

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – SIXTEENTH EDITION – June 1, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

This newsletter was made possible by those who participated this week; by sending in comments and stories. Thankyou! I hope more of you will send in your memories and stories to share with the group.

Thankyou, Whitehorse Star for the story on the Moccasin Telegraph. I have included the story for those who read this Newsletter in printed form.

Can anyone enlighten me about the steel housing built in Hillcrest. I recall the term Steel locks or locs. – Sherron

Second Hand Tales of Ten Mile Ranch

Dave Harder daveharder@telus.net

I would like to comment on Joyce Yardley's stories; they bring back many memories of when we first knew Gordon and Joyce in the late fifties.

Gordon often told us these stories, but one that I have not heard yet was, when Yardley's first lived at Ten Mile Ranch.

Gordon told me "That one day Joyce had tried to make bread while he was gone, but the dough wouldn't rise so to hide this from Gordon, she went and quickly put the dough in to some gopher holes through out the yard. Well it being a nice warm spring day unknown to her that the warm ground caused the dough to rise and when Gordon got home he saw all these white mushrooms growing in the yard, then went and asked Joyce if they could have mushrooms for supper because there where so many." (I'm still not sure how much truth is in that one maybe Joyce could help us on that one.)

Then one fine spring day they where headed for town, so Joyce got all dolled up for such an exiting event. But to get her to where the truck was parked on the other side of the big meadow mud hole they went with a small tractor.

So to keep her nice and clean Gordon put a saddle on the hood of the tractor for Joyce to ride, (smart eh). Well to get through the mud was tricky and rough and guess what the saddle came loose and the she went into the mud with all her niceties on, the rest of the story gets a little blurred, but I think it was the last of the great inventions, correct me if I'm wrong Joyce.

I thought it was a great story, and thought of it many times as we struggled to get out to the Tagish road, every spring. Carolee and I many times had to carry our children and groceries two to three miles at night to get to the house. I built a new all weather road many years later to solve that problem.

Enjoy Dave Harder

Hi Sandy and Sherron,

Can you use the following story in an upcoming MocTel? I just wrote it (my first original story of the year!) I was inspired by the mosquito folk remedies from the 12th edition of the Moccasin Telegraph (submitted by Henry Braeden).

Don't Bug Me!

by Karen Shaw

*** Dedicated to Ruth and Gordon McIntyre ***

Spring comes suddenly in the Yukon. It seems no sooner does the ground thaw than the hillsides are purple with wild crocuses. To make up for lost time from the cold, dark winter, insects and other wildlife begin their frenzied activity.

Children everywhere are set free from cabin and classroom confinement to explore the wonders of nature. So began a day of discovery for me and twin, Sharon.

Armed with clean jam jars and 8 year old curiosity, we stared into the still, clear, ditch water. Sharon's attention was arrested by a group of pebbles moving in unison. I concentrated on collecting the tiny flat black coils that seemed to move just under the water's surface. I was fascinated because, although I could see them move, I had no idea how they propelled themselves.

"What is this wormy, pebbly thing?" Sharon wondered aloud.

"I dunno'," I responded.

Suddenly, we had the same idea. Everyone knew that the best dictionary and the only set of encyclopedias in town resided at the home of Gordon McIntyre, a former teacher. Thankfully for us, he lived right across the street. We raced up his stairs and knocked. When the door was opened, Sharon thrust the water-filled jar to his eye level.

"What is this wormy, pebbly thing?" Sharon inquired again.

"Let's look it up," Mr. McIntyre suggested in true teacher fashion as he lifted down a book about insects from a shelf near his desk. Together, he and Sharon turned page after page searching for a match to Sharon's specimen.

"There it is!" Sharon exclaimed. "That looks like this wormy, pebbly thing! It's a he ... , a hellgra ... It's a really big word!" the second grader defended. "How do you say that?"

"Hellgrammite, hell-gram-mite," came the answer.

Sharon turned the word over on her tongue a few times. "Hellgrammite ... hellgrammite. But what is a hellgrammite?"

"Let's look it up in the dictionary," Mr. McIntyre offered again. "Here it is. You read it," he encouraged Sharon as he placed her finger beside the entry.

Sharon haltingly read, "Hellgrammite: the aquatic larva of a Caddis fly; a caddis worm which lives in and drags around a cylindrical tube covered with fine gravel or bits of wood."

Sharon thought for a moment before asking, "So what is a larva? And what is a Caddis fly?"

Using a butterfly as an example, Mr. McIntyre briefly described the life cycle of most insects - egg, larva, pupa and adult. "You could say the hellgrammite is like the Caddis fly's caterpillar."

"But whoever would guess a fly would have an underwater caterpillar?!" Sharon exclaimed.

Satisfied that the mystery was solved, we returned home to show Mom our treasures.

Mom, a nurse, was delighted with our biology quests.

"But what are these little coil things floating on top of the water?" I wanted to know.

"Maybe they're tadpoles," Mom suggested.

Tadpoles! Tadpoles meant frogs, I reasoned. Quickly I imagined buckets of frogs in my backyard with all the kids and gardeners lining up to buy my product. Just as quickly, the idea faded as I realized any self-respecting kid or gardener could get their own tadpoles or frogs from the nearest ditch. Still, I was determined to share my find with friends and classmates alike.

I filled every clean jar in the house with ditch water, tapped air holes in their lids and lovingly placed three critters in each jar. The next day all my classmates were pleased to receive their own mini aquariums – all except The-Cute-Boy-Across-The-Aisle.

"They don't look like tadpoles to me," he stated.

"Try a little patience and imagination," I suggested. "Remember butterflies don't look much like caterpillars either."

The next day T-C-B-A-T-A informed me that his mother didn't think they were tadpoles either.

"Well, my mom's a nurse! She knows about these things!" I defended.

For days I carefully monitored the jars on my kitchen windowsill. For days nothing changed.

"Remember those tadpoles you gave me?" T-C-B-A-T-A asked one morning. "They're mosquitoes."

I stared in absolute disbelief. There was something in his matter-of-fact tone, the absence of meanness that led me to believe he was telling the truth.

At the end of the school day, I raced home to inspect my future frogs. The water was still in the jars but the tadpoles had vanished! I unscrewed the lid of one container for a closer look and three mosquitoes that were hiding on the underside of the lid took flight! I grabbed the fly swatter and tore after them.

"What's all this commotion?" Mom inquired.

"They're mosquitoes! You said they were tadpoles!" I accused.

Mom stifled a giggle. "Think back. I said, 'Maybe they're tadpoles ...'" "... or, maybe not," I concluded.

Mom winked, "And you've had fun watching them grow and change," she added.

"You're right," I agreed. "I guess there's just one thing left to do," I finished as I carried the remaining jars outside to liberate the rest of the insect squadron.

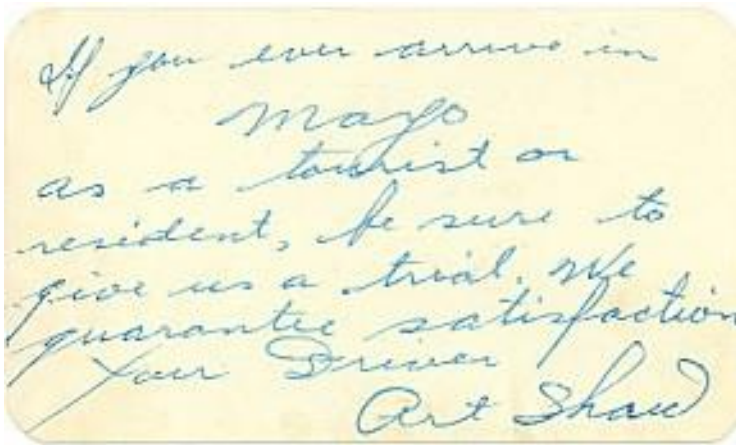
I appreciated the tips on avoiding mosquitoes submitted to the 12th edition of the Moccasin Telegraph. Whom do I thank? I'm wondering if it is time for a 21st century scientist to take up research like Dr. Jenner who pursued the old wives' tale about milkmaids not catching smallpox.

For those with a sense of humour and access to the Internet, check out the ultimate method of dealing with mosquitoes at:

http://skins.hotbar.com/skins/maileskins/img/Insect/Insects_Fly_is_killed_prv.gif

Just before the Yukoners' banquet in April I found an old business card of my dad's. His name was Archie (Art) Shaw.

My niece, Sheira, scanned it in for me. Is this something you'd like to use for the MocTel?
Karen Shaw



Hi Sherron,

This will give you an idea of what it was like in the early days. Notice that the snowplough was on runners and being pulled by a cat.

During the summer that same unit used to be stored less than a block from our place. It was used to clear the road to Keno and the camps, as there was no such thing as a bulldozer then. For summer grading, it was done with an Adam's leaning wheel grader with steel wheels, which was also pulled with a cat. The Caterpillar graders on tires did not come out till the 1940s.

Henry Breaden



Hello Sherron,

Here is my piece on Sylvia, requested of me by your colleague Sandy. You are welcome to use it in your newsletter. Please credit myself, Sarah L. Taggart, and the Whitehorse Star.

Thank you and enjoy.

Sarah L. Taggart
Reporter, Whitehorse Star

Sylvia Williams' Last Ride By Sarah L. Taggart

Throughout the service in the Sky High Lodge at Fish Lake, ravens crowed and horses whinnied in farewell to a woman many have called the last pioneer. Sylvia Iris (Williams) McDougall died on May 17. Sylvia lived into her late 70s, though her exact birth year is unknown. But on the Sky High Ranch, age didn't matter.

Her funeral took place on Saturday at her lodge, about 20km outside of Whitehorse, her saddle draped over the casket.

Sylvia's granddaughter Tammy Johnson, whose first marriage took place at the lake, led old Red Fox, Sylvia's 30-something horse, ahead of the funeral procession that brought the casket atop the hill where Sylvia was to be buried. There, two young girls saddled up Red Fox and two family members took Red Fox on Sylvia's last ride. A swift wind swept over the crowd, remembered Johnson.

Johnson estimated that 200 people attended the funeral on Saturday but said that services for her grandmother began the day after she died, with family and friends coming in droves to the ranch.

"(They) helped with every preparation we needed to do, not just physically but emotionally as well," Johnson said. "Thank you seems so small compared to the feelings that I have for all the people who helped out."

Since her departure for the Yukon over 30 years ago, Sylvia has sparked the interest of many who crossed her path. A faded photograph in the Williams Lake Tribune depicts a woman in jeans and a plaid shirt, with a worn cowboy hat covering her hair. The picture was taken on her way up to Whitehorse on the journey that has become one of her claims to fame: a voyage from the Anahim area of northwestern B.C. to the Yukon with horses, a buggy and three of her children.

As a child, Ruby Williams, the youngest of Sylvia's seven children, wasn't really struck by the story of her mother's amazing trip north.

"I never realized, you know, because it was always there," said Williams Monday. "But it is, it is an amazing story, she was an amazing lady."

But according to Williams, Sylvia wasn't one to do anything the typical way. She was one who was open to any adventure.

"I knew she was different from the rest of her family," said Williams. "She just, kind of, she had many adventures that she wanted to pursue and she did and it didn't matter what it took she would go and do it.

She was never scared to try anything, that's just the kind of person she was. I don't know, she had a will that never stopped."

That will wasn't something she kept to herself. Instead, she instilled her hard-working values into her children and grand-children.

"She gave us responsibilities so that we had value, so that we understood that not everything is just given to you, you have to earn it," said daughter Ruby.

Sylvia reached beyond her own blood ties and touched those who came to her for assistance, those searching for meaning in lives they believed empty.

"There was people that had no direction and didn't know what they were doing with their lives, or they had lots of things that disturbed them through their life, and Mom was so willing to take them in and show them how to run the ranch or how to ride horses or run a dog team or, you know, trapping or anything like that," remembered Williams. "It just made them feel like, you know, 'I can do this and that means I can get out and do other things.'

"She never looked down on anybody, for any reason, you know. She didn't care what walk of life you came from but if she was able to assist you any way, she would've.

That's just the way she was."

Though they grew up with heavy packs of responsibilities on their shoulders, the children in Sylvia's home felt loved and cared for.

"Mom was there for us if we needed her and she wanted us to know that," said Williams.

"That if, you know, 'If you can't handle the task or if you need me I'm here.' But she would rather see if we could do the task ourself."

Tammy Johnson remembered the wedding day out at the ranch, reliving a special experience she shared with her grandmother, one that highlighted the woman's sensitivity and kind heart.

"Just before we got married I was really nervous and scared and she could see that wild look in my eye that said I might bolt at any minute," said Johnson. "And she got on her horse and I got on my horse and she goes, 'Come with me' and she took me for a ride and we galloped off.

"She grabbed the trees and she flung them so that the willow fluff all went around me in a big swirl and she told me, 'This day is for you.

You're so special, this is all for you. And when you're ready, you turn around on that horse and you go ride in there and get married.'"

Barrel-racer and rider herself, Johnson praised her grandmother highly when she said, "She was one helluva cowgirl.

"The biggest statement that I want to make is that I am so proud to be her granddaughter. I admire her. I admired her and I still admire her to this day for the courageous and the adventurous life she chose to live."

DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

ytdogteam@telus.net

CAPTAIN (CAP) HANSON--AN ANECDOTE

By Emily Stillwell

(Many of you might know)--Captain Hanson was the Captain who brought the word, to Dawson, in September of 1897, that there would be no more boats coming until the spring of 1898. It was devastating news. The result was the famine of the winter of 1897-1898. (refer to the book "Black Sand and Gold," published in 1956, written by Ella Lung Martinson for her father Edward B. Lung.)

In 1956, or, 1957, Cap (everyone called him "Cap") invited me to go with him to Bingo. I remember him as a lovely, mild-mannered, elderly, gentleman. I accepted his invitation without hesitation. As we walked towards the bingo hall, Cap confided to me that he badly needed eye surgery. He was very worried. He said it would cost several thousand dollars for him to be able to have the surgery. He wanted to win at bingo. I felt bad that I didn't know how to help him get the money. Neither of us won anything that evening but I felt privileged to have had this special date with this fine old pioneer.

I don't suppose Cap ever got his surgery. If he did he would have had to leave Dawson. Perhaps, someone reading this will know what became of Cap. Thanks in advance for any information you may have.

(copyright notation requested September 15, 2003)

FIRST MATE BILL

By Henry Breaden

Emily's story reminds me of a First Mate, Bill, that came on to the Nasutlin the first year I was Second Mate. He was a deep-sea skipper, and how he ever decided to come onto the river I will never know. He was used to calling for a pilot whenever land was sighted to bring the ship into port. When we were fitting up in Whitehorse, I was only 20 years old but had been on the river for six years. He said to one of the crew, "I don't know what to think of the Second Mate, he is so young but seems to know what he is doing!" We headed out to Dawson on our first trip, and as my watch ended at 6:00 AM, we were in the Thirty Mile River but I decided that I had better stay on watch till by 7:00 AM we would be past Hootalinqua. In the Thirty mile quite often it was necessary to jackknife the barge, and as that was all new to Bill I thought it prudent to stay near the bow till breakfast at 7:00 AM. The water from Lower Laberge to Hootalinqua is crystal clear and Bill could see those huge white rocks on the bottom. He would near panic when we run a bend and he could see us drifting over one of these. There was no problem as we were about in ten feet of water, but Bill was used to the sea and not seeing bottom. After unloading in Dawson we headed back and Jimmy Wilkinson was skipper. In the evening, Bill went up to the wheelhouse and the skipper, Jimmy said, "Well Bill you might as

well work for a while," and handed over the wheel to him. Jimmy went for a stroll out on the Texas Deck and behind the funnel where he could not be seen. As I was on watch, I came up to the wheelhouse and saw the skipper behind the funnel with a grin on his face. Not knowing what was about, I went into the wheelhouse and Bill said, "Where do I go?" I told him he was doing fine about this far from shore, but would have to make a crossing at the next bend. In the next bend I showed him the marker upstream and told him not to get too far up in the bend as there was a sandbar in there. He headed for the marker, but not compensating for the river current we started to drift towards the reef on the inside shore. I told him to keep it up as he was getting too close to the reef, and the next thing we were headed for the sandbar again. This happened a couple of times and Bill said, "Here, you take her," and out the door he went. The skipper came back in and said, "What happened to Bill?" I told him that I thought poor old Bill had a panic attack. I never saw Bill in the wheelhouse again, but on our second trip to Dawson he quit. He said, " I have sailed the seven seas, but when it comes to sailing through the bloody forest, I quit! " So we lost our deep-sea skipper.

INSTANT CELEBRITY

By Emily Stillwell

On June 21, 1998, I was among a large group of tourists who were touring #4 Dredge near Dawson City. Part way through the tour, I made it known that I had been on #4, when it was working. Well! - there was dead silence, and, all eyes turned towards me. The little tour guide (a Saskatchewanian) dressed in her black suit and bowler, after a few moments, broke the silence by asking "Was it very noisy?" I said "No." Hmm! Then, I said I guess it must have been, but what I remembered was the creaking and groaning as the dredge moved about.

If you've had a ride on #4, and you want to get noticed, go with a group of tourists to #4, and say you were on the dredge when it was working.

You might ask, "How did you come to have a ride on #4?" Two of us, Marianne Zaharry (Mellor) and myself, in 1956 or '57, were invited by Harry Cole and Mrs. Cole to go on a tour of some YCGC operations (Harry was the Manager of the Gold Room). I think it was Harry Cole who drove us from Dawson to #4. On the way we passed a working #10. We got out of the car to watch. As there was a full view of #10, I took a picture. Disappointingly, there wasn't a full view of #4. As we boarded #4 it was fascinating to watch the loaded buckets being taken up into the dredge. (I took more pictures). I remember being told that each loaded bucket weighed four tons. Another thing, I remember being told that #4 was the second largest working dredge in the world--the largest being in Argentina.

I can't remember for sure who gave us the grand tour of the dredge. I wonder if it was Johnny Hoggan (recently I was reminded that he was Dredgemaster at the time). I mostly remember looking down through a large screen and seeing the gravel separated and shot

out the back end. From #4 we were taken to see sluice boxes and hydroliking operations. Eventually, we arrived at the Gold Room to watch the making of the gold bricks. (Dr. Rooks, wife Isobel and her father were there too). The door was locked the whole time (I took more pictures). After an interesting afternoon, Marianne and I were graciously received at the home of Harry and Theresa Cole for supper. It was an interesting, entertaining, and lovely, day all round.

P.S. I believe I met a Johnny Hoggan briefly at the ISR in Vancouver in 1998. He said there were two Johnny Hoggans in the Dawson area at the time. I wouldn't have thought to ask him if he was a Dredgemaster on #4. I'm thinking, now that he might have said something to that effect.

(copyright notation requested September 15, 2003)

Gold Dredges By Donna Clayson

The first dredge was used in 1867 at Otago, New Zealand and was powered by current wheels. The first steam driven dredge for mining was constructed to operate on the Molyneux River, New Zealand in 1881.

The first dredge was brought in the Yukon not longer after gold was discovered and the first one built in the Yukon was at Cassiar Bar on the Yukon River near the mouth of the Big Salmon River in the fall of 1899. From there it was moved to Bonanza Creek. In total 19 dredges were built in the Yukon and the last one brought into the area was in the 1950's.

Dredge size is measured by the cubic foot capacity of each bucket. Those built in the Klondike range in size from 2 ½ to 16 cubic feet (.07-.45 cubic metres).

Dredge #4 was the biggest wooden hull, bucket-line dredge in North America. It commenced operations in May of 1913 but sank in 1924 upstream in the Klondike Valley into what is known as the "Boyle Concession". In 1927 it was refloated and continued to operate from the Klondike Valley to Hunker Creek. It produced as much as 800 ounces of gold in a single day and operated until 1940. The dredge was rebuilt on Bonanza Creek and worked the Bonanza Creek valley from 1941 to 1959, to where it now rests on Claim No. 17 below Discovery.

The dredge was sitting in a manmade pond that over the years had become silted-in to a depth of about 16-18 feet. In 1991 and 1992 the dredge was released from the muck and ice and floated over to a man-made crib where she now rests.

It was electrically powered from the Company's hydro plant on the Klondike River about 30 miles away.

Power required during the digging operation was 920 continuous horsepower. Extra horsepower was needed occasionally for such things as hoisting the "spud", gangplank,

etc. The hull is 140 feet long, 65 feet 8 inches wide and 12 feet 2 inches to 14 feet 6 inches deep. The total height of the dredge from the bottom of the hull to the top of the highest roof is 76 feet. Displacement weight of the dredge is over 3,000 tons.

The company's name was Yukon Gold Consolidated Corporation



Bucket used on a Dredge
Photo taken by Donna Clayson



Dredge #4 – Donna Clayson photo.

SASQUATCH

Permission to use by Sam Holloway

Did you ever have the feeling you were being watched... you know, like certain women must feel when some guy leers at them on the street? I had that feeling once while I was digging around by the Little Big Salmon River.

I had moved into a little cabin on Lake Creek. It had just enough room for a cot, a stove, a tiny table and one chair. The door was split in two so you could open the top half for fresh air, or, when it was cold, just open the bottom half so the heat wouldn't all leave when you did.

I was running gravel through a sluice box, hoping to get enough gold so I wouldn't have to take a real job. Trouble was, the gravel had clay in it that carried the gold right out the end of the sluice box and at times I felt like shooting myself.

But I kept at it by drying the clay on the creek bank and then running it through with a little more success. Then it started to rain, every day for days and days and I holed up in the cabin trying to make sense of things.

One night as I lay there on the cot, I sent up a prayer to whatever gods there might be in that lonesome valley.

"Wouldn't it be nice if a woman showed up here? I asked. "It wouldn't be quite so lonely, would it?"

Now, anybody that's been over the road will tell you to be careful what you pray for-you might get it.

A couple of nights later I felt the bed moving. Or maybe the whole cabin was shaking a bit. Quickly, I struck a match to the coal-oil lamp and here's what I saw:

A woman was sitting on the end of the bed, with her legs crossed under her, Indian style. I knew she was female just by the look in her eyes.

But she had an awful lot of body hair. In fact, she had a coat of brown, greasy hair covering her whole body. It was then I realized: I was looking at a genuine, real-life sasquatch woman!

And from the look in her eyes, she was in love with me to boot!

I made a run for the door but she got there ahead of me and blocked it. I gave up on that idea and sat in the chair by the table. She watched me for a while and climbed onto the bed again, still looking at me with those hungry eyes. All I had to do was look toward the door and she leaped across the floor to block it.

As readers of this column know, I've been in some tight spots, but this one topped everything. I tried to talk to her, saying, "You don't want me. Anybody in the Yukon will tell you I'll never amount to anything. I don't even have potential. And I'm terrified of intimacy."

But she didn't understand. Just kept staring at me from the bed.

And then I remembered what I had in my pocket. I took out a roll of money, about two hundred dollars all in small denominations.

I walked over and threw the roll on the bed. She bent over to count the money and I made another run for the door. This time I got there ahead of her. I galloped down the rocky trail to my canoe and leaped aboard, with the paddle flaying water for ten feet as my trembling knees hit the deck.

I never saw that lady again but I heard she teamed up with some government guy in Carmacks.

(Great imagination Sam – Sherron)

KOOTENAY HOTEL

By Donna Clayson

The Kootenay Hotel was probably more famous after the “big fire” than before and all due to its ghost. An excerpt from the Whitehorse Star from November 1970:

When the original Kootenay Hotel in Atlin, B.C. burned to the ground in the early hours of November 14, 1970 it was reported that all twelve people who were in the hotel at the time escaped unharmed. And so they did. But another long time resident of the Kootenay, whose presence was felt and often heard but never seen has not been accounted for. This is the ghost of Room No. 7. The Kootenay ghost was known widely though usually spoken of with hesitation and the slight embarrassment afforded things of the supernatural.

The Kootenay ghost was that of an old Indian woman and she was renowned for her eerie tap-tap-tapping sounds. They were heard on dark nights or bright days. She has no particular penchant for the spooky hours. She took up residence at the Kootenay long ago and it happened like this:

The old Indian woman was a frequent guest at the hotel. Because she was ancient and her mind chanced to wander, it was thought best not to allow her to use matches in her room although she dearly loved her pipe. When she craved a smoke, therefore, she tapped on the floor of Room 7 with her crooked cane and the proprietor would come up to give her a light. One night the cane tapped. It had been a trying day and the proprietor was slow to reply. Finally he reached Room 7 with the matches. Pushing open the door he saw, not an aged hand holding a waiting pipe, but parchment fingers clutched to the gnarled cane Even in death.

So the tapping continued through the years. Investigation defied explanation and many have searched for a clue. But now the Kootenay is gone and the tapping is heard no more. Not a sound comes from the blackened heap of rubble where once the Kootenay stood. Listen! There is nothing! Did she leave for good or is she only waiting until another Kootenay is built and other Room 7 is ready for her occupancy? Where would an old ghost go? These questions have no answers just as the tapping had no explanation. The Kootenay Ghost is among the missing and she is missed by those who had grown accustomed to her. Though all tangible evidence for the Kootenay is gone perhaps this intangible occupant has survived and will return. If anyone sees ... er ... hears her, tell

her all is forgiven, please come home. And ... no, the fire did not start in Room No. 7.

As a note of interest, another Kootenay Hotel was built not long after this newspaper article in 1970. The proprietor of the new establishment had a dog of mixed heritage. One morning in the wee hours an electrical fire broke out. The dog woke its owners by barking, then helped them warn the guests by barking and scratching on only the inhabited rooms. No one was injured even though the Kootenay Hotel II was completely destroyed. The dog was awarded the highest medal and, yes, Kootenay Hotel III was built but in a different location.

Donna's Note: When visiting Atlin in 1969 (which was at least twice a month) I loved to walk around this beautiful town. When walking by the hotel I would stop and look because I swear I could hear tapping coming from an open window. I know I heard it, I swear this is the truth!

End of Donna Clayson's Story Section.

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Honorary category – (his father was on the Sternwheelers 1902 – 46)

Hi-

We live near North Bend, WA 98045, a town about 35 miles East of Seattle. We have travelled to the Yukon, Dawson City, will be going again later this year to visit the Keno, one of the boats my father piloted. Unfortunately I never had the experience of living in the Yukon. I hope this won't eliminate me from your list.

Sincerely, Bob Marion rmarion@self-serv.net

Hello Sherron:

We just received your e-mail address from Jim Pollock, here in Whitehorse, Yukon. Perhaps you know us, but we have been living in Whitehorse since 1951 and had the Northernairs Dance Band. We were married in the Old Log Church, November 21, 1951.

We probably have lots of stories we can send you from time to time. We would like to have our e-mail address added to your list to receive the Moccasin Telegraph. Could we still receive the Fifteenth Edition, May 25, 2003.

Here is our address: rustyreid@klondiker.com

Dear Sherron,

We were at my in-laws (Mary & Harry Baker) a couple of weeks ago and they were showing us the list you have put together of people who have lived in the Yukon at some time or are still living there.

Dave & I lived there in 1976 & 1977 and actually Dave was born in Whitehorse. I worked for the Territorial Government and Dave did construction. We have kept in contact with some of the people we knew but have already found the email address of one couple we had lost track of that were on your list.

Please add our email address dbaker002@sympatico.ca

Thanks & hope to hear from you,

Debbie Baker

AND THEN FRIDAY May 30, 2003 WHITEHORSE STAR CAME OUT WITH AN ARTICLE ON OUR MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sure hope the Whitehorse Star will let me post this without permission. There is only one correction and that is Henry Breaden's list was of Ex-Yukoners now living in Vancouver or on Vancouver Island. Thankyou to the Whitehorse Star and Stephanie Waddell for helping reunite Yukoners. Stephanie I sure wish you had added that I needed those who sign on to tell where they lived in Yukon and where they are living now. I have been having to write back to most all of them to obtain that information. You will be pleased to know that within a couple of hours I heard from Klaune, Winnipeg, Alberta and the lower mainland of BC. Your paper has lots of online readers. I even had a phone call from a girlfriend in Vernon who read it. It seems that the Yukon is in the blood of all who lived there. Have now received one from Nova Scotia as well. – Sherron

Moccasin Telegraph unites current, former Yukoners

by Stephanie Waddell Star Reporter

E-mail has a strange way of keeping Yukoners together.

It was a funny e-mail forwarded to Sherron Jones in Vernon, B.C. that started the Moccasin Telegraph, a digital attempt to keep both former and current Yukoners in touch with one another.

Jones explained in an interview that late in the winter, she had received an e-mail from a friend. The e-mail had also been sent to other people, one of whom, she learned, was the father of a friend her son had growing up.

She e-mailed him to tell him what her son was up to and learned he had a list of former Yukoners in the Vancouver area.

She also had a list of names of former Yukoners living in B.C. and thought that creating a registry of former Yukoners could help people who haven't been in contact for a number of years reconnect.

"That evolved very quickly," Jones said.

As more and more former and current Yukoners sent in their e-mail addresses – the list is now at 261 – they also included stories and memories about the territory.

This started the Moccasin Telegraph, a weekly e-mailed newsletter with the stories and information.

"That has been very time-consuming," Jones said.

With more than a dozen editions under her belt, she is already being asked for back copies.

The weekly newsletter enables readers to relive old memories and keeps them up to date on things like reunions, luncheons, births, deaths and marriages.

For example, one edition reminds readers of the annual Yukoners' dinner in Vancouver, which was held April 5.

Another section points to a Web site on Mayo's 100th birthday at www.yukonweb.com/community/mayo100/.

While she had expected the interest in the registry of Yukoners would be there, she did not anticipate the number of stories that would come in from readers. One former Dawson City-area resident who wrote to Jones is now in his 90s living in White Rock, B.C. He still remembers people coming to the Yukon in 1939.

Jones, herself, has 15 years of Yukon memories stored away. She and her husband came to the territory in 1968, vowing to stay a couple of years, and didn't leave until 1983. Jones spent those years working for the city.

"It's a great place to live," she said.

The couple left the Yukon after 15 years because it was just time to move on.

"I do miss it," she said.

However, she noted that she hasn't given any thought to moving back as paradise has been found in her Vernon, B.C. home on a lake.

Anyone wanting to be added to the registry or receive the Moccasin Telegraph can e-mail Jones at sherronjones@shaw.ca.

THEN CAME LOTS OF NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron. It's inspiring to know people like you are out there trying to keep former Yukoners informed and connected. (I'm referring to tonight's article in the Star). Keep up the good work! I would appreciate receiving the Moccasin Telegraph. My email is: gdmcrobb@yknet.ca
If you would like, I could let you know about upcoming events in the Kluane region that I hear of...
Thanks again! Gary McRobb

Hi there,
I am a Yukoner living in Vancouver & I read about ur Yukoner e-newsletter on the Whitehorse Star website.
Please add me to the mailing list.

Gunalchish!

Duane Ghastant' Aucoin ghastant@shaw.ca

Ghastant' Services

(604) 764-6041

"Teaching First Nation Culture Through Celebration & Laughter"

Would dearly love to be added to your list.....Pat Samuelson sams@klondiker.com

Thanks a big bunch - think it is a wonderful happening!!!

Yup, read it in the Star. E-mail is soooooo quick!! We, Randy and I, are in Whitehorse.

Looking forward to hearing from you again. Thanks. Pat

I saw the article in the Star. Please add my name & e-mail address to the list. I lived in Whitehorse from 1990 to 1999.

I would also love to receive all previous and future newsletters.

Many thanks. Rod Garson rodgarson@yahoo.ca

Hello Sherron:

I just read the story in the Whitehorse Star about your Yukon Newsletter. I moved to Surrey a few months ago after living in Whitehorse for 29 years. The reason for leaving seemed rational at the time. Now that I'm here -in this tropical paradise, this gardener's

heaven, this cultural oasis - I'm often pressed to remember the reason I decided to move away and plant new roots. To say that I miss the darn place and it's people is truly an understatement!

What a wonderful idea to have a Yukon Moccasin Telegraph. As I'm still going through "withdrawals", I read the Whitehorse Star on line as often as I can find the time. A weekly newsletter would be a welcome addition to my Yukon addiction! I'd love to get some back issues if they are available.

Please let me know if there is anything I can do to assist you with your newsletter or if you need more information from me to be added to the membership list.

I'd love to meet the 90 year old fellow from White Rock mentioned in the article in the Star. ;-) He must have incredible memories of the North.

Sincerely,

Jean Ouderkirk jeanoudy@telus.net

17875-59th Ave. Surrey, B.C. V3S 1P6 (604) 574-7337

Hi Sherron

Please add me to the list of misplaced Yukoners. I was born and raised in Whitehorse lived in Watson Lake, Destruction Bay, and Dawson City.

I now live in Alberta and boy do I miss home.

If you could please send me a list of the other people that you have e-mail address's for.

Regards Jim Allison buyer427@hotmail.com

Hi Sherron

Freda and I got home this week after touring the island and returning through your beautiful valley. Visited Ken & Dorothy Krockner while we were in Victoria. Thought we saw Ted Harrison on the street there, but it was his double.

Attended a military reunion in Chilliwack and found that one of my buddies had been in Whitehorse for three years during the time we were there, and we hadn't run into each other during that time.

Please add our names to your list of ex-Yukoners.

All the best to you Bill

Maylor, Bill bill_maylor@excite.com Water Survey (1969-74) Health & Welfare (1979-91) All Yukon and Atlin Neilburg, Sask. since 1991

Maylor, Freda fredamaylor@excite.com Takhini homemaker

(1969-74) Whse Corr. Centre (1980-85) Neilburg, Sask since 1991

Hello, I lived in the Yukon from 1981 to 1990, having worked in Faro, Mayo, Dawson, Old Crow for 2 years and Carmacks for 2 years. I was a nurse and like you had mentioned only going at first for a short time, when I went up I signed on for 1 year, as I was sure I would stay no longer.

Loved the Yukon was back in 92 for a visit, and going this year on June 20 for another visit, with friends in Whitehorse.

Nice article in the Star, which I read every night.

Thanks,

Rose Scrivens roses2@ns.sympatico.ca Kentville, Nova Scotia

Hello Sherron

We read, with interest, the article in yesterday's Whitehorse Star. As former Yukoners, would you please add our name to the registry and Moccasin Telegraph.

David & RoseMarie Kingsley 969 Kingston, ON K7P 2K5
Let us know if there is something we can do at this end to help.
Good luck with this undertaking.
RoseMarie & David Kingsley rmd.kingsley@sympatico.ca

I lived in Lower Post from August 1967 to July 1976. Lower Post is in BC, of course, but close enough to Watson Lake to be "almost" Yukon.
Thanks!
Phil Smith pjsmith@ucluelet.com P.O. Box 64 Ucluelet, BC V0R 3A0

Sherron
Read the article in the Whitehorse Star and am interested in being included on the Moccasin Telegraph. I am hoping to move to Kelowna next year so will then become a former Yukoner, although Yukon will always be 'home' to me.
I will be in Kelowna the last week in June and was wondering if there are any 'Yukon' events going on in the Okanagan during that time?
Great idea, thanks.
Beverley Whitehouse Whitehorse Yukon beverleywhitehouse@klondiker.com

Sounds good to me , would like to add our name to the registry also; Mac and Dora Lucas Resident since 1974 an still here. Hope to hear back from someone who remembers us and has moved away. lucasd@internorth.com

We would like to be included on your list and would like to hear from former Yukoners. Al Close was born in Mayo and then resided in Dawson City for many years before moving to Whitehorse in 1990. Eileen Close (Byblow) moved from Saskatchewan to Faro in 1971 and then to Whitehorse in 1985. We were married at Tagish Lake in 1997 and now reside in Whitehorse. Our email address is eileenclose@whtvcable.com. We will be attending the Mayo Celebration at the end of June and hope to see many of you there.
Al & Eileen Close
127 Falaise Rd.
Whitehorse, Yukon
Y1A 3C8

I lived in the Yukon 1962 to 1985 My family still lives there.
Thank you.
Mike Schramek

CHANGE OF ADDRESS & NEW ADDITION

Good Day Sherron.
I seem to have lost touch with the Moc Tel, as I have not received any issues since I changed my e-mail address. My new address is grizzly@yt.sympatico.ca .
Also, on a side note. My parents would enjoy very much being added to your mailing list. As I have been forwarding every issue that has been sent to me.

They are Lewis & Connie Hartland, hartland@yt.sympatico.ca . They will be sure to forward their story one day soon.

I trust this e-mail finds all in good health. Cheers, Samson

A CONNECTION

Margaret Underwood (Burian) signed on this past week and both Henry and I asked about a relationship with Harvey Burian.

Hi Henry and Sherron,

Yes, Margaret is my cousin. She is the daughter of Uncle Rudy and Aunt Yvonne Burian from Stewart River. Margaret and I have exchanged messages fairly regularly for the last couple of years. We had lost touch for about 40 years but her sister Linda Taylor, who lives in Dawson City during the winters and at Kirkman Creek on the Yukon River in the summers, found my address from a message I had sent to the Klondike Sun (local Dawson paper) a few years previously, and sent me a message out of the blue and passed on my address to Margaret.

I'm glad Margaret is now on your list. I thought I had mentioned it to her as well, but perhaps I forgot. I'm glad Ralph Lortie took the initiative to get her to come on.

Harvey Burian

HENRY'S WISDOM ON STEWART

(I asked if the photo of Henry and Phyllis LePage and the mystery girl would have been taken at the same place as where Margaret (Burian) Underwood was born. Apparently not.)

Hi Sherron,

Phyllis first mentioned Stewart Crossing, which was a misnomer, and she now agrees. When White Pass first started running teams, there was an old overland trail that ran down Scroggy Creek and crossed about 160 miles below Mayo and 20 above Stewart City. When I was on the boats we had the Old Crossing, which was in the Black Hills and about 140 miles downstream from Mayo. That was the second horse trail from Whitehorse to Dawson used by White Pass teams. Then there was the New Crossing from the 1920s that crossed 65 miles below Mayo, and that is where the Besner family was putting out wood. When the highway was put through, the newest crossing where the bridge is now is 40 miles from Mayo on the Stewart River. It is only 34 miles by highway, which is straighter. We used to call that section Crooked Creek as the creek comes out only 1/4 mile below the bridge.

Distance from Mayo to Stewart City or Stewart Island is 180 miles. That is where the photos were taken and where the Stewart River boats used to meet the boats on the main river. There was a huge population of maybe 15 people at "Stewart" as it was better known. There was a telegraph station there, and before radios used to keep track of when to expect a main

riverboat. Also a Hudson Bay store that Tom and Athol Retallic ran for several years. Later, Tom was with N.C. Co. in Mayo and later yet YTG in Whitehorse. You must have heard of Athol Retallic in Whitehorse as she was well known, can't just remember if she was with the Whitehorse Star during the years you were there. Up to the end of the Second World War there were telegraph stations at Lower Laberge, Big Salmon, Carmacks, Minto, Selkirk, Coffee Creek, Stewart, Ogilvie and Dawson. When radios were available, the stations were shut down and it came to an end. (And you only wanted a nice short answer?) Henry Breaden

When I was in Whitehorse Athol worked for a period of time as a Public Relations rep for White Pass in the old depot and Tom was with YTG. Was he in lands? – Sherron

Hi Sherron,

You triggered another brain pop! It was White Pass where Athol was situated and not Whitehorse Star. Tom was in lands with YTG. First met them in Stewart at the Hudson Bay store. When I first was in Stewart in 42, there was another fellow there and it seems about 1944 the Retallics took over. Met them again in Mayo when Tom Managed the N.C. store, and then again in Whitehorse. They were both fine people, but in my lifetime I don't think I have ever met anyone that I did not like. Of course in Yukon history my dad was in Dawson in 1912 and drove for White Pass on a freight rig. At that time they were using the Black Hills route. His father, Harry Breaden tried to get him started on the river boats but he only lasted one trip and back to handling a team. Harry was some upset and said, "You're looking up a horses ass now and you'll be looking up a horses ass forever!" But he did OK from horses to Cats and all mechanical equipment. Overseas he was on transport, which meant transporting ammunition and supplies to the front lines by horses and mules. He said mules were a real ornery beast, he had one lay down on him and ordinary privates dare not use a stick or anything on them. The Officer Commanding came along and as the line was held up asked dad why the mule was laying down. Dad said, "You will have to ask him Sir!" The officer applied his quirt to the mule and the line was soon moving again. Henry.

Again Sherron,

When I was first in Stewart there was a dock foreman for BYN by the name of Brown. A real nice fellow to work with and he had a daughter, Yvonne. Rudy Burian married Yvonne and as Rudy had bought the old Skelton farm 35

miles up the Stewart at Maisy May, they made their home there for several years. About in the latter 1940s it seems, they moved down to Stewart and Rudy took charge of the Hudson Bay Store. The Hudson Bay had a very comfortable home for the manager and at Stewart was where Margaret would be born. I am not sure if the Hudson Bay sold out to Rudy, but it seems that Rudy was running the store on his own.

Henry Breaden

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **eleven previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **five special editions**. One titled Sternwheelers on the Yukon River, one Basketball in the 50's, Fifty-six years ago the world looked at Snag, Camp Takhini and the Alaska Highway. For the time being I will send out copies of the Special Editions after each dozen or so new people sign on.

Sandy Campbell has kindly agreed to send out copies of the earlier editions of the regular Moccasin Telegraph 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 (Edition 6)

Island Yukoners' Picnic - August 16 – Nanoose, St. Mary's Hall - contact Stan Hegstrom

seaair@bcsupernet.com (details to come)

YXYCP Reunion - September 26 – 28 – Parksville, Bayside – contact Pat Besier jpbesier@seaside.net

(see edition 5)