

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 249th Edition – May 4th, 2008

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



The Prairie

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)

THE PRAIRIE

By Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw SK)

“Miles” don’t express the distance I see---
the earth laid before me, not even a tree,
a glimpse of the universe without having
to be on top of a mountain or out on the sea.

The colours are vivid and constantly changing.
Non-prairie folk have said it’s amazing—the
abundance of greens, rich browns, golds, and blues,
the crops and the grasses submitting their hues.

Out on the prairie, on a warm balmy evening,
with soft breezes blowing, sweet scents in the air,
there’s a feeling of peace—who can describe it?
Thank you, dear Lord, for this moment we’ve shared.

The full moon, the sunsets, the big sky above

all add to the beauty and splendour you see.
If you're from the forests, mountains, or coastlines,
come to the prairie—and share it with me.

Author--- Emily Stillwell ©



Saskatchewan skyline goes on forever. Sign about Hamlet of Moreland.
Photo courtesy Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw SK)



Photo courtesy Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw SK)

A Bush Pilot's Memories – (continued)

By R. O. (Bob) Harrison

After time off, it was off to Inuvik to take over a contract with the Northwest Territory forestry. We were doing impact studies on the construction of the Dempster Highway and, because they had helicopter time that they could not use, we had fishing trips. One trip we went to Copper Mine and another to Great Bear Lake. The season ended in October and I started working out of Fort McMurray on an environmental impact study of the area around the tar sands development.

One of the jobs was tranquilizing moose so that they could be fitted with a radio collar.



Moose with collar

That worked well. We tranquilized quite a few moose, but found out later that if a female were pregnant, she would die. Another time, we could pick up a signal from an animal's collar, and determined that it was in the river. The moose had been butchered and the collar thrown in the river. A diver was brought in to retrieve the collar.

On November 24, 1975, Sylvia and I were married. I worked a job in Fort McMurray until the contract was awarded to a competing helicopter company. I worked jobs out of Norman Wells, Inuvik, and Pine Point. I was working north of Smithers at Bear Lake when word was received that we were going to Africa in the Fall.

I was one of four pilots to ferry helicopters to Ottawa. Being the first time flying over Ontario in the Fall, I found the vibrant colours of the forest changing to be a spectacular sight. Once the helicopters were in Ottawa, they were dismantled, put into containers along with helicopters belonging to Viking Helicopters, and shipped by ocean to Abijan, in the Ivory Coast of West Africa where they were re-assembled for positioning to Upper Volta to begin the contract.

In late November, Scott Cameron, Project Manager, and myself flew from Vancouver to Toronto, and after a long wait, we were off to Paris and then, after another wait, on our way to Abijan. We arrived there after about 27 hours total elapsed time from Vancouver. I could not sleep while we were traveling, and when I finally got to bed, I was too tired to sleep. Now here I was in the tropics, in a foreign land, foreign language (French) and wondering if I had gotten myself into something that I could not handle. I had been made chief pilot and, when the choppers had been re-assembled, all the crew went to Ouagadougou in Upper Volta (now Bakino Faso). There, we were lectured on the program, and what was expected of us.

This was a far-reaching international effort to conquer a disease called onchocerciasis (“river blindness”) that impacted an area including several nations in and around the Volta river basin in West Africa. The Program would cover an area of 700,000 sq. km. in which an estimated 1 million people were affected.

Onchocerciasis is a parasitic disease caused by a tiny worm. The infection is carried from person to person by small bloodsucking black flies. The adult worms have an estimated life of 15 years in the human body, and migrate to the eyes. They can have more or less serious effects and may cause progressive loss of sight, ending in blindness. In heavily infected communities, about 20% of persons, particularly males over the age of 20, may have seriously impaired vision. These persons become a burden to communities already existing at subsistence level.

We were involved in using the helicopters to spray insecticide in the areas where the black flies were hatching. Applying the insecticide to river water over such a large underdeveloped area was a big challenge. First, all the rivers had to be surveyed by helicopter in both dry and wet seasons, and all potential breeding sites verified by sampling and their positions plotted on 1:200,000 scale maps.

Many of the treated rivers flowed into man-made lakes. The use of river water for drinking and the very important fish industries connected with them made it imperative that no insecticide build-up be allowed to take place. A special formulation of temephos was chosen because it gave a stable emulsion in river water under local conditions, was very effective, and was biodegradable, breaking down within 3 to 4 days.

There was to be an operations base in Tamali, Ghana, and a base in Bobo Dioloso, Upper Volta, where I would be based. There was also two fixed-wing turbine powered Pilatus porter aircraft: one at Tamali, and one at Bobo. I was to be relief pilot on them.

I was in Tamali while the base was being set up. On the road to the airport, I noticed there was some road construction with flag person holding a bush in each hand. A red bush was held in one hand to signal the traffic to stop, and a green bush in the other hand to signify a green light. I spent Christmas in Ouagadougou. The helicopters that were assigned to the bases at Bobo and Tamali, were flown there a few days before commencement of the contract. There is a weather phenomenon in this area that

happened in the winter called a “harmatan”. This is a prevailing wind that blows dust into the air from the Sahara Desert and, at times, the visibility is very poor. Our concern was learning our routes when we could not see much.



Turbine- powered Pilatus Porter

We were staying at a good hotel in Tamali, probably the only good hotel and eating in the hotel restaurant. We would ask the waiter (Ghana is English speaking) what was the day’s special. He would name off all the menu items from memory. We would ask for our choice only to be told that “...we don’t have that”. We would again ask what they had, and he would again go through the whole menu. We would order something else, but again be told “...we don’t have that”. That went on until we would finally find something that they did have.

We found a house in Bobo and set up housekeeping, complete with servants. Sylvia came over and joined me in January. We were working in seven different countries: from the base at Tamali, there was Ghana, Togo, Benin and Niger and from the base at Bobo, it was Upper Volta, Ivory Coast, Mali, and one small area of Ghana. We would go to briefing every Monday and leave on Tuesday to cover our assigned routes. In the winter, our route would usually take 2 to 3 days and, in the rainy summer season, 3 to 5 days. Our away accommodation was in quite nice hotels, usually air-conditioned.

We were operating four helicopters and the porter in Bobo and the same for Tamali. Things got into a routine. It was great to see the abundance of wild life, especially elephants in their natural habitat. There were lots of hippos in the rivers that we were treating and we often saw buffalo, many antelope species, monkeys, baboons, wild boars, and crocodiles often tangled in fishermen’s’ nets. Once while photographing elephants in the rainy season, they were shooting water at us.

The rural lifestyle has not changed in centuries. Small, remote villages made of mud huts, grass-thatched roofs, and trails radiating out from the village like spokes on a wheel. These led to areas where crops were planted. These people pretty well lived off the land.



The rainy season is from May through September. The rains come from thunderstorms, always preceded by strong winds, and always from the East towards the West. The first indication is a red dust cloud from the wind. When the rain starts, it doesn't rain drops, the clouds open up and the water falls out in huge amounts. The wind will quit and the storm will last up to 45 minutes. The same storm will go many miles across the country and never seems to run out of water! After it has passed, the sun will reappear, and it will be quite humid.



Hughes 500C at a village in Western Ivory Coast, which is situated just south of the savannah and the beginning of the rain forest

Once on a trip, WHO personnel and I landed at a remote village around mid-day and we were invited to have a meal with a group of men. The food was in a large vessel and it looked like rice, meat and some other grain. It was eaten by the handful from the vessel. I declined the offer because of the way it was eaten. I was afraid I might get a bug. I learned later that it was an insult to refuse an offer of food.

Once after spending the night in Boukie in the Ivory Coast, I had an early morning start but when I reached the stream that I was to treat there was fog in the valley.

That meant that I would have to wait for it to clear. There was a hilltop that was a good place to land but was occupied by a family of baboons. They fled so I landed and settled in to wait for the fog to clear. The fog settled in over the hilltop, reducing visibility to near zero. Then I could hear the baboons returning. They sounded very close. I had heard that they are very territorial animals and capable of throwing things. I could hear but not see them. That made me nervous so I started the motor and when the fog lifted a bit, I moved to a new location.

Another time, along a watercourse, I saw a family of baboons. What I took to be the boss baboon was on his hind legs backing up facing the helicopter. He backed over a bank and fell about 15 to 20 feet to the water's edge. I also saw a monkey run up a tree to escape and when he got to the broken off top, he sat there with back to the helicopter and it looked like his arms were folded over his eyes.

There is a diamond mine in the Ivory Coast where there was a fuel cache. It was located near a stream that we were treating. The water was taken from the stream, used to wash the diamond-bearing material in rotating drums and this then was returned directly into the stream. It was liquid mud and the stream from there on was running mud. Along the stream there were many holes dug along the bank where natives were poaching diamonds. There was no attempt made not to pollute and because of the pollution the stream had become unsuitable for most fish species that used to be there. There were no rules regarding pollution.

We had a houseboy whose responsibilities were to do the cooking, house cleaning, laundry, etc. Also a guardian whose job it was to secure the house from burglars at night. He would be in the yard in a shelter, armed with a bow and arrows. There were no department stores in Bobo. The odd grocery. Most shopping was done in a large, open-air market where almost anything was available.



Ferry ride with two cars.

To be continued

Flores Klaben rescue

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

When a small single engine plane with two people on board stopped in Whitehorse to refuel on a cold mid winter day in 1963, no-one could have foreseen the incredible saga which was about to unfold.

Pilot Ralph Flores and his passenger Helen Klaben were returning to the south western United States from Fairbanks in a single engine Howard aircraft. They picked up fuel in Whitehorse and took off, bound for their next stop...Fort St. John.

But somewhere near Watson Lake the small plane went missing. A massive air search turned up no sign of the plane or its occupants. When the search was called off in mid February, the weather was minus 40 to minus 50. They were given up for dead.

In the bush south of Watson Lake, the little plane lay crumpled. It had clipped some trees as Flores flew low in a heavy snowstorm looking for the Alaska Highway. Klabens left arm was broken and she had severe cuts and bruises. Flores had a broken jaw, cracked ribs and many cuts.

On board the plane they had four cans of sardines, two cans of tuna, some fruit cocktail and some crackers. They had no axe, no rifle and no sleeping bags, Flores built a lean two out of a small tarpaulin and used seat cushions from the plane as bedding. The outlook for both was bleak.

About two weeks after crash, Flores constructed some home made snowshoes and painfully trekked for four days to a frozen beaver pond where he stamped out a huge SOS in the clearing.

Near the end of March, 49 days after the crash, Frank George on board a small plane piloted by Chuck Hamilton, looked out the window spotted the SOS in the clearing. Amazingly, Flores had had the presence of mind to stamp an arrow in the snow pointing in the direction of their make shift camp.

The next day Hamilton and Jack McCallum flew a rescue team to the site. They landed on the beaver pond and followed the arrow through the bush a few miles where they discovered a miracle. Klaben and Flores were alive. Both had serious frostbite and injuries. Both had lost a great deal of weight. Yet they were alive. 49 days of searing cold, lack of food, life threatening injuries had not broken their spirit or will to live.

They were taken to hospital in Whitehorse where they recovered nicely from their injuries and their ordeal. It was truly one of the most incredible survival stories in the annals of Canadian history.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

DEBBIE WINSTON MOVING TO DAWSON



Farewell Party for Debbie Winston and her dog Santos, held at Gillian Campbells April 20, 2008 - Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Debbie Winston has bought a house in Dawson and is leaving here May 1st.

Hi Gillian

That is great, and thanks for thinking of me! Maybe it will help me reconnect with old friends and make some new ones.

Love Debbie

Hi Sherron

Debbie here. Gillian sent me the picture and it would be great if you published it. My dog's name is Santos (he's a Portuguese Water Dog). He and I will be driving north on May first so I'll see everybody this summer I hope. I'm getting excited about being back in Dawson. On that note, I must go pack more boxes.

I look forward to making period clothes and costumes, especially ball gowns. I was pleased to make one for Geraldine Van Bibber for the Commissioner's Ball this year, as

well as three others. I hope the exposure will get me more customers, and I hope there will be some nice photos of some of my gowns to post after the ball.

Debbie Winston JubaW*Shaw.ca

DOES ANYONE RECALL THIS STORY

I have a very vague memory of a woman who was camped along the highway above Whitehorse for some months with only her dog and sleeping bag. A member of the police force used to check up on her once in a while, although she was very reclusive and wanted to be left alone. He would bring her food and some supplies and she always paid him for it. No one seemed to know where her destination was. I don't remember if she spoke English or not. I think this would have been in the 1950's but not sure. Wonder if anyone in Moctel remembers this person.

Cheers, Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Former Yukoners Take Top Award at the Film Festival

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

March 24, 2008

After three days and four evenings of films, some 105 or more of various lengths and genres, the ninth annual Dawson City International Short Film Festival came to an end with the presentation of awards on Sunday night. The audience had dwindled somewhat from the packed house that crowded the Oddfellows Hall ballroom for the 11 features that made up the showing called The Big Finish. That ended, appropriately enough, with transplanted Dawsonite Lulu Keating's "Dawson Town Melted Down", the former festival coordinator's answer to the question her East Coast friends and family keep asking: "Why the hell did you move to Dawson City?" It took some time to tally the ballots for the Audience Choice awards and lots of people had headed out into the blustery evening by the time current festival coordinator Dan Sokolowski donned the green jacket to begin the awards ceremony. Anne Louise Genest, representing the Yukon Arts Fund, announced the Made in the Yukon (MITY) awards for professionals. First place, which included the trophy, a \$1000 cash prize from the Klondike Institute of Art and Culture, a \$1000 grip rental package from the Northern Film and Video Industry Alliance, and a screening of their film at the 2008 Tromso International Film Festival in Norway. The prize went to former Yukoners Richard Lawrence and Rachel Grantham, who have won it before, for the film "Smallfilm", which depicted the confusion and pain of an aging couple dealing with loss of memory and function. "One of the great things about this award is that it has tangible benefits," Genest said. Second place went to Werner Welcher's "River of Life", the chronicle of the group of breast cancer survivors who makeup the Paddlers Abreast team in the annual Yukon River Quest. This award provides the trophy, \$500 in cash from Lonely Seal productions, and \$500 worth of video equipment rental from KIAC. There's a MITY for amateur Emerging Talent as well. First

place, a package including \$300 and \$500 worth of video equipment rental from KIAC, went to Fabienne Tessier for his amusing animation “la photo”, a short about the trials of a photographer trying to stage a group portrait. Second place went to Gerard Parsons and Dave Nixon for their tongue in cheek documentary “Canoe Builders of the Mighty McQueston”. Should they chose to try again, they’ll have \$200 and \$400 worth of video equipment rental from KIAC to help them. If, as they said so often, “anyone can build a canoe”, perhaps they may think up another project. There were a number of young people who submitted films and the judges couldn’t manage to decide who was best when faced with such a wide age range. Youth. The end was a three way ties for Kassie Atkins and “Barbie Attack II”, Sam Crocker and “Turtle Attack” and Darcy Johnny & Georgianne Sam for “Random”. They each won \$100 from KIAC. Festival founder and director David Curtis presented the Lodestar Award to Albert’s Karen Hines for her entry, “My Name is Pochsy: an industrial film”. The award, Curtis said, is given to the best Canadian or international film which exemplifies the guiding principles of the art of independent short film/video making, which are freedom of expression, authenticity, exemplary artistry despite limitations and clarity of vision. The award is \$500 in cash and a Sterling Silver DCISFF pin crafted by Sharon Edmunds. “I’m really surprised that I won,” Hines told the crowd. “I’ve had so much fun here and I’ve just been so blown away by this festival and by the spirit of it, the spirit of the audience, the respect the audience had for all the films. You guys clapped for everything. I’m so happy to be here and I’m so honoured.” In her film, Pochsy works at a mercury packing plant, which forms the backdrop for her reflections on life and work. The film is a satire. Honorable Mention went to “Mushum” by Francois Perrault in which an old man takes his grandson back to his ancestor’s land while following a dream. The audience choice votes selected “Issaittuq (Waterproof)” by Bruce Haulli of Nunavut and “River of Life” as the first and second choices of the weekend.



Film fest Logo - The Oddfellows’ Hall ballroom was packed for many of the showings.



The Made in the Yukon (MITY) Trophies are also MITY, handmade of duct tape, wire, a block of wood and a metal rod. They symbolize the homemade energy of many of the local productions.

MOCTEL VYA BANQUET SPECIAL EDITION IN CIRCULATION

Sherron;

I printed off the special edition, VYA Banquet, and took it to the meeting yesterday. One of the old folks who no longer uses her computer took it home to enjoy at her leisure. She has instructions to hand it over to another Yukoner and to have her return it for our archives.

Thank you again.

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

TED HARRISON IN WHITEHORSE

Would it be possible to feature this brochure in your forthcoming edition. I realize the 'ex-yukoners' would not be able attend but there are many on your resident 'Yukon' list that may be interested and we'd certainly like to see them.

Thank You.

Marg & Rolf marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)



LOVE IN THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Rolf and Marg Hougen invite you to the opening reception and benefit to view their collection of Ted Harrison Posters

The artist will be in attendance

All contributions will go to the Ted Harrison Artists Retreat Society

Friday, May 9th, 5:00-8:00 pm

A special announcement will be made this evening by the Hougen Family to the Arts Community

Exhibition closes July 30th
in the Hougen Heritage Gallery

YUKON ART SOCIETY GALLERY

Suite 15-305 Main Street, Lower Level, Hougen Centre

Open: Mon to Fri, 9 – 5:30; Sat. 11 – 5

Ph: 667-4080 yukonart@polarcom.com

The Yukon Art Society gratefully acknowledges the support of the Hougen Family; Arts Fund; Lotteries Yukon; Yukon Art Centre; Yukon Tourism & Culture and City of Whitehorse.



ARTISTIC TALENT



Ontario - Gull

Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

MOCTEL 248 PHOTO IDENTIFIED

The old gentleman whose name Jean did not recall is Alan McMillan. Which reminds me that I was remiss in something and will address that forthwith.

A matter of days before the banquet, I received a call from Mr. McMillan who wanted to let us know that his brother had passed away and to ask that this be announced at the banquet. Although the names of the year's deceased are no longer read out at the banquet, President Sue did mention the two that had passed away within the week of the banquet.

While it may seem strange to those who do not know the family that Alan and his sister attended the banquet so soon after their brother's death, be assured that it was not. Their family have been involved with Vancouver Yukoners for a long time. Their mother, who went into Yukon as a small child, taught school in Dawson (taught my mother), attended her last banquet just months before she died at the age of 106.

The only time I ever met Mrs. Hooker was at that 1999 banquet. Mrs. Hooker was in a wheelchair and thoroughly enjoying visiting with old friends. Mom went up to her very tentatively, put out her hand and said, "I don't expect you to remember me, Mrs. Hooker, but I am..." Mrs. Hooker chimed in before Mom could get her name out, "Peggy Hoggan. I'm sorry but I've forgotten your married name." Mom was practically in tears! They had a little visit before someone else came by to see Mrs. Hooker, but that just made the banquet for Mom.

Pat McMillan, age 90, March 31, 2008, in Pembroke ON. Pat was the eldest son of Mrs. Lucille Hooker, the former Mrs. McMillan, who went into Yukon in '98. Pat is survived by 3 sons, 1 daughter, brother Alan (Phyllis) and sister Kay (Eric). He was predeceased by wife Alice and sister Mary.

I must write our Milepost story when I have a moment.

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

RECIPE IN MOCTEL 248

Seeing the recipe for Sourdough Hotcakes in Moc Tel 246 - submitted by Moge - jogged my memory of the recipe and batter I received many years ago and still have going. It was given to us by Mary Dugas when we first got married. Corky worked with her husband, Cec, at RCEME in the Army days. It called for 1/2 cup of graham flour as well but it is now almost impossible to find - so substitute with whole wheat or mixed grain. The remaining ingredients are almost the same.

Many a batch has been whipped up over the years and we still enjoy them.

One year I decided my family Outside should also have some of this batter. As we were flying out it had to go in my suitcase. Somewhere along the line my suitcase got near some heat - and you know what happens to sourdough when it gets warm. Well it expanded out of the container I had it in and all over my suitcase and contents. What a cleanup job that was!!!!

Arla Repka orca@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

JOYCE & FRED ARE HEADING NORTH

Fred and I will be off to the Yukon around June 12th. We are driving the whole way, plus plan on visiting Dawson, Fairbanks and Anchorage this time. And of course spending time in Carcross and Lewis Lake as well with Norma and Cal. Fred's looking up the "Milepost" link on his computer at the moment, very handy and timely to get it in Moctel today.

Joyce Yardley Joyce@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

MORE VANCOUVER YUKONERS BANQUET PHOTOS

Courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Ralph Troberg, Molly Browne, Edward Thompson, Helen (Munro) Fitch, Ann Newsom



Barbara Joy (Hickey) Bathgate, Bill Drury, Johnnie Helm



The May sisters.
Nancy (May) Pope, Doris (May) Chorney, Marion (May) Doré



Gillian Campbell, John Brown



Howard Firth and son Connor



Omar Peel



Jean Hartnell, Betty Martyniuk, Lu (Hall) Carter

REMEMBER WHEN

HERE IS AN OLD PHOTO....AHHHHH WHEN I WAS SKINNY
ANYWAY...DAVID INGRAM SENT IT TO ME..VIA A FRIEND....VICTORIA
WAS SUCH A DEAR FRIEND OF MINE...Gillian



Gillian Campbell, popular English Vaudeville style entertainer, attended the 1979 Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous. Here she greets Victoria Faulkner with Eli Porsild looking on. Photo courtesy Hougen website – 1979.

VANCOUVER YUKONER BANQUET – DAWSON – BEAR CREEK

Sherron, attached are some Bear Creek and Dawson people missed in the Moctel copy sent recently.

Sorry I don't have everyone's married names. Maybe you could look them up on your lists.

Anita Mayhew anitamayhew@sympatico.ca



Lorraine (Craig) Mackie, Anita (Craig) Mayhew, Nancy (May) Pope,
Doris (May) Chorney, Marion (May) Doré



3 cousins – Sharon Redmond, Lorraine (Craig) Mackie, Anita (Craig) Mayhew



Clara (Telep) Norila



Harriet (Osborn) Butterworth, Anita (Craig) Mayhew, Fay (Callison) Ash, Sharon (Carswell) Redmond, Lorraine (Craig) Mackie, Joan (Callison) Rodschat



Heather (Monroe) and Carol (Monroe) Pearce



Lorraine (Craig) Mackie, Annemarie (Telep) Johanson
6 photos above courtesy Anita Mayhew anitamayhew@sympatico.ca

OBIT



Bob Harrison

He loved fishing and he is in his element in this shot at a lake in the Interior of B.C.
Photo courtesy Sandra Walters walters.sandra*shaw.ca

**Robert Owen ("Bob") Harrison
October 23, 1926 - April 17, 2008**

It is with sadness that my brother, Arthur Harrison, and I, Sandra Walters (& Philip), announce the sudden passing of our father. Bob was predeceased by his sister, Phyllis (Vin) Dawson and is survived by his brother, Ken Harrison.

Bob's wife of 32 years, Sylvia Harrison, had been in hospital since February and also passed away on April 26, 2008. Bob and Sylvia are survived by Sylvia's daughter, Sherry (George) Elder, as well as her son, Doug (Linda) Greensword, both of Calgary, Alberta.

Those who knew Bob appreciate that he loved the north country and that he especially enjoyed seeing it from the air. His 'Memories of a Bush Pilot', which have been shared in the Moccasin Telegraph over the last few weeks, include his early memory of a rodeo at Ootsa Lake, B.C. where a float plane was selling rides. In his words, "The first plane I had ever seen. It was love at first sight."

We found a poem in Dad's effects as follows, and if anyone knows of the author or the story behind it, it would mean a lot to us if you could share the information with us.

Dedicated to Pilot Bob Harrison:

wings across a golden sunlit sky
wings across a shadow

do not ask us why
wings across a stormy, long-lost land
wings across the rain
the thunder and the storm
wings who travel with the lost Horizon
wings with courage born upon the breeze
to those who fly our thanks

Respecting Bob's wishes, there will be no formal service. The family will host a celebration of his life on Saturday, May 24, 2008 from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. at the Bistro 333 at 333 Shuswap Avenue in Chase, British Columbia.

Sandra Walters: walters.sandra@shaw.ca
Arthur Harrison: arthurh@ocis.net

HARRISON, Bob rhoo7@telus.net (In Yukon 1958 – 1969 Atlin & WL) Calgary

Hi Sherron - It was actually his wife who had been in hospital since mid-February. She had a fall at home, broke her hip and then had complications from the surgery with an infection. Dad had been healthy but it seems the stress of caring for Sylvia and concern over the future triggered a heart attack. He died at home and likely didn't know what hit him, it would have happened so fast. We are grateful that it appears he didn't suffer at all. Thank you for passing word along. - Sandra.



Marilee Ann Skea – June 12, 1928 – April 21, 2008

Marilee Skea died peacefully at Whitehorse General Hospital on April 21. Born to George and Iva Mattern of Ponoka, Alberta, Marilee's early years were spent first on the farm, then later in town, where it was soon noted by her family that Marilee seemed to know everyone. Her sister Margie recalls, "After we grew up, each time I went home to visit I would always encounter someone we knew. Invariably the person would say 'Oh, you're one of George's girls aren't you? But you're not Marilee.'"

In 1948, Marilee joined her sister Margie to work as a switchboard operator for Northwest Communication System in Whitehorse. After contracting TB in 1952, she left the territory for treatment. In 1954, while convalescing at her parent's home in Port Hardy, she met William (Bill) Skea, whom she married in Vancouver on July 21, 1956.

Bill's job with the Department of Transport took them to Norman Wells (where their daughter Heather was born), to Inuvik (where son Bruce was born), and finally to Whitehorse in 1966 where they settled in Valleyview.

Marilee worked for several YTG departments until her retirement in 1988, when she and Bill moved to Wolf Creek to garden and raise chickens, rabbits, ducks, geese, and pheasants. In 1998 they moved to Granger, where they continued to garden until Marilee's health declined.

Marilee will be remembered for her infectious laughter, her love of music and dance, and her keen interest in all who made her acquaintance. She is survived by her husband Bill, daughter Heather Martinez (Federico), Heather's stepsons Federico and Mauricio, son Bruce, sisters Mildred Frizzell, Margie Phelan, Sherill Ignatov (Nick), and numerous nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by brother Robert and her parents.

The Skea family thanks the staff of Macaulay Lodge and Copper Ridge for the care and comfort provided to Marilee in her last year of life. We especially thank Jo Ann Murray, Dr Tadepalli, and the nurses of Whitehorse General Hospital for the compassionate care Marilee received in her final hours.

At Marilee's request, there will be no funeral. Following cremation, there will be a small graveside service at a date and time to be announced.

Sylvia passed away on April 18th in Penticton Hospital. I had been caring for her at home for some time with home support, but on March 4th she had extreme radiation on the tumours on her legs and she went downhill from there. She went back to the hospital on the 13th, and I was with her on the 18th when she just quit breathing. She had been in a lot of pain from a shattered left arm on Jan. 31st. Since the first broken hip 7 years ago and the lung cancer in both lungs she didn't have a lot of enjoyable life. Even though I had an inkling it was still a shock and I'm trying to cope.

She just wanted cremation, no service, and some of her ashes scattered at Tagish.

Vic Hoy vichoy*vip.net (In Penticton)

SYLVIA DIANE HOY of Penticton passed away peacefully with her husband at her side on April 18, 2008 at the age of 72 years. Sylvia spent over 30 years in Whitehorse

and area before she and her husband moved to a new home in Penticton in 1991. She is survived by her loving husband Vic; son Dale (Jen) of Okanagan Falls, B.C.; son David (Donna) of Nanaimo B.C., six grandchildren, one great granddaughter; sister Maxine, two nieces and a nephew. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the BC Cancer Agency, 399 Royal Avenue, Kelowna, B.C. V1Y 5L3.

My son David is picking me up tomorrow and I'm heading to Lethbridge for a few days to see my beautiful 2 year old great granddaughter and try and cope with the nothingness in my life right now.

Vic Hoy vichoy*vip.net (In Penticton)

Sherron; It is with profound sadness that I submit this obit to the Moc Tel. Johanne Brown, (nee Porsild) was my sister and she passed away April 19th, in Whitehorse from a viral pneumonia infection. She had been to Vancouver for a knee replacement and had only been home a couple of days before her lungs filled with fluid and she had to rushed to hospital. An attempt to medivac her to Vancouver didn't work and the doctors in Whitehorse did all they could for her.

Johanne Julie Porsild was born "in the bush" at her father's trapping cabin on the Sixtymile River, where the family had lived for some five years. It was midwinter and fifty below, so Dad didn't think a two-day dogteam trek to Dawson was very wise, and so he acted as midwife, as Jo was born January 10, 1940. The family lived in Dawson for a few years, Whitehorse for a few more, then moved to the Highway, as Dad built and ran Johnson's Crossing Lodge. She joined the RCAF in the mid fifties, returned to Whitehorse and in 1970 married John Brown. They have lived in Whitehorse since then with their various dogs, and for the last twenty years until Jo retired, she worked in the Finance Department of the Yukon Territorial Government.

A memorial celebration of life was held in Whitehorse on April 26, with some two hundred people attending. She will be sadly missed by all who knew her, and of course her loving family.

Aksel Porsild

Steven MACNAB We regret to announce the sudden passing of Steven MacNab at his home in Winnipeg, April 27, 2008. Beloved husband of Susan Slater; son of Grace MacNab, Ottawa and the late John MacNab of Howser, BC; Brother of Ian MacNab, Vancouver/ Richmond BC; Daav MacNab, Nelson BC; Heather Hamilton, Kaslo, BC; Son-in-law of Harry Slater, Winnipeg and brother-in-law of Allan Slater, St. John's Newfoundland. Born in Chicago, Illinois, October 17, 1949, Steve was educated at schools in New York State and Ottawa and earned his AME in Vancouver. He learned to

fly on float planes in Sault St. Maire, Ont. and **flew helicopters with Yukon Airways in Whitehorse**. He joined the Air Worthiness Branch of Transport Canada in 1984. At the time of his death, he was Regional Manager, Aircraft Maintenance and Manufacturing for the Prairie and Northern Region. While at university he joined the Governor General's Foot Guards as a reservist.....

Published in the Edmonton Journal on 4/30/2008.

Alberta Kathleen HAMES (Kay) July 1, 1919 - May 1, 2008

It is with deep sadness that the family of Kay Hames announces her peaceful passing in Calgary at the age of 88 years. **Born in Dawson City, Yukon**, Kay soon moved to Saskatchewan where she spent much of her early life. As an only child, she was soon introduced to a group of twelve siblings - The Hames Family in Oxbow, SK. It was not long after that she married into the family when she wed Norman Hames in Moose Jaw during WWII. Kay was trained and practiced as a registered nurse at the Moose Jaw General Hospital, before moving to Calgary. While living in Calgary, Kay was a proud member of both the Gyro and Glencoe Clubs. Kay will always be remembered for her tremendous sense of humour, love of life and kind heart. She will be dearly missed. Kay is survived by her daughter Dr. Linda Hames; son David (Barbara) Hames; granddaughters, Kari (Peter) Beermann, Jennifer and Lindsay Hames; and of course, her dearest friend, Precious. Kay was predeceased by her husband Norman in 1985. A private family Service will be held on Sunday, May 4, 2008. Forward condolences through www.mcinnisandholloway.com . In lieu of flowers, memorial tributes in Kay's honour may be made directly to the charity of donor's choice. In living memory of Kay Hames, a tree will be planted at Fish Creek Provincial Park by McINNIS & HOLLOWAY FUNERAL HOMES, Park Memorial Chapel, 5008 ELBOW DRIVE S.W. Telephone: 403-243-8200.

Published in the Calgary Herald on 5/2/2008

Back on the list - CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Everyone. I finally have my computer back in operation. Please note that my e-mail address has changed to: glen_wright*shaw.ca REPEAT glen_wright*shaw.ca

Our new residential and mailing address is: 351-550-Yates Road Kelowna. BC V1V 1Z4

Glen & Elly

This is a permanent error. The following address(es) failed:

gawright@uniserve.com

WRIGHT, Glen & Elly gawright*uniserve.com (In Whitehorse 1966-72, 80-87) Kelowna

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Sherron, I've talked to Alf Bilton. He's currently in Edmonton (just a few miles from me) recovering from triple by-pass surgery. He's doing well and will be flying back to Whitehorse May 7. He wanted me to e-mail you and let you know his new address so you can start sending the MocTel again. Once he's feeling better he'll be getting you more poems. If you have any messages for him let me know and I'll pass it along to him.

Alf Bilton aelfbilton@gmail.com

Donna Clayson yukonlady@albertacom.com (In Ardrossan AB)

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron - Last summer I met Gail Laroque at Carcross at a "young eagles" COPA fly-in. I had friends who talked about Moc-Tel but Gail filled me in and during the course of communication I talked to Donna in Ardrossan whom I had known up here.

I came from Edmonton 35 yrs ago to drive for White Pass on the Anvil run and having run from Southern Ontario many years ago I knew the Yukon was going to be my permanent home. I came here for the cold!! Gail just sent me 5 back issues and I spent most of the day reading some very interesting material. You have done a wonderful and laborious work. I'm also glad to hear you are feeling a lot better.

I'm now turning 77 and am still (with God's blessing) flying my Cessna 172. I'm also still driving a tour bus for Holland-America in the summer months.

I've been researching the war years concerning the Lend-Lease program with the USSR and the North-West Staging Route having many meetings with the participants over the last 22 years.

I am enjoying Bob Harrison's accounts. Sadly I never had a chance to meet him but he mentions people that I know or have heard about. My belated condolences to his family.

I've rambled on enough and before your eyes start to water reading all this, would you put me on the mailing list with the criteria on annual fees and I'll look forward to lots of our Yukon history.

Best regards, Murray Biggin c1966-gjvp@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

I GOT your address from Jim Dokken who speaks highly of your group:

My parents were married Christmas eve 1938 in the Whitehorse Robert Service Church, my father was flying out of Whitehorse and mother was an RN at the hospital(see photo). I was born in 1940 and we left for Edmonton in 1945. I have hundreds of feet of color film of Whitehorse in the late 30's and early 40's. Mom was a nurse trained at the Vancouver General and was responsible for the saving of many Indian children that came to the hospital, they in turn gave her gifts, one was the picture of a chief I think. Also the menu from Dawson in 1938, what a bang for a buck, and pure Robert Service . Your group looks like a good place to revisit times gone by.

Harold Davenport hport2@shaw.ca
304 Riverside Garden NW
High River AB T1V-1Y9
H: 403-652-4707
C: 403-803-6358

Thanks for the input, I learned something here, the old Log Church was the place that I thought was a Service Church, they got married on Christmas eve because the Vicar flew in for only a short time and that was only time available.

Hi, I would like to sign up. I have been a life-long Yukoner except for four years 'outside' for post-secondary and many many bouts of wanderlust that have often gone on for months.

McDiarmid, Alan (born Mayo, raised in Dawson, now in Whitehorse)
amcdiar02@hotmail.com

Thank you
Alan

Hi Sherron

You have asked for a bit more info regarding my family connection to the Yukon etc. I will set this out as briefly as I can yet provide enough in terms of time and place over the span of my life so connection is possible with other past and present Yukoners.

My parents were Jack (John) and Mary McDiarmid. I had four siblings: Jean (Aschenberg), Roy, Beryl (Champion), and Joe (Jack). My mother was born at Ethel Lake near Mayo in 1917. Her parents were Julia and Dick Johnson. Julia started life with a single name. Early church records recorded her as Julia daughter of Johnny. Julia's mother was Maize Turgeon. My dad was born in Heady, BC and grew up in Princeton. In 1931 at age 19 he followed his uncle Dick (Richard) McDiarmid to the Yukon who had arrived some time following the gold rush. My parents and sister and brother, Jean and Roy, have left this life. Beryl lives in White Rock and Joe lives here in Whitehorse.

I was born in Mayo in 1938 and first lived 2 ½ years at Elsa then 2 ½ years on the lower Stewart River, arriving in Dawson by small boat in 1943. We moved to Mayo in 1952. I moved back to Dawson in 1956 to work at Franklin's Garage. I worked the next 13 and some years as a heavy equipment operator, truck driver and mechanic in Dawson and throughout the Yukon. Joy Isaac and I were married in 1968 and divorced in 1994. We had three daughters and a son: Bonnie, Trica, Darcy and Jason. We moved to Mayo in 1969 where I was a partner in several small businesses. In 1976 we moved to Whitehorse where I worked in public service for Indian Affairs; ending my career with them in 1994 with the last four years as the Regional Director. From then until two years ago I worked as a consultant or senior administrator for First Nations. I married again in 1995 to Pornsawan (Bee) Noibanthao, this time for 12 years. We had a son and a daughter, Chai and Nahree, now five and two years respectively. I now live here in Whitehorse with these two wonderful little people; they giving meaning and purpose to life. I treasure each action or new thing they come up with. This is in a way a double blessing because in doing so they also trigger recall of fond memories I have of their older siblings when they were of similar age.

I managed to squeeze in four years of post-secondary education in my late forties; about the time my four grown children were considering doing the same. There's merit in leading by example.

One of my greatest experiences was as a federal executive I was chosen (the only Yukoner I know of) to attend the National Defence College in Kingston Ontario. This was a ten month intensive program of joint studies in national and international affairs, particularly those which affect the national security of, and policy development for Canada. This involved doing field studies that included 40 days travel throughout Canada, plus 90 days in the United States and 18 other countries in Europe, the Middle East, Africa, Asia and Latin America. I liked to wander before that but now I could easily do it fully time if it wasn't for the fact that I now have more important things to occupy my time.

And lastly, being a true Yukoner I have spent a lot of time lusting for gold; prospecting both placer and hard rock. I still hold some interest in claims and have places where I need to do some digging and scratching around yet. I think my little ones need to grow longer legs while I still have full use of mine.

Well anyway I started out being brief.

Alan

NEW ADDITIONS HAVE COMMON INTEREST

Murray did phone me as well as giving me the above information. During the call I learned of his involvement in the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse. – Sherron

Hi Murray

Am wondering if you could put your Transportation Museum hat on for a minute? Have made contact with Harold Davenport son of Harold Davenport who worked for White Pass Aviation. Do you know if the transportation museum would wish to see the collection of photos that may relate to aviation that this man has? ALSO do you happen to have a photo on the wall already of his father Harold Davenport.

This is what I had on him in the Moccasin Telegraph special edition “White Pass Aviation”.

“**Ev Wasson** was named general manager of the aviation division of **White Pass**, now an entirely separate entity from the railroad and steamboat divisions. Chief mechanic was **Harold Davenport** who held a D & M license entitling him to do airframe and major engine work. **Ev Wasson** and **Jess Rice** held A & C licenses, which authorized them to do minor engine work but no airframe work. **Don Dickson**, another A & C mechanic, worked full time with **Davenport**.”

Davenport was in Whse mid 1930's to mid 1940's. Perhaps he even has some photos of the ferry project.

*Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)*

Hello Sherron - I just talked to my buddy in Cumberland who is a retired Transport Canada inspector and he had visited Harold Davenport a few years ago. He is also a good friend of Tom Clarke who lives in Whitehorse and had been an aircraft engineer in those hectic days of the 30's. David Hilchie has never met Harold's son. There are pix of Harold and all the others mentioned in your White Pass aviation special edition in the photo room at the museum. I will get back to you about the photo collection and I guarantee the museum group would love to see such a rare collection and the Yukon archives would love to have copies as well!! The interest in this type of the Yukon history is very alive and well. We have a young energetic lady as our curator and I know she would jump at the chance to catch up to Harold's son.

'Til later,

Murray Biggin c1966-gjvp*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Happiness is where we find it, but rarely where we seek it. - J. Petit Senn

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.

FILL-ME-UP PANCAKES

½ cup whole wheat flour
1 cup white unbleached flour
½ cup rice polishing, barley flour or wheat germ, corn flour, etc.
(or vary the proportions to taste, using 2 cups of flour altogether)
2 – 3 tsp baking powder
½ tsp sea-salt
¼ cup brown sugar
1 ½ - 2 cups buttermilk or yogurt
4 eggs
½ cup safflower oil

Mix dry ingredients and add slowly to buttermilk or yogurt; stir in oil and eggs. Bake in a moderately hot pan or on a griddle. Serve with pure maple syrup or honey and a dollop of yogurt.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Spring Picnic to be held as usual at the Summerland Ornamental Gardens on Sunday June, 22nd at noon.

Vancouver Island Picnic at St Mary's Hall, Nanoose BC, August 16th.

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

c/o Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon BC V1B 1V8
250-549-2736