

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 181st Edition – November 12th, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Remembrance

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

Ivan The Welder

By Robbie Benoit cordrush@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Well now Ivan the welder is a talented feller
He can fix just about anything

He's sure got a knack, if you're stopped in your tracks
To make instant repairs to your rig

His prices are fair, But sometimes the repairs
End up looking a little bit strange

Cause the parts that he's found, after looking around
End up fitting somewhat rearranged

He's so ever resourceful, and for that we're all grateful
But I just have to tell you this story

Because I'm telling you, every word of it's true...
Though the ending's a little bit gory

There one day came a friend, with a problem to mend
He pulled up in a big motorhome

Said, "My sewage tank leaks! Could you please take a peek?"
For this week-end, I'm off to the Dome!

Ivan crawled underneath, just to check out the leak
and to see what there was to be done

But he soon scrambled out, with a curse and a shout!
There's a bloody great hole in that one!

Your bog tank is shot! It's been chewed up by rocks!
This could be pretty near catastrophic!

And unless we can find a replacement in time
You'll be doing yer business in public

The first thing I'd suggest, what would really be best
Is to order a new one from town

Could take two weeks or more till your loo is restored
And a full time solution is found

But for in the mean time, I guess we'll have to find
A more workable short term replacement

It's a long way to go, up to Dawson, you know,
And to not have a loo, inconvenient

So they searched the whole yard, round old engines and cars
Over odd bits and pieces and pumps

There it is! He declared, It's just sitting right there!
Help me drag it around to the front!

Ivan said, "If you're game, we'll extend the rear frame
And I'm certain we'll have them all fooled!"

Cause the old tank they hauled, Round the front to install
Was originally built to hold fuel

So with some fabrication, and some modifications
And a sparkling coat of red paint

No-one else needed know, what the tank would then hold
And avoid any ugly complaints

After plumbing extensions and the bumper re-fashioned
The end product did look real nice

Because the "fuel" tank sat on the frame at the back
All in all, an ingenious device

So his friend left for Dawson, much relieved that he'd gotten
His battered up bog tank repaired

But upon his return, had some colourful words
For what happened while he was up there

So to Ivan he said, I must thank you my friend
And wish that you'd been there to see

When some poor little fool tried to siphon some fuel
Not suspecting it weren't gasoline

He did take might ill, when he got a mouthful
Of the contents that came from my septic

And to top it all off he got charged by the cops
Just for being a nuisance in public!

So if you happen to see, and old battered RV
With a big fuel tank sitting there

If there's no-one around, drop your siphon hose down
And take a hard pull, if you dare

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 9

“IT’S AN EMERGENCY”

Canadian Pacific Airlines had the run between Whitehorse and Dawson City during the early 1940’s and used single motor aircraft. These were adequate until the Christmas rush of mail and freight taxed their capacity. During these times CP Air would call on Northern Airways to help out, usually during the 2 weeks prior to Christmas when the weather was almost certain not to be good.

One year I had been flying for CP Air for about a week, fog was heavy where the Yukon River hadn’t frozen over and of course I was flying visual flight regulations which had become pretty chancy on one particular day. A December day in central Yukon doesn’t have many hours of daylight to fly in. I had been weathered in overnight in Dawson and the next morning the weather didn’t look all that great either, but I decided to try it. It was a case of working my way in the fog the 300 miles to Whitehorse and I was damned tired when I landed and was looking forward to some rest.

I had taxied up to the administration building and was closing things down when an Army doctor came up to the plane and asked if I would fly to Atlin immediately. Because of the number of U.S. personnel based at Whitehorse at that time there was a good size hospital and medical staff there.

I felt I had stretched my luck enough for one day and told him so. “This is an emergency,” he said, “A man is bleeding to death in Atlin and we have the coagulant here to stop it - if we get there in time.”

I looked up and there was a doctor and nurse all ready to go, they had been waiting for me.

So. . . . I fueled up and we taxied down the runway. Because of the dusk and the fog conditions which were going to cause icing, I decided to take the low route around the mountains the 100 miles to Atlin.

All went well until we were at the north end of Atlin Lake, 50 miles out from the town. I knew then the aircraft was icing up badly, the damp foggy air and the wind chill were the right combination to do it. I flew down the shoreline not more than 50 feet above it. The icing was getting worse and my good sense told me to turn back before we plowed into the lake.

"It's an emergency" the doctor had said, so I dropped down to about 30 feet above the ground and was really stretching my safety margin. The ice on the leading edge of the wings and the tail planes was demanding every bit of power the motor could generate and all that kept it in the air was that I only had two passengers aboard.

As I neared Atlin, barely holding an altitude of 30 feet, I knew I could never make a turn for the airport but somehow would have to climb some to clear the buildings and land directly on the runway. It felt as though I was physically lifting the aircraft over the buildings, just barely cleared them and hit the ground with almost full power on - how many times can a person be lucky in one day?

A station wagon was waiting for the doctor and nurse and whisked them over to the nursing station. Apparently the patient had fallen on a double bladed axe which had been left in a chopping block. Somehow he had fallen, backward, it appeared, so that the blade

had entered his neck behind his ear. With the medical help he would survive. It was dark and I tottered off to bed.

The next morning a couple of fellows went out to the strip with me and we covered the aircraft over with canvas and got some heat going to de-ice it. Some parts of the aircraft were covered with a solid inch of ice, especially thick on the leading edges of the wings which spoils the lift of the aircraft until the propeller could no longer keep the machine in the air. That aircraft had certainly given that extra mile on this trip.

When the doctor and nurse got settled in for our return trip to Whitehorse I couldn't help but think how close the 3 of us had come to being in a serious accident all because a guy left a pre Christmas party to stagger around a woodpile.

To be continued....

The following poem submitted by Donna Clayson.

The Soldier's Father

A nurse took the tired, anxious serviceman to the bedside.

“Your son is here,” she said to the old man. She had to repeat the words several time before the patient’s eyes opened.

Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young uniformed soldier standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The soldier wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man’s limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement.

The nurse brought a chair to that the soldier could sit beside the bed. All through the night the young soldier sat there in the poorly lighted ward, holding the old man’s hand and offering him words of love and strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that the soldier move away and rest awhile.

He refused. Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the soldier was oblivious of her and of the night noises of the hospital – the clanking of the oxygen tank, the laughter of the night staff members exchanging greetings, the cries and moans of the other patients. Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son all through the night.

Along towards dawn, the old man died. The soldier released the now lifeless hand he had been holding and went to tell the nurse. While she did what she had to do, he waited. Finally, she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the soldier interrupted her.

“Who was that man?” he asked.

The nurse was startled, “He was your father,” she answered.

“No he wasn’t,” the soldier replied.

“I never saw him before in my life.”

“Then why didn’t you say something when I took you to him?”

“I knew right away there had been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his son just wasn’t here. When I realized that he was too sick to tell whether or not I was his son, knowing how much he needed me, I stayed.”

The next time someone needs you just be there. Stay. We are not human beings going through a temporary spiritual experience. We are spiritual beings going through a temporary human experience.

- *Author Unknown* -

Driving license, what driving license?

Courtesy Gordon Tubman and recorded by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer
mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

When I went to Whitehorse to work for the American Army during the Alcan construction, I was asked to show my driver’s license. I had never had one. They ordered me to get one and I did.

I had been driving for several years by that time. I used to borrow a car from Frank Osborne’s garage to drive from Dawson to Bear Creek to see Peggy and to take her places. I don’t think anyone in Dawson had a license back then.

HENRY BREADEN

Hi Sherron

Pat and I spent 13 winters in Scottsdale so we know how wonderful the winter weather can be there. Try to eat outside whenever you can and walk a lot to get your money's worth.

The attachment is forwarded on behalf of Isabelle (Elmore) Loveless, who was in the Yukon from the early 1940s to about 1953, the last part in Mayo. She doesn't have e-mail so I copy anything I think she might be interested in and walk it over. This is the first time I have been able to get her to write - maybe she will do more of it!

Keep up the good work (and I can appreciate how hard it must be).

Bob Cathro bobcat62@telus.net (In Chemainus)

October 27, 2006

HENRY BREADEN

My husband Walter Elmore and I ran the store in Mayo from 1950 to 1953, which brought us into contact with many of the townspeople including the Breden family. They were a wonderful and interesting pioneer Yukon family and Henry was their 'bright spot'. At the time, our supplies came in summer by steamboat and barge and were unloaded on the docks, to be replaced with sacks of ore from the Keno Hill Mine for the return trip. The boats were fuelled with firewood and, when we met him, Henry was one of the crew who saw that the loading and unloading were done right.

His sister Vera and I were great friends, and still are, and we recently had a great visit on the phone, reminiscing about Henry and Alice and their parents. I have a lovely movie picture of Alice walking in front of the store that was taken by Walter.

Henry Breden, one of the nicest and smartest young men to come out of the Yukon, always had a smile and found the time to visit along the way. Everyone was his friend. It was our pleasure and good fortune to have known him.

Isabelle (Elmore) Loveless
Chemainus, BC
250-246-1432

*I passed the message above to Henry Breden's relatives and received this reply. –
Sherron*

I will be seeing my mother, Vera, tomorrow as today the 27th, is her 83rd birthday.

Will take a copy to her for her to read.

Harry Miller

Then after another note to Harry -- SJ

Just read the 180th edition and as always it is a "gooder". The bit on Mary and Gilbert Rich, I remember her as a boy when she would visit us in Whitehorse. She was a very soft spoken person as I recall. If anyone has any questions about the Mayo area, my mother grew up with Henry of course and is about four years older but still has her 'Marbles about her' as she says. I could relay any questions that people have.

Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

MAYO MEMORIES

Was great to read about all the mayo people in MT 180 lots of names I know well sure brings back memories Mayo was great place to live and go to school take care all.

Bill and Colleen (Cassidy) Chapman cwchapman*tbwifi.ca (In Devon AB)

URBAN COYOTE

On Friday, Muriel was watching a woodpecker hanging upside down from a suet ball in our back yard, and a big blue jay on the ground below working the crumbs over when a large coyote in excellent condition walked into the yard. It spent a good half hour exploring our yard. Our picture isn't great but sending it along in case you want to use it. Hope to see you and Bill in mid January.

Regards

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Coyote

Photo courtesy Don & Muriel Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

SPECULATIVE FICTION

Hi Sherron, I don't know if this would interest MocTel readers, but I came across the following blurb for a new speculative fiction novel from Daw Books - and the description amused and intrigued me:

FITZPATRICK'S WAR

Theodore Judson \$23.95 Daw Books, listed as a new release October 2006

In the twenty-sixth century the world is a very different place. The United States and Canada are gone, replaced by the socially rigid, authoritarian Confederacy of the Yukon. Also gone is the electronic age-destroyed in the apocalyptic Storm Times that devastated the globe and decimated the world's population in the late twenty-first century. It is now,

once again, an age of steam, an age of lighter-than-air craft, an age of feudalism and knighthood, and for some, an age of conquest.

Fitzpatrick's War is the intimate memoir of Sir Robert Bruce, a close companion of Fitzpatrick the Younger, the greatest hero of the Yukons. Yukon History paints Fitzpatrick as a latter-day Alexander the Great, and calls Bruce a lying traitor. Was Robert Bruce a degenerate scoundrel...or the only man to tell his world the truth?

Claire Eamer claire*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

BOB & KAREN EVANS

We are sorry to hear of Karen Evans passing, hope Bob is on Moc Tel. I worked with Bob for many years in Whitehorse. Also our youngest Ken worked with Bob in Food Fair.

We didn't know Karen that well but if anyone out there can relay this message to Bob would greatly appreciate it. Thanks Irene and Ron Taylor Kamloops, B.C formerly of Whitehorse.

I first worked with Bob in the old Tourist Services Store, for those Yukoners who remember it.

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

REMEMBERING A FRIEND

Looking through my file of poems and came across this one that I wrote many, many years ago. In 1966 some U.S. soldiers came through Whitehorse. Some stayed for a week while they waited for their orders to fly on to Alaska, then on to Vietnam. I became friends with a few of them. As a 16 year old I fell for a fellow from California and really liked his buddy, a black man, they were so nice. Anyway, we corresponded as best and as long as we could. One day the letters stopped and I received word from the War Department that my dear friend had been killed. They found my letters on his body and had permission from his family to contact me and advise of his passing. This is when I wrote the attached poem. Every November 11 I read this poem and say a silent prayer for my friend.

Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

Dear Maria

*I know how much you long for me
Your letter warmly told me so.
My cigarettes' light now glows dim*

My last – here’s news before I go.

*The war is raging all around.
Many, my friends, have lost their will.
Lost souls and broken spirits here
They also die in their minds too.*

*I met a young medic one day.
I helped him mend and sew and clean.
But much too often they slip away
The bloodiest mess you’ve ever seen.*

*I helped him save a man one day.
A shot rang out so close, too near.
I turned – he fell – didn’t say a thing
He died before he even lived.*

*But we live on; grieve not, I say.
The dead are dead, we must carry on.
So bury them deep; I too may fall
I must keep fighting – at least ’till dawn.*

*My love, promise me that if I die
You’ll come and find where I now lay.
And kneel and say, “I’ll love you always”.
And say a prayer for ALL who died.*

*Donna Storing
1966*

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron: I must plead full guilt. You sound just a bit despondent. I am afraid that you are just too young to understand Canadians. We gladly sit back while someone else does all the work. You will probably be in a wheelchair before the country wakes up to the contribution you have made. We hear every day of someone getting a big grant to research the life history of someone whom no one has ever heard of, or cares. What you have given us is pure Canadian. Probably the only person who will ever receive a nickel will be someone who takes all your work and gets a million dollar grant to put it in book form.

Your history of the Alaska Highway alone should ensure your place in Canadian history. You have compiled the first person accounts of those who made the history. You have done every thing except find a way to get personal and monetary recognition. So much

for Canadian literature. But please carry on Sherron. Your work is a treasure that ranks right alongside all the gold that ever came out of the Yukon. I consider you, and Robert Service to make a matched pair.

Meanwhile, take time to enjoy a break you have surely earned it, and

Keep her afloat til daylight, and don't ever let the bottom get too close to the top.

Jim Robertson keepherafloat@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

HENRY BREADEN TRIBUTE

So good to hear from you [Donna]!! I really enjoyed your special tribute to Henry and can well see that you would miss him. It is clear he thought very highly of you as well. How fortunate that you were able to connect with him in the way that you did. And through it all you are doing really important work. It is soooooo important to record as much of our history through our seniors and elders, nothing can replace that and with every loss a gap is left. I think you have found another of your callings as you reach out to all of these people and then share so much with the rest of us!! Thank you for all the work you do. – Heather Jones hjones@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

October 17, 2006

Hello Donna,

You are to be congratulated on a magnificent effort in putting together so much sensitive material in such a short time. Personal family tributes together with donations from Henry's other family, the contributors and friends who gratefully acknowledged his endeavours to support the Moccasin Telegraph.

It must have been very difficult for you to put this jig-saw together, with every piece having its own merits to Henry's memory. The strength of feeling for Henry comes through so strongly, his contribution to life in the Yukon has been firmly entrenched in the memories of so many.

I will let you know if anybody comes back to me re: the letter. But in the meantime enjoy the accolades you receive for a truly magnificent piece of work. I was so pleased to read of your trip to Henry's last Christmas, such a precious memory now. – Dennis Eve denmeve@aol.com (In England)

Carol and I Go Mountain Climbing

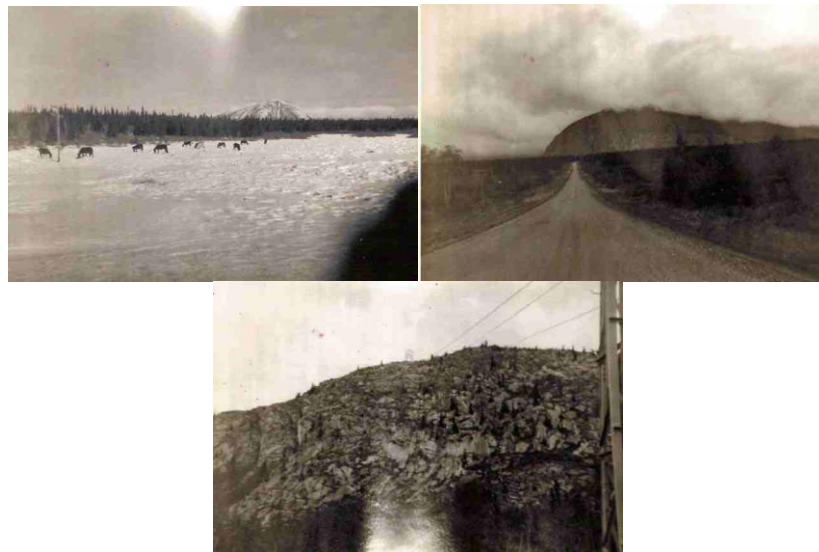
By Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

Carol and I have the day off, so decide to go rabbit and gopher hunting, a normal everyday pastime for us girls up north. We had been looking at Paint Mountain for some time too, thinking it would be a pretty easy climb as from a distance it looked like a large round bump of a mountain, nothing to serious.

We took our 22's some water and hiked to the base of the mountain, about three miles, once there it was soon decided we should try and climb it. At first it was easy climbing, we being 15 and 17 and very active. Some how or another it wasn't long before we had to start looking for hand holds and something to stand on, we were soon in the upright position on the side of this mountain, looking desperately for anything to hang on to and stand on, I remember saying to Carol I couldn't find anything to hang on to and she had the same problem.

At this point it got a little scary as we couldn't go up any farther and couldn't see to get back down. We were kind of hanging on the side of the mountain. Oops!!! We soon decided that we had to get down some how, although it was very slow going and real scary. Little by little we worked our way back down the mountain. Funny for some reason or another that mountain never interested us again after that.

We finally made it back to the bottom by this time we were tired and hungry so we decided to get us a gopher and roast it. This went much better, we shot a couple of gophers skinned and cleaned them, cut some wiener sticks and roasted them over an open fire. I must say this being my first gopher on a stick; I decided to pack a little salt with me on these trips from now on, but other wise much to my surprise it was very good, filled the spot, and certainly wasn't my last one. After lunch we hiked back home.



I wrote this some time ago but could not come up with pictures of Paint Mountain. I finally found these taken back in 1962. They are taken from south of the Junction, looking south. The wires are for a CN tram car used to go to the top to check the micro wave site there.

OBIT

ALLEN, Norine Arreta October 25, 1924 to November 7, 2006 Peacefully at home on Tuesday, November 7th, 2006. Norine Bethel age 82, beloved **wife of Edward (Ted) Allen** and loving mother of Patricia (Len) and Garth. Cherished grandmother of Chelsea and Devin. Dear sister of Ross Bethel (Margaret), much loved cousin of Elaine Funnell (Roger) and Arlene Bradley (Gary). **Norine was a wireless operator on the RC Signals Northwest Territories and Yukon Radio System in Edmonton, Yellowknife and Mayo, Yukon.** A loving person who always put her family first, Norine was also a volunteer with the Red Cross, the Food Bank and other community activities. Friends may call at the Kelly Funeral Home 1255 Walkley Road (east of Bank) Saturday from 3 to 5 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m. Funeral service Sunday in the Chapel at 2:30 p.m. Interment at the National Military Cemetery, Beechwood Cemetery at a later date. Special thank you to Dr. O'Connell and the nurses of the "We Care". In Memoriam, donations to the charity of your choice would honor Norine's spirit.
Published in the Ottawa Citizen on 11/10/2006.

ARTISTIC TALENT



Underwater Dwellers

Woodcarvings by Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have my computer up and running and I am just sending you all a test email. Bill Drury
wldandma@telus.net (In Sechelt)

We were receiving so much spam that we had to change our address. It is now colbark@sunlite.ca

Barry and Colleen Komish (In Salmon Arm)

Moving to Victoria in January. Rented a two bedroom apt on the ocean at Dallas Road. Will be a wonderful change as no reason to stay in Kelowna now that mom has passed away.

Have the Okanagan Yukoners album here and will work on it for the next get together.

Donna McLean keebird@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

BACK ON THE MAILING LIST

I am back in the sunny Okanagan. Been back for 3 weeks already but forgot to tell you. Moccasin Telegraph still on? How are you and Bill doing? I'm o.k., but a little handicapped. Had an accident hiking around Kusawa and ruptured my left Achilles tendon. Had my left foot in a cast for 6 weeks, up to the knee. They took the cast off just the day before we left the Yukon. Slowly getting back to normal, but it will be while yet.

Rick Hoenisch rhoenisch@cablelan.net (In Vernon)

REMOVED FROM LIST

maralm1@yahoo.com cannot be delivered. This account has been disabled or discontinued.

ALMSTROM, Marjorie maralm1@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Be like a postage stamp, stick to it until you get there.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From the 1942 Eastern Star Cookbook:

Submitted by Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Mrs. Ella Zaccarelli's California Fruitcake

1 cup dried apricots

3/4 cup shortening
1/3 cup (glace) cherries
1/3 cup candied citron
1/2 tsp. grated lemon peel
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup sugar
4 eggs
1 cup seedless raisins
1/3 cup orange peel
1/4 cup almonds
2 cups flour
(Margin note reads: 1 tsp. soda dissolved in 1 tsp. warm water)

Boil apricots 1 minute; drain and slice. Cream sugar with shortening; add eggs beaten until thick and light, then combine fruit and almonds. Slice cherries, orange pee, and citron before measuring. Add flour sifted with salt and beat thoroughly. (Add the water-soda mixture near the end of adding flour.) Pour in greased oven glass dish, cover with glass lid and bake 1 1/4 hours in 275 F. oven.

Yes, the book does say 275!

(Actually, there is orange pee in it, just not listed with the other fruits. I agonized over whether that was candied orange peel or whether it was what we would call orange zest. Decided to leave it as written, hoping one of the readers knows. I was never actually in the kitchen when Nanna [Hoggan] was making her "Mrs. Zaccarelli fruitcake" which probably means it did not need all the stirring that the other fruitcake recipes did. – Maribeth)

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

CONTACT INFORMATION for the winter
(Please mail donations to this address during the period Oct 15 to April 15)

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