

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 272nd Edition – December 7th, 2008

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



View from Valleyview – toward Grey Mountain – Whitehorse
Photo courtesy Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Great pictures of our old school by Ralph Lortie.

All three of my grandchildren have attended school there (two of them are now in F.H. Collins); it is now a French Immersion school. Every time I attend a function there I am reminded of our basketball games - the gym is exactly the same as it used to be (only seems a little smaller).

For those of you who have forgotten what gorgeous winters we have here, I am sending a few pictures taken around my place in Valleyview. Although there are a few newer homes up here - most of the houses are exactly like they were 50 years ago or more. One picture from our balcony overlooks the airport with Grey Mountain in the background.

Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)



Valleyview – Whitehorse

Photo courtesy Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)



Hoar Frost

Photo courtesy Kathy Gates kmgates@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach BC)

I rose in the morning and entered my den,
And I booted my 'puter again and again.
But, despite all the care and the cautions I'd taken,
My 'puter just sat there and wouldn't quite waken.
It just sort of drowsed, half awake, half asleep,
It's DVD Rom wouldn't utter a peep.
The wife says these little tests, God sends to try us,
But I knew in my heart it contracted a virus.

Its eyes were quite dull just a pale kind of blue,
And its files were all jumbled and infected too,
The inbox won't open and it's full to the brim,
Its speed is retarded and memory, dim.
I tried to get into its cache just the same,
But it won't recognize or remember my name.
So I tenderly cleaned it and bundled it up,
And rushed it off to the electronics shop.

The tech doctor greeted me, haggard and grim,
But I knew he was good, and had great faith in him,
He bade me retreat to a customer stool,
While he hooked up my 'puter to a maze of his tools.
Then he scanned all its innards from bottom to top,
And inspected it all, til he finally stopped,
Then he tenderly patted my shoulder and said,
"Sorry, old timer, your 'puter is dead.

It was just a machine, but I felt kinda' bad,
When I thought of the wonderful times that we'd had,
The poems we'd written, the stories we'd told,
The smiles we'd encouraged when our stories were sold.
Then the "doctor" assured me this isn't the end,
That the best thing for me is replace my old friend,
And he sold me a 'puter, that fits to the letter,
Much lighter, much brighter, much faster and better.



Bavarian Waxwings in the Mountain Ash
Photos courtesy Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)





Bavarian Waxwings

Photo courtesy Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Whitehorse has been experiencing a terrific display of Hoarfrost....kinda difficult to go anywhere without a camera at hand. I took the tree pictures outside my home, and the photos of the Bavarian Waxwing birds were taken in my neighbour's Mountain Ash trees and on a tree behind our home. The last one reminds me a little of the movie "The Birds". From all the photos taken of these birds, I think I did a very early Yukon Bird Count as the flock was about 140 strong....Waxwings love berries of any kind and must know something about frozen berries as they seem to appear in Porter Creek to hunt up the Mountain Ash berries when everything is frozen.

Hope there is a place for at least one or two.

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

ACCIDENT SCENE

Evidence at an accident scene can usually tell a complete story of what happened. Everyone is familiar with skid marks. These are usually made when braking and are caused when the wheels lock-up causing the tire to slide on the road surface. The mark left on the road surface has a beginning and an end and the road surface has what is called a drag factor. The drag factor determines the amount of friction exerted to cause a tire to slide. For example, an icy road would have a much lower drag factor than a paved road.

Just a month before the recent passing of Erik Nielsen I spoke with him on the phone. During our conversation I asked if he recalled an Inquest in Carmacks dealing with the death of a pedestrian who had been hit by a car and he did remember it. The circumstances were quite straight forward. A pedestrian had been walking along the road in Carmacks, in a 30 mile per hour zone, was hit by a car and was killed. I attended and investigated the accident and took my usual photographs and measurements. Subsequently the driver of the car was charged with speeding. Although it was not within the mandate of the Coroner, who heads the Inquest, to deal with any charges, the purpose of the Inquest is to try and determine the cause of death and suggest changes to prevent a recurrence. During the Inquest, Mr. Nielsen, who was representing the driver of the car, asked me a hypothetical question based on several factors he presented. As it was 11:30 in the morning I asked the Coroner if I could have the lunch break to do my calculations and present my findings after lunch. This was agreeable to all parties. After lunch I returned to the witness stand and said that from the scenario presented to me, the hypothetical vehicle was travelling between 43 and 46 miles per hour. Mr. Nielsen said "thank you" and had no further questions for me. After the Inquest was over I asked Mr. Nielsen what that was all about. He told me he was trying to determine if I knew what I was talking about when giving evidence on speed calculations. He said he had contacted an engineer in Vancouver and was given the mentioned scenario based on a vehicle's speed of 45 miles per hour. When I came back with a range of 43 to 46 miles per hour, he was satisfied with my testimony.

George Bliss [jrsports*sasktel.net](mailto:jrsports@sasktel.net) (In Regina)
Whitehorse Highway Patrol 1973-1978

TRIP PROFILE IN TCA MAGAZINE

The attachment, from The Canadian Amateur (TCA) magazine, opens to a brief article re the 50th Anniversary trip to Alert, Ellesmere Island NU I was part of in September. It was a great opportunity to once again operate a ham radio station from that military base and community (the most northerly in the world). Some of you will have seen the picture that was taken of me at the same location in 1957 - I apologize for the change in appearance - the passage of 51 years will do that to you!

Regards

Earle Smith [t16ru672*telusplanet.net](mailto:t16ru672@telusplanet.net)

RESURRECTING VE8RCS

“During the Spring of 2008, it was decided that a select group of ‘Alert Veterans’, who were Amateur Radio operators, would be sent back to Alert during the 50th Anniversary celebrations to reactivate the Amateur Radio station – VE8RCS.



For four of the past five decades, Amateur Radio was the only communications available for the station personnel to talk with loved ones in the south. Military members were stationed at Alert for six months at a time and were unable to bring family members with them. The only contact with home was via Amateur Radio 'phone patch' and the once-a-week Canada Post mail service.

In the 1980's, phone service was brought into Alert and Amateur Radio began to decline. By the late 80's, Amateur Radio became more of a hobby for personnel serving at Alert. In the 1990's, fewer people were posted to Alert and, over time, the VE8RCS was used less and less until it was shutdown in the mid to late 1990's. VE8RCS (Royal Canadian Signals) was deactivated and Amateur Radio became a hobby of the past....

On August 26, the following Amateur Radio operators departed the southern climates to rebuild and activate VE8RCS for the 50th Anniversary of the station:

- Robert Schofield, VE3GLO
- Les Lindstrom, VE3KFS
- Scott Crouse, VA3XA
- Ken Halcrow, VE3SRS

A complete daily summary is available online at: <http://users.explornet.com/-scrouse/ve8rcs.html>

The return of VE8RCS to the airways was a labour of love for the team who have a combined total of 13 tours in Alert commencing in 1964. The opportunity to put the station back on the air was not to be passed up. We had hoped to work as many of the 'old gang' who provided phone patches for the 'Frozen Chosen' in years gone by. We did manage to work quite a few, and our thanks go out to you all for your support."

In the words of the photographer Scott Crouse, VA3XA, the cover photo was shot from the window of a C-130 Hercules Aircraft somewhere over the coast of Greenland between Thule Air Force Base and CFS Alert."



Earl Smith, VE6NM, operating VE8RCS/VY0.

Earle Smith, VE6NM, former RAC President, is one of the first to proudly hold the title of “Frozen Chosen”, Earle, along with a couple of dozen more “Old-timers” were also bundled up to CFS Alert in a C130 and spent 24 hours touring the base and being feted and acknowledged as the pioneers of CFS Alert. Earle had a chance to visit the VE8RCS/VY0 Amateur Radio station and entertain us with stories of the good old days of Amateur Radio from Alert. (for more see Page 44 and 57 of the Nov & Dec 2008 TCA magazine.)

(This article may bring memories of others who served at VE8RCS and later spent time in Yukon. One such person Andy Cobham VE8AC taught many of us, (including me), ‘code’ in Amateur Radio classes in Whitehorse in the early 1970’s.) - Sherron Jones

Wally Byam

Have you ever driven behind a caravan of trailers on the Alaska Highway and wondered how you were ever going to pass them all? It’s a reality. Trailers bunch up on the highway. So imagine a week back in the summer of 1965, when a caravan of more than 100 Airstream trailers pulled into Whitehorse. Imagine trying to pass that crew on the very dusty highway. Impossible.

It was called the Wally Byam Caravan and was one of the largest ever assembled to travel the Alaska Highway. I interviewed the travellers for local radio and recall that they were a fun bunch - on the trip of a lifetime in their Airstream trailers.

So who, I got to wondering, was Wally Byam? Here’s the story. Wally Byam was a pioneer, a legendary figure in the mobile home business.

He was born in Oregon in 1896, and spent his childhood tending the family's large flock of sheep in the mountains. He lived in a small, two-wheeled cloth-covered wagon which was pulled by a donkey. Wally once told his friends that the shepherd boy’s wagon had something to do with his later interest in trailers.

Wally Byam received a college law degree. However, he was interested in writing, advertising and carpentry. He began publishing a how-to-do-it magazine for home carpenters and builders.

One day, Wally came across an article about how to build a trailer and bought it for publication. He printed the story and letters of complaint started to roll in. So he decided to follow the instructions himself. He quickly found them impossible. So he tried to design a trailer himself. Soon, in his backyard, he was building made-to-order trailers for sale.

In 1934, he came up with the name "Airstream". That's what he would call his trailers. He continued to build trailers until 1942, when the war stopped production.

In 1946, he rented a small building near Van Nuys, California , and was back in the trailer business. Thus was formed Airstream Trailers Incorporated. During the next ten years, his company grew to become a major American business enterprise.

He would often leave the factory to take personal charge of caravan tours. They were, he said, the best way to show what could be done in a travel trailer. Airstream owners became a loyal bunch. In 1955 a group of his followers founded a club that is now one of the largest trailering clubs in the world. It's called the Wally Byam Caravan Club.

I can't recall if Wally Byam was with the big group who slowed traffic to a crawl in the summer of 1965, but they still travel the Alaska Highway. With pavement, however, it's easier nowadays to pass them.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin.
Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

MocTel 271

Hello! Thank you, Sherron, that is a very interesting MocTel indeed. Where else could one see the beginning of the ice bridge across the Yukon at Dawson? The view of cenotaph and brave souls out there in the cold is a memory I have from the windows of the apartment I called mine while I nursed at Alex McDonald Lodge . There was not a crowd that year, nor was I out there; it must have been colder. I know the dredgeponds were frozen and the skaters were out there. Were the dredge ponds frozen Nov.11th. I wonder. Thank you Sherron.....*Peg.*

Peg Watson (McComb) pegwatson*hotmail.com (On Vancouver Island) (left Dawson in 1974)

Hello, Peg:

It was only about -13 and no wind on that particular day. When I first arrived here in 1985 it was standard for the air cadets and Legion to march to the gardens, but one year it was bitter cold and windy and people were so cold that they changed to holding the ceremony in the school gym and have ever since. The Legion members, Rangers and Junior Rangers (no cadets now) drive over to the cenotaph for a 2 minute silence after the ceremony in the gym.

Three years ago, the school decided that, if it was a nice day, we would have a march to the gardens after our ceremony, usually a few days earlier, and so far, we've been able to do it every year since.

There are limits of course. They (I'm retired now) won't go in a high wind or if it's below -20. The kids don't tend to come dressed warmly enough for winter any more (not stylish), so it wouldn't be safe.

Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

KIDS ON MAIN STREET WHITEHORSE



Just started going through some of my old pictures - this one is of my cousins Joanne & Doreen (Lambert) Greenslade. It is on Main Street with the White Pass Depot in the background and was taken around 1940-42. Love the shoes!!

If Joanne or Doreen is out there I would love to know more about the picture.

Joy Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

MocTel 271

It was very interesting to see the pictures of Whitehorse Elementary sent to you by Ralph Lortie. I have to agree with Ralph, the old school looks pretty sharp. My mother,

Vergene White taught and was the Librarian there for 20 years and I have heard some great stories. She still asks me if I hear or read anything of the many people she taught with or students she was involved with while there. She lived with my brother Wayne for ten years until a year ago, when at 90, her physical condition had deteriorated to the point where she needed special care and moved into the Whisperwood Nursing home in Charlottetown, P.E.I. She will be 92 In Jan. /09

Kathy and I have been back down in Mesa, AZ. for the past two weeks and glad to be here as they have had an early snowstorm on P.E.I. today.

Boyde White [BandKArizona*aol.com](mailto:BandKArizona@aol.com) (In Mesa AZ)

MocTel 271

Works just fine this time. Boy WH elementary looks a lot more colourful than the prison we attended. I think the Mountie on the left is my Cousin Ron Paull who was stationed in WH.

If you really need to know I can track down his widow. Hard to tell with the fur hat but it looks a lot like his face. I have another cousin who is a retired Mountie who might know so I will ask him too what he thinks. Jim Quong was a well known photographer (hobby) in WH. If you have Beverly Whitehouse on your list she would know if he is still alive. He and his wife retired to the lower mainland. Bev might know some of these people.

Nancy Knechtel knechtels*telusplanet.net (In

Driven by the sun

It cost him his life savings. It ended a relationship. But Marcelo da Luz's passion for solar-powered cars culminated in a Guinness World Record.

Patrick White reports From Friday's Globe and Mail
November 21, 2008

For a guy who hasn't burned a whiff of gasoline in five months, Marcelo da Luz spends a lot of time pleading with traffic cops.

In Alaska, they appeared on his tail after a freaked-out local reported a UFO on the road. The police hung back, sizing up Mr. da Luz's silent little car, before blocking the road ahead of him with flashing lights.

It was the ninth time in three months he'd been pulled over.

Such encounters are to be expected when your daily drive looks like - depending on the view - an elongated flying saucer or a magnified cockroach.



Marcelo da Luz clocked more than 15,000 kilometres in his solar-powered car, garnering loads of attention from fascinated and sometimes frightened locals and traffic police.

(JOHN LEHMANN/THE GLOBE AND MAIL)

"One woman near Vernon actually got scared and ran away at the sight of the car," says the Toronto-based Mr. da Luz from a Bellingham, Wash., brewpub.

Thankfully for Mr. da Luz, people usually let their guard down when they realize he intends to save the human race rather than vaporize it.

Last month, he set the Guinness World Record for distance travelled in a sun-powered car, more than 15,000 kilometres from Buffalo to Halifax to Inuvik to Victoria. Now he's embarking on a second leg, which could take him as far as Argentina if his finances hold up.

Most impressive about the record is that Mr. da Luz is neither a corporate-backed thrill-seeker like Virgin CEO Richard Branson, nor a greenpreneur, that growing class of environmentally focused, business-savvy entrepreneurs who hope to squeeze profits from their inventions and plans.

Rather he's just an Air Canada flight attendant with a dream, a hare-brained innocent in the high-minded world of solar transport.

Yet, he's rewriting the record book mile by mile.

"I don't have a final destination," he says in an accent that betrays his Brazilian roots. "If you can mesh *Forrest Gump* and the 'If you build it' mantra of *Field of Dreams* together, that's me."

The road to the record started in 1987. A 19-year-old Mr. da Luz saw footage of the World Solar Challenge race in Australia and decided he would one day set the world record.

Then life got in the way.

"I kept putting myself down, telling myself that I didn't have the money or the engineering expertise," he says. "But eventually not following my dream became too painful."

In 1999, he officially launched the Power of One solar car project, knocking on the doors of more than 1,300 companies looking for financial support. He didn't get a penny.

The tight-fisted rejection could have been a response to Mr. da Luz's business plan, or lack thereof.

"I haven't filed for any patents. I don't stand to make a penny. I just want to prove that the technology exists to save the planet today. I want to save the world, but I can't do it by myself."

No, to save the world he would need engineers.

"Marcelo came to me with a lot of ideas, but not a lot of expertise," said Ken Ellis, an engineering professor at Seneca College, where students and faculty volunteered countless hours of labour to the project. "It was such an interesting project I had to get involved. It goes to show that if you have a passion for something, anything, you will do well at it."

Mr. da Luz has mortgaged his house, blown \$500,000 (his entire life savings) and called in every favour he could to get the project off the ground.

"I'm putting my old Honda Civic up for sale right now," he says. "It's the last thing I own."

He also broke up with a "wonderful, wonderful girlfriend" soon after embarking on the project in 1999.

"I haven't been so good at balancing the car with life."

But the payoff came in 2005, when it was ready for testing: a 3-foot-high, 15-foot-long fibreglass sliver capable of up to 120 kilometres an hour.

One problem: He couldn't get a permit to drive it in Ontario.

"So we test-drove it on the ice across Lake Simcoe," Mr. da Luz says. "I think it became the first solar car to operate at below-freezing temperatures."

He eventually registered the car in Barbados, acquiring the right to drive it virtually anywhere in the world under an arcane international law.

On June 12, 2008, Mr. da Luz set off from Buffalo for Halifax, and then back west for Victoria.

Averaging roughly 450 kilometres a day at 60 kilometres an hour, he took back roads to avoid hordes of motorists who would clump around him to snap photos.

Crowds appeared wherever he stopped.

"The whole town came out when he arrived," says Arvind Vashishta, an Inuvik resident who spent his lunch break ogling the car in July. "It looked like a flying saucer or an airplane. We don't see things like that around here. I was amazed he managed to get over the Dempster."

The 730-kilometre gravel Dempster Highway was, literally at least, the roughest patch of the trip.

"It felt like I was inside a washing machine," says Mr. da Luz, who's the first to admit that his car isn't the most practical means of transportation. A particularly steep hill or a couple of cloudy days can drain the batteries. When that happens, he pulls over, angles the topside solar panels at the sun and waits - anywhere from a few hours to a few days, depending on the weather.

Dozens of curious locals have put up Mr. da Luz and his two-man volunteer support crew. When they can't find a free couch they camp, an experience that's led to close calls with bears and wolves.

His celebrity has spread well beyond Canadian backwaters. His story of perseverance and environmentalism has attracted calls from journalists as far away as France, New Zealand and Russia.

"At a conference in Sweden a few weeks ago, people were stopping me on the street," he says.

Starting out, Mr. da Luz's sole hope was to set a record. But along the way he's lectured at numerous schools, fielded hundreds of questions and inspired thousands with his single-minded determination.

Mr. da Luz will drive until the money dries up. But what then?

"Make sure you write that I'm hoping to go back to work for Air Canada. Hopefully, they'll take pity and hold a job for me."

NORTH OF ORDINARY LOOKING FOR YOU !

In the winter 2008/09 issue of Yukon, North of Ordinary, you can read about what goes on behind the scenes during the Rendezvous Queen pageant; snowmobiling in Haines Junction; and nonagenarian Betty Taylor, one of the Yukon's hospitable and generous matriarchs.

<http://www.NorthofOrdinary.ca>

Yukon, North of Ordinary magazine, the inflight magazine on Air North, is always looking to catch up with former Yukoners to be featured in the Where are they now? column. In the winter issue we caught up with Bill Chapman, a Moccasin Telegraph subscriber who lives in Edmonton.

If you're interested in being interviewed for the column, e-mail the editor, Lily Gontard, editor@northofordinary.ca. Interviews can be done over the phone or by e-mail.

Check out the summer issue and some of the previous interviewees at <http://northofordinary.ca/discover/where.html>

Cheers,

Lily Gontard editor@northofordinary.ca
Editor
Yukon, North of Ordinary magazine
Air North's inflight magazine

CFWH

Hey Sherron, Got some nice replies to our query about the identities of the people in the staff shot of CFWH from 1952. In the end, our very own alumnus Tim Kinvig was able to dig up the original photo in the Yukon Archives' newspaper collection. Here's who the people were:

Top Row: Lorne Sashaw, Velma Gullage, Bill Krevin, Gen Schneider, Ken Curry, Pat Kirwan, Roy Michols, Gloria Guertin, Vy Graham, Cliff York.

Centre Row: Bill Sullivan, Bill Mitchell, Scotty Young, Joe Craig, Bob Bennett, Ron Mcleod, Pete Mumford, Fred Lucas, Jerry Bird, Jim Bova.

Front Row: Freddie Houghton, Anne Jensen (Aunty Anne), Georgette Lovergne, Barbara Landymore, Bill Pearn (Manager), Bill Royds (Supervising Officer), Anne Pearn, Andry Gorton, Fenella Smith Bob Lewis.

Copyright - James Quong Photograph - appeared in the Whitehorse Star - Friday, Oct. 24, 1952

Thanks to everyone for helping out on this. And as a reminder, we're looking for people's stories about their memories of CFWH, or CBC Yukon. They can call collect to our Listener Line, 1-867-668-8460.

Thanks to the MocTel,

John Boivin
CBC North Yukon
867-668-8434
867-334-1080 (cell)
867-668-8408 (fax)
john.boivin@cbc.ca

Sherron: Les McLaughlin sent me this story about the Alaska Highway that appeared in Time in 1942. I thought you would find it of interest

Rolf Hougen marg@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)
Les McLaughlin leslorn@rogers.com (In Ottawa)

From Time Magazine, August 31st, 1942

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers had one of the biggest and toughest jobs last week since they built the Panama Canal. They were both surviving and thriving on it. There was no fanfare. Almost no outsiders had penetrated the vast, still, endless wilderness where the engineers are wrenching and hacking a great military road 1,500 miles from Fort St. John, B.C. to mid-Alaska.

This was a job for Paul Bunyan; to wrest an all-weather road from the jealous Northland between early spring and autumn; to span the fierce, death-cold rushing rivers, the black custard quagmires; to cut switchbacks across the Great Divide, to make the way between the Arctic and the U.S. for a highway which some day may be as common as the Boston Post Road.

In February the land was deep in snow. At the railhead three Americans swung off the twice-weekly train 500 miles up from Edmonton. They paused for hot coffee in one of the Chinese restaurants and headed north. They were Fred Capes, construction expert for the Public Roads Administration, and Colonels William Hoge and R.D. Ingalls. Jamming down fur caps, they slogged through snow drifts, checking grades, rivers, elevations. Rumors spread by the "moccasin vine" that at last the Americans were going to build the Alaska highway.

The Job.

Then came the first Engineer troops. Their job was to drag supplies and equipment up the line to road depots before the thaw. On March 9, they tumbled off the train at dingy Dawson Creek station, staked stiff canvas tents under the northern lights. "Jeez, it was so cold," a Bronx private remarked, "that every time we had hot stew for chow, the goddam stuff froze before we could eat." Behind the troops came trucks, road machinery, supplies, gas, diesel fuel and planks from torn-down CCC camps.

Within a month the ice would break, the mighty Peace River, the Sikanni Chief, the Buckinghorse, the Fort Nelson would be crackling torrents. There were never enough trucks to move up the stuff. Farmers, garagemen, merchants, traders piled in with their own vehicles. All the short days and long nights the trucks mired down in slush, were dug out, pushed on.

In April the effort seemed not enough. A sudden thaw set the river ice groaning and cracking like pistol shots. Trucks crossed only in the middle hours of the night. Came a late hard freeze and the last truck was over. Weary drivers looked at the big Peace River and grunted: "Go ahead and bust wide open, you old bastard, we've licked you." The stuff to build the road was through to Fort St. John, to Fort Nelson. But the road was still to be built.

As the snow slopped off the warming land, survey parties hacked the bush. Army photo planes roared overhead. Soon the first few miles were laid out and the "cat company" bumbled on grinding treads up the road to Charlie's Lake, six miles from Fort St. John, and jumped off into the wilderness. The "cats" clawed at the soft soil, bogged down, sank almost to the driver's seats in the black muck. The engineers sweated and swore, dug out the cats, clawed on. Every day it rained. Every day they sweated and swore.

Gradually, steadily, doggedly, the snorting cats-drove the forest back. Woodsmen logged the spruce, pine and aspen for corduroy roads over the bogs. "Mister, I thought we'd never get through those first 15 miles. We'd get so damn tired we could hardly drag home, but every afternoon when we got to the store at Charlie's Lake, the lady there'd have a cake for us. Boy, those cakes were good."

When the rain retreated, there was the muskeg—spongy, orange-black decayed vegetation covering mudpits. Sometimes the road was detoured. Sometimes the corduroy planks were bridged across to support the traffic. On soldiers' pay (plus 20% for foreign duty) the men worked in two ten-hour shifts seven days a week. With no time to wait for steel or concrete, they built wood culverts, pushed ahead. Always they moved on.

The days got longer, the weather warmer. Now came the black flies, horse flies, deer flies, the tiny "no-see-ums" that announce themselves only by a sting, and the mosquitoes. ("Why, over at Watson Lake, a mosquito landed on the airport and they put 85 gallons of gas into it before they realized it wasn't a bomber.") The insects made sweating, swollen hands look like grey fur. The engineers slapped and cursed till they got head nets and gloves.

Captain Hampton Green's bog-busters chewed switchbacks down a steep hillside of ice-hard dirt in a day and a half, ferried a river, scratched up the other side. Right on their heels, Lieut. Colonel Heath Twichell set his Negro engineers to bridging the tumbling water, singing as they sawed. Wading waist deep in the fast icy stream, they put the bridge across in 36 hours, sang hymns at a Sunday service down by the riverside after the job was done.

Far to the north engineers, with equipment from the Alaska coast, hit troubles of their own. The cats, seeking a roadbed, tore off the top moss, exposed sheer blue ice. Sun-melted ice sucked down the roadway. The engineers scraped the moss back, over the ice, put a corduroy planking on top and let nature freeze a solid roadbed. Pushing out of Whitehorse and Slana, one group paused briefly one afternoon on the shore of Kluane Lake at the foot of 19,000-foot peaks. Beside the log cabin of Trapper Hayden and his half-breed Indian wife the Engineer band played. A young private rose and sang the marching song of the road: Squaws along the Yukon Are Good Enough for Me.

The Men.

Not many soldiers have fewer comforts, less to do on Saturday night, less discipline from above than these bearded, weather-tanned engineers. There is little saluting. A worker accepts a captain's order with an "Okay, Ham." More than 40% of the engineer workers are Negro. As men on a battlefield, these engineers are challenged to fight it through or lose. Against the mountains they work too hard to be restless. There is little talk of women. "But," laughed a colonel, "I'm sorry for the first town they hit when they get away from here."

Out in the bush the only recreation is hunting and fishing—on special rights given them by the Yukon territorial government. Doughboys hunt to vary meals of corned beef, potatoes, lemonade, carrots, preserves and dried eggs, by adding moose and bear steaks, lake trout, spruce partridge, ptarmigan, grouse, venison. At Swan Lake, for lack of regular tackle a Signal Corps man made a line from telephone wires, hammered a fishing spoon out of a tin can and brought in strings of fat trout over the side of an assault boat. Others knock the heads off the foolish spruce partridge (Yukon chicken) which doze on the lower tree limbs in the summer twilight.

Soldiers near enough to hit the few towns find expensive beer, and little else. In Fort St. John they mill around on the dusty or muddy main street with lumberjacks, trappers and "dirt stiffs" (construction workers), looking over the waitresses and dumpy Indian girls. Sometimes they get a haircut in Joe's tent barbershop, or go to the hospital, which has the only bath and running-water toilets in town. Average Saturday night consumption of 50¢-a-bottle beer is 3,500 bottles. At the Inn in Whitehorse the jampacked soldiers sometimes push the 11 o'clock curfew up to 2 a.m., ending with a mouth-organ duet and fine, boozy soldier harmony. Checks are cashed at the only bank for 460 miles around—the same one in which Poetaster Robert Service clerked in the gold-rush days.

The Boss.

In a 26-foot square house at Whitehorse lives the boss of the road, quiet, firm William Morris Hoge, now a brigadier general. At 48 he has been engineering 26 years for the Army. But his biggest job began the day he stepped from the train at Dawson Creek on to the crunchy snow to start surveying the route. His was the big worry when scores of cats were bogged down in the slush, and the rains seemed never to stop. Impatient, Hoge steamboated up and down the road in Bush Pilot Les Cook's seaplane, watched the men slogging it through. He said little, eyeing the tremendous job, but every mucker and cat driver knew the general was on the job. "A tough guy, but square," they said. "A regular guy too. He sure likes that Yukon chicken.

In his little green-painted house Hoge likes to slump his square shoulders in a chair and sit with the wife he met in a Lexington, Mo. kindergarten—planning the week ahead. Pretty, brown-eyed Mrs. Hoge knows how to live the frontier life. As a general's lady she still does her cooking and washing. When the general is in town they take a short evening stroll on the board sidewalk with their fox terrier—Hoge puffing a favorite pipe. Nettie Hoge has led frontier life before. In the Philippines her husband built the main road on Bataan. But she has waited behind the lines, as when he won the D.S.C. for driving a bridge across the Meuse under fire in World War I.

When Hoge's party rode and mushed up to Fort Nelson in the winter snow the citizens wondered why he had come. After all, there was nothing to see but a trading post. But Hoge had other ideas. Alaska was a transportation island linked with the U.S. by a moving bridge of ships—ships now needed desperately elsewhere. Hoge knew that Fort Nelson could be one of a string of airports connecting Edmonton to the Aleutians. He knew that with such a string and with a road to supply them, Alaska could be held; knew also that with Jap islands blockading Vladivostok such a route might well be the only way to send adequate help to an attacked Siberia. The Army road would do for that and later the Public Roads Administration would grade and realign the rough highway. Then, after the war, the people would come. The small dirty towns would have a new reason for existence, and out of fabulous Alaska could come minerals by the truckload for the factories of the future.

LiveSmart Hero

South Delta Leader, November 27, 2008

“Are you the kind of person who likes breathing clean air?”

The question is kind of blunt, but South Delta's Dave Harder quickly backs it up as he delivers his pitch for a product he believes has the ability to not only save money on your fuel bill, but can also help drastically reduce harmful vehicle emissions.

Two years ago, through a colleague's urging, Harder came across MPG-Boost, a product first developed for the aerospace industry in the 1970s which is added to a vehicle's fuel which initiates a catalytic reaction in an engine's cylinder that reduces harmful emissions long before they reach a vehicle's regular catalytic converter.

The result is improved efficiency claimed to run between seven to 15 per cent, and emission reduction of up to 85 per cent.



Boosting efficiency—Tsawwassen’s Dave Harder is hoping a ‘green wave’ in fueling vehicles can gather momentum in Delta by using a fuel additive he is marketing that can reduce consumption and emissions. Philip Raphael photo

“Right now, I have a 2002 Ford Windstar minivan that is zero emission,” Harder says laughing.

While there are plenty of products out there in the marketplace that claim to do many of the good things MPG-Boost does, Harder says he’s not out there to make a quick buck and invested several thousand dollars to purchase his own emission testing equipment to back the product’s claims.

As for getting the product out into the hands of users and start a “green wave” of fuel and emission reduction, he has had discussions with local farmers to see how the product could benefit them.

“I had one farmer who could have saved \$18,000 on his fuel bill if he’d used it,” Harder says. “What I’m trying to do here is get Delta to really go green. And if we get enough people trying this and getting the results it can move on to other communities. And before you know it we are all breathing cleaner air.”

To help that process along Harder has approached the Corporation of Delta to see if their transportation needs can use the product. And he is working with the trucking and transport container industries to cut down the emissions they both produce. From there, he hopes to test the product on the oil heating market.

“This can go a lot of places. And wouldn’t it be nice if it started here,” Harder says. Fuel additive drives bid for cleaner air.

Submitted by Dave Harder d2harder@dccnet.com 1958 to 1994 Ten Mile Ranch, Carcross In Delta BC)

Rainfall in Yuma Nov 28th.

We had record rainfall recently. At the airport it was measured at 2+ inches, but in a neighbour's bucket it measured about 4 inches. Here are photos of some of the aftermath, taken the following day. The deluge was too much for one saguaro cactus. It will be moved to another lot by professionals who will be contracted by Jim Brewster from Bowden Alberta.

<http://share.shutterfly.com/action/welcome?sid=8AauHLJo2ZtGt6>

The park has areas that act as basins for the runoff and have an alternate use. The areas in these photos are referred to as 'walk thru's' which allow you to cut through from one block to the next. Other areas act as 'green belt's' and some caused the area to look like waterfront properties.

GOING GREEN

If you have time to view this video about going green, it is good. We all need to do our share. – Sherron

http://www.ted.com/index.php/talks/john_doerr_sees_salvation_and_profit_in_greentech.html

NEVER KNEW THIS BEFORE

This is from a forwarded e-mail, and perhaps you have seen it before. For those of us who were not aware of this hazard – it is well worth knowing. – Sherron

I wonder how many people know about this.

A 36 year old female had an accident several weeks ago and totaled her car. It was raining, though not excessively, when her car suddenly began to hydro-plane and literally flew through the air. She was not seriously injured but very stunned at the sudden occurrence! When she explained to the highway patrolman what had happened he told her something that every driver should know - **NEVER DRIVE IN THE RAIN WITH YOUR CRUISE CONTROL ON**. She thought she was being cautious by setting the cruise control and maintaining a safe consistent speed in the rain.

But the highway patrolman told her that if the cruise control is on when your car begins to hydro-plane and your tires lose contact with the pavement, your car will accelerate to a higher rate of speed making you take off like an airplane. She told the patrolman that was exactly what had occurred.

The patrolman said this warning should be listed, on the driver's seat sun-visor - **NEVER USE THE CRUISE CONTROL WHEN THE PAVEMENT IS WET OR ICY**, along with the airbag warning. We tell our teenagers to set the cruise control and drive at a safe speed - but we don't tell them to use the cruise control only when the pavement is dry.

The only person the accident victim found, who knew this (besides the patrolman), was a man who had a similar accident, totaled his car and sustained severe injuries.

If you send this to 15 people and only one of them doesn't know about this, then it was all worth it. You might have saved a life.

NOTE: Some vehicles (like the Toyota Sienna Limited XLE) will not allow you to set the cruise control when the windshield wipers are on.

I have been in the car business for over 20 years and I have never been advised of this, but it has been checked out on Snopes. It makes sense if you think about it.

ARTISTIC TALENT



Ornamental Cabbages

Photo courtesy Lloyd Kostiuick elkost*northwestel.net (In Watson Lake)

OBIT

HELLO SHERRON AND BILL, I THANK YOU FOR YOUR BEST WISHES- AM UNSURE WHETHER TO PUT ANYTHING AT THIS LATE DATE IF YOU CAN GET THE OBITUARY AS IT WAS IN THE PAPER - THE DAILY COURIER MONDAY NOVEMBER 10TH, 2008. THAT I THINK WOULD BE ABOUT IT- THE REST IS UNKNOWN.

I DON'T KNOW THAT I CAN ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS.

BUT WILL TRY - KIM DIED LATE OCTOBER, 2008. AS FOR THE HOW AND WHY, ONLY ONE OTHER KNOWS THAT AND IT SEEMS HE TO IS GONE. AT LEAST THAT IS WHAT THE PAPERS SAY AS INVESTGATION IS ONGOING THEY WILL NOT TELL US MUCH. SO ANSWERS WE SEEK MAY NEVER BE TOLD.

DON'T BELIEVE ALL IN PAPERS. SOME HAD GUN SHOT OTHERS WHATEVER SOLD PAPERS.

ALL I KNOW IS MY BABY SISTER IS GONE MAY SHE REST IN PEACE, SHE STRIVED TO BE THE BEST PERSON SHE COULD AND LOVED LIFE- SO THOSE YOU KNEW HER AND THOSE YOU UNFORUNATELY NEVER WILL-- REMEMBER ONE DAY AT A TIME TO THE FULLEST WE CAN.

Tina (Simpson) Chambers (daughter of Dave Perks and Darlene (Howatt) Simpson, stepfather Dale Simpson) Tina & Dave birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie AB)

SIMPSON, Kim



SIMPSON, Kim Gayle: 1963 – 2008

With the deepest of grief we tell you of our beloved Kim who was taken from our lives.

She is survived by her husband Lucien Gaudet, daughter Teri (Marc) Hillis and grandsons Sean & Liam, mother Darlene Simpson, father Dale (Debra) Simpson, sister

Tina Chambers, brother Grant Simpson and his children, also her aunt, uncles, cousins and countless loved ones.

With the loss of Kim, there is a great gap in our lives that cannot be filled and we will miss her bright light forever.

A celebration of Kim's life will be held at Springfield Funeral Home, 2020 Springfield Road, Kelowna on Wednesday, November 12, 2008 at 1:00 pm.

Condolences may be sent to the family by visiting www.springfieldfuneralhome.com, 250-860-7077.

KIM GAYLE SIMPSON

Murder victim identified

by Castanet Staff - Story: 43130

Nov 14, 2008 / 11:30 am

RCMP have now released the name of the woman found murdered in her Lakeshore Road home November 3.

The victim has been identified as 45-year-old Kim Gayle Simpson.

Her body was discovered in her home in the Imperial Apartments.

Police have revealed few other details surrounding the death of Simpson, other than to say residents of the Imperial Apartments have nothing to fear.

"The Kelowna Major Crimes Unit continues to investigate and there is no other information to report at this time," says Cpl, Ann Brinnen.

Funeral services for Simpson were held earlier this week.

Murder victim's partner found dead

by Kelly Hayes & Rachael Kimola - Story: 43237

Nov 19, 2008 / 10:27 am

The common-law partner of a Kelowna murder victim has been found dead.

RCMP Major Crimes has received confirmation from Mexican authorities that Gregory George Payne, 51, was found dead in Mexico on November 10.

Payne was the common-law partner of Kim Gayle Simpson, whose body was discovered November 3 in the apartment she shared with Payne.

Constable Steve Holmes, says Payne was considered a suspect in the 45-year-old woman's murder.

"Ms. Simpson's body was discovered after her family, who hadn't heard from her in several days, requested that police check on her well being and that's when we discovered her body," says Holmes.

He says they believe Payne left Canada in late October and although they don't know the exact date of Simpson's death, they have reason to believe she died around the same time.

"We are trying to back track, to go in terms of when we were first notified by the family and through deduction, we reasoned that it must have been some time at the end of October when Ms. Simpson died."

Holmes says preliminary results from Mexican authorities indicate that Payne died of natural causes.

WILLIAM EDWARD KEENAN Suddenly during the early morning of Saturday, November 22, 2008 at 78 years of age. Loving father of Mary Margaret (Mimi) and Bob Burdett, Patricia (Trish) and Robert Tighe, Kathryn and David Schwanke, John and Barb Keenan, and Kevin Keenan and Dr. Monique Pinsonneault. Dearly missed by his nine grandchildren: Mary Kathryn, Michael, Trishy, Brian, George, Meghan, Stephen, Alexandre and Vincent. Predeceased by his parents Margaret (nee Fitzgerald) and John S. Keenan and his brother Don. Beloved brother of Jim, Harry, Jane, Paul and Bruce. Caring uncle to dozens. Bill was born and raised in Toronto. He was a scholar at OLP, St. Michael's Choir School and St. Michael's College. He graduated from the U of T with a degree in architecture in 1955. **Following nearly two decades of private practice in Toronto he joined the public service in the Restoration Services Division** and moved to Ottawa. **Bill's projects included work in Kingston, Dawson, Whitehorse, Ft. St. James, and Moscow, USSR.** In 1983 he joined the Engineering and Architecture branch of Transport Canada. One of his many accomplishments was design work on the new control tower at Pearson. By the mid-1990's he was a senior architect with Public Works. His professional career ended abruptly late last week while he served as Manager of Architecture (Ontario Region) for Public Works and Gov. Services Canada. Bill was an irreplaceable resource and an expert in his field. He was a learned and refined professional complete with a keen wit. He served as a mentor to some and a passionate example to all. Bill also donated large amounts of time to his communities, receiving numerous awards and distinctions. Most importantly Bill Keenan was a kind, thoughtful and generous father, grandfather and brother. He was a loyal friend to so many. Bill will be missed. Friends may visit on Thursday, November 27, 2008 from 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. at the R.S. Kane Funeral Home (6150 Yonge Street, at Goulding, south of Steeles). A Funeral Mass will be held on Friday, November 28, 2008 at 11:00 a.m. at Blessed Sacrament Roman Catholic Church (24 Cheritan Avenue). As an expression of

sympathy, donations may be made to the Blessed Sacrament Restoration Fund.
Condolences www.rskane.ca
Published in The Toronto Star on 11/26/2008

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please change my email address from syldean@telus.net to ddean27@live.ca
Thank you. Take Care and have a Great Christmas.
Dean Perrault

NEW ADDITIONS

I moved to Whitehorse with my family in 1990. I have lived in west Dawson from 1993-1994, but otherwise have spent all my time in Whitehorse. I have graduated here from Porter Creek Secondary and have attended our fabulous Yukon College. I am loving the Yukon and enjoying sharing it's magic with my six year old daughter.

Elizabeth Beecroft
Program Officer
Transport Services
867.667.5832
Elizabeth.Beecroft@gov.yk.ca

I'm the author of Women of the Klondike, which may ring a bell, and I'm currently in Dawson working on another book, this one about children's experiences of the Klondike gold rush. Several people have told me about the Moccasin Telegraph and suggested I subscribe.

Could you please tell me more about the newsletter and let me know what the subscription fee is.

Thanks,
Frances

Frances Backhouse frances@backhouse.ca
www.backhouse.ca

Writer in Residence at Berton House until Dec. 21, 2008
P.O. Box 715, Dawson City, Yukon Y0B 1G0
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1347 Vining St. Victoria, BC V8R 1P5 Canada
phone (250) 592-6959 fax (250) 370-2602

CAN YOU HELP FRANCES ?

I'm writing a nonfiction book about children's experiences of the Klondike gold rush period and am looking for material that isn't in easily accessible published sources or the main archives in the Yukon, Alaska, BC and Seattle. I'm specifically looking for information on children (16 and under) who were in the Klondike area from the start of the gold rush up to and including 1908. Stories and/or photos are great; names and dates with no other information attached are less likely to be useful. I'm already into writing the book so my research window is closing fast. If you have any material that you think may be of interest to me, please contact me by email at frances*backhouse.ca Thank you.
Frances Backhouse (author of *Women of the Klondike*, 1995)

I'll be amazed if I get any accounts directly from people who were children at that time. I'm thinking more of family members who may have memoirs, diaries, letters or photos tucked away, or who remember stories their parents told them. It's a fishing expedition for sure, but you never know.

Thanks,
Frances Backhouse frances*backhouse.ca (In Dawson)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient: <margarnoeld@shaw.ca>
Reason: #5.1.0 Address rejected margarnoeld@shaw.ca

ARNOELD, Marg (BASTEIN) (Schilling) margarnoeld*shaw.ca (In Haines Junction 1956-1968 or 69, then Whse - 78) Calgary

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Being willing makes you able.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Blender Breakfast

1 egg
1 tbsp. Liquid honey

¾ cup apricot nectar
¼ cup pineapple juice

Combine all ingredients in blender and whirl until smooth. 1 serving

DATES TO REMEMBER

A REMINDER ABOUT THE VANCOUVER ISLAND CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

DATE: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12

TIME: NO HOST BAR AT 12 AND LUNCH AT 1

COST: \$17.00 PER PERSON (CHOICE OF 3 ENTRIES) - THE PRICE INCLUDES THE MEAL, COFFEE, TEA AND GST (BUT NOT GRATUITIES)

PLACE; ABC RESTAURANT
6671 MARY ELLEN DRIVE,
NANAIMO (JUST OFF PARKWAY NEAR WOODGROVE)

There is a limited room capacity so please let us know by the beginning of December at the latest if you are going to be able to make it.

Fay Ash fayash@shaw.ca (250-760-0349) or
Harriet Butterworth harriett3@shaw.ca (250-751-1194)

Hope to see you there..... Fay

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.ca.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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