

## **Moccasin Telegraph – Twentieth Edition – July 5, 2003**

Only a few new additions this week so I will not send out the updated e-mail address list. The new additions are Audrey & Joe Vigneau, Deb McNiven and Nick and Jean Turner.

Donna Clayson is on vacation this week and her pre-arranged material did not get through to me.

Sherron

### **1964 MAYO FLOOD**

I have written a brief account of my recollections of the 1964 Mayo Flood that I am attaching for you to include in an edition of the MT. While the 1964 flood was not as dramatic as the one in 1936 (largely because of the dike that was quickly constructed) it still is an event that many will remember. I took a few pictures at the time and have put them up on Webshots along with a copy of the same text as I am sending to you for the MT. I thought that it might be easier for some to read it in the MT rather than on the web.

This is the address to view the photos:

<http://community.webshots.com/album/77784199eQLWZs>. I have put this address in the attached account as well.

I am heading to Whitehorse on Thursday, June 26. My son Wes, who is coming from Pasadena, will join me there and we are planning to drive to Mayo to be there June 27 to 30 for some of the centennial celebrations. I'm taking my digital camera (as I am sure many others will too) and hope to have some photos that I can put on the web when I get back to New Westminster on July 4.

I promise I will write more for the MT once I have a bit of time.

Cheers, Harvey Burian [hburian@telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net)

## **The 1964 Mayo Flood**

By Harvey Burian

The Spring of 1964 was unusually cold and long, and the ice in the Stewart River did not melt until near to the end of May. Then the weather turned very warm and the water in the Stewart River began to rise at a rapid rate. Within a matter of a few days, it was apparent that this would be a “high water” year and the town was a buzz with the possibility of a flood. I had just returned home to Mayo after spending my first year as a student at UBC in Vancouver. The following is what I remember of this event, enhanced by the photos I took prior to the receding of the waters.

As the Stewart River began to rise in early June steps were taken to prevent a flood of the proportion that had inundated the town in 1936. A load of ore sacks was brought down from the Elsa and many of us began filling the sacks with sand. The YTG large gravel trucks and other private trucks were used to build a dike along First Avenue which borders the river and to increase the height of the dike that had been previously built on

the West side of town. As the water rose the activity increased. Some worked around the clock filling sand bags and while others continued hauling gravel. The excessively high water of the Stewart River was being held back and it looked like the town would remain dry until suddenly, with little warning, there was a break in the dike on the West side of town. Water poured through the break and quickly flowed into town. The result was what you see in the photos at:

<http://community.webshots.com/album/77784199eQLWZs>.

These photos were taken on the day after the dike had broken. By this time it had been repaired and work was proceeding on building it up to ensure that the flood waters within the town would rise no further.

Though not as dramatic as the 1936 flood, the 1964 flood is still a moment in the history of Mayo that is indelibly etched in the mind of the writer.

## **MEMORIES**

I am attaching a story sent to me by Doris Miller with permission to forward to you for the MT. Doris and her husband, "Butch" lived in Mayo and Whitehorse for many years. Doris actually grew up in Mayo. She is the daughter of C.E. "Bud" Fisher, who in later years was known throughout the territory as "Yukon Bud" as he sported a bushy white beard, dressed as a miner with a bright red shirt and provided information to tourists and visitors to the Yukon. "Butch" worked for many years for Taylor & Drury in both Mayo and Whitehorse. The Millers were good friends of my parents and their son Allan and I grew up together. Allan passed away a couple of years ago. Their daughter Donna lives in Merritt, BC and they have another daughter, Cynthia, living in Alberta.

Doris and Butch are retired and living in Merritt, BC. Their address is Box 3098, Merritt, BC V1K 1B0. Their phone number is 250-378-5277. Unfortunately, the Millers do not have a connection to the Internet. They are good friends with Henry Breaden's sister Vera and I think Vera sends her the occasional printed copy of the MT.

Doris originally composed this story at the behest of her good friend Jean Gordon, for the Stewart Valley News, a paper published in Mayo. I asked if she would allow me to send it to you for the MT and she agreed.

Thanks.

Harvey Burian [hburian@telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net)

## **Memories of Mayo Lake**

I have some fond memories of summers spent at Mayo Lake in the late 1930s. When school was out, dad would pack up the family and off we would go to spend most of the summer at the lake.

The Gilbert Rich family lived about a mile up the lake and Mrs. Mary Rich did a bit of commercial fishing. I was lucky enough to go with her on one such trip.

We left her house in the late afternoon and Mary rowed us, and our gear, for an overnight stay to the opposite shore. The lake at that point was roughly a mile and a half across. I remember it as being a sunny day with very little breeze. Once across we set up our little camp, and while Mary put the net in, I gathered firewood. The campfire was lit and supper was made. I don't remember what we ate, but I'll bet it was as good as any banquet! I do remember drinking teas with lots of milk and sugar, of course, but tea nevertheless, and sitting around the fire.

Bedtime came early, and it was nice to get into a warm bed, as Mary had heated some fairly large stones, for our comfort. It didn't take long to fall asleep lulled by the gentle lapping of the small waves onto the shore.

When I awoke next morning Mary had already pulled in the net, had cleaned a nice catch of fish and had a fire going. We ate a light breakfast and loaded the boat to head home, as the fish were to be picked up by noon.

My brother Kippy and I spent a lot of happy times with the Rich family, and this remains a favourite one for me, to this day.

Doris (Fisher) Miller, Merritt, BC

### **McKay Hill across the Beaver River (Creek)** By Henry Breaden

In January 1949 I went to work for Bud Fisher of FISHER SERVICE driving a D6 Cat hauling green heavy wood. Ever eat frozen sandwiches? Yes, we would have to put them on a forked stick and toast them over a campfire to thaw them out. As I was newly married and had not worked all winter, I found a lot of muscles that I didn't know I had. Then we went on to dry wood, we were just throwing that stuff around. The next job was hauling silver-lead ore out of McKay Hill Northeast of Mayo.



Before leaving Mayo. See larger version of this photo online, at the address noted at the end of this story.

*(Too many years, but the only one that I remember was Jack Smith with the long fur coat to left of photo. There were some in there that were not going on the trip. From myself towards the Royal Bank was Bud Fisher and then Alex Nicol, an old horse driver. Sunk on the rest as some just slipped in as they were going by. Henry)*

My dad was on the trip, and had been on the wood hauling driving an RD6 Cat, which was an older model, and Bud was the cook. We had a caboose or wannigan as it was called, for cooking and bunks for sleeping. The wannigan had cupboards on each side for storage and the doors folded down to make a table right across the wannigan and stools to sit. Spud Murphy and another fellow were the fellows that had taken the ore out on McKay Hill, and accompanied us on the trip in. There was never a shortage of meals or something to eat, for Bud believed in keeping a fellow's belly full to keep us happy. We left Mayo and I had a string of two sleighs and a caboose or wannigan on the third sleigh. My dad had two sleighs with the RD6 and our destination was McKay Hill, which was above the Beaver River, which flowed into the Stewart River up near the headwaters. McKay Hill would be 90 miles northeast of Mayo, and on the divide between the Yukon and McKenzie watersheds. The first part of our trip was from Mayo to Elsa, and then across the McQuesten flats to McQuesten Lakes. United Keno Hill Mines had a pumphouse at the lakes, so that part was easy. Once we started up the hill from the lakes was where the work started and I had to start blading. Sometimes it was easy, for although we were following an old horse trail, at times the snow was heavy and we progressed through heavy timber. The road had to be suitable to freight out 160 tons of ore that had been sacked on McKay Hill. If I remember, we took 10 tons on each sleigh and would bring out 40 tons on a trip. On the trip in, at times I could remain hooked up to the sleighs and blade our way in. Other times when it became too heavy or I had to knock down some timber, I would have to drop the string and concentrate on blading. Where there was a dip that we could upset, the timber was pushed to the lower side and snow packed in to make it fairly level. I just forget how many days we spent going in, but it must have been about 10 days. Due to the weather being cold, the only time we shut the cats down was to change oil, and they were left running during the night.



McKay Hill

When we got to McKay Hill, there was one last steep hill to get up to the bench on the hill where we would be loading. A bench is where the hill comes down to a level spot, or near level and then starts to drop again. Something most unusual, for due to elevation we had been running through scrub trees after leaving the Beaver River. Up on the bench were huge spruce trees, which we never even saw in Mayo. I had to take out a tree two feet in diameter blading the road up to the bench, and saw the stump of a tree 30 inches in diameter. Spud said that there was another stump under the snow nearing four feet. Now began the work of getting the ore down the hill to that loading area. The location of the ore body was about 400 feet up about a 45 degree slope, and was rather unusual in that it was not from a silver-lead seam or vein, but what they called a kidney. The pocket had

been placed there by the ice age from somewhere else, but was of excellent quality. The ore had been sacked by Spud Murphy and his partner the prior summer and was ready for shipping. First a snatch block had to be taken up for the cable to run through, and a cable run up. The plan was to load about 1/2 ton of ore on a toboggan and when it came down it pulled up the empty. We had taken in a metal toboggan that was tapered at both ends and it was to follow the packed trail on the way down. But on the first try, it took off at a tangent about half way down and came to rest in deep snow. Now the sacks had to be packed over to the trail and the thing reloaded. It was tried a few times but always took off again. Seems that I remember them giving up on that thing and using a regular dog toboggan and building another to transfer the ore. If they had a drum with a brake it could have worked better, but you used what you had. They tried slowing the cable with a piece of spruce jammed between the cable and the block, which did not work too well, but better than nothing. Once we had the four sleighs loaded, the crew had time to bring down plenty for the other trips. To get down off that bench, we brought down one sleigh at a time with me ahead, and dad behind with the RD6 to keep it off my back. Down on the flat we coupled up and were ready to head for Elsa and Mayo. Dad being an old freighter used to roughlock on the steeper hills, but I was a hotshot and ran the hills without roughlocks. On each runner of a sleigh is a real heavy chain that is anchored above and forward on the runner. When you wanted to roughlock, a clevis was opened temporarily and the chain dropped ahead of the runner and the clevis reconnected again. This allowed the chain to run under the runner about under the cross bunk where it was most effective in holding you back. Depending on weather, my dad usually had one roughlock per sleigh on a hill and once at the bottom would back up so the chain was free and connected back in the storage location. I was a hotshot and ran the hills, and when the sleighs started to push, reverse steer until I was again pulling the load.

Something of interest in the configuration of the sleighs and taken from the old horse sleighs was cross chains. The front and rear runners were called bobs, again from the horse sleighs. A cross chain was run from the left front bob to the right rear bob, and one from the right front bob to the left rear bob. The purpose of them was that when the front bob turned, it would turn the rear bob in the other direction. This allowed the runners to follow the same track and not pull in on a corner. So you could have a string of three sleighs and they would all follow the same track.

About on our third trip back, I was going down Glacier Hill, which was about 6 miles from Mayo. The sleighs were pushing slightly and I was reverse steering. About half way down there was a right hand bend, so I teased the left steering clutch to ease it into a slow right turn. The steering clutch fell back into my lap and I had to do some scrambling, throttle off and heavy on the brakes. Then full throttle pulling the right steering clutch and heavy on the right brake to bring it around. Then there was a left hand curve that I was able to left steer with the right clutch reverse steering. Coaxed it to the bottom of the hill and stopped. Bud wondered why I had gone so far out on that corner; although there was plenty of room but not knowing I had lost a steering clutch. It was late evening and dark, so dad hooked on to the right side of the bulldozer blade and we made Mayo in that manner. If I need a left turn, pull the right clutch and throttle down, and a right turn throttle up and pull the right clutch. The next morning Dad went back to Glacier Hill to

get his string, and I preceeded to lift off the seat and deck to get down to the steering clutches. I could see that a link had broken which pulled open the clutch, and could just touch the broken piece underneath the clutch. I hated the thought of having to lift out the whole clutch, so off came the coveralls, shirt and underwear even though it was chilly, and I was just able to reach the broken piece. Bud grabbed that piece and headed for Elsa where he could either have it welded or get a new piece made. Once I was cleaned up from all the black below those clutches and Bud had a new piece, we were back in business and back together.

Yes, Dad had his day, for on our last trip out in late March the weather was good and thawing slightly. In this type of weather the sleighs really slide. I was running a long hill reverse steering, and before I could say, "Jack Robinson", the sleighs pushed the cat aside and had me jackknifed around next to the first sleigh. Dad had to drop his string at the top of the hill and come down and hold back my string while we got the cat straightened out. But dad had to have his say first as he came over to the D6, "OK you smart SOB, so you don't need roughlocks?" I had nothing to say at that point as my tail was kind of between my legs, but that was some trips to remember. Guess us young fellows lived and learned, sometimes the hard way.

Check out the photos of the trip at:

<http://community.webshots.com/album/78793289mZBans>

Henry Breaden [breaden@shaw.ca](mailto:breaden@shaw.ca)

Permission given by Betty Mackie

A **Whitehorse Star** Archive story originally published June 20, 2003

## **Fortymile: a community of hermits**

By Betty Mackie

The history of exploration and fur trading in the Canadian Northwest, including the Yukon, begins in 1771 with Samuel Hearne of the Hudson's Bay Company when he reached the mouth of the Coppermine River on the Arctic Ocean.

Alexander MacKenzie reached the mouth of the MacKenzie River on the Arctic Ocean for the North West Company in 1789.

In 1840, Robert Campbell, for the Hudson Bay Company, went up the Liard River and over to the Pelly River.

As early as 1847, A. H. Murray built Fort Yukon for the Hudson Bay Company at the mouth of the Porcupine River, and in 1850, Robert Campbell went down river to Fort Yukon.

Missionaries from the great (Anglican) Church Missionary Society went ahead of the settlers to minister to the native Indians and Eskimos, embarking on its missionary work in 1844 with Rev. James Hunter, who went to The Pas to take charge of the mission there.

On July 6, 1861, Rev. and Mrs. William Kirkby, travelling with two Indian lads, arrived in Fort Yukon in a canoe named The Herald.

A young catechist, Robert McDonald, arrived in Fort Yukon from Red River the following year. He was part-Ojibway, a schoolteacher, and he translated the Bible, Prayer Book and Hymn Book with various other services, into the Takhud language. Members of his family continued to live at Old Crow.

William Carpenter Bompas arrived in the MacKenzie area on Christmas Day 1865, having travelled from England by train, boat, ox-cart, canoe and on foot. He was met by Rev. W. Kirkby and went to Fort Yukon in 1869. This was the same year that the United States took possession of Fort Yukon (on Aug. 9) following the great Boundary dispute. Bompas stayed on until 1873.

Searches for placer gold were on-going from northern British Columbia and the lower Yukon River to the creeks of Alaska and the Yukon some 20 years before that day in 1896, when the Carmack party found gold in Rabbit Creek. A clerk employed by the Hudson's Bay Co. reported that gold was first discovered by Rev. Robert MacDonald (later archdeacon) on Birch Creek, near Fort Yukon about the year 1863.

In 1872, four prospectors, Harper, Kenseller, Finch and Wilkinson, set out as partners to cross the Rocky Mountains travelling what was later known as the Edmonton Trail. They met up with McQuesten, Mayo, and McNabb and joined forces. All except Wilkinson crossed over to the Porcupine River and travelled that river to where it joins the Yukon River. On July 15, 1873, they reached the post of Fort Yukon, eight kilometres from the start of the Porcupine. Fort Yukon was the Alaska Commercial Company's post at that time.

In the summer of 1874, McQuesten set up a trading post at Fort Reliance, about 12 kilometres downstream from the mouth of the Klondike River, or Trundeck, as it was known then. This post was the point from which tributary streams such as Fortymile and Sixtymile were named.

, Harper and Mayo, prospected and in 1886 found traces of gold in Fortymile and Sixtymile. Harper realized that when the news reached the outside world, men would flock to the new site. But there was not enough food to supply them all, so he had to get word out for more supplies. The person to carry Harper's message was a man named Williams. It is here that the story becomes interesting for me because my maiden name is Williams. He travelled with an Indian companion over river ice and the slippery sides of mountains to reach Healy's trading post on Dyea Inlet on the far side of the Chilkoot.

By the time they reached their destination, their rations were used up, and their dogs were dead of cold, hunger, and fatigue. The Indian hoisted the exhausted Williams onto his back and carried him as far as he could. When he could carry him no further, he left him in the snow and staggered on to reach Sheep Camp in March of 1887.

The men at the camp went back up the mountainside and brought Williams down and revived him. The Indian then borrowed a sled and dragged Williams down the trail to Dyea Inlet to Healy's trading post. Williams lived another two days, but it was the result of his message about gold that Fortymile, a community of hermits, struggled into being.

It was at this time, 1886 that the Anglican Church first posted a missionary to the mining town of Fortymile on the Yukon River. The missionary, Ellington, was sent back to England the following year.

In 1887 and 1888, between 100 and 350 miners were at work on the Fortymile; production was about \$100,000 in 1887, but fell to \$20,000 in 1888 because high water continued during the summer.

The town of Fortymile was supplied by sternwheelers that came from St. Michael, about 2,560 kilometres away. On the Alaska side, more discoveries were made upstream on the Fortymile River.

Fortymile was considered the See City of the Diocese of the Anglican Church in 1892, and the Bishop and Mrs. Bompas were posted there with Mr. B. Totty. It was the appeals of Bishop Bompas and others that brought Insp. Constantine and Staff Sgt. Brown to visit Fortymile. They arrived on July 24, 1895, with a force of 20. Three years later, Mr. R. J. Bowen arrived from England to assist the bishop, and married Miss Mellet, a schoolteacher from Ireland, teaching at Fortymile.

When George Carmack and his party reached Fortymile in August of 1896, those who saw the gold dust he carried hurried to the new discovery. Things moved swiftly and on Aug. 22, 1896, 25 men from Fortymile held a meeting of miners on Rabbit Creek, as it was known. They decided to rename the creek Bonanza Creek.

In November of 1896, Commissioner Ogilvie sent a short report Outside and then in June of 1897, he wrote a brief letter to the Minister of the Interior. He advised him that output for the season would be about \$2.5 million. Others had also sent word Outside and in May of 1897, the day the river opened, an estimated 200 boats reached Dawson. Early in the same year, he laid out the new townsite of Dawson, which had been staked by Joe Ladue in September of 1896.

By 1898, the great Klondike Gold Rush was on and estimates of Dawson's population were as high as 30,000.

Bishop Bompas helped found the Good Samaritan Hospital. He and many others were ill with scurvy at Fortymile that winter. In 1900, the records show that he was at Moosehide

and Fortymile, and in 1901, he and Mrs. Bompas moved from Fortymile to Caribou Crossing (Carcross).

St. Paul's Anglican Church, Dawson City, was built in 1902 and the first service was held on Aug. 9, the same day as the coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. The first meeting of of the St. Paul's Women's Auxiliary took place on Feb. 27, 1905. Bishop Bompas died June 9, 1906, when he was preparing to leave for Fortymile. The funeral was conducted by his successor, Bishop Stringer, who was assisted by Reverends O'Meara and Cody.

The church's ministry at Moosehide was on-going and it has the Bishop Bompas Memorial Church. St. John's Church at Fortymile continued to be active and in 1911 sent a lay reader, Mr. A. C. Field, to the Second Synod.

The Fourth Synod in 1920 reported Johnathan Wood, of Fortymile, as being the native catechist there. The Fifth Synod in 1923 was attended by Mr. A. C. Field from Fortymile.

The rest is history, and much has been written about it. Fortymile has been designated an historic site and is being restored on a long-term basis.

The writer is a former Yukoner now living in Victoria.

### **CURRENT EVENTS IN WHITEHORSE**

Just thought I'd let you know - The friends of the Yukon Archives Society has just commenced a daily (Monday - Friday) Heritage Cinema in Hellaby Hall in Whitehorse. Screenings start at 2:30pm and feature a selection of vintage Northern films and videos from the Yukon Archives collection. These screenings will run until August 29th.

And - admission is FREE!

Here is the program for next week - I hope this arrives in time for inclusion in this weekends edition of the Moccasin Telegraph:

Monday, July 7th 2:30 p.m.

Alaska Highway, Richard Finnie 36 minutes (1942-1944)

Tuesday, July 8th 2:30 p.m.

The Conquest of Mount Logan 57 minutes

Wednesday, July 9th 2:30 p.m.

Jim Wake (1943-1947), Old Crow 110 minutes

Thursday, July 10th 2:30 p.m.

Canol (Richard Finnie) 47 minutes

Friday, July 11th 2:30 p.m.

Picturing People: 50 minutes  
George Johnston, Tlingit Photographer

Cheers, Tim Kinvig [kinvig@yknet.ca](mailto:kinvig@yknet.ca)

**Sandy's Thought for the Week**

*Apple pie with out cheese  
is like a  
kiss with out a squeeze*

**DAWSON CITY SENIOR'S PROGRAM**

Submitted by Fran Hakonson [fhakon@cityofdawson.ca](mailto:fhakon@cityofdawson.ca)

Dear Sherron

A short letter to tell you about our Senior's Program up here in Dawson City. A meeting was held at McDonald Lodge to discuss a few important concerns to the older population of the city. This was pretty well attended with a list of the 16 participants, names to follow.

All of the topics discussed were of great concern to the aging population and were felt to be of enough concern to get together and try to find solutions to remedy them.

With so many seniors now using these 3 and 4 wheeled "scooters" the sidewalks in Dawson must be upgraded to accommodate their use. As it is now, it is very difficult to get on the sidewalk from the road because the walkways are a few inches above the road. Another complaint was not having ramps into buildings such as the Bank, which is a rather large oversight. The Canada Post Office has a door that is impossible for anyone in a wheelchair to open. When we first arrived in Dawson in 1946. All the Streets and Avenues had boardwalks. Now there are none on 6th. Ave and up and it is difficult enough to use wheel chairs in the down town area right now and much harder on all the other roads.

Dust is horrific with all the traffic, due to the tour busses, plus the hundreds of motor homes etc. Oiling the roads is no longer allowed, because of health reasons. The same is true of calcium chloride as these contaminates get into our rivers etc. Some think that chip sealing the roads is not historical which is a pile of hog wash. Dawson was one of the first cities to have the new fangled "Electric Lights," installed. This happened in "1898", so how can chip sealing be too modern? Come on, City Council! Get on the ball. If some of you had a

business interest in the downtown area, you would be wanting to get rid of the dust problem also.

Another subject broached was called "Lifeline." This program is available to seniors in the U.S.A. and Canada, but we have not yet joined this service and are planning to do so soon. Let us hope that we will get this up and running in the next few months. After taking a fall in my bathroom 3 months ago, I know how important this service can be. We are joining the modern world with health aids, and why not?

Here is a list of the seniors at this meeting, in case anyone wishes to know, as they don't all have computers and some one out there may wish to get in touch.

Joyce Caley  
Myrna Butterworth  
Madeleine & John Gould  
Aldene & Ken Snider  
Don & Jean Neff  
Sandy Pilon  
Palma Berger  
Lorenzo Grimard  
Edward Lacey  
Dorothy Crayford  
Yvonne Burian  
John Tyrell  
Fran Hakonson

### **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

Hello Sherron,

I have made many low bush cranberry pies from cranberries picked by my Yukon friends. We like them as do many of our friends. Since the cranberries are grown in the Yukon and they are picked by Yukoners let's say the recipe is unique to the Yukon.

#### **Cranberry Pie Recipe**

1 1/2 cups cranberries  
3/4 cup sugar  
1/2 cup water  
2 tablespoons all purpose white flour  
1 tablespoon butter

Put the berries in a cooking pot.

Mix together sugar, water, and flour then add to the berries.  
Cook over direct heat for approx.10 minutes stirring constantly.

I taste the cooked berries to see if they are sweet enough, if not I add a little more sugar.

Cool then pour the cranberries into a pie plate lined with pastry and dot with butter.  
Sometimes I put strips of pastry, lattice fashion on the top, other times I cover with a top crust and prick it well with a fork. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) for the first 10 minutes then reduce temperature to 375 degrees F and bake for 30 minutes.

This is what I do to prevent the edges of the pie from getting too brown as well as preventing the filling from running out and making a mess, I cut strips of aluminum foil about 1" wide and cover the edges with this foil.

Happy Baking.

Ruth McIntyre

### **Miss Canada**

Hi Sherron, Anne:

Dalyce Smith was Miss Canada in 1955. I remember it very well; I was working for the Army on the Highway that summer, at Marsh Lake and Brooks Brook.

Aksel Porsild

*Congratulations Aksel, you were the only one to write in with the correct answer. - Sherron*

Anne Domes posed this question and the answer was found online at:

<http://www.jimmypageantpage.com/canada.html>

### **1955: Dalyce Smith—Whitehorse, Yukon Territory**

2. Marilyn Lorraine Shipley—London, Ontario (tie)

2. Valerie Anne Lane—Winnipeg, Manitoba (tie)

#### **SEMI-FINALISTS:**

Barbara Joan Alcorn—Moncton, New Brunswick

Ann McCahey—Montréal, Québec

Denyse Roxanne Angers—Québec City, Québec

Cecily Foster—Toronto, Ontario

Judith Eleanor Welch—Toronto, Ontario

Doreen Elizabeth Wells—Victoria, British Columbia

Hazelanne Gulcein—Wadena, Saskatchewan

## TIDBITS

Hi Sherron

Just a short note to say keep up the good work on the MT. It has taken me a while but I finally got caught up on reading all the MT issues. I have forwarded them on to several other folks and hope some of them will also join the list.

I really enjoyed the item about moving the Klondike down to the new location. I was working for Yukon Electrical Company Limited at the time and my shop was in the old warehouse beside the train station. I had a ring side seat through the entire move. It seems to me that the Cat's had rubber tires put under the tracks to prevent damage to the road.

Other stories like the Camp Takini one also brought back a lot of memories.

A few weeks ago I heard that a Les McLaughlin was going to be at Coles Book Store in Grande Prairie autographing his Peace Area and Yukon CD's. I went down and sure enough it was the LES and we BS'd for most of the afternoon. It was great seeing and talking to him.

I had a visit from an old school chum from Whitehorse last weekend. I hadn't seen him since 1974. His name is Darrel McDonald. I located him indirectly through the Vancouver Yukoners Banquet last year where I met Bob Campbell who later on an e-mail mentioned seeing the name Shirley Turton (McDonald) and ask me if I remembered her. She is living in Kelowna. Through contacting her I got her brother Darrel's phone number.

It is funny how one thing leads to another. I am sure that a lot more of these connections will happen with the MT and E-mail list.

Bye For Now

PS You can add my phone number to the list if you want as I see a lot of others have provided their numbers.

It is 780-402-6445.

Dave Perks

Hi Sherron,

I found this poem and as it pertains to a last century mining ghost town, I thought I would pass it on. I know that there are several people out there in our group that either worked in Clinton Creek, or at least knew what it was about, and if anyone out there can lend some more information or stories about Clinton, it would really be interesting.

So as promised:

## MINING DAYS OF CLINTON CREEK

*by Valerie Robertson*

The mining town of Clinton Creek,  
Lies nestled near the mountains,  
It cannot boast a Taj Mahal,  
Or ancient Roman fountains,  
Olympic sites or lakes of blue,  
Or shores of golden sand,  
It's plain old asbestos,  
That is buried in this land.

T'was in nineteen sixty eight,  
The mine began to pay,  
A handful of brave hearty souls,  
As ever came this way,  
Dug in their heels and laboured hard,  
Determined to succeed,  
Thus our community was born,  
And proud we are indeed.

That first cold winter came the flu,  
And everyone was low,  
A quarantine existed  
And the pace was rather slow,  
There was no friendly meetings,  
Round a bowl of Christmas cheer,  
As most folks lay near deaths door,  
Praying they would see next year.

Then spring arrived one day in May,  
And with it came the bears,  
The ladies, though alarmed at first  
Soon overcame their fears,  
They knew that living in the wilds  
Was quite a different thing,  
And each vowed, come rain or shine,  
They'd take what life may bring.

One day it was announced with pride,  
That Trudeau would be here,  
And all the town turned out to see  
The man they all held dear,  
It looked like Ascot on that day,  
And each was dressed to kill,  
But Mr. Trudeau's casual dress  
Has got us talking still.

Unfinished houses proved to cause  
More problems than enough,  
How long was one supposed to take  
This pioneering stuff,

No floors, no sinks, or countertops,  
Each washing day was cruel,  
The only water to be had  
Was mixed with diesel fuel.

Now shopping was a pleasure  
In those days long since gone by,  
You simply gave your order  
To a most congenial guy,  
That four pound roast you asked for  
And hoping would suffice,  
Turned out to weigh near six pounds,  
But you paid the four pound price.

The sun shone long in Clinton Creek,  
And the rain was rare,  
Yet when it came, confusion reigned,  
For mud was everywhere,  
Each careful step would sink you deep  
Down in perma frost,  
It dried up fast, but till it did,  
Serenity was lost.

The ladies formed a friendly group,  
And met to choose a name,  
Ideas flowed and days past by  
Before the answer came,  
The Petticoat Circle was their choice,  
And even to this day,  
The name still stands, and ladies meet  
The same informal way.

If trees could talk, and Poplars here  
Would have great tales to tell,  
Of happy times, and problem times  
The funny times as well,  
And when the ore has all been mined  
And we've gone our separate ways,  
They'll stand as silent sentinels  
Of Clinton's mining days.

I wrote this exactly as it was published, and so I hope that nothing will be changed.

If anyone out there happens to know where Mrs. Robertson is, ask her to join our group.

So till next time

Hugs, Sandy

**GILLIAN CAMPBELL aka KLONKIKE KATE**

*I asked Gillian if she had gigs planned that might be of interest the group. - Sherron*

That's a beautiful photo.., Thank you Sherron... I didn't get the Gig in the Yukon..BUDGET... I was so disappointed, but you never know, when a call will come again, I always say the door closes and the window opens..Re Gigs.. JULY 30th Kits Beach.. We are doing a Show only a 30.min I believe then the FIREWORKS start.. They again have little budget, but we are going to do it anyway. COS a Gigs a GIG...I won't have a big band, and maybe only two dancers, but we will have fun and its a FREE Show for everyone..Please let people know I also do BIRTHDAY GRAMMES.. thats lots of fun...but then I love it all... Have a great weekend. Love Gillian xo

### **MOVED FROM PORT ALBERNI TO WHITEHORSE**

We've moved to the Yukon due mainly to Marnie's health - will write more later Marnie and Les Somerton [somerton@klondiker.com](mailto:somerton@klondiker.com)

*I have just talked to Les Somerton on MSN and daughter #6 is a nurse in Whitehorse. Marnie is having some health problems, so they moved up to Whitehorse. – Sherron*

### **GORGEOUS PHOTOS OF NORTHERN LIGHTS**

I think you will enjoy these, I sure did.  
Fred Aylwin [fbaylwin@shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin@shaw.ca)

<http://www.iww.is/art/shs/pages/thumbs.html>

### **NEW ADDITIONS**

Hi Sherron, It's interesting to see so many ex-Yukoners I've known on your list! I've been the Tagish fire tower person since 1984, and have been in Yukon since 1967. Rob's radio station equipment is in my fire tower cabin since he started it. I'll have to think on possible interesting stories, I've trapped, mushed dogs--and still do, and meet grizzly bears here at the tower on a regular basis. Just had a mule deer and a family of porcupines to greet me this morning. So I really don't know where I'd start! I enjoy reading what you sent, so look forward to more!

Thanks again, Frances Tchulokovsky [tchulokovsky@hotmail.com](mailto:tchulokovsky@hotmail.com)

Dear Sherron:

I would like to be added to your list for Yukoners--Audrey & Joe Vigneau--Dawson City{Audrey since 1988-Joe since 1999}

Thank You

Audrey Vigneau [vigneau@yknet.ca](mailto:vigneau@yknet.ca)

Good day! Don Frizzell forwarded your very interesting bulletin to me, and if you have room I would like to be put on the list.

I understand you need to know a little bit about me. My mother had moved up here sometime in the 1970's and married Buzz Sampson, a relatively long-time Yukoner, and my sister basically grew up here. (They lived on Lake Labarge.)

I came up for a visit in 1985, met my husband, fell in love, quit my job down south and

moved. While I cannot pretend I appreciated everything about the place at the time, I certainly found enough to keep me busy and I thoroughly enjoyed the work environment. In 1993, we decided to move to Victoria, BC. We found quite a few Yukon exiles there and kept close links to home.

No one was more surprised than I when I also found out how much I missed this place. When the opportunity arose, we packed up and moved back up to Whitehorse in 1997. We have been here happily ever since.

That's more than enough for now but I thought you would like an introduction. This is such a great concept and I appreciate all the work that people put in to keep this going.

Deborah McNevin [dmcnevin@yt.sympatico.ca](mailto:dmcnevin@yt.sympatico.ca)

Hi Sherron -

Here's our info for the mailing list:

TURNER, Nick & Jean                      [njturner@aptalaska.net](mailto:njturner@aptalaska.net)                      (In Eagle AK since 1998) building  
sidewheeler

Thanks for welcoming us!

Nick & Jean  
Eagle

*Nick & Jean Turner had found Henry Breaden's name on line in association with Sternwheelers and had written a snail mail to him, to which he replied by e-mail and in the process told them about the Moccasin Telegraph and the possibility of them joining in so we could share in the project progress and they could gain information from the Yukoners on our list. As Henry says, they are spit away from the Yukon border in Eagle Alaska. Jean will put together a story for the Moccasin Telegraph outlining their project after the 4<sup>th</sup> of July weekend is over. - Sherron*

Henry and Sherron -

Wow! Honorary Yukoners! What can we say?--we're speechless! What a mailing list, and all those links! It's obvious you folks have put a lot of quality time into the project.

Give us a little time to take a look at everything ... it's our Independence Day celebration here in Eagle for the next few days, and we will be very tied up with activities. Rest assured, you'll be hearing from us!

Henry, about Art Knutson ... I'm not positive, but think he's still alive and kicking. Our museum store purchased some books from him only a year or so ago. If I hear more, I'll let you know.

We had a chance last night to briefly look at Murray's explorenorth pages. We definitely need to get in touch with him about photos.

Thanks to both of you, and especially you, Henry, for all the time and effort you've taken to answer our letter (and so very much more).

Nick & Jean  
Eagle

Hi, Henry and Sherron!

Thanks much, Henry, for sending us the latest edition (#19). I read it with great interest and amusement! Nick will check it out next. Especially enjoyed the story of the grease on the ways. I had heard the grease-saving story too, but had also read something more akin to your version, so figured there might have been a bit of yarn-spinning going on there. (Nah, that never went on back then, did it?...)

Just returned from our Eagle pre-July 4 potluck and silent bake auction. What a success this year! We had about 200 people attend (pretty good for a community of 150, eh?). There are about a dozen folks here from the antique car clubs in Anchorage and Fairbanks. They took their vintage cars to Dawson for Canada Day, and then came here for Independence Day. They'll be in our parade tomorrow with their cars. We took in \$421 tonight from the silent bake auction -- a record, I think. It rained all day yesterday and most of today, but just as folks were arriving for the potluck, it started to clear up. Hope the weather holds for tomorrow's festivities! We always have the flag-raising, parade (complete with every kid in town, museum's old vehicles, bicycles, dogs, cats and you name it), games and food at the old schoolhouse, a rifle shoot and softball game. If you ever get up this way around July 4, join us!

We would be happy to share a short description of progress on the sidewheeler. Give us a little time, but you'll get it! Plans are still sketchy at this point, but we can write about how it all started, how they got the materials here, and what's happened to date. And we have lots of photos.

We'll be reading every word of the MocTel. Sure am glad we ran into you, Henry.

Sherron -- first of all, we would like to check out the special edition on sternwheelers. Then, when you have time, go ahead and let us know how to access the past editions. I will save the info so we can read at our leisure. Also, I noted Betty Mackie is writing something about Fortymile. I would like to follow that, since I work for Eagle Historical Society and Fortymile is an area of interest for our archives. (Folks might be interested to know that Eagle Historical Society's archives is incredibly impressive. Maybe sometime I should write up a short description of what we have here, in case someone is looking for something.)

I am on a few select mailing lists and really enjoy them. In many ways, they far surpass websites - much more efficient, and a better use of everyone's time.

Thanks again, so much, to both of you. Hope we can meet someday!

Nick & Jean  
Eagle

### **TAGISH FIRE TOWER AND RADIO STATION CFET**

Hello Sherron, Yes I guess my accumulated years here and lifestyle do raise a lot of 'different' experiences and many questions. I'm inclined, since birth, to just go and 'do' and take my experiences as they come, with not a lot of reflection or analysis, etc.

Well, to try and 'briefly' answer some of your questions. The mountain that Tagish fire tower is positioned on is Jubilee Mountain, next to Northwestel microwave tower. It is locally known as an excellent viewpoint of all the Southern lakes, i.e. Marsh Lake, 6 mile river, Tagish Lake with Taku arm and Windy arm, and behind me is Jakes Corner with view of Little Atlin lake, of course all of Tagish community and Marsh Lake community is visible.

My working season starts in middle of May and goes to middle or end of August. Over the years a few fires have threatened all that 'lived' in areas of view. Luckily, they were contained and put out, before major disaster occurred. Some cabins and property have been lost or damaged, but no lives, thankfully.

As to other 'threatening' experiences, I suppose I could fill a book or two on that one. Most have involved grizzly bears, black bears, lightning, extreme winds, bizarre people and drunken behaviors, etc. And actually continue on a regular basis every summer. I guess I just 'take it as part of the job'.

Do I need to re-adjust at end of season? After a season I'm usually so busy picking berries, mushrooms, cutting firewood, etc. Getting ready for winter, that I don't have time to consider this. Yes, it is a definite change, but again I just take it as it comes.

You ask about 'awesome' experiences with nature. The view alone is the most awesome, I do believe in the world, and I've seen most of the 'viewpoints' of our world, either personally or most usually in videos, books, travel brochures, etc. Any local people I am sure would agree.

Other awesome experiences that come to mind are again my frequent grizzly encounters and some lightning storms that scared me shitless. I do mention that Jubilee Mountain is known (by YTG Game Branch) as one of five locations that have the highest population of grizzly bears in North America. So it doesn't surprise me that over the years I've been here that I've encountered many, many different bears.

You ask if I take photos of wildlife. Unfortunately I am usually dealing with the wildlife and only after the opportunity has passed do I think 'darn, I should have got a picture!' I have taken many photos of the view, as have most local people, and visiting friends and relatives. If you want some pictures, I'm sure Rob Hopkins could send you some computer friendly ones.

As for having e-mail to alleviate boredom, yes, to a point this is so, though I've never really had a problem with boredom here. Usually between required work, and my own activities, there never is enough time to get it all done, let alone get bored and wonder what to do next.

I do hope this does answer your queries, Sherron. I used to write extensively about 20 or so years ago, but in later life, I do as little as possible, no real reason why. I do watercolour and oil painting, spin a variety of wools, knit, play bagpipe chanter, as my 'creative' activities, I guess. I read voraciously a very wide variety of written stuff; so do enjoy your Moccasin Telegraph. This e-mail is probably the most I've written, this year at least.

Take care, Sherron, happy trails,  
Frances Tchulokovshy [tchulokovsky@hotmail.com](mailto:tchulokovsky@hotmail.com)



Pizza delivery on the last day of CFET broadcast for the 2001 season.  
Cabin is on Jubilee Mountain in the Tagish fire district.



*Rob Hopkins and Frances Tchulokovsky during a prize draw at CFET 2001; in this case a White Pass Whistle was the prize. Rob tells me this is Marsh Lake in the background. So good people of Marsh Lake, it looks like your welfare is being well looked after by Frances; at least as far as errant fires are concerned.*

*Rob Hopkins forwarded a clip of audio containing an interview with John and Olive Storey. They were celebrating their 54<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary that day and were in attendance at the Community Club. Tagish Community Club is 1 mile west of the Tagish Bridge. - Sherron*

## **The Hildebrands**

Hi Sherron,

I was writing you a two page E- mail the computer froze and everything disappeared, don't you hate that. That photo is a feller buncher, cuts trees down, eliminating fallers. We build a variety of equipment for the logging industry. My job is to fix them.

The other photo is mom and dad enjoying their retirement. On that day they were going on a one-week cruise to Skagway return.

I bought one of those cameras and was having fun when I sent those pictures put a face to the name.

I like your stories and addresses neat to see familiar names.

Dave Hildebrand



Jack & Doreen Hildebrand



Dave Hildebrand

### **Gillian's Helpful Hint**

Dear Sherron.... Have a wonderful time camping,, I just heard of a good way to keep the Mosquitoes at bay... Take some sunlight washing liquid and put it in saucers or whatever you have,, they love the smell eat it and drown.. Hope it helps.. stay safe. Love Gillian xo

### **Microwave use Caution**

Hi Folks, This is something to think of as many of us use microwave. The question is, "For our own good should we be careful of plastic containers or plastic wraps?" This is just for you to think on, and all the best. Henry and Alice breaden@shaw.ca

As a seventh grade student, Claire Nelson learned that (diethylhexyl) adipate (DEHA), considered a carcinogen, is found in plastic wrap. She also learned that the FDA had never studied the effect of microwave cooking on plastic-wrapped food. Claire began to wonder: "Can cancer-causing particles seep into food covered with household plastic wrap while it is being microwaved?"

Three years later, with encouragement from her high school science teacher, Claire set out to test what the FDA had not. Although she had an idea for studying the effect of microwave radiation on plastic-wrapped food, she did not have the equipment.

Eventually, Jon Wilkes at the National Center for Toxicological Research in Jefferson, Arkansas, agreed to help her. The research center, which is affiliated with the FDA, let her use its facilities to perform her experiments, which involved microwaving plastic wrap in virgin olive oil. Claire tested four different plastic wraps and "found not just the carcinogens but also xenoestrogen was migrating into the oil]...." Xenoestrogens are linked to low sperm counts in men and to breast cancer in women.

Throughout her junior and senior years, Claire made a couple of trips each week to the research center, which was 25 miles from her home, to work on her experiment. An article in Options reported that "her analysis found that DEHA was migrating into the oil at between 200 parts and 500 parts per million. The FDA standard is 0.05 parts per billion." Her summarized results have been published in science journals.

Claire Nelson received the American Chemical Society's top science prize for students during her junior year and fourth place at the International Science and Engineering Fair (Fort Worth, Texas) as a senior. "Carcinogens -- At 10,000,000 Times FDA Limits" Options.

May 2000. Published by People Against Cancer, 515-972-4444. On Channel 2 (Huntsville, AL) this morning they had a Dr. Edward Fujimoto from Castle Hospital on the program. He is the manager of the Wellness Program at the hospital. He was talking about dioxins and how bad they are for us. He said that we should not be heating our food in the microwave using plastic containers. This applies to foods that contain fat. He said that the combination of fat, high heat and plastics releases dioxins into the food and ultimately into the cells of the body.

Dioxins are carcinogens and highly toxic to the cells of our bodies. Instead, he recommends using glass, Corning Ware, or ceramic containers for heating food. You get the same results without the dioxins. So such things as TV dinners, instant saimin and soups, etc., should be removed from the container and heated in something else. Paper isn't bad but you don't know what is in the paper. Just safer to use tempered glass, Corning Ware, etc. He said we might remember when some of the fast food restaurants moved away from the foam containers to paper. The dioxin problem is one of the reasons.

To add to this: Saran wrap placed over foods as they are nuked, with the high heat, actually drips poisonous toxins into the food. Use a paper towel instead.

### **Helpful Hint from Sherron**

Please check out this tool – download it to your desk top and whenever you get an e-mail with a lot of >>> marks, you can have them stripped off instantly. All you need to do is “Select All” and “Copy” the document you wish to clean and then hit the three buttons across the bottom of the Email Stripper tool, “Paste”, “Strip It” and “Copy” and you have a clean copy ready to use on a new e-mail.

Available for free from <http://www.papercut.biz/emailStripper.htm>

### **FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Please contact Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

To date **twenty 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.

We have also come up with a way of placing the past editions into e-mail accounts online and we can provide you with the instructions and password, which will enable you to retrieve them yourself.

Sandy is a working girl and will get to the requests at her earliest convenience.

**Contact Sandy at [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)**

### DATES TO REMEMBER

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

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