



Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Kusawa Lake - Sept 25, 2005

Photo courtesy Kelly White p.place@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Some of us more “mature” readers will remember the early days of the Sourdough Rendezvous in Whitehorse. The show was centered around the dog races and just about everyone in town took part. The mushers were usually locals from small towns like Teslin, Carmacks, Dawson etc., and dogs were not always teams of matched Siberian huskies.

The following is not exactly as it happened, but is my memory of one of those early races and, since it’s my memory and my poem, I am sticking to it. Our Willy, while fictional, is loosely based on a real musher who used to run those early races. While he never had the best of teams, he was a fan favorite for he always put everything he had into a race and seemed to get everything possible out of the dogs that he did have.

Gus Barrett

WILLY THE MUSER

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

When the dog races started, all reason departed,
And every man wanted to race.
So Willy collected a team, some suspected,
From strays running free ‘round his place.
The race would extend from the big river bend,

To the hill on the far side of town.
Then back to the start, where the folks would take part,
And a grand celebration abound.

All his fans would attend at the big river bend,
And they'd cheer till their voices were hoarse,
For Willy was just such a popular cuss,
And he knew every inch of the course.
They would be at the gate at a quarter to eight,
To watch all the mushers prepare,
I suspect they would come with a flask of hot rum,
Just to help pass the time while they 're there.

So Willy contrived to be last to arrive,
In fact just a few minutes late.
When he finally checked in to a thunderous din,
Other teams were lined up at the gate.
All the fans were agog at this new team of dogs,
They looked scruffy and wild and unkept.
Yet they lustily cheered as the musher appeared,
Though a number of dog lovers wept.

The harness attached was all broken and patched,
No brass bells or pompoms or frills,
And the mushers around seemed to mutter and frown,
How did this guy get in from the hills?
Runners on his sleigh were all broken and splayed,
And were mended with caribou leather.
It had duct tape and strings and a few other things,
Just to hold this contraption together.

When the starting gun sounded, the lead dogs all bounded,
And they ran with a leap and a jump.
Except for that silly old team of our Willy,
Whose wheel dog sat back on its rump.
The lead dog gave a howl and the terrible growl,
That caused all the others to quail,
'Oer the crowd there's a hush Willy loudly called "mush",
And they sped down the slippery trail.

Then the spectators sat with a drink and a snack
And they waited 'til word filtered down,
From far up the trail came the wondrous tale
That our Willy was fast gaining ground.
Around mid-race check came three teams, neck and neck,
And though nobody thought it could happen,

From out of the fog appeared Willy's lead dog,
And she's snarlin' and howlin' and snappin'.

The spectators shout for she's running all out,
And her team are all running in pace.
On the back of the sleigh Willy's laughing and gay,
For he knows he is still in the race.
Soon, back at the finish, our flasks have diminished,
We're awaiting the end of this stunt,
When up from the stream roared a number of teams,
With our favorites just out in front.

Well they ran like a dream, this most unlikely team,
And their musher was happy and proud,
The fans gave a scream, realizing a dream.
The reception was boisterous and loud.
Then Willy, he knew, as his team fairly flew
He could win it with just one more jump.
Alas, not to be, for that wheel dog you see,
Stopped and lifted its leg on a stump.

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Blanche's Trip

Blanche Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

I recently took a little trip back in time with a visit to Kennewick, WA. Sharon Redmond, now in Nanaimo, and I went down to visit her mom, Ginny and husband, Murrell Fournier. Ginny is now 88 years old and Murrell recently turned 90. Both were born and raised in Dawson City.

Ginny's maiden name was Chapman. Her dad owned a store in Dawson in the early days and later traveled the area by plane buying furs, and then going "Outside" to sell them. He was killed in a plane crash in 1941 near the Archie Fournier farm between Bear Creek and Rock Creek. Ginny married Joe Redmond, also born in Dawson. They ran a convenience store, in Dawson and later operated the Pearl Harbour Hotel. They had two children, Sharon and Joe Jr. I "adopted" the Redmond family when Sharon was about two or three years old. I spent much of my time there, baby sat for them and when I was 13 went to work in Joe Sr.'s B.&F. Store. Years later Joe "gave me away" at my wedding and Sharon was bridesmaid. So as you can see, our connection goes way back.

A few years after Joe Sr. passed away Ginny became reacquainted with Murrell, at a Vancouver Yukoners spring bash, and later became Mrs. Fournier. They now have a beautiful apartment in an assisted living facility in Kennewick, Washington.

While in Kennewick, as you can imagine, we did a lot of reminiscing looking at old pictures, etc. A couple of the pictures I thought might be of interest to some of the more “senior” Yukoners, as Ginny has them so well organized and identified.



Ginny & Murrell Fournier



Dr. Duncan and his babies.

Dr. Alan Duncan practiced for many years in Dawson. When he moved to the lower mainland many former Yukoners became his patients there. This picture was taken some years ago at the 50th. Wedding anniversary of Clarence and Evy Craig. (Two more long term Yukoners.) Among the guests were Dr. Duncan and a group of seven men and women, all of whom he had delivered either in Dawson or Vancouver.

Back Row L to R. Sharon Redmond, Bill Diment, Verna Heath, Anita Craig, Kim Mackie (Craig's granddaughter)

Front row – Christine Winter, (Sharon Redmond's daughter), Dr. Duncan, Sharon Mackie (Craig's granddaughter.)



OES (I presume Order of the Eastern Star) 1957 – Taken by Tom Retallack.

5th Row – L. to R. – Shirley Mollison, Ethel Callison, Walter and Madeline Troberg.

4th Row – Marnie Minet, Athol Retallack, Ruth Troberg.

3rd. Row – Noel Pennington, Ginny Redmond, Pretoria Butterworth, Alice Ravenhill,

2nd. Row – Gladys Pennington, Leah Cunningham, Doris Osborne.

1st. Row – Pat Craemer, Ester Rogers, Irene Whitehouse.

WE YUKONERS DO LIKE TO STICK TOGETHER.

Blanche.

Hi Sherron

This should ring a bell with some of those who worker in T&D's in the late 40's early 50's.

Fred

Memories of an Old Man

By Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

Sitting and thinking
In my usual way,
Pondering what to do today,
A vision appears,
Memories of my earlier years.

A native elder stooped and bent,
A walking stick held in his hand.
And slung upon his back, a gunny sack,
That he uses for a pack.
I do not know how old he'd be,
But from his leathery hands and wrinkled face
Many snows have slowed his pace.

He shuffles through the grocery store,
To sit upon the bottom stairs,
That leads up to the second floor.
In front of him my father stands.
A white owl cigar in his hand,
The old man smiles and nods his head,
His old eyes are shining bright,
As dad leans down to give a light.

He leans back against the stairs,
Smoke curling round his head.
Then you look back and he is gone,
Nothing showing he was even there,
Save for the smell of cigar in the air,
But you know that in a couple of weeks or so,
You will look up and there he'll be,
Waiting for another smoke.

He has passed on many years ago,
But I can see him still.
Sitting on the stairs in the grocery store,
That lead up to the second floor.
And I smile and whisper a little prayer
For that great old man.
May the spirits be with you Hootalinqua Sam.

ENTERTAINING IN HAINES JUNCTION

Thought these pictures said it all for a small community in the Yukon. At one of our concerts in the St Elias Convention Center, we were very fortunate to have country and western singer GEORGE FOX from Alberta in September of this year. One of our seniors Enid Tait was called up to assist George. She did a terrific job as though this was her calling as entertainer!!!. I'm sure she'll be receiving lots of email to perform down south!!!???? But I don't think she could leave husband Rod or her horse Spirit for any amount of money.

Joann Graham jograham@yknnet.ca (In Haines Junction)



George Fox and Enid Tait
Photo courtesy Joann Graham



George Fox and Enid Tait
Photo courtesy Joann Graham



George Fox and Enid Tait
Photo courtesy Joann Graham

KIMBEL SAWMILL

Hi Sherron, Henry & Harvey

Once again this story is getting more intriguing as the conversation goes back and forth. I was wondering if you have thought of contacting Eddie Kimbel's daughter. Gail Gibson/Pelland is on our address page I think. The last I knew she lived in Prince George, but she would have a lot of answers to your questions.

I think Kimbel's mill was still in operation (sort of) in the mid '50's. As I have said before our family moved into Mayo in the fall of '54. We probably didn't get to know Eddie Kimbel till '55. The reason I am telling you this Sherron is because I was telling Henry & Harvey about a funny story regarding Kimbel when we met for our lunch last week. My younger brother Fred who probably would have been ten or eleven then, helped Kimbel take a large white horse by boat up to his logging camp. The reason Fred went along, was to help bail out the boat if the horse decided to relieve himself while traveling up river. And, of course he did just that. My brother who was very young learned a few choice "blue" words on that trip. As the horse was doing it's "business", he bailed frantically trying to keep the boat from sinking. I think my brother Fred never had much use for horses after that. I seem to recall that my older brother Ted went up the river many times with Kimbel, and he might have been on that trip. He loves to tell the story with great details and usually ends up with tears rolling down his cheeks as it arouses much laughter on his part. Obviously he wasn't doing the bailing. I have a phone call into Ted to see if he can shed anymore details on this story, just to make sure I have the story correct....but he hasn't returned my call. If he adds anymore colorful details, I will forward it on to you. Sherron I think we should clone Henry & Harvey, their minds are unbelievable. I just marvel at the things they come up with. Their stories can bring me right back in time and I am reliving that time of my life all over again. What an enjoyable treat this is.

Talk with you all again soon.
Karren Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)



Ed Kimbel sawing stove wood. They usually used a small gas put! put! engine, and notice on your left side of Ed there is a flywheel to carry momentum while the saw was going through the wood. That was normal for any woodsaw. – Henry Breaden

Alex McCarter photo courtesy Fred Aylwin.

Note the guide mechanism made from plumbing pipe and fittings. Also note this 1930's photo is pre protective eye wear. – Sherron

Henry,

It seems that this photo can stand alone and have some of this dialogue added to it. Henry in your comments about the photo regarding the 'gizmo' guiding the cut, you indicated you had worked on the saw. It seems that from Fred Aylwin's message below you likely worked on exactly the same saw. Do you suppose the saw is sitting on the same property and perhaps is Fred's uncle George Besner's saw? Would George be one of those other three handling the logs.

Also Harvey had described the location of the photo in a message that came in shortly before yours did Henry. I have included it below too, in case he is noticing something you have missed and visa versa.

Another thing that struck me when I read this was the reference to Archie Currie. I hadn't realized he had been married to Norm Hartnell's aunt. The information I had so far about Archie was that he had worked for Jeanne Harbottle and that he had married a girlfriend of hers from California and that I understood to be Barb Currie who currently resides at Tagish or perhaps now in Whitehorse.

Sherron

Hi Sherron

This is one of Alex McCarter's pictures, my uncle George (George Besner) had a saw much the same as in the picture, he cut for home use 12 to 18 inch was used in kitchen stoves and 36 inch for furnaces the furnace usually being made with a 45 gal drum. I

know that the furnace in our house (T&D house corner 3rd and Jarvis) was made from a 90 gal drum and took 4 ft. wood. (I know I stacked enough in the basement over the years).

Speaking of the T&D houses I thought I read in one of the MocTels, can't remember which one, someone wanted to know about these houses.

There were two built I believe in 1944, we lived in the first one on the corner and Newtons, Roy Newton's mother and father in the other. The Earls also lived there at one time (Jack & Dianne) and parents. These were panabode houses (interlocking Cedar) two bedroom and there was one more across the street also belonging to T&D, Dan Makay and family lived there. He was the janitor for T&D's.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

Harvey

That photo of Kimbel and his crew feeding the big log into the machine is just incredible when you think of the time it was taken. The quality is unreal for the age! Each time we look at that picture we find more things in it....talk about interesting. I remember Kimbel looking just like that, although, as you say we knew him at a little older age. His thick white curly hair never seemed to change over the years. He used to tell us stories of his "sawmill days" and with all these tales and old pictures his stories are falling into place. You, know he had many old movies that he took of those days. I think he probably had one of the first movie camera's in that era. The quality of his film was really neat to see, even though they were "speeded" up with the early technology not being as marvelous as today's films. Even so, he had many reels of logging operations and even one with a moose coming up to his camera lens and giving it a nuzzle. That old film could tell a thousand stories....but that would open a whole new "saga"....and without us able to track down Gail, the film is probably lost forever. You know all these details that have gone between us this last few days, would make a marvelous book....just as they are! (Sherron, don't even think of it...you are to busy).

Thanks Harvey for walking me through the picture of Kimbel and his crew. I didn't know that garage that was sort of across the street from the Post Office, was where your Dad worked. I remember the garage very well. It was always a "bee hive" of activity. I think I went inside once (but can't remember what for)! Those DOT towers in the background of that picture my Dad climbed many times to change the lights. Being an old lineman for many years, and probably the only one from that group not afraid of height, he was always chosen to climb the poles.

Anyway, I just wanted to ask you about the sawmill that was behind our house (the telephone office) at the end of Maine St. Was that not another one of Ed Kimbel's mills or was it someone else's. I know across the street to the north was a big "staging" area where many logs were always piled. Although in our day, not a lot of activity took place there and I don't think that mill ever was in operation when we lived there either. Just wondering about that....I don't want to start a whole new story here, just thinking out loud!

If I could go back in time I would pay more attention to what was happening around me. I must have had my mind on other things that I thought were more important, after all I was a teenager! Henry is probably shaking his head at me, because I know he will know what I am talking about.

Must dash out and rescue a few more tomatoes before the monsoons hit us tonight. This tripping down memory lane has been so much fun.

Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

Hi Sherron,

There was more than one wood saw in town, Frank Cantin and Ed Kimbel. I don't know where George Besner bought his saw, but in the winter of 1951-52 I ran the saw for him and paid him a royalty per cord for the use. George had approached me in the fall as he was going hard rock mining for the winter. I ran the Besner saw, but who knows if it could be the same one? The flywheel looks the same, but all of them would be fairly standard. It had a 10 HP Wisconsin engine running it, and another identical for if you had engine trouble you could switch and start sawing again. The photo would be in the very early 30s, for by 1936 the restaurant on the corner was gone. I don't see George Besner in there at all, but I do not recognize any of the three men other than Ed. If you notice, Ed has snow white hair, and he had that as far back as I can remember.

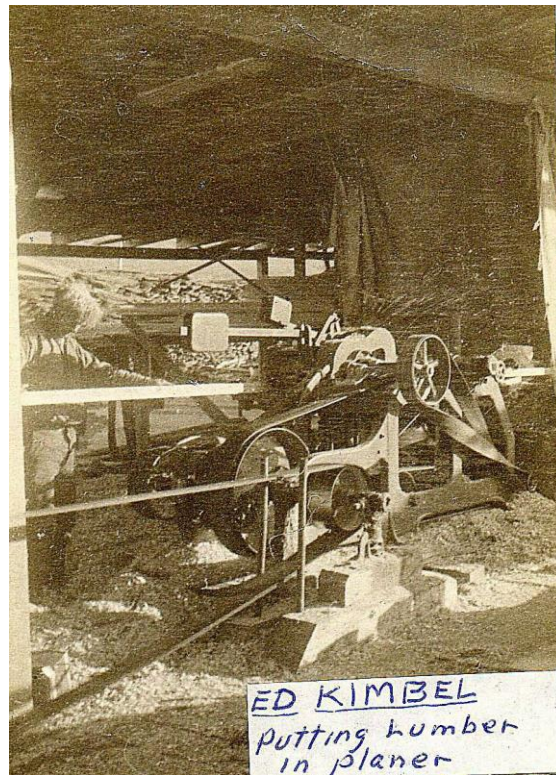
Archie Currie married Vi Palmer in the early 30s and they were in Keno. Then they moved to Mayo and he worked clerking in the Binet Store. About 1942 they moved to Whitehorse, and it was about that time that they split. Joan stayed with Vi and I think they headed for Vancouver. At least that is where I saw Joan in later years. Archie seemed to favour Tagish, and I think he worked out of there for years. I would say that Barb Currie is Archie Currie's second wife as not that many lived over the years in Tagish.

The only thing I can add to Fred's mail is the towers. There were originally two 100 foot towers, one east and one west. In the 1936 flood the Tennis Court and building floated to the intersection of 3rd and Congden. From there it was moved to Joe Cantin's hay field. In 1937 Cecil May the OIC (Officer in Charge) for RCCS built a 150 foot tower about 50 feet north of the east tower. He then built a 150 tower to replace the west tower, and now there were 3 towers. Two 150 feet and the 100 foot east tower. There was one antenna 100 feet off the ground from the east tower to the west tower, and another at 150 feet up from the north-east tower to the new 150 foot tower in the west.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

The attached photo [below] of the planer that you have from Norm has many interesting things. In the Lefebvre mill I mentioned the ribbed roller that pushed the lumber through the planer. If you look at the top of the planer towards Ed you will see a weight, it is the weight that held down the ribbed roller so that it gripped the lumber securely the same as the other mill. Another is on the right of the photo you will see a flat drive belt that is running in a half flat twist. This was done from the drive pulley to turn the other pulley in the opposite direction. The middle of the belt would run with about 1/4 inch of space. Where an overhead line shaft was needed to run at 90 degrees from the driven shaft, a 1/4 twist flat belt was used like on the cut-off saw in the Lefebvre mill. The cut-off saw shaft ran at 90 degrees to the overhead line shaft, and a 1/4 belt twist was used. What surprises

me is that there were no guards over any of the belts or pulleys. That would be a No! No! today, but is the way it was and nobody got caught in any of it.
Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



Ed Kimbel putting lumber in planer.

Photo courtesy Norm Hartnell laduel@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford)

Hi Guys,

I will take you on a trip that may answer some questions. The first two of the Palmer clan in Mayo goes back to early 30s. That was Lou Hartnell (Palmer) and VI Palmer who ran the restaurant on the corner of Centre and Second Ave. Ed Kimbel married Lou, and Archie Currie married Violet Palmer. In the mid 30s when the depression in Canada was at its worst, the Palmer family moved to Mayo. There was Mom and Dad Palmer and three boys, Jimmy, Wesley and can't remember the 3rd. Mom and Dad lived on 3rd Avenue in the small green home next to the IODE Hall. The boys worked for Ed Kimbel at the Mill along with Elmer Morburg, Earling Rude and Glen Rear. Elmer married Maisie Profeit, and built a lumber home somewhere on the north side of east third Ave. And Glen married Ella Profeit. Wes Palmer who was married, built a lumber home on the east end of 4th, later the home of Rose Zeniuk. All of these homes would be lumber that was from the Kimbel Mill.

They were all into baseball, and near every night in summer there was a game in the old ball park at the far East end of First Avenue by the old log Broadway Hotel that was defunct. That would be about one block east of Guy Churchward's Tin Shop. Earling Rude played outfield and was known as suitcase Earling, for if a fly went out there, he had it. There was also a ladies team, and both teams would play against the Y. T. Camp

teams from Elsa. I don't know how they did it as things were tough, but the Dawson teams would come up to compete especially the 17th of August.

There were dances both in the Pioneer Hall at Mayo and at Elsa. And of course in winter the house parties throughout Mayo. When WW2 broke out, Jimmy Palmer went overseas, and surprisingly I met his daughter at a Yukoners picnic at Rathtrever park several years ago. She was working for Telus. When things livened up in Whitehorse, Wes Palmer opened a car body shop at First and Strickland. Elmer Morburg and Earling Rude disappeared and could have gone into the army. Around 1942 Glen Rear and Ella moved to Whitehorse and were there for the rest of his life. David Hill my protégé at the plant married their first daughter, Glenella, and both of them were with me building the Dawson Plant.

When I took over Mayo, Dave was an operator and in the office. When I was recalled to Whitehorse because of Anvil and the expansion, they returned with me to the Whitehorse Plant.

And so it goes round and round in Yukon history, but mainly Mayo.

Henry. hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

That is correct Sherron that Archie Currie came to Mayo with the RCMP. He dropped out as they had a crazy policy on marriage. You near had to have the approval of the King, and many of them dropped out because of it. Archie was posted to the detachment in Keno when he came in.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Hi Henry;

I sure appreciated your description of the surrounding locale and it was spot on. Mom, Aunt Vi and I all lived in that corner building when it was a cafe.

Kimbel and Cantin were the only stove wood cutters during my time. Cantin powered with that little Cletrac that you mentioned elsewhere. Ed Kimbels' machine was powered with a Ford model 'T' engine. I think the middle man holding the log is Archie Currie as I remember he had black curly hair.

Gene Binet was quite the character as you mentioned. Ed tells of him standing in the kitchen and loudly proclaiming "Give them all the Eggs they want" while holding up one finger to Nagano.

Norm Hartnell ladue1@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford)

Sherron,

To answer your question about Don & Cecile Curry who live at Marsh lake, Don is the son of Lorne Curry, who may have been related to Archie, I am not sure. (Henry, you will know, I suspect.) Lorne had another son named Bob who married Lynch Van Bibber, a sister to George, Pat and JJ, who all lived in Mayo. As I recall Lorne had been in the army and after leaving, worked at Elsa and also did some placer mining around the area. He was a friend of my parents and used to visit when he was in town.

The one thing about Lorne Curry I remember was that he owned a number of successive Studebakers. The reason I remember this is because he showed me as a small boy how

to start a Studebaker built in the early 1950s (and reminded me in each of his vehicles). The starter button was on the left side of the floorboard behind the clutch pedal and in order to start the car you had to depress the clutch to the floor so it would hit the starter button. Most other cars of that vintage had the starter button located on the floorboard next to the accelerator pedal. Funny how you remember such details! (I obviously took more notice of those kinds of things than I did of the sawmills!)

It may interest you to know that Cecile Curry is the daughter of Gilbert and Mary Rich who lived at Flat Creek, near Elsa. Gilbert's mother was Cora Rich who came to the Mayo back in the early 1900s. Her home was where the Douglas family later lived and she apparently planted the Saskatoon berry bush that still grew there when I lived in Mayo. Cora was a sister to Grant Huffman, the father of Mabel McIntyre who served as the postmistress in Mayo for about 30 years until she retired in 1972. Mary Rich was Mary Ross, a sister to Nora Hare and Ida Margaret Close, Archie's wife. Lots of connections and memories there!

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)

Hi Norman,

I was not sure, but I thought that the only two wood saws in Mayo were Cantin and Kimbel. It seemed that Archie Currie was a bit more stocky, but I do remember that curly black hair. It is a couple of years since those times, but wasn't Archie Scottish? Somehow I seem to remember the accent. In the 70s I saw Joan in Vancouver, have you kept track of her?

Yes, Gene Binet was a real character, and we had many of them in Mayo including my dad. Remember when it was quiet in Mayo, and Gene used to say, "The boom she's on!" Gene was always promoting business. The last time I saw Gene was 1943 when he was up visiting Sam Blackmore, but he was still wearing that immaculate white shirt. By that time, age was creeping up on him. I was steamboating and heard that Gene was in town, and I especially went up to Sam's to see him.

It is extremely nice to talk to you as we both remember so many things, but I think that you are maybe about 5 years older and would remember further back than I. We even remember the old Broadway Hotel, but us kids called it the haunted house as it was in such a state with no windows. At any rate, it is great reminiscing.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Harvey

I was quite thankful that you answered the question about Don & Cecile Curry. I wondered myself if there was a connection to Lorne Curry. You failed to mention what a beautiful girl Cecile was. She had to be one of the most natural beauties in all of the Yukon. (You might have been too young in those days to have noticed).

You mentioned Mabel McIntyre....can you remember her attending all the baseball games and cheering loudly all through the game? It wasn't a game unless Mabel took her spot at the front. I learned a few colorful words from her, as she showed her love of the game!

Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

Hi Mate,

It sure is great to have a knowledgeable body to reminisce about those early days in Mayo. I had forgotten the name of the old Broadway Hotel at the extreme west end of Front Street. It wasn't completely wrecked in my time. In fact one year the Jack Sullivan kids renovated a small section of it and lived in it for a few months. When we lived at the mill and I was in school, I travelled down Front Street to the old hotel then cut south for about a block and came out on the old mill road at about the location of our old ice house. The ball field in front of the hotel was fully utilized for ball games and the seventeenth of August. In fact I have a VCR tape taken from Ed's old 16mm camera that shows some of the activities. I'll get the tape transferred to disk so that you can see it.

Ya Archie Currie was a scot and in the RCMP before he married Vi Palmer. The great depression occurred during the thirties hence the migration of the Palmers, Morberg, Rude, Glen Rear, Pat Muldoon and Mike Murdoch. All five Palmer boys came north being Wes, George, Elmer, Sidney and Jimmy along with gramma and grampa Palmer. Jim, George and Elmer joined the army and Elmer died of wounds in Italy. I think Joan Currie is dead but she and Gail Kimbel were close friends for years.

Norm Hartnell ladue1@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford)



RCMP dockside near SS Tutshi circa 1938 – 1940

Do you know who he would be?

Photo courtesy Irena Yardley

Good question, Sherron, I remember the name of the Mountie who lived in Carcross at the time I first moved there as a young bride. It was Dave Bolger. He was joined a bit later by Constable Harold MacDonald, who married Gordon's sister, Doris Yardley in 1943, (I believe it was.) Doris came to visit us in Carcross, from Langley, BC, on her first visit to the Yukon. We introduced her to "Mac" and she proceeded to get a job as a

secretary for the Yukon Government, Mac gave up his job as a policeman (they weren't allowed to marry in those days) and they married and raised a daughter in Whitehorse. Doris is still alive and living in White Rock. She and her daughter, Maureen, are still attending the Vancouver Yukoner Socials that are held every few months in the Holiday Inn. Mac died several years ago. I don't think he was the young man in the picture though, because he was living in Whitehorse when I was a teenager, and was the coach for the girls high school Basketball Team, "The Spitfires" We thought he was just great! Our team used to go twice a year to Skagway, by train, to play the team there. We were entertained royally, and we tried to return the favour when their team came to Whitehorse. Bill Bietinger was the conductor on the train in those days and Oscar Selmer and Mark Lee were part of the crew.

Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)
www.dataspan.ca

Small world for the Jones' on this one, we rented a house from Harold and Doris McDonald at 708 Jarvis St in Whitehorse when we first arrived in 1968. – Sherron

THOUGHTS FROM RALPH LORTIE

I really enjoyed the article about Gordon Yardley and the Tutshi. I got to know Gordon & Joyce at Dezadeash Lodge in 1964 while working on the DPW Soils crew. Of course I knew Norma at school in Whitehorse. I have recently read Joyce's "Crazy Cooks & Gold Miners", and was enthralled by the whole story. What a life they led !

As a side note, I would like to say that brother Grant [Lortie] also worked on the Tutshi when he was about 15 (i.e., about 1955).

Cheers. Ralph [Lortie] rlortie001@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga)



Edna Taylor, Connie Lortie & George Mickle

Photo courtesy Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

I was looking through my photos, hoping to find one of Haines Jct. I didn't see any of the Junction, but found this one.

It shows my mother, Connie Lortie, my grandmother, Edna Taylor, and George Miekle.

As I recall, Mom & Granny caught a ride with George to Edmonton, about 1953-55.

Mom had worked in Mr. Miekle's music shop on 1st Ave., before he sold out to Hougen's.

Lots of folks should remember George.

Cheers. Ralph

Re Cabin photo in MocTel 132

On that picture that Joyce [Yardley] sent you [of her first home], it is not my mother and I'm sorry I don't know who it is. My parents were good friends of the Blatta's and when I have time I'll go through Dad's albums and see if there is a name on the photo. "The Bidlake Collection" of photos in the Archives was done by John Scott who went through Dad's albums while Mum was still alive. There is also a collection at the train station in Carcross.

Hope this helps some.

Diane (Bidlake) King patkingis@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

ALBERT JOHNSON – MAD TRAPPER

Pat King is interested in any and all stories the MocTel readers have to share about Albert Johnson, the Mad Trapper.

I have forwarded the last two mentions by Don Machan and Emily Stillwell.

Pat has shared this information –

This matter is still active and investigation continues. I just received a lengthy report from a person who did a Thesis on The Mad Trapper, entitled "YOU NEED TO TELL THAT TRUE ALBERT JOHNSON STORY LIKE WE KNOW IT"

Pat King patkingis@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

(Pat was with the RCMP in Whitehorse 1962-66 and married Diane Bidlake)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Read your list of books and CDs that MocTel contributors or subscribers have produced or written.

I've also published a couple that are available as well.

'Yukon Quest'

and

'Rivertime - Racing the Ghosts of the Klondike Gold Rush'

Thought I could request they be added to the list.
Thanks
John Firth John.Firth@clarica.com (In Whitehorse)

MAD TRAPPER OF RAT RIVER

Sherron, of course you probably know this: but there was another (and in my most humble opinion the most authentic) book written about Albert Johnson by Dick North ... called "The Mad Trapper of Rat River."

My paperback copy says it has been reprinted in '78, '80, '82, '84, '87, '88 and '91. It was first published in 1972 by Macmillan of Canada (in hardcover) as: "The Saga of the Mad Trapper of Rat River." We knew Dick North well when we mined in Dawson.

By the way, I'd like to add a DVD (or CD) to the Christmas Shopping List. It's a fantastic video of the Northern Lights in the Yukon, photographed entirely by my daughter Norma Waddington, edited by her son Kurt, and published and set to music by Cal Waddington. It's available from Mac's Fireweed in Whitehorse, among other places.

Cheers, Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo) www.dataspan.ca

The Capture of Albert Johnson

Here is a song that was written by Wilf Carter in 1933 I think.
Clarence Tingley sigeo.roks@shaw.ca (In Trail)

There in that far north country
Lived a trapper thought insane
Some of his redskin neighbors
To the police sent a complain.

Two redcoats of the mounties
Who are known for their fame
Went north to find the trouble
On this trapper was put the blame.

They journeyed out to his cabin
No harm was meant you know
But the trapper with his six gun
He laid a mountie low.

Twas then that the trouble started
And as this story goes forth
It was the greatest manhunt
In the history of the north.

For weeks and weeks they trailed him
Through the snow and bitter cold
And the hardships that he endured
We folks will never know.

Once when they had him surrounded
While trailing him through the snow
He aimed another deadly shot
Laid another mountie low.

Still on and on they trailed him
This trapper he knew his game
He'd back track on his trailers
This man they thought insane.

Now the chance of his escape
For the trapper they were too slim
They hunted him by day, they hunted him by night
This manhunt they must win.

Then just in the evening twilight
He was climbing up a hill
This trapper sighted his trailers
Aimed another shot to kill.

Down deep in the snow for shelter
The bullets were flying low
He aimed another deadly shot
Laid another mountie low.

The rest of them heard the shooting
They quickly joined the lead
And under a hail of bullets
His riddled body dropped dead.

Now the greatest of the manhunts are ended
In the history of that northern land
But we'll give credit to the mountie
They always get their man.

RIVERBOAT MEMORIES

What a truly wonderful edition of MocTel you produced on the old riverboats. Well done. Attached is a picture I took of the Keno in early March 2005. I took it from this angle because it looked like it was still in the water !!

Best regards,
T. Alastair Findlay [GreenlochHouse*aol.com](mailto:GreenlochHouse@aol.com) (In Scotland)



SS Keno – March 2005

Photo courtesy T. Alastair Findlay [GreenlochHouse*aol.](mailto:GreenlochHouse@aol.com)

Hi Henry,

We met at the 2005 Yukoner's Picnic at Nanoose. I was a member of Bill and Rusty Reid's band so you might remember me lugging my guitar and amplifier into the hall.

I very much enjoyed your article on the Yukon steamboats. I suspect that there are not too many people left who worked at the shipyard, as you did, or on the boats. When I was about 15 I was able to work on the Klondike on one of its trips to Dawson. I had ridden on the steamboats as a passenger several times when I was very young and living in Dawson City but I wanted to work my way down and back as a crewmember. I went into the Whitepass office at the end of Main Street and talked to a - ahem - rather heavy, cigar smoking American who ran the office in those days. When I asked him if he would allow me to work my way down to Dawson and back he took a puff on his cigar and told me, "I like your attitude, son. I'll tell you what; you can feed the crew and wash dishes."

It was a long time ago but I remember the trip well. In between my duties feeding the crew, I enjoyed the beautiful Yukon River with its fast-flowing water and lush shoreline. I was not allowed on the upper decks during my offtime but just being on the ship,

feeling its power and mingling with the crew was an experience I will cherish. I've attached a picture of **me in the crew mess room** taken in **July, 2005**.

When I was sixteen I worked as a deckhand on the Tutshi for a month. We used to fill the tanks with oil and, since I was fairly adept at screwing on the big delivery pipe to the intake on the boat, which became one of my primary jobs. I still remember my bunk on the port side aft. We would steam down to Ben-My-Cree and stay overnight while the tourists enjoyed the dandelion wine and the beautiful flowers. Another memory never to be forgotten.

Danny Bereza danbereza*shaw.ca (In Courtenay)



Dan Bereza visits the crew mess room on the SS Klondike - July 2005.
Photo courtesy Dan Bereza

STEAMBOAT EDITION appreciated by an ol' WhitePasser

Hi Sherron:

Thanks for all you do to record and compile Yukon history AND make sure friends of the Yukon get a chance to participate.

Keep up the good work! (must surely be worth at least the twenty???)

Cheers, George Hartmann E.George_Hartmann*telus.net (In Vancouver)

When asked George replied - I worked for White Pass between 1965 and 1978 and was controller from 1970. So in the 70ties I would have signed the transfers to cover the payroll(s) but signed personally very few manual paycheques.

I did however work for T & D's in Whitehorse 1954 to 1965 and Carmacks the winter of 1954/55. Cheers, George Hartman

STEAMBOATS AND NEWS IN YUKON

Loved the issue on the Steamboats.....lots of information...and although I see that Parks Canada was communicating as well, sent my hubby a message at work to see this...he works for Parks Canada here.

Some of the Special Issues are wonderful and so much stuff to share...THANKS to all who do share...it is invaluable. I just wish there were one or two who met or knew George Black....I am still helping Flo. Whyard out a bit.

Oh, did you know that Annie Henry of Dawson City passed away at the age of 101, on Monday afternoon???? (First Nation couple). She and her hubby Joe Henry got into the Guinness Book of Records in 2000 for being the longest married couple; they had been married in 1921 in Moosehide. The couple had 13 children.

Did you also know that John and Madeleine Gould celebrated their 60th Wedding anniversary on October 6th?

Anyway, just wanted to let you know the MocTel gets better and better...love it!!

Oh, and we got a small dumping of snow yesterday, here in Whitehorse...and I think this one is here to stay....it was minus 11 when I crawled out of bed around 6 a.m.

When I have a moment, I will go through my stuff and send you a few nuggets on the happenings of now!!!! I just don't want to prevent the more senior amongst your readers from talking about how life was like up here in their times...it is wonderful, fascinating, and I have to down the tools to spend a half hour digesting what they share....thanks for all your efforts to keep it alive and kicking!!!!

Cheers, Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

OBIT OF ANNIE HENRY

Barb Allen passed along a copy of the Obituary for Annie Henry written by Dan Davidson. It is my understanding he is not a staff reporter for the Whitehorse Star so I didn't like to use his work without permission. I have never been able to contact him so instead left what facts Kathy Gates has sent us stand for this edition. I did however forward the obit to Pete and Brownie Foth. - Sherron

We certainly did know Annie, what a wonderful lady she was. I could easily say that she was everyone's favourite Indian lady in Dawson. Many years ago, when we had 2 little girls (8 & 10) we took a ride up the Dempster Highway one Sunday to their cabin to

deliver some home baked goods. Joe was cleaning a rabbit for their supper that night. Our girls had never seen this demonstration before and were so interested to watch this. What an experience for them. They truly lived off the land during each summer. For many summers after that when they began to age, they lived at Mooshide, but always kept their little home in Dawson for the winters. About 20 years ago, friends of ours visited us from White Rock during June and met Annie and Joe. They were thrilled to have been able to meet these two at our church. The following March when we returned for the summer, this friend gave me her beautiful Manitoba fur coat for Annie. The following Sunday, Annie wore this coat to church and got many compliments on it. Several years later, she told me at church one day that I was to tell this lady friend that the coat had become too heavy to wear, so she used it as her favourite blanket on her bed. As I re-live these memories, I can still see this very generous lady saying the Lord's Prayer in our church in her own language. A Wonderful lady, I am proud to say that I knew she and husband Joe very well and loved the both of them. Brownie Foth

After reading Annie's Obit from Dan, I read my memories of Annie to Pete and I was so happy that he remembered that day when Joe taught our kids how to skin this rabbit and then Annie took over and cut it up properly so she could fry it. I was wondering if he would remember that, and he did.

All this was so carefully done as in the end; this rabbit fur was used for moccasins which she made for our girls. These little moccasins were worn until their toes punched through the tops.

Just for fun, I am going to send you a couple of Annie's recipes from our -

SOURDOUGHS' DELIGHT COOKBOOK:

Caribou or Moose Head Soup-----Annie Henry

Caribou head or moose
Salt and Pepper
Onion
Rice

Boil head with salt, pepper, onion. Add rice or Spaghetti.

ROAST CARIBOU - Annie Henry

Very good roasted on stick over open fire.

SMOKED GRAYLING -- Annie Henry

Smoke the grayling. Boil to eat.

lfoth*shaw.ca (In White Rock)

STEAMBOAT EDITION NOTES FROM WELDON

Good morning Henry.

Thank you, Thank you, re the in and out of the ships.

A real good true tale of how it was in them thar days.

I was down a time or two to watch them launch in the spring.

Dave Perchies dad was one of the shipwrights who stayed in Whitehorse in the winter.

I have a couple of questions please.

1. Any info on the AKSALA when she was caught in the ice at Dawson?

She was lost the next spring when the river broke up.

Do you think most people know AKSALA is ALASKA spelled back words?

2. When they used barges in the front of the ship. Did the deck officer stand on the deck above the main deck? Was this to better see when to pull or slacken the lines on each side to help make the bends in the river? Did he do this by whistle?

Keep the stories coming !

Sherron just a note -

The picture of the laundry at the rivers edge was where Elle Porsild worked before the Johnson Crossing days.

Cheers Weldon Pinchin pinchin*gulfislands.com (On Mayne Island)

REPLY FROM HENRY

Good day to you Weldon and Hello to Mayne Island.

Yes, I worked with Dave Perchie, who was a shipwright. But in later years he was a foreman in the shipyards. After the boats he and his wife had a cabin at Braeburn Lake and used to be there every weekend.

It was not the Aksala that got caught in the ice in the fall of 1951, it was the Nasutlin. By that time I was on the YTG ferries and did not see it happen. When the spring ice destroyed it, the only thing that was saved was the wheelhouse that was placed in the little park across 1st Ave. from the Bank of Commerce. There was something of interest there too, and that was Dawson's first steam horse drawn fire pumper. I have referred to the one in Mayo, and hope they have saved it for posterity.

Yes, the Aksala was launched as the Alaska when it was built, but when BYN bought the ship they renamed it Aksala in Canadian Registry. Tough old beast of a boat, but how

that thing could eat wood. The end came when it was bought and taken apart in the Whitehorse yards. Parts of it were taken just south of town and intended to become a restaurant, but never got off the ground. The paddle wheel was placed just off the highway, and that area was later called Paddle Wheel Village where there were some apartments, and the wheel was still there the last time I saw it.

No, the Deck Officer did not stand a deck above the winch, usually he was the one that was controlling the winch with a deck hand on each drum with the ropes. Signals came from the wheelhouse via a gong bell on the lower deck; three bells, standby: one bell, Starboard: one bell [a second single bell in this series], stop: two bells Port and one bell stop: Three bells all clear after the barge had been straightened. The winch used to get water in the cylinders from the condensed steam, and the first thing was to vent the cylinders to blow out any water and be ready for use. Except for the Klondike going downstream, all the boats pushed a barge to be able to handle a greater tonnage. We knew about when we were going to have to jack-knife the barge that was usually on a bend where it was shallow and fast running. The barge was actually used to steer the boat. In very shallow water there is a peculiarity of stern wheels, and that is that they tend to crab over to shallower water. To counter that, the steering wheel had to be put full over, and the drag of the rudders full over you lost power getting to the point that no headway was made. This is where the barge was jack-knifed over to do the steering and the rudders could be straightened. Most often that little bit of "oomph" would get you over the riffle, but if not used wisely could lose a barge due to breakage of the towing tackle. This steamboating was a gut feel before you got into trouble.

Crabbing meant pulling the stern towards the shore where it was shallowest.

That laundry was where all the sheets, pillowcases and tablecloths for the boats were washed. I bet there were many ladies worked there till they found better jobs! Cheers,

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

FROM A NEW ADDITION LAST WEEK – AL SOWDEN

Dad wrote the following little history for you. Sharon Sowden

Allen Sowden: My life in the Yukon started October, 1940. I was on the first large convoy of trucks on the Alaska Hyway. It took seven days driving day and night to reach Whitehorse. From then on I lived in the Yukon, I started driving for Bates and Rogers Hauling on the Canol Road. Then I worked for P.R.A. for on year as mail man. Then took time off to get married to my beautiful wife Dell (Holmes).

Then we returned and I started driving truck and bus for B.Y.N., then for WhitePass. While driving I travelled all over Alaska and the Yukon. I took the first big Kenworth truck into Dawson City on a new tote road from Stewart River to Dawson. (Dawson streets were not made for a long truck). Left White Pass and did a term in the Army

running the 19th Alberta Dragoons at the rank of W.O.2. Joined the Federal Fire Department and at the same time built and operated Arctic Tire Co. Ltd. (with the help of my family). The last two years my wife Dell and I operated the Yukon Curling Club. We moved down south but returned one more year to operate the Curling Club again.

I have many friends still in the Yukon which I visit every chance I get.

A.W. Sowden

PS: There is no friend like a Yukon Friend.

REMOVED FROM LIST

Recipient address: forrestb@3web.net

Reason: Server rejected MAIL FROM address.

BERRY, Forrest & Brenda forrestb@3web.net (In Dawson 1977 – 88) 604-856-6582

Recipient address: rwatt@canadianhelicopters.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

WATT, Rod & Susan rwatt@canadianhelicopters.com (In Whse & Dawson 1974-84) (250) 545-9546 Vernon

Recipient address: baldy52@jetstream.net

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

WILLIAMS, Robert & Dorothy baldy52@jetstream.net (In Dawson, Beaver Creek, Watson Lake, Whitehorse) Salmon Arm

We would like to be taken off your mailing list if you would be so kind, please. We have enjoyed the moccasin telegraph.

Thank you, Glenella Hill

HILL, David & Georgette (BERG) dave-georgie@shaw.ca (David in Whse 1957-67, Georgette 1948-67) 250-338-6821 Courtenay

NEW ADDITIONS

Was talking to Dorothy Graham at the last Vancouver Yukoners meeting, on Friday last, and she gave me your e-mail address so please add me to your mailing list. If not too much trouble I would like to have your regular mailing address and your phone number. Not knowing exactly what the procedure is, do you want me to report on WAKES and WEDDINGS etc? And what are the chances of getting any of your back issues? Kind regards, and say hello to Old Bill

Bill Drury WLDANDMAD@webtv.net (In Sechelt)

Anyone with a SHAW address will not be able to get through to Bill Drury until his server takes the block against SHAW customers off. I have been sending him mail via my husband's address.

Also he is very limited using this system of his television as a monitor and without a computer. He seems to be receiving plain text messages only and no photos. – Sherron

Oh dear Bill is giving up because I can't get through to him. My hope is that he will get a real computer and sign back on. – Sherron

Hi Sherron: Thanks for all the trouble you have gone to, but this whole computer problem is all Greek to me, so I just want to give up. I have enough problems without adding any more, in the near future I might just buy a complete new outfit and start all over again. I have a friend of a friend who is a complete computer nut and is coming over here sometime between now and Christmas and I might get all the help I need from him. I guess the only thing I now own that is any good is the printer which is a Hewlett Parkard Deskjet 612C. My daughter in Fairbanks Alaska used to send us color pictures when we were in California and they turned out very good.

Kind regards to you both.
Bill Drury

I've placed both messages so that those who may wish to contact Bill Drury will have his address and if anyone is in the neighbourhood they may try to help him. When I contacted his server to try and have the block removed they say it is a block within his personal filter choices.– Sherron

Please add me to your email list. I was born in Mayo and lived there until 1968 when we moved to Dawson City. After graduating from High School in Dawson, work eventually brought me to Whitehorse where I have resided and worked out of for the past 30 years. I enjoyed #133 of the telegraph and look forward to the issues as they become available.

Dan Profeit cdsuper@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron Jones

A good family friend Peter Martin introduced me to your e-paper, the "Moccasin Telegraph". I took the liberty of downloading the article with the express purpose of sharing the Oct 25th edition with my dad **Leo Uytenbogaart**.

Dad is in a nursing home now but still speaks fondly of his time in Whitehorse from 1948-52 while serving with the Army Signals. I myself was born in Whitehorse in 1952 and unless I'm mistaken some photos show steamboats moored to the shore near "Whiskey Flats" the site of our young family's first official home.

I would greatly appreciate being added to your mailing list. Let me know if there any dues.

Thank you, PAUL UYTENBOGAART puytenbogaart@hotmail.com

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If life gives you lemons – ask for tequila and salt.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Fettuccine with Heavenly Salmon Sauce

This recipe is from www.allrecipes.com by: Annas Kuori.

Her comments on this dish were - this is the ultimate pasta dish - no matter if it's a casual weekday supper or fancy dinner party you're preparing it for, it is always delicious. The only way a fish-hating friend of mine craves to have salmon, too!

Recipe Submitted by Debbie Nelson. Celticme*sympatico.ca I felt it was really appropriate with all the lucky people in the Yukon that have access to salmon. You should see the price of it in Ontario. Boy...was I spoiled up there!

Prep Time: approx. 15 Minutes.

Cook Time: approx. 20 Minutes.

Ready in: approx. 35 Minutes. Makes 4 servings.

2 tablespoons butter	3/4 cup sour cream
10 ounces salmon, cut into thin strips	1/2 tablespoon cornstarch
1 leek, sliced	2 tablespoons lemon zest
1 red onion, thinly sliced	1/2 teaspoon ground black pepper
1 clove garlic, crushed	1/2 teaspoon paprika
3/4 cup light cream	8 ounces dry fettuccine noodles
	1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Directions

1 Melt butter in a large skillet over medium heat. Add the salmon, leek, onion, and garlic, and fry until fragrant, about 2 minutes. In a medium bowl, mix together the cream, sour cream, and cornstarch; stir into the skillet. Stir in the lemon zest, pepper, and paprika. Cook, stirring constantly, for 10 minutes, until sauce is thickened and salmon flakes easily with a fork.

2 Meanwhile, bring a large pot of lightly salted water to a boil. Add fettuccine and cook

for 8 to 10 minutes or until al dente. Drain, and toss with the salmon sauce. Top with Parmesan cheese to serve.

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.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

CONTACT INFORMATION

Moccasin Telegraph

c/o Sherron Jones

9205 Orchard Ridge Drive

Vernon, BC V1B 1V8

(250) 549-2736 (phone or fax)