



Lewes Lake area - 7 Jan, 2007

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Trapped in the Ross River Bar

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

There are some that'll say, there's liquor to blame
for making the Yukon wild
All the harrowing tales, that are told on the trails
of spirits distilled and defiled

I've heard horrible stories, of long dark nights
and over time, I've repeated a few
Strange things that have happened, under cold northern lights
and indeed, they could happen to you

But of stories I've told, about frostbite and cold
in this land that's been frozen so hard
I'll never forget the bartender's regret
on the night we got trapped in the bar

Not one of us knows, how the front door froze
'twas an act of God, some said
But a freak frost heave, I was led to believe
is what trapped us there instead

When we picked up the phone, there was no dial tone
for the Mounties, afield or afar
There was no-one to save, our souls so depraved
we were trapped in the Ross River Bar

So with the door froze tight, as a pounded nail
there weren't a whole lot we could do
Then we all belly'd up, and asserted our right
to a round on the house, maybe two

But as a fresh scraped hole, in the frost and the snow
on the pane of the window revealed
The thermometer jammed, in the wood frame below
reaffirmed that our fate would be sealed

For the mercury'd shrunk, to a tiny red dot
as it lay in it's puddle of glass
For the next thought thunk in that room full of drunks
"it's cold as a well digger's ass"

The bartender tried, not to get too uptight
he said boys, this one could be tough
You know that we could, be stuck in here all night
before somebody misses us

So while the jukebox scratched out a heartbreak song
there were none of us going very far
There just didn't seem, to be a whole lot wrong
with being trapped in the Ross River Bar.

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 20 SATAN'S TRIANGLE

While stories and theories abound about the Devil's Triangle in the Caribbean I have some theories of my own about flying incidents around the mountain lakes just east of the Coast Range Mountains.

In the fall of 1945 I was flying a float equipped Fairchild 71 and left Carcross on a flight of 60 miles north west to a small lake to pick up some big game hunters who were out

with the well known big game guide, Johnny Johns. I had flown in the area before and knew the air could get rough this time of year in the coast mountains.

When I got out about 30 miles I started hitting the rough air, and it got progressively rougher. I had a tool box and two five gallon oil cans in the cabin and when I hit a down draft the tool box flew off the floor then slammed back down again, the empty oil cans also became air borne and were crashing around. It was damned scary, all these projectiles loose, so I had one hand on the controls of an aircraft which was bucking like a bronco and the other on the back of my head to protect me from being hit by the loose hardware.

I just got over a lake called Rose Lake, about 50 miles from Carcross when the aircraft dropped so fast the gasoline was pulled away from the carburetor and my engine stopped. I put the nose of the aircraft down and got the propellor to windmill and the engine started. Within 15 to 20 minutes my aircraft engine cut out three times and each time I managed to get it started again.

Anyone who does much flying will have encountered plenty rough air, but this was different from the usual turbulence. There were any number of lakes I could have landed on under normal conditions, but under these it would have been suicide.

When I looked down I could see the water on the lake coming up in spouts, caused by the wind forming twisters.

After the motor had stopped three times, the air became a little smoother and in a short time I landed at the hunters' camp. Incidentally, in later model aircraft the engine would not have stopped in a down draft, the fuel is taken to the carburetor by an engine-driven pump while the older aircraft depended upon gravity flow of gasoline to fuel the engine. The hunters were all ready to go but there was still a strong wind blowing and I knew it would be a rough flight to Carcross, so I waited for awhile. When I knew I had to get them out I decided to take another route, about 50 miles out of my way, there was some turbulence, but bearable for the passengers.

Twenty years later, about the same time of the year, late October, Pacific Western Airlines had a Beaver aircraft based at Whitehorse, flown by Rae Simco. I happened to be at the float plane base and noticed the P.W.A. Engineer had all the inspection covers off the Beaver and was giving it a full inspection. I asked him what he was looking for and he said that the pilot, had been out the day before and had encountered some extremely rough weather, the aircraft had taken such a jouncing that he wouldn't fly it again until it had been thoroughly inspected.

I then talked to the pilot and the story of his experience paralleled my own of years ago, the same location, and the same wild turbulence.

In 1970, again late October, a Beaver took off from Salmon Lake, 50 miles south of Atlin, B.C. with 4 passengers on board. There was a west wind, the Beaver was just up and nicely flying when it suddenly rolled over and plunged into the lake. There were people watching from the shore and they said they were positive the engine was running when the aircraft hit the water.

Where the aircraft sank the lake was 400 feet deep and the aircraft wasn't retrieved until the following spring.

In the fall of 1970 a Beaver aircraft was being flown out of Chilco Lake, about 100 miles north of Vancouver. For some reason, on this occasion there were no witnesses, the aircraft went into the lake.

These three lakes lie in the Coast Mountains, with a range of high peaks between them and the Pacific Ocean. I am positive that under certain conditions, the winter storms beginning on the coast, with the wind blowing inland over the mountains, sweeping down over the glaciers, it is a very dangerous time to be flying float aircraft out of the costal mountain lakes.

CHAPTER 21

DAWSON CITY

By **1947** the war was over and with it went the big government contracts. Things were much quieter for Northern Airways, for whom I had been flying for five years and decided that it was time I got back into business for myself. By then too, I had come to know the Yukon and its economy pretty well and figured there could be sufficient business for a Dawson City based air service to provide an income for a small operation. About the same time the Air Transport board was set up by the Department of Transport for licensing operators, I applied for, and received, a license from the A. T .B. to operate a flying service based in Dawson.

Ethel, our daughters Joan and Fay, and I moved to Dawson and I set about the final arrangement for Callison's Flying Service.

Moving to a new town brings its share of adjustments, finding accommodation and getting to know the people in the community.

We were fortunate in having Jim and Martha Ballentine sort of take us under their wings. Jim was the Fire Chief and they were in the process of moving into the Chief's apartment over the fire hall so we bought their comfortable bungalow up on 7th Avenue overlooking the "Gold Rush City". We lived in the house for the 15 years we resided in Dawson.

Jim was one of the first men I met in Dawson and I couldn't have found anyone more helpful when I was getting my flying business started. He was a natural mechanic and often went on trips with me and he was the right man to have round when muscle was needed. The son of Dave Ballentine who was credited with carrying a piano on his back over the Chilkoot Trail in 1898, Jim was and still is a powerful man. He was born in Dawson City, left to serve in the Canadian Army overseas, returned when the war was over and became Dawson City Fire Chief.

We have remained friends all these years and Ethel and I will always remember the Ballentine's kindness to us when we first moved to Dawson City.

My first aircraft was a Fairchild 24 CF-EKK and the first contracts were two mail contracts which had been carried out by dog teams, one to Stewart River about 70 miles south of Dawson on the Yukon River and the other to Glacier Creek, 60 miles west of Dawson on the Sixty Mile River. They weren't big but they meant an assured income.

The gold dredges were operating in the Dawson district and for four of them I flew all the crews from Dawson to the dredges in the spring and brought them out in the fall and serviced them once a week during the summer dredging season. The crews would number from 25 to 40 men for each dredge.

There was considerable business flying prospectors around and there were the usual emergency flights, plus extra flights between Dawson and Old Crow and other points.

Two years after I set up the base, the Topographical Surveys of Ottawa launched a massive survey project covering the Yukon north of Mayo and Dawson.

The survey north of Mayo in the Ogilvie Mountains in **1949** was the first time helicopters had been used for topographical survey. The two helicopters owned by Kenting Aviation of Oshawa, Ont. were trucked from Oshawa to Whitehorse where they were assembled and ferried to their operations base at Mayo. In charge of the survey was A.C. Tuttle who later became Chief Topographical engineer of Canada.

The helicopters were Hiller 360's powered by 165 HP Franklin Motors and couldn't land much above 4,500 feet which was about half way up the mountain, but the surveyor, accustomed to using packhorses, even half way made them happy. Today's helicopters can land up to 15,000 feet so taking surveyors only half way up a mountain would not be accepted now.

When we moved the crew out to Mayo at the end of the season and the helicopters were ferried back to the Mayo base, Mr. Tuttle was very pleased with the amount of work he had accomplished. The Government had been reluctant to assume the expense of using helicopters but now Tuttle could report that with the same number of men but using packhorses it would have taken 20 years to accomplish this one season's work and he was sure that all future topographical surveys would be done with the aid of helicopters. The next year they returned with two helicopters and completed the survey to the Arctic Ocean.

* * *

During the survey of **1950** I used a twin engine Anson to service the helicopters, but some were working in rugged terrain where I couldn't possibly land so the supplies and aviation gas had to be air dropped.

I purchased at least 75 military cargo parachutes to attach to the strong wooden cases the gasoline cans were packed in - two 4 gallon cans to each case. I removed the cargo door from the aircraft, replacing it with a plywood door which could be removed for the cargo drops, then I installed a metal chute on the wing to slide the gas and cargo onto, for the drops which were made from about 1,000 feet altitude.

As most of the drops were made over tundra country, the spongy surface lessened the impact and often the cases would land upright so there was very little gasoline lost.

I used an Anson for the operation and Al Carr, a former Canadian Air force pilot, flew many of the gas and cargo drop runs.

The helicopter pilots would gather up the parachutes and take them back to camp where they would be picked up by float aircraft to be reused several times.

It became fairly routine until one day the helicopter landed too close to one of the abandoned parachutes, sucked it up in to the blades and wrecked one of them. A new set of blades was flown from Seattle to Fairbanks and I went to Fairbanks to pick them up.

The only way I could carry them was to tie them onto the Beaver's floats and that was the way I delivered them to the camp.

To be continued

IRON MAN OF THE NORTH

by John Gould jgould*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Percy DeWolfe carried the mail between Dawson-Fortymile-Eagle Alaska from 1910 to 1949 when the mail contract to Eagle was finally discontinued. His last contract was to Fortymile. Mail to the outlying areas by this time was being delivered by air.

Percy DeWolfe was born in Nova Scotia and as a young man worked his way west. He and a life long partner, Pete Anderson, arrived in Dawson on June 28, 1898. They had come down the Pelly River in a small boat. They were broke when they got here, and by that time all the good claims were taken: Pete, who was a fisherman from the coast, decided to try fishing for a living. They were able to buy a fish net on credit and went down the Yukon 10 miles and brought back the first fresh salmon to Dawson. They built up a decent fishing business in the summer time and did some winter freighting in the Fortymile country. During this time they built the 16 mile Road House and Halfway House on the Yukon river.

In 1910 they dissolved partnership when Percy got a contract to carry the mail from Dawson to Eagle, Alaska. He carried the mail summer and winter through all kinds of weather and road and river conditions. During freeze up and break up, he battled the ice floes, at times risking his own life to get the mail through. On one trip he had his horses go through the ice. He had one passenger at the time who managed to jump free. Percy was able to throw the 20 bags of mail off of the sleigh before the three horses and sleigh went under the ice. In February 1947 when the temperature in Dawson went to minus 73 Fahrenheit, Percy was on his way back from Eagle. He was a week overdue and the post master, Tommy Byers, was concerned for his safety. A ground and air search was started. Pat Callison of Callison's Flying Service flew low over Halfway House. Percy, hearing the plane, came out and waved at him. He arrived home in -50 F. temperatures unaware that there was a search on looking for him.

In 1935, Percy DeWolfe received a silver medal from King George for his service. The following letter came to him from the Minister of the Interior, T.G. Murphy.

Dear Mr. DeWolfe: April 29 1935

It affords me pleasure to transmit to you the enclosed medal from His Majesty the King to be worn in commemoration of their Majesties Silver Jubilee. I regret circumstances do not permit me to make this presentation personally which would afford opportunity for me to express to you some appreciation of your service to the Yukon Territory. With kindest regards and best wishes I am; Yours Faithfully, T.G. Murphy

Our resident Historian John Gould may be of help. Contact him here: [jgould at northwestel.net](mailto:jgould@northwestel.net)

From the Percy DeWolfe race website.

Yes Sherron go ahead and use it, I did it for the Percy DeWolfe race committee so maybe you should ask them as well OK. - John Gould (In Dawson)

Additional note from Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

In addition, it should be noted that Percy hailed from Wolfville, Nova Scotia, where the DeWolfe family once had a significant presence. The family's old house is still there as is an old warehouse with the family name painted on the side. Somewhere I have a photo of it that I will try to find for posting here.

It was not uncommon for young men from that area to hop the freights and go west to work the harvests in the prairies. Members of my grandparent's families were still doing it thirty years later. Most came home after that. Percy didn't.

Given the climate of the time, it seems likely that his marriage to a native woman in the west made him a bit of a black sheep in the family back East. At any rate, it appears that he was not generally well known there until the Mayors of Wolfville and Dawson met and started talking about connections at a Federation of Canadian Municipalities meeting in the late 1990s. Mayor Bob Stead was prompted by some research done by a Mr. Woodman, the retired editor of the Wolfville Advertiser, who dug up a lot of this information a decade or so back after visiting his daughter in Dawson, who was principal of the Robert Service School at the time. He passed it on to me in a column which was run in the Klondike Sun.

Percy DeWolfe

by Harold Woodman

Kentville Advertiser

Submitted to MocTel by Dan Davidson (In Dawson)

("Woody" Woodman became interested in the DeWolfe legend after visiting his step-daughter, Carol McCauley, and her family in Dawson during the 1990s. Wolfville and Kentville are two Annapolis Valley towns about 15 minutes apart.)

Percy DeWolfe was born in Wolfville, N.S., in 1877, and like so many Nova Scotians since, he went west as a young man, looking for work.

He ended up in Dawson in '98, a little too late to stake his own claim, and took a contract to haul mail between Dawson City, Yukon, and Eagle, Alaska.

Nicknamed the "Iron Man of the North," this legendary figure never failed to get the mail through, winter or summer, freeze-up or break-up.

He used dog-teams, horse-drawn sleighs, and riverboats.

On one occasion when he lost a team of horses and the sleigh through the ice, he and passenger Archie King saved all 23 sacks of mail from the river, walked 20 miles in frozen clothing to borrow a horse, and DeWolfe went on to deliver the mail.

In 1935, he was awarded the Silver Medal by King George V for his unspoiled record in delivering the mail.

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA – A CONNECTION TO THE NAME DEWOLFE

Thought I would take a look at Wolfville NS online and was taken back when I entered this address <http://www.town.wolfville.ns.ca/> looked at the visitors guide and read –

History

The Town of Wolfville welcomes you to the picturesque Annapolis Valley. **Originally know as Mud Creek, it got its name in 1830** when two granddaughters of **Judge Elisha DeWolfe** convinced their postmaster uncle that a more suitable name was needed. **The villagers chose the name Wolfville** for their town. Today beautiful elm trees, manicured lawns and grand century old homes guide visitors down Wolfville's Main Street.

Location

Wolfville is situated in the Annapolis Valley region of Nova Scotia overlooking the Minas Basin and the dykes built by the Acadians. It experiences some of the highest tides in the world in one of the world's smallest harbours.

The Town is located on Highway 1 which can be accessed via Highway 101 at two interchanges approximately 4 kilometres east or west of Town limits. The Town has a geographic area of 7.31 square kilometres and is approximately an hour's drive from Halifax, Atlantic Canada's largest city. It is also two and a half hour's drive from Yarmouth, the gateway to the United States.

Sent these last articles to a few interested parties. - Sherron

Yup. I didn't know any of it until I moved here, but the connection was clear. Funny how this goes. Betty went to high school in Pictou, one time home of George Dawson. We met and married at Acadia University, in Wolfville. - Dan Davidson

Yes I knew that Wolfville in NS was named after Percy's family. Go ahead and use what Dan gives you, I researched it and wrote it and gave it to the DeWolfe group. I did not charge them so it is really mine. I have had several groups ask for the use of it so go ahead. - John Gould

PERCY DeWolfe WEBSITE <http://www.thepercy.com/>

CONNECTIONS

As I prepare for retirement, I wonder which work connections will survive my leaving. A generation older than the eldest of my colleagues, I share little with most of them but our work experience. This thought leads me to reflect on what connections have survived my nomadic existence thus far.

I left Whitehorse at a time of exodus. Most of my childhood friends had left or would leave about the same time. Yet, fifty years later, I still keep in contact with Sally (Greenwood) Witty although we have both moved many times. What sustains our friendship over decades and distance is the life experience we continue to share.

Some of my Yukoner friends I did not know in the Yukon, but got to know them “outside” because our parents or grandparents knew each other, or because we had been kids at Vancouver Yukoners functions. Some I knew as big kids or little kids; decades have erased that distinction.

When I left Burnaby, I never dreamed I would come back, but I did. Reconnecting with people I once knew here is not surprising. Connecting, here, with people I have known elsewhere is! I meet up with people I knew in all the places I have lived. Sometimes, however, the connections approach the bizarre!

One in particular. A few weeks ago, I got an email from Bill Maylor in Saskatchewan, who I had never met. He had been talking on line with Margaret (Burian) Underwood in California, who told him that I had lived in Burnaby, as she had for a time. He, being a Burnaby boy before he was a Yukoner, decided to find out who we knew in common, and emailed me.

It turns out that we have more than Burnaby experience in common, although he left a year after I arrived. His Mom lives in Enderby, less than 2 blocks from where I lived for 12 years. I remember when her house was being built. I remember his aunt and uncle, who lived one street over from us in Enderby, as people with whom I could talk about Hope. Bill is also related to Al Sowden, an old friend of Dad’s, who introduced himself to me when he moved to the Enderby area.

A couple of weeks ago, I was on line “talking” to Margaret, my childhood pen pal, for the first time in many years. Thanks to Bill’s curiosity, and to the MocTel list.

Sherron, come spring, don’t be surprised if the Maylor’s and I invite ourselves for tea in Vernon.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

CONNECTIONS - COLLABORATION

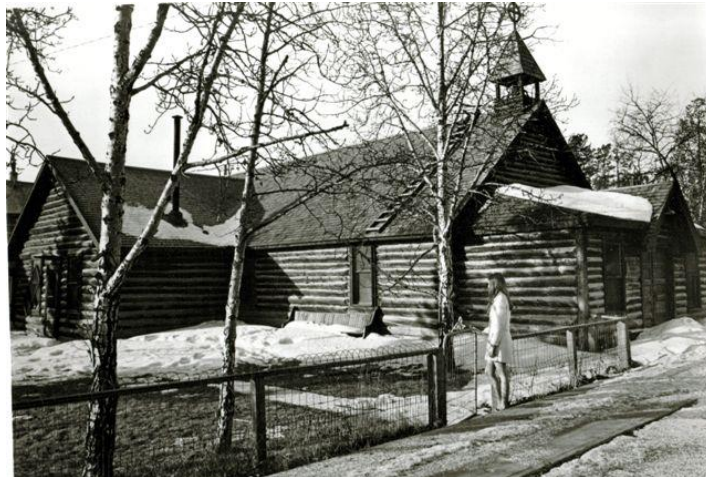
Regarding the collaboration, that's what the MocTel is all about isn't it? It has been fun comparing notes with Maribeth. The fun part is finding how close we came to meeting but didn't. Same with Margaret. She was headed south when Freda and I made a weekend visit to Whitehorse at the end of August; probably passed each other around Teslin.

I was privileged in the nearly twenty years we were in the Yukon to have met so many people through employment with Water Survey and Health & Welfare and through leisure activities like the Gun Club and Ham Radio. Henry was another person that I hadn't actually met but we traveled the same trails. In the article he wrote about hiking the Trail, he mentioned caching the packs in the recorder shelter at Lindeman Lake. I installed that shelter.

And when the Aishihik dam was being built, that was my area of measurement and Henry was overseer of the project. But we didn't actually meet.

Since you started the Mocketel in 2003 I have sent notes to several members. Very seldom is there a reply but I really enjoy making contact with those that do. For instance, Donna and I are just about brother and sister now. We drop in en route to visiting Freda's mom in Edmonton pretty regularly.

Bill Maylor bill_maylor@excite.com (In Neilburg SK)



Log Church – Whitehorse

Photo courtesy Mike Paolera mpaolera@telus.net (In Osoyoos)

The old Log Church, built in 1900 in Whitehorse, Yukon now serves as a Museum of Yukon Church history. Hand-written records of meetings done by Robert Service are exhibited here.



Log Church – Snag

Photo courtesy Mike Paolera mpaolera@telus.net (In Osoyoos)

A dirt road ,only open in the summer, leads 17 miles off the Alaska highway at Mile 1188.6/1912.7km to an abandoned airfield and Indian village known as Snag, where this picture was taken. A temperature of -81.3 degrees was recorded at Snag during the winter of 1946-47.

Car of the Future

Hope we all live long enough to see us using this type of vehicle throughout the world. Runs on salt water and emits only water. Well worth watching this movie clip. Last I had heard was that they had the engine, now it seems they have the car built. Would rather have the technology of the engine without having to drive a model like this using computer technology.– Sherron

A Car of the Future

This is awesome; wait for it to download. This is a car of the future. Who said GM was dead? <http://www.youtube.com/v/ry6w3mRm-FM>

HIGHWAY LODGES

Sandy

Really enjoyed your story. Will pass the link on to Lorne and June and hopefully they

will sign on to the MocTel too. We, too, loved Mother's cooking and would drive out from Whitehorse just for lunch and pie for dessert (best pastry in the territory). Freda and I stopped in and had coffee with Lorne on our way south in August.

Interesting to see that Mrs Flumerfelt is your godmother. She worked at the Nursing Station during the years that I did maintenance there. I sent a note her way when I saw her name on the MocTel list but never got a reply. Probably got pegged as SPAM and got turfed. Do you have contacts with any others in D Bay? Like Gary, maybe. He is probably a Grampa by now.

If you do have contacts up there with e-mail. Please run my name and e-mail address past them and we can re-connect, particularly the Cooks and Wirths. Maybe they will remember the two man team in the blue van with a ladder on the roof. Bobbsey Twins, Mutt and Jeff, probably many other names to describe us. Me and Louis were a good team. Worked for Health & Welfare doing maintenance. We were involved when the Beaver Creek nursing station graduated from a trailer to one of the government houses about 1982 or 83.

I will paste Sherron's link in here so June can click on it. Lorne is Technologically challenged but I am working on him using pictures through his secretary.

[Bill inserted the Special Edition e-mail sent to MocTel recipients, here. – Sherron]

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

Sherron

These are some of the conversations that Bill [Maylor]and I have had --- and in it is yet another experience of living on the Highway.

It may be of some interest....maybe someone will remember the two cops that were there at the time...I think they were Laurie Tubbs and Jim Powell if I am correct.....Laurie was the Corporal, and Jim was the constable...and from Newfoundland.

I think that it would be wonderful if you put it in the MocTel and perhaps some of the others that I have sent to you. Just fill it out....as there is one story that I think that should be told, and a query from Bill about the nurses of the north...ie: my godmother Marsha Flumerfelt, to name one, and Mary Taylor was another, and Mrs. LaFroth as well. Though they were not full fledged nurses, they were called Lay nurses and they would be there to assist the doctor when they were in town, and then the rest of the time they looked after the residents of the community the best they could. They were silent angels. At least to us they were.

Sandy

Good evening Bil

Thank you for the very kind reply. There was so much I wanted to add, but I was afraid that it would take away from the theme.

I have not spoken with either June or Lorne for many years. Please give them my best regards. I think of them often, and can still hear Lorne giving us girls the gears, and hear June with her "tinkling" giggle, and then it would explode into an uproarious laugh that was absolutely catching. I saw them the last time I was home in 1994. They are such wonderful people.

No, I cannot remember the blue van with the ladder on top, but unless I knew you via the motels/hotels, as I worked in many of them, or you knew my dad, Glen Campbell, it is likely I never met you. I do remember the nurse's station in the trailer.

I remember holding an American's scalp on while Dr. Albertini sewed it back on, and ordered a M.A.S.H. helicopter out of Anchorage, AK, to land in the school yard in Beaver Creek. The guy had been drinking and driving. He passed a motorhome down on the Snag Creek Flats, just "North" of the Pump Station road, swerved back into his lane, catching the soft shoulder, flipped the car end over end, and then did a head stand down the highway. He flew right out of his seat belt, and out the back window. I think that he was driving something like a Bobcat, or something similar. I was told to go to the nurse's station and assist in getting it ready for an emergency. The cops went to the airport to get the doc as he was just taxiing out to head back to Whitehorse. They caught him just as he was warming up his plane, even though it was about 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Anyway, he rushed back to the station, and we did what we could for him, and with extensive internal injuries, the doc knew that he really needed more help than we could give. Anyway, they flew him back to Anchorage, and we never did hear what happened after that.

It was so common to just jump in, regardless of what work you were normally employed in. The small communities were a hub of incredible adaptable people. I am proud to have been raised where we were, and am a very proud Yukoner and Sourdough.

Thank you once again for you comments. I really appreciate the feed back.

I don't keep in contact with too many people in the North now. Many of them that I knew, have moved elsewhere, and like me, have lost that close touch with the North. I have been in touch with Marion (Mogey) Mogenson, and Ron Hiltz. His father was employed at the Pump Station. I had, at one time, been in touch with Susan Stalberg. Her father, Jack Stalberg, who was instrumental in getting the airport in Beaver Creek up and running, worked at the pump station as well. They lived over on the Island. Jack has had a few strokes, but he is always interested in folks dropping by.

I have been in touch with Jacque Bradley. She lives in Fort Smith, and teaches Air

control in the college up there. Vickey, her sister, still lives in Whitehorse.

Wishing you warm regards

Sandy

Sandy

I know how you feel about what to include and what NOT to. And after you push the send button there's a few things you wish you had put in, or a PS that should have been included.

Do you remember who the nurse was at the time you helped out? Marge or Leslie or Fran.

Did you have anything to do with the Lodge at Canyon Creek? I think a Rick Jensen had it. I was with Water Survey at that time and did measurements there and the Junction and kept tabs on the water level up on Aishihik Lake. Margaret Bastien was the gauge reader at the Junction although I never met her.

What part of Langley are you in? That's my original home area.

Bill Maylor

Well, I did think about the PS, but thought about it again, and decided that I best not ...it might take away from the power of the story.

Actually, at the time, we did not have a nurse stationed there. Marge had been moved to Destruction Bay, and if we needed her, we either transported the patient to her, or Beat Ledergerber would fly the patient to her, or he would fly Marge to them.

There was very little at Canyon Creek. Later there was a piano tuning place there, but nothing else. I knew at one time there was a gas station that was opened for the summers. But I was too young to have known about that. I could not get a straight answer out of Dad when I spoke to him neither. I know that it was a beautiful spot, but a wicked spot too. It sat right at the bottom of the valley, so I know for the "big" trucks had a hell of a time crawling up that hill at the best of times, and it was even harder if they were starting out from the bottom in the lower gears. They would be lucky to get to the top of the hill in third gear....the bottom third that is.

I am in Langley Township. I am on the 232nd exit off the hwy.
Sandy

Just wanted to say about the letter or story Sandy Campbell wrote.
It does bring back great memories as we travelled that highway many times while living in the Yukon; and yes one was always greeted like one of the family.
These lodges will all be missed for sure.

Oh yes I forgot to mention about one of the lodges. It was at mile 710.
Ron and I were just talking about our first trip up the Alaska Highway in 1961.
Our 2 boys were only 1 and 2 years old, however at that time the lodge had a Minor bird [also know as a Mynah bird] and it talked to them.
Yes at the same time an American lady was staying at the motel, she was telling us: "I had 3 baths one after the other to get clean", as at that time it was some dusty.

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

Hello Sherron

A big thank you to Sandy Campbell for the issue on the Highway Lodges. I agree it is terrible loss to Yukoners and travellers that we are losing these lodges. I also agree that the Govt. Should be trying to help these stay open; they try to promote tourism but turn around and chop one of the assets. I have heard of many of these people and even know a couple of them, very interesting reading.

Thanks

Audrey Vigneau vigneau@yknet.ca (In Dawson)

Hi Sherron.

Just heard from Bill Maylor....This is Lorne Raymond's secretary. Gave Lorne a print out of the e-mail, and he does remember you....I would like to say hi to Sandy Campbell. Sandy was a great waitress she called every one LOVE great worker, every one loved her. By the way good story on the highway lodges. Would like to say my mom and dad (Harold and Gladys Patterson) ran Koidern for a man called Eric, don't remember his last name though, in 1956-57. After they left there they went to work at the Canalaska nickel mine till it shut down, then we moved into Whitehorse. My Dad is gone but mum is still with me she will be 88 this year..

June Raymond juneraymond@hotmail.com (near 898 and Yukon River bridge)

Wow!!! I am so glad to hear that June and Lorne popped in... I chuckled when she said she was the secretary.....

They were such good people to work for. I am glad that they put in a bit of history that I did not know.,....that was so cool

Thank you June, for sending along this info, and your kind words. I really appreciate that.

*All the best to you.
Sandy*

Hi Sherron;

Thanks again for another great read. I have been so busy over the last few months that I have been just downloading your emails. Being as I worked for Monty Alford at Water Survey in the sixties, I used to drive to the White river regularly. I see Sandy did miss a couple of my favourite lodges. I'm not being critical, honest.

Well the two that jumped out as missing was Mendenhall (SP?) and Canyon Creek lodges. Canyon Creek lodge was where the Aishihik River crossed under the Alaska Hwy and Mendehall was between Cracker Creek Lodge and Canyon Creek Lodge. I always stayed at Canyon Creek 'cause I used to measure Aishihik River and Aishihik Lake. For NCPC, of course.

I have a lot of good memories of my Yukon time. When I slow down, I'll start putting them on paper.

I truly did have some unique experiences.

Cheers,
Brent Tipple beasley@shaw.ca

Kudoes to Sandy and you for sharing this wonderful tour. While I do not remember which ones we stopped at in '98, many of them were ones talked about by my relatives all my life. Hopefully, Sandy has opened up a new line of dialogue with MocTel readers.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Thank you for your kind words and inspiration. I was very happy to share a part of the Yukon that I know best, and as there was so much more that I could have put in, I decided that it would take away from the theme, being the Highway Lodges. Perhaps I will do another, on another topic, but on that end of the highway.

*Thank you once again.
Sandy*

Hi Sherron just reading the special Moccasin Telegraph on the Highway lodge's by Sandy Campbell, She did a great job and with human interest and humour. It was interesting just wanted to tell you as I think a person should know when they do an interesting article, she put a lot of thought into it. Hope all is well down your way our weather has warmed up and we are back to rain Hooray !

Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Thank you for the input and reaction to my article. I am so happy that you were able to see my sense of humour. There was much more that I would have liked to have put in, but I was afraid of taking away from the theme, and that being, the Highway Lodges.

*Thank you once again.
Sandy*

I found this article very interesting and informative – many thanks to Sandy Campbell. I believe, however, that she forgot a couple of places.

One was Doug Gonder's place; I forget what he called it, at the junction of the Alaska Highway and the Aishihik Road. It began life in about 1974 or 1975. There was a fairly serious fire and Doug eventually sold the place – I'm not sure who owns and operates it now.

The other was an old lodge at Mendenhall Creek. It was still operating when we came up in 1974 but closed down shortly thereafter.

Stan Marinoske smarinoske@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Whoops Yes, I realized afterwards that I had forgotten a couple, but you and Bill had looked at it so many times, and you asked that I not send any more edits, so I left it.

Mendenhall and Canyon Creek had been closed for a long time before we came there. As far as I know, they had been closed for several years, though at one time there was talk rumbling that both of them were going to open again, but I do not recall if they ever did. There is one of mention that I sort of skirted around and that is the one at the intersection of where the Otter Falls/ Aishihik Road meets the Alaska Highway. I don't recall the name of it.

So I am sorry if I missed a couple, and I apologize in advance if that has hurt anyone's feelings. That was not my intention.

Also just heard from JJ (Jacque Bradley), and she brought to my attention, that I switched two mile posts.

White River Lodge is 1169 Not 1164

Koidern River Fishing Lodge was 1164 NOT 1169

Thanks again

*Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)*

Just wanted to send a note your way Sandy, and let you know we enjoyed your wonderful stories of the Highway Lodges. What a fabulous life you had growing up in that time and place. We really appreciate the time and effort you put into sharing these stories with the MocTel readers. I'm sure it brought back loads of memories to all those that travelled that Highway.

As the saying goes "nothing stays the same"....but what a shame that this little piece of our history has gone as well.

Thanks for sharing,
Karren & Bob Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney BC)

Dear Karen and Bob

Thank you for your vote of confidence. Yes, I have been blessed in many ways in my life, and being raised in the North was likely the biggest blessing, Of course, I did not realize that until I left the Yukon, but everyday I see the benefits of this lifestyle.

I have really enjoyed sharing my experiences with everyone in the MocTel, but of course, none of this could have happened without Sherron and Henry getting it started. For that, all of us have been truly blessed. We have met up with old friends, and have met many new ones because of the work that Sherron puts into this project every week. Any rewards that come her way are so very well earned to say the least.

As for "nothing stays the same", unfortunately technology is changing everyday, and it takes no prisoners, so we either keep up or get left behind, and with cars having better gas mileages and bigger tanks, so much for the stops in between. I guess that is what really inspired me to write this article. I hope to have others along the way, but I will admit that I am really awestruck at the response that I have received.

Thank you once again for you support in this.

Sandy

LIFE ON THE NORTH HIGHWAY

Hi Sandy

Sorry I haven't had time to get back to you, seems there just aren't enough hours in a day. That was a great write up you did on the North Highway, having lived at, Beaver Creek, White River, Pine Valley, Mountain View, Burwash, Destruction Bay, spending weeks

visiting at Silver City, and living in the Jct., it sure brought back memories for me. It seemed the highway was just an extended family as when they had to they always stood together, and it didn't matter where you stopped you were made to feel welcome, there was always coffee and goodies waiting. It's a real sin to see this part of the Yukon Highways history being closed down especially by part of it's own, (meaning Whitehorse) this isn't and should never be a highway with points A to B. It's a trip of a life time to be able to stop and visit and the quaint and unique little places along the way as each had there own individual personalities.

Anyways Sandy great write up and thanks for the java, here's hoping a few people in town will think twice about what they are doing to our neighbors, and come up with some better ideas on how to help out those necessary lodges along that lonely highway through God's country.

Mogey Mogenson (Pine Valley Mile 1147) elgolfo*shaw.ca Cranbrook

CRACKER CREEK – KONA HAWAII

Cracker Creek mentioned in the highway lodge story has all but disappeared. There used to be a small bridge there years ago but now nothing. If you know where to look, the old buildings are still there and I think someone lives there or used to in the summers. I have a little story that comes to mind every time I pass Cracker Creek.

Several years ago John VanEvery from Dawson and myself with our wives went to Kona in Hawaii. John and I wanted to do some marlin fishing. So we rented a small charter boat and left at 6am the next day. We had 2 rods in the water and took turns for half an hour each. John had the first watch, so if we got a marlin on either rod, it was his to reel in.

I went up on the top deck to visit with the Skipper. He says, so where are you guys from and I told him. He said "Really, I spend my summers in Chicken" (near Dawson). So Johns half hour was up and he came up on top and I went down to look after the rods. The deckhand was cleaning up and he says, so where are you guys from and I told him. He said "Jeez, I was born in Cracker Creek. You might know my grandparents, Jack and Hazel Mulloy.

I never met Jack but Mrs. Mulloy was living at that time in Dawson and I used to deliver fuel to her home and knew her well. She was a grand old lady that I will never forget. Probably in her 80's. She used to come into the office and pay her bill, usually the same day as the delivery. One month she came in and after giving her the receipt, I said, "Have a nice day Mrs. Mulloy". She patted my hand and said " At my age, sonny, every day is a nice day".

Her home burned down that same year and I lost track of her. But I will bet that the MocTel readers will have some stories they can tell about the Mulloys.

And Yes, I got a 98 lb. marlin, one of the very few that got caught that month. I think the skipper tried extra hard to find a marlin for a couple of "local boys".

Don Frizzell frizzell*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Wow!!! That is too cool. Please pass a huge thanks to Don for me. Hope you will paste all the feed back in the next MocTel.....looks like it is really starting to get the memory juices flowing again.

Again, Thanks Sherron

Sandy

FOND MEMORIES OF LIFE ALONG THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

Hello Sandy, a nice piece on the highway, I enjoyed it as I too still think back to those days!

And I do remember being a pest to John and Freda Livesey. A post office trading post general store, "comic books", a wood stove in the middle of the floor, to the right of the counter a holder with roll of brown wrapping paper, and a spool of wrapping string along side. Along the back wall were some traps and gear, a few tools, some dry goods and foot wear. I think as you traversed counter clockwise around the center magazine and display rack. And yes I have a life time of this stuff floating around under the area were I occasionally hang a hat.

Cheers Sandy,
Ron Hiltz

As foot note to the lodge closures along the highway. Also to the extended family connection created between the people of the highway. As I remember my younger years on the highway we were all connected and formed a bond with each other, with one exception. We were part of a fixed population with the addition of a turnover of people who moved in and then moved out. A second factor which I wonder if any one has thought of is, how many people traveling the highway who owed their lives to people of the highway, people who were traveling unprepared and uninformed as to the dangers of winter travel and the people of the highway who rescued the stranded motorist and took them in and cared for them and helped with repairs to cars and what not and with extra clothing and supplies in aide to assist people to get on their way. Many of these people of the highway were all ambassadors of good will for the north. An effort which I do not think can be measured in value added commodity to the northern experience. All these things considered have the powers of the Territorial Government looked at the lodge closures from the other angle - Can the territorial government afford to loose this connection of people who aide in linking the highway. Perhaps consider not being dictatorial but being part of the chain and lending support to those needed up grades so

they can be completed. As nothing is worse than being told what can't be done, instead here is what needs to be done and lets find a way to do it.
This is part of what the spirit of the north is about.

Yes, memories of mile 1202, the curling rink, the best "Co-Co" [hot chocolate] in the world, Bessie and Cliff Lawrence to name a few!!!

Cheers to all Sherron.

Ron Hiltz ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)



Yuma Sunset – Jan 10, 2007

Taken outside our home – photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*adelphia.net
The more cloud here the prettier the sunset. The clouds brought in freezing temperatures.

A TIDBIT OF YUKON HISTORY

My neighbour just e-mailed me your Jan 2007 edition of Moccasin Flats or whatever. My Grandfather owned a Roadhouse from 1902 until 1909 near Takhini. His name was Robert Henry Macdonald. All of the guest registers and one picture of the roadhouse is in the archives in Whitehorse. I got a print of the picture from them showing my grandfather, grandmother and my dad (who as we were told was almost born on the Yukon River) who was born in Whitehorse in 1904. Thought you might be interested to get this little bit more of Yukon history. I enjoyed the latest issue.

Thanks Joan Gale jwgale@hotmail.com



Another Truck Accident – this one at Mile 98
Photos forwarded by Gary McRobb gm*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



REGAIN YOUR FAITH IN THE INTERNET AND GOOGLE

I sent an e-mail to Google's security people and expressed my appreciation for their site and my disappointment at them finding our MocTel site which I had naively understood

to be private. Well at least it was until they found it and created links to everything that was on it. I expressed the reasons why I wished it to remain private and they have willingly agreed and are working at removing the residual information from their search engine. So I suppose if we leave it alone for awhile it will no longer carry any of the links which in almost every case is resulting in only an error page already. – Sherron

Hi Sherron,

Thank you for your reply. We understand your concern about outdated information appearing in our search results. Please be assured that we'll delete our cached copies of these pages as soon as possible.

After we delete the cached copy of a page, the page's title and URL will continue to display for the same search queries until our robots revisit the site. Users will still be able to visit the live page. Because this information has been removed from the live page, this page will not return as a result for searches on related keywords after our next crawl. We appreciate your patience during this process.

Lastly, please note that you can keep your site, or certain parts of it, from appearing in Google's search results by using a robots.txt file. Google follows standard web protocol in not crawling sites with specific instructions in their robots.txt files. We also do not crawl pages that use meta tags to restrict access by robots. For more information about using robots.txt files and meta tags, please visit <http://www.google.com/support/webmasters/bin/answer.py?answer=35301>

Once you've added the appropriate robots.txt file or meta tags, Google will find them automatically after we next crawl your site.

We appreciate your taking the time to write to us.

Regards,
The Google Team

NEW ADDITION

We would like to be added to e-mailing list, thank you.....We live 20 miles out of Whitehorse.. Yukon River bridge....Hope you guys are having a good time in Yuma.

June and Lorne Raymond juneraymond@hotmail.com (20 miles south of Whitehorse)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Peace

Copyright B.E. (Brian) Warner bewarner@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

This pond is at Summerland, BC. The picture is done in pastel.
Copyright B E Warner

We have had about 10 inches of snow in the last 2 days. You're missing all the good stuff.

Brian Warner (Jan 20, 2007)

OBITS - (all submitted by Bill Maylor in Neilberg SK)

Lois Miriam Henning passed away in Lions Gate Hospital at age 79 on January 5th, 2007. Miriam was **born and raised in Atlin, B.C.** where the family name has had a long association. For the past fifty years, Miriam lived at the same residence in North Vancouver. Miriam worked in various locations all over the province, and finished her employment at Lions Gate Hospital. She will be greatly missed by her many friends. May she rest in peace, reunited at last with her father Frank, mother Lois and her brother Francis.

Published in the Vancouver Sun on 1/13/2007.

KERIK, Peggy Lorraine On January 16, 2007 Mrs. Peggy Kerik of Westlock **formerly of the Yukon**, passed away at the age of 74 years. She is survived by her loving **husband, Stephen**; brother, Bill Keats of Vancouver; and as well as numerous nieces, nephews other relatives and many friends. Peggy is predeceased by her two infant sons, Brent and Rodney; and her parents; one sister and one brother. Memorial Service will be held Tuesday January 23, 2007 at 2:00 p.m. at the Westlock Memorial Hall with

Reverend Lilley Glebe officiating. Donations are gratefully accepted to the Salvation Army c/o 10004-105 Street, Westlock, Alberta, T7P 1V2. Westlock Funeral Home Ltd. (780) 349-3474

Published in the Edmonton Journal on 1/19/2007

Harvey McGowan, of Saskatoon/ Whitehorse, Yukon, passed away on January 15, 2007 at home with his loving wife, Dawn and mother-in-law, Terry by his side, after a courageous battle with cancer. He is lovingly survived by his wife, Dawn and their daughter, Mahalia; his children, Rhonda (Bill) Burr, Dana (Wayne) Mittlestadt; sons, Robert (Maria), Aaron, Blair; grandchildren, Justin, Nisa, Liam, Kiernan, Kourtney, Cassidy, Kimberlyn and Brooke. Cremation with a private family memorial at a later date. A special thank you to: Dr. R. Kennedy and staff; Dr. A. Powalinsky; Palliative Care Unit; Palliative Home Care Nurses; friends and co-workers in NICU at RUH; family and friends near and far. Arrangements are in care of Martens Warman Funeral Home (934-4888). Published in the Saskatoon StarPhoenix from 1/17/2007 - 1/20/2007.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Do not follow where the path may lead. Go instead where there is no path, and leave a trail.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

Tiger Butter

1 lb. white chocolate ¾ c peanut butter
2 oz. dark chocolate

Melt white chocolate and peanut butter carefully. Pour on wax paper. Melt dark chocolate and drizzle over the first. Swirl with a knife. Refrigerate to set. Cut or break into pieces.

DATES TO REMEMBER

2007 Yukon Quest, begins Saturday February 10th in Whitehorse.

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

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

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

The Vancouver Yukoner's Association plans for March 31st banquet are in full swing now and the response has been most gratifying, thanks, in large part, to the power of the MocTel and our own Carol Clarke's blitzkrieg email tactics!! There is a large group, led by Gus and Blanche Barrett coming from Vancouver Island, and we expect a good turnout from the interior as well.

Know that quite a number of present day Yukoners have made reservations at the River Rock, marking that weekend for a well deserved break from the cold weather of late. Larry Bidlake from Manitoba is even making the trip west for a good time with old school friends and his sister Diane King. Special guests are Commissioner Geraldine Van Bibber and her husband Pat along with this year's Mr. & Mrs. Yukon, Rudy and Janet Couture.

Time now to remind readers that if you can join us, send ticket monies - cheques please (\$55 a person) to:

Mary MacDonald,
Apt.309 - 5166 Halifax St.,
Burnaby, B.C., V5B 2N6

PREPAID tickets can be picked up at the door the night of the event. We need to have numbers early in March for the hotel catering staff. If you wish to stay at the River Rock Resort where the banquet is being held you can call them toll free at 1.866.748.3718 and remember to ask for the Yukoner's rate!! For more information you can email clclarke@shaw.ca or 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

CONTACT INFORMATION

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