

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 189<sup>th</sup> Edition January 14th, 2007**

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



**Winter Scene**

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)

**PONDERING MALE SUPERIORITY**

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

Newton brought us gravity,  
Quite by accident it's said,  
When an over ripened apple  
Fell and hit him on the head.  
Likewise, with an ancient Greek,  
Experimenting at his well,  
Proved an iron ship could float  
By Archimedes' principle.

Marco Polo sailed the oceans,  
Gaining riches and renown,  
In doing so, beyond a doubt  
He proved the earth was round.  
And, Pasteur, experimenting,  
Proved to the skeptic's doubting eyes,  
That, healthier we'd be, by far,  
If food was pasteurized.

Another chap named Darwin  
Threw believers out of shape,  
By showing us that all mankind  
Descended from the ape.

And then, there's Albert Einstein,  
Who came out from Germany.  
To solve for us, 'most anything,  
Mathematically.

Since all those brilliant folks are male,  
It leads to supposition,  
That the male, in terms of gender  
Hold superior position.  
If this is true, then maybe you  
Will tell me, if you can,  
Just why the mind of woman  
Is far beyond the ken of man.

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## **Pack Dogs to Helicopters**

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

### **CHAPTER 19 HERE AND THERE**

During the summer of 1945 while I was flying for Northern Airways we received a request from Russ Baker who had just started Central B.C. Airways at Fort St. James, to do some work for them.

They had considerable flying to do but were short of good working aircraft, their fleet consisted of one Fox Moth which they owned and a Norseman leased from an American company.

I was assigned to the job and took off from Carcross for Ft. St. James flying a Fairchild 71. As soon as I arrived I went to work. There seemed to be no end to the flying they had to do. For the first 2 weeks I was flying for several different mining companies, putting in 8 to 10 hours flying every day.

One mining company had several tons to be moved, a mining drill and all that went with it plus 15 men to be flown in to a mountain lake, a distance of about 40 miles.

The crew was mostly students who had no idea how to load an aircraft so for a week I would manhandle all that heavy freight, get into the aircraft, fly the 40 miles, unload, then turn around and go back for another load.

It was tough on aircraft and pilot. A short time after I had finished that job Russ asked me if I would go over to Stewart B.C. about 300 miles north west of Fort St. James where a mining man, **Tom McKay**, had some mining equipment to be moved.

When I landed at Stewart and had tied up the aircraft a man wearing an Airforce uniform came down to meet me . . . **Tom McKay**.

I asked him what he had to be moved and to where, so he took me over to a large pile of heavy mining equipment and he then told me it was all to be moved to his mining claims

about 35 miles north of Stewart. My next question was about landing facility and he said there was no place to land, the freight would have to be dropped from the aircraft onto a large glacier.

So - I would be taking off at sea level with a full load, immediately climbing to 5,000 feet, a helluva strain on the engine and on top of that I would have to build a chute from the door out over the float and carry at least one man to push the freight for the drop. I stayed at the Stewart Hotel that night and didn't sleep, just thinking about dropping all that mining equipment.

The next morning I told Tom McKay that my aircraft wasn't equipped to make the drops and I wouldn't be doing his work.

I took off for Carcross via Telegraph Creek and Atlin. The 200 miles between Stewart and Telegraph Creek are over very rough country and one always had the feeling the engine was running rough. In those days we had no cowling around the engine, so a pilot had a good view of it and I was almost certain that one cylinder was shaking all on its own. I watched it all the way to Telegraph Creek and after landing I took hold of it and sure enough it was loose. I thought about my predicament - it was going to take me another 2 hours to reach my home base at Carcross and I knew the cylinder had been loose for the past hour, so with some luck maybe it would last for the remaining two hours flight.

The weather was clear, I was flying a light aircraft with no load, so I took off and climbed to 8,000 feet and flew where, for most of the way, I was within landing distance of a lake. The cylinder kept shaking but lasted the 2 hours it took me to reach Carcross.

Looking back I realized that I had made the right decision in not taking on the job at Stewart. There was no doubt that under those conditions the engine would have let me down and that would have been a bad part of the country to have had engine trouble in.

I don't know how Tom McKay got his equipment out to his mining claims but the property eventually became the Grand Duc copper mine.

Central B.C. Airways operated out of Fort St. James for a short time before moving to Vancouver and continued to grow and became Pacific Western Airlines.

\* \* \*

During the war years Northern Airways operated two aircraft that belonged to PRA (Public Roads Administration), the American agency responsible for the construction of the Alaska Highway.

The aircraft were Travelairs and the one I flew was the A6000. Actually their design was a little ahead of their time. They were sleek, good looking machines; the interiors were well decorated and comfortable, quite different to the work aircraft we used at that time. The Travelair was a 6 place aircraft powered by a 450 horsepower Pratt and Whitney engine. We operated it on floats during the summer and wheels or skis during the winter, wherever the P.R.A. personnel wished to go.

At times during those years liquor was scarce in Whitehorse and the supply was rationed, but there was plenty of old stock in Alaska, so whenever I flew the PRA engineers to Alaska they would return with a few bottles of American liquor. '

On one trip I had 4 or 5 PRA people and we landed at Haines, Alaska. I'd always noticed that the men of PRA whom I flew never weighed less than 200 pounds each, a well fed crew. Anyway, I was on floats and landed at Haines where there were no docking facilities so I taxied the aircraft in to the beach and tied it to a drift log. We all walked up to town and they got in to a bar and were knocking back the drinks in fine style. It started to get late so I went in to the bar and suggested that we get started on our way back to Whitehorse. They were enjoying themselves and weren't too interested in leaving right then, but eventually they came out of the bar, each with a case of whiskey on his shoulder.

By the time we got to the beach the tide had gone out and left the aircraft high and sitting in soft mud. I told my passengers we were going to have to work fast to get the aircraft out of the mud or we were going to spend the night here. They got a hold of the floats; I got into the aircraft and started the engine. Between these husky characters lifting on the floats, the thrust of the engine, and the slope of the beach, the aircraft slid into the water. We took off for Whitehorse which was about 1 ½ hours flying time. So here I was heading for Whitehorse where I would have to clear Customs and I had at least 4 cases of liquor on board.

The Customs in those days were reasonable about the odd bottle of booze being brought in to the arid Yukon, but 4 cases - that was a different story.

So I told my happy passengers that if Canadian customs decided to go by the book we would all be in real trouble and I would land on a lake behind a mountain near Whitehorse and stash the booze in the bush, then fly on to Whitehorse. So all went as planned and I went back to Carcross.

The next day I asked Ethel if she would like to go for a ride on the aircraft so we took off toward Whitehorse, then I changed course and went to the lake behind the mountain, I didn't tell her why I beached the aircraft, and walked off into the bush. You should have seen her face when I carted the 4 cases of liquor out. I flew in to Whitehorse and delivered the cases to the PRA camp - it wouldn't have gone very far, there were 100 men in the camp. During the liquor rationing in the Yukon bootlegging became a very profitable occupation. It was a standing joke that when the U.S. Army ran the railway the passenger coaches were always cold although the coal bins in each car were always full to fire the little stoves. Apparently the layer of coal covered many bottles of illegal liquor being brought in from Skagway - the coal was not for burning.

The average price for a bottle in Whitehorse was \$4.00 - \$5.00 at the Government liquor store and was resold for \$50.00. Many times I saw a bottle of booze sell for \$150.00 at the Canol camp on the McKenzie River.

It was funny to see little old ladies and strict teetotalers lined up in front of the Whitehorse liquor store to buy their ration of liquor and they would promptly sell it for a whopping profit.

\* \* \*

During my lifetime I have had my share of bear stories and fish stories to tell, but I also have a turtle story.

When the Alaska Highway went through from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks, communities such as Atlin B.C. felt more isolated than ever because they had no access to the

Highway and road transportation had cut back on the amount of flying getting done in the area.

So Atlinites made their concerns known and the B.C. Department of Highways began a survey for a road between Jake's Corner on the Alaska Highway and Atlin. I did a fair amount of flying for the survey party whose main camp was on the east shore of Little Atlin Lake.

On this particular day I was flying a Custom Waco on floats and had picked up my load at Carcross for camp and also had a survey engineer as a passenger. The camp location was on a clean sandy beach where the water was shallow and clear. I flew in low over the lake, there was no wind and I could see some depth in to the lake and there, so help me, was a turtle. He was about 4 feet long, swimming for deeper water. I watched it for several seconds, made another turn and by the time I got back, he had disappeared into deeper water.

I had heard the Indian legend about a strange creature in Little Atlin Lake similar to the Okanagan's Ogopogo, but nothing about a turtle.

But a turtle I did see.

One of the peculiarities of bush flying was one's dependence upon the good sense of those people on the ground, particularly the landing trips which were merely reasonable straight stretches on a lake or river. We were most vulnerable during winter months when we landed on frozen lakes or rivers and had no means of checking the thickness of the ice.

Such were the circumstances when I was scheduled to fly in to Canol Pipeline camp at Sheldon Lake, 200 miles from Carcross, about the middle of December, in 1943.

My engineer, Herb Nightingale, and I really put a load on board CF-BXH, a full load of aviation gas in 8 gallon cases which must have totaled 1400 pounds, plus our weight and Herb's tool case.

We had been flying for about an hour and had reached Lapie Pass the route through the Pelly Mountains. There was a bad snow storm in the mountains and there was no way I could get through the Pass, so I turned back. Rather than fly all the way back to Carcross, I decided that I would fly back about 60 miles to Quiet Lake, a good size lake where there was an army camp, and wait out the storm. The Army had radioed a report that Quiet Lake was safe for a ski equipped aircraft to land.

When we got back over Quiet Lake, we were flying in heavy snow, visibility was poor. There was not a mark on the lake, everything, everywhere was blanketed in untouched snow. We got a glimpse of the camp, about 1/2 mile from the edge of the lake.

I lined up for a landing in the same stretch I had landed many times the previous winter. Conditions were worsening and I found it hard to estimate how far above the surface I was. I made a low approach, using considerable power and made a good landing.

As the aircraft slowed down I could definitely feel it sinking! My first thought was, "They told me it was safe." If I had had any doubts I would have taken the precaution of putting on full power and had a good chance to take off again.

Before I could loosen my seat belt the aircraft's nose was under 4 feet of water and so was I. Herb went out through the rear door and I was close behind him. When I climbed out Herb was going back into the aircraft to get me.

We climbed out onto the wings which were resting on the ice. Only the 52 foot wing spread of the Fairchild had kept the aircraft from plunging straight down into the lake. Even the leading edge of the wings was through the ice.

We had no way of telling just how thick the ice was. All we knew it would not carry the aircraft. We were afraid to walk on it. We had rope in the aircraft, but there was no way we could reach it or anything else for that matter. Herb pulled off his coveralls and we made them into a rope, then step by step each hanging onto an end of the "rope" to spread our weight we crept ashore. No doubt the 3 or 4 inches of ice would have held our weight, but at that moment we didn't feel like putting anything to test.

I looked back at BXH - it was such a good looking aircraft, dark blue fuselage showed off the bright yellow letters of registration. I had ferried it from Pennsylvania a little over 2 weeks ago and all that time, until today's flight, the maintenance crew had worked on it, readying it *for* winter flying, installing skis, and here it was ready to disappear into Quiet Lake.

We started our walk to the camp, we were soaking wet, it was snowing, and the temperature just at freezing. By the time we reached the camp our clothes were frozen stiff and we were chilled through.

We were soon being fed hot food and our clothes drying, and I said to Herb, "Do you realize that this is December 18th and I am celebrating my birthday?"

There was a tote road between Quiet Lake and the Alaska Highway so the next day the Army jeeped us out to Carcross. The aircraft was left for about a month until the ice was thick enough to land on.

When we dropped a line into the lake beside the aircraft we found that where we had broken through there was 35 feet of water.

Our crew went to work to salvage the aircraft by cutting long poles to make a tripod to lift from with a chain block. When they were ready to lift they cut the ice around the aircraft and lifted it clear, we then installed a new engine and flew BXH to Carcross. Upon inspection we found considerable damage and although it took a month of work, when the maintenance crew was finished, the aircraft was as good as new.

Strange thing about BXH. Eventually it became part of the Whitehorse Flying Service fleet and a Wasp Junior engine was installed. These engines had been used in the twin Ansons and after the war there were many of the engines available through War Assets. They were good engines when equipped with a Hamilton Standard controllable prop and many were installed in Fairchild 71 's.

A Whitehorse Flying Service pilot, **Norman Hartnell**, flying BXH, was at 6,000 - 7,000 feet altitude over Quiet Lake when the aircraft caught on fire, the flames coming up the side of the cabin. He started down, slipping sideways to blow the flames away from the cabin. He hit the water, ran the aircraft up on the beach and jumped out. The aircraft burst into flames and within a few minutes there was nothing left but a lot of burned out tubing. The accident was the result of the exhaust manifold being too close to the fabric which covered the frame of the aircraft, became overheated and caught on fire.

CF-BXH seemed fated to end her days at Quiet Lake, fortunately no one went with her.

To be continued . . . . .

*Norm Hartnell receives the Moccasin Telegraph and lives in Abbotsford BC,*

HARTNELL, Norm & Jean [ladue1@shaw.ca](mailto:ladue1@shaw.ca) (Mayo 1928, Dawson 1938, WW2 1940, Whitehorse 1945 to 1950)

## **PILOT BREAD**

Oh, I just burst out laughing. Just this past Christmas I was trying to explain to my niece of 11 years of age, what Pilot Bread was. Our house always had a box or two of it around. It was good with canned beans, or peanut butter and butter, or just about anything that you wanted to put on it.

Dad mentioned that it was a staple when he went on the road, and needed something "to fill the hole" so to speak. It was always present in the "grub box" when we went camping or picnicking, and you could rest assured that it was at the fire camps. Sometimes it even was a better than home made dumplings.....or not. I can remember a time I tried putting it on top of a pot of stew "dumplings" so to speak, and though they were not quite the "real thing", they were interesting, and that was only because I had not figured out how to make real dumplings. They, the dumplings, sort of disappeared into the stew, or you could use them as paste for wall paper....and just about as tasty as well. Sort of figured out how to make them now....but the Pilot Bread worked pretty good and were just about as tasty....

I often wondered why the name of Pilot bread came about, and if I remember correctly, it had a fella standing in a "Pilot's outfit with a wheel in his hands, and a pipe in his mouth." Perhaps he was a ship's pilot?

Anyway, I have not found Pilot Bread since I left the Yukon, and if anyone knows where I can get some, let me know.....if nothing else, for nostalgia...

Thanks Sherron,

Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca) (In Langley)

## **OLD PHOTOS FROM MIKE PAOLERA**

Well, Sherron I found my photos after a year of searching:



# 1-Legion team Spring 1959. Les Middlebrook is the man with the big smile third from the right top row.



# 2- Hockey team and I have no info so maybe someone will remember.

**"ALASKA HIGHWAY"**  
Winding in and Winding Out,  
Leaves My Mind in Serious Doubt,  
As to Whether the Man Who Built this Route,  
Was Going To Hell or Coming Out.

# 3- Just a funny old post card and we can all agree it's so true.



# 4-This is a photo of the Skyscraper. On the back it reads: A favorite camera subject with tourist, this 3 storey log skyscraper was built by Martin Berrigan in the early 1940's to ease the housing shortage in Whitehorse when 30,000 construction workers arrived to build the Alaska Highway.

In the mid 1970's my father, Angelo Paolera raised the building and installed the foundation it sits on today.

Take care,  
Mike Paolera [mpaolera@telus.net](mailto:mpaolera@telus.net) (In Osoyoos)

## **HORST SCHEFFEN**

Good day; [To Ted North]

I just received a copy of the Moccasin newsletter from my husband's cousin, which had the story of my dad, Horst Scheffen. I was so surprised to read a story on my father after about 35 years. Your stories were ones I have never heard before, thank you very much for sharing them. What a wonderful thought of having my dad with the colourful Yukon characters.

Once again, thank you very much for sharing.

Dolores Anderson [ykonunicorn@hotmail.com](mailto:ykonunicorn@hotmail.com) (In Dawson City, Yukon)

Hi Dolores,

I was wondering if I'd hear from someone who knew Horst Scheffen - so it's a very nice surprise to get your note and know that you are one his children!

I'm copying Sherron Jones of MocTel just to let her know how neat it is to have a "Connection" like Moccasin Telegraph...it puts Yukon people in touch with Yukoners.. and that's one of the really nice benefits of MocTel.

It would be good to get just a couple more details about your father (just out of my curiosity). When did he pass away - and where is he buried? Is it true that he'd had a heart transplant sometime earlier? Is Fannie still living?

Nice to hear from you and thanks for being in touch.

Ted North [tntnorth@telus.net](mailto:tntnorth@telus.net) (In Edmonton)

## **MORE MEMORIES OF HORST SCHEFFEN**

I was delighted to read the story in MocTel 188 about Horst Sheffen. The article was written by my brother Ted North, and I would like to add a few of my memories to this legend.

As my brother said Horst became a friend of our families by coming into the Telephone Office one day and striking up a friendship that lasted for years. (Our Dad & Mom operated Yukon Telephones from our home in Mayo). Horst wasn't married when we first met him. His home on the outskirts of Mayo was always a welcome place to stop for a cup of tea. Being a typical bachelor in those days, he didn't have too many frills, just the bare necessities, but the kettle was always on. When he met Fannie and married her in our little Anglican Church in Mayo, I was Fannie's bridesmaid. I can't remember who the best man was....but I do remember Rev. Reg Alcock married them. When Fannie became Horst's wife, life for him took on a whole new meaning. She did a marvelous job of transforming his house into a home. On our first visit after their marriage we were

astounded with what she had done to the house. The whole house was spick and span from top to bottom. Fannie was a wonderful homemaker. I think their first child was named Ben....but I could be mistaken. For some reason that name sticks in my memory. I do know poor Ben had a heck of a time with allergies. He was allergic to milk and I don't know what the final remedy was, but I know he grew quite nicely with what ever remedy our Dr. J.V. Clarke came up with. I think the family moved to Dawson around this time and we lost touch with each other.

As Ted mentioned in his story, Horst was a very happy person. When he came in his stories and laughter filled the room. He used to open the door and throw in his hat and holler, "what's news". Indeed he had a way with words, and his favorite saying, "As far as that concerns" brought a smile to my face and took me right back to the days of an innocence that can't be matched today. For his family to know he is remembered with great fondness, this must be a wonderful feeling.

I hope these memories spark a little more input with our MocTel readers. We can't let memories of these wonderful characters in our past, go untold. We all have a story to tell, sharing it is a gift.

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

## **THE READING ROOM**

On a recent episode of The Designer Guys, I heard them say that reading in the bathroom was "a guy thing". I beg to differ.

As long as I can remember, pounding on the bathroom door was accompanied by, "Put the book down!" Readers' Digest probably owes a great deal of its appeal to the fact that it sits so nicely on the back of a toilet tank, rests well beside most sinks. The articles are about the length of a daily sit.

Our bathroom above the NC store was huge, accommodating the usual fixtures as well as providing enough room for the full washday equipment of wringer washer, 2 galvanized tubs and the stand there for. Not so Nanna's, a cubby-hole afterthought with chemical toilet, washbasin on a crate, and the dog bed. Both rooms always had a magazine or two within arms' reach.

Poppop, Johnny Hoggan, clung to his outhouse in the back yard until the City got officious about it. He had made the transition from Eaton's catalogue to Westminster toilet paper for getting the job done, but there were reading materials to hand there, too. He felt that literacy took a downturn when people stopped depending on the printed page for bathroom duties.

We continued the tradition of magazines on the back of the toilet, on the side of the tub, or on the wash stand throughout our wandering existence. For a time, my kids kept so much reading material in the bathroom that I bought magazine racks that hung off the tank.

What determines whether someone is predominantly a bath or shower person is probably his or her reading habits. Bath tub readers don't make good shower folks. Our reading room is our oasis from the world. It doesn't need "décor" it just needs a good book and the pounding on the door to stop.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

## **LIFE IN THE YUKON**

- 1) You know you're from The Yukon when .....
  - 2) Your idea of a traffic jam is ten cars waiting to pass a grader on the highway.
  - 3) "Vacation" means going to Skagway for the weekend.
  - 4) You measure travelling distance in hours.
  - 5) You know several people who have hit moose more than once.
  - 6) You often switch from "heat" to "A/C" in the same day. (it's the Yukon, what is A/C?)
  - 7) You use a down comforter in the "summer".
  - 8) You drive at 100 mph through 13 feet of snow during a raging snow storm, without flinching.
  - 9) You see people wearing plaid flannel at social events.
  - 10) You install security lights on your house and garage and leave both doors unlocked.
  - 11) You think of the major food groups as moose meat, fish, and berries.
  - 12) You carry jumper cables in your car and your girlfriend knows how to use them.
  - 13) There are 7 empty cars running in the parking lot at the Canadian Tire store at any given time.
  - 14) You design your kid's Halloween costume to fit over a snowsuit.
  - 15) Driving is better in the winter because the potholes are filled with snow.
  - 16) You think lingerie is tube socks and flannel pajamas.
  - 17) The Yukon's 4 seasons: almost winter, winter, still winter, Construction/Terrorist (Tourist) season.
  - 18) It takes you 3 hours to go to the store for one item even when you're in a rush because you have to stop and talk to EVERYONE in town.
  - 19) You actually understand these jokes and forward them to all your friends from The Yukon.
  - 20) The number of lights on the front of your truck is a status symbol.
  - 21) You understand "hut ur doin anyways?"
  - 22) Only in the Yukon does a 2L of Pepsi use most of a five dollar bill (\$4.25).
- And yes that is life in the Yukon folks; most of it is really true

## MR & MRS YUKON 2007 NAMED

**Mr. & Mrs. Yukon 2007**

# Janet & Rudy Couture

Both Janet and Rudy were born in Edmonton, Alberta, in 1930. They met in 1948 and married December 1950. They have three daughters, two living here in the Yukon and one living in Campbell River, B.C., and are the proud grandparents of three grandsons and two granddaughters.

Janet and Rudy originally arrived in the Yukon in March of 1954, and lived in Watson Lake for 14 years. In 1968 they moved to Whitehorse, living there until 1972, when they moved to Faro, where they lived until 1986, and then returned to Whitehorse.

Over the years, both Janet and Rudy have been active in every community in which they have lived, involved in federal and territorial elections, and as members of various clubs and organizations.

*Congratulations, Janet and Rudy, on your appointment!*

BROUGHT TO YOU BY  
YUKON NEWS **YOUR YUKON**



## BIG CREEK BRIDGE – KM 1084.9 - MILE 674.1 - ALASKA HWY



Photos taken at a recent mishap. Photographer not known to MocTel.

## WINTER ROAD TO DIAMOND MINES IN NWT

There's a website (well a "blog" complete with lots of pictures and descriptive narrative) many of your readers would be interested in. It deals with the "winter/ice road that goes into the Diamond Mines north of Yellowknife. It's not our beloved "Yukon" but it is the north and there's more Yukoners than just myself employed by it year by year. It's ALWAYS neat seeing some of the Yukon drivers/trucking companies each year. I head back next week for my third season there (doing security patrol with other retired Mounties) some of whom have been stationed in the Yukon. I hope to make regular updates throughout the upcoming season to it. It can be found at:

<http://diamondminewinterroad.blogspot.com/>

Thx again for the great job week by week.

Reg Jensen [regandwendy@gmail.com](mailto:regandwendy@gmail.com) (In Abbotsford, BC)

## MOCTELLERS PROVIDE SECURITY SOLUTIONS

Like most everything with a computer the solutions seem simple once you learn them. But as I am sure we have all experienced computers seem challenging when the answer is unknown.

A few of you came up with help during last week's security breach. One solution that was suggested and which I have put it place is so simple and should provide the protection we require.

Chris Maylor provided these two lines to be placed in a text file and saved at the same level as any group of MocTels.

The text file must be named [Robots.txt](#) and contain these two lines if all files are to be left alone by robots/crawlers/spiders –

[User-agent: \\*](#)

[Disallow: /\\*](#)

So a Robots.txt file now exists in every one of the 12 storage sites where MocTels are stored.

Chris explained that companies like Google do not become as successful as they are by ignoring standards and that this type of text file has been around for about ten years now.

So thank you again Chris for sharing your expertise. – Sherron

## ARTISTIC TALENT



**An Eye for the Picturesque**

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

## WHAT'S HAPPENING IN DAWSON CITY

Well we have been having a great winter by all the other reports from around Canada. We had two or three days of -40 degree temperatures and then it warmed up to -30. Balmy! Today it is -27. I watch the Global News on TV and can't believe the devastation in Stanley Park and other places along the Coast and Lower Fraser Valley. Phoned my brother in Vernon and they are enjoying their winter with a small amount of snow and not too chilly temps. Dawson is kind of quiet right now getting geared up for some Hockey tournaments ( junior and Oldtimers) The Yukon Quest will be coming thru here mid February .The Curling Club is getting ready for their 108th Bonspiel, the end of Feb. In early February Gerties starts their weekend openings. Looking for a little snow today and it looks like the forecast is for about -20s for the next few days. I can live with that.

Take Care

Myrna Butterworth [myrnab\\*northwestel.net](http://myrnab*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## RECENTLY PASSED ON- Miriam Henning and Jack Acheson

Hi Sherron: This past week saw us advised of the passing of two long-time and well-known Northerners. We do not have exact dates of birth or death in either case, but others may well be able to supply that info. Miriam Henning was born in Atlin, (her father Frank Henning was the first white child born in the community about 1900) and after completing her schooling there, moved to Whitehorse where she was a teller in the

Bank of Commerce for many years. Her next move was to North Vancouver where her parents had settled and after several years with Sears' insurance company she finished her working days at Lions Gate Hospital. Miriam's last visit to Atlin occurred a few years ago when the community celebrated its Centennial.

Jack Acheson came to Atlin in the mid-30's with his family to mine on Pine creek, the site of the original gold finds at Discovery. In later years he joined forces with Bill Drury, Maynard Wilson, and Clyde Day (they named themselves Waddco Placers) to mine in the Mayo area. On retirement he lived in Sequim, Washington, until his death, in his 93rd year.

This is a very skimpy version of these two deceased, but possibly others can fill in the gaps.

Jim and Dorothy Smith [jimdotsmialsek\\*klondiker.com](http://jimdotsmialsek*klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **OBIT**

### **Diane Scott**

**November 30th 1942 - December 28th 2006**

Diane Scott passed away unexpectedly, December 28th, 2006.

Diane was born November 30th, 1942 in Trail B.C. to Bill and Olga Rohacs. She grew up and went to school in Richmond B.C. where she lived with her grandparents, Harry and Gladys Uchacz. Upon completing nursing school at the Vancouver General Hospital, she married Mike Scott in 1964. The following year, Diane and Mike moved to Whitehorse where she nursed at the Whitehorse General Hospital for the next seven years. In 1971, she retired from nursing and raised her daughters Kimberley and Rory. In 1990, Diane returned to the work force to help Mike run their business, Murdoch's Gem Shop. When their business sold in 2003, both Diane and Mike retired.

Diane is survived by her husband Mike, of 42 years, her daughters Kimberley (Cameron) and Rory, her grandchildren Hannah and Liam; brothers Allan and David, sisters Judy and Theresa, and her aunts Margaret Garry and Ella Uchacz.

As per Diane's request, there will be no memorial service.

She will be greatly missed by all of us who loved her dearly.

Courtesy Whitehorse Star

**REMOVED FROM THE LIST – By request**

Please unsubscribe me from your newsletter. Bonnie Wright  
WRIGHT, Bonnie (BROWN) [bonruby@telus.net](mailto:bonruby@telus.net) (In Whitehorse 1947-1953, Teslin  
1953-1955) Port Hardy

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Please note new address [jhandeh@northwestel.net](mailto:jhandeh@northwestel.net)

Thanks

Joyce Hayden (In Whitehorse)

Could you please change my email address ... I gave you my work address instead of my  
personal email address - [helen.fitzsimmons@gmail.com](mailto:helen.fitzsimmons@gmail.com)

Thanks Helen Fitzsimmons

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Hi Sherron, I know you asked for a bit of an intro, but I got kinda carried away with a  
short synopsis of my life.

Although I was born in Cobourg, Ontario in the last year of the first half of the last  
century (1949, just so you don't have to think too hard), I consider myself a through and  
through Yukoner because I arrived here at 5 years of age with my parents (Norm & Ollie  
Bastien), 2 brothers (Vankarl and Phil) and 2 sisters (Marg & Bonnie). Van passed on  
in 1960 and Bonnie passed on in 1998. Our Mom passed away in 1973. We came  
directly to Haines Junction and I think I may have been away from "home" for less than  
20 years in total, but never lived outside the Yukon.

My childhood was filled with endless summer days and long winter nights.

As any kid did, I spent a lot of time running about in the bush and building tunnels and  
forts in the snow. It seemed so much deeper then, or does it just seem like there is less  
now because I am a bit taller?

Mom & Dad were camping fanatics, so, by association, I guess I became one too. We  
hunted, picked berries and fished, just like any other Yukoner. Through those activities,  
we met many life-long friends throughout the Yukon and Alaska.

One of my most memorable times was when we had a huge earthquake. I was just getting  
to bed (my brother & I had one of those old metal Army bunk-beds) when the bed  
suddenly jumped sideways, smacking me in the head. I tell you, that brought tears to my  
eyes. The mirror on the wall was standing out from the wall about 6 inches (we used to  
use inches & feet in those days). Dad hollered for everyone to get out of the house and

sit down on the ground. We all staggered out and didn't really have to try to sit down at all. The quake did it for us. The power lines were whipping back and forth, sending showers of sparks all over, the ground bucked and heaved, groaning and squeaking, small rock-falls coursed down the mountains and I swear I could smell something akin to sulphur. My Mom was visiting the neighbours and was trying to get home. She would take one step on the ground and 2 steps in the air, then fall down. A tanker truck full of fuel was bouncing around and the cars were rocking back and forth.

I have too many stories about our hunting trips, but they were all unique, as all hunts are.

Another time, a friend found an old Harley-Davidson motorcycle. I think we were about 9 years old at the time. Well, a few friends and I used to push that monstrosity up to about where the Anglican church was, then we would pile on and coast down to the bridge at the Dezadeash River. We did that almost every day that summer until we couldn't push it any more, so we would unceremoniously dump it in the ditch where it would faithfully await the next day.

Until I was about 15 or 16 years old, I lived and played in Haines Junction, then left to attend high school in Whitehorse, along with most of my friends. After graduating from F.H.Collins, I attended the University of Alaska in Fairbanks and returned to the Yukon where I worked in Whitehorse for a couple of years. I drove taxi, worked for the Feds, then worked at the Whitehorse Liquor Store. It was there, in 1972, I married my wonderful wife Jean. Shortly after, I transferred to the Dawson City Liquor Store (our daughter Rebecca is a "real Sourdough", a "real Sourdough" is defined as someone who was born in Dawson City) for a couple of years, then on to Clinton Creek until the mine's closure. We found ourselves back in Whitehorse (where our son Kelson was born a month later) for a couple more years until I started to work permanent for the Yukon Gov't Highways Division in Swift River. We spent about 6 years there and enjoyed the outdoor life of hunting, fishing, trapping, winter picnics and exploring the endless mining trails in our 4X4.

In 1985, we returned to Haines Junction and we have been here since. When I moved back to Haines Junction with Jean and our kids, I asked around, trying to find out the whereabouts of that old motorcycle, but it was long gone.

My Dad lived "on the Island" for a number of years until his health deteriorated to the point that he needed someone to help care for him, so we asked him to come back to the Junction to live with us in 2002 and I guess we're doing a good job because he's still with us.

I retired from the "Silly Service" in 2005 and now spend most of my time researching the Family Tree and doing home improvements. Before I retired, I had a long list of "stuff" to do, but as a friend told me, "Your list doesn't count. The 'Other List' takes precedence". I must admit though, some things on the 'Other List' are sometimes found on my list.

Kelson & Rebecca are grown and living their own lives. Rebecca lives in Alaska and Kelson lives in Calgary. They are both still attending Universities and working. They both are intending to become teachers or professors in the Education field, following in their Mom's footsteps. And why not? I followed in my Dad's footsteps by becoming a heavy equipment operator on the Yukon Highways.

Jean & I both now own motorcycles and spend many enjoyable hours (and it's never enough) riding around the Yukon, so if you see a couple of 'bikers' pull up in your driveway, don't panic, it may be us.

Well, I guess that about does it for my introduction in the MocTel. As soon as I get the publication times, I will send more stories, some may give you a good chuckle, and others may bring a tear to your eye.

'Til next time, take care and love one another.

Norm Bastien (Jr)  
Haines Junction

Ps. Now that I'm retired, I have time to spend e-mailing friends, so here's my address.  
[hondahog\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hondahog*northwestel.net)

*Dear Sherron;*

*I have had the pleasure of reading 2 editions of the Telegraph previously, which were forwarded to me by my cousin. What a wonderful publication!*

*My sister and I were both born and raised in the Yukon; Teslin to be exact. We would both love to subscribe. Can you please forward info on what is required from us?*

*Thank you!*

*Dianne Doran (nee Kitchen) [doran-mississauga\\*rogers.com](mailto:doran-mississauga*rogers.com)  
Martha Sheppard (nee Kitchen) [martha\\*ladybugharbor.com](mailto:martha*ladybugharbor.com)*

*I am hoping we will hear more from Dianne and Martha. – Sherron*

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*You can't build a reputation on what you are going to be.*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

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

*Taken from Centennial Cookbook of Catholic Women's League of Whitehorse*

### **Crazy Chocolate Cake**

1 cup brown sugar  
1 egg, beaten  
½ cup milk  
½ cup shortening  
½ tsp salt  
1 tsp soda  
1 tsp vanilla  
1 ½ cups sifted flour  
½ cup cocoa  
½ cup boiling water

Place ingredients in large bowl in order of listing, without mixing.  
After adding the water, beat like crazy until batter is smooth and free of lumps  
Bake in greased pan in “medium” oven for 35 mins. (I let you figure out the temperature)

Note:

Either brown or white sugar can be used and either sweet, sour milk or buttermilk.

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

**Canada Winter Games, February 23 – March 10, 2007.**

<http://www.2007canadagames.ca/>

**2007 Yukon Quest, begins Saturday February 10<sup>th</sup> in Whitehorse.**

<http://www.yukonquest.org/servlet/viewnewslst?null&resolution=1024&referer=>

### **Vancouver Yukoners Banquet**

River Rock Resort – Richmond - March 31, 2007.

For more information re email you can contact **Carol Clarke** at [clclarke@shaw.ca](mailto:clclarke@shaw.ca) or **Helen Munro** [hmunro@shaw.ca](mailto:hmunro@shaw.ca)

## **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**

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