

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 178th Edition – October 8<sup>th</sup>, 2006**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



**Shadow**

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

### **THE PROSPECTOR**

By Rick Mortimer [trapper@nemontel.net](mailto:trapper@nemontel.net) (In Whitehorse)

I found a rock some time ago, and didn't know just what it was  
It was kind of green and had a sheen just like a feather does.  
It was sort of square and pretty light; one edge was white as snow  
But where it came from and what it was, I had no way to know.

So I sent away and took a course from this correspondence school  
(I figured once I'd learned all this, I'd be nobody's fool)  
My twenty-bucks I mailed them, just to cover all the fees  
And then settled in to learn the facts of mineralogy.

Well, it started out with easy stuff-like why the earth just can't be flat  
And then scientific formulas, and tricky thing's like that  
And now I'm learning all about some mine down in Brazil  
And that rock that got me started is around here someplace still.

I've studied valley glaciers, and continental drift  
I know what made the oceans, and why land masses lift  
They tried to teach me evolution and how monkey's learned to walk  
But the one thing I can't seem to learn, is what in hell's this rock?

It's not a piece of feldspar, though it might be olivine  
It depends upon the streak it leaves-is it red or bluish green?  
Is it opaque or just translucent? Has it phosphorescent light?  
Does it shatter when you hit it? Is it heavy? Is it light?

Does it dissolve in acid? Perhaps it's magnetized?  
What's its specific gravity? How about the crystal size?  
Is it harder than your finger-nail? Can you scratch it with your knife?  
I've never been so darn confused and mixed up in my life!

Was it brought here by the glaciers? Or formed from sediment?  
Was it made from terrible pressures, or within volcanic vents?  
Was it found upon the bedrock of some ancient dried up creek?  
I'm convinced that I shall never find the answers that I seek!

I've studied every evening, and spent each day in review  
I've gone through books and pamphlets, searching for a tell-tale clue  
I've studied, read, and tested; but no identity I'd found  
Until I got frustrated- and I flung it on the ground!

Well, searching now is over-the thing's identified  
It turned out it was a common 'rock'; although quite petrified  
At first I was to stunned to move, by the ironic truth  
For my 'rock' had been deposited—by a very well-fed moose!

© Rick Mortimer

## **Pack Dogs to Helicopters**

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

### **CHAPTER 6 FERRY TALES**

During the summer of 1943 Northern Airways purchased two Fairchild Aircraft, one a 71 and the other an FC2W2. They were purchased through an aircraft brokerage, Bobbs Aircraft Company, in New York City, and were stored at Ambler, Pennsylvania.

The aircraft could be purchased for about \$5,000.00, then there was 28% duty to bring them into Canada, and about another \$5,000.00 to get them overhauled and put in shape to work.

I flew to New York and landed there in what they called the “dog days” and did I ever suffer. . . . the heat was unbelievable, over 90°, humid, and I couldn't get a room with air conditioning. I spent a week in that steam chamber, finalizing the business to take over

the air- craft, then I went by train to Philadelphia and another 30 miles by car to Ambler, where I took delivery of the aircraft, CF-BXF.

Everything went well until I left Milwaukee for LaCrosse Wisconsin, and stopped at a place called Lake Dalton where there were two fellows there in a light aircraft gassing up and they too were heading for Lacrosse.

I got out about 100 miles and ran into a storm with 100 mile per hour winds and everything turned black. The winds were picking up soil from the fields and carrying it into the air in a black rolling mass. The visibility dropped to zero. I didn't, know what was ahead, if possible it could be worse. There was no way I could attempt a landing in these winds, so I turned around. In turbulence such as this, one might just as well be a leaf in a gale; one gets that sensation and has very little actual control. I ran away from the storm. The old Fairchild had only an air speed of about 100 mph but the winds in that storm had the Fairchild up to speeds she'd never known before, and, I hoped, not again as long as I was flying it. With that tailwind we must have had a ground speed of 200 miles per hour. I was in the storm for about an hour, then I broke out in the clear and found I was over Madison, Wis. and was thanking God there was an airport below and started letting down for a landing, when redlights started flashing in all directions. I took a closer look and realized that all the aircraft at the airport were military planes so I knew I wasn't welcome there. I was tired of fighting the weather, the wind was still quite strong, the tail end of the storm was moving through, so I took a bearing on Lake Dalton and in about 30 minutes I landed back at the same place from where I had taken off two hours earlier. As soon as I had checked in I asked the fellow who was selling gas if he had heard anything about the fellows in the aircraft who had taken off about the same time as I had. He said they had returned and in the strong winds had almost lost the aircraft, so took off again. About 30 minutes after I had landed they came in. They told me they had flown about 50 miles to the east and landed in a hay field and waited out the storm. So here we were all back together at Lake Dalton. We took off together and flew on to LaCrosse. We had one more story to tell before we went our separate ways.

When we walked out of the hotel the next morning there was Ute strongest smell of fish, like the working end of a fish cannery. We soon found out that there were flies about a quarter of an inch deep, all over the sidewalks, and it was like walking on smelly, slippery, fishy jelly. The local people told us that these were fish flies and about once a year they came down with the rain at night. . . . well, that was what the people of LaCrosse, Wisconsin told us and we weren't going to hang around to find if it was true.

The remainder of the flight was pretty routine, Grand Forks, N.D. then Winnipeg to clear customs and get the aircraft registered as a Canadian aircraft, on to Edmonton and Dawson Creek, then I followed the route to Fort Nelson and Watson Lake which was to become the Alaska Highway before much longer although looking at it from the air at that time, it was hard to believe that cars would be beetling along through those mountain trenches as a matter of course. It was a short haul to Carcross where CF-BXF was added to the Northern Airways fleet.

By November it was time for me to go back to Ambler to pick up a second Fairchild 71, also built in 1928 and when registered in Callada would become CF-BXH. I flew by commercial airline on a DC3 and it took 4 days to get to New York from The Yukon. I thought I had experienced cold weather on the prairies and in northern B.C. but that

damp, icy, freezing wind whistling in the canyons of New York City came as a shock to this northerner. What a place it had been so hot when I was there in August it had almost killed me with heat and now I was almost frozen to death. Once again I went by train to Philadelphia then by car to Ambler.

I introduced myself to the man in charge and said I was from Northern Airways to pick up the Fairchild 71. He walked me across the airstrip to an old barn, where he said the aircraft had been stored for 2 years. When I went inside and looked at the thing, I thought it was just about the roughest looking flying machine had ever seen.

It was covered with dust and dirt. It had been used for high altitude photography (15,000 feet was high altitude in 1940 when aircraft were powered by non supercharged engines) so it had been stripped of everything. All that was left was a fabric covered tubular frame with a pilot's seat and the engine. The only place where there were no cobwebs was where the swallows had built their nests inside the aircraft and plastered mud and droppings all over the tubular construction. What a mess. . . . I had a hard time convincing myself that this Fairchild was going to become airborne.

I hired a couple of young fellows to help me clean it out and I checked over the engine, installed new spark plugs and changed the engine oil, then ran up the engine and it sounded okay. I went over it once again and finally took it up for a test flight and everything functioned rather well. After another couple of days of tinkering I decided I was all ready to start out on my 5,000 mile northerly flight across the continent.

When I got about 50 miles out I ran into some rough air and started bouncing around quite a bit. Just then something hit the back of my neck. That startled me. I reached inside my collar and pulled out pieces of birds' nests. We hadn't found all the nests when we cleaned out the cabin and the nests which had been built in the upper part of the cabin frame were being shaken out.

I didn't enjoy having a shower of mud, straw and feathers come down on me every time the aircraft shuddered, but at least I knew now that the aircraft wasn't falling apart.

November weather in the eastern States is not good flying weather and 1943 was no exception, heavy winds, turbulence, cold blowing snow obscuring the ground. About an hour out of Ambler I could make out the Allegheny Mountains up ahead. They aren't high by our standards but they do reach 3,000 feet in some places and that's high enough to be hazardous when visibility is not good. I had to keep contact with the ground visually, because I was flying VFR - visual flight regulations so with the blowing snow I was flying barely above the tops of the mountains, I was beginning to sweat a little, hoping that I would soon be clear of the mountains and out of the snow and fog that were getting too thick for safety.

I had decided to turn around and try to find my way back out of this mess and was straining to see the ground when I read **BE PREPARED TO MEET YOUR MAKER**. What the hell? On a second look I could see the lettering was on the roof of a huge barn. The weather began to break and I flew on west.

When I landed for fuel I asked about the unnerving landmark and was told that there were several religious sects in the area of the Alleghenys and one of their projects was to provide the manpower to paint a barn if they were given permission to paint one of their

warnings to the wayward on the roof. It sure as hell made a pilot forget he had birds' nests in his hair. Things didn't improve weather-wise.

As I approached Pittsburgh I ran into a lot of fog mixed with industrial smoke and without radio communication I had to grope my way through dirty clouds to find my way to the Pittsburgh airport.

The next day was a repeat performance - strong winds, snow, fog, so I made a short day of it and stayed at Findley, Ohio.

The weather was clear and cold when I left Findley and believe me that cold temperature was right in the cockpit of the aircraft. I was stiff with cold when I landed at Joliet, just south of Chicago. In 1943 it was just a small town with a Navy Pilot Training School as its sole importance. I believe this is where the O'Hare airport is now, the busiest in the world. Anyway, I landed there at the training base and the best part of the stop was I bought a sheep skin flying suit from Navy surplus store for \$75.00, the most expensive suit I had ever owned up to that time and worth every cent - it paid for itself in comfort the first day I wore it. I stayed overnight at Milwaukee, and though the weather didn't improve I flew to Grand Forks, N.D. then Winnipeg and took what was becoming a familiar route back to Carcross.

To be continued .....

### **THE VEINS OF VENUS – Continued**

Submitted by Maureen Jones [k29j32\\*shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32*shaw.ca) (In Chilliwack)

By Dixie Read as told to her by Jack Stewart

Early in 1906 Hubbard and Elliott, a mining company, approached Jack and told him they wanted him to take one of their mining engineers, by the name of Harrington, to stake some new claims and do the necessary assessment work on claims they owned near the Copper River. As has been said, in order to hold a claim, there must be \$100.00 worth of assessment work done each year.

Jack wanted to go, but Klondike Mike had left all his dogs there at his stables for him to care for, and that entailed a good deal of work and responsibility, but Nellie told him to go on, and she would take care of the dogs until Klondike Mike came back from Seattle to claim them. It was a tough job to do, and Jack hated to leave them with Nellie, but she persuaded him that she could manage, so he went in with Harrington. They had been working one of the claims for about three weeks, and when they came out of the mines one day Hubbard told Jack the news that rocked the world at that time - San Francisco had been virtually destroyed by earthquake!

After working the mines, they went on down to stake claims for Hubbard and Elliott, and the going got tougher, and when they had to go through Woods Canyon. Harrington refused to go on. Though he was supposed to have been experienced in this sort of thing,

this country whipped him. He would have no more of it. There was nothing to do but turn back, since Jack's job was to take Harrington in, and he would not go on. They had to backtrack over the hills and through the timber instead of going through the canyon and down the river, which would have been much easier going for anyone who knew the country as Jack did.

They returned to Valdez, and Jack was anxious to go back to Carcross to see Pooley and find out what was happening to their claims. One summer day the Santa Ana docked at Valdez and was leaving that night. Jack and Nellie decided then and there they would be on that boat when it pulled out. So, with one boy two years old, a baby with whooping cough, and just what baggage they could carry, they boarded the boat and left all their possessions behind them in Valdez, never to return again. They turned their backs on the little cabin which contained all they had accumulated together; chairs, stove, bed, tables, a diamond shaped mirror that Jack had given Nellie, the last item, needless to say, being recalled time and again for many years by Nellie.

On the Santa Ana they went to Juneau, city of their honeymoon, and from Juneau on to Skagway and over to Carcross. When they arrived there, they moved into the old cabin which had been built next to the church. Jack and Pooley and Petty had long ago made an agreement that whoever married first could have the cabin.

Pooley and Jack started prospecting again. They discovered an iron deposit near Tagish, and Palmer came down and was excited about it, and they sold it to him for \$3,300.00. There, then was grub stake for a year. During the fall and winter of 1906 Jack hauled ore out of the Venus to box cars at Carcross with a four-horse team, a distance of thirteen miles. At Carcross it was sacked and loaded and pulled to Skagway, where it was loaded on to steamer buckets up on cables to pick up the ore. One day Nellie decided she wanted to ride up on one, so she and the two boys, Doug and Del, climbed in and started up. When they neared the top, she looked over the sides, which was a mistake, for when she saw the long way down, they became so frightened that they all just crouched down in the bottom of the bucket until they were safely at the mine and could get out.

Early in 1907 Nellie got homesick, and it had been five years since she had seen her family, so she took the two boys and went back east for a trip. While she was there in Lennoxville, Quebec, in April of that year a third child, this time a girl, Ruth, was born.

It was time for Jack to go back to Fairbanks to sink a shaft on the claim on Dome Creek. He hired a man by the name of McGregor to go with him. When they got as far as Whitehorse they had to make a boat, because they couldn't get a steamer out of Whitehorse to Dawson City. Four other men wanted to go to Dawson City, and they took them along for a fee of \$50.00 each.

They had to shoot the rapids again, which they did successfully, and when they got down below Lake LeBarge, they noticed three men. These three never camped on the same side they did, but always on the opposite bank. One was an older man and two were young boys. They kept noticing them and wondering about them, but never got within speaking

distance, and after a while they didn't see any more of their boat. When Jack and his men pulled into the bank at Dawson, the Northwest Mounted Inspector met with them.

"I want you to come up to Police Headquarters." He questioned them about a boat on the river, and they told him the circumstances as they had seen them.

"Well," he said, "there has been a tragedy, and you will find out about it later."

This old man had lived in a rooming house in Seattle with the two young boys, and he told them that they could go with him and work and make wages all summer. The boys had about \$300.00 between them, and the old fellow had nothing. About twenty miles below Selkirk, the old man told one of the boys to stay in camp and get breakfast, and he and the other one would go out and get meat. The one that stayed in heard a shot a little later, and the old man came in and told him they had a bear, and to come on back with him and help them with it. He told him to go ahead, but the young fellow got suspicious and turned around quickly to find the old man with a gun pointed toward him. The young man scuffled with him and was wounded, but he got away from the old fellow and walked all the way to Selkirk and told his story.

When the old man was captured, he had shaved off his whiskers and was asleep in a boat at the mouth of Stewart River. Jack Steward stayed for the trial in Dawson City. They hanged him. Jack and McGregor went on to Fort Gibbon after the trial. There they sold the boat they had built and took a steamer up the Tanana to Fairbanks. They went out to the claim on Dome Creek and worked until fall. When they sank their shaft, they hit bedrock, so they quit. They took a steamer back up the river to Dawson and went on back to Carcross.

Along about this time, Jack needed money badly. He had an interest in a Mother Lode copper discovery, but it was not producing at the time. He was offered \$3,800.00 for his interest, and he took it. A very short time after that it was worth ten or twelve times that amount, but such is often the case.

Back in Carcross, Jack did various things for awhile for a living for himself and family. He freighted, drove teams, sold wood, and he and Pooley still had miners interested from time to time in the Venus. They themselves couldn't mine it profitably as they didn't have the equipment to do so. But they were on the lookout for a prospective buyer. When a firm in Seattle showed interest, they offered them the two Venus claims for \$120,000.00.

Jack promised Nellie that if the deal went through, he would take her out, and they would all have a good trip together back home. Finally the deal closed; at which time the claims were sold by survey. The land all around the Venus claims had been staked, however, the survey showed a fraction of open land between Venus #2 and the Venus Extension which was immediately staked by their friend, H. W. Vance and later transferred to Stewart and Pooley. This claim was known as the Maybelle Fraction.

Nellie went on to Skagway with the children to wait for Jack and Pooley. By this time, Pooley, too, had married, and they were all going out together, but the men stayed at

Carcross until the telegram would arrive that the money was deposited for them in the bank in Seattle.

On the day the word was supposed to come by wire, they began to celebrate with the other boys there in Carcross. One of the men, a fellow by the name of Vance, was a good friend, but one who would do anything for a practical joke. The telegram came, and Jack and Pooley found out that they couldn't get a train out until 11 o'clock the next day, which would get them to Skagway too late to catch the boat they planned to take. Feeling very flush and in high spirits, they just chartered a special train, consisting of an engine and one car to come from Skagway to get them and take them back.

While this special train was on its way, the celebrating continued, and Vance decided that when the train pulled in, he would keep Jack and Pooley off it, if he had to knock them in the head, which is exactly what he intended to do. Jack and Pooley, however, had other friends, one of whom informed them what Vance intended to do. When the train pulled in for them, they cautiously climbed aboard while all the others were still celebrating, and hid themselves under the seats of the car where they wouldn't be spotted. Just after they had done so, Vance stationed himself at the front entrance of the car, with an iron pipe in his hand behind his back, with the idea of gently conking the two on the head as they got aboard. He kept waiting and waiting for them, and was just about to decide that they had missed the train anyway because of too much celebrating, when the train started slowly pulling out. When all the doors were securely fastened, Jack and Pooley rose up slowly from under the seats and grinned at Vance as they pulled out. Vance was so mad because his plans had gone wrong, that with the piece of iron pipe he held in his hand, he broke every window of that car as it pulled out. They had quite a cold ride to Skagway, but it was worth it, and they had a fine trip back to the east.

When they returned to Carcross Jack went into the wood business and operated a packing outfit. Packing in this case meant running a pack train in country where there were no roads and freighting on the backs of horses.

Business was fine until the best store in Carcross wanted to sell out. A man by the name of Frank McPhee had another store on Windy Arm at the Venus Mines. The superintendent of the mines asked Jack if he would trade with McPhee if McPhee bought the store at Carcross that was for sale. Jack told him that of course he would trade with him. What the superintendent didn't tell him was that he was a silent partner of McPhee's. This same superintendent also had at least three-fourths of the handling of the money that the whole camp depended on.

Things went along all right for awhile, and Jack's business was good, but a great deal of it, of course, was with the mines. He had told Nellie to trade at McPhee's, but women will be women, and when she didn't get as good service or quality, she went to the other store in Carcross. They still didn't know, of course, that the superintendent of the mines, a great source of Jack's business, was the silent partner. Well, when the Stewarts stopped trading at the store, Jack lost more and more of the freighting, and when they threatened to start another wood business too, he knew something else had to be done. The likeliest thing seemed to be to have a general merchandise store himself.

About that time there was a fire in Carcross, and the hotel and railway station were burned to the ground.

Jack heard of a hotel building that was for sale in the ghost city of Bennett, a town which had once prospered but just died out. This was the old Vendome Hotel, a good structure with eight rooms upstairs, a large dining room and bar downstairs, so Jack decided it would make a good store. He paid \$150.00 cash for it, and then was faced with the problem of getting it over frozen lakes to Carcross. There were those who said- it couldn't be done, but those words to Jack Stewart were always a challenge. The building was on an icy bank ten feet above the lake at a very steep angle. He hired two men and got two dollies from the Yukon and White Pass railway. After a couple of days maneuvering, bracing and blocking, they got it down on to four sleds on the lake. These four sleds he used for runners, and each was drawn by two horses. It was a hard job to say the least. He had to be ever careful of getting on soft ice, but after much struggling through a day and a night, he made it to Carcross, where he had almost as much trouble getting it to the spot where it was to be relocated.

He had rented some land from Dawson Charlie which was next door to where the hotel burned out. Dawson Charlie was one of the Indians who first discovered gold on the Klondike which started the gold rush of 1898. The others in the group who were involved in the discovery were George Carmack, a white man and his Indian wife Kate, Skookum Jim, and Patsy Henderson, a teenage youth, both Indians.

After Jack got his store going, a man by the name of Gideon wanted a backer to build a new hotel and came to Jack. He agreed to build the hotel for Gideon provided he would get all the business in the store. Gideon agreed to this, and the hotel was built. Things went along smoothly then for awhile. Jack had a good business and got the trade from the miners too.

Let it not be supposed that this easier life, however, made a soft man out of Stewart, who, by this time, was in his late thirties. Once during these times he took his family over to Skagway during a holiday season when there was a big celebration going on. There were many contests for athletes, and it so happened that one big fellow with hands the size of hams began to make himself a little obnoxious with the crowd. He was ruled out in the "shotput" because of some lack of fair play, and it made him furious. He was a stranger and boasted there wasn't a man in town who could beat him in the ring at boxing. This challenge aroused the spectators, and pretty soon a group of Mounties came over to Jack

"You're not going to let him get away with this, are you, Jack? Come on, get in that ring and blast him!"

Jack protested at first. He wasn't dressed for boxing, and he only had his dress shoes which were, to say the least, no help in the ring. But when the Mounties pleaded with him, he went over to the gym and got a pair of gloves and entered the ring with the big braggart. Now Jack was not a tall man, but he was solidly built, and when he entered the ring, the big fellow laughed. He who laughs last, though, as the saying goes. In something less than two minutes the braggart was lying on the mat, out cold. What the man didn't

know was that Jack Stewart in his younger days had been sparring partner for Gentleman Jim Corbett, former world boxing champion, and Jack had known good training.

After a little while of good business in his general store, things took a turn for the worse for Stewart. The manager of the miners' payroll succeeded in boycotting the store, and competition got keener and keener. It was then that Jack Stewart made up his mind that it was time to go "out" for good. He sold out, lock, stock and barrel, and in 1911 he moved his family out of the Gold Country and went to Victoria, British Columbia to live.

This was the end of his experiences in the far north, but by no means was it the end of the life of Jack Stewart. He had made his fortune in the Gold Country, where he had seen many made and lost overnight. There was Dawson Charlie, aforementioned as one of the first discoverers of gold, who made millions, only to wander off one night in a drunken stupor and fall off the bridge at Carcross to drown. There was Charlie Anderson, who bought the El Dorado Claim one night when he was slightly intoxicated, later sank a shaft and made a million dollars, and married a dance hall girl.

He had rubbed shoulders with such men as Robert Service, that great poet of the North whose fame for his "Shooting of Dan McGrew", "The Cremation of Sam McGee", and others, is widespread, "Big" Alec McDonald, called (and rightly they said), the King of the Klondike; Jack London, well known author and traveler; old Bishop Bompas who spent his forty years as a Bishop of the North, teaching the Indians and who wrote "Northern Lights on the Bible", and about whom Cody wrote two books. "The Life of Bishop Bompas" and "The Apostle of the North".

The Stewarts had left the north to bring up their family, five children in all by now in a more moderate climate where schools were available. They located in Saanich close to Victoria, B. C.

Jack Stewart and Jack Pooley remained partners to the end of their lives due to their joint interest in the Maybelle Fraction. The Maybelle eventually came into its own, but that's another story.

The story of his valiant little wife, who also withstood, beside him, a great many hardships unknown to most women, though they are untold, may be summed up with the words she said, when asked about the rugged life she had in Alaska;

"Oh it wasn't too bad. We had turkey every Thanksgiving."

But this is his story of the Gold Rush. As he said to me when we started this,

"There isn't much to tell. . . . THE END

## **KENO CITY WALKING TOUR**

This six page article complete with sketches of each historic building will bring back some memories to former Keno residents. See it at -

<http://www.yukonheritage.com/publications-keno.pdf#search=%22Keno%20Hill%20ore%22>

Also another interesting article on Keno City at this address.

[http://www.yukonenergy.ca/downloads/db/53\\_keno\\_brochure\\_en.pdf#search=%22Keno%20Hill%20Walking%20Tour%22](http://www.yukonenergy.ca/downloads/db/53_keno_brochure_en.pdf#search=%22Keno%20Hill%20Walking%20Tour%22)

## **A MEMORY PASSED DOWN FROM ‘SPOT CASH’ BREADEN**

In the 1920s there was a lot of hard work along with some of the humour and a lot of hard drinking. One of the teamsters really tied one on at the Junction, the "Y" that split the overland trail to Dawson and Mayo. He was not fit for work, so the fellows mixed him a hot Rum and put plenty of sugar in it. Really, it was not sugar but Epsom salts. His taste had gone so bad that he thought it was sugar and was spooning out what he thought was sugar! So my Dad and his swamper made the run themselves. When they returned to the Junction and they asked the Italian cook how he was. They were told that when they left, the trail to the outhouse was a foot wide, which he described with his hands. But now he showed them a trail a good three feet wide. I would say that during those days, that outhouse trail had been worked overtime!

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden\\*shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden*shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

*This message received from Henry Sept 16<sup>th</sup>, before his last trip to hospital. Henry passed away October 2nd in Nanaimo Hospital. Further details are in this edition. Henry's fathers nickname was 'Spot Cash' a name given to him when he demanded cash for service after being left without pay. - Sherron*

## **BRUCE HARDER**

In the current issue of MACLEAN'S magazine (Oct 9th) on Page 96 there is a very nice tribute to Bruce Harder. Bruce, as you know, was Dave Harder's son and was killed in a WP&YR railway accident near Fraser, BC on September 3rd while I was in Whitehorse. Bruce was a good friend to many Yukoners, including my cousin Penny and her husband Don Sippel.

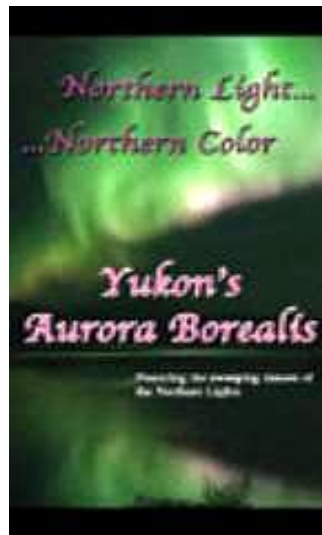
Harvey Burian [hburian\\*telus.net](mailto:hburian*telus.net) (In Parksville)

## **YUKON'S AURORA BOREALIS AVAILBLE ON DVD AND VHS**

One reason why we All love the Yukon!

The story below is one that appeared in the *Yukon News* on December 24<sup>th</sup> 2004  
By Darrell Hookey (News correspondent)

Picture added and story submitted to MocTel by Joyce Yardley [Joyce\\*dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce*dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)



## **The YUKON'S Rare, Heavenly Dance**

“See Mom?” That’s why I live in the Yukon.”

That note, or something pretty close to it, will probably accompany a new DVD that will be mailed to hundreds of families “Outside” this Christmas.

Yukon’s Aurora Borealis hit store shelves last Thursday and they already had to be replenished after selling out.

The production crew on the Yukon project was actually... just Norma Waddington, the normally well-dressed real-estate agent. Few would have recognized her these past two years, decked out in earmuffs, snowmobile boots; a one-piece snowsuit and mittens, small or big, depending on how cold it was.

Yet few would have been standing on a frozen hill at 2 a.m. with one of two video cameras on tripods, waiting for a heavenly show to appear ... or not.

It has been two years of looking out the window instead of looking at a good book.

“They are acting up!” is the cry as she suits up.

“When I hear that, I know she will be gone until 2 a.m.” says Cal Waddington, her husband and partner in South Klondike Productions – Carcross.

Just because they are partners, it didn’t mean he went out into the cold with her:

“She did the shooting: I did the audio and narrative, and Kurt did the editing.” says Cal. Kurt Waddington is their son, a videographer and editor who is in demand these days. The family has been working on this together,

“Which is pretty damn cool,” says Cal.

As the owner and operator of AV Action these past 25 years, Cal is accustomed to the audiovisual business. But on this project it was his wife who did the amazing work, he concedes.

“She was able to go out there and deal with electronic gear at minus 35 degrees Celsius, and just hope she was in the right place at the right time. Like any photographer, she has to be dedicated...and she is.”

Television programs never show photographers standing in a snow-bank with camera batteries stuffed in their armpits to keep them warm. But that’s what she had to do. Sometimes she would wait in the car until just the right moment. The camera would have to stay outside, however, because condensation would render them useless for an hour after hitting the warm moist air. And if the camera stayed out too long, they wouldn’t operate properly.

So, what special abilities did Norma possess to churn out a product that no one else has been able to match?

“I hate to use the word, ‘obsession,’ says Cal slowly...and then he went ahead and used it. But Norma agreed:

“The truth is that you do become obsessed. You are in bed and you think, ‘this could be the night.’ ”

Like a fisherman, she has many stories about the ones that got away. Sometimes she would give up on one light show and find out the next morning from a neighbour that they were glorious. Sometimes the northern lights moved too fast for the slow shutter speed and the result would be a blur of purple. Sometimes everything would seem perfect, then it fogs over.

“She would come back in on a high,” says Cal. “She would rip the tapes out of the camera and say, “Look, I got this one. And look! I got that one. She’s like a storm chaser,” says Cal with delighted, undisguised pride.

The problem with filming northern lights is there is no book that tells you how.

“Be prepared for disappointment,” says Cal, it’s trial and error. I’ve seen Norma close to tears.

She would say, “It was so beautiful, but I just couldn’t get it.”

And Kurt had his frustrations, too. His mother would be so busy trying to catch a light show in another part of the sky, she wouldn’t give him a shot that was long enough for the loving observation he was going for.

Then came the final days of production. Hours and hours of music were listened to – “Because the title doesn’t tell you a damn thing,” says Cal – to accompany the dances of light. It would be pieced together just so, and Norma would say, “Oh, you’ve got to look at this!”

“Sometimes you have to holler, “Whoa” her son finally told her.

So now that the DVD and video are complete, and selling well, is Norma going to get a good night’s sleep? “Well,” she says sheepishly, “I was out last night again. I can’t stop...I keep thinking something better is coming.”

“Yukon’s Aurora Borealis: Northern Light, Northern Color” can be found at Mac’s Fireweed book store in Whitehorse.

Darrell Hookey is the editor of the free publication of “What’s UP Yukon”

[www.whatsupyukon.com](http://www.whatsupyukon.com)

## **PRACTICAL NURSING**

Just a bit of info on the Certified Nursing Assistant Program which I graduated from in 1971. At that time Marion Backica was the theory instructor and I believe Dorothy Sorenson was our instructor at the hospital. I think that may have been the case in 1970 as well. Marion may still be in Whitehorse. I was in contact with her as I was trying to get my LPN license in B.C. in 2001. Fortunately for me, after doing the refresher, I was able to obtain my license and now work as a full scope LPN in longterm care. There are certainly a lot of changes now as LPN's do considerably more than we did in 1971 but the care philosophy we were taught so well by Marion and Dorothy never changed.

The CNA program is the equivalent to the LPN but in my time it was shorter. Very soon new LPN's will need to do 18 months education and training as compared to 12 months now. However, our scope of practice is greatly expanded.

Sandie Ravenhill [b\\_sravenhill@telus.net](mailto:b_sravenhill@telus.net) (Penticton)

Yes they were the instructors. Classmates of mine were Peggy Andrews, Dot Madsen. Our class started in Feb 1, 1970 and finished Nov 30, 1970 unfortunately we did not get a class picture. We were staying at the Bamboo (a hotel now torn down). We went to the college across the river to eat at the cafeteria. We got room and board for 100 dollars and the Yukon government gave us 125 a month to live on. Mom and Dad lived outside of Grande Prairie and would send me the 35 dollars I needed to fly stand by to Grande Prairie. Sometimes I would get myself there and they would have to pay my way back. Jobs were hard to find then. So I worked at the Airport Chalet, as desk clerk, night shift. That is where I met Hank Karr as he was part owner then; I house sat for them as well. My training did me well both in BC and Alberta but now with the widened scope I would need to retrain so that is why I'm a Community Care Aide. I just did a distance learning course in Alberta to get that certificate and here in Vernon I work for Interior Health as a CCA which is what I did in Grand Prairie, and I love it. Would like to send off a check to you! Mary Ellen [mmac1952@telus.net](mailto:mmac1952@telus.net) (In Vernon)

## **PETE FOTH and grandson KARL ALGOTSSON**

## LAIID TO REST IN DAWSON YOOP'S CEMETERY



Brownie Foth and daughters Lynn and Debbie

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth [lfoth@shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca) (In White Rock)

Hi Sherron - It is so good to hear from you also. I thought of you so many times. Yes, it was good to be back home and all my friends seemed happy to invite the 3 of us to their homes and several came for visits at Debbie's. We all lived the life of luxury for 12 days as Debbie had taken 2 weeks holiday so we could do just this. The Pioneer Cemetery is high on the hill and really not flat. We were happy to be able to choose the plot that we wanted and when all the leaves are gone one can see the Yukon River. I know that Pete and Karl are happy now together. As Hans and Anders were digging the grave, I could

feel that our 2 boys above were right with us. A very peaceful feeling. A Pioneer - miner, Jim Archibald carved and painted the lovely Pioneer marker and erected it. Next summer, we will put our gravestone at the foot of the marker. Lynne and Debbie planted tiny Johnnie-Jump-ups on the fresh soil. These will return in the fall. Debbie planted a lovely rose bush at the foot, which will return also. After all this was done, we then started our visiting and sight seeing of all the new lovely painted homes around town. Many changes in the past 7 summers and all for the better, I believe. There is nothing that one cannot buy in June and Marc's store. It is so well stocked! We had 4 good flights, a couple of bumpy landings in W.H and D.C. but beautiful colors all the way. The sunset at 10:30 P.M. coming into W.H. was gorgeous. Next year I will go earlier and have the 24 daylight. I am not a lover of darkness. Our little log cabin is now in the process of being moved closer to town. Too many bears up at Cripple Hill on Bonanza for my liking.



Fall walk to Debbie's house – Dawson 2006.

Photo courtesy Brownie Foth [lfoth@shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca) (In White Rock)

## **OKANAGAN YUKONERS AGM – Need to know how many will attend.**

We are getting into a bit of a bind and need to know how many people are going to show up for the luncheon on the ***15th of October at the Seniors' Centre on Water St. in Kelowna.*** The catering people told Marc today they need to know right away. Marc has told them to expect 65 people, about 30 people have already sent in their cheques.

Could you put this "blurb" in this weeks MocTel and maybe we will get some response from the local people. If people don't let us know they are coming and just show up they may not get any lunch. If we get a better idea of the numbers by this weekend we ***may*** be able to up the numbers. The meal costs \$18.00 per person, and if they let me know they are coming, either by e-mail at [aksala49@telus.net](mailto:aksala49@telus.net) or 'phone me at

250-498-6887 as soon as possible I can put their name on the list and they can pay when they get there. Larry Chalmers (In Oliver)

### **PAT CALLISON'S BOOK – PACK DOG'S TO HELICOPTERS - available**

I was wondering if you could possibly forward me a copy of the MocTel that carried pictures and write-up on the Yukoners Picnic held on Vancouver Island in August.

By the way, I have several copies of my Dad's book *Pack Dogs to Helicopters* (Pat Callison) if anyone is interested in purchasing one. I can be contacted at [fayash@shaw.ca](mailto:fayash@shaw.ca) or 604-833-0786.

Thanks,

Fay (Callison) Ash [fayash@shaw.ca](mailto:fayash@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

### **CARCROSS WEBSITE**

<http://www.yesnet.yk.ca/schools/carcross/>

Check out this site if you haven't already.

Thanks for all you hard work with the Moccasin Telegraph.

Terry Cyr [mccyr@sympatico.ca](mailto:mccyr@sympatico.ca) (In Cornwall ON)

### **NEWS FROM YUKON**

Are you aware that the Yukon Territorial Elections are to be held on Tuesday October 10th? Also, they will be followed closely by Yukon Municipal Elections on October 19th. Here is the item copied form the City of Whitehorse web page as to who are candidates here in the city:

Election Day is October 19, 2006.

An **Advance Poll** will be held in the front foyer at City Hall, 2121 Second Avenue, from 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. on Thursday, October 12, 2006.

Nominations closed at 12:00 noon on Thursday, September 28. The following persons have been nominated as candidates for Mayor:

KITZ, Ray  
BUCKWAY, Bev  
BOURASSA, Ernie  
BARRY, Robert (Bob)

The following persons have been nominated as candidates for Councillor:

MYHRE, Jeanine  
GRAHAM, Doug  
AUSTIN, Dave  
SWIZDARYK, Ron  
ROBERTS, Florence  
EATON, Brian  
STICK, Jan  
STOCKDALE, Dave

Please note that this list is shown in the order in which the names will appear on the ballot as the result of a blind draw.

With the exception of Dawson City, which only recently elected a new Mayor and Council, all other communities have either acclaimed or will be voting in their new council's on that date.

Kathy Gates [kmgates\\*northwestel.net](mailto:kmgates*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **DON MACHAN**

Dad asked me to email you and let you know that he is in Vancouver General Hospital. He was in a serious accident on Sept. 11 and had a severe spinal cord injury. He is now quadraplegic, but is now out of ICU and in the spinal cord injury "step-down unit".

If you wish to see him, he is allowed visitors now and enjoys seeing everyone, but I would like to suggest that you call me on my cell at (604) 885-7588 before you see him for the first time.

Terry Machan [machan\\_terry@hotmail.com](mailto:machan_terry@hotmail.com)

Hello again;

Yes, I think that Dad wanted to get the word out to his friends. I also have more news: Yesterday, the 4th, Dad was not doing well, he had been off the respirator for 4 days, and he had accumulated quite a bit of fluid in his lungs and it weakened him.

His Doctors had to put him back on the respirator and insert 2 chest tubes to drain the fluid, and that seemed to give him a little relief. This is fairly common with his type of injury they tell me.

Dad is still very critical, although he is making progress slowly but surely. As you will know, he is certainly a fighter, and his spirits are good. I will be with him until I feel he is "out of the woods", and it looks like that may take a while.

I will certainly pass on all of your best wishes and prayers, and by the way, any who wish to may write to him at: Acute Spinal Cord Injury Unit, Vancouver General Hospital 899 West 12th Ave. Vancouver, BC V5Z 1M9, and I will read everything that is received to him.

I can assure you all, that he is receiving the best possible care, and that there is cause for hope that he will survive this, but we do have a long and very hard road ahead. Thanks again Sherron, Karen, Harvey and all the rest of the Yukoners, I hope you will understand if I can't answer each of you individually, there are just too many, and not enough time!

I think it would be good for others to get in touch with me before going to see Dad, at least the first time. That way I can prepare them a bit for what they will see, and also I will know if he is able to see anyone at that time. My cell # is: (604) 885-1788, or they can email me, if they can give a couple of days notice.

Sincerely,  
Terry Machan [machan\\_terry@hotmail.com](mailto:machan_terry@hotmail.com)

## **HENRY BREADEN WILL BE MISSED**

From: Elaine & Harry To: Sherron Jones Sent: Monday, October 02, 2006 8:51 PM  
Subject: My Uncle Henry.

Hi Sherron, As you probably are already aware we lost our Uncle, Henry Breaden this afternoon. Not unexpected but he will be missed, especially his stories and wisdom. Henry's sister, my mother Vera is the last one left of his immediate family. She is still sharp as a tack and lives on her own in Nanaimo. It is too bad that she isn't the "computer hound" like her younger brother Henry was. Just thought I would let you know.

Harry Miller [ee.miller@shaw.ca](mailto:ee.miller@shaw.ca) (In Coombs BC)

----- Original Message ----- From: Alice Breaden To: Sherron Jones Sent: Monday, October 02, 2006 9:12 PM Subject: From Lura

Hi Sherron Lura here I'm afraid I have some bad news dad passed away this afternoon he isn't suffering anymore and that's what counts. He had a great day yesterday he had a bath, and cracking jokes with the staff. I think that the masons will have a service for him. We don't know what we will do yet. He will be cremated, and have a celebration of life for him the family is here now, mum is coping ok. Please let everyone know for me ok? I have been on the phone all day making phone calls and I don't know all the mocs gang phone numbers.

Bye for now Lura xoxoxo cheers- as dad would say xoxox

\* \*

Thank you for sharing the sad news that our long-time friend Henry Breaden has passed on. The Yukon, former and present Yukoners, the *Moccasin Telegraph*, and all who knew Henry have lost a great friend. We are all blessed for having known and either listened to, or read, Henry's accounts of earlier days in the North. There are few left today who are able to recall, in such vivid detail and with personal, passionate experience, earlier times in the Yukon. We shall all definitely miss him. How very fortunate we are and thankful we need to be that, through the medium of the *Moccasin Telegraph*, Henry shared many of his remembrances with us. These will be preserved for future generations to read, wonder and enjoy.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to Alice, Roy, Lura, sister Vera, Harry, Aileen and other members of their families at this time.

Though we are sad, Henry, I am sure would not want us to unduly grieve but rather to continue to enjoy life to the full.

Harvey Burian [hburian@telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) Parksville, BC

\* \* Thanks for letting us know about Henry. This afternoon we started getting caught up on our MocTel's that we had saved (you gave me the early editions on a disc last summer) ..... of course we ran across many stories of Henry's and noticed that right from the start he was with you. This just breaks my heart, as you know we loved that man. We really appreciate you keeping us all up to date. Tonight is for shedding a few tears; my favorite saying is borrowed from an unknown.... "Many people pass in and out of our lives, but only the special ones leave footprints in our hearts."

Karren & Bob Crowley [kbcrowley@telus.net](mailto:kbcrowley@telus.net) (In Sidney)

\* \* Sorry to hear of Henry's passing. We all will miss his input to MocTel.

Ken and Dorothy Krocker left here a couple hours ago, heading for Edmonton, possibly by way of Donna's. We were discussing Henry over breakfast and how he was so special

and well qualified for NCPC up north. As Electrical Instructor at Yukon College, Ken was in a position to train the students Henry needed for operations.

Bill & Freda Maylor [b.maylor@sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net) (In Neilburg SK)

\* \* I am sorry to hear Henry's gone. A good Yukoner and his stories have left us smaller than we were.

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

\* \* Sorry to hear about Henry leaving us. He will be missed by the Moc/Tel group.

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

\* \* Just read your email and what a shock. I believe Donna's PC is down so I phoned her and she is going to phone you, we thought a MocTel should be done up for a tribute to Henry with all his stories and some help notes etc, pictures and stuff. He will be missed by so many but at least he will suffer no more.

Mogey Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook)

\* \* What are we going to do without Henry? It is so sad to get this news. Even though not unexpected the finality of it for those who have known and respected him for such a long time really hits us in the heart. Our sincere condolences go out to Alice and all of Henry's family and friends. We will all miss you very much, old friend ...

Joyce Yardley and Fred Horn [Joyce@dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce@dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)

\* \* I am so very, very sad about Henry. Had a good cry and feel I'm not done yet. I've been emotional all day.

I would love to do something on Henry. I don't need to use any of his stories, just some old photos he sent me from when he was young and in Mayo. I feel something must be done.

Can you please put the following in the next MocTel:

I would like to do a Special Edition on Henry Breaden that will include photos that includes Alice. I would like to ask any readers of the Moccasin Telegraph to send along anything they would like to say about Henry for the Special Edition and any photos they wish to include. We have lost a valuable resource for Yukon history and a real story teller. He shall be missed.

Please send anything you have a.s.a.p to: Donna Clayson ([ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net)).

Sherron, I know you're busy with so much coming at you at once. It's a pleasure to take on this task – should be easy with the readers help.

Donna Clayson [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net) (In Ardrossan AB)

## **SERVICE FOR HENRY BREADEN**

We will hold dad's service on Oct 15th @ 2pm. It will be held at the Masons Lodge. The address for that is 620 Morpeth Avenue, Nanaimo. (off of Townsite). The Masons will do a service for him, and the ladies will prepare tea, coffee, etc for after in the basement.  
Would you mind passing on the info for me

Lura Breaden [llbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:llbreaden@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

## **Celebration of Life**

The “**Van Bibber/Pootlas Family**” held a **Celebration of Life**  
For their beloved Daughter, Sister, Wife, Mother, Grandmother and Friend...

### **RUBY VAN BIBBER**



“Sputc”

Service was held at the Council of Yukon First Nations Monday, October 2, 2006 at 2pm.  
Traditional Potlatch Ceremony followed at “CYFN” at 5pm.

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Recipient address: [bdal@uniserve.com](mailto:bdal@uniserve.com)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address 550 unknown user

DALZIEL, Bonnie [bdal@uniserve.com](mailto:bdal@uniserve.com) (Raised Stikine River, Watson Lake) Salt Spring

## **ARTISTIC TALENT**



Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich\\*lohmann.ca](http://heinrich*lohmann.ca) (In Airdrie AB)

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Hi Sherron...will you please change my address to: [tmickey\\*northwestel.net](mailto:tmickey*northwestel.net) The old address was getting so much junk that I finally had to give it up. Small donation on the way to keep you going and look forward to your new web site and all the good things that will come with it. Keep up the good work.

Tom Mickey (In Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron...want give you are new email address. We sure enjoy the MT. Also I would like to let you know that for the last 7 years I have been volunteering at the Edmonton international airport every Monday and Friday nights as a “meeter greeter”. I make a point of meeting the air north flight every night from Whitehorse and meet a few old friends traveling. If any one is passing through Edmonton on Monday or Friday night I can be found at the information booth. Always have time for a chat or a coffee.

Take care Bill and Colleen (Cassidy) Chapman [cwchapman\\*tbwifi.ca](mailto:cwchapman*tbwifi.ca) (In Devon AB)

Please make note of my new address. Sorry for the problems over the last week.

Thanks Bonnie McCreary [bmccreary\\*hudsonbaylodge.com](mailto:bmccreary*hudsonbaylodge.com) (In Smithers)

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Character may be manifested in the great moments, but it is made in the small ones .*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart [lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca) (In Victoria)

*Taken from Pioneer Women of the Yukon Cookbook*

Courtesy of Maureen Matchett

### Cabbage Rolls - Almost

1 lb lean ground beef  
3 cloves chopped garlic  
2 med onions chopped  
¾ cup white rice  
2 (14 oz) cans tomato sauce  
1/3 cup cider vinegar  
1 tbsp brown sugar  
1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce  
½ tsp salt  
¼ tsp pepper  
dash Tabasco  
8 cups coarsely chopped cabbage

In frying pan, over medium heat, cook beef with garlic and onions until meat is no longer pink. Stir in rice; set aside. In bowl stir together tomato sauce, vinegar, sugar, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and Tabasco.

Layer 1/3 of cabbage in bottom of 4 quart casserole.  
Arrange half of the rice/beef mixture on top.  
Drizzle with 1/3 of tomato mixture.  
Repeat, ending with cabbage and remaining tomato mixture.  
Cover and bake at 350 for 1 ¾ hrs.

## SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca)

## CONTACT INFORMATION

### **Moccasin Telegraph**

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