

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 247th Edition – April 20th, 2008

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



Shirley & Neil 'Bucky' Keobke
Mr. & Mrs. Yukon 2008 at the Vancouver Yukoners Banquet
Photo courtesy Jim Perry 4perry@telus.net (In Abbotsford)

A Bush Pilot's Memories – (continued)

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

Had a phone call from Doug Van Tine today (April 17, 2008) advising me that he had been contacted by the family and that Bob Harrison has passed on. I am so sorry to hear that. Doug reiterated that Bob was getting a great deal of enjoyment out of the Moccasin Telegraph and the contacts he was making as a result of joining us in February. Fly on Bob !! We will miss you being here but will continue to enjoy your memories which you have so kindly left for us to read. – Sherron

Sent a note to Bob's daughter who had provided the electronic copy of his book. Also sent our condolences and requested an obituary. – received this reply –

Thank you for your note- word travels fast! I was planning on asking that you let the 'Yukoners' know about his passing, and will forward his obituary to you. And you should know that your efforts in keeping people connected meant alot to my father- he was delighted to connect with friends from the North, and to feel that his memories were cherished by others. Thank you for dedicating your time and energy, and also for your kind words.

Sincerely,

Sandra Walters walters.sandra@shaw.ca

Some of you may wish to send along your condolences to Sandra. – Sherron

One Fall, I flew trapper Bill McDermot and his native wife into his trap line on Larson Lake. I left them at the cabin and was to return just before Christmas. When I went in on the pre-arranged date, there was no one there. There was a note on the door saying "Have gone to Smith River for sleigh dogs." I went to Smith River, which is an airport only, but they had not been seen there. I returned to Watson Lake and reported the incident to the RCMP. They dispatched their Beaver from Whitehorse but on arrival at Larson Lake, they chose not to land as there was overflow on the lake's frozen surface. Overflow is water on the ice hidden by the snow and because of the snow it will not freeze. It was visible in my ski tracks and they were afraid they would get stuck with the wheel-ski combination on their aircraft. They returned to Watson Lake.

I was hired to fly in a search party. The search party was an RCMP constable and two experienced bushmen. On the way to Larson Lake, we spotted snowshoe tracks and followed them. We came across the missing couple holed up at a cabin they had found. They waved frantically at us. They were about ten miles from the lake. I dropped the searchers off on Larson Lake and returned three days later to pick them up. Their story was that they had gotten lost, had run out of food, and stumbled upon the cabin. There was some dry dog food in the cabin, and that was what they had been eating.

A lot of prospectors used pack dogs in their work and were part of the equipment to be moved by air and seemed to really like to fly. One fellow had two very large dogs that kind of looked like black bears. When we came to move the camp, the dogs would be straining at their leash, wanting to go. After the camp equipment was loaded, the dogs would be untied and would run up the float and jump inside the aircraft, sit down, look out as if to say “Let’s go!” At arrival at the next stop, when the door was opened, the dogs would jump out onto the float, but couldn’t stop so would go head first into the lake, would go to shore and settle into their new location. This happened every time they were moved.

Cats hated to fly. The following did not happen to me, but I believe it because of my experience with flying with cats. A Beaver was chartered to take a lady to Whitehorse to meet her husband. She was well dressed and had her cat with her. After take-off from the lake, the cat went wild, got sick, and got diarrhea and made a real mess on the neatly dressed lady. The smell became really overpowering, so the pilot reached over and slid open the window by the lady’s seat. The cat saw this and was out the window in a flash. Last seen was heading spread-eagle towards the ground some 1,500 feet below.

One summer I flew three Swiss adventurers into the upper Nahanni River with their canoe. They were all wearing buckskin trousers, jackets complete with fringes, Daniel Boone style. They were going to drift the river to Nahanni Bute from where they would contact me for pick up. They were seen at a geological survey camp at Rabbit Kettle Lake. Sometime later, a wrecked canoe was found below Virginia Falls. The river is wild below the falls. The search was on. One body was found. They never did find the others.

It has been written of the Headless Valley:

“The exact number of men who have met death under strange circumstances in the region of Headless Valley on the South Nahanni river has been disputed, conjectured upon and exaggerated for many years. Const. T.E.G. Shaw, writing in a recent issue of the R.C.M.P. Quarterly, conservatively cites only eight deaths or disappearances listed in police files. A “popular” list puts the number at 15- including the three men mentioned in this article.

The R.C.M.P. account gives this sombre history:

1908- A party finds skeletons of Willie and Frank McLeod, half-breed brothers from Fort Liard, N.W.T., who had left four years earlier to prospect in the Nahanni Valley with Robert Weir, a young trading-post clerk. It is first believed they

- found gold and were murdered by Indians or by Weir, but a skeleton believed to be Weir's is found in 1909 and R.C.M.P. conclude all men starved.
- 1912- Yukon prospector Martin Jorgenson winters up the Nahanni. His bones are found in 1916.
- 1921- World War I veteran John O'Brien tells R.C.M.P. he is going into the valley to trap and prospect. The next year his partner reports O'Brien froze to death on a trapline. There is no further investigation.
- 1932- R.C.M.P. Const. Duncan Martin searches for traces of a trapper and prospector Phil Powers, who had entered the valley the previous summer. Martin finds ashes of Powers's camp, a charred skeleton, and indications of suicide.
- 1936- William Epler and Joseph E. Mulholland reported missing. Extensive search by R.C.M.P. and other yields nothing."

Another time, I flew a nurse and some of her friends into the Nahanni. They had seen the film "Nahanni" featuring Albert Failey (who had spent a lifetime looking for the lost gold mine on the South Nahanni River) and wanted to see Virginia Falls and Headless Valley. And, to everyone's surprise, Albert Failey was camped there! That really made their trip. The next day we flew down stream to Headless Valley and then back to Watson. After their return to Whitehorse, they sent me a little memento.

A bit about the history of Watson Lake—it was a remote area that provided a landing site for the early pre-War mail and passenger planes enroute to Whitehorse. There were a few natives in the area and a trader or two. When the War started, a string of airports beginning in 1940 were constructed and became the northwest staging route. There were no roads north of Fort St. John, the site of the first airport. The material for the Watson Lake airport was routed up the coast to Wrangle, Alaska, loaded on river barges, taken up the Stikeen River to the head of navigation at Telegraph Creek, over land to Dease lake, down the lake and river on barges to Lower Post, a native settlement on the Liard River, a 20 mile tote road to the Watson Lake airport site. There were thousands of barrels of fuel for the equipment and tar for paving, a large aircraft hangar, and a sawmill. The barracks and houses were built with logs as was the terminal building, a control tower, shops, etc. It was used as a bomber training area and a target range was laid out.

When we were first at Watson Lake, the empty tar barrels were stacked in many areas and dummy bombs were piled on racks near the end of one runway. There was a Lancaster bomber in the lake across from the end of one runway. The machine guns were still in it. The aircraft is still there, but the guns have since been removed. When the Alaska Highway came through in 1942, it was about five miles from the airport to the road and at the road forks is where the town of Watson Lake is located and was first known as "The Y" as the forks formed a Y. At the Y is where the famous milepost signs

are located, started by some lonely personnel nailing the name of their hometown on a post.

Fuel for the airport was by pipeline from Whitehorse, the terminus of the Canol pipeline. Watson Lake, because of the airport, was an ideal base for a charter air service. There was nothing but wilderness north and east as far as the MacKenzie River and was mostly wilderness into the northern part of B.C.

We left Watson Lake in the fall of 1966 for Adams Lake. Early in the new year, I went to the lower mainland and started my helicopter training with Leo Lannin Helicopters at Delta airport. After the course completion, I started looking for a job on helicopters. I found one with Northwest Whirlybirds of Pitt Meadows. The first job I did with them was to ferry a fixed wing Helio Courier aircraft to Toronto for installation of sensitive electronics for the detection of uranium and I returned to Vancouver.

About a week later, I was asked to return to Toronto, test-fly the equipment, and then take it to Red Lake in northwestern Ontario where an unexpected job for the equipment materialized looking for uranium. We were concentrating on an area 125 miles north of Red Lake. We were flying lines at 200 feet elevation and 500 foot separation. In one section bells rang, lights flashed indicating a presence of uranium.

One day, after completing our lines and while climbing to altitude for the flight back to Red Lake, we had an engine problem: loss of power and rough running. We made it back to Red Lake airport O.K., and, after landing, and pulling the throttle all the way back, the engine stopped running completely. After investigating the problem, it was a valve failure and the engine was still under warranty. We rented a U-Drive pick-up and took the engine to Winnipeg for overhaul. The floats for the aircraft were shipped to Winnipeg. When the engine was repaired, we returned to Red Lake. The engine and floats were installed and after checking out my replacement pilot, I returned to Vancouver.

The job with the helicopter company did not work out so it was back to flying a Beaver for Ominica Air Service out of Smithers (Ominica was owned by my cousin, Bill). I worked there for the summer flying, for the most part, into northern B.C. My marriage to Florence ended that Fall. During the winter, I kept looking for a helicopter job. Nothing came along. I returned to Watson Lake and flew for B.C./ Yukon as they now had new owners. In the following Spring, I was hired by Frontier Helicopters and getting in some refresher helicopter time. Then Frontier was sold and I did not fit into the new owners plans so it was back to B.C./ Yukon and Beaver flying.

About the last week of June, Keith Knowles needed a pilot for the helicopter he was flying on contract to an engineering firm doing a hydro inventory across northern Canada. I was hired and went to Fort Liard on a service trip to camp on July 1st, 1969. A few days later, the camp was moved to the South Nahanni River, just below Virginia Falls and above the mouth of the Flat River. The National Parks Branch came in to see if the Nahanni should be made into a national park. I flew them around and above the falls.

It became the Nahanni National Park and is now a world heritage site. Immediately above the Falls is a short but tumultuous stretch of water, the Sluice Box Rapids. The combined height of these rapids, and Falls is about 385 feet, 294 feet vertical. Virginia Falls is the largest pristine waterfall of any consequence to be found in North America.



Virginia Falls

After I returned to camp, I took off again with the engineers and, when we had just gotten airborne, the engine started to make horrible noises. I landed on a river bar to investigate and found that the engine had broken parts and would have to be replaced. We flew by fixed-wing charter aircraft to Watson Lake so I could telephone Keith. He had a helicopter engineer come to Watson Lake and to the Nahanni to remove the engine from the helicopter and have it ready to go out on the return flight when the new engine was brought in.

When we returned to camp, we found that a bear had been visiting. That night or early morning, I was awakened by a black bear that was in my tent with his face about a

foot or so from mine. A few choice words, as loud as I could utter them, spooked the bear and awakened the rest of the camp. The bear was killed and rolled into the river.

A tripod was built to hoist the engine and rotor blades off and the new engine was delivered. As we were installing the new engine, it started to rain. The Nahanni Valley has steep drainage and it does not take a lot of rain to make the river rise. There was about 4 inches of water between the bar and the bank when I landed there. The last trip out to the helicopter the water was waist deep. We got the helicopter running and moved it back to camp to finish up the work. The next day the gravel bar was out of sight, under the water.



Bell 47 helicopter, the type I flew the first few years on helicopters

We needed a hydraulic hose brought in from Watson Lake. The river was full of driftwood and too dangerous to land on so the pilot threw the hose out the window and into the river. The next day, another hose was thrown out, and it landed in a tree. We cut the tree down and retrieved the hose. We finished our work on the Nahanni.

To be continued

RCMP Air Crash

A Yukon Nugget – By Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa) and Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougén marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

July 13, 1963 was one of those delightfully warm Yukon Sunday summer evenings. That would all change at 8.10 p.m.

The RCMP Beaver aircraft CF-MPO with four Mounties on board had left Whitehorse bound for Mayo to pick up a prisoner. Fifty-six-year-old Phillip Desormeaux was being

brought back to Whitehorse after appearing as a witness in a contested court case in Mayo.

The Beaver aircraft was a reliable workhorse and Sergeant Morley Laughland a skilled pilot. On board on that fateful day with the pilot and prisoner were Corporal Robert Asbil, Constable William Annand and Constable Laurence Malcolm.

Bob Asbil, who joined the force in 1956, was making a name for himself in the Yukon as a top notch criminal investigator. He cracked the puzzling case of the missing French student, Henri Meriguet though the suspect was never brought to trial and eventually hanged himself.

And this year he was to travel to Ottawa to compete against other RCMP sharpshooters in the annual revolver competition for the Connaught Trophy.

William Annand had joined the Mounties in 1955 and over the years had made a name for himself as an outstanding athlete. Arriving in Whitehorse in March, he was looking forward to the coming hockey season, having heard that the Whitehorse Senior league featured a pretty fast paced game. Proctor Malcolm joined the Mounties in 1954 and had only been in the Yukon since April so this trip to Mayo was part of the familiarization for newcomers to the detachment.

The weather was clear and the wind calm as the Beaver aircraft made its approach for a landing in Carmacks. According to witnesses, the aircraft was making a second circle of the river near the Carmacks bridge.

Then, Fred Stretch, a forest ranger, saw the plane strike the river bank just below the Mayo road. A territorial government employee, Norm Woodcock said he too heard the aircraft as it made a second approach and then heard a loud crash.

He ran outside his house and saw smoke coming from behind the territorial garage. By the time he reached the scene, the demolished aircraft was engulfed in flames.

Four Mounties and the prisoner had died on impact.

The inquest that followed the tragic event found no evidence of an aircraft malfunction that would cause the crash.

But residents at Carmacks told the inquest that unusual wind patterns often occur in the Carmacks basin near the Yukon River even when it appears to be calm.

In bringing back its findings, a jury of six men from Whitehorse including well known local pilot Lloyd Romfo, recommended that the Department of Transport install a windsock in Carmacks giving credence to the theory that a sudden unexpected gust of wind threw the Beaver aircraft into the river bank only a short distance from a final touchdown.

At the time, the loss of four members in a single incident was the biggest tragedy to occur in the Mounted Police in the century.

A funeral service for Sergeant Laughland was held in Whitehorse while the bodies of Sergeant Asbil and Corporal's Annand and Malcolm were flown to their home towns outside the territory.

In November of 1963, more than 150 Whitehorse residents joined with members of the Mounted Police and the armed forces in minus 25 degree weather to dedicate a plaque to the four members which stands at the base of the flag pole in front of the main detachment.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

This was run in MT245 and was a follow-up to a question raised in an earlier edition.

HARDROCK MCDONALD

Just contacted my mother and about all she could tell me was that her father, my grandfather, Henry [Breaden]'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)

Have now received permission to share with you the information about Allan John "Hard Rock" MacDonald which appears in the Mayo Historical Society's book "Gold and Galena".

I enjoyed learning that his trek from Dawson to Fort McPherson to deliver a couple of bottles of liquor to a friend, was not his only long hike. – Sherron

Allan John "Hard Rock" MacDonald

This information courtesy Mayo Historical Society, extracted from "Gold and Galena".

“Hard Rock” MacDonald was a well-known prospector who explored much of the northern territory from 1920 to 1960. He came to Mayo circa 1920 as a teamster on the ore haul and was one of the few who graduated to catskinner on the Treadwell Yukon ore haul.

“Hard Rock” was a great trekker. When he heard about the Norman Wells oil discovery, he set off from Keno and walked across the divide to Norman Wells. He was the first to draw attention to the silver-lead deposits in the Kathleen Lakes area.

In the 1930’s, he arranged to be flown out to a lake he had seen east of Mayo, to prospect. He did not know exactly where he was, but he prospected the area, then finally rafted down a river. To his surprise, he arrived at Fort McPherson on the Peel River. He returned over the Bell and Porcupine Rivers to Dawson, then up the Yukon and the Stewart Rivers to Mayo.



Gordon Dickson and Allan John “Hard Rock” MacDonald just back from a prospecting trip to Kathleen Lakes. *G. A. McIntyre Collection*

Story and photo shared courtesy Mayo Historical Society and copied from the book *Gold and Galena*. Contact for this was Lyn Bleiler mayohistoricalsoc@yahoo.ca (In White Rock)

Thaw di Gras is a Whirlwind of Events

by Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)
March 17, 2008

She didn’t say anything, but her body language spoke volumes. Frustrated in her attempts to throw the open-ended toilet seat over the pole in a kind of super-sized game

of horseshoes, little Macy DeWald-Rose simply picked up the next “horseshoe”, walked over to the pole, and dropped it into place, a look of complete satisfaction on her face.

It wasn't quite so easy to solve the problem of the unbreakable pinatas during the Salmon Whack event. No matter how solid a whack, or how big the whacker, the frozen salmon just couldn't manage to get at the candy bags inside the armored figures hanging from the pole. The crowd had to settle for knocking them off the rope and smashing them on the ground - and even then it wasn't easy.

But it was a lot of fun - and all the candy and the three salmon found homes to go to.

Those weren't the only kids' events outside Diamond Tooth Gerties on Sunday. Combined with the egg toss, log sawing, tug-o-war and loonie in a haystack hunt, it was a busy afternoon.

It was all part of the 2008 Thaw di Gras, which began with art shows at Bombay Peggy's and the Oddfellows' Hall on Thursday night and carried on through Friday and Saturday with Lip-syncs for kids and adults, games of various sorts at the bars around town, lots of skiing and snowboarding on Moose Mountain, a couple of pancake breakfasts, a super-8 movie workshop, a dog show, and two days of snowshoe baseball and parking lot street hockey.

For dog lovers of a more classic Klondike bent, there was also a one-dog pull event on Saturday outside Gertie's as well as the annual Sunnydale Classic Dog Sled Race out on the ice bridge.

The artistic crowd were busy across the street from the Bonanza Market, carving out some interesting creations from the two metre blocks of compacted snow that were made available.

And of course, it wouldn't be a spring carnival without the Westminster's Chili Cook Off and the YOOP's tea boiling contest.

Typically, the March temperatures for Dawson's spring carnival were colder than they've been in about two weeks, plummeting to -21 or lower at night and in the early morning, but afternoons and evenings were 10 to 15 degrees warmer and the sun made it feel like spring even with all the snow and ice still on the ground.

On Sunday night it was warm enough, and still dark enough, to enjoy the brief fireworks display that set the dogs in town howling at about twenty to ten.



Who needs a hockey rink any way?

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Snowshoe baseball. Running on these things is a real chore.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Rachel & salmon. Event organizer Rachel Weigers helps a young one in the Salmon Whack.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Mini curling. So you don't like the big rocks? How about tins of tuna and chicken?

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



This way! - Why throw the seat when you can do this?
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Mother and cubs.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



There was a **whirlwind** of activities last weekend.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



A short **totem pole**.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Dick North Enters his Eighth Decade in Style

by Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

March 22, 2008

Dick North says he hasn't had a birthday party since he was five years old. All the more reason, thought his friends, to mark the occasion of his 79th birthday on March 19.

The party, organized by Barb Hanulik, took the form of an open house in the Jack London Grill at the Downtown Hotel. It was a fitting location for the man who founded the Jack London Interpretive Centre and rescued London's cabin from the bush where it would long since have returned to nature by now.

Except for his duties at the London Centre, North is generally shy and prefers to let his work speak for him. He was clearly pleased and a little bit embarrassed by all the attention from the folks who came and went during the two hour event.

North added another symbol of recognition to his collection when Dawson's fire chief, Jim Regimbal, arrived and declared him Dawson's honorary fire chief.



Fire Chief Jim Regimbal presented Dick North with an honorary fire chief's badge on his birthday.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



The open house in North's honour was held at the Jack London Grill.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

MOCTEL 245

Hello there

Thanks, Sherron, for including the picture of Claus Barchen and Blaise Shiletto in the last issue of MocTel.

My wife Margot and I have many fond memories of Claus' family during our time in Mayo.

Claus was one of the Sea Cadets who accompanied me on the HMCS Yukon cruise from Halifax to Victoria via the Panama Canal - many years ago. He was a fine young man, and I'm sure is a wonderful adult.

;-)

God bless

Ron Cairns roncairns@sasktel.net (In Grenfell SK)

RESTING IN PEACE

I had barely returned from Richmond before I was packing to go to the Okanagan. Fortunately, Lowell was back in town because my computer went on a slow-down, forcing me to hand over emailing of the Vancouver Yukoners Newsletter. I had to take an elderly friend to view a lovely assisted living place, which put me to work late, and off work at 11:30 pm. Out the door at 6:30am to pick up sister Heather in Summerland, meet friends in Kelowna for dinner, then collapse at the Best Western after they went back to Vernon. Drove through Enderby to check on the latest "look" of the place, including our old house (near Bill Maylor's mom's) and Old Salmon Arm Rd.

Took our time but allowed for my inevitable getting lost in Kamloops so arrived in plenty of time for our 2pm appointment at Hillside Cemetery. Had time to pick out a flower for each of the family, chuckling over our choices.

At the cemetery, there was a lovely little stand with a glass and lead box into which we put our box of ashes. My brother-in-law had built the box out of blonde hardwood. The brass plaque reads "Peggy and Tubby". Mom and Dad's ashes are comingled, per Mom's request that they "be buried in the same coffee can". They are now interred in our brother's grave, as are Mom's parents. A stone for Mom, Dad and son replaces our brother's stone. Our sister in Ontario joined us by cell phone. Dad would have enjoyed the weather selections: wind and calm, sun, snow, sleet and rain, all in less than half an hour.

A little more than 3 months after their deaths, it is done. I don't know how families do it who are not prepared and who do not know their parents' wishes.

Get well. Enjoy being home. Thanks, Bill, for all your visits and calls to Dad.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerm1*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Gillian on poo patrol at Exhibition Park racetrack.

The horses have to love this colourful lady.

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

EDITH JOSIE COLUMN - WHITEHORSE STAR 1963

Old Crow News

By Edith Josie

Sept. 27 - Johnny Ross took Peter Tizzah up to Simon Cache with his motor boat. He came back on Oct. 3, and he also brought 30 caribous. No water so he sure have hard time to bring those caribous down with boat. So he spent six days up river.

On Oct. 1 - it is snow and cloudy but next day it is nice weather.

Oct. 3 - morning it is nice bright sunshine and around 11 a. m. they hear aircraft left Inuvik toward Old Crow. But that quick weather change and snow and cloudy all afternoon so aircraft turn back halfway. So DC3 Connelly aircraft would have arrived Old Crow but the weather is bad so it never come. Hope it come tomorrow both way. DC3 from Dawson and Inuvik plane suppose to come with Roy before funeral. But it never come cause the weather is bad over the mountain.

So on Oct. 4 afternoon 2:30 p. m. they had funeral service. Everybody go to service and the kids, also the white people go to service. Sure nice old man he's happy and kind to everyone. They made cross for him and Mr. Resbin draw his medal on his cross sure look very nice.

Who go to church they all went to graveyard and so Mr. Peter Moses really nice old man and everybody said farewell to him at graveyard. And they sang God Save Our Queen at Graveyard.

He been doing lots of thing when he's alive on earth. He been patrol with police to McPherson in winter time and also to Herschel Island.

Mr. Rev. J. Simon he make good service for Mr. Peter Moses and also at graveyard. They took hymn for him is 622, 579 and 218 this is English hymn.

After service is over and went out from church, Mr. John Kendi took picture of the coffin and the cross. While they have funeral, it is little rain but not heavy.

Oct. 5 - Morning at 9 a. m. some women burn his clothes Mrs. Ellen Abel, Annie Nukon, Fannie Charlie, Sarah Kay and Mary Lazarus, these women they burn his clothes and blanket. And today is last work for him and everyone is happy.

Oct. 4 - DC3 Connelly Aircraft arrived Old Crow around 2:30 p. m. and two carpenters and also Mr. Bob Caley came for work.

An electric men came to fix up the pole for the lights. Those two carpenters and Bob Caley came for work and they start to work this morning. Three men and four men is going to in Old Crow, Mr. Chief Charlie Peter, Alfred Charlie, Lazarus Charlie and Mr. Peter Lord. Those are nice worker in Old Crow so they get job for making school house.

Never see caribous hope we see caribou late in fall cause people have no meat for during winter. They had few fish for dogs feed but nothing for eating. From now on any time women will start to set snare for rabbits. Cause it's lots of rabbits track around us so they will try and get some for eating.

Oct. 5 - it is snow and cloudy so the aircraft never come. Everybody expect plane but never come and today DC3 came Old Crow.

Oct. 6 - Sunday around 2 p. m. the Connelly aircraft land Old Crow with the school stuff. When it take off Bella Kay and Winston Moses went to school at Whitehorse. Hope they doing fine and pass their grade this year.

Old Crow is just little village along the Porcupine River and they sure going to see big town when they arrived Whitehorse.

Oct. 6 - Sunday they had Holy Communion service at 9 a. m. in English. I always say Rev. J. Simon is really doing nice work for people in Old Crow.

At last the weather is clear and no snow and rain.

But today is Oct. 7 -- it is no sunshine and foggy on mountain. But toward Dawson is clear and I hear all the plane flying to the camp around Blackstone.

If Mr. Philip had lots of stuff he will have everyone buy his store but too bad he had not enough stuff. Joe Netro he sure high to all the people in Old Crow. He make all the stuff price high.

They work at school house and three brothers and Mr. Peter Lord and Peter Tizzah five boys work with carpenter. They lucky because they work down at school house. They will make good money for their family.

Oct. 9 -- Connelly aircraft will arrive Old Crow and it is mail day. If mail plane come, Mr. Charlie Abel will go to White Stone for trapping during winter time. He had just only four dogs and hard for him to go with load so he will go in mail plane. He was getting ready for two days and when plane arrived he will put his stuff by plane.

Hope he will doing very good with trapping for marten and mink. He will be back before Christmas if he had good luck with trapping. He will go long way to White Stone and Johnny Ross is going with Charlie Abel. Hope they doing very good with traps. Around White Stone it is sure nice place for marten and mink. So he will be luck for fur before Christmas.

Since last three days it is fair. Rain not heavy but the river is raising little.

Every little news I try and write it before plane come. This is the end of the news.

OBIT

Maylor Freda Mae (Neville). June 17, 1940 – April 14, 2008. Freda passed away Monday afternoon in St Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon with her family at her side. She is survived by her mother Joyce Neville, sister Maureen (Larry) Modien, brother Brian (Debbie) Neville, son Chris (Mary) Maylor, daughter Kim (Wes) Thurlow and husband Bill Maylor. Freda and Bill shared forty-six years of marriage following their years as friends in Burnaby North High School, classes of 58 and 57. Freda served three years in the RCAF before marrying Bill and becoming an Army (RCE) wife. They were posted to Whitehorse, Yukon in 1969 and moved to Neilburg, Saskatchewan upon retirement in 1991. She obtained Amateur Radio call sign VY1DN while in Whitehorse and it became VE5FMM upon moving to Neilburg. Freda was proud of seeing most of Canada, from Yukon to Newfoundland and having friends throughout. She was a person of many talents, sewing, knitting, weaving and spinning, smocking and cooking up a storm. She will be missed. Private family service at a later date.

VANCOUVER YUKONERS 80TH ANNUAL

Thought I would send you this picture of Art and Percy DeWolfe enjoying a visit in the hospitality room at the 80th annual Yukoners' get together last Sat. afternoon at the RiverRock. Mrs. Jean Hartnell took the picture and as you can see kindly forwarded it to us. I suppose if you would like to include this with other pictures of the event, it would be fine. Take care, and we are pleased to know that you arrived home safely, after such a long drive.

Art and Tina Parsons [artinap*shaw.ca](mailto:artinap@shaw.ca) (In Victoria)



Percy DeWolfe, Art Parsons
Photo courtesy Jean Hartnell and Tina (Brasseur) Parsons

1946 & 1947 MAY QUEENS

Just remembered I had posted some photos of Whitehorse Royalty back in 2003. **Joanne Keobke (now Newell) and Phyllis LePage (now Simpson)** can be seen there.

<http://home-and-garden.webshots.com/album/63903312yPuOXe?start=12>

This same site shows our rose garden out front and today, April 19, 2008, it looks like this.



Our View – April 19, 2008 - Vernon
Photo courtesy Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

ARTISTIC TALENT



Saskatchewan
Heinrich Lohmann heinrich*lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi my name is June Goodwin nee Gibson. Bertha and Roy Gibson were my parents of which are both deceased now, we lived in Dawson Also my brother Lance lives on Sulphur creek and mines there. I would like to receive the paper and would like to know how to go about it. If you could please let me know I would very much appreciate it.

Thank you

June chunjugoodgob*shaw.ca

I live in Maple Ridge, BC. I lived in Dawson 1965 - 1967 and then lived at the Vocational School in Whitehorse for 1967/68 year for Hairdressing School.

Thankyou again looking forward to receiving the Moccasin Telegraph

June Goodwin

Thank you Sherron for being in touch. Yes I would like to receive your e-mails and if the Yukoners meet on the Island I would consider going. Most of the people we knew when in Whitehorse will be getting on in years like me so I may not know anyone anymore. I live in Nanaimo. As I mentioned to you on the phone my husband passed away one year ago. If he was still alive he could give you much more information.

As I mentioned last night my husband Les Mennie and I lived in Whitehorse from 1950 until 1958. My husband was there earlier in 1946 working as a Dispatcher with Canadian Pacific Airlines. That was the year that the very cold temperature in Snag went off the scale. He often talked about it. He was there for a year and then took leave of absence to go to college in Tulsa Oklahoma where he studied meteorology at Spartan School of Aeronautics. After returning to Canada he travelled through the north country relieving at different bases until he was transferred to Whitehorse again to a permanent position. We were newly married then and I was not sure I was ready for the pioneering spirit of living in the north. We were more fortunate than some having a company house to move into. Those were the days when CP Air owned a block of houses on Hanson Street. Our house number was 404 and I received a letter from a relative who visited there only 1 year ago showing the house being moved to another location. Wow!! Those old hardwood floors sure must have had their day by that time. Grocery shopping was a challenge as fresh fruit, vegetables and milk were at a premium or non-existent. We learned to have canned or powdered milk on our porridge and coffee in the morning. Houses were so small my husband had to build a back porch to accommodate our washing machine and we had to wheel it in the night before to thaw out before I could do laundry. We hung the clothes outside summer and winter and brought them in like stiff boards to thaw out and dry in the winter. I am still wondering why we hung them outside in the winter to collect all the smoke from the wood furnaces. I was the first hired secretary for the Whitehorse Board of Trade and worked for them until my

husband was transferred with CP Air to Vancouver in 1958. The Board of Trade office was located in the White Pass and Yukon Railway building at that time.

My husband had a passion for sailing but since there was not much of that in Whitehorse at the time he built a power boat and had many fishing trips with George McLeod and Herb Wahl. My husband's picture was in the Board of Trade travel brochure with a row of white fish he with George McLeod and Herb Wahl had caught in one day. He also enjoyed hunting for sheep in those days.

By the time we left Whitehorse in 1958 we were sad to go. We learned to ski there which for me continued to be a passion for many years later. Two of our children are sourdoughs having been born in Whitehorse. We made lasting friends while there who are still our friends today. Two of my sisters followed me to Whitehorse, one as a nurse to work in the hospital and the other was the first female ticket agent for CP Air in Whitehorse. Both sisters were married in Whitehorse to members of the RCMP who were stationed there at the time. A brother also came to join us later. He took flying lessons at the Whitehorse Flying School, became a pilot and worked for both CPAir and Pacific Western Airlines all his life. In retirement, he still does simulator training for Boeing Aircraft in Seoul, Korea and commutes to Vancouver, B.C. As you can see Whitehorse for my family opened the door for many good things in our lives for the future. While not realizing it initially getting transferred to Whitehorse was the best thing that happened to us.

I will look forward to meeting you and by the way I love the name your group gave itself. Being in the airline business with flights coming in daily we always asked what the Moccasin Telegraph news was from civilization that particular day so for us that is such an appropriate title.

Jessie Mennie les-mennie*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Your list was forwarded to me by Jay Armitage and I've already used it to reconnect to someone.

I work for Parks Canada in Dawson, and would like to add my work email list to the Sourdough section of the list. Here are my details:

Louise Ranger louise.ranger*pc.gc.ca (in Dawson)

Thanks for such a great service. If I ever leave the Yukon I will be sure to update my information to my personal address.

Louise

I just got a note from Louise Ranger about your list, and have downloaded it. I haven't had a chance to go through it yet, but I sure intend to. I was in the Yukon with the RCMP as a civilian member radio technician for three months in 1957 and then for three years from 1958 to 1961. Some of the oldtimers will probably remember me as the winger with the Army hockey team on the Craig - Mitchell- Saunders line. I have been in contact with Ralph Lortie about his hockey publications recently, and have also been in contact with Anne Morgan of RPAY about the Cariboo Hotel in Carcross. I don't know which category I would fit in, but would appreciate being added to your list. If you need more info, I can be contacted at the noted e-mail address

Ira Saunders sandisaunders*rogers.com

Sherron: Thanks for the "immediate" reply. I have lived in the Ottawa, Ont. area for the last 39 years - ever since I moved from Winnipeg in 1969. I got in contact with Louise last month as, in going through my 50 year old slides, I ran into some of the SS KENO and her sister ships when they were on blocks in Whitehorse. I sent 29 pictures to her (Parks Canada) which she may be willing to share with you. I will certainly have a look at the "Moc. Telegraph" and see if I can think of anything to contribute. You have my e-mail address if you need any more info.

Ira Saunders

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Think of all the beauty that's still left in and around you, and be happy. - 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)

From - Yukon Cookbook, A selection of recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs.

BETTY TAYLOR'S BAKED BEANS

1 lb pinto beans
1 medium cooking onion
½ lb bacon or salt pork
 Salt

1-7 oz. tin tomato sauce
3 tbsp molasses
1 chili pepper or
2 dashes Tabasco
1 shake garlic salt
1 tsp dry mustard
Pepper to taste

Wash beans well in colander; place beans in a sauce pan with water and float out the poor beans.

Chop up onion; put beans, onion and salt in pot with enough water to cover. Cook until beans are soft.

Fry bacon; put grease and meat into the bean pot, along with the tomato sauce, spices and molasses.

Transfer the above into a stone bean crock, and bake at 300F degrees for 4 hours. Be sure that the beans are well covered with liquid at start of baking.

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. There is an annual subscription fee for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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