

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – NINTH EDITION - APRIL 11, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

What a wonderful response I had this week. This Moccasin Telegraph is a reflection of your efforts. Thank you and keep up the good work. You are sure making it an interesting project. I am looking forward to seeing all your e-mail when I return from the weekend. – **Sherron**

We have had some strange weather for one moment it is sunshine and the next cloud. I think that God is letting the kids play with the controls! -
Henry Breden

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH STORY SECTION

Donna Clayson – Story Editor

The legendary T. C. Richards

By Les McLaughlin

The revered Whitehorse Inn, long since displaced on the corner of Second and Main by a bank, was no ordinary three-story clapboard building. Through the Inn's hallowed halls swaggered the Yukon's colourful 5% long before Jim Robb invented the enchanting expression. In its heyday, the Inn was the focal point of the Whitehorse business and social scene. Her owner, T. C. Richards had a lot to do with that.

Thomas Cecil Richards arrived in the Yukon from Vancouver in 1915. The Burns Meat Packing plant had dispatched the British born young man north to operate their butcher shop and slaughterhouse. The company could not have selected a more dedicated or inventive employee for its "land of the midnight sun" operation.

T. C. actually shipped cattle from Vancouver via the inside passage to Skagway and herded them on board the cattle cars of the White Pass Railway. One year, he even led a cattle drive over the winter road to Mayo and supplied the local Taylor and Drury's store there with Burns meat products. Richards was no stranger to the overland trail. He had operated cat trains to Dawson in partnership with Willard "Deacon" Phelps, a lawyer who had become the first elected leader of the Territorial government back in 1911. T.C. and his teams of horses delivered the mail and groceries to the isolated Klondike city while the Deacon sat in his little Yukon Electric Company office on Main Street trying to balance the books.

While in Whitehorse during breaks in his busy travel schedule, T.C. spent his leisure time playing poker in the Snake Pit, a small room just off the Inn's main floor. The stakes were high in the card game one night in the Forties; so high in fact that the hotel owners bet the building on a single hand. Richards called the bet, won and became the proud owner of the venerable Inn.

Managed by Richards, the hotel had everything a small town could want including a restaurant where as kids in the Fifties we first came to know the delights of French

Fries drowned in Heinz Ketchup. The cafe may have made money on potatoes, but they certainly lost in the ketchup division.

The Inn was home to the Blue Room where my brother Fred and his new bride held their wedding reception while I, wearing blue blazer and tie for the first time, acted as Usher. The Whitehorse Inn housed the elegant ballroom where lively Saturday dance parties gave way on some Monday mornings to International conferences. Here, at a Northern Resources conference in 1964, British Columbia Premier Wacky Bennett, made his pitch for a provincial political take over of the Yukon. I vividly recall the colourful Premier shouting an invitation into my CBC microphone for Yukoners to join his province. He would, he yelled, pave the Alaska Highway in a heartbeat but only if Yukon voters saw the light. They didn't.

The first CBC Northern network radio weekly music show called "Northern Jamboree" with Hank Karr was for a time pre-recorded in the ballroom. Al Oster, who not long ago earned the Order of Canada for writing Yukon story songs, was a regular on Northern Jamboree and premiered many of his now famous compositions on that joyful radio program.

In the summer of 1955, the Junior Chamber of Commerce hosted a banquet in the ballroom to honour Dalyce Smith who had just returned from London, Ontario where on July 1st, she had been crowned Miss Canada. Yellow Cabs, owned by Lloyd Camray and later by his long time driver, Ted Miles, operated from the safe haven of the Whitehorse Inn. Mr. Camray may never have played the game of hockey, but his contributions to the local sports scene cannot be understated. It was he, almost single-handedly, who insured that the Town Merchants would ice competitive teams in the Senior Men's Hockey League while the richer Army and Airforce commanders drafted enlisted men from across the country to play for their Whitehorse hockey teams.

So good were these military players who played in the Whitehorse Senior Men's hockey league that three of them made the RCAF Flyers in 1948, when the Airforce represented Canada at the Olympic Games in St. Moritz, Switzerland. And they won the Olympic gold medal. But Camray's Town Merchants hockey team, consisting of players who often had tryouts with teams from the American or Pacific Coast hockey leagues, frequently beat the best the military had to offer. A job driving taxi out of the little Yellow Cab office at the Inn was their reward for the pride they brought the town in the Forties and Fifties.

Another player's perk was a movie pass from Sammy McClimon, owner of both the Yukon and Capital Theatres, who played a key role in keeping the Merchants teams solvent. There was the Inn beer parlor on Second Avenue where as kids on a Saturday we'd spend some leisure time watching with curiosity as customers walked upright through the front door at noon only to emerge from the side door in a prone position a few hours later. What, we wondered, had transpired inside to cause such a dramatic change in comportment. The Inn was once home to WHTV, the first television service in the north where Bert Wybrew, later Mayor of Whitehorse, operated the single primitive camera in a semi darkened room as a youthful Ken McKinnon read the daily newscast and dreamt of one day becoming as famous as Walter Chronkite. One of the biggest jobs both Ken and Bert had was keeping the egg crates, used as sound proofing, from falling off the studio's ceiling.

Bert was always slightly ahead of his time so in the late Fifties he talked me into hosting a televised Teen Age Dance Party featuring guys and gals from the senior classes of Whitehorse High. The viewership could not have been more than a hundred cabled homes, yet who knows; maybe Dick Clark was watching. Bert also managed the Inn Bowling Alley for a time and ran a competitive bowling league that kept us teenagers off the streets. Or was it the weather? The rooms in the Whitehorse Inn were not much

by today's hotel standards, but that did not bother T. C. Richards. If there were any complaints, he would laugh and say it was his job "to give tourists hardships . . . with modern plumbing."

In later years, he was always seen around Whitehorse wearing a shirt, a tie and a white Stetson while smoking an immense cigar. When he passed away in November 1961, Thomas Cecil Richards left a legacy of forty-six years of service to the growing Yukon.

WHITEHORSE MERCHANTS HOCKEY TEAM 1954



FRONT ROW; First left, Lloyd Camray (coach), second player Paul Roy, fifth from left, Garth Langford (goalie), seventh player last name Drew, eighth player Wally Choptaine and ninth from left Sammy McClimon.

BACK ROW: Top left Joe Bodnar (coach), second from left Len Kerr, fifth from left, Bob Frigon.

(George Aylwin was Manager but absent from the photo)(If anyone is able to identify any more of the men in the photo please mail me at sherronjones@shaw.ca)

ANCHORAGE EARTHQUAKE By Henry Breaden

I remember the 1964 earthquake in Anchorage. We were at home in Whitehorse, and things started to sway, Alice was upstairs and started to squawk! Didn't last that long, but as I was on shift at the plant I followed it after midnight. They were having a devil of a time getting water to the top floors of the hospital in Anchorage, and had a real rundown of the damage. In Juneau they were worried about a tidal wave and were not just suggesting, but telling the people to get the hell to higher ground. As it so happened, the tidal wave did not show up. But in Valdez they lost most of the town from rising water. We were in Valdez after they rebuilt, but it had lost the flavour of their old town. We had been in Valdez in 1963 and really enjoyed it, but after the new town we never went back.

In 1958 we really felt the one at Juneau where the side of a mountain slid into a bay. It was bad enough that we got out of the house and could see cars swaying as the shocks were so close together. Often wished I had seen it on level ground because you would be able to see the ground rising and falling. It was still quite an experience. When it started, we were at the kitchen table and I was doing some paper work when the table started to move. I thought it was Alice fooling around and was about to say some nasty things, but looking up I saw a startled look on her face and realized what was happening. There has been a story in the Reader's Digest on that earthquake where two fishing boats were in the bay for the night. When the mountainside came down, the boat anchored near the mountain did not survive. The other one, a fellow and his young son saw the wave coming, started up and tried to pull up their anchor but found it stuck. The wave hit, broke the anchor chain and carried them as far as they could see about 30 feet above the narrow entrance of the bay. After getting straightened away, they searched for the other boat but only found wreckage.

Donna's memory of the Anchorage Earthquake:

We were living in Whitehorse at the end of Black Street, below the clay cliffs. When the tremor hit, the house began making groaning-type noises and began moving, like a boat on water. I had no idea what was happening and rushed for the doorway. I thought ghosts had invaded the house and I wanted to get out. I had great difficulty maneuvering the swaying floor but managed to make it to the doorway. The clay cliffs are covered with very tall deciduous trees and as I looked at the cliffs, the trees were completely bent over all in the same direction. They bounced and waved then slowly, in unison, rose up and down in the opposite direction. They continued to do this several times then, once the house stopped moving the trees went back into their normal upright position.

I saw my parents and the friends they were visiting standing outside the house a short distance away hanging onto a vehicle to keep from falling down. It didn't take long to realize an earthquake had occurred; especially once we had a look at the inside of our home. On the outside it looked fine but the inside walls had large zigzagged cracks, the dishes were strewn and broken on the floor and the pictures hung at lopsided angles. Even our dirt driveway had such a large crack running the length of it, so it had to have major repair work done. The home was torn down a few years later.

We thought the earthquake had hit Whitehorse because of the damage done and were quite surprised to hear it was actually over 800 miles away in Anchorage, Alaska.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK:

Can anyone remember Braeburn Lodge and Cinnamon Bun Strip? Hans and Laura Gloslee were the proprietors in the late 1960's. As teenagers we would drive to Braeburn on the weekends just so we could sit in the café for hours watching the faces of the tourists as they ordered meals, especially hamburger and fries. I usually carried a camera and made certain I had it on our trips to the lodge. As the tourists came in and placed an order I would ask them if I could take their picture inside the café. What I really wanted to do was snap a picture as their order arrived and record the look on their faces when they got their meal. One must remember: one order would feed a family of

four easily and when they saw four over-sized orders their mouths would drop and their eyes bulge. The tourists then would understand why I wanted to take their picture. I would get their address and mail a picture to them. These families would always write back saying that was one of the highlights of their trip, seeing the stunned look on their faces as the waitress set the plates on the table in front of them. I kept copies of these pictures but, unfortunately they disappeared when I moved to Yellowknife for 6 months. The cinnamon buns were the ingenious invention of Laura Gloslee and were the highlight of the menu. Huge and delicious! One bun could easily feed 4 to 6 people and fill them up.

What is your memory of Cinnamon Bun Strip? I believe I know why it was called this name but if anyone knows for sure please e-mail me at ytdogteam@telus.net and let me know. I would welcome everyone to send in his or her recollection.

THIS MESSAGE JUST IN FROM AILEEN DOBROVITZ (MILLER)
aileen1@shaw.ca

As this is the Mayo Centennial, we asked our mother *Vera Watkins/Miller/Breaden* if she would share some of her stories of growing up in Mayo.

‘My grandfather, *Captain Harry Breaden*, came to the Yukon in 1898 from Victoria, B.C. via the sternwheeler *Lightening* travelling up the coast and Bering Sea to Alaska then up the Yukon River to Dawson City, to deliver supplies.

My grandmother joined him a year later and raised their family in the Yukon. *Harry Breaden* was also the captain of the Taylor and Drury sternwheeler, the *Thistle*.

In September 1916, during the First World War, their son *Jim Breaden*, who would become my father, joined the *Yukon Infantry* in Dawson City under *Captain George Black* and went to England. He met and married my mother, *Kate* while in England.

After the war they returned to the Yukon along with my sister, *Audrey*, and myself, who was only 10 months old at the time. We lived in Mayo for a short time before moving to *Whitehorse* where my brother *Henry Breaden* was born.

My father, *Jim (Spot Cash) Breaden*, drove the cat train when the rivers froze.. He delivered mail and supplies to Dawson City and Mayo, and worked as a mechanic the rest of the year.

The *Breaden* family moved back to Mayo in 1929 via one of the sternwheelers, which was the only means of travel at that time.

Growing up in Mayo, some of my favorite memories are those of the sternwheelers arriving in early June and throughout the summer until the last boat left in October. The boats could be heard puffing two miles downstream. Most of the Mayo residents would rush down to see them dock. My friends and I would always visit the cook, as he would give us fresh fruit. Not too many could afford to buy fresh fruit, which could only come to Mayo during the summer months. There were no aircraft or highways in those days. Our family ate dried fruit all year, which was ordered from *Woodward store* in Vancouver.

In the winter, mail and supplies came to Mayo by cat train, which my father, *Jim*, drove. Our father built a log home, which had a large cellar under it to keep vegetables fresh all winter. He put a fence around the large property to keep the wild animals out. The family worked hard to grow an abundance of vegetables. The soil in Mayo was the best. We all picked the plentiful high bush cranberries to make jelly for winter. The bushes outside the fence were over six feet high and bushy. One day I was picking cranberries and heard a snorting sound. I ran to get inside the fence and looked over. A bear was standing on his hind legs looking at me. We had been picking berries off the same bush.

Mayo had an address of Mayo Landing at that time. To mail a letter a three-cent stamp was all that was needed.

I remember the flood that occurred in June of 1936.

The school in Mayo was a one-room log house. Gordon McIntyre was an excellent teacher. He taught about 40 students from Grade 1 to Grade 8 for many years.

If the residents of Mayo needed clothes or shoes, they would mail the order to the catalogue address. The parcel would be mailed COD through the post office. The two stores in Mayo sold only food and men's work clothes and boots. There was also a Burns Meat Market.

The young people of Mayo had to make their own fun, like sliding down the riverbank to the frozen river on a piece of cardboard.

I also experienced the -80F in Mayo in February 1947.

Carl Miller and I were married in the *Mayo Anglican Church* in 1941. We had four children, *Harry*, born in Dawson City, *Aileen*, born in Mayo, and *Carl* and *Ken*, both born in Whitehorse. All four children received their education in the Whitehorse schools. Our family was living in Whitehorse when the two sternwheelers burned. The end of an era, and very sad for all of us.

Three of my grandchildren were born in Whitehorse making us a five-generation Yukon family.

As time went by the family moved away from the Yukon, but at times the Yukon is still calling us and we are very proud of our history ‘...A history like no other....

Vera Watkins (Miller Bredan) 2003

BEHIND THE STORY OF GEORGE JOHNSON’S CAR

By *Chuck Halliday* chuck@anchorsaway.ca

Les McLaughlin’s story about George Johnson’s 1928 Chevrolet Model AB Sedan, “with Four Wheel Brakes”, brought back some memories of the old car.

Les touched on a few interesting points on the old car while George was the owner. Those stories are numerous, hilarious and true.

To continue on with the story, George traded the car into Taylor & Drury Motors in 1962 for a Chevrolet One Ton Truck before I joined the Dealership. It was stored in various garages around Whitehorse in its “as-is” condition until about 1985.

Taylor Chevrolet Oldsmobile became the General Motors Dealer in 1970 and the old car, driven by George Johnson, was used to break the ribbon at the Grand Opening of the new Dealership facilities on 2nd Avenue in the spring of 1970 after the fire in July 1969. We used to get the car out for numerous Rendezvous parades, always followed by our tow truck.

In 1985, the boys at T & D’s (now know as Taylor Chevrolet Oldsmobile) thought it was time to clean up the car and the work started. The mechanical condition was considered to be “reasonable” and we never did tear down any of the major components, with the exception of the fuel system. That never did work properly.

However, the body and the interior were pretty tough and left a lot to be desired.

We borrowed a sand blaster from Elvins Equipment and worked through 8 or 10 coats of heavy thick enamel paint. There were three predominant colours; Winter White, Summer Green and Dark Blue. Apparently George painted the car by hand on numerous occasions and there are photos in the Archives showing it "on" Teslin Lake in Winter White and on the shore in a dark colour.

The last colour we found as we sand blasted through was the original dark green body with black fenders as it is seen now.

The interior was not in good condition and a Dealer friend gave me the name of a supplier of original seat cover material. I ordered a complete interior set and these were installed in the car to complete the restoration.

From the time of the restoration, the car spent most of its time in the Showroom on 2nd Avenue until Taylor Chevrolet Oldsmobile closed in 1992.

I had always said that I would never sell the car and that the car would never leave the Territory. On a trip back to the Yukon in 1993, my daughter Lea and I attended the official presentation in Teslin of the car by us to Government of Yukon for display in the George Johnston Museum in Teslin.

And there she sits. It was a lot fun.

NEWS FROM JIM DOKKEN

This past week, there was an interesting article on the burial place of Sam McGee. He is buried some 50 miles from Calgary. If you send me your mailing address, I'll forward the article to you.

I lived in Whitehorse from 1969 to 1973 (in the basement of **Mr. and Mrs. King's** home in Riverdale, (they owned the Edgewater Hotel), while working for Trans North Turbo Air Ltd and also worked part time on-air for both CBC and **Mr. Hougen**. I will put together some memories of those great years and forward them soon. **Marion and Elwood Lyle** "tweaked" me to the site and I really enjoy reading the comings and goings. My years in the Yukon were, despite hardships, were the some of the best of my life. There is never a day when I don't drift back to fond memories of my time there. Keep up the great site!! - **Jim Dokken** Calgary, Alta

(I will type in the information from the article when it arrives.) - Sherron

MAYO TENNIS ROUND ROBIN TENNIS TOURNAMENT PHOTO JUNE 21 1929

I was just reading my e-mails over and this photo has to be at least 1929 because that was the year dad arrived in Mayo and he is in the photo. – **FRED AYLWIN**

*(It seems this photo must have been taken June 21 1929 as **Gordon McIntyre** had previously reported that **Elizabeth McDougal (Titus)** died in 1929 and she and **George Aylwin** are both in the photo, and we understand the tournament was always held on the longest night of the year.) - Sherron*

HELPFUL HINT FROM VIVIAN

Hi Sherron: Me again with a suggestion. I got fancy and saved all your emails in Word and have discovered I can't read some of them. Not to worry though, I have not deleted them from my email.

I have created 2 folders within my email program off the INBOX extension - Yukon Directory & Moccasin Telegraph and I just copy your emails into there. I can just pop them up whenever I have a moment and check out the interesting links.

Thanks, **Vivian Stuart** lornellis@shaw.ca (250) 383-1349

RECOLLECTIONS FROM VIVIAN

This isn't so much a short story on experiences on the river, but rather a memory.

Back in the early 40s sometime, the local barber **Jack Hoodman** would take our family out on his boat and quite often would head to Chicken Billy's Island for a picnic. Great fun, as we all got a turn at steering the boat.

Jack loved to cook, and as a special treat, he would come to our home and made our favorite dinner today of Chicken and Spaghetti.

I also recall the day **Jack** came back to Dawson from a World Series Baseball game and had hats with our names stitched on them.

I think we were the envy of the town :)

Anyway...about **Dianna Earle**. About 6 months ago or so, I was chatting to someone on the Internet and of course the question came up about where are you from. Being a true Yukoner...I of course, spoke up loud :) This person said....I went to nursing school with someone from Whitehorse.. and it turned out to be **Dianna Earle**. She knew her brother **Jack**. As I recall **Dianna** is now living in Nelson BC, but I do not know her married name. Possibly someone out there does. Was just very interesting how you meet people along the way. I recall the **Earles** very well - they lived down and around the corner from us in Takhini. - **Vivian Stuart** (250) 383-1349 lornellis@shaw.ca

FIRST THOUGHT

After looking at the Johnson 1928 Chevrolet, I find it is a dead ringer for our first vehicle in Mayo. In 1950 I bought a 1929 Chevrolet Sedan and as it was of limited use just as a sedan, I decided to remodel it. By chopping the sedan to a single cab and building a flat deck on the back with side racks, it became a useful vehicle. It might be classed about 1/4 ton pickup. - **Henry Breaden**

SECOND THOUGHT

I noticed a few changes to the 1929 Chevy I had compared to Johnson's 1928. The bumper was different and had chrome on the headlights. The wheels were changed to disc wheels from spoked and I did not have the wee parking lights just ahead of the door. Of course the windshield was changed, as I changed it from flat to a two-piece "V" type, which was more common. They both could be cranked to start which was a good thing in cold weather. It was a real project to chop the body and rebuild it for a pickup but interesting. – **Henry Breaden**

PETE FOTH WAS IN SNAG in 1947 at – 80 degrees – In a tent yet !

Sherron: Sure was good to pick up the 8th edition just now. What a great job you and your co-workers are doing! One great disappointment -- You weren't at the Yukoners' Banquet last evening! We, and so many others were looking forward to seeing and meeting you there. Hopefully we will have an opportunity someday soon to meet you and tell you in person, how much this Moccasin Telegraph means to us.

After the first E-Mail List was published, we got a beautiful short note from a **Sandy Campbell**, who recognized our name. She, at 10 years old moved to Beaver Creek with her dad, **Glen**. Lived across the street from we **Foths** for a short time. The same year, 1969 we moved back to Dawson City. She remembered our 2 girls' names and wondered where we all were. It was a wonderful letter and since that time we have corresponded with **Sandy**. It was great, to at last meet her last night at the banquet and bring the family news up to date. See why the Moccasin Telegraph means so much to us? This is not the only note that we have received because of this wonderful little "Newsletter". Thank you so much, again.

One other little tidbit - In 1947 when the thermometer showed this very cold temperature at SNAG, Yukon, my husband, **PETE FOTH** was working there. He was working for **Ole Lundy** and **Clarence Currie** who were cutting the logs to begin making the Snag Airport buildings. **Pete** was their cook. That was a time that **Pete** will never forget. They were living in tents during this very cold winter. Until next time, **Pete and Brownie FOTH**

PRINCESSES AND PINGOS or Royalty and Roses

<http://community.webshots.com/album/63903312yPuOXe> (I have just posted four more 1947 & 1948 May Queen photos)

Hi Sherron

Just pulled my pictures of the May Queen's of 1947 & 1948.

Joanne Keobke was the 1946 May Queen and the 2 Princess's were, **Kathy Lee** (Gordon Lee's daughter, he was owner of the KeyBird) and **Pat Keith**.

Then in 1947--**May Queen Phyllis LePage**, princess's were **Kathy Lee**, and **Pat Keith**, both princess's ran in 1946 & 1947. Then in 1948 I have a picture of the retiring queen (myself) and **Jeannie McLaughlin**, princess, **Doreen Bird** (who was the 1948 queen) and, **Diana May Earle** princess. Names are written on the backs of the pictures.

If you would like a copy of those pictures I will send them to you.

I'm still going thru pictures of way back when--sure brings back lots of memories.

In answer to **Henry Breaden's** query--yes I chose "pingo" as my e mail address as I have been in that area and we were stationed with the RCMP in Fort McPherson and also Inuvik. Tuk was a very interesting place and the pingo's were something else again. The plans were to dig into one of the pingo's and making a curling rink in one. I don't know if they ever did. One pingo was used to store frozen meat. I was there in the early 1960's. - **Phyllis (LePage) Simpson**

E-MAIL ADDRESS CORRECTION

Thankyou so much for your perseverance! I am so sorry that it has taken me so long to get back to you. I have been very busy these past couple of weeks. First of all when I sent you my other email I miss-typed it : it should read grammy_55@yahoo.com, but I have fixed the problem on my christir account and my mail is again coming through just fine. Please use christir@telusplanet.net as my main email address. I am hoping to

have some time in a couple of weeks to send you a more informative email.
Keep up the good work. - **Stacey Christenson (SMITH)**

THE YUKONERS' BALL

Well, what a fantastic time we shared at the Ball.

My father, **Glen Campbell**, and I had the opportunity and pleasure of attending the **75th Yukoner's Ball** here in Vancouver at the Hyatt Regency.

It was absolutely wonderful. We had an attendance of **220 people**, and I believe that it was slightly more than they expected. The catering was done very well, and the dinner served was beautiful, though we had chicken. It would have been really neat to see the surprise on the faces if moose meat, lake trout, grayling, caribou, and other northern game had been served. But chicken it was.

There were many surprises, as friends that neither my father nor I had seen for many years, and to also be introduced to friends of my father that I had never met before. It was truly a smorgasbord for the heart and soul of all Yukoners. It was exhilarating, and it was hard to excuse oneself from one friend, to go talk to another acquaintance of long ago.

Now I have to admit, I was quite young when a lot of these people had met me initially, and I have "grown" some since then, so it was nice to surprise them as well.

There were many hugs, hoots of surprise, and slaps and handshakes, and it would have been interesting for someone who knew nothing of what Yukoners are like, to hear their take on the whole scene.

I was so fortunate to once again see **Lorna (Brownie) and Pete Foth**. The last time I saw them was in 1969. I was 9 years old. While I was talking to someone else, this lady came up to me and said, "I am looking for **Sandy Campbell**." Needless to say, you can imagine the look on my face, when after looking at her nametag, that I once again met the "Sunshine Lady" of the Vancouver Yukoners Association Newsletter. She comes by her name honestly. She just beams every time she smiles. I went back to her table to reacquaint myself with the love of her life, **Pete**. It was so wonderful to see him again, though I still see him in his whites as a Canada Customs Officer in Beaver Creek. I didn't get a chance to ask if he still had the uniform. He looked absolutely wonderful.

Then I was reacquainted again with the lady that I was introduced to the Vancouver Yukoners Association. **Frances McLeod**. I had wondered if she and Neil had made it to the Ball, and when **Neil** gave the blessing for the meal, I knew that I had to touch base with them. When a friend of **Frances'** asked her where we had met, Neil spoke up and said, "The Zoo." (Actually it was the Kamloops Game Farm, I believe it was in 1994 Or 1995) Imagine the look on their friends place when she heard that. LOL I assured her that I too was a visitor there and not one of the exhibits...LOL *(for those who are not familiar with this abbreviation it means Lots of Laughs)*

The prizes given out were a wide variety of all sorts of things from wine to CD's to jackets, banners, and the grand prize of the Special Edition of Gold and Galena, 1999 to 2003.

Margaret Arthur won the jacket from Air North. It looked like it was meant for her, as it fit her just right.

The **grand prize went to my dad**. He was sure surprised to say the least. If it had not been for **Karen Shaw** hearing the name called about the dull roar, (you cannot keep Yukoners quiet for too long) we may not have known what the name was. She went and received the book and transported to Dad. Imagine his surprise.

Shannon Cooper, mayor of Mayo, and the co-author, **Lyn Bleiler**, signed his book, and also obliged us with posing for photographs. Dad has now secured # 14 of the 500 printed of this special edition. It will truly be read cover to cover and be forever treasured in his library.

Though **Dad** left the Yukon in 1985, he has visited many times since. He is planning a return trip this summer for the celebrations in Mayo. As he spent many years there, it holds a lot of memories and friends even today for him.

The other nice surprise was to see the wife and daughter of the last remaining original member of the Vancouver Yukoner's Association, **Clary Craig. Evelyn**, his wife, and **Lorraine**, his daughter were honoured and presented with white rose corsages. It was absolutely wonderful that they were able to be with us.

We were honoured to have Mr. and Mrs. Yukon with us as well. **Mr. and Mrs. Toole** reside in Watson Lake, and when I asked Mrs. Toole how long she had been there, she replied, " I came for two years, and that was 54 years ago, and my husband has been here for 60 years." "Oh my", I replied, "I believe then that you have well earned the title of Yukoners."

We were also honoured with two couples of Past **Mr. and Mrs. Yukon; Mr. and Mrs. Ray and Bobbie Magnuson, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and Marnie Ryder, and Mrs. Taylor**. It is so wonderful to have these icons able to attend these functions. It lets the young Yukoners know their past, and appreciate those that came before them, to make the Yukon the place that we know it is today.

Well, I guess I should close for now, but I thought I would put in my bit, and bring you up to date.

Sincerely Yours **Sandy Campbell**

FROM DAWSON CITY

I have printed out everything you have sent and so have a great file of addresses etc.. The flood pictures are priceless also. You really have done a great service to all of us with all these letters from Yukoners past and present so thank you very much. **Fran HAKONSON**

NEW ADDITION TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron What a great idea and I would like to be added to the list of Yukoners, please.

Our family lived in Whitehorse for a very short time from 1956-1958 but we established some very strong connections to Sourdoughs during that time.

My brother Allan Garneau and I attended the Yukoner's Reunion in Vancouver this weekend and reconnected with many. What a great time!

My e-mail address is dmsalter@telus.net and I live in Sidney, BC on Vancouver Island. Perhaps we will have the opportunity to meet at some time in the future.

Many thanks **Donna (Garneau) Salter** dmsalter@telus.net

- **Shirley Keobke** sent me your MocTel. What a great idea. I would like our name added to the list. **JENSEN, Pete & Sharon** (Patnode) pjensen@internorth.com (in Whitehorse) I will pass this on to other ex Yukoners - Thank you Sharon Jensen
- Thanks for adding me to the list of Yukoners. Small world isn't it! You living at 59 Alsek. I have lived on Alsek since the 60's. Yes **Alice Patnode** is a relative. She is my mother. She is now 91 years old and still paints plus many other things. She still drives and has a very busy social life. Regards **Sharon Jensen** 58 Alsek Road Whitehorse Yukon, Y1A 3K4 867 667 2030 ph 867 667 7418 Web Site: www.petejensen.yk.ca E-mail: pjensen@internorth.com
- Have just received the listing - quite lengthy but names of interest. You could add my name. wahlhe@klondiker.com Arrived here in 1949 and still here. My wife Dorreene died 4 years ago but still a good country to live in. Beautiful day here today. - **Herb Wahl**
- What a list you have. Some names I recognise and some I don't. Kelly and I lived in Whitehorse from 1965 to 1994. We then moved to Alberta, first to Grande Prairie, then Lethbridge, and finally settled in Edmonton. Please send us the Moccasin Telegraph whenever you can. Thank you. - **Michael Kovac** kmkovac@telusplanet.net

Yes we paid our dues. I was born in 1965 (in Vancouver), so I spent my entire life there till I was 29. I tinkered with several jobs after high school, then served a carpenter apprenticeship and worked as a carpenter till '94. I went back to school in Alberta, and am now with an engineering firm in Sherwood Park. **Kelly** worked for the territorial gov't from high school till '94, also went back to school in Alberta, and is now in Human Resources with Capital Health in Edmonton.

My parents, **Frank and Arleen Kovac**, arrived in the Yukon in 1952 and are still there. My mom has recently purchased a computer and is still figuring it out, she was the one who sent me the MT (thru **Shirley Keobke**). I'm sure she will sign up as a sourdough one of these days. - Thank you - **Mike Kovac**

- Hi Sherron, you don't know us, but **Florence Roberts** sent us your list of Yukoners, and mentioned you also do a news letter, you can put us on the list too-----so here goes
Jim and Marsha Flumerfelt (nee Nord) I've been here since '52, all of it in the communities so to speak, Watson Lake, Swift River. Coal River, Destruction Bay, Beaver Creek and Teslin, and came home to Destruction Bay in 73 and we

retires here. I met **Jim** in 62 in Watson Lake. As **Pam Buckway** says we were all Highway Brats regards **Marsha** miflumerfelt@yt.sympatico.ca 867 841 4451

- **Doug Bell** gave me your email address and told me about your newsletter etc. Please put me on your ex-Yukoner list. Me and my 2 children lived in the Yukon from 1979 to 1996. If you need any other information plse don't hesitate to contact me. - Margaret Vincent mjvincent@execulink.com
- **Erik** suggested we provide you with our E-mail address in order to receive future bulletins.
Our home E-mail is: marg@hougens.com
We, together with our 12 children and spouses and 18 grandchildren, all live in Whitehorse

Rolf & Margaret Hougen

The Hougen Group of Companies
210 Rogers Street
Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 2B4
Phone: 867-667-4222 Fax: 867-668-6328

- I would like to be added to your list. **Tom Mickey** has given me your address and told me a bit about the List. He also says I should tell you a bit about myself. My wife **Muriel** and I came north to work for White Pass on January 2/80. I certainly remember **Bill Jones**. I was the freight terminal manager for a couple of years and managed the WP agency in Dawson from 1983 to 1986. Returned to Whitehorse in Marketing and Sales until 1991. Took over the Esso bulk plant in Whitehorse in 1991 and retired in August 2001. We now have a family placer mining operation west of Carmacks at Discovery Creek on Mt. Nansen. I am on the board of directors for the Yukon Workers Compensation Board. We usually take our motorhome to Yuma, Arizona for a month or so in the winter. 2 of our children live in Whitehorse and 1 daughter is living in West Africa and has been overseas for several years now. Our son in law **Jerry Wolsynuk** is driving for North 60 Petro which is privately owned and all that remains to be seen of the WPYR that once dominated the Yukon. **Cindy** operates a daycare out of their home. Our other son in law **Ralph Wohlfarth** owns and operates an old time family business, Yukon Meat and Sausage. **Sandra** manages The Deli which is part of YM&S. Let me know if you require anything else. I am looking forward to looking at your site. - **Don Frizzell** 516 Grove St. Whitehorse, Y.T. Y1A 5J7 867-633-4150 frizzell@polarcom.com

SAVING YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS BOOK & YOUR FAVORITE URLS

Do you ever have the fear that if your computer had a fit and crashed or your hard drive "went down the trail" that you would lose all your e-mail addresses and those favorite URLs (website addresses)?

Some of us use an "E-backup" program, but there is a simple way of saving those important things. I will try to lay out a simple way without you going into exotic programs. This method works for those who use "**Outlook Express**" for their e-mail.

First open your address book. It will say "**Address Book - Main Identity**" in the top blue title bar.

Click on "**Edit**" and then on the drop down menu you will see "**Select All**", click on that. All of your addresses will highlight (grey).

Now go to "**File**" and on the drop down menu select "**Export**", and move the cursor carefully across to the right to "**Address Book (WAB)**"; and click on it.

This will bring up a **Save window** and in the lower slot where it says **File name:** If the cursor is not in the box, just click in the left side to start it and type in **Address Book**. Now go to the **Input box** at the top of the window you are working in and to the right you will see a grey square with a black triangle (arrow). Click on the little **black arrow** or triangle, and in the drop menu that will appear, choose "**3-1/2 Floppy (A)**" and then click on "**Save**". (*It would be necessary to have a clean Floppy in the drive your floppy drive.*)

Your e-mail address will now safely be stored on that floppy disc.

If you ever need to retrieve them, you would insert the floppy disc into your floppy drive and if your address book is not too large, you will see a book icon. Click on the book icon and your book will come up on the screen.

In a test case we found that it was necessary to insure that the settings were correct to give you the option of seeing all your contacts, which were visible under the title of "Main Identity's Contacts" before you saved them.

If you do not see "Shared Contacts" and "Main Identity's Contacts" in a partition on the left hand side of the window when you open your address book. If you have them, click on Main Identity's Contacts and your Address Book will appear. If you do not have them, click on "View", and on the drop down menu, the first three items, **Toolbar, Status Bar and Folders and Groups** should all be check marked. If any one of these three is not check marked, click on it and a tick will appear. Just remember that one click checkmarks and the second click unchecks. - **Henry Breaden**

TRIVIA

Just as a point of interest. The photos I posted of the Riverboats Casca & Whitehorse have been viewed 1,744 times. The photos placed in an adjacent album titled Yukon have been viewed 949 times, while the album I am now calling Royalty & Roses; which includes the May Queen photos, and my Rose Garden & View from our front deck has been viewed 529 times. The various Mayo and Dawson photos have been viewed 818 times. - **Sherron**

CURRENT NEWS ABOUT WHITEHORSE

Word has just been received that it was reported today (Apr. 10) that the Owners of the Klondike Inn have decided to keep the hotel closed for the summer. The hotel is owned by Holland America. Reports say Vice Pres Steven Leonard has indicated his company simply does not require the hotel capacity this summer. – Information shared by Doug Bell

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date eight 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
jbbesier@seaside.net (see edition 5)