

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 177th Edition – October 1st, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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Caribou

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

THE IRRIGATION CONTRACT

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

We took a contract to water the garden
Of Harvey and Dorothy Boyd.
No matter by heat of sun or wind,
Whatever the way it dried.
Tomatoes and greens and lima beans,
And flowers would be our gain,
While the Boyds went off to Saskatchewan
To harvest the golden grain.

Just as soon as they left the sun came out,
And it burned with a searing heat,
Day after day in its murderous way,
It ravished that yard so neat.
We watered and ran from hose to can,
To sprinkle each veggie and flower,
But the heat it stayed as we hoped and prayed
For the relief of a thunder shower.

We watered the beans and salad greens,
The flowers and grass and weeds,
We watered the shrubs, and the bugs and grubs,
And discarded tomato seeds.
Day after day we continued to spray,
Till the water ran into the ditch,
If a plant could toil through that sun-baked soil,
We watered the son of a bitch.

Then at last there came a week of rain,
And the garden again turned green.
The flowers so bright, were a gorgeous sight,
Just as they had always been.
When the Boyds came back to reclaim their shack,
And out in their garden they stood,
They could only stare and shed a tear,
'Cause we'd eaten all the food.

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Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 5 NORTHERN AIRWAYS

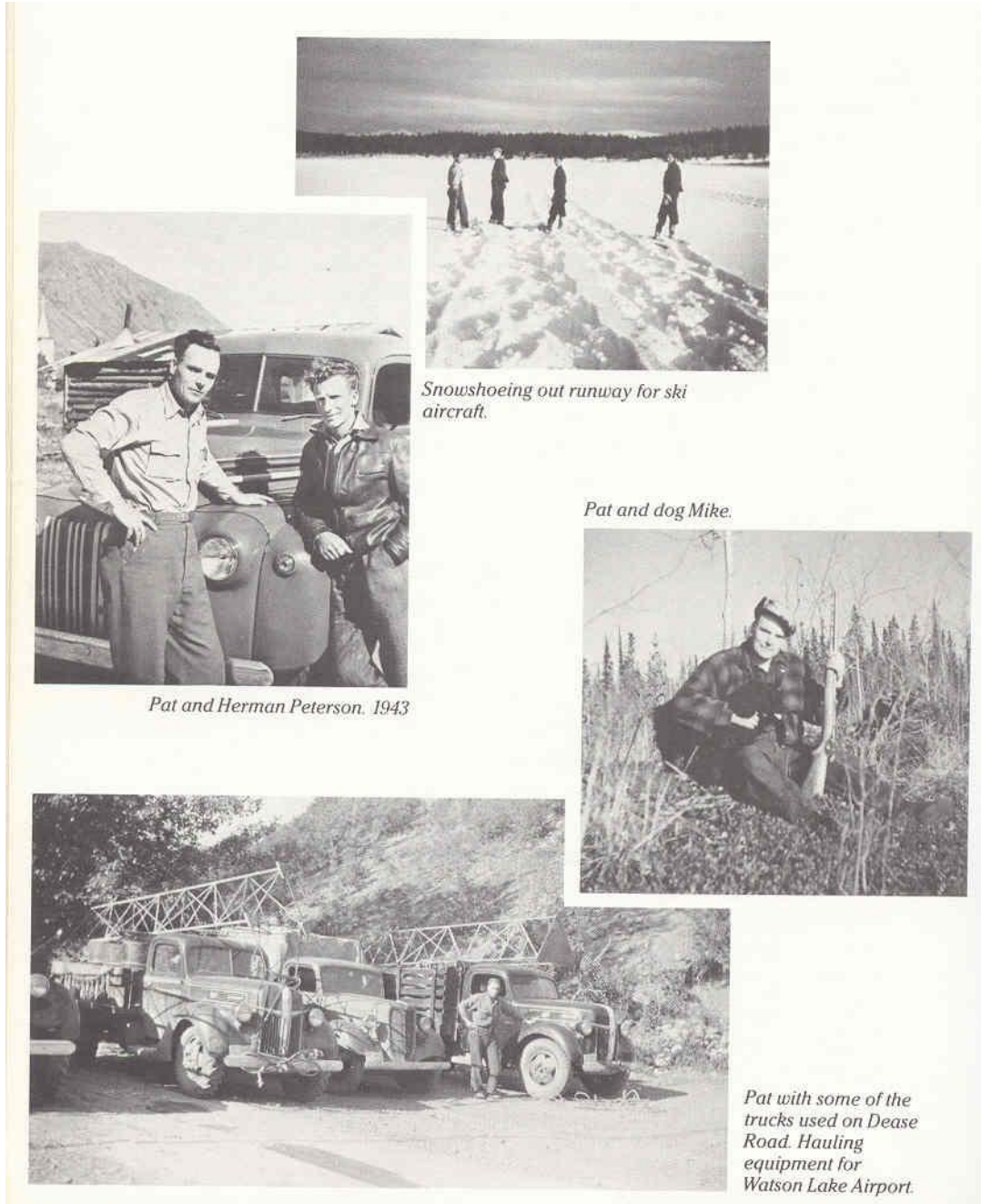
My first job was to go to Compton, California to get an aircraft and bring it back to Carcross. I went out by way of Vancouver and saw my new daughter for the first time. I will always remember how different she was from our older daughter. Where Joan was a brunette, Fay was as redheaded as she could be. I was and am very proud of our two daughters.

Ethel and the girls moved to Carcross in the fall and we had a nice bungalow right on the lake shore.

Carcross, originally named Caribou Crossing because of the huge herds of caribou which used to cross on the narrow stretch of water, the Nares River which connected Lake Bennett and Tagish Lake, on their annual migration between the Arctic and northern B.C., reversing the trek in the spring.

It was a beautiful setting, on a waterways used by the stampedeers enroute to Dawson City during the Gold Rush of 1898. In May of that year the N.W.M.P. enumerated 30,000 people in 2,800 boats going past Tagish Post. It was surrounded by craggy 5,000 foot mountains of the Coast Range. The 110 mile long narrow gauge White Pass Railway came through Carcross and it was here July 29,1900 that the last spike was driven to complete the railroad that had been considered impossible to build from sea level through

a mountain pass of 3,000 feet which caught and held as much as 300 inches of snow during the winter months.



Because the railway was the transportation link between the coast and the interior and the staging route for the Alaska Highway, Carcross had hundreds of American soldiers as part of the construction crews, not only for the highway but for the 107 mile long pipeline which was being laid alongside the railroad to carry oil from the Canol in the Northwest Territories to Skagway (within a few years the flow would be reversed and oil would be pumped from tanker ships at Skagway to Whitehorse). The U.S. Army had leased the White Pass Railway for the duration of the war to haul supplies and material. Before the war the railway's schedule had been one freight train a week to carry groceries and

supplies to Whitehorse, in the summer there was a three-times-a-week tourist train from Skagway to Carcross. When the U.S. Army brought in more narrow gauge locomotives and rolling stock from the lower mainland, 38 trains in one day snorted through Carcross.

* * *

One of the most popular aircraft to be found in Canada, surely numbering into the hundreds during the 1940's must have been the Fairchild 71. Tubular framed, fabric covered, they were built in 1928- 29 by the Fairchild Corporation of New York. Although licensed to carry a pilot and 6 passengers, I found they could comfortably carry a pilot, 4 passengers and luggage.

I liked it because even with no flaps and a fixed pitch metal propellor, it was a well constructed working aircraft and had one of the best engines built in those days - a Pratt and Whitney SCI engine developing 450 horsepower. It would have been an outstanding aircraft if it had flaps and a controllable prop. I used to carry a payload of 1400 pounds on skis or wheels and about 1000 pounds on floats. With a load of this size I needed plenty of room and avoided having to land on small lakes.

Because there was a shortage of good working aircraft George Simmons had leads out all over North America trying to come up with suitable aircraft to fulfill his contracts.

During the time I worked for Northern Airways four Fairchild 71's were brought in from the U.S. The three I ferried were registered in Canada as CF-BXD, CF-BXH and CF-BXF.

The fourth CF-BXI, came out of Spokane Washington and although I didn't ferry it I got pretty involved before it was finally delivered.

When I went to Compton it was just after the Japanese had put a few shells on the coasts of Oregon and California and everyone had a case of the jitters. The defence Department would not allow any aircraft to fly within 150 miles of the coast. When I applied for permission to fly from Los Angeles to Vancouver things became very complicated, but because the aircraft would be used for war time projects such as pipeline, highway and railway surveys I finally got the permit. When I was ready to take off from Compton I had to phone the Defence Department then immediately take off and fly directly to Independence, California about 150 miles north and east of Los Angeles. Because there was no radio in the aircraft, as soon as it landed at Independence I had to find a phone to let the authorities know my whereabouts. They then allowed me to go the rest of the way without constant reporting but only if I flew 150 miles from the coast, Reno, Spokane and then Penticton, B.C., my port of entry.

There was a 28% duty on aircraft being purchased in the U.S. and the duty had to be paid right there and then at the port of entry. The Customs officer had a personal interest in the transaction because 40 years ago the Customs men received a percentage of the duty collected.

The duty was something like \$1,500.00 which I wasn't carrying on me and the Customs officer was becoming a little hard to get along with. I got to a phone and called Vancouver where my boss, George Simmons, was waiting for the aircraft and told him I was being held at bay by a Customs Officer who wanted his money, which I didn't have. George went to his friend in Customs, Punch Burns, who was in charge of all Canada's

Customs in Vancouver and told him the circumstances, so as soon as Burns phoned Customs Officer in Penticton, I was on my way to Vancouver with CF-BXD.

Northern Airways had arranged for an American pilot to ferry CF- BXI from Spokane to Whitehorse. The aircraft was equipped with floats and George Simmons was advised that the aircraft would be leaving Spokane on October 1st. After the fourth day George began to wonder where the latest addition to his fleet had gotten to. Another week and he received a message from the pilot at Grande Prairie, Alberta saying he would be on his way as soon as he got his float repaired.



L. to R.: Pat and Ray Farrell holding wolverine skins. A/C is Fairchild FC2W2, built 1927.

Silence again for 10 days, no aircraft. Then George got a phone call from Whitehorse. It was his missing pilot, without the aircraft. George drove into Whitehorse to pick him up and it was then that the pilot told George that when he had landed on Flying Shot Lake a few miles out of Grande Prairie, he had taxied onto a rock and damaged a float.

That part of the story was believable but later we were told the rest of it by people who lived at Flying Shot Lake. They said when he landed he had put a large hole in one float, so several of the bystanders went out to help him get the aircraft ashore to repair the damage. He took charge and said he would fill the float with sawdust and that would keep the water out. The local people had never heard of that one before but went along with it and helped him fill up the compartment with sawdust then pushed the aircraft back out on the lake. Of course, the water ran into the hole with the sawdust and just about sank the aircraft before they got it ashore again and put a patch on the float, then watched him take off.

The pilot then told Simmons that with all his delays it had been getting late in October, lakes were freezing and the rivers were running with ice in northern B.C. He got about 150 miles north of Fort Nelson near the Yukon border and by that time he had needed fuel, so he landed near an army camp on the Liard River which was running a considerable amount of ice. He refueled and taxied out onto the river but the slush ice was thick and the ice was getting heavy. Finally, unable to take off he taxied back to shore and tied the aircraft to a tree and left it!

When the pilot finished telling his story, George learned that the man not only had never flown a float aircraft but didn't even hold a valid pilot's licence. With remarkable restraint, George handed him a one way air ticket from Whitehorse to Spokane.

But George still had an aircraft frozen in a river a long way from base. About the middle of December when it was certain the Liard River would be frozen over solid, I took

another Fairchild 71 equipped with skis, pilot Herman Peterson, aircraft engineer Jack Rowell, an extra set of skis, tools and camping gear and flew to where CF-BXI was stuck in the ice.



Pat with Fairchild F.C.2.W.2. 1944



Pat on Canol Project. 1944

Fairchild 71.



Nose hanger on Yukon River and Fairchild 24, 1947.



Once again I found myself helping to set up camp in the middle of winter and it was cold and windy on the bank of the Liard. Next day we cut poles to make a tripod high enough so that we could lift the aircraft and get it free of the floats. It was a tricky operation

under primitive conditions. If anything had slipped the aircraft would have been damaged.

With the aircraft suspended, we then had to chop the floats out of the ice and we were so afraid we might damage the floats in the process. We attached the spare skis to the aircraft and Herman flew it back to Carcross and I returned with my aircraft. Later in the year the U.S. Army hauled the floats by truck to Whitehorse.

It took 2 ½ months to ferry that aircraft from Spokane to Carcross when it should have been done in 3 days.

The story about the pilot filling the float with sawdust was true. When we repaired the float we found considerable sawdust in compartments.

To be continued....

THE VEINS OF VENUS – Continued

Submitted by Maureen Jones k29j32*shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)

By Dixie Read as told to her by Jack Stewart

Nellie Stewart felt confident that Jack could take care of himself, so she tried not to worry. The storm got so bad, though, that she, herself, was snowed in the cabin. The snow was packed solid over the very ridgepole. Nothing but the end of the stove pipe extended above the snow. However, when this happens, it is somewhat like being underground - sound travels through better, and she could hear voices plainly in the cabin closest to hers. She called to them and they answered, and she told them she was snowed in. After that every day one of the men would come and dig her out. She was very brave, but she was getting worried. When Jack was home he used to bring a shovel into the cabin at night; then in the morning he shoved enough snow inside until he got a hole big enough to get out.

The storm lasted eight days. The first day, Jack pitched his tent and froze the bottom of it to the ice so that the wind couldn't get under it. He took his dogs in the tent with him, and then crawled into his sleeping bag, where he stayed the entire eight days. Once a day he would get out of it and build a fire and cook food for himself and the dogs, but he couldn't do it any oftener as he had to preserve his fuel. The storm finally broke as he was running out of fuel and provisions. A bunch of the boys came up bringing snow-shoes, and he made it back to Valdez.

After a few days rest, Jack started out again for Millers Gulch--about 200 miles from Valdez. That winter early in 1903 Fairbanks was discovered and people, as usual where there is gold to be found, had started moving in. While Jack was at Miller Gulch waiting for the spring thaws, word came by Indian from Fish Brothers in Valdez asking him to meet a Mr. McGrath, postal inspector of the United States Government, and take him to Fairbanks. As with Dawson City, the only way people were going to Fairbanks was down the Yukon River, and the U.S. Government had to establish a direct route through Alaska,

so that mail could reach those already in Fairbanks. Miller sent word for Jack to take McGrath and then stake around Fairbanks for him. He gave him \$800.00 "grub stake", and all claims were to be divided fifty-fifty. Jack went down to meet McGrath and took him to the Copper River. From there they went overland and down the Tanana until they finally reached Fairbanks. Again, Jack Stewart was the first man to make the overland trail. It may here be said that a year later Klondike Mike, that well-known Alaskan prospector, brought out the body of a deceased judge from Seattle who had suddenly died in Fairbanks. In one of Klondike Mike's stories published later, he claimed his trip was the first overland trip made between Fairbanks and the outside by sled, but this happened after Jack Stewart had guided the U.S. Postal Inspector through, and this record is on file in Washington D.C.

McGrath and Jack reached Fairbanks one night at exactly midnight in broad daylight, a strange truth natural to that part of the world. Jack had then finished his task of directing McGrath, and he started working all the creeks around Fairbanks. They were placer mining, and Jack finally staked a claim on Dome Creek. In placer mining only 500 feet can be staked on a creek. Half of this claim, of course, belonged to Miller because he had "grub staked" him. There is a law to protect the grub stakers, incidentally, so that no one can claim in just his own name if he has been grub staked by another. Jack also found good coal prospects up there, but it seemed unlikely that it would pay to take it out. He later sold his own half of the gold stake on Dome Creek to Miller, but not for some time later.

He had been gone from home several months and was getting eager to go back to his bride, from whom he had received only one letter in all that time, because mail was so hard to get through. He learned in that letter that they were to have a child in the late fall, and also that their cabin had been severely threatened by flood from the melting glacier during the spring thaw. The water was up to their cabin door. (Later the whole town of Valdez was flooded completely, but Jack would not be there to witness that tragedy.)

He had staked his claim for Miller, so decided to head for home. He had also run out of cash, and the problem of getting back was a tough one. But, as ever, he was undaunted. The only course in sight was to stowaway on a steamer heading along the Yukon for Dawson City. He hid under a platform near the boiler where it was warm, but he was soon discovered by the mate. It just so happened that he was an old friend, which was a piece of luck for Jack, and the mate gave him a chance to work on the boat to pay his way, until they came to Circle City. Out of that he saved enough to buy a ticket first class when they came to Circle City, and then he could do as he pleased, so he worked as a longshoreman when they came to landings, which was much easier work and paid much more, and from that then he made enough to pay for his ticket and go all the way to Dawson City first class. From Dawson City, he took a steamer to Whitehorse, then a train to Carcross. There he saw Pooley and told him about the coal prospect he had staked (Miller's only claim on him was the gold he staked). Then he took the train to Skagway, and as luck would have it, he knew the conductor on the train, and the conductor passed him so that he wouldn't have to pay his fare. From Skagway, he took a steamer to Valdez, and got there just before his first baby, a boy, Douglas, was born, November 1903.

There was no practicing doctor in Valdez, but an old German named Von Gunther, who had a brewery there, had once been an obstetrician, but for some reason was out of the medical profession, and he delivered the baby in the little eleven foot square cabin with great success.

Jack went to work in a grocery store there in Valdez that winter, and Nellie took the baby and went out to San Francisco to a doctor to see that the baby had a check-up. And that wound up the eventful year of 1903.

In the spring of 1904 there was a strike made in the Mt. McKinley country. Miller came into Valdez that early spring and asked Jack to go to stake a claim for him, and then to follow on to where the strike was, on the Susitna River, which he agreed to do.

Jack started across by dogsled with two dogs and an outfit for all summer. As he had done before, the first time over, he relayed his trips again over the glacier to Copper Center, as he could not take all his equipment on one load. He went up the Copper River to the end of it, and then he had to strike out on his own without a trail, along the Susitna River to the strike. This was not an easy task, since he was in unfamiliar territory.

After much weary struggling, he climbed to the top of a high hill, and looking down, he saw timber line. He decided he would break trail and go down and see if he could find an old camping sight (where others had been before him) which would be a clue to the trail. He left the dogs on top of the hill and walked down to the timber line and after awhile, he discovered an old camp. By that time it was late afternoon, and he still had to make his way back to the dogs and sled. By the time he reached the top of the hill again, the snow had begun to thaw and was so soft' that the dogs couldn't travel because their feet would go through the snow, so he decided he would have to leave the two dogs on top of the hill, cache his supplies (the extra load) on top, and take the sled down to the old camp. The going was slow, and by the time he reached camp, it was ten o'clock at night. He had started out early in the morning and never stopped, and he was thoroughly fatigued. In fact, he was so tired that he could hardly build a fire. He would start to light a match and kept falling asleep while holding it until it burnt his fingers. Finally, though, he got it started, and had something to eat, then he went immediately to sleep.

As soon as it froze that night, the dogs came on in to camp. But Jack, exhausted as he was, spent all the next day sleeping. The day after that he camped in the timber under a tree and then went back to the top of the hill to get the load he had cached. Then he started again his weary search for the Susitna River. He knew when he found the river, he would find the trail.

After he had wandered all day, he was becoming snowblind, but at last he found the trail and the river. He was still pulling two loads and relaying up to then. When he came to the good trail, he piled it all on one load and travelled along this trail for two more days, when, at long last, he reached Stampede Camp, the one he was looking for, where the strike had been made.

He got in with two men, Strode and McDonald, and they started prospecting together. They struck some gold and staked some claims, but the trip was a flop. They really didn't make a dollar. And such was often the reward of months of struggle and extreme discomfort, but for some reason, the quest was always in their blood, and they seldom gave it up.

The trip out was quite interesting. They went down to Clear Water Creek and prospected until they got to the head of the creek (they were towing all their stuff on a boat with a rope), and when they got to the top, they portaged the boat over to another river and prospected, and there they struck some pretty fair prospects.

Once while they were camping, Jack and another fellow took a side trip out from camp, prospecting, and on the way back to camp they had to go over a pass about timber line. They were "fagged", and the dogs were "fagged" so they sat down to rest. They looked up and saw a bear digging in a hole. The other man had a gun, but Stewart didn't. They knew they could use the meat. The other man raised his sights to 400 yards and took a shot, but he didn't hit him. It is one thing to have a gun, and another to just sit by and watch someone else shoot and hope he gets him, for it is human nature to trust in one's own ability, but worry a little bit about the other fellow's. The bear stood up, and he shot again. This time he hit him, but he didn't kill him. There was a ravine between them, and the bear went down in there. They were just about to leave when he showed up again about 75 yards away, and he was coming towards them - fast! There was Jack without a gun, and just hoping against hope the other fellow would get him. He could only stand and watch as the angry bear descended upon them at a good rate of speed, and the man slowly took aim. When the bear got within 15 yards, he shot him. This time his mark was good. The bear was dead. They got a horse and dragged him in for meat. But they were mighty glad to know that he was going to be their dinner instead of vice versa!

Jack Stewart headed on back for Millers Gulch, but on the way he struck a coal vein, and again was delayed, until he traced it. Then he went on to Millers Gulch, and munched on home to Valdez, which he reached that fall of 1904.

That fall Jack went to work for Levi and Blooms, a general store in Valdez. After working there awhile, he decided to build himself some stables and take care of the horses of the men who came in to mine only in summer, and left their horses when they went back to Seattle. They needed someone to take care of them during the interim. He also kept Levi's delivery rig in the stables. About that time he built a kitchen onto the cabin, too, size ten feet by twelve. It was the following July, 1905, their second boy, Del, was born.

To be continued

BACK TO THE 1930'S

Yes, for the last three years Yukon people have become united, and it is not only at the OK Yukoners, Vancouver Yukoners and Island Yukoners. The Moccasin Telegraph has created a Databank all of its own in Yukon history. Here are stories of Yukon happenings

and history that would otherwise be lost. I know that I enjoy thinking back to the 1930s and what took place during those years. Really, I think that we were raised at the best of times before the drugs and crap of today; it was simpler times.

Our next door neighbour in Mayo were a French couple, and Wilfred was a blacksmith that took me under his wing. I spent a lot of time with him at his blacksmith shop where he shoed horses or shaped anything in iron on his forge and anvil. Being that my Dad usually worked away from home at the camps, Wilfred Guildbault became my temporary father. His wife "Mamie", used to make flapjacks a golden brown, and with butter and Maple Syrup they were something to die for. They used to ship in Maple Sugar in bricks from Quebec, and by melting them on the stove and adding a certain amount of water made wonderful Maple Syrup. Wilfred also shipped in tobacco in full leaves that he cut with a paper cutter for his pipe. I am sure that his death from throat cancer in 1942 was from that raw tobacco.

At the east end of their home was a culvert where my Mom said the "Bogeyman" lived at night. Even during daytime I used to tread softly when passing that thing on the way to school. One morning on the way to school just beyond the culvert I saw two dogs that I thought were frozen butt to butt. Now of course I understand what was happening, but when I tried to explain the situation to Gordon, my teacher he did not seem to be interested and kept putting me off! At the time I thought, "Well maybe he does not understand the significance of what I saw!" Finally I gave up and got started with my school work. Those were interesting years of learning, and I don't think I have ever stopped learning to this very day. Every day is a new experience on e-mail as friends send in new pages.

Our old one room log school was something that my sister and I were reminiscing about the 1930s. We both could remember vividly the layout of the school with the teacher's high desk on the west side. That wall was blackboard, and so was the north wall. Northeast corner was supplies, and on the east wall we started with the red Books of Knowledge, later with a promotion, the green Canadian Encyclopedia. I am sure that we learned more in that one room than all the fancy schools of today. I find that the kids of today cannot handle math without a calculator, where we learned from memorizing tables. Once learned, not heavy to carry! Another thing that our teacher used was flash cards. I wonder if they are used today? On the east side was one door, and originally the big 90 gallon drum heater. Many the time we huddled around that heater when it was extremely cold waiting to see if we would have school or not. If only half a dozen students showed up, Gordon McIntyre would call it off for the day.

Later, the heater was provided with a hood and a furnace room dug out under the school with heat ducts coming up through the floor. That was a better arrangement and provided more space for students. As I recall, there were about 40 or 41 students in all grades, and today I wonder how Gordon McIntyre was able to handle them all. Modern day schools seem to think that a class of 20 is large! But of course they are not Yukoners!

In 1941 when Gordon went overseas during the war, Alice Fisher, sister of Bud, took over teaching. At one time she married Konrad Carthum, and I think her name was Alice Carthum when she was teaching at Mayo. When Gordon returned from overseas he never did return to teaching, but remained in Civil Service until he retired. He is still going strong, and it is nice to be able to say, "He was my Teacher!"

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



Gillian Campbell's granddaughters Jessica Jane and Angela Yvonne Campbell just turned one year old Sept 6th.

Following in their grandmothers footsteps they have just landed their first job in a movie called "Mystery Woman" to be filmed just outside Santa Barbara where they live.

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Susan Butcher loses battle

By CRAIG MEDRED Anchorage Daily News cmedred@adn.com

Published: August 5, 2006 Last Modified: September 5, 2006 at 10:06 AM

Far from her Alaska home and the dogs she loved so much, four-time Iditarod champion Susan Butcher died Saturday in a Seattle hospital.

She was 51 years old and the mother of two young daughters. She had been waging a battle against leukemia for a year and a half, but sometimes not even the toughest warriors can win.

Butcher was one of those warriors. A child of the American upper middle class, she turned her back on the civilized world of Cambridge, Mass., to carve out a niche for herself and her beloved dogs in a cold, difficult corner of Bush Alaska.

Through her 20s and into her 30s, she lived an almost cloistered existence in the Interior with her life dedicated to one seemingly impossible goal, winning the Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race. She spent days on end on the runners of a dogsled following huskies through the frozen taiga and barren wilderness north of Fairbanks.

“I like spending a lot of time alone,” she told a writer for the Daily News’ old Sunday magazine “We Alaskans” back in 1981.

She was then 27 years old and already an Iditarod contender, though it would still be five long and difficult years before the breakthrough Iditarod victory of 1986. By then, she had joined forces with Dave Monson, a one-time lawyer, a fellow dog musher, and a soul mate.

Together, the duo would team to dominate the Iditarod. Butcher was the driving force behind their Trailbreaker Kennels, and the face of the business. Monson was the organizer and administrator, the behind-the-scenes player who held everything together.

They were married in 1985. Butcher won the first of her four Iditarods the next year. She would go on to win four more in the next five years -- the most impressive string of victories in Iditarod — history — before making the decision to retire and start a family.

At the height of her success, she was so well known she almost became synonymous with the 49th state. Alaskans talking to strangers while traveling Outside would often be met with the refrain, “Oh Alaska, isn’t that where that woman always wins the dogsled race?”

“That woman” was Butcher, and though she eventually retired from the sport, she was never far away. She bred, raised and trained sled dogs, and she several times assisted various news organizations as a color-commentator covering the race.

Mainly, though, she focused the latter part of her life on being a mother. She and Monson had two daughters. They named them both for places in Alaska. Tekla is now 10; Chisana is 5. They moved to Seattle with their parents when Butcher’s leukemia forced her back into the hospital in late June.

Only a month earlier, after a bone marrow transplant, she had looked to be on her way to beating the disease first diagnosed in December 2005. But her condition took a turn for the worse when she suffered graft versus host disease, a complication of the bone-marrow transplant in which the immune system from the donor starts attacking the organs of the host.

Dr. Jan Abkowitz said Saturday that after a stem-cell transplant May 16, Butcher’s graft-versus-host-disease attacked her digestive system.

“Then to our dismay and surprise, about a week ago, when we did a routine bone marrow test, we found that her leukemia had come back,” Abkowitz said.....

More online at <http://www.adn.com/news/alaska/butcher/story/8045354p-7938337c.html>

CANOL ROAD TRIP

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

Another leg of Joyce Yardley and Fred Horn’s trip – August 2006.



Faro Interpretive Centre



We were most impressed with the Interpretive Centre here in Faro, and how helpful staff member Sabine Heigl was !



Joyce Yardley with Norma Mease
At Norma and Ralph Mease's beautiful
"Minto Bridge Farm"

So glad we stopped here and met Norma, who took the time to show us around. We inspected their large acreage, which included 3 llamas, one donkey, horses, white turkeys, chickens, bantams, guinea fowl, ducks, Muscovy ducks etc. Wonderful vegetable and flower gardens. We were treated to fresh raw carrots, the largest and sweetest peas in the pod I'd ever tasted, (Fred taught their dog to eat carrots.) Sorry we missed Ralph, who was away on both our stops, coming and going. They have retained and displayed a lot of the original artifacts and equipment from the past, and left some of the original log cabins. Everywhere you look there are items and sights of interest ...just a pleasant relaxing place to be.



The farm house



Part of garden



Greenhouse



Feed house and fowl run



Hard Hat Area



Guest House



Genuine Artifacts



Fred eating carrot



Dog eating carrot

To be continued . . .

MOCTEL 176 - BROOKS BROOK AND SENIOR GAMES

I very much enjoyed Ken Jones' picture and his own recollections of life in Brooks Brook. As I don't have any pictures, I have to rely on my memories so it was good to see the photo. I emailed him with my thanks and filled in a bit of info. Louis Blouin was married to Carol at that time and the youngest daughter was Yvonne. Delores and I were friends when we were young, and I worked for a short while in the early 70's with Carol.

Just on another note, I am in Neepawa now which is an hour away from Portage LaPrairie where the Senior Games were held, so of course I drove over one day and enjoyed catching up with Jim Harris, Edie Crum, Goodie Sparling, Sunshine, George Arcand, Fern Crum, Ev Pasichnyk (Spelling? Sorry Ev) and Austin, Jim's golfing buddy. Also got to hug Larry Bagnell and finally meet his fiancé. It was good to see everyone.

Hope you're keeping well and thanks for all you do.

Barb Harris ostara@inetlink.ca (In Neepawa)

SENIOR GAMES AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have a new address which is: hrjohan@telus.net

As luck would have it, I happened to be in the same motel as some of the "senior gamers" in Portage La Prairie. Everyone seemed to be having a good time. I spent some time in the hot tub with the woman in charge of getting the games for the Maritimes. She was so enthusiastic that I'm sure the next event will be just as much fun.

Regards,

Roberta Johansen (In Prince George)

NORTHERN FLYING – Shooting the Cable

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB) and Clarence Tingley sigeo.roks@shaw.ca (In Trail)

In 1970, after Great Northern Airways (GNA) went bankrupt, Manpower in Whitehorse sent former employees of the company to various locations for work. Clarence & Kay Tingley and Rick Ross and I were sent to Yellowknife where the men would work for NWT

Air. Rick and I had nowhere to live when we arrived December 24, 1970 and after a few days in a hotel room Norm Williamson asked if we would like to live in his apartment while he was away in Africa. After a few weeks we had found a house of our own to rent. Norm came back from Africa and of course we had quite a bit of catching up to do in the news department. Norm was with GNA at the same time Rick worked for them. Norm related a story regarding an incident that involved shooting a cable while in flight with a DC3 that Norm was piloting at the time. After so many years I had recalled the incident but couldn't remember all the details. I did remember Norm saying he was the one responsible for using a rifle to free a cable. I asked Clarence about it and this is his response:

Norm Williamson was the pilot I knew and Bill McCready was the chief engineer at Great Northern Airways (G.N.A.)

As soon as we were all laid off after GNA went bankrupt in 1970 McCready did a lot of long distance calling on the company phone of course, and finally got results from N.W.T. Airways (N.W.T.A.)

Here are the true facts regarding the airplane and the using of the rifle. Rick Ross and I installed the skis and the plane headed north, with a group of entertainers to fly into various Inuit settlements and entertain them. (This smells strongly of a government project)

The pilot was Norm Williamson and his co-pilots name I have forgotten. The plane was a DC3 which could hold about 26 people. The skis are quite large, approximately 15 feet long and about 3 ft. wide. The wheels always extend through the skis a short distance for safety. Now on this trip they had made quite a few landings and take offs, and during one of these occasions, frozen snow or more than likely, ice, had severed one of the bungee cords which were attached to a restrainer cable which, in turn held the ski at the proper attitude while flying. They were going into Spence Bay, and when Norm selected skis down position, the restrainer cable, with no bungee cord on it flapped about in the wind and hooked under the wheel axel. Norm tried a few things to get the cable free but, to no avail. Now I must mention that all this is visible from the cockpit. To land at Spence Bay in this condition was very dangerous and Norm decided to return to Resolute Bay where there was a good runway and also a fire truck.

Before he took up a heading for Resolute the thought of shooting the cable arose. Don't know if it was Norm or the co-pilot. The temperature was around 20F or 30F below at the time. He shut the left engine down (so he could see the prop, and not shoot a hole in it.) and fired a few shots but it didn't work as planned, but one bullet hit a clevis on the end of the cable and bounced the cable free. I'm not sure how long this took, but you know how fast things freeze up at even 20 below and an effective wind of around 120 MPH. He got the prop turning a bit but the oil had congealed in the oil line and the oil cooler blew. Now he went and made a normal landing.

I was sent from Yellowknife up to Spence Bay to do the repair. No harm done but a real dirty job to get all the frozen oil off the inside of the nacelle. Clarence Tingley

I questioned Clarence as to the type of rifle used. I remembered it as a 30-30.- Donna

I thought that the rifle was a 30-30 but I could very well be wrong as I never actually saw the gun. Yes Norm shot from the cockpit because all he had to do was slide the window back and the target would be 10 or 12 feet away. This is not a long shot and would appear to be easy, but when you consider the vibration of the plane and also a relative wind of possibly 120 MPH. A great deal of plain old luck was needed. I might as well add a bit more of the story while I am at it. When I arrived of course the oil that had flowed out due to accident was plastered all over the inside of the nacelle and frozen solid. First thing I had to do was heat it up and wash it all down with gas to clean up the mess. This I did by directing the heat from a Herman Nelson heater, which was sitting on a huge dog sled and had been pulled up close to the plane, into the nacelle. By this time I had an audience of perhaps 15 little Eskimos watching and I was amazed at how happy and care free they appeared. It wasn't cold as far as they were concerned.

Job finished, I had to start the engine and run it for a while and then shut down and make sure there was no more oil leaks. Now I couldn't do this with all these little guys around as it would be too dangerous. I asked if one of them would go and find the co-pilot and have him come down. I can't remember the cojos name but he appeared shortly and ran the engine for me and all looked ok. Now I had to move the Herman Nelson heater (on this huge sled) and when I tried to pull it wouldn't move. Well in an instant there was this whole group of little guys pulling and pushing with me and they were all laughing like crazy. They were a big help for me and exactly when I needed it. This I will never forget.

Clarence Tingley

Note: the dictionary defines (nacelle) as:

An enclosed shelter for an aircraft or engine or sometimes a crew. In this case the nacelle encloses the engine and this includes the cowling. Want to see a picture of an engine nacelle? Bring up the picture of your favorite airplane and you can see the right hand or to be precise the No. 2 engine nacelle in a top view. The bottom part is nearly the same. Notice how it is neatly faired into the wing for the streamlined effect. On the DC3, the wheels retract up into the rear part of the nacelle, but not all the way. This was a sort of a safety feature in case the plane had to land with the wheels up. The fuel filter for the engine was also located in the nacelle. A great old plane.

Just read the last Moc Tel [176]

Keep up the good work, some of the people we knew, but we have been away 26 years.

A great big HELLO to all our friends still in Whitehorse.

Ron and I took a trip to the states this year with our daughter Charlene and her Family.

We left Kamloops on the 23rd of June, first night stopped at Yakima, next night in Crescent City Oregon, third night in Sacramento California and the last night (4th) in San Diego.

We were there for 6 days as our grandson Nigel is in Irish dancing and that's where the National Competitions were held this year. He took 6th out of 51 boys and then he was in an 8 hand dance and they took 3rd.

What a thrill to see all these dancers perform. We stayed there six days. Also took in the Sea World and ballgame. Then we drove over to Las Vegas, up to Grand Canyon, then to Yellowstone. We managed to visit 9 states and had a wonderful time.

Hope everyone had a great summer as we did.

We really enjoy Moc Tel.

Ron and Irene Taylor ronaldpt@shaw.ca (In Kamloops)

PRACTICAL NURSES GRAD CLASS 1970

Just loving your Moccasin Telegraph. Trying to get new readers. Is it time for the 20 dollars again? Well worth it !!!

We are getting settled slowly Spend a lot of time back in Alberta with these 2 new grandchildren we got before moving here!

Anyway just wanting to throw out another reconnect type thing for graduates of Licensed Practical nurses that graduated in November 1970 (year I graduated from program). Would be interested in learning more about where everyone has gone.

We attended the college for 5 months then did the practical at the hospital which was 5 months I started Feb 1970 and graduated Nov 70. Eileen Labar was my roommate. She is now Eileen Ireland and they live in Saskatchewan.

Wondering where our teacher is, can't even remember her name now. Anyway would appreciate a blurb in your newsletter.

Mary Ellen MacGregor mmac1952@telus.net (In Vernon)

Does anyone know of anything about those in the Practical Nurses Grad Class Nov 1970 in Whitehorse, teacher or students; their names or whereabouts? – Sherron

Get Well Greetings.

Clarence Norman Spencer of Whitehorse, is in hospital.

He has been known to all his "family" as Uncle Norm for years, and for those of you that knew him on the CB, he was "Yukon Diesel Smoke", or to use his words, The "Diesel Smoke".

His health has been going down since June of this year, and having just received a note from Florence Roberts, "The Yukon Yapper", that he is in the Whitehorse General Hospital, though he may be moved to MacCauley Lodge or Copper Ridge in the near future.

I phoned and had a chat with him, and he sounded pretty good. He loves to have visitors, though he does tire a bit sooner than he used to, but he still has a sense of humor that has prevailed through all of his trials and tribulations.

If any of you would like to say hi, you can drop a note to Florence Roberts at yapper@klondiker.com and she has offered to take them up to him.

His eyesight is not too good, so Florence will have to read them to him.

If anyone would like to send him a card or well wishes you can send them to the Whitehorse General Hospital.

You can give him a jingle at 867-393-8700, and ask for extension 2116. That is his personal phone. He may or may not hear it, so it may be easier to ask for the nurse's station and they will check to see if he is awake or sleeping, then they will transfer you over.

So if anyone wishes to say hi, he would love to hear from you.

Warmest Regards, Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca (In Langley)

BOOK LAUNCH WHITEHORSE - "KNOWING MISS CHEN"

To follow up on Jeri's book "Knowing Miss Chen", the book "launch" and book signing will be in Whitehorse at Mac's Fireweed Book Store. Lise Schoneville at Mac's is organizing it to begin at 1 PM, Saturday, October 14. Jeri wanted her launch in Whitehorse as this is where her story begins in 1994.

The book is published and available on line at Trafford Publishing in Victoria. ISBN 141208125-4. Jeri's (Trafford) website can be viewed by simply putting Jerrine R Weigand or the book title "Knowing Miss Chen" in the browser. And of course, at Mac's Fireweed Book store. Or, Yukoners and friends on Moc Tel can email Jeri at jerrineweigand@shaw.ca to order a signed copy if they wish.

Cheers Bill & Jeri

Contacts: Jerrine R Weigand
223 – 4500 Westwater Drive, Richmond, B.C. V7E 6S1
(604) 271 3272 jerrineweigand@shaw.ca

Trafford Publishing – order*trafford.com Ph: Toll-free 1-885-232-444

Mac's Fireweed Books
203 Main Street Whitehorse, Yukon – Y1A 2B2
867 – 668-6104 Lise Schonewille lschone*yukonbooks.com

I finished reading Jeri's book this week and was left wanting more. It is a pager turner and keeps your interest. Very interesting, educational and entertaining.

Thanks Bill and Jeri for sharing your Whitehorse Mayor to Xining, China experience.

Several excerpts are available to read online at-

www.Trafford.com – just enter under author - J Weigand.

- Sherron

I sent along an e-mail with the above information so that Lise could expect some MocTel readers to appear in the store. This was her reply. – Sherron

Thank you for sending me an email. I love your Moccasin Telegraph....what a great way to keep in touch with everyone. "I" even recognize some faces ...(Ax Porsild is my uncle.)

I have lots of Joyce's book in stock. We do stock all of her books and usually have several copies available. Her new book has "taken off" and is selling like hotcakes so you must have been here in-between shipments...We do stock Gus' book as well.

I am excited to be part of this book launch for Jeri. I am looking forward to meeting them and helping get her great story out for others to enjoy. I have just started it and would like to be home readying it right now. It is so good!

Take care and thank you again for your time and the spot in your Moccasin Telegraph.

Yes, I am Ellen's daughter. We work(ed) together at the book store for about 7 years and then mom retired almost 2 years ago. She still comes in on occasion to help out....I have been here for almost 10 years....

Best, Lise Schonewille Book Buyer, Mac's Fireweed lschone*yukonbooks.com

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND BACK ON THE MOCTEL

Carol Buzzell (HUME) buzzy.cj*northwestel.net (In Haines Junction)

I finally got my email up and running. Feel as tho' my right arm had lost its best friend without the contact with all of you.

I am into another home now. I purchased a home in Haines Junction, it is absolutely beautiful, huge and all on 5 acres of land with all of the amenities. My son has his own suite on the upper level, it has everything - 900 sq. ft. of living area, c/w bedroom,

bathroom and living room - den etc. I live on the main floor with 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen, dining room, living room, entrance has the washer/dryer, closet, plus a 1/2 bathroom and mud room. From there, that door leads out to a 3 bay garage (that is full of boxes and the like...) It was a very tough decision to leave what I had been so familiar with these past 45 years, but needed to be at home here with my siblings and son, like I have said to everyone "home at last"....

I have missed so many issues of Moc Tel and I trust that Bill will put them on to a CD-Rom for me at the end of the season to keep my file up to date, in the interim, start sending off the new and up coming editions.

How was your trip to Dawson City this year? I have been so busy, took the whole of the summer off with fishing and camping. My son was complaining at one time that I might as well still be in Cranbrook for all the times he ever got to visit with me.....ha ha.

Just a short one to let you know that I am still in the land of the living and wait for the latest issue of Moc Tel.

Love to you both,

Carol Buzzell

OBITS

Too many of these coming around lately, but here's another one:- Gus Barrett

Gwen Bremner passed away recently in White Rock, B.C. Predeceased by husband, Ian in 1998. Survived by sister in law and brother in law, Peggy and Glen Green, of Lumby, B.C. and relatives in Australia.

Gwen went north to nurse at St. Mary's Hospital in Dawson where she met and married Ian in 1971. They mined the Bremner property at Last Chance. In recent years they resided in White Rock, B.C.

* * * * *

Carroll Eva Cawley - Feb 16,1938-Sept 21, 2006. Carroll passed away at home in Whse on Sept 21 at the age of 68 after a courageous fight against cancer. Carroll was born in Timmons, Ontario and moved to Whse in 1945.

Carroll was a home maker bookkeeper and owned Willow Printers with her husband Sam for 32 years. Carroll was involved in many organizations.

Carroll is survived by her mother Helen Couch, daughters Frances (Frank) Taylor, Patti (Steve) Cross, Leslie and son Bryan, siblings Les (Carolyn) Couch, Marjorie Copp and David (Katheryn) Couch. She is also survived by Brother-in-law Tom (Lil) Cawley, nieces, nephews and grandchildren (Nathan (Erin) Shawn, Natalie, Matthew, Michael, Colton, Steven, Emma, Morgan and Cailey Jane as well as great grandchildren Hannah and Logan. Predeceased by husband Sam. father Orval and brother-in-law James Copp. Heartfelt thanks to Dr. Zimmerman, nurses Carol, Mary & Peggy and homecare. There

will be a Celebration of Life at the Christ Church Cathedral in Whse on Thursday, October 5, 2006 at 1 pm. Reception to follow at Hellaby Hall.

* * * * *

Francine Disch (nee Leduc) Jan 15, 1951 - Sept 18,

2006. Survived by her mother Helene Leduc, siblings George, Normand, Roger and Linda and nieces and nephews. Predeceased by her father, Gerard Leduc and siblings Diane and Sylvain. There will be a Mass at Sacred Heart Cathedral on Saturday, September 23, 2006 at 2:00 pm. There will also be a Celebration of Francine's Life on Friday, September 29, 2006 at the Westmark Hotel in the ballroom at 7:00 pm. At Francine's request in lieu of flowers please take the time to get to know each other again. Go out for dinner or coffee with someone you have not seen in a long time.

* * * * *

MILLS, Clifford It's with great sadness that we say goodbye to Cliff, who passed away peacefully in Whitehorse, Yukon on September 27th, 2006 at the age of 83. Wonderful father to Carol Patrickson and husband Brian, Melody Nyman and husband Raymond, and Deborah Marchand and late husband Mike. Sadly missed by his former wife Phyllis Salisbury. Loved by his many grandchildren and great grandchildren. To all his extended family and friends he will be missed very much. Published in the Windsor Star on 9/30/2006.

ARTISTIC TALENT



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

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron, Someone sent me a copy of your Moccasin Telegraph, and I enjoyed reading it very much. Could you please add me to your email distribution list? My connection to the Yukon (other than really wanting to travel there one day - I live in Ottawa) is that my father worked in the mines there for several years in the 40's and 50's, and when he married my mother, they drove up there from Ottawa and spent 2 years living in a small cabin in a place called Keno Hill (he worked in a mine there). My mother is still alive and talks fondly of her experiences there, where they got to meet and talk with some of the Gold Rush prospectors still alive though advanced in age. She would enjoy reading your newsletter, and so would I to further entice me to take a trip up there soon.

My parents' names are: Aurèle St-Louis and Françoise Hurtubise St-Louis. My father appeared to be nicknamed 'Louie' when he lived up there. He knew the O'Neills who owned the mine (?) in Keno Hill, and he and my mother lived in their cabin in the town. He also knew Archie Martin who worked up there. He had met Billy Symes (who I believe - I'll have to check his notes - was the man who had shared a cabin with Robert Service for a while - I recall a story that Symes told him that, after Service left the Yukon, or died, I forget, someone came to look for papers of his, and there was a cardboard box under his bed full of papers and poems, which he apparently often would write after walking home from the tavern...). I wish I recalled all those stories my dad used to tell us...

Best regards,

--Robert St-Louis Robert.St-Louis@ec.gc.ca (Ottawa)

* * * *

A few months ago I emailed you and requested to be on the Mailing List for the Moccasin Telegraph. Since then neither I or my Grandparents have received anything. I was wondering if you could make sure that we are still on the list to receive the emails.

My Grandparents email is randrmagnuson@northwestel.net

Thanks for your time

Jennifer Magnuson jmagnuson@klondiker.com

(867) 334-7306

Not sure what happened here, but they are both on the mailing list now. – Sherron

* * * *

Hi Sherron, I met you this summer at the Commissioner's Tea, and would like to be added to the Moccasin Telegraph mailing list. Could you forward it to my home address which is j.braga*northwestel.net, thank you.

JoAnne Braga
Operations Assistant
PMA-Dawson W-6D
P.O. Box 1140
Dawson City, Yukon
Y0B 1G0
867-993-5499 (T)
867-993-6814 (F)

* * * *

Bill Maylor forwarded the Moccasin telegraph issue 174 to me. I would like to have my name added to your mailing list. How often do they come out?

My name is Gwynn Kroeker, and am a former Yukoner. My maiden name was Peirson. When I was 12 my parents moved to the Yukon and we lived in Haines Junction for a number of years where my parents pastored the Baptist church. Those photos of the St. Elias range brought tears to my eyes. Reading of the Klukshu village and having tea with Marge Jackson brought back memories of life up there. I graduated from F.H Collins Secondary School in 1969. For a couple of years after high school I lived in Winnipeg where I got married. My husband Bob and I moved up to the Yukon and he worked for Whitehorse Copper mines for a year and a half before moving back to Winnipeg. The call of the Yukon haunted us and we, like so many others, moved back to Whitehorse after a couple of years and stayed there until 1983. During that time, my husband Bob worked for YTG as an architectural draughtsman. I worked for several years for Vivian Kitchen and Paul Mitchell at Super A Foods. We attended the Nazarene church and were active as leaders of their youth group, teaching Sunday School, etc. Our two oldest children attended Jack Hulland Elementary School in Porter Creek. In 83 we left to go to Winnipeg again so my husband could pursue ministerial training at the Nazarene College and University of Manitoba. When he graduated in 1988, we moved to Prince George BC and have remained there. We have gone back to the Yukon once for a family vacation in '89. Two of my brothers and my Dad still placer mine in the Dawson City area.

I guess you could say I still consider the Yukon 'home.'" I still have such wonderful memories of life there....the wonderful people, the wilderness and the casual, laid back way of life. It was a treat to get your newsletter forwarded on to me. I look forward to receiving more of them.

Sincerely,

Gwynn Kroeker (nee Peirson) Gwynn_Kroeker@telus.net (In Prince George)

* * * *

Hi Sherron I had a call this am from an old Yukoner who is interested in the MocTel (which I told him about) his name is Joe Prentice email address jp388@telus.net. I knew Joe years ago (26 to be exact) when I worked in probation and until today hadn't met him again, apparently his daughter lives in Nanoose, and told him about the picnic
June Stubbins

Yes I would be interested in being added to the mailing list. I lived in the Yukon from 1977 working as a Federal Parole Officer and then with Yukon Department of Justice as a Probation Officer and researcher. I just sold my property out at Tagish Lake and have been in Victoria for the past three years. My wife Pat was a lab Tech and died of cancer just over two years ago. So that is a bit about me and my relationship to Yukon. I still have a daughter, Shannon Poelman, and two grand daughters living in Whitehorse. She is the Curator of the Yukon Transportation Museum and her husband, Dan, flies for Air North. I presently live in Victoria.

Joe Prentice jp388@telus.net (In Victoria)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Every flower must grow through dirt.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Taken from Pioneer Women of the Yukon Cookbook

Tomato Soup Cake

1 cup sugar
½ cup margarine
1 can tomato soup
2 tsp cinnamon
1 tsp baking soda
1 cup raisins
dash salt
1 ½ cups flour
½ tsp cloves

Mix well in order given. Bake 30-35 minutes at 375

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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