

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 245th Edition – March 30th, 2008

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



Winter reflections on Waddington's pond
Norma Waddington norma@redwoodrealty.net (In Whitehorse/Lewes Lake)

A Bush Pilot's Memories – (continued)

By R. O. (Bob) Harrison rh007@telus.net (In Calgary)

Two things happened in 1954: on July 14th, I obtained my commercial pilots license, #VRC- 7108, and on July 19th, I married Florence Holding. Now that I had my commercial pilot's license, I could fly and be paid. I started Adams Lake Flying Service that proved to be not too successful. In about 1956, there was a new aircraft that came on the market called a Taylor Craft, a four-seat with a 225 horsepower engine and covered with fiberglass.

I obtained a dealership and tried to sell them. I took delivery of one and launched my short-lived sales career. In July 1957, Florence and I went on a trip north to Prince George, Burns Lake, Telegraph Creek, and Atlin, hoping to sell one. In Atlin, instead of selling anything, a job came open with Peterson's flying service, flying a Beaver. So I gave up trying to sell something that wouldn't and accepted the job and started my northern bush-flying career. I fell in love with the north and my new job.



Fiberglass Taylor Craft on the Fraser River at Prince George.

I was flying on a variety of jobs, with exploration companies, the mail to Telegraph Creek, and two mail trips a week to Tulsequah Mine (located on the Takou River just inside B.C. near Alaska), and with a survey crew that were re-surveying the B.C./ Yukon boundary. September found me in Dawson City, of gold rush fame, flying drill mud into the first oil drill rig north of the Arctic Circle located on the Eagle Plains, near Old Crow.

The Beaver aircraft was the best bush aircraft ever built. Built in Canada by Dehaviland Aircraft in Toronto. It had seven seats and could carry up to 1,200 pounds of cargo and gets off the water after a short take-off run. What we couldn't get inside, we tied to the floats. Some awkward loads were boats, and canoes. I once hauled a small four-wheel drive vehicle into Boulder Lake in pieces. The frame tied onto a float. Most of the parts were inside the cabin. It was used to haul jade from where it was cut to the lake so we could fly it to Dease Lake for shipment mostly to the Orient. I also flew in pieces of a Super Cub that had crashed. The wings tied to the floats, the engine in the cabin. The next trip, the fuselage tied on to a float. It set up quite a drag and the aircraft pulled to the side that the load was on. The Cub floats were hauled out next. The Cub was rebuilt and was back in the air soon after.



Beaver on the Yukon River at Dawson City, September, 1957- Ron Connelly on my left.

There were two other Beavers, and a Cessna 180 flying the four-hour roundtrip from Dawson. If the weather was good, we could make two trips a day but we could not keep up with the demand. This we did until the lake we were landing on froze over, and then it was back to Atlin.

We were in Atlin until the spring and when Herman Peterson learned that an exploration company cancelled their summer plans, I was laid off. I found a job with G.C.F. Dalziel who owned B.C.- Yukon Air Service in Watson Lake, Yukon, so we moved there in the spring of 1958.

The first flying I did was moving fuel in 45 gallon barrels to Skin Boat Lake, Flat Lake, and Rabbit Kettle Lake for an exploration company helicopter for the upcoming season. The Beaver was equipped with skis. After the ice was gone from the lakes, around the first part of June, floats were installed and the busy summer season began. People from the company that we had hauled the fuel for, were flown in first to Skin Boat Lake and after they finished that area they were moved to Flat Lake and then on to Rabbit Kettle Lake which is adjacent to the famed South Nahanni River.



On the Yukon River at Hootalingua, Winter, 1958- 35 degrees below zero.

In late August, I moved part of the prospecting crew and fuel for the helicopter to Godlin Lake, which was on the route of the Canol wartime pipeline, to a refinery at Whitehorse from the oil fields of Norman Wells. The fuel for the helicopter was flown in from Norman Wells. I was to stay with the crew for the few days they would be there. The helicopter had mechanical problems and needed a part. The nearest part was with the helicopter belonging to the same helicopter company working out of Aklavik in the MacKenzie Delta.

So it was off to Aklavik the largest settlement on the lower MacKenzie River. Inuvik was just beginning and was known as "East-3" at the time as it was 30 miles East of Aklavik. The part was found but the fog moved in and we had to stay overnight. Aklavik has a lot of history and is the final resting place of the Mad trapper of Rat River (Albert Johnson) and I visited his gravesite.

I met Dick North, who is the author of the book entitled “The Mad trapper of Rat River” and writes, in the Introduction:

“This is the true story of one of the most fantastic confrontations in the history of the North American frontier. One man, Albert Johnson, defied a combined force of white trappers, Indians, and men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in a forty-eight-day running battle, which ranged for 150 miles along the Arctic Circle during the winter of 1931-2. The temperature during this time averaged forty below zero. Exhibiting incredible fortitude, courage, woodsmanship, and fighting ability, Johnson was to engage in four shoot-outs with his pursuers, seriously wounding two men and killing a third before he was finally killed on the Eagle River, Yukon Territory, February 17, 1932.”



Rabbit Kettle Lake, adjacent to the South Nahanni River

We got back to Godlin Lake, finished up there and moved the crew back to Rabbit Kettle Lake. I got back to Watson Lake, and had been gone about a week. I also worked out of Dease Lake for a while where Dalziel had a lodge and headquarters for his big game guiding business. All in all, it was an exciting first summer at Watson Lake.

To be continued

A MESSAGE FROM RUSTY REID

I was asked to join Hank Karr and his group to play my fiddle with his band at the Legion for New Years Eve. It started shortly after 8pm and lasted until 2pm. As soon as I get the pictures in my camera developed on Wednesday, January 3rd, I will scan them and send you a picture of the band and some of the crowd. I will also add a paragraph or two about how much I enjoyed playing with the group and how I miss it.

It is print film and I have to take a few more pictures before I go down town.

I am into digital photography now, but I can't find my charger for my camera. It should be somewhere here in the house. Meanwhile, the battery is dead as I had so many pictures taken at the function we had for Moe Grant at the Golden Age building where we had the reception. I will send you some of these pictures as well.

I hope you have a great year ahead of you. Mine was a good one, but there were quite the events. I will tell you about that later too.

Bye for now. RUSTY REID rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

This New Years Dance 2007 was held at the Royal Canadian Legion in Whitehorse, Yukon on December 31, 2007



HANK KARR & TOM BARNABY

Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



RUSTY REID PLAYING FIDDLE

Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Merv Bales, Hank Karr & Tom Barnaby

Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



HANK KARR, TOM BARNABY & RUSTY REID LEGION NEW YEARS
Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



RUSTY REID (fiddle) TOM BARNABY (bass) WAYNE SMYTH (drums)
Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



KEN MASON, SANDRA MASON & BILL MATIATION
Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

FROM JOE REDMOND TO BOB HARRISON

Hi Sherron, I am forwarding to you an email that I received from Joe Redmond a short while ago, one of many that I have received thanks to Moc Tel.

Thank you: Bob Harrison rh007*telus.net (In Calgary)

Hi Bob,

Thankyou for the book. [Memories of Bob Harrison Bush Pilot]. I enjoyed reading it. The "mud haul" I remember as a kid in Dawson. My Dad was expediter for Western Minerals, the drilling company. Ron Connelly gave me my first flying job.

The attached pictures I took. EYV is at McEvoy Lake, June 1965. The shot of you as chef was taken at Lasui Lake, I guess in July 1965. Left to right is Ray Conant (helicopter pilot), pipeline engineers, George Smith and you. I had written on the back of the pics at the time. I don't remember who "George Smith" was.

Best wishes,

Joe Redmond yukon43*telusplanet.net (In Sylvan Lake AB)



Lasui Lake, I guess in July 1965. Left to right is Ray Conant (helicopter pilot), pipeline engineers, George Smith and you (Bob Harrison).
Photo courtesy Joe Redmond yukon43*telusplanet.net (In Sylvan Lake AB)



EYV is at McEvoy Lake, June 1965
Photo courtesy Joe Redmond yukon43*telusplanet.net (In Sylvan Lake AB)

Ottawa a colder capital than Ulan Bator in Outer Mongolia

Erik Neilsen used to dine out on stories about Ottawa being a colder capital than Ulan Bator in Outer Mongolia. If Erik reads this he should be advised that this winter is not only colder, but we are nearing the alltime snow fall record in the Nation's capital. Only 22 centimeters to go and we will equal the record of 442 centimeters - set in 1971.

I thought your Moctel readers - especially those in Beautiful British Columbia and snowbirds down south - would like to see some of what we have endured this winter. It has been very unpleasant especially for the newly elected Ottawa mayor who ran on a campaign of no tax increases only to discover that a 7% increase may take care of the snow removal bill. And flooding to come. If it ever gets above zero.

The new Ottawa mayor should have paid attention to Erik.

Best regards

Les McLaughlin [leslorn*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn@rogers.com) (In Ottawa)



Snow in Ottawa – taken about March 17, 2008
Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin [leslorn*rogers.com](mailto:leslorn@rogers.com) (In Ottawa)



Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin leslorn*rogers.com (In Ottawa)



Here's another one taken more or less out my front door.
Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin leslorn*rogers.com (In Ottawa)

Sherron, it occurs to me, if you are going to run photos and me complaining about the winter in Eastern Canada, why not run the Yukon Nugget about Snag in 1947. Would be a fun connection. Here it is.

Les

SNAG, YUKON - February 3rd, 1947

Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does much about it - so the old saying goes. Well, back in 1947, Gordon O'Toole did something about it - and his work put the Yukon in the weather record book.

That winter was one of the coldest ever. A deep ridge of high pressure settled in over the Territory and just wouldn't move. Everywhere, from Dawson to Mayo to Whitehorse to Snag, the thermometer was motionless for weeks on end.

Temperatures were not metric then but, rather, were measured in Fahrenheit. For all of January, the thermometers around the Yukon had bottomed out. Frigid readings in the -60s prevailed for endless weeks.

Today such conditions might result in a declaration of emergency measures but, back then, the hardy Yukoners toughed it out. No one on the 'outside' knew what was happening until Gordon O'Toole took a reading in Snag on February 3rd.

At that time, Snag, near Beaver Creek, was an emergency military airstrip with a weather office consisting of 16 men.

It had been bone-chilling cold for weeks. Weatherman O'Toole telegraphed the head of Canada's meteorological operations in Toronto that if it got much colder, his equipment would quit and the thermometer reading would be incorrect.

The reply was that if the mercury should settle all the way to the bottom of the bulb, it would be colder than -80 Fahrenheit because that was as low as the readings would go. O'Toole was told to mark a line on the outside of the glass with a file, exactly where the mercury lay. Then he was instructed to carefully wrap up the thermometer and send it to Toronto on the next available military aircraft.

At 7:20 on the morning of February 3rd, 1947, Gordon O'Toole did just that. He estimated the temperature was -83 degrees. When head office finally received the historic thermometer, they calculated a reading based on his line. It read -81.4 Fahrenheit or -63 Celsius.

It was the coldest that had ever been recorded anywhere in North America--- record that remains until this day.

What were conditions at Snag on that historic morning? O'Toole said that ice outside was so hard it took five minutes inside before a trace of moisture appeared on it. A glass of water tossed in the air made a hissing sound and fell as ice pellets; an ax head shattered as it bounced off a block of ice. Rubber had the feel of cement. Wood was petrified. So, it is said, were the guys at the isolated weather office.

This was Snag on February 3rd, 1947 when the Yukon entered a record-breaking deep freeze. The news was transmitted around the world and the Yukon's image of being a land of ice and cold was reinforced for years to come.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

105 Jarvis Street

I read with interest about the fire [in MocTel 244] at 105 Jarvis Street. I grew up in that house and have many happy memories of it. I had asked a friend to take a picture of it last year when she was visiting Whitehorse. Now I know why she could not carry out my request.

Roberta Johansen (CLOSE) hrjohan*telus.net (In Prince George)

HARDROCK MCDONALD

Just contacted my mother and about all she could tell me was that her father, my grandfather, Henry's father "SPOT CASH" (all the same person) and Hardrock used to do a lot of drinkin' together. Two Peas in a Pod. Very much alike, any excuse to break open a bottle. That is the way it was back then. Oh Boy What Fun! She did say that he was a tough ol' guy and that is the reason he was called Hardrock I guess. Did a lot of prospecting.

If you have a copy of the book put together by Lowell Blieler's wife Gold and Galena there is an article on MacDonald on pages 408 and 409. You'd have to get their permission to reprint.

Thought I would let you know.
Have fun and a safe journey home.

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

My copy of Gold and Galena is at home – will try to remember to look it up when I get home. – Sherron

YUKON HEADED FOR A BILLION DOLLAR BUDGET before too long

How times have changed since many of us lived in Yukon. Money flows more freely from the Federal Government – while the rest of Canada coughs it up. – Sherron

For those who live in this privileged part of Canada you may not know that those who live in the provinces do not get 'Federal money' on the same terms you do.

I've said it before and will say it again – the balance of treating each Canadian the same becomes more exaggerated with each new budget.

The community we have lived in for the past 25 years, (Vernon), has had two public facilities built during that time period and both have been paid for by local taxpayers. One of those facilities is currently being used to host the Ladies World Curling Championships. You don't have to look far in Whitehorse to count the number of public facilities built with 'out of town' money. It is the rest of us in Canada that are subsidizing Yukon.

This announcement is an example of how far from the rest of Canada things are going.

I expect some of you will be on the other side of the fence and take exception to what I have shared here, so please feel you can present your message too. Just not AT me. Any one of you can write to the readers of the MocTel. – Sherron

Am sure the balance would be even more exaggerated if we were to learn the total amount forwarded to the Yukon population if all budgets were combined to include the Federal functions.

*Received one e-mail recently from a Yukoner, who thanked me for **my contribution** to the "Infrastructure Fund - The Yukon government got a big shot in the bank account this week with a \$243 million funding agreement from Ottawa."*

(From the Whitehorse Star – Feb 5, 2008)

"The Yukon government has promised a new 30-unit apartment complex to meet the needs of single women and their children who need affordable housing.

Elaine Taylor, minister responsible for the Women's Directorate, announced the commitment at a press conference this morning, after two months' research into the segment of society most in need of social housing.

It's estimated the cost will run between \$9 million and \$11 million."

(From the Whitehorse Star - website - comments section)
Feb 10, 2008 at 1:05 pm – Rebecca

“Assume that ‘9 to 11 million’ turns into 12 million for a round number. In reality we all know it will cost much more. **Each ‘single mom’s apartment will cost \$400,000!** No doubt the place will be about as attractive as a bomb shelter by the time the government gets through its ‘design charette’ despite the cash being dropped.

There will no doubt be a YTG staff of 5 for administration costing \$50,000 p.p/ year including benefits. Read \$8,000 per year per apt.

We are looking at \$2,400 per month per unit in financial carrying costs or opportunity cost on the money if it is paid for in cash. (Mortgage at 5.5% interest or loss of investment income on 12 mil. Add the \$750 per month in admin, plus \$100 in utilities and **you have a carrying cost of \$3,250 PER MONTH per apt! Not including water, sewer, damage, taxes, incidentals, and depreciation.**

The **justification for this project** is that the private sector will not provide decent ‘**affordable housing**’. Yet Social Assistance expects the **private sector to provide the same services for \$650 per month** to house a single person. That is a fact. SA will kick in another \$100 or so for utilities, but prefers that utilities be included for the \$650.

SA provides a maximum combined oil and damage deposit of \$390. This is a joke and comes nowhere near filling an empty tank let alone doing repairs or paying for carrying costs if the SA renter leaves without giving proper notice - which is common.

A ‘single mother’ with a child or two probably gets about \$1000. I don’t know about single fathers since they seem to be in a different category.

How does the government justify allocating itself over triple the amount that they expect the private sector to work for? Then consider the danger of this Project turning into a segregated slum as is the case with so many other ‘social housing’ endeavours that isolate groups in need.

My suggestion: Increase assistance cheques to some reasonable level and let people (men included!) rent themselves comfortable living spaces in a respectable, integrated, normal neighbourhood rather than paying over triple to create The Projects - a building that will no doubt stigmatize the kids and women who live there.

And what is with the ‘mothers only’ rule anyway? (No fathers allowed: Fathers BAAD! Mothers GOOD!)

I object to this project. It is not thought out, this is the first I have heard of it ie, there has been no public consultation.

Congratulations to the ‘advocacy group’ that pushed this through behind the public’s back with no debate.”

[Territorial budget nudges \\$900-million mark](#)

March 20, 2008

The Yukon government tabled a nearly \$900-million budget for 2008/2009 this afternoon, expecting to spend nearly \$697 million in the 2008/2009 fiscal year to operate the territory, along with \$120 million in capital expenses.

MORE FROM A NEW ADDITION TO MOCTEL

Attached is the story of my attempted canoe trip from Lake Bennett to Whitehorse. My wife's name is Wasana and her nick name is Lek, all Thai's have nick names.

I received information about the Moccasin Telegraph from Barb Harris a renewed Whitehorse friend from 1966. Since I started corresponding with you I have been contacted by two other past friends.

Thank you,

Troy Schlitter troyinthailand@hotmail.com Now resides in Chiang Mai, north Thailand

Hello Sherron:

You asked about my adventure from Lake Bennett to Whitehorse. Well my adventure began with plans to hike the Chilkoot trail to Lake Bennett then continue up the Yukon River by canoe to Whitehorse.

In the early spring of 1996 I wrote to Tourism Yukon and the RCMP in Carcross to find out if it was safe to canoe on this part of the Yukon River. As I did not hear back from either party I presumed that it would be OK much like a walk in the park.

I left Edmonton in mid summer carrying a friend’s 16 foot fiberglass river canoe on top of my small Dodge car. After a couple of days in Whitehorse I had my friend Niki, drive her sister Tara and I to Skagway so Tara and I could hike the Chilkoot. Niki was to return to Skagway in three days with the canoe and my two canoe partners, Carla a young lady friend of hers and a young fellow by the name of Rob who lives in Whitehorse. They were to get on the train and meet Tara and I at Lake Bennett. Tara was then to return to Whitehorse with Niki.

On the third day at around 3 P.M., Tara and I reached Lake Bennett. I think it was near 4 P. M. that my canoe, my two inexperienced canoe partners and my friend arrived on the train.

We quickly unloaded the canoe and our supplies so my friend and her sister could return to Skagway on the train. Shortly after the Train left Bennett Station we loaded the canoe, however due to the extra luggage brought by my new companions we found that we had only about 3 inches of free board (the distance from the water line to the top of the canoe) and headed onto Lake Bennett.

If you have been to Bennett station and looked out onto the lake you would notice a point on your right where the cove of Lake Bennett ends and unknown to us the fury of the wind from the Chilkoot trail and the North pass takes over.

From about 4:30 PM until shortly after midnight my two canoe companions and I fought to keep the canoe afloat. The waves on the lake reached about 3 feet and they attempted to force us onto the huge house sized boulders that make up its shore line. There was absolutely no place to land and turning back would have surely meant disaster. Carla spent 8 hours bailing water from the canoe with one of our cooking pots and Rob and my self rowed like the devil himself was after us. I told Rob that when I said to stop paddling he must stop at once for this was the only chance I had to turn the canoe into the waves which prevented us from being capsized.

It was just after midnight when we around a corner on the lake and found Pennington Station. We were so happy because we new that we could at least pull the canoe into the shore and get off the lake but here again was another problem, we were in a fiberglass canoe and the shoreline at Pennington is covered with rocks the size of soft balls and the waves had not decreased in size. One by one my companions jump from the canoe into the water while I tried to keep the canoe from tearing apart on the rocks then I took the plunge.

With a sigh of relief we finally pulled all of our wet supplies and the canoe onto the shore and sat for a short well deserved rest.

The wind was still blowing hard off the lake and with our cold and wet bodies we searched for a place to settle in for the night.

Pennington Station had all the windows ply wooded over and the door which had once been padlocked was broken open. We decided that no one would mind if we stayed in Pennington Station if they new what we had just faced.

Although it was just after midnight it was light enough to make your way around outside but once in Pennington Station we needed our flashlight. The inside of Pennington Station was covered in dust and there was a large amount of mice droppings that covered the floor. Other than that it was as if the station was frozen in time and if those that had worked here had just stepped out for the day. There were dishes on the table, the kitchen

counter had dirty dishes and a couple of large jars contained dill pickles, there was a news paper and business documents sitting on a desk and a calendar on the wall that was from the seventies, the year I suppose Pennington was shut down.

Carla and Rob used our only flashlight to set up the tent inside of the station while I with the aid of a lighter looked around to see if I could find a lantern. I looked through the building and ended up in the kitchen pantry. On the top shelf of the pantry I found a cardboard box that looked like it might hold something the size of a lantern, I took down the box and laid it on the floor, again I lit the lighter as I opened the box, to my surprise there was no lantern inside but rather thin pen sized objects with wires coming from one end and just under these were fatter sized objects about 10 inches long (dynamite). In a flash I put out my lighter and quickly left the kitchen.

The next morning we went outside and found that the wind had not died down but we knew we had to make for Carcross. We put our supplies back into the canoe and carefully climbed in and headed onto the lake.

We were lucky that the shoreline between Pennington and Carcross was not as dangerous as over the next 4 hours we were washed ashore 5 times. Finally we decided to hide the canoe and our supplies and walk the train track into Carcross. Carla being city born and raised did not have a clue about the supplies she might need on this trip, she was dressed as if for a casual night out on the town right down to the 2 inch heels on her shoes. As you would expect her feet were covered by large blisters by the time we arrived in town. Once in town I went over to the RCMP station and told them about the dynamite that I found in Pennington Station, then to the tourist information center to ask about finding someone who might take us up the lake to retrieve our canoe and supplies. A lady at the tourist information center told me to go across the street to a tavern and there I may find some First Nations people who might be able to help us out with our dilemma. In the tavern we were told that not many people venture up the lake because it was too dangerous and that no help was to be found.

Rob and Carla caught a ride back to Whitehorse with Rob promising to return to Carcross with his dad's large boat. Several hours later Rob did return with the boat and we headed down the lake in the direction of Pennington Station. We had not traveled far from the protection of the cove at Carcross when we were nearly swamped by the huge waves and as a result had to beach the boat on shore. On shore we found a trapper that had been stranded for 3 days on his way home. He told us that this was a common thing and that he may have to wait for a week before the lake calmed enough to cross.

After resting for an hour or so, Rob, the trapper and I managed to push Rob's dad's boat out onto the lake and Rob and I sped back to Carcross.

Rob returned to Whitehorse with the boat and I continued my search for help.

Talk about luck, people from Skagway who worked for the White Pass were removing old oil lines from along the train track, when I told them of my problem they were more

than happy to help out. An hour later the work crew and I boarded their work train and headed towards Pennington Station. When we arrived at the point that our supplies and canoe were hidden I was told they would drop me off and then pick me up the next morning when they headed back to Carcross I told them that I was worried about bears because on our walk into Carcross we noticed many bear signs fresh and old. The Crew leader told me I could accompany them back to Bennett Station where their work camp was and that the next morning we would return for my things and then head on to Carcross.

The workers were staying in bunk houses that were converted from old train box cars.

That evening while having dinner the crew leader received a call from Skagway, it seems that someone had found dynamite in Pennington Station and had told the RCMP in Carcross. The RCMP had then contacted the White Pass office in Skagway and asked them to have the dynamite removed. As you can imagine the lead hand was not happy with the prospect of now removing old and very dangerous dynamite from the station. He then asked me if I was the idiot who told the RCMP about the dynamite, I told him I knew nothing about it! (a small white lie)

I was glad when that uncomfortable evening ended and we went to bed.

The next morning although still upset, the lead hand, his crew and I headed for my canoe and supplies and then on into Carcross Station.

On my trip from Carcross to Bennett and from Bennett to Carcross I got to sit on the front flat deck train car and enjoy some of the most beautiful scenery in Canada. And who knows maybe I was the last Passenger to travel by the White Pass narrow gage rail line from Bennett Station to Carcross.

We returned to Whitehorse by car.

Troy Schlitter troyinthailand@hotmail.com Now resides in Chiang Mai, north Thailand

REMEMBRANCES RESULTING FROM MOCTEL STORIES

Hi Sherron - so sorry to hear about your little dog & your accident with the 'bug' - hope you are doing much better.

My husband, Ron, & I just got back after spending the winter in Indio California - we are at present at the West Bay Marina in Victoria & it is snowing!!!! I think we came back too early.

We will be back in Whitehorse in May & I will plan to get out some old (really old) pictures to the Moc Tel.

- I really enjoyed John Firth's article - I used to be his baby sitter when he was only 5 - he was the sweetest little guy. I also was very interested in the story on Bert & Ellen Law as

I spend many times at their home on 2nd Avenue back in the 50's – their daughter Frances was my best friend during those days.

Thanks so much for what you do.

Joy (Fraser) Denton joydenton2@yahoo.com (In Victoria, Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron - that was a quick reply - how do you do it with so much to do with the Moc Tel. Am glad you are feeling better. I spent about 4 winters in Yuma & really liked it but then I discovered Indio - I went there first by myself as Sharon's in-laws (Catherine Firth) were there - I loved it & so have gone back for the last 4 years. I don't notice any pollution but this year we had a couple wind storms & those are something!! The park we are in is called Rancho Casa Blanca & it is just gorgeous (they have a web site) It is like being at a health spa only not as expensive.

My friend Peggy Amendola who is the supervisor of the Dawson City Information Center is the Activities director at Rancho Casa Blanca so that is a bonus for us also. We always rented a park model until this year when we just rented a space as we now have our own RV.

Of course you can use whatever you like of what I write you - I probably should have sent it to the Moc Tel but I am just used to communicating with you.

By the way it hailed here today & the weather isn't going to change for awhile - even tho the daffodils are all out!! Take care, Joy

ARTISTIC TALENT



Vermont – Misty Brook
Heinrich Lohmann heinrich*lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

OLD CROW NEWS

Aug. 14 - Connelly Aircraft arrived here with mail and same day Mr. Bob Caley, Robert Linklator and Niel Mc Donald were passenger. The same afternoon it went to Inuvik and came back safe. And went back to Dawson and August 15 they bring mail and freight. That same night Helicopter been to Old Crow from the mountain. They had camp on Crow Mountain and when women picking berries they see their tent a long distant. They will move their tent downriver some place.

Aug. 16 - Morning Mr. Moses Tizzah and his wife and his brother Peter Tizzah went up to Simon Cache. For during winter trapping hope they doing fine with game and fur. Mr. Peter Benjamin took them up with his motor boat and he camp once and came back Aug. 17 Afternoon.

Aug. 17 - Morning at 8 a. m. Fort Yukon plane arrived here for Mrs. Martha Flakes. She went down to her home. Effie Yootle she went down to see her auntie for a while.

Same day we see helicopter from one of the camp up river.

Wire for Doctor

Mrs. Sarah Kay was very ill and sent telegram to Doctor so the aircraft arrived Old Crow at 11 p. m. late at night. So the plane camp and Aug. 18 morning a. m. it went back to Inuvik and Sarah Kay went to hospital.

Aug. 18 - Another Connelly aircraft arrived Old Crow from Inuvik. It is South Wind since two days now.

Aug. 20 - Few Caribous swimming across the river and Mr. Peter Lord and Daniel Frost they killed four out of it. They also see another bunch but didn't get any out of it.

Cause they swimming a cross the river before the boat get their.

Baby Boy

Aug. 19 at 8:30 p. m. I had baby boy and he's 6 lb. Miss Edith Josie had baby boy and I give it to Mrs. Ellen Abel to have him for his little boy. She was very glad to have him cause he's boy. I was in Nurse Station and Miss Youngs sure treat me very nice. Myself and baby I really thanks her very much for her good kindness to me.

Helicopter been to Old Crow and went down river to camp. When he was flying down toward Old Crow they see few caribou across. Hope everybody see caribou this fall and get meat for winter and also for the dogs. Sorry nobody get moose this year they never hunt and all they do is cutting wood for sale and also the logs for school. They made few dollars with wood they sale and doing fine.

Aug. 21 - One of Connelly Aircraft been to Old Crow from Inuvik and Miss Glance she Anglican at Inuvik Hostel and going to take a trip to Whitehorse and she's been waiting here for aircraft from Dawson.

The same plane going back this are passenger Mrs. Lydia Thomas and hertwo kids and Mrs. Ellen Bruce she went over to see her daughter Mrs. Mrs. Bella Greenland at Aklavik. They been expect plane from Dawson or either Inuvik today hope it come so we could get little mail that if it bring mail. Mrs. Lydia Thomas she will work at Inuvik Hostel so she went back for during winter.

And Mrs. Ellen Bruce she

just take a trip to see her daughter. Since last week all the leaves are getting yellow that mean autumn is coming. When the leaves grow green sure nice, but at fall time it's turn to yellow more beautiful.

Fuel for School

Mr. Bob Caley he been sawing logs for school I hear he finish it all. And they start to take it down to school house with trucker. Everybody are busy with working and cutwood for sale and sure lots of work going on.

The Brainstorm boat will come to Old Crow anytime with all the stuff for school and also nurse station. Medicine it might come this trip. Mrs. Marion Nukon his little boy went to hospital he might come back any time this weeks.



Aug. 22 - At 11 a. m. one of aircraft arrived Old Crow with couples of suit case and some bags. Sure nice weather today and the plane came from Inuvik. Hope we see plane from Dawson cause the weather is good. And it's took off again back to Inuvik it don't stay very long.

Continued next page



We have a yard full of them now.
Doug Bell cheechako46*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Changed my address to get rid of spam and I guess it did not get to you.
Please put me back on the list and let me know what I owe you.

Con Lattin con*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

NEW ADDITIONS

Just got an e-mail from Eva Jurovich she gave me your e-mail address.
I came to the Yukon in 1961, and lived and worked in Elsa, until I got transferred to
Whitehorse in 1967 in Sept. been here ever since.
I would like to keep in touch with Yukoners, often think about people, I used to know.

Folkie Johnson johnson*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Be who you are and say what you feel, because those who mind don't matter and those who matter don't mind. - Theodor Seuss Geisel

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC) and
Typed by Donna Clayson yukonlady*albertacom.com (In Ardrossan AB)

SOURDOUGH BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

1 cup sourdough
½ cup sugar
4 tbsp oil
1 egg
2 cups flour
½ tsp soda
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp grated orange or lemon rind
1 cup blueberries

Mix sourdough, egg, shortening together. Sift in all dry ingredients. Do not beat but rather fold in, over and over. Add blueberries that have been dusted with flour. Dip into well greased muffin tins. Bake in 400F degree oven for 25 minutes.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners' Annual Banquet April 5th, 2008

Tickets can be purchased from:

Vivian Stuart 217 - 3255 Cook St., Victoria, B.C., V8X 1A4.

email: lornellis*shaw.ca phone: 250.383.1349

Cheques payable to: Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Reception/Visiting: 5:00 p.m.

Dinner: 6:30 p.m.

Plated dinner \$55.00 per person.

Special Yukoners' rates at River Rock

Example: One bedroom suite \$159.00 plus tax

To make a reservation at the River Rock:

toll free phone: 1.866.748.3718 fax: 604.207.2641 phone: 604.247.8900

Location: 8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C., V6X 3P8.

www.riverrock.com

FREE PARKING

For more information contact:

Carol Clarke clclarke*shaw.ca phone: 604.325.4774 or

Helen Munro 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.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Winter Address –

483 – 5707 East 32nd St.

Yuma, Arizona 85365

Phone 928-341-0690