

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 175th Edition – September 17th, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



A Sign of Fall

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

BEAUTY

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

The gnarled and twisted cactus grows
With giant arms held high.
Its sharpened needles take a pose,
To daunt unwary passers by.

The cactus is, to man, no good.
Its value offers nothing,
Adds not a calorie to his food,
Nor firewood for cutting.

He can not turn it into wood,
From which to build his shelter,
Nor have it used for any good,
By mill nor plant, nor smelter.

To man, its just a useless weed,
That grows on arid waste.
Producing fruit that is, indeed,
Unfit for any taste.

And yet, this prickly useless thing
Will strive with all its powers,
To produce, in early spring,
The most delicate of flowers.

And too, it's thorny branches,
That are spurned and scorned by men,
Offers home and sanctuary to
The nesting cactus wren.

I guess its something that we learn
As we keep getting older,
That beauty is, as it's always been,
In the eye of the beholder.

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Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 4

DEASE LAKE (cont'd)

We went back to Dease Lake in the spring and carried on with the roadhouse and trucking business. We even became a store chain when we opened a trading post at Boulder Creek and Ethel's father ran it for awhile.

The road between Telegraph Creek and Dease was little more than a trail over muskeg, along ledges on the face of hills rising out of a canyon and when it rained the road was so slippery that we would chop down a tree and drag it along behind the truck to help hold it on the road going down some of the steep narrow grades.

During that summer there were rumours about defence spending that would be felt by our part of the country.

War was raging in Europe and although the U.S. wasn't as yet involved they were concerned that Russia was building an airbase about 2 miles from Alaska on the Big Diomedes Island. Alaska, with its 80,000 residents, its resources, even the west coast of the U.S. were vulnerable and Russia could very easily take back the vast territory it had sold for 7 million dollars about 75 years ago if world events were to become more chaotic than they already were. As a consequence air bases were built at Fairbanks, Kodiak and Anchorage and troops were sent to beef up bases in the Aleutian Islands.

When France fell in June 1940 a Canadian-American Joint Board of Defence was formed to formulate plans for the defence of both west coast U.S. and Canada. The first thing to come out of this was a string of airbases from the mainland U.S. to Alaska through Canada. Before the Pearl Harbour attack, plans were well underway to construct what is considered to be one of the greatest engineering feats of the century, the Alaska Highway. Dease Lake, a beautiful mountain encircled, tree lined, remote, northern lake seemed a most unlikely spot to feel the impact of world affairs, but it was on a natural waterway between a good port, Wrangell, Alaska, the navigable Stikine River to Telegraph Creek, a road to Dease Lake and a water route down the Dease River to Lower Post then by a 20 mile road to the airbase at Watson Lake in the Yukon.

I learned all this while I was in Vancouver during the winter of 1940-41 when I was getting my commercial flying licence. General Construction Company got in touch with me because they had heard that I was doing some freighting on the Dease Lake road and had some knowledge of the whole area. They told me they had been awarded a big contract by the Department of Transport to move thousands of tons of freight from Wrangell to the site at Watson Lake. During our conversation I told their manager Mr. Terry that the Dease road was little more than a 75 mile trail and it took at least 8 hours to get a truck over it. He assured me that as soon as transportation started in the spring on the Stikine River his company would put heavy equipment in to Telegraph Creek and improve the road. He also said that I and anyone else would have all the freight we wanted to haul.

It was hard to believe all these facts and figures of tonnages and contracts but I came out of his office and went and bought 2 five ton trucks and made arrangements for them to be shipped north as soon as the Barrington Transport boats were on the Stikine River. Our tranquil life-style at Dease Lake vanished that spring of 1941. General Construction moved in 15 trucks, kept 8 on the Dease road, sent 7 by scow down to Watson Lake and Lower Post, so there were my 4 trucks, General Construction's 8, Marion & Hope of Telegraph Creek with 3, Appleyard had 2. The trucks carried 10 tons to a load and ran 24 hours a day. It was essential that the trucks be kept in operation but I sort of gummed that up one day when two of my fleet of 4 trucks were smashed up. The road was narrow and winding and it was understood that the truck going in loaded, had the right of way and outgoing, empty truck driver was supposed to stop and listen for an oncoming truck and pull out somewhere out of the way so the loaded truck could pass. Well I guess the outgoing driver forgot and my 2 new trucks met head on and smashed the hell out of the radiators and several other things. General Construction supplied me with parts and the trucks were repaired in a hurry and back in operation within two days.

The south end of Dease Lake was a madhouse of activity. All day and all night trucks roared in and out with freight, aircraft landed and took off all the daylight hours, bulldozers rumbled about clearing work areas, carpenters were sawing and hammering building river scows to take freight downriver 150 miles to Lower Post thence to Watson Lake. Builders said that the boats they were building were called tunnel boats and were a new concept in boat construction; the boat had a tunnel where the propellor was installed so that the boat could navigate the shallowest streams.

There were 50 men working at Dease Lake and next thing Ethel knew her quiet little roadhouse had 50 boarders and all the bunks in the second storey were filled.

Looking back now I wonder how she coped. There was no running water, it had to be carried from the lake, heated in a reservoir attached to the stove or containers on top of the stove, to wash dishes, there was no refrigeration. She was up before 6 getting breakfast, enormous breakfasts, then they were back for lunch and no sooner had she cleared than it was 5 o'clock and time for supper, finishing the day off with a 10 p.m. snack of cakes, cookies, sandwiches, coffee. She baked bread every day, and the old style yeast had to be allowed to rise over night, she cooked pies, cakes, cookies every day, enormous roasts of moose, mountains of potatoes were peeled, lifting the campsize cans of fruits and vegetables was a man- size job. I bought salmon from the Indians along the road for a change of menu and Ethel just keep putting out the meals. She did get a young woman to come in and help and had one full time man flunky but Ethel worked 16 hours a day, 7 days a week for 2 months. I was going steady flying in personnel, supplies and parts. We both thought that this was the chance of a lifetime to finally get a little money ahead so we really flew at it.

When Fall came Ethel was ready to leave for Vancouver and left her cousin Bob Farrell to run the roadhouse. About the first of November the trucking was finished so I sold the oldest trucks and shipped the other two to Vancouver to be overhauled. These were the nucleus of another trucking operation. One of the men who had been working for General Construction, Bob Rowan became my partner - Callison & Rowan Trucking, and with another driver Lance Hudson who had driven for me on the Dease road, Bob took the trucks to Whitehorse and was among the very first civilian trucks to be driven over the Alaska Highway.

In the meantime I was clearing up the summer business and about November 10th, ice had been forming around the lake shore, so I took off from the Stikine River at Telegraph Creek in my float aircraft CF-ATC, Fairchild, FC2.

I had one passenger, Armell Phillipon and we headed south 300 miles to Takla Lake. There was ice and snow all the way, not good conditions for a float equipped aircraft and it was with relief that I saw farther south there was open water in case I had to land. The first open water we saw was at Bear Lake 50 miles north of Takla Landing.

It was while we were overnighing at Takla that word came over the Hudson's Bay private-commercial radio that Livingstone Wernecke who had been associated with the Wernecke silver mine at Keno, Yukon, and who had owned one of the first bush aircraft in the Yukon had been killed with his pilot in a plane crash. From the report, Mr. Wernecke and his pilot were 75 miles north of Prince Rupert, following the coast in low weather, when they spotted a wrecked aircraft on the beach. The pilot apparently made a turn over the wreck and flew into the trees, the visibility was very bad.

Armell and I left Takla the next morning and I flew on to Vancouver via Prince George, down the Fraser River to Lillooet and Pemberton, hit the coast at Squamish and down Howe Sound to Vancouver. In those days the only place to dock a float plane was at Wells Air Harbour on the Fraser River where the Skyline Hotel is now.

To be continued....

THE VEINS OF VENUS – Continued

By Dixie Read as told to her by Jack Stewart

It took them two days from Forty Mile to reach--at last--Dawson City! It was on April 14, 1899 that the three, Pooley, Hatch, and Stewart, the very first three to make it overland by sled, reached Dawson City. And what did they find after the long, tiresome grueling trip? Dawson City was a mining town. Everything for miles was already staked. Those who had come down river as much as a year before had already taken everything in sight. And Dawson City had had a big fire which had almost wiped out the buildings, such as they were.

Well, there was nothing to do but get a job--go to work and earn more "grub stake". Hatch went to work in Dawson City. Pooley and Jack Stewart helped clean up after the fire for an ounce of gold a day (worth about \$16.00 at the time). But Pooley and Jack still had their hearts set on finding gold. Hatch had long ago decided to remain in Dawson City and go to work, but Pooley and Jack decided to just work long enough for more money to go on prospecting. The two then formed a partnership that lasted a lifetime.

After working on the fire clean-up, they dug ditches awhile then they got a permit to cut hay on "crown-owned" property. They made a baler and ravelled rope to bind it. They cut 16 foot lengths of spruce wood, crossed it over logs, making a solid raft 16 x 30 x 4 feet deep, loaded their hay on it, and floated it down stream to Dawson City. They sold the hay for ten cents a pound, and then sold the cord wood of which the raft was made.

The fall of 1899 rolled around, and the two men separated temporarily to earn more wages. Pooley went to work for Palmer Bros. at Gold Run, and Jack Stewart went out thirteen miles from Dawson City to Cheechoco Hill, built himself a cabin, and went to work for Roach and Quigg in their placer mines. He worked for \$1.00 an hour for that winter, and when again he joined Pooley in Dawson City on May 24, 1900, he had saved \$1,445.00. They bought an outfit and a canoe and provisions, spending about \$700.00 a piece, and Jack had about \$500.00 left. They put their outfit and boat on a steamer and went up the Yukon to Whitehorse, and from there by train to Carcross. There were many caribou in this area and the narrows on Lake Bennett provided a natural crossing. Hence the name Caribou Crossing. But because of confusion in the mail, there was need for a better name, and Bishop Bompas of the Church of England suggested the name of Carcross, which was decided upon.

They prospected around the lakes all that summer. One day along the shores of Windy Arm they were hunting grouse with their dog. They had climbed about 2,600 feet above lake level and were getting pretty tired. Just as they were about to sit down and rest, the dog spotted a blue grouse a little ahead of them and led them over to it. Jack doesn't remember to this day whether or not they shot the grouse, but having been led on farther by the dog, they did finally sit down on what seemed almost a rock ledge coming out of the earth. As they sat resting and talking, Jack Pooley picked up a piece of rock and started breaking it with his prospecting pick (a habit prospectors seldom lose long after their prospecting days are over). They realized the rock was a piece of ore, and that ore had silver in it. It turned out that he was sitting on the outcropping of a silver vein. And

so they staked their claims, Venus and Venus No.2, and to this day the Discovery Post of the Venus Vein is still standing. They took their canoe twenty miles back to Tagish to the recording house to record their claims.

This was a lucky break for them, but they were out of money again, so they decided to go down to Dawson City to make more money for the ever-essential "grub stake".

They built a boat and started out. This was the first time they shot the famous Whitehorse Rapids, so well-known and so treacherous. Leaving Carcross by boat, one had to shoot first the Squaw Rapids and then the dangerous Whitehorse Rapids before reaching Whitehorse. From there, then, the going would be easy to Dawson City. But it was getting over the rapids that was the difficulty.

They had with them their little dog, Billy, and they went as far as Miles Canyon at the head of the Squaw Rapids. Jack and Pooley had hoped that here they would be able to obtain a pilot to get them through the rapids, but no such luck! They were stopped by a Royal Mounted Policeman, who was stationed there for the purpose of keeping people from going through who were not capable of handling the rapids. By this time it was getting dark, and it was also Saturday night. Pooley and Jack asked the Mountry for a pilot, but it was much too late to obtain one. They talked to the Mountry for a little while and then asked him if they could go through alone. He finally consented inasmuch as they understood the rapids and how to handle boats, and told them they could take their chances.

When they went through the Canyon, everything was O.K., and they started the Squaw Rapids. The idea was to keep the boat going faster than the water so they would not be caught in a whirl. One man had to row and one had to sit in the back of the boat and guide. The Canyon was easy but when they started into the rapids the water was swirling and rough. They got through the Squaw Rapids, and the water became smoother so they kept going. What they didn't know was that they were completely through the Squaw Rapids and heading into the Whitehorse Rapids. They figured that they had been through part of the Squaw Rapids, hit a smooth part, and still had more of those to go through before even reaching the Whitehorse Rapids. Then they hit the next rapids (which were, as said, the Whitehorse Rapids, though they didn't know it) and the waters got really rough then.

Stewart was rowing as fast as he could, and Pooley was guiding, and the little dog, Billy, was sitting right in the middle between them. A huge swirl hit the boat and turned it a little sideways, and in that split second it tipped enough to let in a little water and washed Billy over the side, where he hung on with his two front legs yelping for help. They couldn't stop to help him. It took all the strength each had to hold down his own job. Stewart just had to keep rowing to keep the boat from being caught up and Pooley had to guide it. They decided they could never make the Whitehorse Rapids anyway and they had better try to make it to shore and help poor little Billy, who was still hanging on. It was dark, and just as they decided to pull to shore, they rounded a bend and looked up and saw the lights of Whitehorse shining on the waters! In another minute they were in smooth waters and Billy could be pulled in. They had shot the Whitehorse Rapids!

From then on it was smooth going to Dawson City. They had no worries except cash. Jack had loaned his last \$500.00 to a fellow by the name of Petty to go outside and learn assaying for their mine, the Venus. He was to buy equipment, such as scales and so forth to assay for them, which later is exactly what happened.

They camped along the river going down, and shot ducks and grouse and had themselves a good time. After they got into Dawson, Pooley and Jack decided they wanted to see the sights, so they sold their duck and grouse, saw the bright lights and were broke. A friend gave them a cabin, and Pooley went to work cooking for some people, and Stewart freighted and packed. They put in a good winter without too much heavy work that year. One interesting little adventure of Stewart's there, however, proved that not all the claims were come by honestly. How many men have been cheated of their rightful claims, no one will ever know, but he was one of them. Jack and a fellow by the name of Harry Wadman found out that sixty miles out of Dawson, some land would be reopened for claims. The Crown was taking the land because the year's work assessment of \$100.00 had not been done. At exactly 10: 30 on a certain morning which was announced several days before, this land would be reopened for the first to stake it. Jack and Wadman decided they would make a try for it, so they went out the night before with their dogs and sled. When they got out to the land, there were lots of others there with the same idea, but that didn't worry them, because a claim had to be recorded before it was any good, and they figured they had as good a chance as any to race back. When the gun went off the next morning, they staked their claim. Several others staked the same one, and they headed back to Dawson City to record it. Sixty miles is a long way by dogsled, and it was bitter, bitter cold.

It was after dark that night when they got in, but they were the first back. However, the claim couldn't be recorded until the recorder's office opened the next morning. It was illegal for the recorder to open his office except during the regular office hours, and though they saw him in a bar in town he told them to wait until 8:00 A.M. when the office would be officially opened for recording. They went over to his office and waited, the first in line, all the icy night long. When the door opened the next morning at eight o'clock, a man was standing just inside the door, which in itself was illegal, and this man stepped to the window directly in front of Jack. When Jack stepped to the window, he was informed that his claim had already been recorded! The same thing happened to several of the claims. They knew something crooked had gone on, but they couldn't prove a thing.

They filed a protest, however, and later the claim was reopened. By that time Jack had left there, but he heard that Wadman got his claim, only to be killed a short time later when a cabin fell on him.

After New Year's in 1901 gold was found over near Nome, Alaska. Pooley and Jack Stewart got excited again, and bought some dogs with the idea of heading for Nome. This time, however, they thought twice, and decided it was a pretty long trek across the wastes of Alaska to Nome. Besides they had their own interest back at the Venus near Carcross. Petty would be getting back to do their assaying, and they decided they had better go back.

Since it was in the dead of winter, they sledged back, and because they had some money this time, they didn't have to camp out but could stay at road houses along the way. When evening came and they pulled up at a road house, the dogs would bark and make quite a flourish, because of course, they knew they were getting to stop for their needed rest. One evening they pulled up at a road house which was run by two very nice ladies. The dogs came barking in with their usual flourish, and Pooley and Stewart must have looked like wealthy prospectors, indeed, to the two ladies, for immediately they began a procedure of

impressing the men with their knowledge of society. They discovered that Pooley was from Seattle from whence they, too, had come. They started prattling about the high society of Seattle as if they knew each and everyone, and kept asking Pooley if he knew so-and-so. Each time they received a negative answer, they thought up a new one. Pooley was sweating it out, but they kept on with their interrogations, until finally Jack Stewart with a mischeivous gleam in his twinkling eyes, could stand it no longer.

"Ladies", he said with an innocent smile, "why don't you ask him if he knows Billy the Mug?"

To be continued

WEATHER SYSTEM CHANGING

The whole weather system is changing, for up north it never gets as cold as it used to. In the 1930s we used to get it down to - 72 degrees "F" and it would stay for maybe three weeks. They don't get anything like that these days? Mayo and Dawson usually were the ones hit hardest, but Whitehorse not as bad because of the influence of the Pacific coast through the White Pass.

Whitehorse used to get their - 50 F, but not as severe as the other two. About 1950 in Mayo I bought a barometer and it proved accurate. One afternoon I said to Dad that it was going to warm up and snow. He looked at the barometer with distaste and said, "Look at that red sky and there is no break coming." I had to agree with him from my experience, but sure enough by the next morning it had broken and snowing lightly. I noticed that from then on he would say, "What does that rig of yours say?". When I was back in 1967-68 at the hydro plant, that same barometer did not come within a country mile of predicting the weather! Was it that I was up on the hill rather than down in the valley? Just about the time you get something figured out, it will change somewhere and you have to start from scratch again. Cheers, Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

WEEKEND NISUTLIN RIVER TRIP CONCERN RELIEVED

Just thought I'd share this with you. We (Betty Sutton and Paul Warner .. my spouse) did a river trip this weekend and had the pleasure of meeting Joyce Yardley and Fred Horn when we took out on the Nisutlin River. It had been a two day canoe trip with lots of whitewater, fish, wildlife and beautiful Yukon scenery and it was still fairly warm but strong headwinds unfortunately one day... but just wanted to let you know that it was such good luck (and so timely) to meet Joyce and Fred as they were heading to Faro and were able to drive Paul to our vehicle. We canoe rivers a lot and we often depend on the goodness of other people to drive us back to our vehicle... not many people would be driving North on the South Canol on the 3rd day of a three day weekend. Everyone would be driving in the other direction... we were not expecting to be on the river so long and were getting a little nervous about catching a ride.... Paul had done this trip years ago

and remembered it as being much shorter..but... the Gods were with us ...I know Joyce's daughter Norma and right away we were like old friends... Yukoners right? Joyce has our names and hopefully the pictures will turn out... I'm sure she will send you her write-up. She and Fred seemed to be having a wonderful trip... she is seeing parts of the Yukon that she's never seen before.. like the South Canol, Quiet Lake. So, take care. I'll talk to you later,

Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

CANOL ROAD TRIP

By Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Finally got my pictures somewhat organized, so here is a brief report on our trip over the Canol Road and beyond.

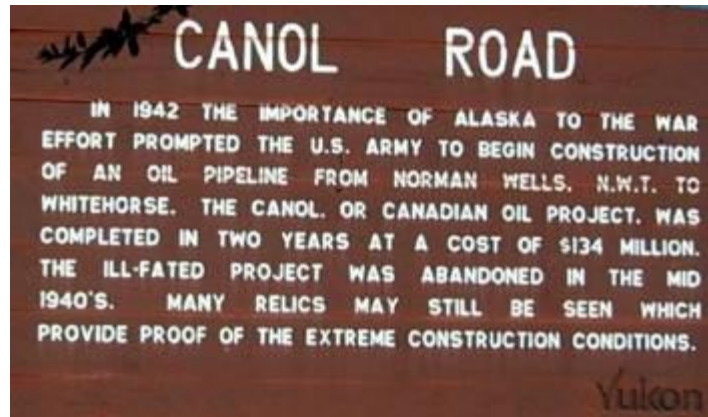
Fred and I set off on Aug. 19th from Nanaimo. We flew to Vancouver on Harbour Air, and caught the early flight to Whitehorse via Air North. My daughter Norma was there to meet us, and drive us to Lewes Lake, where she and her husband Cal Waddington live. After a nice dinner at their house, Fred and I set off in the car they had generously loaned us for our whole time in the Yukon, and drove to their new retirement home in Carcross. It is on almost the same spot on the beach where Norma grew up and went to school years ago. I took this picture from the front porch while we were there.



Bennett Lake

Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

On the 21st of August we left Carcross for Johnson's Crossing where we stopped to refuel the car and ourselves, before crossing the bridge and attacking the South Canol Road.



Photos courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)



Mostly, the road was in pretty good shape, although as we traveled farther north we encountered a few areas where we had to slow down for potholes, but nothing to worry about. Here is a sample of some of the scenery. No camera could capture the awesome magnificence of viewing it with our own eyes. Some of the signs along the way impressed Fred, such as these – just to start with!





Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)



Betty Sutton and Paul Warner

Next we stopped at the Nisutlin River campground to stretch our legs just as a canoe pulled into shore with two people who had been paddling since early morning. They were a bit behind schedule, as both had to be at work the next day. We had a very enjoyable encounter, Fred being a paddler for many years. We were so glad to have arrived just at that moment because they might have been stuck there for a very long time: (It was the last day of the long weekend, and traffic was all heading in the wrong direction.) They were waiting for a ride to the spot on the River where they had left their vehicle upon launching the canoe. The Canol road crosses the Rose River 6 times. The bridges or culverts are named Rose 1 to Rose 6 consecutively, and he had parked the truck at Rose #3. So he happily caught a ride with us immediately.
To be continued

COCKPIT

I was curious as to how the term "cockpit" came about. Here is the meaning from Clarence Tingley, former aircraft maintenance engineer:

Where the word "Cockpit" came from:

Clarence Tingley
September 5, 2006

As for the name "cockpit" I did hear a tale a long time ago. It seems the name originated way back in World War 1. As you are aware the planes were very fragile and the engines very undependable and many lost their lives due to engine failures and in some cases the wings coming off in the pull out from a dive.

Now the story goes that two officers in the Calvary, known in their own unit as fart smellers, upon examining one of these old a/c remarked that a man had to be a dumb prick to get into that pit and strap himself in and go up in the air. Seems that the word got around and it soon was named as a prick pit and was soon renamed cockpit.

I assume no responsibility for the authenticity of the story, but it may possibly be true.
Cheers,

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan)

Also Donna found this description online:

http://www.bostonmillspress.com/subjects.cfm?view=DETAILS&prod_id=613&subject_id=17

The origin of the use of the word cockpit to describe the area in which a pilot controls an airplane or spacecraft is difficult to pinpoint. The term was not used by the Wright Brothers when referring to the pilot's position in their Flyer, but by 1913 it was associated with the semi-enclosed area for pilots and passengers in aircraft having fuselages. Over time the term has evolved to one that specifically describes a position for pilots as they direct the flight of aircraft and spacecraft.

Donna then contacted Paul Squires at the Alberta Aviation Museum.

Talked to Paul Squires and he says it's a sailing term and referred me to Wikipedia. The museum is certain this is the correct term and has been researched and confirmed:

From Wikipedia:

cockpit was a pit used for [cockfighting](#), where owners would pit fighting birds against each other for the purpose of gambling. In the [16th century](#), it was used to mean a place of [entertainment](#) or frenzied activity. [William Shakespeare](#) used the term in [Henry V](#) to specifically mean the area around the stage of a [theater](#). In [1759](#), the English artist [William Hogarth](#) produced a satirical print called *The Cockpit* showing the enthusiasm of

the gamblers during a cockfight. [Belgium](#) is sometimes known as the "Cockpit of Europe."

Cockpit also came to be used for any small enclosed area. On [Royal Navy](#) warships in the 17th and 18th century, the area where junior officers were stationed became known as the cockpit. This led to the word being used to refer to the area towards the stern of a small decked vessel that houses the rudder controls. **Cockpit as a term for the pilot's compartment** in an [aircraft](#) first appeared in [1914](#) and from about 1935 cockpit also came to be used informally to refer to the driver's seat of a [car](#), especially a high performance one, and this is official terminology in [Formula One](#).

The **cockpit of an aircraft** contains [instrumentation](#) and controls which enable the pilot to fly the aircraft. In most commercial aircraft, a door separates the cockpit from the passenger compartment(s). After the [September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks](#), measures have been taken by all major [airlines](#) to fortify the cockpit against unauthorized access by would-be [hijackers](#). On an airliner, the cockpit is usually referred to as the "flight deck." The first airplane with an enclosed cockpit appeared as early as 1913, however this was not common on aircraft until the 1940s.

Most cockpit windows are equipped with a sun shield at all sides. Most cockpit windows can be opened at parking position. Nearly all windows have a [Anti-reflective coating](#).

MOCTEL 174 - "Red Lady" by Alf Bilton.

Another great job!

I was especially touched by the poem, "Red Lady" by Alf Bilton.

Having lived and worked in Jasper for many years prior to our Yukon days we had a lot to do with riding and caring for some of the "Green Timber " horses that Parks sometimes bought for the Warden's and their wives to ride as a way to get to our cabins in the bush. One such ride was about 24 miles long....65 miles from Jasper townsite.

These were for the most part "tough" little horses with great hearts. The one Larry rode was a short little mustang looking bay in which His shaggy mane almost touched the ground as did his tail. Larry's long legs almost touched the ground too while riding him. They were a funny sight to see coming up the trail. But, this little Skipper was one of the safest to ride through the bush summer and winter. He always knew the safe places to swim a river or cross a patch of frozen muskeg, as if one made a mistake you could easily sink a large horse in a patch of thawing muskeg in the Spring. Larry never argued with Skipper. If Skipper wouldn't go it wasn't safe.

Cherio, Lois Trembley granny9t*shaw.ca (In Cedar BC)

Haines Junction, Yukon

Hello Sherron, I must congratulate you on the effort and dedication you have put into getting the Moctel out to everyone. I've thoroughly enjoyed it right from the first edition I received which was from Lois Trembley, an old Junctionite from the same time I arrived here. We've been friends ever since and chat thru e mail. I haven't met most of the people who are written up in the Moctel as they are mostly from the Dawson /Mayo

area. But I surely enjoy the stories, poems and recipes very much. I've passed a lot of them onto friends here.

The history of the Yukon is very interesting and important for future generations. My sister from back east did a genealogy book on my mother's family the "McCormicks", who originated in Scotland and came over to Canada and settled in the county of Glengarry, Ontario in 1790. I'm always looking for a Mc or Mac who might have come from my home in or around Glengarry but haven't come across any yet.

I always enjoy Donna Clayson's stories, she has emailed me some pictures of Haines Junction when I told her about the albums I was doing of the Kluane area. I really appreciate them and always looking for more, Donna lived here in the early 60's.

One of my albums was on a recipe book which Emma MacKinnon sent me, another Junctionite from my early days here.

I was surprised to see the reference to this recipe book in the Moctel 172, "Church of St Christopher's W.A. Haines Junction 1963". When I received it a couple of years ago from Emma I photocopied every page in the book and surprisingly I knew most of them. This album is always a big hit when anyone looks at it, as each page is an autographed recipe from the ladies of the Kluane area.

It's Tish Tomlin not Trish and there's an e at the end of Doreen Schauble, on page 41. If anyone out there has any old pictures of people or places in the Kluane area only I'd appreciate hearing from you. I have some great pictures of the Elder's but am always looking for more. Could you place this letter in your next edition or whenever you can? This project is for our Drop in Center that a few of us seniors and Elders have started.

Thanks again Sherron,

Take care

Joann Graham jograham@yknnet.ca (In Haines Junction)

A THANK YOU TO HEINRICH LOHMANN

Hello Sherron: Hope you are enjoying your summer. You probably have lots of company during the great Okanagan summer. Just a little thank you to Heinrich Lohmann for the wonderful pictures he has been sending in, keep up the good photography.

Fall is definitely here in the north, lots of rain but more sunshine now through the falling leaves. Well take care. Keep looking forward to each issue.

Thank you

Audrey Vigneau vigneau@yknnet.ca (In Dawson)

RE REFERENCE TO WHITEHORSE ELEMENTARY

Whitehorse Elementary, once the whole 12 grades, was opened in 1952 (not 1949), summer of. I remember the year very well because I always finished a grade in the same numbered year as my grade. We stood in the hot sun for hours waiting for Prince Philip to arrive to open it.

Maribeth Mainer mainerm@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

The above comment comes from a mention in MocTel 174 about a comment by Bill Maylor in MocTel 126 which reads in part --

*“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.”*

HELICOPTER TOUR TO TOMBSTONE MOUNTAIN

Here are some pictures Loraine took on a Helicopter Flight up to Tombstone Mountain area.

On Sunday afternoon [Sept 10th, 2006] four of us took a Helicopter Trip (1 hr tour) to Tombstone Mtn and surrounding area. It was a gorgeous day, brilliant blue sky, the trees and bushes were yellow and orange and red, colours of Fall. Adam Morrison, pilot for Trans North, was a great tour guide, he said it was one of his Favorite flights and it was shown by his knowledge of the country. This trip was incredible, we flew right up to the mountain top and around other mountains and over Valleys and saw Lakes the color of azure and cobalt. We saw a beautiful Dahl ram right on the Mountain top, when we got close he started down the mountain at a leisurely trot. We followed the Little 12 mile river for a minute or two then followed the 12 mile ditch which was built in the early 1900's to bring water to the Klondike Gold Fields. Like I said it was some of the most awesome sites I have ever seen. If you ever get a chance to do this flight it shouldn't be missed and it's worth every penny.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



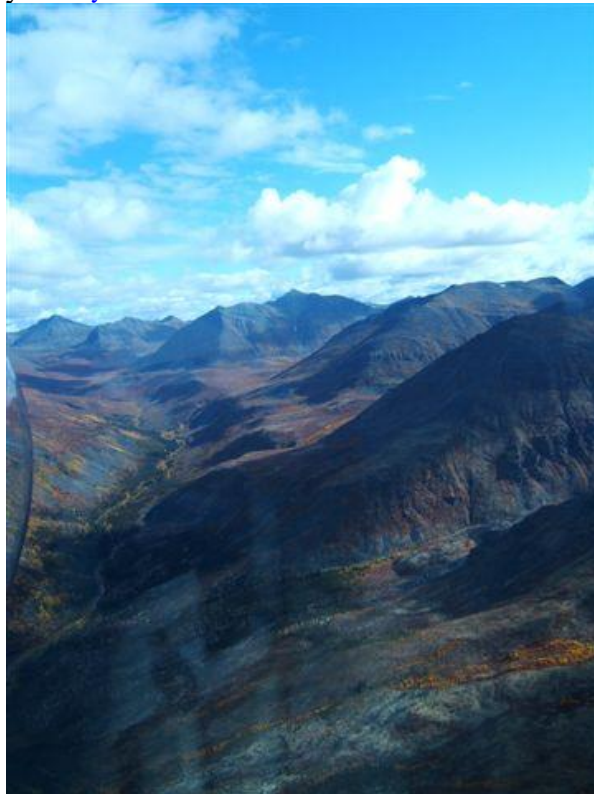
Dawson

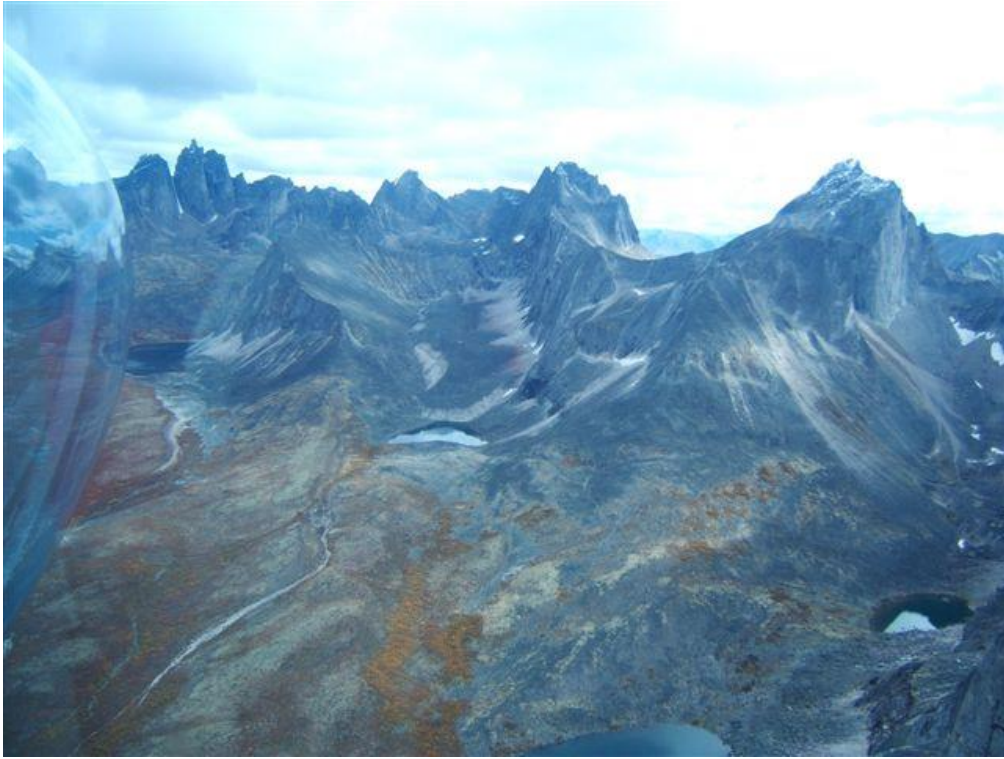
Photo courtesy Myrna myrnab*northwestel.net and Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)



Fall Colours

Photos courtesy Myrna myrnab*northwestel.net and Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)





Photos courtesy Myrna myrnab@northwestel.net and Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)



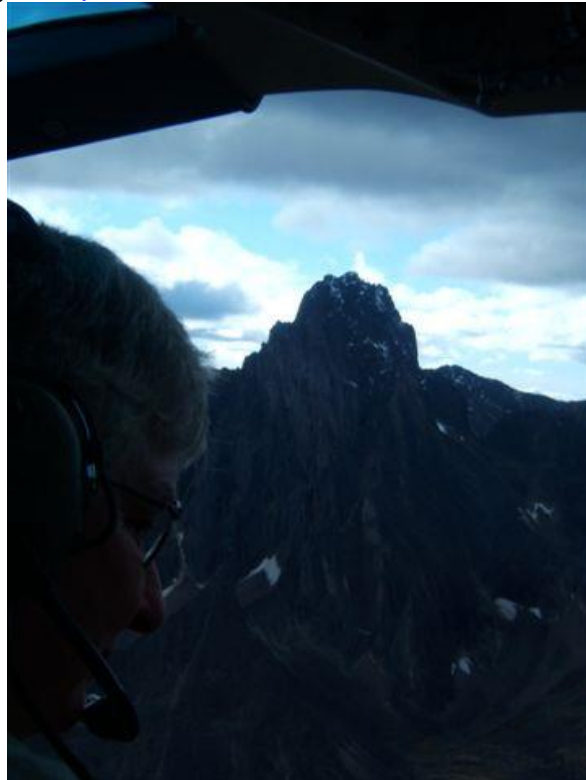


Photos courtesy Myrna myrnab@northwestel.net and Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)





Photo courtesy Myrna myrnab*northwestel.net and Lorraine Butterworth (In Dawson)



Peak of Tombstone Mountain

DON MACHAN IN HOSPITAL

Gus and Blanche Barrett phoned this evening (Wednesday, September 13, 2006) to let us know that Don Machan was involved in a car accident while traveling to Nanaimo two days ago. He was waiting to turn left and was hit and pushed into another vehicle. Jaws of life were required to release him from his vehicle. He is suffering from a fractured neck and is on a ventilator in hospital in Vancouver General Hospital. Reports are that his spinal column has not been severed but is feeling some numbness. The Barrett's will let us know when Don is moved from VGH.

We are cheering for you Don, please get well. We look forward to hearing more from you.

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

ARTISTIC TALENT

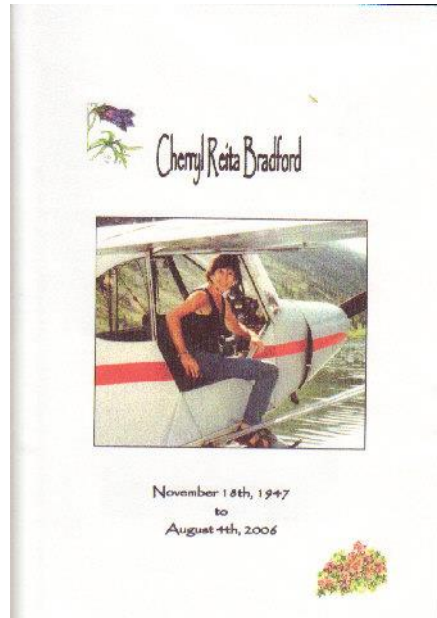


Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

OBIT

Thought you might like to add this obit to your next issue of moctel. Sherry is the youngest daughter of George Dalziel and my cousin. Thanks Sherron.

Colleen Komish bckomish@sunlite.ca (In Salmon Arm)



"Sherry"

I think of the pretty wild flowers,
In high and sunlit places.
Or throwing red and white airplanes;
Joyfully through their paces.

To see fresh faced rosey cheeked children
Who aren't afraid of anything.
And a sleek graceful hawk, soaring;
High above the land in the spring.

As star-filled night, at a crackling fire;
With your loved ones 'round about'.
The haunting cry, of a loon in the mist;
Ere the morning sun comes out.

Smells like horses and leather or coffee,
And a cowboy's cigarette.
Opening the wood stove oven to check
Fresh bread not quite ready yet.

You took my boy as your Godson,
You taught him to fish and to ride.
And now when he talks of that time in his life;
You can see him just swell up with pride.

Your honour, your toughness, your humour;
Your quiet and confident smiles
Make me proud and grateful to be friends
With you and your husband Myles.

These times can't be bought with just money;
They are things in our hearts that we carry
And I want you to know, how friends really feel
So these words are a gift for you, Sherry.

Written by C. M. Devine - Autumn 2005

Hi Sherron thanks for the quick response, and when Barry gets home I'll see if he can figure out how to send it correctly. What I sent you was what was handed out at the service. And there wasn't any detail. However, I can tell you that she was born in Edmonton, November 18, 1947. She went to elementary school in Watson Lake and University in Victoria. The family spent their summers in Dease Lake and in the mountains surrounding, as you may be aware the family, George "Dal" and June Dalziel had BC Yukon Flying Service and Dalziel Hunting. When he retired Sherry and her husband Myles took over the hunting area and made it their home and their life, raising their three children there. She passed away in her home there on the 4th of August. She was very involved with the school board and the hospital board in Dease. She was a talented artist, accomplished business woman, a pilot and a devoted mother and grandmother of six. The poem I sent you was written by a family friend and is quite lovely hopefully I can get it to you.

Colleen Komish

ELEANOR GEDDES

Eleanor Geddes passed away at Royal Jubilee Hospital on Sept. 10th, 2006. She was born in Alberta, in 1932, and, with husband Alan moved to Whitehorse, Yukon in the early eighties, where Alan was employed with Health and Welfare – Canada. They lived in the Yukon for six years. After retirement they moved to Vancouver Island and since 1990 resided at Qualicum Beach. Predeceased by husband, Alan in 2000, she leaves to mourn son Dale (Cindy) of Nanaimo, and daughter Lynn Sidar of Medicine Hat, Alta., as well as grandchildren Courtney, Logan, Nicole, Mathew and Michael, and great grandson, Dexter.

Perchie, David H

Born January 15, 1935 passed away on September 11, 2006. He is survived by his wife Louise; son Brad and grandson Collin; son Glen (Jennifer) and granddaughters; Jessica, Rachel and Sarah; son Mike (Lori) and grandchildren: Madison and Braeden; daughter Darlene (Frank) Vestad and grandchildren: Jake Conn and Alicia Conn; daughter Shelly Urlacher and grandsons: Dustin, Ryan and Curtis and a sister Madeline Boyd of Whitehorse, Yukon. Celebration of life will be held in the chapel of First Memorial Funeral Services, 1211 Sutherland Ave., Kelowna on Sunday, September 17 at 1:30 PM. Donations if desired may be made to the Kidney Foundation.



Dave Perchie and his wife Louise at the Okanagan Yukoners Picnic 2006

JEAN BANKS

If there are some folks who would like to send condolences to the Banks Family they can send them to:

T. Banks
2 Sunset Drive North
Whitehorse, YT
Y1A 4M8

or e-mail Banks*klondiker.com using the word Jean in the subject. I am sure memories would be read and appreciated.

There will be a memorial gathering on September 30th at the residence.
Florence Roberts yapper*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: Trailsendsouth@hotmail.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

BUZZELL, Carol (HUME) buzzy.cj*shaw.ca (Born & raised Whse, lived Haines Jctn.) 250-426-3941 Cranbrook (moved back to Yukon in 2006 – lost contact)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

PLEASE CHANGE OUR EMAIL ADDRESS TO:

lfoley*xplornet.com

THANKS....

Lou & Sheila Foley

NEW ADDITIONS

I just read the 174th edition sent to me by Bill Maylor. Would you please include me in your mailing list?

I was a Yukoner from 1967 to 1973. Met & married Colleen Gay. We moved to Nelson. I've been here ever since. Still have a ton of friends in the Yukon.

Cheers,

Brent Tipple, Beasley*shaw.ca

Beasley,

B.C.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

What would you attempt if you knew that you would not fail.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

From the YOOP Cookbook, 1984.

Green Tomato Jam – Bessie Lawrence

4 c green tomato pulp 4 c sugar
1 large pkg. Jello powder

Put dash of water in blender. Mash enough green tomatoes to make 4 cups of pulp. Drain off water. Add 4 cups sugar. Boil for 10 minutes. Add large package of Jello of your choice (strawberry, raspberry or cherry). Dissolve thoroughly. Put in sterile jars and seal.

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

CONTACT INFORMATION

Moccasin Telegraph

c/o Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon, BC V1B 1V8
(250) 549-2736 (phone or fax)