

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Twenty Fourth Edition – Aug 3, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MARRIAGE ON THE RUN

(Or what an RCMP Constable had to do in the name of love)

By Gus Barrett Sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

When I was stationed in Whitehorse with the RCMP, back in the dark ages (1954), I was dating a young lady from Dawson whom I had met the previous year. She had just finished nurses training and had accepted a position in the old Whitehorse hospital on 2nd Ave. We hit it off pretty well and, as young people often used to do in those days, we decided to get married. Now marriage to most people, while a very solemn and serious occasion, is nevertheless a rather routine event. However, if one was in the RCMP at that time things were just not that simple. As a matter of fact it was a bit of an adventure.

To begin with the Force had a regulation that, in order to marry, a member had to be twenty four years of age, the prospective wife had to be investigated and approved by the force, he must have fifteen hundred dollars in the bank and finally he must have five years service. The latter could be reduced to four with the Officer Commanding's permission. I was twenty-four at the time, no problem there. We didn't figure number two would be a problem, as Blanche had never been involved in espionage or anything like that. To have fifteen hundred in the bank, a constable making \$180.00 a month would have to be a magician, but this was usually solved by, canvassing the members, putting all available money in one bank account, getting a receipt to satisfy the system, and then dividing up the money again. The crunch came on the final requirement. I had only four years service at the time and there was no way that the O.C. would give his permission. When he heard rumors that we might get married anyway, I was called on the carpet and advised that if I went ahead with the marriage without his permission I would spend my honeymoon in jail, then he sent telegrams to the detachments at Carmacks and Dawson to arrest me if I came through. This was quite legitimate under the RCMP Act. Marriage without permission would also result in a dishonorable rather than honorable discharge. While the distinction may not mean much to civilians, it would be of vital importance to me in future job interviews. He also advised me that we were too young to marry and that, soon, I would not even remember her name.

Blanche had already been to Dawson and made arrangements for the wedding including two venues.

St., Paul's Anglican Church if the Police were not around (there were only two in Dawson and one in Carmacks), or the Arlington Roadhouse, about ten miles out of town if there were problems. One more major problem arose here. The date of our wedding coincided with the Bobby Burns Nighr party in Dawson. However, being true Yukoners, and not wishing to waste two good parties on one night, Burns Night was postponed one week so that everyone could attend the wedding. So in the early morning of Jan 24, 1955 I sneaked out of barracks, picked up Blanche at the nurses residence and, accompanied by two carloads of supporters headed for Dawson. The temperature was

about forty below at the time but the trip went off without a hitch other than a minor collision with a snow bank.

As I suspected, the police in Carmacks and Dawson found more important duties that needed attention and the marriage went off as planned in the church. After a one-day honeymoon in the "bridal suite" of the Penguin Hotel, we returned to Whitehorse to find that someone in "high places" had interceded on my behalf and my Honorable discharge was forthcoming the following day.

That was almost forty-nine years ago and the marriage is still an adventure. The O.C. was right about one thing though; I am having some difficulty remembering her name now. I wonder what could cause this?

I asked Gus if this was really true, and also if he would share a poem with us. He has sent in three poems with Yukon flavour and I have placed them in the next three MocTels – Sherron

And Oh yes - I was indeed discharged over the marriage bit. That's just the way it was back then.

Gus Barrett.

DAWSON CITY

By Gus Barrett

There's a place up north in Yukon
That my loving wife calls home,
Situated on the river bank
Below the midnight dome.
Where the endless summer sunshine,
Makes the blossoms oh, so pretty,
It's a friendly little hamlet,
That we know as Dawson City.

Its founders were a hardy breed
Of rugged pioneers,
Men and women from 'round the world,
Who pushed aside their fears.
And took the trail of ninety eight,
In that famous Klondyke rush,
And, with blood and sweat and sacrifice,
Carved a city from the bush.

They landed on the muddy flat,
Beneath that gaping slide.
And, with broad axes and bucksaws,
Went into the countryside.
They cut the logs and hauled them

To that flat beside the stream.
They built their town, and in doing so
They built themselves a dream.

Throughout the years they searched for gold,
Toiling in the frozen muck.
Some struck it rich, while others failed,
Much depending on ones luck.
As time went by, gold petered out,
No mother lode was found.
Some moved on, but when they did
They left behind, a town.

Dawson City's been there now
For a hundred years and more
Still situated 'neath the dome,
On the Yukon River shore.
What of those hardy pioneers,
And their dream so everlasting?
The graves up on the hillside
Tell the story of their passing.

© 2001 Gus Barrett.

Visit Gus Barrett website at: <http://poetrypoem.com/sourdough>

My Family Roots and Yukon trip 2003

By Pat Bakewell (nee Fulton) pat0bill@telusplanet.net

My Yukon roots go back to my Great Grandparents Robert Henry (Harry) BREADEN and his wife Elizabeth Caroline (nee BROWN), my mother's side of our family. The first we find of them is in canoe # 507. 1898/99

My mother Audrey (nee BREADEN) and my father James "Jim" FULTON married in Mayo August 1936. They had four children born in Mayo, Robert William "Bill", Sheila, myself Patricia and James "Jimmy". We left the Yukon in April 1944.

As I was on my trip to Mayo, my birthplace, to help them celebrate their 100th birthday, I was trying to walk the same places were my parents would have gone and recall my memories of the North.

My husband Bill and I were also army folks and were posted to Whitehorse from 1958/1961.

Since we had come down the old Alaska Highway in 1961, we truly enjoyed the changes and improvements on our trip North in 2003.

As we arrived in Whitehorse, down the two-mile hill we went. At the bottom is where the RCEME workshop was where my Grandfather James "Spot Cash" BREADEN, my Uncle Carl MILLER and my husband Bill all worked. Bill was a radio technician in the army.

Back in the trees as you turn the corner from the RCEME entrance you can still see the little Indian graveyard. This has always interested me with their house built around the grave and including their pots and pans, and other belongings. The trees have grown up in the past 42 years. It was nice to see it was still there.

With the building of all the new roads, sidewalks and bike paths in Whitehorse, Bill and I were truly impressed with the well-maintained they are.

As we had just arrived, we were hungry and stopped to have supper at the Edgewater Hotel. This was where the White Pass Hotel was when we left Whitehorse. It burned down shortly after our leaving the North in 1961.

After supper we became tourists, camera in hand and away we went. We walked Main Street. We went into Hougen Dept. store where in 1960 I had bought a record called Yukon Gold by Al OSTER. This record has wonderful songs about the Yukon. I don't know where Al OSTER has gotten to, but I still have the record. The store now is very big compared to when we were there.

We walked to where the Taku Hotel is. It was new when we were living there. Across from the Taku was our bus stop for Camp Takhini. The only bus at that time, and now it looks like they have city buses.

After touring the town a bit, we were off to check out Camp Takhini where we lived at 43 Ortona (corner lot). Bill was able to go straight to the spot. The house is gone, but other than that it was much the same. Now just kiddy corner from where we lived is a broomball court. A couple young boys stopped to talk to us. We told them we used to live there. They were amazed to hear there had been houses there. We also told them of how the house and ground shook there from the earthquake from Alaska in about 1958.

I walked across Ortona to the PMQ where I used to go to a girl friend's for coffee. We remembered the forest fire 1958, which Bill helped fight, also the Queen and Prince Phillip's visit in 1959. And also the fish my grandparents brought to us. As I was not a fish eater, this was a big fish (lake trout) I think. I cut it in half and took half to my neighbor. I then phoned my grandmother (Kate BREADEN) and asked her how to cook it. She told me. After cooking and eating this fish I felt like going back to my neighbor and asking for the other half back. Yes it was that good ~ grin ~.

From here we went and found the Yukon Archives so we could get a good start in the morning. As I am trying to fill in and put the pieces together of my family history I wanted to visit there.

Next morning we were at the Archives. The help I received was tremendous. What a wonderful building and research center this is. We spent about four hours there and found it very interesting. The more we talked, the more the gals found on my BREADEN side of the family. Not much on my FULTONs.

This was my first look though the wonderful book "Gold and Galena" the history of Mayo, with so many great pictures, including my family. I have the book now. It is very hard to put down from reading. It has so many wonderful stories in it.

I had been told of BRADEN's Canyon on the Pelly River about 15 miles below Pelly Crossing. Which I had been told was named after my Gt. Grandfather. The girls at the archives were able to find a small write up of this for me as well. It also tells of his supplying cordwood to the riverboats.

Wanting to spend more time at the Archives but having to move on, we went to Christ Church Cathedral. Though doing family research I have been in touch with Fred NEAL. The Anglican Diocese of Ottawa. I told him of my going to the Yukon on a trip. He told me his brother in law, now deceased, had been born in Whitehorse and the WATSON panel in the window behind the alter in the Church was a memorial to his family.

We arrived there and asked about this panel and if we could take pictures to send to Mr. NEAL. The girl that was there was very helpful. She let us take pictures and also gave us a post card with this panel. I'm not sure of the girls name, I believe it was Sue MURRAY. The gal knew of my grandparents, Alice and Henry and Aileen (nee MILLER) my cousin.

From here we visited the Old Log Cabin, McBride Museum, and went on the tour on the S.S. Klondike, as the Riverboats were part of my family history. We visited the spot where my grandparents used to live on Lambert St. This is now the Tourist information building. This I believe is also where T & D car lot was.

Where my Aunt Vera (nee BREADEN) and Uncle Carl MILLER lived is now I believe a Performing Arts building. This is to the right across the road from the Yukon Theatre. Bill, I and my BAKEWELL family spent our Easters, Christmas and many nice times at my Aunts home while we were living in Whitehorse.

As for TV, we had one channel, CBC when we lived in Whitehorse, now there are a number of channels to choose from. Radio was from volunteers from the air force base. Sometimes you had radio, sometimes you didn't.

Whitehorse has everything from McDonalds to Wal-Mart. So much more than when we lived there.

In the morning we are off in the car to Mayo to continue our holiday.
(To be continued next week.)

DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

ytdogteam@telus.net

Canol Oil Project

The Canol (short for Canada Oil) project was one of the most expensive projects of WWII. It was undertaken at the same time as the Alaska Highway. This project was designed to provide oil for vehicles used in the construction of the Alaska Highway and to ensure an oil supply for U.S. and Canadian troops.

With the Japanese occupation of the Aleutian Islands, the U.S. Army was very concerned about the security of Alaska. The Army decided it needed land-based access to Alaska and set out to building the Alaska Highway.

At the same time, the Army decided to run a pipeline from Norman Wells on the Mackenzie River to Whitehorse to provide oil for the machinery working on the highway. Then, oil in Norman Wells was more accessible than that in Alaska's North Slope.

Although more easily accessible than Alaskan oil, the oilfields in Norman Wells were not easily reached. Construction of the pipeline and a road to support the pipeline took up most of the war. Construction began in 1942 and lasted until February 1944.

Horrible conditions slowed the construction process, and even after the pipeline opened, it operated for a very short time until March 1945. Problems in welds meant large amounts of oil were lost from the pipeline. The effects of these oil spills can still be seen on the land along the trail today.

After the pipeline was closed, the road fell into disuse except for the section in the Yukon. The CANOL project remained largely forgotten until the 1960's, when increased interest in wilderness hiking led to the establishment of the Canol Heritage Trail.

Below is a recreation of the original hiring poster for the Canol Project. You'll notice the job's location was not mentioned due to the need for secrecy:

THIS IS NO PICNIC!

**WORKING AND LIVING CONDITIONS ON THIS
JOB ARE AS DIFFICULT AS THOSE
ENCOUNTERED ON ANY CONSTRUCTION JOB
EVER DONE IN THE UNITED STATES OR
FOREIGN TERRITORY. MEN HIRED FOR THIS
JOB WILL BE REQUIRED TO WORK AND LIVE
UNDER THE MOST EXTREME CONDITIONS
IMAGINABLE. TEMPERATURES WILL RANGE
FROM 90 DEGREES ABOVE ZERO TO 70**

DEGREES BELOW ZERO. MEN WILL HAVE TO FIGHT SWAMPS, RIVERS, ICE AND COLD. MOSQUITOES, FLIES AND GNATS WILL NOT ONLY BE ANNOYING BUT WILL CAUSE BODILY HARM.

IF YOU ARE NOT PREPARED TO WORK UNDER THESE AND SIMILAR CONDITIONS DO NOT APPLY.

June 15, 1942

Bechtel-Price-Callahan

There were seven drilling rigs with crews set up. Three of the rigs were used for exploratory work north of Norman Wells, while four were located at Norman Wells.

On February 16, 1944 the crew made the Golden Weld in the main pipeline and two months later crude oil from Norman Wells flowed into Whitehorse, where the already completed tank farms and refinery were ready for operation. The refinery consisted of: tanks from a surplus refinery in Texas; boilers from an old power plant in Ontario; turbines and generators from California. Various other parts were picked up from about 2,000 suppliers throughout the United States.

The project cost \$134 million and the need for the oil field had ceased to exist by the time it was completed. It took only 20 months to build and by 1945 was shut down and abandoned, less than a year after it opened.



Fred Alywin Photo

Truck boneyard is of vehicles on the Canol road north of Ross River. They were left by the American army after they built the pipeline from Norman Wells to Whitehorse during WW2.

For more extensive coverage of the Canol pipeline, check out the Carcross Community School site at: <http://www.yesnet.yk.ca/schools/carcross/canolpipeline/canolpipe.htm>

Sourdough Rendezvous

The Sourdough Rendezvous begins the last week of February and runs for seven days. The festival takes place indoors and out. A real party atmosphere takes over Whitehorse as streets are blocked off. Several events are held that include: parade, flour packing, dog races, snowshoe racing and skiing events. Businesses decorate their storefront in 1898 fashion. Residents don their Klondike attire and a Sourdough Rendezvous Queen is crowned.

Henry Breaden Asks:

Do you remember the Sourdough Rendezvous that used to run for a week about the end of February each year? There used to be a lot of inside and outside competitions along with a lot of music and singing and a parade. Bill and Rusty Reed this year put on a performance of the "Northernaires", a band that they started 50 years ago in Whitehorse. They had many of the instrumentalists that used to play with them when they first started, including a guitarist who is a good friend of mine, Corky Repka of the City of Whitehorse. It is so strange, Alice knew Rusty as "Rusty Regan" as kids in North Vancouver

Donna Answers:

Yes, Henry I remember the Sourdough Rendezvous well. As a business owner of Northern Lites Kennels we ran our dogs in the Rendezvous. What an exciting time that was. Below are some of my memories of the Rendezvous:

The dog races started on Friday and went through to Sunday. On Saturday afternoon I was just finishing feeding and laying straw down for my dogs when a fellow musher, Bob English, drove his team up to mine. He yelled at me to jump into his sleigh as he wanted to show me something. Off we went, in full run mode heading toward the Edgewater Hotel. As Bob instructed his team toward the Hotel lounge I couldn't understand what he wanted the dogs to do. Well, much to my surprise the team was instructed to head for the open door of the lounge – at full speed! As we bored through the open door chairs, tables and bodies were flying every direction trying to get out of the way of the dogs and sleigh. Over the racket of wood I could hear Bob yelling "Gee, Gee (go right). The team finally stopped at the bar and Bob quickly grabbed a beer keg, threw it into my lap and yelled for the team to "gee", "gee", and, finally "haw" (go left), then, "go home", right out through the door we had just come through. As we headed for the door I managed a quick look at the stunned faces of some patrons, standing there with their mouth agape, chairs and tables lying on their side. As we exited the doorway the only sound I could hear were the dog's pants and Bob's laughter.

By the way, certain members of the Yukon Dog Mushers Association enjoyed the refreshment.

How exciting the Rendezvous was! I remember the ice sculptures and the crowning of the Queen on her very own ice stage. The excitement of preparing all year for the 3-day dog races and of watching some well-known mushers run their trained, athletic team. Remember Babe Southwick,

Frank Turner, Bill Hodgson, Paul Sheridan (who introduced me to mushing), Paul Bien, Arno Hermman and Bob Erlam to name but a few.



Donna Clayson Photos

Notice that the snow was melting. There were years that we didn't have enough snow to run our dogs and years where it was too cold to do so.

WHAT A CURE FOR CABIN FEVER!

HISTORIC CHURCHES

By Donna Clayson

The one thing I enjoyed about living in the Yukon was the history, particularly the Churches. How I loved to tour these sacred places and “feel” the energy of days gone by. Below are just a few I enjoyed visiting and reading about.

OLD LOG CHURCH MUSEUM

Located at 3rd Avenue and Elliot Street in Whitehorse. The building is the original Anglican Church built in 1900 by Rev. R.J. Bowen. Restored is the log church and rectory and declared the first Territorial historic site in the Yukon. The church houses exhibits showing the pre-contact life of aboriginal people, early exploration, gold rush, whaling, missionaries and the construction of the Alaska Highway relics, photographs and books representing early day religious denominations in the Yukon. Was once the Territory's Anglican Cathedral. It opened as a museum in 1962 and displays documents, artifacts and photos of the early missionary days in the Yukon.



Donna Clayson Photo

**ISSAC O. STRINGER CHURCH
THE BISHOP WHO ATE HIS BOOTS**

A farm boy from Kincardine, Ontario, graduated from the University of Toronto and Wycliffe College, ordained in 1892 for MacKenzie River to serve among Loucheaux Indians, Eskimo and American whalers. Married Sarah Ann Alexander and ministered at Herschel Island until snowblindness forced them to leave in 1901. Came to Whitehorse in 1903 as rector. Health improves. Elected Second Bishop of Diocese in 1905 to succeed the aging Bishop W.C. Bompas, the Apostle of the North. In 1907 held first Diocesan Synod here. Moves to Fortymile to Dawson City. Serves next 25 years traveling far and wide as famous “Bishop of Yukon” 1931-4. Concludes life as Archbishop of Ruberts Land in Winnipeg. The board this was taken from reads below:



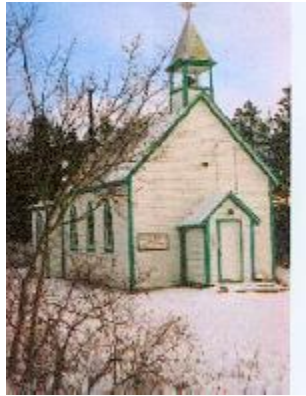
Sign Outside Old Log Church
 Donna Clayson Photo

In early September 1909, returning from the Mackenzie River Diocese to the Yukon Diocese, Bishop Stringer lost his way. Ahead was a 500 mile trek through muskeg, dense bush, and over a steep mountain divide. He was dressed in light clothing and carried

provisions for 8 days. Little did he know that he would be lost in the mountains for 51 days and be on the brink of death. Soon his food was all gone. The Bishop decided it was time to eat his boots. The skin of an animal that has not been tanned can be eaten and will sustain life. The sealskin boots were light, hairless, with walrus skin soles. The boots were cut into pieces, boiled for hours and then roasted. Stringer recorded the details in his diary. The journey lasted 51 days and he lost 50 pounds.

ST. SAVIOUR'S ANGLICAN CHURCH
CARCROSS

Built in Tagish, the remains of one of the cabins from the NWMP post and is situated on the north shore of the Tagish River.



OUR LADY OF THE WAY
HAINES JUNCTION

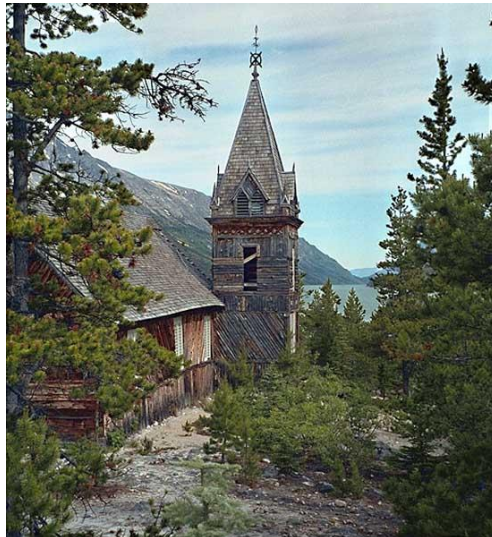
This church was built from a Quonset during the construction of the Alaska Highway in 1942.



Donna Clayson Photo

ST. ANDREWS CHURCH
BENNETT

Stampeders that arrived late in the season were snowed in for the entire winter. The church was built roughly and went up almost overnight. There was a chapel that was chinked with moss and a mess hall for serving soup. With not much to do people would gather there for warmth and pray for their dreams to come true.



I have not received any stories from our readers. Please consider sending your memories to me so others can enjoy them. Would love to hear from all of you. – Donna

End of Donna Clayson's Story Section

YUKON ORDER OF PIONEERS aka YOOP's

The following photo is from the book "**Gold and Galena**" prepared by the Mayo Historical Society and is available through Lyn Blieler lynbleiler@yahoo.com or mayohistoricalsoc@yahoo.ca. It is an excellent hardcover book, just over 500 pages long. It includes many interesting photos like the one below. The reproduction of this photo here for your enjoyment is by permission of the Mayo Historical Society and with a special Thankyou to the University of Alaska, Fairbanks. Note names like Al Mayo and L. N. McQuestion in the photo. This book walks you through those first years when these men were accumulating in the area. It tells when and where they mined and how they traveled.



Yukon Order of Pioneers at 40-Mile in 1895. Al Mayo is on the right at the top of the pyramid. Jack McQuesten is centre, front row. McKay Collection, University of Alaska, Fairbanks

From: http://www.yukongenealogy.com/content/database_yoopa.htm

“Crime ran like a river through the north during the early years of gold prospecting. On Dec. 1, 1894, the Yukon Order of Pioneers was created to maintain ethical standards. Living by the motto "do unto others as you would be done by," YOOP's pledged to

protect other members and share news of gold discoveries. This database features membership records from the early years of the Order.”

From another online site came this interesting information:

The **Yukon Order of Pioneers** was formed in **1894** by the Forty Mile community which proposed the organization of a moral fraternal order for the purposes of establishing a police force and a fraternal group whose primary concern would be the welfare, security and well-being of its members. Membership was restricted to male persons of integrity and good character who met a ten year residency requirement. By the early 1900s, the policing activities of the Order were no longer required, and since that time the Order's primary objectives have been social, historical and cultural, with its paramount concern being the welfare and well-being of its members. According to the agreed statement of facts (item 8(ix)) submitted by the parties,

the primary objects and focus of the Order are the mutual protection of its members and the uniting of those members in the strong tie of brotherhood. The Order is dedicated to preserving the history of the Order and of its members. It is equally dedicated to preserving the moral values, male camaraderie and mutual respect, traditions and secret rites that were engendered by and formed the fabric of a Klondike brotherhood of the 1890s;

This is consistent with the purpose of the Order, which is thus set forth in its Constitution:

Its purpose shall be the advancement of the Yukon Territory, the mutual protection of its members, and to unite these members in the strong tie of brotherhood; and to preserve the names of all Yukon Pioneers on its rolls; to collect and preserve the literature and incidents of Yukon's history.

Pursuant to this clause, the organization collects and preserves certain historical literature and materials and makes them available to the public. To that end, the Order's historian engages in the following activities:

- (a) responds to requests from the public for information on the Order's past members and on the history of the Order;
- (b) provides historical data, records and materials on the Order and its members to the Yukon Archives;
- (c) solicits information on the history of the Order and its members from members and other individuals and organizations;
- (d) collects data, records, photos and other historical material respecting the Order and its members.

Yukon Order Of Pioneers

By Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

The story of the Yukon Order of Pioneers began in Forty Mile in 1894 to assist in the administration of justice for the NWMP during those years had a post there. It was started with the same intent as the Arctic Brotherhood in Skagway. To take care of one another and to assist those in need. During those early years there were not that many women in the settlement, but this applied to all residents of Forty Mile.

In 1896 when the strike was made on Rabbit Creek, and George Carmacks registered his claim along with the other two partners in 40 mile, the stampede was on to stake on Rabbit Creek. Soon after, a group of miners decided to rename it Bonanza.

As there was only one Lodge and that was Forty Mile it would really be No.1 without naming it, and in Dawson when the Yukon Order Of Pioneers was started, it became No.2. In 1912 there was a Lodge started in Seattle and it too adopted the No. 2 and Dawson became No.1 Lodge. In 1925 shortly after the founders of the Seattle Lodge, George T. Snow and Tom O'Brien passed away; the name was changed to Alaska Yukon Pioneers. We thank John Gould for this information, and why No. 2 Lodge passed into obscurity. We were near "round the bend" trying to find where No. 2 Lodge went! My grandfather, Harry Breaden was a member of Lodge No.2 really as was Dawson at the time in the early years of the century. The charter was revised to include those who arrived up to 1903, and my father was able to join as he came into the Yukon in 1899 as a child.

If you look closely at the emblem of the Pioneers, I highly suspect that the first Pioneers were Masons, for the closeness to the square and compasses is too close to be coincidental. I will speak of No.3 Lodge in Mayo that was on First Avenue west and a stone's throw from our home on Second Avenue.

Lodge No. 3 was formed in Mayo and the log building built in 1921. All the functions in Mayo for near the next 30 years took place at the Pioneer Hall. Badminton used to be played in the hall during the winter, and as it was a high building had an iron rod at the eve line so that the walls were stable. The badminton "birds" used to hit the rod occasionally. There was a nice spruce floor highly finished and all the Mayo dances were held at the hall. As it had a stage, plays by the Drama Club and Christmas Concerts put on by the school kids took place there under the tutelage of Gordon McIntyre. Santa Clause of course paid his visit after the concert, and all the kids of Mayo received a gift. Picture shows were shown with the old silent films, and lantern slides as they were known at the time were shown there. The flood of 1936 did not do it much good, and there was considerable work done after the water went down. Later, shows of the more modern type were run by Ed Kunze. By 1949 the floors were gone and the old building was getting shaky from all the fun years, and Wareham Hall was built next to the Anglican Church under Rev. G.N. Wareham. My dad was a member of Lodge No.3, and

I still remember his bandoleer of royal blue and gold. Don't know what ever happened to it, but it would certainly be a keepsake now. The original intent was that when the last Pioneer went "Down the Trail", that the Lodge would fold. In Lodge No. 3, Jack Smith was the last of the old Pioneers that I grew up with in my years from 1929 to 1952. The last time I saw Jack was 1952, and during the 1950s he returned to New Brunswick for his last days as he was from there originally. The hall was torn down, and as I was saying, I hope that Mayo saved the YOOP sign that used to hang on the front gable. I am sure they must have, as they have become very conscious of Mayo history.

During the 1930s the big day in Mayo was August 17th and it was the day that the Pioneers really did shine. They used to have a sports day for the kids of all ages with racing, sack race or the three-leg race. For refreshments there was ice cream and who knows what, all the things that kids like. The sports used to take place on the street in front of the Pioneer Hall, and prizes were all in cash so head for the candy store the next day. All of it was financed by the Pioneers and merchants, ending with a ball game in the afternoon. That evening there was a dance in the Pioneer Hall, and as small kids we could hear the music as they opened a very large vent in the gable of the roof for ventilation, which faced our home. The orchestra quite often was Mrs. Sullivan on the piano, Sgt. Tidd of the RCMP on the trombone or other horn, Eddie Kimbel on the banjo, and I can't think who was guitarist or the drums. Ivy White from Elsa used to be the accordianist from time to time. In later 30s my sister Vera played the piano or accordion, Bill Talmey on guitar and Pete Petiot on the drums. About 1941 I became the guitarist.

The Lodge was rejuvenated, and in 1960 when we took the Keno to Dawson City there was a Pioneer meeting in Lodge No.1. Charlie Randall was all for initiating me into the Pioneers. But, crazy or not, and knowing what those old fellows had intended, my principles would not allow me to accept the offer. As I told Charlie, had it been rejuvenated as, "Son's of the Pioneers" I would qualify. At the moment the Pioneer Lodge is active in Dawson and Whitehorse, and as I understand have many functions. It is most unfortunate that I cannot qualify, for 1927 was too late under the old charter, and so I am not a Pioneer.

A Book Report on Joyce Yardley's book "Yukon River Boat Days".

Imagine a 21 year old bride, in 1928...having lived all her life in a city, leaving her parents; three brothers and a sister; the comforts of what was then considered a modern home; and arriving, in the early part of November, at the small isolated town of Whitehorse, Yukon; population 300.

And imagine reading the story *in her own words*.

Wanting above all to please and impress her rugged husband, who was a woodcutter; her wardrobe consisted of light stylish clothes, including a light-weight navy coat, that reached just below her knees, and two pairs of high-heeled slippers. Her husband, Happy LePage, supplied wood to the riverboats on the Yukon River.

"I had no idea where we were going," she said, "Or what to expect." Happy, anxious to get back to his wood camp before the ice in the river froze (it was late that year), rushed her out of town as soon as he could, probably figuring she had warm clothes in her baggage. They had roughly 150 miles to go, he told her. Luckily, some kind friend along the way loaned her a parka for last part of the trip. They travelled at first by "Stage Coach," which happened to be a Model T Ford truck just at that time, over a frozen winter trail (that followed the Yukon River in many places) in the direction of Dawson City. Then they transferred their load to a small home-made boat, and went the rest of the way to 'Rink Rapids' by river.

"It seemed as though we'd never stop going--into that bush country," Pauline said. She was icy cold. And when they finally arrived at her new home, her husband carried her across the threshold of a tiny log cabin. "I thought I'd dropped from heaven to hell," she said, "I had never been as lonely in my whole life as I was then."

This is an excerpt from one of the many captivating true stories in the book, *Yukon River Boat Days*, by Joyce Yardley. All of the information for these historical anecdotes came from tape recordings collected over the years from the actual characters themselves, making it a collection of unique experiences of the early pioneers, who lived and worked along the Yukon River in the days of the paddlewheelers.

<http://members.shaw.ca/joyceyardley>

(C) Joyce Yardley

Beaver Creek – Canada Customs Office - Replica



Dear Sherron:

A couple of weeks ago my son was married here in Farmington. This picture was taken with my 3 brothers, Brian, Mike and Doug Hannah. I had purchased this miniature of the old Beaver Creek office from a miniature golf course that had gone out of business. It is pretty much as I remembered it. The only thing missing was the siren. But my brother's were quite surprised to see it and I am so glad to have it to look at in my yard. Just thought I'd share it so the "old" Beaver Creekers could see what else is missing, besides Dad (Red Hannah) looking out the window. Ran out of time but will do that this summer.

Patty Miller (Hannah)

Additions to the List

I was just up in Whitehorse for my Aunt Shirley and Uncle Les Middlebrook's 50th Anniversary. It sure was nice to get back. I was born there in 1970 and my father Angelo and mother Val Paolera moved us to the lower main land in 1984. I would like to get the Moccasin so that I can keep up and also inform Mom and Dad. Our e-mail is peasinapod@shaw.ca. Michael Paolera

I was just talking with Colin Wykes in Nanoose Bay. He suggested that my husband Garth and I should contact you to get on the Ex-Yukoners list. We lived in Whitehorse from Jun '67 – Oct '83.

Our address is: 25-118 Aldersmith Place Victoria V9A 7M9 721-5494

Regards Annie Graham annie.graham@telus.net

Hi

I was born in Mayo in 1932 and would love to be part of the Moccasin Telegraph. My dad was Ed Kimbel mother Lou. My name is Gail Pelland. kimbel@shaw.ca

Hi, Sherron. A friend forwarded me your listing last year but I don't have an updated listing and would like to add my name and my husband's name (Al Castagner) and info onto the listing plus get onto the regular mailing list. What was the site location? Tks.

Linnea Castagner
Public Administrator's Office
Dept. of Justice, Yukon
* phone: (867)667-5366
* fax: (867)393-6246

Sherron, looked over the info last night which is great - you have done a wonderful job!! Can you please put down my home e-mail address for a contact number - castagners@whtvcable.com

Thanks, Linnea

After more encouragement from me, Bruni & Klaus Hoenisch have allowed their name to be added to the list. They have been very concerned about the potential for e-mail address

abuse and virus transmission. Bruni & Klaus were in Whitehorse from 1960 – 1990 and then settled here in Vernon. They can be reached at hoenisch@junction.net . – Sherron

Jan McConachy was off the list for awhile and now after upgrading her computer system is back online at the same e-mail address janmcc@telus.net .

Hi Sherron,

Please add me to your list, we lived at Camp Takhini from 1960-63 I was a (Cpl.) with 14 Coy. RCOC, and worked at the spare parts counter, also set-up fast moving spare parts detachments at Watson Lake and Destruction Bay. Did a lot of large game hunting with a couple of fellows named Kit Squirechuck (also gun smith) and Capt. Bill Collier. I was an avid sharpshooter in those days and participated in the NWHS rifle competition each year and won first place in 62. We enjoyed our tour in those years and went back in 95 to look up friends we hadn't seen in years, Gord Ryder was first on our list, what a great friend, then my rifle coach Robby Robertson and Major Evans. There had been many changes to the Hiway and Whitehorse it's self, the Camp Takhini housing (PMQ's) were being insulated and sold and the traffic Round About at the top of the hill was gone.

LeRoy George mrlg1020@aol.com Sardis, BC

Our latest Honorary Member

*I invited Marilyn Chase to be a member of our group in Honor of her father, **Chuck Gropstis**, who flew for Mr. Wernecke of Wernecke Mines.*

If any of you have any tidbits of knowledge about Chuck would you please drop a line to Marilyn and give her some insight into his life in Yukon. - Sherron

Hi Sherron,

I like the way your name is spelled -- it's pretty!

What a great idea you had about establishing an email repository! It is so interesting to read about the ex-Yukoners and their journeys, trials and tribulations.

It would be a privilege to be an honorary ex-Yukoner in honor of my father. What a wonderful idea and an incredible gesture! My mom said that he loved your part of the world and now I can see why -- not only the physical beauty but the friendliness and closeness of its people. I saw this in the 48 hours we were on the Silver Trail.

Amazing!!! I received a very special email from Henry Breaden that will be saved for my "dad" album. I cannot believe the number of fantastic people I've met since the "dad" search began in January 2002.... with special accolades to Lyn Bleiler and you, Sherron. Seems like it's turned my life around and I wonder if there's some divine intervention involved.

I loved the 23rd edition of the Moccasin Telegraph and will cherish the issues. I'm still reaching out to your readers regarding anyone who might have known my dad (Chuck Gropstis) or Mr. Wernecke. I've enjoyed Sandy's Thought of the Week -- Life is

something that happens while you are planning something else -- how true! Thanks again for your kindness.....Marilyn Chase cmchase@infoblvd.net

News from Dawson – Obituary

Hi Sherron:

I must tell you --you are doing such a terrific job on this. Received all the back issues from Sandy--bless her heart. Haven't had time to read everything yet --but am enjoying it so very much. Keep up the wonderful work!

I'm not sure how many of your readers had the pleasure of knowing Dan Hermanutz{ **Trapper Dan** } from Dawson. Just wanted to let those who did know him that he passed away very suddenly July 18/03, just days before his 60th birthday. He was a real friend and will be greatly missed.

Thanks again

Audrey Vigneau

Hi Sherron;

Yes you are right there has been nothing on your page from Dawson for some time. I will get my ear to the ground and see what I can find to send.

One thing that happened last Friday was the K.P.M.A annual Bar-B-Q it was back in the Rec-center, which it hadn't been in while the center was been re-built. There was a large crowd of miners and their families from all over the Yukon. The miners also met with them minister of Fishers, Thideault, as did the Dawson Chamber of Commerce. I didn't get to the meeting but I think the miners were reasonable happy over the meeting.

Tarra Christy, president of the K.P.M.A. was named "Mrs. Miner" for the coming year.

Regards John Gould

Sandy's Thought for the Week

Flattery is soft soap, and soft soap is ninety percent lye.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Soeur Monique's Tourtiere de Porc

- 500 grams Lean ground Pork
- 2 Onions Finely chopped
- Salt and freshley ground Pepper
- 1 Cup Water
- 500 grams Lean cubed Pork
- 2 Potatoes, peeled and cubed
- 1/4 teaspoon crumbled dried Rosemary leaves
- 1/4 teaspoon dried Sage
- Pastry for 9 inch, 2 crust pie

Lightly grease a large heavy frying pan and cook ground pork with onions, salt and pepper until meat loses its colour, stirring occasionally and adding just enough of the water to prevent the mixture from sticking to the pan. Then add cubed pork, potatoes, rosemary and sage, and cook for another 5 minutes, stirring. Remove from heat and cool. Roll out half the pastry, and line a 6 - cup pie pan or casserole dish with pastry, and fill with meat mixture. Set a chimney or pie bird in centre of filling to support top crust. Roll out remaining pastry and cover meat mixture, fitting it around chimney and pinching edges. Bake in a preheated oven to 350 F for 90 minutes. After 45 minutes' baking time, pour a little more water into chimney.

Publishing Opportunity

Eleanor Millard has passed along this information.

Some exciting news for local writers! Lost Moose Publishing is launching a new literary imprint to publish fiction, poetry, and creative non-fiction, to debut in the fall of 2004. Below is the call for submissions, which is being sent out nationally. A press release will be sent out later this week.

As editor of the new imprint, I'd be more than happy to talk to writers who have manuscripts in development, as we are working on a three-year publishing plan. Please read the Call for Submissions carefully to see what we're looking for. You can reach me by email at probertson@yknet.ca.

Please forward this message to anyone you think might be interested. Many thanks.

Patricia Robertson

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Lost Moose Publishing is a Yukon-based, nationally distributed publisher of books from the north about the north. We are now launching a new literary imprint, which will publish quality literary fiction, creative non-fiction, and poetry.

In establishing this new imprint we are looking to broaden our horizons. We are interested in hearing from writers primarily, but not exclusively, from northern Canada, with completed manuscripts in the above genres. We are also interested primarily, but not exclusively, in work that reflects the northern experience in some way. Although literary merit will be the most important determining factor in assessing manuscripts, list balance and marketability in the north will also be considered.

If you have a finished manuscript of short or long fiction, creative non-fiction, or poetry that you think might appeal to us, we would like to hear from you. No children's literature or genre fiction please (i.e. detective, speculative, romance, thriller, western, or horror).

The deadline is October 1, 2003, for our 2004 publishing list. Manuscripts received after that date will be considered for publication in subsequent years.

Please note the following requirements:

- . send a query letter, your c.v., and a sample only of your work:
 - for a novel or creative non-fiction: one-page synopsis and sample chapter
 - for a short story collection: two to three short stories
 - for poetry: 6 to 10 poems

- . send your material as hard copy by regular mail. We do not accept submissions by computer disk/CD, e-mail or fax.

- . follow regular manuscript format in submitting your sample:
 - 8.5 x 11 white paper
 - 12 point font in a standard typeface such as Times Roman
 - all pages numbered
 - your name, address, and other contact information on title page, with your name on all other pages
 - no binding or stapling

- . include an SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) with sufficient postage if you wish your submission returned. For Canadian citizens submitting from outside Canada, please include an International Reply Coupon (available at any post office). If you do not wish your manuscript returned, please include a standard letter-size SASE for notification. Manuscripts arriving without an SASE will be neither responded to nor returned.

- . we will endeavour to respond to initial queries or submissions within 3 to 4 months.

- . send your submission to:
 - Literary Editor
 - Lost Moose Publishing
 - 58 Kluane Crescent
 - Whitehorse, Yukon
 - Y1A 3G7

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **twenty-three previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **seven special editions**.

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

DATES TO REMEMBER

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)

Also a couple of dates for your list--- The I S R in Whitehorse, at the Westmark (downtown) September 24--28, and the Okanagan Yukoners' A G M and Luncheon at Noon on October 19, at the Mekong restaurant on Harvey in Kelowna.

Thanks again, Larry Chalmers