

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – SEVENTEENTH EDITION – June 8, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

An annual event called Creative Chaos is being held this weekend in Vernon. Over two hundred crafters come in and set up in three of our recreation facilities all on the same site.

I mention this because one of our former Yukoners, **Diane Paton Peel**, has been showing her wares at the event for the past few years. I bought two paintings from her Friday and one last year. I learned that Yukon paintings are not in such high demand down here. See her site at <http://www.dianepatonpeel.com>

I would like to publicly thank those people who are helping me most closely with this project. More honestly I would like to share with them the Thankyou's you have been addressing to me.

I wouldn't have the courage to stick my neck out so far if it were not for **Henry Breaden**, Thankyou Henry. He is a real book of knowledge.

Donna Clayson's work speaks for itself, without her I would not be able to give you many of the stories she puts together. Often the stories need a bit of communication back and forth with the author and it all takes time and effort. Thankyou Donna. Donna is a born storyteller and enjoying is her part.

Sandy Campbell is a huge help in passing out the past editions of the MocTel and again it takes a load of time consuming effort off my shoulders. Thankyou Sandy. Sandy too, is keen about the project and you will see two new ideas in this edition that she has come up with, and will co-ordinate. Recipes and Positive Messages. She is counting on your help for input on both. Send them along to her.

We have a new helper coming onboard in **Jean Ouderkirk**. Jean is working on organizing the Web Address section of the e-mail list and we will separate it from the list. It needed both bringing up to date with all the new URLs that have come our way and to be put into some semblance of order. Jean has had experience in Excel and Word.

If anyone in Dawson City sees **Marc Johnson**, tell him his mail is being returned due to his mailbox being full. Not only have the MocTels been returned, but we had planned to put out another story, about Marc's **Yukon Rose** project and we wanted to make sure it was still on course before we put anything more out. It seems to me he had planned to head to Mayo with the Yukon Rose this month.

It will be two weeks now on June 22nd that the Okanagan Yukoners are having their picnic at the Summerland Research Station (in the Ornamental Gardens.). I hope all those who can make it will be there. Bring your own, lunch and lawn chairs, and have a good old Yukoners visit. I do plan to make it to this one. I just phoned Fred & Barb Aylwin and our plan is to be there about an hour before noon.

For further information contact **Larry Chalmers** larryjoanchalmers@telus.net

Sherron Jones

(Partial excerpt from last weeks edition. Just enough to refresh you on the subjects Joyce tells about below.) – 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.

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.

Joyce Yardley's reply to Dave Harder.

Hi Sherron,

Dave wanted me to fill in the missing parts, so I just took a couple of excerpts out of my book. Dave and Carolee Harder bought our ranch "Ten Mile" in 1961, I think it was.

Okay, Dave, here are my versions from my book, "Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners"

BREAD MUSHROOMS

By Joyce Yardley

" At home, I tackled the very new experience of being a housewife. I'd never done laundry (it was a wooden scrub board and galvanized tub at that time) or cooked meals before. By the time our first Christmas rolled around, I felt experienced enough to stuff a turkey. To show off my cooking expertise, I invited Mom and Dad to dinner. It turned out to be a success.

Gordon told his favorite story about my first attempt to make bread (I must warn you here that a few of his stories were not one hundred

percent true. Ninety-nine and a half percent, maybe, but the odd time he did get carried away.)

With Mom's bread recipe at hand, surely it would be a snap. I got out the flour; the big bowl; rolled up my sleeves and pitched in. The more I kneaded, the stickier the big mass of dough became. I added more and more flour, until finally it felt right.

I sat down with a book and waited for it to rise. And waited - and waited. Nothing was happening. It looked like a big heavy blob just sitting there - not moving an inch! Gordon was due home in an hour, and to avoid embarrassment I decided to get rid of it. But how? If I put it in the slop pail (there was no plumbing in the cabin) he would notice when he carried it out. Putting all that dough in the wood stove would certainly put the fire out. I wandered over to the window and stood there looking out, trying to formulate a plan. My eyes focused on the end of the yard, where gophers had dug many holes. Wheels started turning in my head. Then I whirled around. "Quickly," I thought, "before he gets home."

I grabbed the bowl, a butcher knife, and tucked the broom under my arm. Working fast, I cut off lumps of dough, stuffed them into the gopher holes, and tamped them in with the broom handle. Mission accomplished! "And just in time," I thought. However, it was an hour or so later before Gordon arrived, so I needn't have rushed. "Did you know we have big mushrooms growing in the yard?" he asked. "Mushrooms!" I responded, and rushed to the window to see. Sure enough, in each gopher hole, warmed by the sun and rising beautifully, was a big, perfectly rounded mushroom. Bread mushrooms! Before I could stop him, he was out there to gather them for dinner. I flung myself red-faced on the bed. In a minute or two, he was back. Trying to keep a straight face, he said, "Guess there won't be enough for dinner. Soon as I touch them they shrink away to nothing." This was just one of the many stories I had to put up with when he entertains our friends.

Here's the one about the Mud Hole:

THE SADDLED UP TRACTOR

By Joyce Yardley

"Moving from the ranch back to town that spring was quite an undertaking. Our road was in traveling condition again, except for a swampy area on the edge of the meadow. We had to leave our pickup on the town side of the swamp, and use the tractor for transportation between there and the ranch buildings. Gordon had made a trial run and decided we could manage a trip to town by strapping a horse saddle onto the cowl of the tractor for *ME* to ride on, while he held the kids on his lap --a novel way to travel!

When it was time to go, we set off, having changed into our dress-up clothes, as we were going to visit some dear friends of ours, Auntie Maude and Uncle Emerson They were now living on Craig Lake, in a cabin they had built there, about eight miles from Carcross on the Tagish road.

As we drove the tractor through the swamp to where we'd left the truck, a calamity occurred. I was sitting astride the saddle, clutching the horn with both hands and leaning a bit to the right, so I wouldn't obstruct Gordon's view of the trail.

Everything was going fine when suddenly, without warning, the cinch on the saddle came loose and I was literally thrown, as if from a horse, into that huge swamp-puddle.

I landed flat on my back, the slimy mud oozing up all over and around me. More angry than hurt, I sat up and felt around blindly in the mud for my eye glasses, which had flown off somewhere. Miraculously, I found them -- and not even broken.

Wiping them off the best I could, I looked up to see why help from above had not yet arrived. Still furious, I saw the children's frightened faces - they were almost in tears - and Gordon was trying to reassure them that I was okay.

Okay indeed!

There I sat in the mud - expecting a baby in four months - and he was comforting the kids!

Suddenly, I saw the humor of my ludicrous situation, and started laughing. I laughed until my stomach ached. Everyone joined in and the seriousness of the episode was over.

We went back to the ranch to change my clothes and repair the cinch, then started out again. This time there were no mishaps. We transferred to the truck and went on to Aunt Maude's, where we had a delicious hot meal, topped off with her wonderful homemade ice cream, which in those days we ate in soup plates filled to the brim.

I can still taste that ice cream in my mind. We made it the old-fashioned way in a big wooden bucket that held a smaller metal container inside. The container had a paddle inside that stirred the ice cream until it was the right consistency for eating.

We packed ice and rock salt all around the container. Uncle Emerson would throw a burlap sack over it and let the kids take turns sitting on this, to hold the ice down, while he turned the handle around and around. I wish I could remember that recipe."

Joyce Yardley

DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

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***CLARIFICATION:** In Moccasin Telegraph Edition 16 in the article, “Instant Celebrity” by Emily Stillwell, Emily thought she had seen Johnny Hoggan briefly at the ISR in Vancouver in 1998. In an e-mail dated June 2, from Maribeth Mainer: “The John Hoggan on Dredge #4 would have been my grandfather. The John Hoggan at Vancouver Yukoners in 1998 would have to be the other (John H, no known relation, as opposed to John W) because my grandfather died in 1983. Other potentials at the 1998 Yukoners could have been Frank Hoggan (J.E.F.) or Greg Hoggan.”*

Thank you Maribeth for clarifying this. - Donna

“THAT BOX SAVVY INDIAN TALK GOOD”

From Colourful Five Per Cent

Illustrated Number 3

By Jim Robb

Looking at old newspapers on the microfiche machine at the Yukon Archives, I came across an interesting article. In the January 17, 1957 issue of the Whitehorse Star appeared stories by Helen Furber, who later became Helen Horback. She put into print some reminiscings of then territorial councillor Bill Hayes. The anecdotes Bill recalled were from his earlier years at Big Salmon. The following is one of the stories that caught my eye:

OLD FRIEND

Another of Bill Hayes’ old friends was Jim Shorty, who, for eleven years, was his only neighbour at Big Salmon. One day, Jim came into the telegraph office and asked if he could speak to his friend Fred Boss at Lower Lebarge.

After getting in touch with the operator at Lower Lebarge, and arranging for Fred Boss to come in, Bill told Jim everything was fixed up. “Hayes, you better talk for me on telephone,” said Jim Shorty, “I can’t talk white man talk. A little bit I can, but mebbe if I talk on telephone and get excited and talk Indian talk, that would be no good.”

“ No that is all right,” said Bill, “if you want to talk Indian it’s O.K.”

Said Jim, “I think you fool me.” “No, I don’t,” replied Bill. Just then the Lebarge operator called and asked for Jim Shorty. Bill showed him how to raise the receiver from the hook, and Jim began to talk.

He started in very precise English and about ninety seconds later he was jabbering away in Indian. Finally, he finished his conversation and put down the receiver.

“What do I do with this?” he asked, indicating the receiver. “Just hang it on the wall,” answered Bill. Jim Shorty went across the floor, stopped and then clapped his

hands. “Funny thing,” he laughed, “White man, he don’t talk Indian talk but he make little box and that box savvy Indian talk good.”

The story was especially interesting to me because I had met Jim Shorty and his family many years ago (around 1961). Jim and Jessie Shorty had a cabin in Whiskey Flats. I remember Jim showing me his rock and mineral samples on a window sill. He was a prospector.

Families like Jim Shorty’s, Harry Silverfox’s and Big Salmon George’s moved into Whitehorse from Big Salmon and other places along the Yukon River in the ‘40s, during the building of the Alaska Highway. Also, because the steamboats stopped running in the mid ‘50s.

While visiting the Shortys, I also met great granddaughter Josephine Shorty, who, at that time, was five years old. (I might have met her earlier on another occasion). Josephine, with her pig-tails and large, beautiful eyes, would make an interesting sketch. Since I just happened to have a sketch board with me, and some stick charcoal, I made a portrait sketch. Josephine reminded me recently that it cost me, though she says she was co-operating to pose for 100 bubble gums, plus some red nail polish. I had forgotten about that.

That little girl I made a charcoal portrait of is now the beautiful young lady. Both Jim and Jessie are gone now. So are Harry and Annie Silverfox and their son Billing, who I had worked with for years making moosehide wall hangings.

Also, Big Salmon George passed away years ago. I always enjoyed talking to him. These wonderful people are no longer with us, but their memories live on.

RICE

Permission to use by Sam Holloway

I just got back from a weekend at Burwash Lodge, where most folks are waiting for the tourists to arrive and the fishing season to start. The fish are so plentiful up that way that you can walk across the rivers on the backs of the fish and not get your feet wet.

Oley, the owner of the Lodge has already hired some help for the season. I saw the huge bags of dried rice in his kitchen. You see, he feeds his help dried rice in the morning and hot water at noon. That way the rice swells up in their bellies and they don’t need to eat for the rest of the day.

That’s an old Yukon trick that all employers should remember. An easy way to get more work from the help during the long daylight hours is to go around several times a day and set the clocks back a few hours. This is especially effective on newcomers from the south. During the month of June, you could actually get 24 hours work out of them, especially if they nip a few drinks on the job.

The favourite hunting weapon of Kluane folk is a “Forty-Four Tapey,” invented by an immigrant from Quebec. It’s actually two single-shot .22 caliber rifles taped together with electricians’ tape.

Then I heard about the Englishman up there who attends a self-help group so he can stop eating cookies. They’ve named him the Cookie Monster of Kluane Lake.

The lodge owners along the Kluane route are greatly worried about the highway improvements being built by the Ostashek government. It will have an adverse effect on the economy, they fear.

The way things are, the rough road causes many instances of broken trailer axles and hitches, bent steering systems on RV’s, and exhaust systems that come down to engage the surface of the road. Not mention flat tires and bent rims. When the new road is finished, these repair jobs will cease and all that extra money will go to the USA instead of staying here where it belongs. It’s time for all Kluanites to get up a petition against these improvements.

Burwash Lodge is my favorite place to get away from the strife and traffic of Whitehorse. The food is good, rooms are big, comfortable cheap, and the grounds are very historic with lots of old cabins and trails. Be sure to ask about Yukon rates.

But any one of the highway lodges are a great place to sojourn-much more relaxing than a trip Outside and a whole lot cheaper.

S.S. KLONDIKE ON THE MOVE **By Donna Clayson**

On June 10, 1966 I witnessed the move of the S.S. Klondike from the Shipyards where it had sat since 1956. Its new home would be an area known as South Whiskey Flats. As I watched the preparations for the big move my excitement grew. Electrical power and telephone lines were rerouted and giant wooden pads prepared. It was decided that the big sternwheeler would go down First Avenue, across the Taylor and Drury Motors car lot, across the lawn in front of the old hospital residence (where the Government building is now) to Second Avenue, and onto the site.

When the four TD 24 Caterpillar tractors prepared themselves I knew this was no time to find something else to do. This was going to be history in the making. How often does one see a 247 foot, 1300 ton boat slide along skids of steel? I remember my dad talking about some jokes he had heard. One of them being: “Why didn’t Chuck Morgan just cut a bunch of holes in the bottom of the boat? Then he and his crew could have got inside, stuck their feet through and just walked the boat along to the flats?” As the boat came into site at some local drinking spots the barmaids would pick an unsuspecting customer and casually say: “That boat you asked me to get for you is here, where do you want it?”

The contract was awarded to Kunze and Olsen and supervisor/foreman was Chuck Morgan. Four huge 210-foot long skids of steel were welded and placed under the boat, where cross-beams were already fastened. Four TD 24 Caterpillar tractors, equipped with rubber tires under the treads, were used to pull the boat on its cradle and slide it over the giant pads. A mechanical fork lifted the pads from behind the boat as it moved and placed them in front along the route. Using 8 tons of Palmolive Soap flakes to aid in the move, the crews were worried it might rain. A rainstorm would make enough soap suds to wash all of Whitehorse!

The move went smoothly and the only incidents were two broken tow cables.

My dad, Doug Storing, took dozens of slides of the move, none of which are around today. What a shame. I'll let Sam Holloway pick up the story:

LAST JOURNEY OF THE S.S. KLONDIKE
By Sam Holloway

In 1959, some directors of Parks Canada had a meeting in Ottawa at which they decided to preserve one of the Yukon sternwheelers. Some years passed until they decided to relocate the S.S. Klondike, choosing a contractor called Kunze & Olson of Whitehorse. Chuck Morgan was in charge of the move. All these years later, he still recalls this job as the most difficult and memorable task he ever worked on.

Under the boat were wooden pallets called "butter boards" that were coated with dampened Palmolive Princess Snow Flakes. Chuck found that the soap didn't squash out like grease. Altogether they used eight tons of soap, hoping it wouldn't rain!

The boat itself rode on a carriage made from long steel rails that came from the Peace River bridge (which collapsed in 1956). These rails slid over the butter boards.

In front were four TD-24 tractors and a Caterpillar D-8. The lead tractors anchored the other two, which used their winches to drag the boat along. Under the tractors, tires were placed as they moved along to protect the pavement.

The big move started on June 10, 1966. The S.S. Klondike, along with several other river queens, had been retired to the shipyards beside the Yukon River. Transients from the south often took a stateroom on the Klondike until they found more permanent quarters. They used the hatches for toilets and often lit fires aboard for cooking. Later, in 1974, the two remaining riverboats in the Whitehorse shipyards were destroyed in a fire.

But at the time, many folks didn't want this move to happen. There was so much opposition that Chuck had the boat hosed down with water to prevent somebody setting fire to it. People complained about the change in location and about the cost of the move. The money would be better spent restoring Dawson City, they said. (At the time, Dawson had just started trying to save the old buildings there.)

However, the contract had been awarded. The move took 14 days plus a month of preparation. On five of those days, when power and phone lines had to be taken down and restored, Chuck and his crew worked 24 hours to keep the boat moving. Indeed, it was a heavy load. The boat weighed 1,042 tons, the carriage 100 tons, and the soaking they gave it added many more pounds. The Klondike is 247 feet long, 49 feet wide and reaches 70 feet to the top of the wheelhouse.

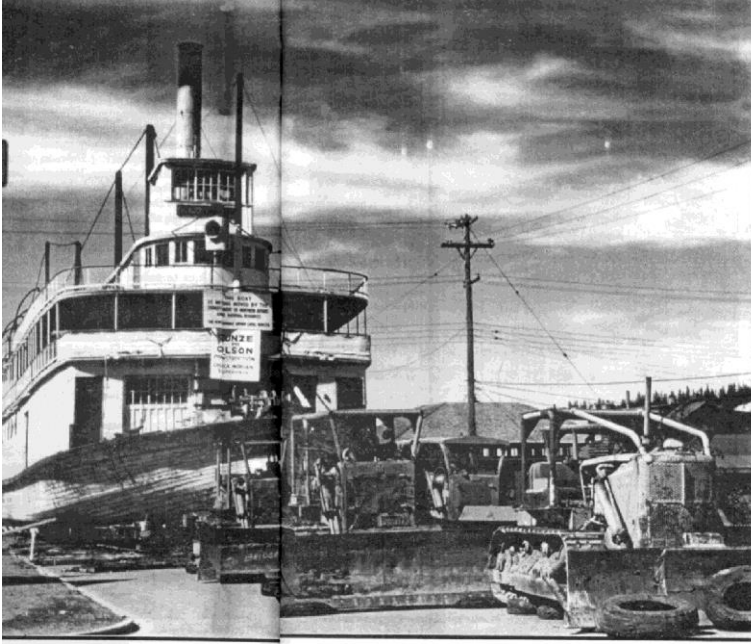
She was built by the British Yukon Navigation Co. (a division of White Pass) in 1937, to replace a boat with the same name that had sunk. The Klondike was the largest sternwheeler afloat on the Yukon River and ran mostly between Whitehorse and Dawson City. Road networks started to kill the riverboat industry and in 1954, CP Air leased the Klondike and refitted her to haul sightseeing passengers. This didn't pay off and she shut her engines down for the last time in 1956.

And so the S.S. Klondike, saved from almost certain destruction, has become a tourist attraction and is called the centerpiece of Whitehorse.

Chuck Morgan received a citation for his job of engineering the last voyage of the S.S. Klondike. Even though the journey was over land instead of water, he was also awarded the title, Captain Morgan.

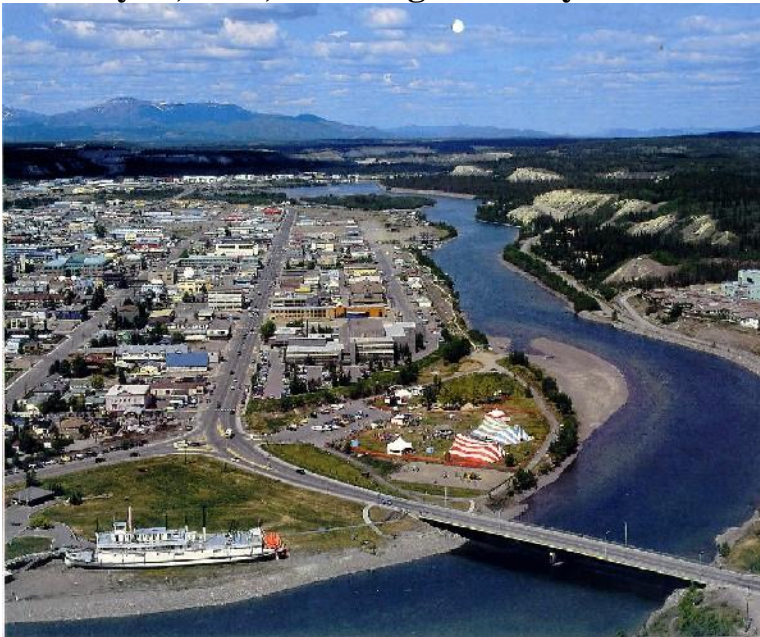
Parks Canada declared the Klondike a National Historic Site in 1967 and restored the boat to her original state. Over the years since then, many a bureaucrat has spent sleepless nights worrying about the S.S. Klondike. Fire alarms, sprinkler systems, intruder systems and foot patrols all keep her safe for future generations.

The Mayor of Whitehorse, Howard Firth (who also had been mayor of Dawson) presented Chuck Morgan with a gold replica of the S.S. Klondike, July 16, 1966. Cal Miller (owner of the Capital Hotel at the time) presented Chuck with some beer and a bottle of Captain Morgan Rum. Cal supplied beer to the crew every day as they dragged the boat along the streets of Whitehorse.



MOVE OF THE S.S. KLONDIKE JUNE 10, 1966
PHOTO COURTESY OF THE YUKONER MAGAZINE – SAM HOLLOWAY

Thank you, Sam, for this great story. – Donna



This 1998 Aerial Photo of Whitehorse and the SS Klondike shows the route covered and the final destination of the Klondike in the foreground.

A plaque situated at the site of the Klondike reads as follows:

The largest vessel ever to ply the Canadian portion of the Yukon River, this sternwheeler was built by the British Yukon Navigation Co. and launched at Whitehorse in 1937 to replace her namesake, which sank the year before. Klondike No. 2 was designed to expedite the movement of silver lead ore on the Yukon River. A combination freight and passenger boat, she operated primarily between Whitehorse and Dawson. In 1954-55 the vessel was placed in cruise service after an extensive refurbishment. Her retirement in 1955 brought to an end the era of commercial steamboat navigation in the Yukon.

"When they dedicated it, it was colder than blazes, but they brought Capt. Bill Bromley the original skipper up for the ceremony. It took place in the evening and it was so darn cold that we sat in the car and listened with the windows down."

"P.S. I knew Bill real well, and he took over from Charlie Coglan. Charlie's wife was my God Mother." - Henry Breaden

WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE KLONDIKE

By Donna Clayson

So much has been written about the people that came to the Klondike but have you noticed it's mainly about the men? What about the women and the children? As I was reviewing some of my research papers I came across some notes I had made years ago when talking to some friends who had a fascination on the brave men and women that ventured north. I don't have that many notes so if our readers would like to add any of their stories they would be most appreciated. Below is what I have:

- ❖ There were women that followed their husbands and were expected to cook in adverse weather and with only a few pots, dishes and utensils. I heard that in some cases everything had to be done twice as there were not enough dishes to go around. In heavy rains can you imagine trying to light a fire and cook for your husband and in some cases children? There was little variety and baked beans, bread, pies and doughnuts were the norm, day in and day out.
- ❖ Some women decided that cooking wasn't for them and worked in the mines. They were looked down on as it was looked upon as something men did, not women.
- ❖ Women with a business sense set up various shops. Women ran restaurants, were dressmakers, ran laundry shops, roadhouses and bakeries. Also, there were those women called "ladies of the night" and dancehall girls. You could find women in any job that meant making a living.

For wonderful articles related to Women of the Klondike check on the following websites:

http://www.mta.ca/faculty/arts/canadian_studies/english/about/study_guide/nwmp/women.html

<http://www.yukonalaska.com/klondike/women.html>

<http://www.utpjournals.com/product/chr/802/klondike4.html>

End of Donna Clayson's Story section.
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Donna forwarded a scan of Sam Holloway's article showing some other photos of the movement of the Klondike. One along moving First Avenue was taken from the Clay Cliffs by the looks of the shot and shows the Sternwheeler partially passing the White Pass Depot. If anyone has a photo like that which he or she could scan in and share with the group it would be very much appreciated. Donna says she has a newspaper photo, which is too large to scan and of course would be too grainy when reproduced.

There has been a fair amount of controversy in editing the articles on the move of the Klondike. It was said that the Whitehorse Star quoted 'Rubber Treads' were used. I would really like to hear from any of the old timers who were there and would know of the actual track configuration used on the TD 24's and the D8. It appears that the metal tracks are showing in the photo above. More specifically did anyone see any rubber used to cover the tracks? – Sherron

ARCHIVIST'S PERSPECTIVE

Again I would just like to commend Sherron and Donna on their efforts in producing the MT and bringing so many of us together. Besides being great reading, stories from MT provide an often first hand account of important events in the Yukon's history and the colourful lives of the people who have built our Territory. These stories need to be heard and shared, it is my hope that soon we will find a way to incorporate MT into our collections at Yukon Archives so that it can be further used as a valuable research resource. Along with Sherron and Donna I really encourage people to continue adding your stories here, they are covering a lot of ground!

Heather Jones

Folks, I have to add that I am extremely excited about the potential of these gems to be found by future generations as a result of what you folks are submitting. I would like to encourage you to put together stories and include, where applicable, your family connections in Yukon. Children researching their genealogy in the future will love to find these stories. It may be easy for them to find dates of births, marriage and death, but it will not be easy to know the timing of your activities in life. State years in your articles where they are known.

Margaret Underwood has worked diligently this week to get the Burian Family story into the MocTel but she decided at the last minute to take some more time to get it right. So watch for it next week.

Lynda Wray sent me a poem a few years ago after attending a funeral in Whitehorse. It was titled The DASH. 'The Dash' meaning the time period between birth and death and marked only by a dash on your headstone. Please record your dash here so it will not just be a mark on a headstone. I have the poem posted on my wall in my office at work. It is a reminder that we put so much into that portion of our life and it is often gone when we leave. - Sherron

HONORARY EX-YUKONER SAVES ANOTHER CRITTER

The Johnson save the critter foundation just chalked up another one.

Billie and I were sitting out on the patio. We heard a racket overhead; an Osprey was being chased by a Raven. Just after they passed overhead we heard a thump, the Osprey had dropped his catch to get away.

I went to see if I could find what had been dropped. I did! A flounder about ten inches long was over under the apple tree. As he started to flip around as I got near, I decided to pack him back to the ocean. If he didn't survive then either the heron or gulls could have him for lunch.

I put him in one of the shallow tide pools were he started breathing straight away. After a few minutes he was showing lots of movement so I moved him out into deeper water so that he could hide in the sand until he recovered from his aerial adventures.

There is at least one flying flounder in the Bay!

Jim Johnson jimcsj@prcn.org (Former CP Air Captain often on the Whitehorse run.)

(Jim and his wife Billie live on oceanfront property on Texada Island. They overlook the often snow capped mountains of Vancouver Island. This flounder was lucky because the Johnsons are about 60 steps above water level. So he was out of the water for a while. - Sherron)

RECIPES OF THE WEEK

I am hoping that we could add a different section to the Moccasin Telegraph in the form of

"Recipes of the Week"

The first one could be a good one for bannock and the different ways it can be cooked.

I am including my own recipe for a starter, and if there are others that would like to send theirs, I think it would be fun.

The Bannock I Know

2 cups of flour
1 tbsp of oil
1 egg (beaten)
2 tsps baking powder
water to moistened
pinch of salt

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together into a bowl. Make a well in the center; add beaten egg, and oil. Fold together and add water until the dough forms into a ball, put a bit of oil onto your hands and scoop the dough out of the bowl in small amounts, drop into a hot frying pan, and brown on both sides. Serve with butter/margarine and homemade jam.

Makes approximately 6 servings, but varies as per the size of the "bun".

You can add raisins, nuts, berries, cheese, or fruit for a bit of difference.

Enjoy, Sandy

Sandy's Positive Thought for the Week

If it should happen that your dreams are shattered
Do not be afraid
Have the courage to pick up the pieces and smile at the world
For dreams that are easily shattered can be just as easily rebuilt

33 Years later the Foths get another chance to say Thankyou.

Sherron, sure was nice to get the 16th edition today. I'm beginning to be addicted to this little paper. We love it, thanks so much for all that you've done to make this so interesting.

It sure was nice to get a new e-mail address added on to the list. Al and Eileen Close. Pete and I have often wondered where Lugs ended up. We have not met Eileen, but hopefully someday we will. I'm going to tell you a little story that happened Nov. 11th, 1969 up the Dempster Hiway. We had just moved back to Dawson from Beaver Creek and because it was a mild day, (-10) Pete and I jumped in our vehicle and took our snowmobile, as we knew the caribou were all around. About 40 plus miles up the Dempster we saw a sizeable herd down in the valley. Away Pete went on the machine and I heard a shot. I knew that he had got his caribou and it wouldn't take long before he would be back up the hill. I waited and waited as the darkness closed in on us and finally I could hear a faint cry for "help". I immediately ran, stumbled and rolled down this steep slope and found Pete in dire need of help. He had had a heart attack, and I knew that I had to get him up that slope before it was too late. It took a long time, dragging him up and getting him into the vehicle. After a long drive to the DPW camp, we were so fortunate to find Al Close and Henry Hanulik there to greet us. Those

two men were our guardian angels; one drove his vehicle in front of me, and the other behind our vehicle, all the way to Dawson. Our two girls anxiously met us at the door of our home and the boys helped put Pete in bed. Our Doctor had gone away on a trip. Two days later, he was evacuated to Whitehorse General and remained there for 3 months. During this time, the doctors were waiting to see how much surgery might have to be done on his frozen feet. He was pretty lucky to get away with 4 toes being amputated from the right foot and only the big toe on the left foot. An experience we would never want repeated.

The following day, Lugs and Henry retrieved our snowmobile and the remaining caribou, which the wolves had not eaten during that night. Thank you, Lugs and Henry, we will never forget that night. God Bless you both. Pete and Brownie Foth (Lfoth@shaw.ca)

****CORRECTION ****

HENRY HAS EDITED THE SPECIAL EDITION OF THE STERNWHEELERS ON THE YUKON RIVER – *if anyone would like an updated copy just let me know. – Sherron - (I am sorry it went out with an error, it was my misunderstanding of the information forwarded. I thought I was just copying and pasting.)*

I have edited the Sternwheelers on the Yukon so that the information on the three Cascas is correct. As it was, two of them were in Lake Laberge, where there was only one at Lower Laberge. Likely at the time I did not give enough information so that there could be no mistakes. If the Moc Tel is to be archived, it should be as correct as possible. Jim Boss likely would have liked one to be at his end of the lake but that did not happen. It must be tough going to try to put together information supplied by some of us older ones, and to not have been on the ground yourself. Of course the burning of the Casca and Whitehorse would be different for you being that you were there. Makes you wonder just how accurate the newspapers really are? Attached is the corrected Word document.
Cheers, Henry Breaden

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

I read the story in the Whitehorse and would like to help pass on some of these stories, especially from the Southern Lakes area. I operate the only commercial Fm radio station from way out here in the bush. Radio Rob rhopkins@tagishtel.ca
Rob Hopkins General Delivery, Tagish, YT, YOB 1T0
Tel: 867-399-3012 Fax: 867-668-2633
<http://www.yukoninnovation.ca/actionplan/innovators/profiles/rhopkins.asp>

Roger, that I will of course ask permission to reproduce anything. Lots of fun out here in radio land! - Rob

We will keep in touch and this release will give you the heads up about what I have planned for the summer. These youth from abroad will have some time to record (with permission of course) some stories from this end. – Rob

(Rather than insert Rob's full page press release and other messages he as forwarded to me, I will just paraphrase that he and his associates will be hiring some youth this summer to help collect stories for the exclusive use of his radio station (CFET) – He or they may be contacting you for your approval to use your stories. Rob also has aspirations of eventually syndicating his broadcast for use in other parts of Canada. You can check out testimonials at www.tagishtel.ca/radio) – Sherron

I have two new additions for you: (from Donna Clayson)

Alex and Eileen White, Lives in Inuvik, NT

History

Whitehorse (1967 to 1980), Powell River (1980 to 1990). Chilliwack (1990 to 1999), Cape Dorset (1999 to 2000), Inuvik (2000 to present) e-mail: white@nv.sympatico.ca

Eleanor Clubb

Lives in Whitehorse

History

Edmonton & Winnipeg (1967), Whitehorse (1967 to 1976), Kelowna (1976 to 1978), Whitehorse (1978 to present), e-mail: declubb@whtvcable.com

Some history on these ladies:

Alex & Eileen have been my best friends since 1968. I was her bridesmaid when she got married on my birthday. Our first children were born 4 days apart. Alex was born in Aklavik and now works at the airport in Inuvik as mechanic. A better heavy-duty mechanic would be hard to find. Also, Alex is the best bannock maker in the land. He is a wonderful storyteller and the knowledge about the land and its peoples abounds.

Eleanor is Eileen's sister and works as a chef at the MacCauley Lodge in Whitehorse. Her son Danny still lives at home (he's around 35) and his knowledge of books is amazing. Give him a passage, title, author, anything and he'll tell you everything about the book.

Both Eileen & Eleanor showed up on our doorstep last night without warning. We spent hours exchanging memories of the north. They brought us up to date on the current happenings in Whitehorse and Inuvik from politics to real estate. After looking at a copy of the latest MocTel they were quite excited about the project and immediately wanted their names added. I will be making copies of all previous editions and will send them by snail mail and should be in their mail box when they arrive home July 16. Should you need further information you know where I am.

Cheers, Donna

Hi Sherron,

I would like my name added to the list. I guess I'm a sourdough – have been in Whitehorse since 1971. So interesting to see names of people I used to know in the early 70's and wondered where they are now. Thank you for doing this. It's great!

SUTTON, Betty (Janes) elizabethsutton@yahoo.com Been in Whitehorse since April 1971.

Is this all you need? I look forward to the next newsletter. Again, thanks.
Betty Sutton

Sherron, I would love to be on your mailing list - passed on to me by Bob Nardi. Here is my info:

Denise L. Norman - Moved to Dawson in '76, then Whitehorse 90-92, Carcross till 98, and Whitehorse till present. (Sons Ace-born in '82 and Aric in '84) dnorman@yknet.yk.ca 668-5013

I also have a small website with a trip description of a hike of the Chilkoot Trail www.geocities.com/dnorman2000 , Denise

Sherron,

Please add us to your list of ex-Yukoners

Baltimore, Marg

Baltimore, Ken

We lived in the Yukon for 43years from 1955 to 1993 and moved to Red Deer, Alberta after retirement. We lived in Destruction Bay, Haines Junction and Whitehorse. Ken worked on the Alaska Highway as a young man, for the American Pipeline at Mile 1026 and for Elvin's Equipment and Yukon Hydro in Whitehorse. I was a homemaker until we moved into Whitehorse in 1970 and took night school to become a teacher. I taught at Whitehorse Elementary and Jack Hulland School. All of our children (Anne, Glenys and Kevin) were born in Whitehorse and all attended high school at F.H. Collins.

We would love to receive the Moccasin Telegraph and are sure that we will recognize many names.

Thank you, our email address is mkbaltimore@shaw.ca

Hello:

Bruni Hoenisch told me that you were compiling e-mails of all the former Yukoners that you were aware of. My husband, Bill lived in Whitehorse from 1978 - 1990 and was Director of Planning & Engineering for Northwestel. I lived in Whitehorse from 1982-1990 and worked as a Financial Officer with Medical Services Branch, Health & Welfare Canada. We would like to be on your list and receive the news/stories Bruni was talking about.

Thanks, Lynne Woloshyniuk lynnebill@shaw.ca Now in Penticton.

Sherron,

Hi, just read the on-line Whitehorse Star and the story about the telegraph. Would love to get on the mailing list. I left permanently in 1977 but have returned to visit family over the years and for vacation. Still enjoy hearing about the Yukon and what some of the people are up to. I was pleasantly surprised awhile back to see, for instance that Ernie Bourrassa is the Mayor of Whitehorse. Both he and his sister and I were in the same high school graduating class at F.H. Collins in 1972.

Bonnie Venton Ross, Specialist - Member Communications, Business Development, CGI Services to BCE, 595 Bay St., 10th Fl., Toronto, Ont. M5G 2C2
Tel: (416) 215-2327, Fax: (416) 341-0374

Maiden name is Venton (I kept it to gain a middle initial!) And sure, it would be fine. I don't know who else from the Yukon is in the Toronto area. I do know Sheila Hadvick who is a year younger, I think, now lives in Quebec City. She went there to learn French, got a degree from Laval, and now teaches English at the university. - Bonnie Venton Ross

Hi, I read an article about you in the Whitehorse Star; which I like to read daily on-line. I now live in Calgary, but I was born and raised in the Yukon and all of my family (except one brother in Mission, BC) are still up there. I am leaving tomorrow for Whitehorse for a week's holiday.

Please add me to your registry and send me The Moccasin Telegraph.
Thanks, Barb Cook

Hello Sherron

I first came to the Yukon in 1948. My two and a half month old son Daniel and I arrived on an Air Force plane, loaded with wives of Airmen, already posted in Whitehorse. I might add they were very anxious men, because the wings were icing (unknown to us) and they were most anxious to see us landed.

Please add my name to the list.

Thank you sincerely

Freda Geddes

Hi Sherron:

Must hasten to make a correction. I have not lived on the Yukon since 1948--We came here in 1948. As I said before, my husband Bill was in the Air Force. We were with the Air Force until 1950 at which time he bought his way out to join the work force at milepost 1080 --The American Pumping station. We were there three years--then came back to Whitehorse where he secured a position with Keno Hill as their garage super. In 1955, the wanderlust hit him again, and he decided he wanted to go to Ontario--Which he did. In two months time the children & I headed east too. In 1956 Bill decided to join up with the crew on the Dew line. He was with them for only a few months when he took sick. They tried to fly him to Edmonton, but the plane was having mechanical problems, so they landed in Yellowknife. The Doctor there decided he was too sick to go on. The out come of that, was he died there on Aug. 1st. 1957. Thank God, they had flown me up there, and I was with him when he died. We stayed in Ontario, my sons and I, until 1969 at which time my son Robert and I, moved back to the Yukon. I stayed until 1971, and then once again returned to Ontario. My son Robert, who was born here in 1951, opted to stay here and is still here. I remained, and worked in, Ontario until I retired in 1987, at age 65

Now, once again I am returning to Ontario. Should be ready to go before the month of July is done with. I will send you my e-mail address when I get settled. I do thank you for this opportunity to touch bases with others, the ones who have left and the ones who are still here.

Thank you for welcoming me to your group.

Sincerely Freda Geddes (husbands name was William Geddes and he was born on the prairies of Saskatchewan, and is buried in the Masonic Cemetery in Burnaby B.C.).

A MYSTERY SOLVED – *I had wondered how the McLeods received the Sternwheeler Article, which Robert Marion said he saw when he visited them. – Sherron*

Well, I sort of did. I have been forwarding copies to my dad as well as Earl Blackwell, and Marguerite Lambert. None of them have computers, so I print them out and send them to them. I am hoping that they will soon be on line via family so then they will come on board with us.

I bought a computer for my Dad, but he is in the process of moving out to BC, so I will set him up when he gets here.

I have also been delivering the new copies to Frances and Neil McLeod. Frances got a computer for her 80th birthday, but has yet to come on line. She is hoping that I can go over next week and get her set up to start receiving the MocTel, and so I hope that you will soon receive her information.

Sandy Campbell

A SHOCKING SUNDAY FOR ONE FAMILY & a reconnection

McCrea, Lorne lmccrea@telusplanet.net (In Mayo 1960-63 & 1967-72; In Watson Lake 1977-78; In Teslin 1978-79) Edmonton, AB

Hi Sherron - It was so nice to see many familiar names. It brought back many memories.

My Dad, Ed McCrea, was posted to Mayo (both times) with the federal Department of Transport (DoT) as a radio operator. It was during his second tour of duty, in the spring of 1971, he resigned from the DoT and opened a butcher shop/grocery store. It was at that time, the most northerly fresh meat outlet in Canada. He was a meat cutter in his early life you see and saw an opportunity in Mayo. Business exceeded his expectations as I recall but then I was only a kid. Anyway, my Dad was also a pilot. On one Sunday morning in July 1972 he was offered a chance to fly a single engine aircraft (owned by Buzz Smith) to check on the condition of some airfields north of Dawson City. He did not return. The crash site was located in the northern Yukon a year later by a geologist. My Mom, myself, 3 brothers and 2 sisters had left the Yukon by this time having moved to Saskatchewan where my Mom had grown up as a child and where her family was close by. I returned to the Yukon as an adult a few years later. Yes I too was now an employee of the DoT. I was posted to Watson Lake and then Teslin having since moved on. My Dad loved the Yukon as I do to this day. God rest his soul.

PS - I want to add that Gordon Arndt made me aware of your endeavour. Gordon also left the DoT and worked with my family in the butcher shop/grocery store. I see George Howell's e-mail address here as well. George (a helicopter pilot) made the effort to fly to the crash site and take pictures. We all needed that for some closure and I have never thanked him. Maybe if you post this he will see it and know our family appreciated his concern.

Lorne McCrea

Thanks for this Sherron. What Lorne didn't mention is that his dad (Ed) and I worked together as radio operators in Mayo in those 60's when he (Lorne) and his sibs (4 or 5 of them) were little tykes. Yes, we go back a loooong way.

George Howell

ABOUT STEEL LOCS BUILDINGS IN HILLCREST

The buildings they built in 1949/1950. I remember well because my friend, Florrie Little, and I took lemonade to the workers.

As far as I (and my CRS) remember they were built as possible quarters for the enlisted men in the event of war. The high ceilings would accommodate bunks etc. These same style buildings were built on other strategic bases across Canada on or about the same time. We lived in one in Beaver Bank, Nova Scotia. The walls inside were not all load-bearing so they could be knocked down and the building would then become a barracks.

MaryAnn (LAURIN) KELLEWAY formerly GEDDES

The Steel Mansions On The Hill

By Sandy Campbell

There is an enclave of very unique homes up in Hillcrest, situated above the Whitehorse International Airport. Though not unique in other parts of Canada, they were probably the first manufactured homes to appear in the far North. There were 40 of these; each was a duplex, making 80 residences.

These homes were called, "Steel Locs". They were built in the early 40's as temporary housing for the NCOs (Non Commissioned Officers). I believe that the idea was that they would be a temporary placement, and when the Air Force moved out, they would either be dismantled and moved somewhere else, or they would be sold.

The latter situation was to take place in the late 60's – early 70's. People of the general population began to buy them up for "new homes", but little did they know what they were in for.

These units had been originally hot water heated with a central boiler system, but as they were sold, it was dismantled and oil furnaces took its place.

The boiler was heated by wood, so required the backbreaking work of gathering the wood, several cords for one winter, never mind enough to get through the summer. So changing from a wood fired boiler to oil furnaces was a logical choice, though in later years, people began to put in wood stoves, with fans to circulate the heat.

Some of the other characteristics of these “mansions” were that they had 10-foot ceilings, single pane windows, which leaked out the heat as fast as it was created, and the walls had the old donna-conna. If needed, they could knock out the separating walls, and be made into barracks for forty men, with two kitchens, and two bathrooms. Now, that “drywall” was solely cosmetic, as the whole building was “snapped” together, with the supporting done solely by the steel frames. They didn’t hold the heat as well as one would like, but they were designed to be dismantled and moved in a very short time.

I recall visiting people who later lived in these houses, and though they were all built the same, people had made their own changes, and yet they still remained the same.

I remember driving through Hillcrest in the winter time, seeing the snow banked up to the windows, to try to keep in as much heat as possible. Then at Christmas time seeing all the beautiful lights and decorations, with the snow adding its own accent, and then come spring and summer, the beautiful flowers that would adorn the pathways, and the walkways, but beneath all that, they were still the “Steel Locs”.

In fact when I was dispatching for Capital City Cabs and Yellow Cabs, in 1977-78, I often had to tell the drivers that the address they were looking for was in the “Steel Locs”. Then they knew exactly where they were going and what they were looking for.

Yes they outlasted their initial purpose, but then they filled yet another facet, and began a new life.

So in closing, the building of the Alaska Highway, left not only a highway that has its own stories, but history was made in the buildings that were left behind. Recycling was already happening, and yet none of us looked at it as such, but a way of filling the ever growing need for housing.

KLONKIKE STAMPEDERS RELATIVES ASSOCIATION

Sherron...My name is Gerald L. Pennington and I am president of the Klondike Stampeders Relatives Assoc. and 2nd VP of International Sourdough Reunion. Our KSRA Discovery Claim is in Skagway, AK but I spend a great deal of time in my home in Las Vegas, NV. John Gould of Dawson sent me your web site, which included your email address. If you are interested in what KSRA is all about check out our web site: www.ksra1898.com . You may have to type it into your browser and click GO to access it. We've had reports from others that clicking on the hyperlink doesn't always work.

I'd like to know more about what you do with your publication.

Sincerely, Gerald L. Pennington

Guess Who? At Kelly's Coffee Shop

By Mike Shramek

He called my Mother Missy or Boss Lady.

Mom made him pay for his soup and sandwich in advance too many times he would sneak out with out paying.

Sometimes he would do a little soft-shoe dance for a coffee, Mom would sometimes throw in a donut. The cream type with sprinkles on it.

He was not allowed to come at lunchtime, he stank to much and it drove away the paying customers.

One day after his spring bath or a heavy rain he came into Kelly's just after coffee break around 11:00 and sat at the single table by the furnace grate, Mom was in the kitchen. A new waitress asked Him what he would like.

He asked what was the special, Pea soup the Grilled cheese sandwich. Good I'll have it please, always polite. The meal came he tasted it and asked if he could get some garlic powder, he said he liked garlic in his soup. The restaurant was getting busy. The waitress got the garlic not thinking to stay and take it back right away, gave it to him. The next thing we heard was Mum yelling open the doors, the smell of garlic wafted through the restaurant.

Wiggy was in my Mother's bad books for a long time.

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **sixteen 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)