

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – EIGHTH EDITION – APRIL 6, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

Hello once more! It has been another slow week with only 5 new additions to the group. Rather than send a whole new list this week, the names and addresses for the new listings are in the new additions section of this mail.

I would like to ask your help to spread the word about this project and invite those Yukoners & ex-Yukoners who you think might be interested to join the group. Please keep in mind that this is primarily a group collected together to find long last friends and in the bargain some have been sharing their stories and comments with the group. By adding the Moccasin Telegraph to the project it has become a popular part and depends on **you** to participate by submitting **your** comments and stories. A big thankyou to those who sent in messages and stories for this week.

We are not getting much input in the way of stories and hope that we have not intimidated you with the professional story tellers we have used to help us. If that is so, it was not our wish to scare you off. We need your input to keep the Moccasin Telegraph going.

To get you started telling us your bit of a story I was wondering if anyone has any experience with going out on a lake or river, in either summer or winter and not having the experience they were planning. Even if you do not feel you have a story to tell, but just a few lines, that is fine too; we will just group a few messages together. I remember being scared off Marsh Lake when the snowmobile trail on the snow behind us started turning black in the night visibility. Thank heavens we were just along the beach in front of the cabins.

The same goes for the subjects that Doug Bell suggested recently. Doug felt that most people have a bear encounter or raven story to tell. Again it does not need to be anything long or professional in nature. Gosh I can remember being in awe watching a raven dropping a frozen piece of food onto the pavement to break it into pieces. I also remember their rush for the dump each time it caught on fire so that they could enjoy the barbeque.

If you haven't already taken a look at the Yukon photos, many of which are from Fred Aylwins Collection and include a 1950's shot of Whitehorse from the escarpment; look for them at <http://community.webshots.com/album/64324928ICnfWH>

I would be happy to receive information on the era of the pre 1940's "M. McCarthy" photo of "Early Whitehorse", which also appears at the above address. It seems the photo of Whitehorse would be sometime after the first vehicle came to town, as there appear to be tire marks, or are those marks from the cart in the foreground. It is also before army buildings and many of the buildings on Main Street and Fourth Avenue were built. It looks like it might have been before power poles. You can view the photo at full size if you first click on the individual photo and then opt to view in "normal" size. Is that a school yard in the foreground?

It is also great to see the riverboats on the river in the earlier two photos of Whitehorse.

Any other dates or names that you can help attach to the photos would be appreciated. Please let me know at sherronjones@shaw.ca

JUST NEW IN THIS MORNING FROM MARSH LAKE YUKON

*Since so many of you know **Bucky and Shirley Keobke**, I am taking a leap of faith and hoping they don't mind me printing their mail that just came in the morning. Let's all wish Shirley all the very best in getting past her health concern. – Sherron*

Hi Sherron. Just a note finally to tell you what a great job you are doing. We have enjoyed every thing you have written. Bucks especially enjoys the old stories about the boats, basketball in Skagway etc as he also worked on the boats and of course went to Skagway to those "fun" games.

I was recently in St. Paul's Hospital and had 2 stents put in my heart and now they have found a blood clot so will be going back on the 20th for another angiogram and surgery when they find the location of the clot. It is such a drag,. I am pretty active so it is hard to stay off my feet and not being able to walk my dog etc, is the worst for her and me!! Trying to follow all the rules as I sure don't want the clot to move!!! I planned to go to Ft. McMurray to our youngest granddaughters dance recital middle of May but think I will have to cancel. She is in ballet (first year for hard toed shoes - some excitement) and also jazz. We will see her in August when all our children and grandchildren will meet in East Coulee (Drumheller valley) for our 50th wedding anniversary. Our anniversary is May 2 but will celebrate Aug 2 when all the kids are out of school.

Our camper will be under snow for a while yet and longer before we are in our gardens, but looking forward to being out there. We usually go up to the Haines summit along with hundreds of other snowmobilers for the Easter weekend but will have to miss this year. It is such a fun weekend and the most beautiful place to snowmobile. Hundreds of miles of beautiful rolling valleys and hills back in behind the mountains and of course piles of "virgin" snow, in spite of all the people up there. We usually go for 5 days and this would have been the first year that we didn't have a grandchild or 2 to take. Can't win. Ha!

Take care Sherron and thanks again for all the great news, pics, stories etc. etc. - **Shirley Keobke** keobkens@marshlake.polarcom.com

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Story Section

Here's another story you can use on a slow day. – Les McLaughlin leslorne@cs.com

George Johnson's Car

You have to wonder why someone would open a car dealership in a country where roads were - at best - thinly disguised wagon trails. Just as curious is why someone would buy one. Both milestones happened in the Yukon back in 1928, thanks to three

pioneering Yukoners.

Isaac Taylor and Bill Drury met on the Chilcoot Pass in 1898. The two trailblazers had the same vision. Mucking for gold wasn't for them, but selling goods and services to miners was. The pair began their partnership by buying mining supplies from discouraged Klondikers at Lake Bennett and reselling the stuff to gold seekers who still had the fire in their belly.

After they moved their Bennett operation to Whitehorse, it didn't take long for the business to expand and soon they were operating fifteen trading posts along the various rivers of the Yukon. Over the years, these isolated posts were supplied by three river boats. One, the famous Thistle, now sits where it sank in 1929 on the bottom of Lake Laberge.

In 1927, Isaac Taylor and Bill Drury were looking for new opportunities when Alex Eastwood, a sales representative for General Motors, arrived in Whitehorse. Eastwood was convinced that cars could sell in the remote Yukon. After careful consideration especially about the lack of decent roads, Taylor and Drury signed on as the General Motors dealer for the entire Territory.

But who would buy a car? George Johnson . . . that's who. George was an accomplished businessman who lived in Teslin and in 1928, bought a shiny new four door Chevrolet. No roads to Teslin? No problem. Taylor and Drury loaded the vehicle on a barge pushed along by the Thistle and sailed it down the Yukon and Teslin rivers and Teslin Lake to the doorstep of its proud new owner . . . George Johnson.

George built a primitive road in the village and sold rides to local folks in the summer. In the winter he painted the car white and drove it up and down Teslin Lake checking his trap lines. In the fall he painted the car in camouflage colours and used it to go hunting.

There are many pictures of George Johnson and the people of Teslin standing proudly in front the 1928 Chevy Sedan; a testament to a pioneering people with a forward-looking vision.

As for Taylor and Drury? They incorporated as Taylor and Drury Motors in 1947 and sold a lot of Chevys since that day back in 1928 when George Johnson bought his.

Today, the car is the focal point of the George Johnson museum in the village of Teslin. A copy of a photo taken in the museum is attached.

Steamboat Speed Control by the old Gong and Jingle system

by Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

Prior to the end of the Second World War, the steamboats did not have the luxury of the telegraph system control from the wheelhouse to the engine

room. But after the war, many of the Navy vessels were scrapped and the steel used for such things as the automobile industry. Fittings of these vessels became surplus, and were available to companies in the marine business.

The B.Y.N. Co. in the north purchased radios for communications, which they did not have in the past. This included updated fire equipment, and of course **the newer ships telegraphs** for communication from the wheelhouse to the engine room. The telegraph was connected to the engine room with four 1/4 inch steel stranded cables. In the wheelhouse the telegraph was a brass drum shaped object set on a pedestal and the sides were frosted glass showing the commands imprinted on the glass. When the control handle in the wheelhouse was placed at the position that was required, a corresponding dial would show in the engine room, accompanied by a loud bell to alert the engineer. The engineer would acknowledge the command by moving his handle to the same location. The dial in the wheelhouse would then show this along with a small bell sound, which would confirm that the request was understood.

The dials on both telegraphs were marked from the top center " Stop" position, forward, to "Stand By", "Slow Ahead", "half Ahead", and "Full Ahead". Back was "Finished With Engines", "Slow Astern", "Half Astern", and "Full Astern".

To ring the telegraph from the wheelhouse, you would go from *Finished with Engines* forward to *Full Ahead*, back to *Full Astern* and forward to *Stand By*. A cam in the engine room telegraph activated the bell, which summoned the engineer. The engineer would reply only when the engines were warmed and ready for service. To start out you would ring the telegraph from *Stand-By Ahead* to say, *Half Ahead*, back to *Half Astern* and up to *Slow Ahead* for holding on the beach while casting off and the lines were taken in. A chime was heard in the engine room for each position passed through; from *Slow Ahead to Stop*, to allow the vessel to drift off the beach. When the vessel was clear you would call for *Half Ahead* to steam from the beach to mid river where you would call for *Full Ahead*.

The old system was a large gong and a jingle bell to signal the engineer, which was common to early steamboats everywhere. Anyone that knew the signals could tell what the person in the wheelhouse was calling for. i.e. *Three Gongs* meant Stand-By, and was answered by the engineer when the engines were warmed up and ready. *One gong and two jingles* meant Slow Ahead as commonly used when casting off. When all lines were clear, *One Gong* to stop and allow the vessel to drift off the beach. Once clear, *One Gong and One*

Jingle for Half Ahead, and when near mid stream *One Jingle* meant Full Ahead. Once under way, *one jingle* meant to slow to Half Ahead, and later *one Gong* to Stop. As you were slowing in for a landing, *one gong and two jingles* meant Slow Ahead to hold on the beach while lines were run out. When secure, *one gong* to Stop and likely *three gongs* for Finished with Engines. (*One gong* meant Full Ahead **or** Stop, and *two Gongs* meant Full Astern.)

If for example, you were steaming downstream and came to a sharp bend in the river that you could not "Run", you would have to "Drift". Well before the bend you would ring *one jingle* to call for Half Ahead, and still well above the bend *one gong* to Stop. After an interval, *one jingle* to alert the engineer to change the reversing gear to Astern. *Two bells and one jingle* usually followed this for Half Astern when you were going into the drift. Depending on how the drift was going, you might call again with *two gongs and one jingle* for Half Astern until the boat and barge were near lined up with the river below the bend. In a sharp corner and loaded with ore, usually the first Half Astern was used to hold the vessel back and allow the current to swing the bow of the barge. After the bow was coming around nicely you would call for Stop, and wait till a Half Speed Astern was necessary to hold the boat and barge in the last part of the bend. When you were aligned with the river below the bend you would ring *one Gong* to Stop and *One Gong* for Full Ahead.

In my first season I learned the bell signals, and the Chief Engineer, Tom Dickie used to have me handle the engines under his supervision. Also the Second Engineer, Fred Vey, who's hobby was Mastodon ivory, used to have me stand in while he worked at the vice on his hobby work. He could tell from the bells and the sound of the engines if I was doing OK, and he was just a moment away from the controls.

When docking, the sequence went from Full Ahead, *two jingles* for Slow Ahead and finally *one gong* for Stop. When in position, *one Gong and two jingles* for Slow Ahead to hold on the beach while lines were run out; usually one from the bow of the barge, a breast line from the bow of the boat and a stern line from the boat. When all was secure, *one gong* to Stop and three *gongs* to the engineer that meant Finished With Engines.

After the installation of the telegraph system, the old system of Gongs and Jingles were left in place so that if the telegraph cables were to fail, there was a backup.

(Telegraph was actually a misnomer, as the newer system worked by mechanical means. Henry had to reiterate the differences including the cables used in the new system, before I could visualize the “telegraph”.)

YUKONERS EVERYWHERE

Dear Sherron, I am really enjoying your Moccasin Telegraph. I print them up and mail them to my parents, who live in Vernon.

When I sent in my email address, I was not aware of all that is going on with the list.

I left the Yukon at the close of grade six, a reluctant émigré. I have been back only once. However, the Yukon has followed me in many ways.

As a student at St. Paul's Hospital, I was an enthusiastic participant in Carol Munroe's production of The Shooting of Dan McGrew until the nuns cancelled the show (dancing on church property). As I prepared for my wedding in Hope, BC, a man I barely knew donated his and his friends' services to play at the reception because he had worked for my grandfather, **Johnny Hoggan**, on a dredge many years before. Eventually, we settled in Enderby but the Yukon continued to follow us. Not just the many Okanagan Yukoners that we knew were there and saw from time to time when my parents or grandparents were around. A Dawson resident, while wintering in Salmon Arm, ended up as my patient. Turned out his wife was daughter to an old friend of my parents and granddaughter to a camp cook (**Harry Yama**) who tried to spoil me the summer I spent at Clear Creek mining camp. My kids' skating coach was next door neighbour to the **Dunnets**, so I would see them at our Carnivals.

I moved on to Maple Ridge, taking a job in Obstetrics at the hospital there. Although I expected to meet some Yukoners there, including my uncle **Greg Hoggan**, I was surprised when one of the new grandpas introduced himself as someone who had known me since childhood, **Mickey MacDonald**.

Soon after relocating to Burnaby, I was able to intervene for an old-timer who adamantly refused to be bathed. I didn't know the old guy but I knew he was an old buddy of my Uncle George, therefore likely an old Yukoner. To my city-raised nurse colleagues, I explained that men who had had to chip ice out of the river and thaw it, haul it in buckets, or buy it by the barrel did not waste water with bathing. I was right.

My son married a girl who was raised by a man who used to be married to a Yukon girl, a **Caley**. When my son **John**, his wife, wee daughter, and myself drove north in 1998, relatives of this ex-wife insisted that we visit. So out we went to Hunker Creek to the claim, and the kids got their first experience of mining roads. Not only did John and his wee tyke learn how to pan for gold, but also **Myrtle** amazed **John** by telling stories of his great grandfather that jibed with other stories he had heard and not really believed.

It is my habit to ask my elderly patients what work they did before they retired. I have met old bush pilots, prospectors, miners, and civil servants who have lived in the Yukon and love to talk about it with someone who knows places and people that they knew.

I think it is great that you have opened this forum for sharing of stories.

I have a question, though. I did Grades 1 & 2 in the ex-army buildings on the Lambert Street School grounds (Whitehorse). We had to go over to the main building to go to the bathroom. Does anyone know why the littlest kids with the least bladder control would be the ones who had to suit up and suit down if they had to go?

Happy gardening! **Maribeth Mainer (TUBMAN)** mainerml@shaw.ca

(Does anyone have an answer for the wisdom used in putting the grades 1's and 2's in an annex without washrooms? It looks from some of the older photos, that it wasn't so very many years since everyone was suiting up to go outside to a secondary "building" to use a biffy. I guess Maribeth you could say you were experiencing pioneering.)

NEWS FROM DOWN UNDER

Hi Sherron, Just a short note to thank you for all the time and effort you've been putting into the list of addresses and the Moccasin Telegraph. I've really enjoyed some of the stories.

Tom and I are heading to Perth on Thursday. We haven't been to Western Australia before, so we plan to spend a few days exploring Perth, then rent a car and drive down the coast and into the country to see a bit of the west coast wilderness. We'll also visit some vineyards and play a few rounds of golf while we're over there.

Things are still good here. We've both been working a lot these past couple of months, but also finding time to get together with friends and to play a bit of golf. Our weather has been a great mixture. Temperatures have been good, tending to stay in the mid to high twenties, but we've had a fair bit of rain and some storms in amongst the sunny days. The rain is welcome as we're still technically suffering from a drought. The days are certainly getting shorter, which I think is the worst thing about winter no matter where you are, but we can't complain as by the time we get into mid-winter and the truly short days we will be back in Canada enjoying the northern hemisphere's summer. What a life!

Cheers... **Sarah Warner**

(Sarah has agreed to send us a message again after their Perth trip. Tom and Sarah are currently living in Sydney and will be back in Canada again this summer.) Sherron

I need Help!!

People have been saying that for years.....but this time I am ready to admit it! I am the fellow who is rebuilding the Yukon Rose and although it never actually had a steam engine.....I thought it would be nice if I could find a steam whistle for the old girl. Many of you have already been helpful with stories and pictures of the Yukon Rose, so I thought I

would ask.....There are several steam whistles in the Yukon, in private collectors hands and they are unwilling to part with them.....so I need to find someone who has a steam whistle..... about 4 to 8 inches high.....who may be willing to sell, barter, trade, donate or otherwise part with it. Maybe you know someone who has one.....any clues to the whereabouts of a Yukon steam whistle would be handy.....just so such a sound can be heard in Dawson City once again.

Thank you. Marc Johnson marc@yukonrose.com

COMMENTS FROM ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Hello there,

A friend of mine (**Lyle Coleman**) who lives in Alberta forwarded me your sixth addition to the weekly Moccasin Telegraph. What a fine idea to post stories past and present of EX-Yukoner's.

I moved back to Ontario last May after living 20 years in the Yukon - all of them in Haines Junction except one year in Whitehorse. I would really appreciate if you would be able to forward me all the past editions of the Moccasin Telegraph and put me on the mailing list for future issues.

Thanks very much. Regards.....**Debbie Nelson** celticme@sympatico.ca

I am currently living in Mayo, Yukon and have lived here for the past six or seven years. I was born and raised in Whitehorse to **Glenella** and **Dave Hill**. My father, **Dave**, was born and raised in Dawson City. My mother was born in Whitehorse and grew up in Teslin and Whitehorse. My mother, **Glenella**, is a part of the **Profeit** family from Mayo. My intent is to participate because I have friends who have left the Yukon and I have even lost contact with friends who are still in the Yukon! Therefore, I would like to participate but I am still apprehensive about having an Internet presence. I am relatively new to this scene, even though its been going on for years. How exactly does one participate? - **Adrienne Hill** ahill@yt.sympatico.ca (Adrienne I hope you don't mind me posting this, I did not hear back from you.)

Aside from Debbie Nelson and Adrienne Hill the other three new additions this week are:

DOMES, Anne	octavia13@yknnet.ca	(In Yukon since 1953) Faro
BIDLOCK, Ann (LONEY)	annbidlock@hotmail.com	(In Whitehorse 1960-67)
Grad64 Sherwood Park		
NARDI, Bob & Gail (PHELAN)	bob.nardi@rjnardi.com	(In Whitehorse 30 yrs)

Gail is the daughter of Margie and the late Jim Phelan. Jim was with Northwest Tel in Whitehorse when I met him.

Anne Domes is the wife of the late Conrad Domes who was with Vocational School in Whitehorse.

HENRY'S INTERESTING TIDBIT

Hi Sherron, When **Phyllis Simpson** (LePage) wrote in with her E-mail address pingo@internorth.com did you find interesting the name she picked? "**pingo**", have you ever seen the pingos? There are only two places in the world that they are found, Northern Russia and the north slope going into Tuktoyuktuk. From Tuk you can see one of them, about 500 feet high and about a 500 foot base. They start to grow in permafrost areas and create a small mountain of ice covered by moss. It is not really understood why it happens, and they will decline back to flat ground for the same unknown reason. They seem to grow in river deltas, and in this case it is the McKenzie river where it flows into the arctic ocean. When I first flew into Tuk and saw them from the air, it brought to mind a slide show I had seen years before and the word "Pingo" flashed into my mind. The slides were taken by a nurse that had worked in the region, and was a Matron in Mayo. I have quite a few photos of Pingos taken from the air and on the ground. So here are the news! - **Henry Breaden** breaden@shaw.ca

There is an interesting article online about Pingos at
<http://www.r7.fws.gov/nwr/arctic/permcycl.html>

AN UPDATE ON THE 1946 MAY QUEEN - JOANNE KEOBKE

Thankyou, thankyou so much for these pictures. I talked to Mom tonight after I got them for a little more info, about them, from her. She was 14 years old when she was May Queen so 1946 is the right year. She remembers **Pat Keith** in the car with her and without seeing the pictures she's not sure who else was there. **Rolf Hougen** was the driver of the car and also escorted her to the May Queen Dance. Isn't it something that I have to wait so long to find out so much from someone I've never met!!! Again thank you so very much for all of this. Keep in contact.

Cheers,

Sheree Newell (daughter of Joanne Keobke (Newell))

Sherron----**Rolf** has confessed--he was the driver! He says the other girl is **Dianna-May Earle**. I have suggested to Rolf that he get in touch with you and ask that he be included on your list. He could be of great help to you. Cheers-----**Erik**

It surely was **Rolf Hougen**, and I remember when he and his parents started the first store in 1944 between the Grill Cafe in the White Pass Hotel and the alley. He later moved up between Third and Fourth Ave. to the present location. The first store was composed of a group of old buildings put together, and as he progressed he built the concrete building next to the Taku Hotel. Then the last was to strip all the old structures and build out to the sidewalk for his present store. By the time that the White Pass Hotel burned in 1960, he was well established at his present location.

I went to school with **Joanne**, and in latter 1966 she bought our place on Hoge Street. They lived just across the street, so I knew **Sheree** as a youngster. On the other subject, the ice palace would be in the spring of 1946 with the American Army still maintaining the highway. The highway was turned over to the Canadian Army in the summer of 1946 and the Americans moved out.

Thanks for the update. – **Henry Breaden**

To show a few more relatives to this family –

And I'm glad you've collected my cousins – **Bucky & Shirley Keobke** – and 2nd cousin **Sheree Newell**.

Cheers! – **Pam Buckway**

(As I understand it, Neil “Bucky” Keobke’s mother was a Buckway, Sheree’s mom a Keobke and obviously Pam’s dad a Buckway. It would be pretty easy to find the data for a family tree for this family.)

(A question to the group – does anyone know where **Pat Keith** or **Dianna-May Earle** are now?) – **Sherron** sherronjones@shaw.ca

*Photos of **Joanne Keobke** later Newell are (in with my Rose Garden Photos) – Sherron*
<http://community.webshots.com/album/63903312yPuOXe>

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date seven previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph have been produced, along with three special editions. One titled Sternwheelers on the Yukon River, one Basketball in the 50's and the other Fifty-six years ago the world looked at Snag.

Sandy Campbell has kindly agreed to send out copies of the earlier editions upon request. Please be specific as to which editions you are requesting.

Sandy is a working girl and will get to the requests at her earliest convenience. Contact Sandy at northernlyght@shaw.ca

DATES TO REMEMBER

Mayo 100th Anniversary Celebrations – June 3 – July 1 -

http://www.yukonweb.com/community/mayo100/calendar_of_events.html

Okangan Yukoners' Picnic – June 22, 2003 - Summerland Orn. Gardens - Larry Chalmers
larryjoanchalmers@telus.net (ed. 6)

Island Yukoners' Picnic - August 16 – Nanoose, St. Mary's Hall - contact Stan Hegstrom
seaair@bcsupernet.com (details to come)

YXYCP Reunion - September 26 – 28 – Parksville, Bayside – contact Pat Besier
jpbesier@seaside.net (see edition 5)

George Johnson's Car

This is a black and white scan of a colour photo I took of the car in the George Johnson museum. - **Les**

I asked Les McLaughlin about the multiple paint jobs this car must have had over the years, as it changed colour for it's various jobs. I wondered out loud if it was something he could scrub off.

This was his reply.

Thankyou Les, for the photo. - **Sherron**

<< Thanks very much Les. It looks pretty good for the life it had. >>

The car was totally restored. I think T and Ds had something to do with that as well as the Territorial govt.

Anyway, it looked brand new when I took that photo a few years ago. Don't know about the paint George used, but I will bet it was ordinary house paint...probably from T and Ds. - **Les**

