim.

After forming their three-some, Pooley, Hatch and Stewart stopped on the trail along the way to prospect for a little while on a stream. They dammed the stream and started to ground sluice. They found gold, but again, no "pay dirt". Here, however, they met two

men and a dog who were the first people they met from the other side of the Divide. They found out from them that they were not far from Forty Mile River and the settlement of Forty Mile, which itself was only fifty-two miles from Dawson City. So once again, they went on their way. They had a good trail to Forty Mile, and when they arrived, they stopped and rested for several days because they were very tired, and they still had fifty-two miles of rough going by sled.

A humorous incident occurred while they were resting at Forty Mile. They ran into an old American Grand Army Veteran, who had come up the Yukon from the Bering Sea. This was unsurveyed territory, and nobody knew exactly whether they were in Canada or Alaska, but the old man, Sam Patch was his name, swore that he knew he was in American territory. Stewart and the others got to kidding him along, and finally they produced some whiskey to have a toast. Of course Jack said, "To Queen Victoria" and the others joined, but old Sam Patch said, "I'll be damned if I'll drink to Queen Victoria, and me a Grand Old Army man". So the others had a little nip while Old Sam's mouth watered. Finally, he could stand it no longer and agreed to forfeit his loyalty just once and drink to the queen if they would give him a drink. This was probably the first, last, and only time a veteran of the Grand Old Army drank to the British Queen!

To be continued

ISLAND PICNIC

When I scroll the photos of the 2006 picnic and come to the one of Don Murray and Phyllis Hinds I burst out in a chuckle. Don looks like he got caught with his hand in the cookie jar, and Phyllis looks like, " I got the son of a gun that time!" Behind Don I think I see Nancy Moulton with her back to us, and Neil and Frances McLeod on the other side of the table. I hope that you and Bill enjoyed yourselves, for you seem to have become one of us down here.

At the picnic the group either have met Sherron and Bill, or waiting for the chance. I wish that I had more strength so that I could join you, maybe next year? I think that they are a very special group, and all have originated from the same Territory. When I was a kid, our address was Y.T. or the Yukon Territory, and I think that is where "The Yukon" expression originated.

In the early days of Mayo, this time of year was the time for harvesting and preserving. Usually August or September was the month for berries to be made into jams and jellies for winter use. If we were lucky and could get a ride to Keno, we could get blueberries in some locations. They were preserved to be used in pies, and were not wasted at all. We had high bush cranberries that were made into jelly, and they grew abundantly just outside our back fence. At one time my Mom and younger sister were picking high bush,

and each could hear this grunting. Each thought the other was responsible, and the bush would likely be about eight to ten feet in height. Finally my sister parted the bush to get at a cluster and she was looking into the eyes of a black bear. All hell broke loose and the women dashed through the back gate. Taking the opportunity, the bear was gone too, to parts unknown.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

HAINES TRIP – LABOUR DAY WEEKEND

Well, we just got home from Haines, Alaska and I thought I would send you these pictures. Read your MocTel and you hadn't had many entries this week.

So, back to this weekend... we went to Haines as lots usually do this weekend to get in on the salmon. Weather was incredible on the way over and it was miserable in Haines for most of the weekend. For a while, I was wearing gloves.



St. Elias Range from Haines Junction Sept 1, 2006
Photos courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)



Anyway,... the pictures... Two are of Haines Junction taken on Friday, Sept 1st on our way to Haines.... and the others were taken in Haines over the weekend. As you can see, the weather was much nicer in Canada. But, we got our quota of Pinks and will smoke them up for the winter but it was rather miserable a lot of the weekend - weatherwise - we still tent and setting up in the rain is a challenge... as it is trying to burn damp wood. But at least we didn't need mosquito repellent!



Fishing in Haines Alaska – Labour Day weekend 2006
Photos courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)



Paul Warner with part of his catch in Haines Alaska.



Betty Sutton – Haines Alaska – Labour Day Weekend 2006

Lots of other Yukoners over there this weekend but numbers are certainly down. Most campsites were half or less than capacity. Not sure what's going on there???... I heard Folks are being given grief at the border.

Forgot to mention that we stopped in Klukshu Village on the way back and had tea and bannock with an elder .. Marge Jackson... it was fun... we also watched someone gaffing a sockeye and watched what appeared to be spawning too. Just thought you could use these too.

Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)



Someone Gaffing Sockeye.

Photos courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)



Sockeye



Sockeye spawning

Photos courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)



COMMEMORATIVE RIFLE

In MocTel Edition 126, September 4, 2005, I had mentioned a bit about my experience with the firing range in the basement of the Whitehorse Elementary School. I didn't know the history of the range. Bill Maylor was aware of some of the history and responded with this:

Whitehorse Elementary was built around 1949. The range was set up in what was supposed to be a crawl space during the construction and the Whitehorse Rifle & Pistol Club was in there shooting before the school opened even. That's what I was told when I became a member in 1969.

Kit Squirechuk, Bill Hancock, Harry Sorenson, are some of the names that go back to the early days.

As the staff changed at the school, the new principal would try to exercise his authority and shut the club down. But it did remain there until the facility on Grey Mountain was built on the old Yukon College mine training site, in the 1980's.

Bill Maylor bill_maylor@excite.com (In Neilburg SK)

On September 1 Bryan and I visited with Bill and Freda at their home in Neilburg. Bill mentioned he was in the process of finding homes for his rifles and asked me if I would be interested in taking the rifle he won during the Sourdough Rendezvous. It's a beautiful rifle and I was only too happy to give it a new home. I took a picture of Bill as he said farewell to his prized possession.



Bill Maylor with his Commemorative Rifle
September 1, 2006

I asked Bill for some history and this is his response:

There isn't much history to the rifle. I think it was located through Hougens Sports Lodge and passed over to Bill Hancock to do the engraving. Apparently it was getting hard to find one manufactured before the point where the plating wouldn't stick anymore. That was one of the reasons for dropping the rifle as a Rendezvous prize. Apparently they had a handgun as a prize for a while but because of registration and whatnot, that never caught on like the Rendezvous rifle did.

The inscription on the brass plating reads as follows:

Whitehorse Rifle & Pistol Club
“Presentation”
First Prize Rifle Competition
1971
Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous

There are two horse heads on the brass plate

On the other side of the rifle is the poem:

*THIS IS THE LAW OF THE YUKON, THAT ONLY THE STRONG SHALL THRIVE
THAT SURELY THE WEAK SHALL PERISH, AND ONLY THE FIT SURVIVE*

ROBERT SERVICE

My intention is to locate a Sourdough Rendezvous archival display in Whitehorse. I would like to donate this rifle in Bill's name and collect other Sourdough Rendezvous items. Until then this beautiful commemorative rifle has a place of honor in my home displayed on a wall with other Yukon memorabilia.

Donna Clayson (ytdogteam@telus.net) (In Ardorssan AB)

CORRECTION – MOCTEL 173 – VEINS OF VENUS MANUSCRIPT

I just had a look at this issue. Just a couple of corrections; Dad (Doug Smith) is the grandson of Jack Stewart. We never lived in Carcross, Mom and Dad have lived on the Takhini Hotsprings Road since about 1968 when our family moved in from Kluane Lake. I was introduced to Carcross through Ken in 1970. We really enjoyed our visit with you and are trying to figure out when and how we can get to visit you in Yuma.... Take care.
Maureen Jones (& Ken) k29j32@shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)

LAMBERT ST. SCHOOL STUDENTS GATHER in Whitehorse 2006

Here's a few snaps of our little get-together in Whitehorse ..didn't turn out very well, I'm afraid, but will give you an idea of who was all there.



Good picture of Babe Richards!



Lloyd Ryder, Lella (Williams)
Woloszeniuk and Goody (Erickson)
Sparling



Mildred (Millie McMURPHY) Jones



Phyllis LePage, Teresa (Porter) Smith, Howard Ryder, and Lella's husband Peter Woloszeniuk



Phyllis, Theresa, Howard Ryder, Lella's hubby Peter Woloszeniuk, Gordon Ryder, Millie, Lloyd Ryder, Lella, and Goodie.

Photos courtesy Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Hi Sherron,

Just received the sad news from my son-in-law Cal Waddington last night. I copied this from the "Whitehorse Star" which I have a link to on my web page, and thought you might like to put it in the MocTel. Our hearts and sympathy go out to Bruce Harder's family and many friends.

Joyce Yardley www.dataspan.ca

Our sincere condolences to Dave Harder, and to the rest of Bruce Harder's family. - Sherron

Carcross man dies in work train derailment

By JEFF BRADY and CHUCK TOBIN

Courtesy of the Whitehorse Star

A White Pass and Yukon Route work train derailed early Sunday afternoon near Bennett, B.C., killing a member of the Carcross track maintenance crew and injuring three other rail workers.

Bruce Harder, 45, died in the accident. He was a heavy equipment operator for the railway and the head of the Carcross ambulance service, said Gary C. Danielson, the president of the railway.

"Our thoughts and prayers are with Patricia Harder and her family and with Bruce's family," Danielson said. "He was an integral part of the Carcross community."

Also injured were conductor Lee "Toogie" Hartson Jr. and engineer Jeff Ruff, both of Skagway, and heavy equipment operator Neil Plested of Carcross, Danielson said. All three were airlifted to Whitehorse General Hospital with non-life-threatening injuries, said Cpl. Paul Zechel of the Carcross RCMP.

Danielson said Hartson was later medivaced to Alaska Regional Hospital in Anchorage. The accident occurred at about 1 p.m. at Mile 36.5 of the railway along a section of track above Beaver Lake, about three miles south of Bennett, Danielson said.

"We don't know the cause of the accident at this time and it is under investigation," he said Monday.

"Canadian Transportation Safety Board investigators are on the scene today (Monday)."

Carcross resident Dorothy Lishman said this morning Harder was the heart and sole of the community's emergency services.

The father of six was born and raised in the Carcross area. He headed up the volunteer ambulance service and fire department, the search and rescue team and the Emergency Measures Organization.

"He was active behind all of that," said Lishman, herself a longtime member of emergency services in Carcross.

"He stepped up to the plate to take on the responsibility and recruited new volunteers as much as he could.

"He did lots of footwork in trying to get training in all skills for people out here," Lishman said.

She said Harder was also very instrumental in getting extra emergency response equipment for the Carcross area, and had been with the emergency services sector for well over a decade.

"There was never a harsh word that came out of Bruce," said Lishman, remarking that he brought a level-head to his role in emergency response. "It did not matter what was happening, he was always positive."

She said the community is still grieving over Harder's death.

"It is really tough. He was a nice guy."

Dale Harder, Bruce's younger brother, said today Bruce loved fishing but he also loved to teach people about safety and avalanche awareness.

"The best way to describe him, I think, is as a big brother to everybody.

"He always just wanted to help people out of trouble," Dale said.

The Harder family was raised on the family-owned Ten Mile Ranch along the Tagish Road, by father Dave Harder and mother Carolee Elliot.

Dale said his brother had four children, two stepchildren and one grandchild.

"He was very soft spoken with a big heart," said Dale. "In my 40 years around him, I do not know if I ever heard him raise his voice."

He said Bruce's number one concern in the last couple of years was his desire to strengthen the emergency response capability and preparedness for the South Klondike Highway. In the case of his brother's death, he said, there was not much anyone could have done.

Generally, though, his brother Bruce emphasized the importance of solid emergency response services because of the high level of tourist traffic, tour buses and the extensive use of the mountainous wilderness by all walks of outdoor enthusiasts.

Eyewitness accounts from the parking lot at Log Cabin suggested the response was swift.

The first of the emergency response vehicles to arrive was the ambulance team from Carcross, followed by emergency response personnel from Skagway and two helicopters that were eventually joined by a third chopper from the Yukon.

The response, said the eyewitness, was coordinated and professional.

For some responding from Carcross, it was only their arrival at the scene that confirmed the death of their colleague and mentor.

"It was professional to say the least," the eyewitness recalled this morning. "Although they knew it was not good, it did not show."

Passenger train service to Bennett had ended the previous weekend, and the work train was en route from Log Cabin to dump ballast gravel from a string of eight dumper cars, Danielson said. The train derailed and the engine rolled onto its side.

The two Carcross operators were in Engine 114 with engineer Ruff, who was taking the gravel train to the site where their equipment was staged to do the work. Conductor Hartson was found on the ground.

About two miles behind the work train was a track motorcar driven by roadmaster Ed Hanousek, who was shuttling John and Janet O'Daniel of Skagway into Bennett to test a satellite dish.

"They came upon it," Danielson said, thanking them for "their quick action which saved at least one life."

Zechel said authorities were notified and the emergency responders from Carcross, Whitehorse, Tagish and Skagway converged on the scene. They were shuttled into the area by railway motorcars from Log Cabin, which became a command centre for the rest of the afternoon.

Helicopters from TEMSCO in Skagway and Trans North in Whitehorse also responded.

"The co-operation and response was unbelievable," Danielson said.

(Jeff Brady is the publisher of The Skagway News. Chuck Tobin is a Star reporter.)



Kalamalka Lake – Vernon - with the smoke from the US Border fires – Sept 8.06
We are not getting much of a view and very little sunshine. – Sherron Jones

ARTISTIC TALENT



Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich*lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi My name is Ann Johanson (formerly Telep). I was born and raised in Bear Creek, left in 1962 to finish school and eventually returned to live in Whitehorse in 1990. I have been hearing about your Moccasin Telegraph news letter from my sister Clara Norila. Please contact me at my home E-mail johanson@klondiker.com with details on how to join the group.

Thanks

Ann

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If you find it in your heart to care for somebody else, you will have succeeded.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Lynne Macara lmacara@yahoo.com (In Campbell River)

Salmon Spread

Mix together:

1 tin salmon, drained 8 oz. cream cheese
1 T grated onion a shot of Worchester sauce

Use as spread on crackers.

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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