

Dogs, Pickups & Ravens = Yukon



Photo by Doug Bell

Look at him long enough to see what he is saying.

VANCOUVER ISLAND PICNIC

By Gus Barrett.

The Vancouver Island Yukoners Assn. Held their annual picnic at Nanoose Bay, on Saturday August 16th. The crowd started gathering at 10.30 a.m. and it went on until about 3.30 p.m. Instead of our usual park setting, this time it was held at the Anglican Parish Hall in Nanoose.

A number of locals who are regular attendees were missing this year or one reason or another but this was compensated for by the great response from other areas on the Island, all over the lower mainland and a few from the Okanogan, due in a large part to earlier coverage in the MocTel, I would presume. Generally we don't like to see so many mainlanders on our island..... (woops, sorry, I'm thinking of another island.) Actually it was wonderful to see so many old friends again.

I don't think anyone took an accurate count of the number of people there, but during the luncheon, I made a rough head count and would estimate between 75 and 80. I gather a number of people came late due to a misunderstanding of the times. Sorry about that. Anyway judging from the steady hum of conversation that could probably be heard a block away, everyone seemed to have a good time. During the introductions it was evident that a number of people there were third or fourth generation Yukoners, so the Beat goes on.

Sherron and Harvey took some wonderful pictures, which will be displayed either today or in a future issue.

Come back next year, and we hope to see some of you at Whitehorse in a few weeks.

Yukoners' Picnic – Nanoose – Aug 16, 2003



You can find 27 photos that Sherron and I took at the picnic at the following site: <http://community.webshots.com/album/86804904KblGtN>. Apologies to all who were there and did not get photographed. If you are in one of the photos and I failed to indicate your name (or have it incorrect), please send me an e-mail and I will gladly make the change to the caption. Thanks. Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net

Some of those that attended the picnic were:

James McCAUSLAND, Surrey - Neil & Frances MacLEOD, North Vancouver - Nancy MOULTON, Vancouver - Donald MURRAY, Vancouver - MaryMacDONALD, Burnaby - Harvey & Vera BURIAN, New Westminster - Dave HARDER, Delta - Margaret ARTHUR, Victoria - Peggy ARTHUR, Victoria - Barb & Stephen BAKER, Victoria - Garth & Annie GRAHAM, Victoria - Art & Tina PARSON, Victoria - Ginny STOREY, Victoria - Vivian STUART, Victoria - Joan M. WHITE, Victoria - Mary Jean

MORRISON, Mill Bay - TOWNSEND, Charlie, Duncan - Joanne TOWNSEND, Duncan - Jim TOWNSEND - Pat and Bob CATHRO, Chemainus - Henry & Alice BREADEN, Nanaimo - Aileen DOBROVITZ, Nanaimo - Warren & Jean RONGVE, Nanaimo - Betty ST. JEAN, Nanaimo - Joyce YARDLEY, Nanaimo - Stan HEGSTROM, Nanoose Bay - Colin & Georgene WYKES, Nanoose Bay - Doug & Mary COURTICE, Parksville - Winston & Frances SHEPHARD, Parksville - Gus & Blanche BARRETT, Qualicum Beach - Percy DEWOLF, Qualicum Beach - Allan & Roberta FRASER, Qualicum Beach - Don MACHAN, Qualicum Beach - Harry & Hazel NIXON, Union Bay - Pat & Barb DIXON, Courtenay - Chris & Belinda GLADISH, Courtenay - Elsie SNYDER, Courtenay - Joy & Jack MORRIS, Comox - Sherron JONES, Vernon - Larry CHALMERS, Oliver - Bill & Nicki BUCHAN, Cobble Hill - Phylis HINES, - Pretoria BUTTERWORTH

Many thanks, to all of those who made the Picnic possible, in particular Stan Hegstrom for organizing the location and signs among other extensive preparations. Thankyou Gus & Blanche Barrett for hosting several of us to a dinner the evening before the picnic. It was really nice to meet everyone. Thankyou Alice and Henry Breaden for lunch and the visit on Friday. – Sherron

ANYONE REMEMBER THESE LAMBERT STREET SCHOOL STUDENTS?



Larry Porter
Paul Cyr and Ian Murray
Lloyd Ryder, Laurie Todd, (teacher) and Tony Hayes



Top: Audrey Ryder
Second row: Betty Mae Rapuzzi (from Skagway) (I'm not sure about this girl, maybe someone can confirm this). Phillis Walker (Hinds) and one of the Caddy girls, I think, (probably Edie)
Bottom Row: May Nelson, Betty Patterson, and the next one I think is Betty McBride, don't know the girl on the right.

Thanks for any input anyone may have! Pictures would have been taken in **1941**, I think.

Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@shaw.ca

My Family Roots and Yukon trip 2003 by Pat Bakewell (nee Fulton)
mayo-gal@telus.net

Part 4.

Our adventure continues.

On our way from Dawson back to Whitehorse not too far from Pelly Crossing, the beauty was not there as you could see not too many years before there had been a forest fire. The new growth was just starting, always a sad site to see.

We stopped at Pelly Crossing where we visited the Selkirk Nation Heritage Centre. " Big Jonathon House" We took pictures of their signs telling of the people and there traditions. Selkirk is of great interest to me, as this is where I find my Gt. Grandfather, Gt. Grandmother, my Grandfather in the 1901 census. As we have BREADEN family buried in Selkirk, it would have been special for me to be able to make the trip to Selkirk to visit

where my family had lived, worked, and played.

We enjoyed seeing the many pictures and beadwork of the Selkirk people and a wonderful collection from the VAN BIBBER family at the Heritage Centre. We met Leslie VAN BIBBER, I told him who I was, Gt. Granddaughter of Harry BREADEN he knew of my BREADEN family. He wanted us to stay to meet his Aunt Kathleen (nee Van Bibber) THORPE, we did this by having lunch at a road side kiosk " Penny's Place " This was out door eating at it best, tables with umbrellas, the gal that we met there Meagan BRADLEY, who also called Kathleen " Auntie ", Kathleen met us at the kiosk, she asked us to her home. It was wonderful meeting them all; we just did not have enough time to do all that we would have liked to do on our Yukon trip. We exchanged address and promised to be in touch. Kathleen knew of my Gt. Grandfather and of BRADEN canyon. They seemed to be pretty excited about meeting me. I got the feeling; it was like one of their own coming home.

Back in Whitehorse, we went back to the visitors' centre where we talked with Joy DENTON (nee FRASER) her Grandparents were the HARBOTTLE's. Joy filled us in on more history of Whitehorse. We then went to the Grey Mountain cemetery to visit the grave of my little cousin Joanne who died of cystic fibrosis.

From the hill here you get a wonderful view of many of the buildings in the Yukon river valley. As we were in the area and had been given the address of my mother's school teacher Gordon McINTYRE, we looked him up. Their son in law was out cutting the grass. I said who I was, we were invited in, what a thrill it was for me to meet my mothers school teacher. (I am no spring chicken ~ grin ~) We were only there about twenty minutes, and enjoyed wonderful conversations with both Ruth and Gordon. Gordon gave me a black and white negative of a picture of my mother. This memory I will cherish forever.

I have this picture now, taken in Mayo. Mukluks, beaded mitts, leggings, a winter scene for sure. I don't know where my mother was going. But she sure looks warm. They told me the Gordon McINTYRE picture collection is now at the Whitehorse Archives. So here we will all be able to enjoy all Gordon's wonderful work of taking and keeping his pictures through so many years in the Yukon.

Again we were running out of time, we had not eaten yet. In the morning we would be off to Skagway Alaska, USA. We were on our way to Skagway, we stopped at a place called Log Cabin, this was a stop over on the White Pass and Chilkoot trails to Bennett. We then stopped at the Canadian customs to watch the train, a two car consist which runs from the Canadian boarder to Bennett, as the White Pass (narrow gauge) train just travels from Skagway to the Canadian boarder now.

As a little girl, I rode the White Pass train from Whitehorse to Skagway in 1944 on our move to British Columbia.

It was a typical mountain highway from the Canadian boarder to Skagway , very winding, and kept the driver on his toes ~ grin ~. The top of the mountains with their snow was a beautiful part of the Yukon scenery.

In Skagway we did the tourist things, we walked down Broadway, went to their museum where as it was July 1, Canada Day, They asked where we were from, we told them

Canada. They treated us by giving us a Canadian Flag pin.
To remember Canada's birthday in this way was pretty nice. I bought a book there, which has pictures and stories about the old docks. Our main interest there was seeing the dock where my FULTON family would have boarded the boat, to take us to Vancouver in 1944. On the mountain side here, beside the dock. There is a lot of graffiti and a lot of Capt's have written their names as well.

Coming back to the Canadian customs they also treated us with a Canadian Flag magnet. It was nice to see the many different ways our Canada Day was celebrated.
We then were visiting Carcross, my how it has changed in 40 years. The train station is now the visitors centre, no trains as there were in 1958/61. The train The Duchess has been well kept as is the White Pass and Yukon Route mail coach. I am pretty sure my grandfather told me when we were posted to Whitehorse that he drove that coach. I would like to know more about the history of that mail coach. The Caribou Hotel was the home of Polly the parrot; we have a picture of Polly from when we lived in Whitehorse 1958/61. This parrot had quite the life and burial.
And the boat the Tutshi, we have pictures of her from 1958/61, and now pictures from 2003. It was sad to see this boat in its burned condition. It is so much a part of our Yukon history. They have a nice police building there as well as many more houses. Carcross has grown quite a bit since we last visited there.

Back in Whitehorse, we had been told at the McBride Museum when we first made our visit there on arriving. They would be moving in a newly built log replica of the NWMP station that was in Tagish. We watched this being moved in on a flat bed truck. This building is now on the lot at the McBride Museum. My Gt. Grandfathers record of them coming into the Yukon in canoe # 507, August 7th, 1899 is in their records.
Our Yukon trip, was wonderful, there is so much more to see and do.
After 6500 kilometers, we are home and wanting to return. Perhaps one day we shall." If we don't run out of time "

Hello Sherron,

This is one of Sandy's favourite stories so I'd like to dedicate it to her. She is so encouraging about my writing.

You can add this note if you like since it will help Mayo people place our house:

When Sharon discovered string we were living in a little house rented from Wilf and Jean Gordon, right across the street from "Spot Cash" Breaden.
The year was 1950.

Karen

Sharon and the Ball of String

(A true story about my twin sister, Sharon)

by Karen Shaw

Dedicated to Sandy Campbell

When Sharon and I were four years old we lived in a little house in the tiny Yukon village of Mayo Landing, between Dawson City and Keno. Our house had three rooms; each separated by a doorway without doors to allow heat to circulate freely from the kitchen stove. From the center of each ceiling, a bare light bulb was suspended. The lights were turned on or off by pulling on the cord attached to the bulb's chain. The kitchen was the largest room in the house and boasted a green water pump, the only indoor plumbing. Each morning the pump was primed and cold water would be placed in kettles and basins on the huge wood stove to heat for food preparation, cleaning and bathing. In the center of the room was a rough-hewn table and an assortment of chairs.

A large over-stuffed couch and matching chair dominated the living room. Against one wall rested a four-foot tall radio, which provided the latest tunes from Seattle and mysterious language programs from Europe. Beside the radio stood Budgie's cage. Various framed pictures were scattered against the walls.

In the bedroom Sharon and I slept on the top of an enormous bunk bed while our parents occupied the lower bunk. Under the foot of the bed was a covered commode, sometimes known as a chamber pot, a potty, or, as some folks called it, a gazzunder (because it "goes under" the bed). Since there was no indoor plumbing except the kitchen pump, this is what was used to answer the call of nature. Several times a day, and certainly the last thing at night, our mother would dump the contents appropriately and clean the vessel.

Our dad was the fire chief. When the weather was particularly cold he had to stay the night at the fire hall to ensure the hoses and water lines didn't freeze. The night of this story was just such a night.

"I've already explained to you girls that I have to go to the doctor tonight," Mom told us again. "I tried to see him earlier but he was making his rounds at one of the mining towns."

Sharon and I protested. We had never been left alone before.

"No one is available to baby-sit. You will be fine on your own. Just remember three rules -- No fighting. No playing with the fire. Don't let any strangers in the house." Pointing to the table, she continued, "I've left a snack. When you're hungry, help yourself. When you're tired, go to bed. You'll be fine." With that she passed out the hugs and kisses and crunched her way through the snow to her appointment.

Bored with her toys, Sharon spied a huge ball of stout butcher's twine on the counter. Holding the ball in her hands she wondered how long the string was. She wondered how many knots she could tie. Slowly she began to unwind the ball. With one end free, she tied a knot around a chair, then the table leg. So far so good, she thought to herself, now around the foot of the stove. Sharon realised she could loop the string and pull the ball through. It was even easier that tying a knot! She looped the sturdy string through the

handles of the oven door, frying pan, coal scuttle, wood box, around the green pump, encircled the door handle, through the handle of the cutlery drawer, and back around the table leg. She jumped up onto the table and wound the string around the light bulb and then, for good measure, back around the door handle. After everything in the kitchen was firmly secured, she continued the ball of string to the living room and wound it around the knob on the radio, back to the couch, around Budgie's cage, about each picture, and so it wouldn't feel left out, once around the other radio knob before tackling the bedroom. Coincidentally the string ran out at the same time as Sharon's imagination did. With nothing left to do, Sharon crawled into bed and fell sound asleep.

What we didn't know, and wouldn't have understood if we had been told, was that our dear mother was suffering from a bladder infection. By the time Mom walked home from the doctor she had only one thing on her mind. Thankful to be at the house, she turned the door handle. The door would not open. She knocked. She called. She banged and kicked and screamed and hollered and pounded and cried but no one opened the door. Finally she hurled her entire body weight against the door. It opened a smidgen -- just enough for her to catch a glimpse of the interior. She was able to get her hand around the door and with awesome dexterity, she unwound the string attached to the door and squeezed through the opening. A three-dimensional maze challenged her. Not only was picking her way across the floor like a walk through a minefield, she had to manoeuvre through a giant cobweb unsure which strand was attached to a breakable object. With acrobatic skill she worked her way to the bedroom. Reaching under the bed for the chamber pot she took a firm grip of the handle and pulled the object towards herself. It wouldn't move! She tugged again. It wouldn't budge! She tore the mattress off her bed to discover the gazzunder and lid were securely fastened to the bedsprings! In desperation, she found that super-human strength reserved only for child protection and bladder infections, ripped the pot from the springs and took care of the business at hand. Relieved and composed at last, she looked up at her children who were dreaming the dreams of the innocent.

The priming of the pump signaled morning and time to get up.

Sleepy-eyed, Sharon wandered into the kitchen. "So, where's all the string?" she asked.

"It's been put away," Mom answered.

"But where?" Sharon asked again.

"Away," Mom replied and Sharon knew from her tone of voice that Mom would never reveal the hiding place.

"Are you the one that played with the string last night?" Mom inquired.

"Yes. I wanted to see how long a ball of string was," Sharon answered.

"How long is it?" Mom asked.

"Three rooms long. And, I wanted to see how many knots I could tie."

"How many?"

"I don't know. I get mixed up after thirteen." Sharon replied. "And, I wanted to keep the strangers out."

"Well, you certainly succeeded there!" Mom laughed.

Our parents wisely decided that Sharon would not be punished for her escapade. She meant no harm. She had an insatiable curiosity. And, after all, she had obeyed The Rules!

Even so, neither of us was ever again allowed to play with string.

Years later when Sharon had children of her own, she discovered again just how long a ball of string could be. She learned multitudinous knots. She took up macramé and learned that each knot had its own name, each one beautiful. No one ever hid the string from her again.

Hello Sherron;

I have seen a couple of items on your Moccasin Telegraph where the Pioneers have been mentioned. I have been researching the history of the Y.O.O.P. for several years; this item is a brief history of the organization, which is the oldest organization in the Yukon and possibly Alaska. I will have the manuscript about it done this winter, then will look for a publisher.

John Gould

YUKON ORDER OF PIONEERS

By John Gould

It was at Forty Mile that an organization "The Yukon Miners Association," was formed. This was a group of men who more or less kept law and order, settling disputes among the miners and residents. A number of residents did not care for this type of frontier justice. As a result letters were sent to Ottawa by such residents as Bishop Bompas. He wrote two letters to Ottawa, one on May 8, 1893 and one in December that same year. Mr. C H. Hamilton, manager of the North American Trading and Transportation Co. also wrote on April 16, 1894. Both men were asking for a proper law enforcement agency to be sent in. The Yukon Miners Association had a banner. This banner is now owned by the man who owns the Mark Twain Museum in Virginia City Nevada not far from Reno.

In August of 1894 Inspector Charles Constantine and staff Sergeant Charles Brown arrived in Forty Mile. The Inspector spent month gathering information and then returned to Ottawa to make his report. Staff Sergeant Brown stayed behind; his job was to act on behalf of the Canadian Government.

Once the people of Forty Mile realized that official law and order was coming to that part of the far north they knew the miners committee was no longer needed. Many of the early residents had been members of fraternal orders such as the Mason, or the Fraternal Order of Eagles before they came north, and probably decided to form a similar group at Forty Mile now that the Miners Association was no longer needed.

At meetings held on April 28,1894, June 1,1894 and July of that year, a constitution and a set of bylaws were drawn up. On December 1,1894 a meeting was held in George T. Snow's opera house for the purpose of establishing a new fraternal organization, the, "Yukon Order of Pioneers".

George T. Snow acted as the Chairman of this meeting. The constitution and bylaws were accepted and elections were held. Leroy N. "Jack" McQuesten was elected as the first president. It was decided that all those who had been in the country on or before 1888 would be charter members, 68 men signed the roll that night. Copies of the constitution and by laws were sent around the creeks to give those who were qualified time to become charter members.

The first subordinate lodge was at Circle City in 1895, next was at Rampart on the Lower Yukon. Then on July 24,1897 a group of members of the Y.O.O.P met in Dawson and formed a lodge and called it the "Klondike Lodge", which eventually became Dawson lodge No.1. During the next few years there were two other lodges in Dawson, No.2 and, No.3. From what I have been able to find No.3 Lodge was on Dominion Creek, at Granville. These two lodges did not last long; they became part of Dawson Lodge No.1.

Shortly after gold was found on the beaches at Nome in Alaska, a lodge was formed there, by those members who were charter members of the Forty Mile Lodge. Then when gold was found at Fairbanks one was formed there. These two lodges could not get along with the Grand lodge so turned in their charter and formed the Alaska Pioneers, Nome was Igloo No.1 and Fairbanks was Igloo No.4.

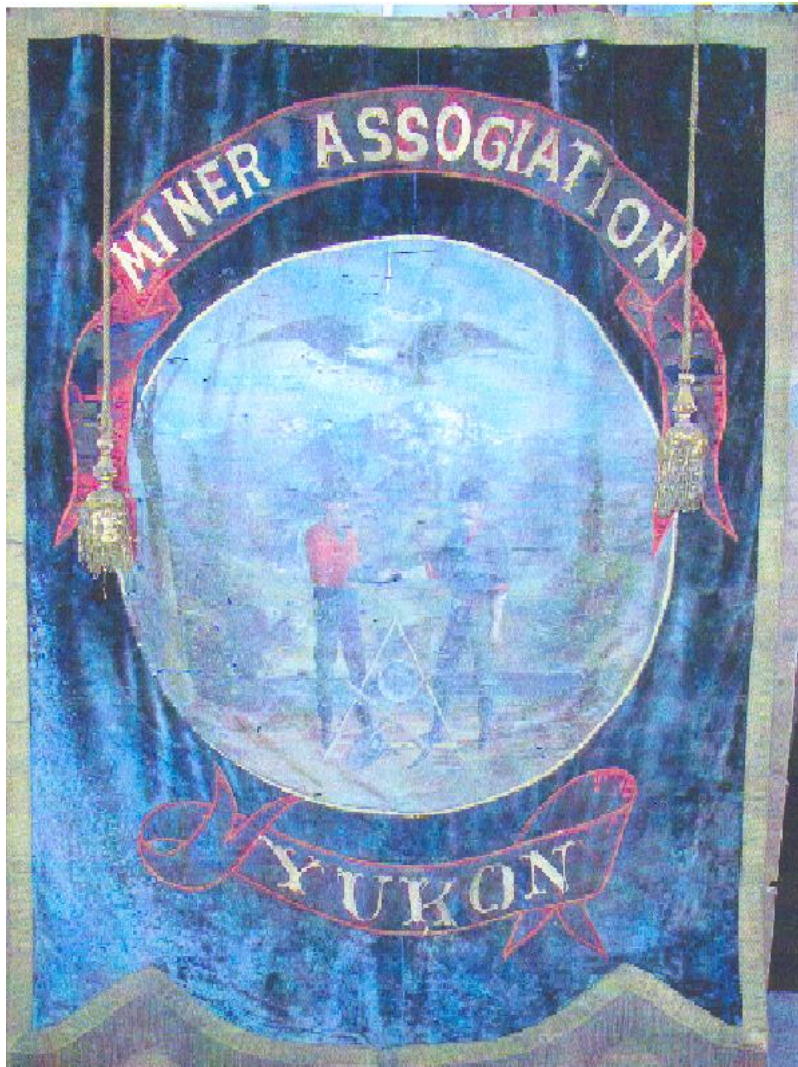
In 1912 a Lodge was formed in Seattle as No. 2, 1914 saw one at Whitehorse as No.4, Mayo in 1921 as No.3, Vancouver B.C. in 1922 lodge No. 5.

There is some evidence that there may have been a lodge in San Francisco, and possibly in Juneau. The Forty Mile lodge was the Grand Lodge at first, but when the members of Forty mile moved to the gold fields around Circle City, the lodge there became the Grand Lodge. Once Dawson Lodge No.1 became active then the Grand Lodge moved there. But, the official Grand Lodge wasn't formed until 1913, the first meeting was held in March, all past presidents of the lodges that had acted as the Grand Lodges became past presidents of the official Grand Lodge.

The Dawson Lodge was the one that kept the Yukon Order of Pioneers alive for 100 years. The grand son of George T. Snow, who lives in Juneau Alaska thought the Yukon Order of Pioneers, whom his grand father had help get started, had long since died of old age, until he came to Dawson in 1994 and found it still going strong.

The requirements for membership changes slowly over the years, today it is necessary to live in the watershed of the Yukon, or the territorial limits of the Yukon Territory. Those who were members of the lodges outside the watershed or the Yukon boundaries had to be members of a lodge in the North or meeting the requirements.

In 1902 there were a number of men who had come into the country during the gold rush of 1898 made application to the Y.O.O.P. but were turned down as not having been in the Yukon at the proper time. These men started their own lodge, "Pioneers of the Klondike." The Yukon order of Pioneers, Dawson Lodge No 1 lost most of the members to the Gold Rush in Nome. A committee from the Pioneers and the Klondike Pioneers got together and the date to become a member of the Y.O.O.P. was changed so that those of the Klondike lodges could become members of the Y.O.O.P.



Hi Sherron;

Here is a photo of the Yukon Miners Association banner that was the emblem of the group before the arrival of the Mounted Police in 1894 - 95.

I mentioned it in that item I sent you on the Yukon Order of Pioneers. This banner is owned by the man who has the Mark Twain Museum in Virginia City. I have heard he wants \$40,000. US for it. One man from Dawson saw the banner one time he was down there it is a painted one and in bad shape.

I don't know much about the Miners Association, except that it was in the country before the Y.O.O.P. got started.

That item I sent you on the Pioneers you can print it, if you would like a photo to go with it I have one taken in 1895 with a number of the original members I will send it to you.

John Gould jmgould@cityofdawson.ca

THE OLD LOG TRAMWAY

(From the July 28 1965 Yukon News, forwarded by Joyce Yardley and typed in by Donna Clayson)

Today anyone can enjoy a pleasant Sunday outing by hitching a ride to Canyon City (above Miles Canyon) just a few miles from Whitehorse, on the east bank of the Yukon River and walking back to town along the right-of-way of the old wooden tramway. There was once another tramway on the other side of the river. Although the White Pass and Yukon Railway follows the lines of the old tramway on the west bank it has not erased very much of the old ties and the right-of-way is still in evidence. You can make out the way in peace and comfort throughout the scented, flower-strewn woods where only 60 years ago heavily-laden people struggled wearily. They welcomed the thought that the rough river road could be improved upon and with customary zeal engaged in circumventing nature wherever possible.

The interest in ending the load began, when at the coast near Skagway in the year 1897; a man named George A. Brackett of Minneapolis began building a wagon road over the mountains. By 1898 he reached the summit of White Pass when the railroad overtook him and bought him out.

Any prospect of a wagon-road or a railroad seemed desirable to the 30,000 adventurers who clambered over the White Pass in 1897. The pass boasted a rise of 3,000 feet in 15 miles and those who could afford it used pack trains or paid the Chilkat Indians 40 cents a pound to carry their loads.

At the head of Miles Canyon another service was offered the would-be miners. Stampeders habitually stopped at Canyon City on the east bank of the river, to reconnoiter the menacing river as it entered the steepening sides of the canyon where the waters boiled and roared. In 1898 MacCauley built a wooden tramway along the canyon

rim. His Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids Tramway Co. did a land office business in the two years of operation. A town was laid out on the east bank of the river across from the present capital city of Whitehorse, although its streets were abandoned at the completion of the White Pass Railway for the very good reason that it was on the wrong side of the river.

A feature of that early town was a "Pest House" which is still remembered as a place where unfortunates with communicable diseases were housed. The White Pass eventually purchased the tramway from a Mr. Hepburn, so the company must have changed hands somewhere along the line.

On the west side of the river above the canyon, a crude windlass was rigged to hoist the gear from boats to the top of the bank. From there a four-mile tramline of skinned poles carried belongings by horse-drawn cars at 5 cents a pound.

One oldtimer recalls riding high on the top of a load of freight on one of these cars, and watching with bated breath as boats and barges zoomed down the canyon. This line later became the Miles Canyon and Lewes River Tramway Co. started in 1899 at Wegan and ending at the present day of Robert Service Park. The White Pass purchased this operation as well, from C.E. Peabody and Associates.

There are many angles to any operation. In 1897 a George W. Garside, engineer for British-American Transportation Co. surveyed the 62 miles of railway running from Skagway Bay over the White Pass to Lake Tagish and on to Hootalinqua. Work was to begin in the spring of 1898.

And Ch. H. Wilkinson, on behalf of British Yukon Co. made an offer to the Minister of the Interior that he would build a wagon road through the White Pass at \$2,000 a mile (a distance of 50 miles) with \$7,000 a mile for a particularly difficult 8 miles of rough country.

The White Pass Railway began with a happy combination of money, brains and enterprise. The Close Brothers of England provided the backing, while Samuel H. Graves was first President and under his direction E.C. Hawkins was in charge of engineering and Michael J. Heney was the contractor who worked for the Pacific Contracting Co. Construction of the White Pass Railway began in April 1898, and the summit was reached February 18, 1899. When the track reached the head of Lake Bennett on July 6, 1899 a golden spike was driven and the whole track-making paraphernalia was loaded onto boats, transported to Caribou Crossing and work began again to take the track from there north to Whitehorse, where the end of track was marked by the driving of another golden spike on June 8, 1900. While men were pushing track from Caribou Crossing to Whitehorse through the following winter and spring, another gang blasted their way from Lake Bennett to Caribou Crossing. On July 29, Graves drove the final golden spike at Caribou Crossing, which completed the final link in the remarkable railroad.

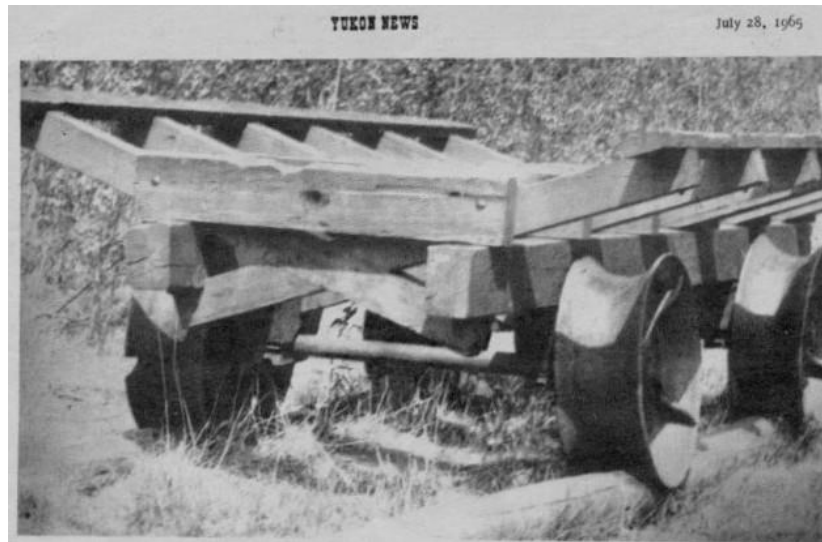
To commemorate this event, which took place 65 years ago, a cairn with a plaque will be dedicated in Carcross July 29th, this year beside the spot where the last golden spike was driven.

The Close Brothers who had financed the building of the railway, planned to name the town at the end of the tracks, Closeleigh. However, the Minister of the Interior seems to have vetoed this idea and the name of White Horse was agreed upon.

The lure of gold, more often than not, is deathly fascination, but in the Yukon the Mounted Police maintained a strict watch over the adventurous. At Miles Canyon, RCNWMP made it a rule that the stamperders would have to hire an experienced pilot and fixed a fee to see that they were not fleeced. Their solicitude was not appreciated in most cases and they were accused of sharing the \$25 fee with the pilots. One of the pilots was the young write, Jack London, who cleaned up some \$3,000 in '97.

When the log tramway was built, the wiser stamperders took advantage of it and many were undoubtedly allowed to live long enough to write their memoirs and mention it rather than try to negotiate the treacherous Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids below.

The remains of the tramway are still visible, a few peeled logs, dried under many winters' coverings of snow and summers' sun; a few concave iron wheels, a steel buckle or two, a few nails and many, many memories.



Tram Cart on the Old Log Tramway
Yukon Newspaper photo July 28 1965

Pete Foth Photo from MocTel 26

Sherron: Sandy just phoned to ask, "What was that thing Pete had in the gold pan" that was a clean up and a very good one too. I told her it was melted gold, don't know if she believed me or

not. This is how the miners on the creeks used to ship their gold to the Mining Recorder's office, to be sent to the Mint. At least the Dredges did this. Boy was that fire hot!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Sandy wondered if it was a loaf of bread.... Ha.

After the gold is cleaned it is placed in a melting pot, called a crucible, to be melted. After this is completely melted, it is cooled and dumped out into a gold pan, where it is prepared to be taken to the mining recorder's office, to be sent to the Mint.
Brownie Foth

DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

NEXT WEEK: I will continue with Architecture in Whitehorse - Donna

I still have not received any stories. I'm hoping you have some sitting on the shelf. Please, dust them off and send them in. – Donna
ytdogteam@telus.net

I have just mailed out Donna's special edition on Murals and have suggested she leave her material for this week, which she was planning to send to me tomorrow, until next week as I am running short of time to include it here. Please help Donna if you can with stories and story ideas. (Friday Aug 29/03) – Sherron

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BC FIRES

Anyone wanting an update on the fire in the Kelowna region can get one here by way of photos taken by people in the area. The site host is SILK FM a radio station. Just click on the file folder for the date you wish to look at.
<http://www.silk.fm/silk/firefiles/FirePictures/>

You can also take a look at the sight of all the smoke from the NASA Space shots at:
<http://rapidfire.sci.gsfc.nasa.gov/gallery/>

We had dense smoke yesterday (Thursday). You could not see the lake at all from our house. Today started out quite good and is getting progressively more smokey as the day progresses. Bill just called from entering the Connector Highway across the lake more or less from the fire and he said there is a lot of ash there, along with dense smoke. Here in Vernon we have ash and soot in our homes and of course everywhere outdoors.

This situation just continues to get worse. Currently 203 homes have been lost in Kelowna and 27,000 people have been evacuated from their homes. I sure hope the weather will soon co-operate. They say it requires rain to suppress the fire. (Saturday). – Sherron

RETURNED MAIL

I am consistently receiving quite a number of e-mails back each time I do a mailing. Most say the account is "over quota". If you use a mailbox with a restriction, please empty your mailbox and store the mail you wish to keep in your computer and not in the mailbox. You can "COPY" and "PASTE" the information into a document in your WORD or WORKS programs and then "SAVE" them into "MY DOCUMENTS".

Many have missed MocTels 24, 25, 26 and Special Editions, "Murals", "Death is a two Sided Coin", "Freemasonry" and "Army Days".

Contact Sandy Campbell at northernlyght@shaw.ca if you wish to get a copy of any of the above.

A little help on the "Mural" Special Edition

The photo you couldn't identify is on the side of the Riverview Hotel (used to be the Regina). Cheryl Austin

Message from Joyce Yardley

What a great edition the 26th turned out to be. A friend brought me over a copy of the Daily News just a few minutes ago. I scanned the picture of the group, and thought I'd send it along. I'm sure someone will come up with a better copy, but this isn't bad for a newspaper scanning, right? Thought the picnic was just great, and so glad to have finally met you, Sherron!



A LARGE gathering of former Yukon residents and their guests gathered to celebrate their heritage Saturday at St. Mary's Church Hall at the Vancouver Island Yukoners Picnic. (Mark Brett/Daily News)

This photo was taken before noon when not all the folks had arrived for the picnic. The photographer just happened to be in the area taking photos at a "Teddy Bear's Picnic".

FROM NEIL MCLEOD'S COLLECTION – typed in by Henry Breaden

**"BEN BERNIE" McLEOD STEALS
SHOW AT TENNIS CLUB HOP
IN PIONEER HALL THURSDAY**

Please keep
these for me
Mayo Miner 1939, Archie Gillespie, Ed.

A fine time was enjoyed in Pioneer Hall on Thursday night when the Mayo Tennis Club staged an informal dance in complement to members of the S. S. Keno crew.

As the "Silver Clipper" did not sail until 1 a. m. most of the members of the crew were able to attend. There was also a good attendance of Mayoites present and everybody joined in tripping the light fantastic to the strains of the latest dance hits as played on the big, electric phonograph.

As a change from the phonograph music, several local musicians took turns at furnishing dance melodies with a swing. Among those who lent their musical signatures to the evening's entertainment were: Mrs. Charles Taylor, piano, Albert Pelland, drums, Norman Neddery, violin, "Ben Bernie" McLeod, of the S. S. Keno, accordion and others.

Neil McLeod certainly proved himself a versatile accordionist while his hilarious antics kept the dancers and spectators alike in spasms of laughter. He added greatly to the musical tempo of the evening's entertainment.

Cake and coffee were served on the stage about midnight under the capable direction of Mrs. George Andison, Mrs. T. Portlock and Miss V. Page (Veronica) George Andison handled the tickets at the door.

This was the first dance to be held in Mayo this summer while the Keno was in port and the members of the crew who attended enjoyed the event immensely.

The dance was arranged by Fred Marshal, Pres. of the Mayo Tennis Club.

DISCOVERY DAYS
Dawson City - Renegades



Well Discovery Days have come and gone so thought I would send you a blurb, with a few photos of the group who stole the show. It was a lovely day with lots of sunshine. There were only five floats this year.

The Pioneer Women had a beautiful float decorated with loads of flowers, and of course the women and children were dressed in appropriate costumes. They won the overall prize and deserved it.

The 4 H club won the first prize with their float. The second prize went to Sylvie Gammie. Her float was a truck full of dirt on top of which were toy bulldozers, loaders, scrapers etc. Very appropriate for a trucking company.

Third prize went to two dogs pulling a miniature ambulance.

The fourth was the Dancing Moose, and that Moose danced all the way to Minto park. There were also more decorated bikes this year than there have been in a long time and it was nice to see this.

But even though the floats were beautiful the entry by the Hells Angels Has Beens was the icing on the cake. When they appeared there was cheering and clapping all the way to the park.

The leader of this group was Newt Webster who was 90 years old on July 1st. He kept saying "Where did all the people come from?"

Behind him were John Gould 84 yrs and Lorenzo Grimard 87 yrs.

Behind them was Madeleine Gould 81 yrs. and Betty Groner 73. Betty claims that she was with the Hells Angels in Ottawa where she used to live. Could well be.

We all had a great time.

The children had their games at the park but most of the events took place on front street near the dike.

Hope you can use this Sherron.

Madeleine Gould

OBIT

Sherron,

Thought you might include this in your next newsletter. Larry was a big part of mine and my family's life in the Yukon, and is fondly remembered.

Denise L. Norman

Whitehorse

LAWRENCE DONALD BARR

1938-2003

Lawrence Donald (Larry) Barr died in his sleep early in the morning of August 7, 2003 at the age of 65 after a battle with cancer. Larry was raised in the Riverside area of Southern California by extended members of his family after being orphaned at an early age. He graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in Science (Chemistry) and went to work at the Borax mine in California near Death Valley. He then worked for a long time at the Nuclear Test Sites in Henderson, Nevada where he was considered a prodigy amongst his peers. Larry abandoned his career with the government in 1967 when he had a "stake" and came north to Barkerville, and later to Manson Creek to seek his fortune in the placer

gold mining business. There he met Stan Porayko and Larry Owen and family, and, after working with them at the Ogden Mountain jade mine, explored the north end of the mountain in 1972, and staked his own claims as "Far North Jade". He produced a great deal of good quality jade from this site with Howard Lo and New World Jade. Later he explored for jade in the Provencher Lake area, east of Dease Lake and, with Nephro-Jade Canada Ltd. developed the jade property of Andy Jensen and Paul Bialkoski near Wolverine Lake. He also was involved with development of jade in the Yukon.

He then became involved in exploration of hard rock and placer gold and base metal properties with Delphi Resources, and built Territorial Gold Placers Inc. into a productive placer gold mining company in the Yukon - Dominion, Black Hills, Eureka and Henderson Creeks (near Jack London's wintering site). The Company was initially a success and at that time the largest placer mining company in the Klondike. Larry planned on a building a hotel in Whitehorse to "give something back to the people of the Yukon". However, the low gold prices in 1982 combined with soaring interest rates crippled the mining and real estate markets, and the company became insolvent. Larry remained popular with the locals because of his tenacity for trying to save the company.

From 1982 on, Larry was then involved in controlling and promoting a number of junior mining companies listed on the Vancouver Stock Exchange – Geostar Mining Corp., Miramar Mining Corp., and Island Arc Resources Corp. He also served as a director for many other companies.

He participated in some exciting exploration plays: The Lockwood polymetallic massive sulphide deposit in Washington, optioned to Rio Algom and Kennecott, the Boleo sediment hosted copper deposit, a major exploration play in India, an intriguing diamond play at Back Lake currently being explored by Kalahari and SouthernEra Resources, and many others.

He was an innovator and "pioneer" in the jade mining and placer gold mining business, a skilful negotiator, completely knowledgeable in paralegal and securities matters and keen on many aspects of science.

Larry was a generous man, even when he himself often had little income. Much of his time and most of his money went into supporting his own companies. A highly intelligent man, he had many interests and many friends, but was often shy, never gregarious and often alone. He influenced and touched many people's lives with his kindness and optimism.

He is survived by a sister and cousins in the United States, and many friends in BC and the Yukon, mostly in the exploration and placer mining business. Many thanks to Helen Angus, Roger Connors, Shaline Boissoneault and Norma Allen and the staff at St. Paul's Hospital for their dedication, kindness and care.

Denise L. Norman
Executive Director
Yukon Employees Union

tel: (867) 667-2331
fax: (867) 667-6521

"Give more than is expected of you.... cheerfully."



Sherron,

Well... I sort of thought so, Larry really did not like to be in the limelight - so I do not have many pictures of him.

Here's one though. When he was running Territorial Gold Placers, he sponsored his guys to run in the outhouse race many years running. This has got to be 1978 - and they won the race. You can see the TGP logo on the guys' shirts, etc.

Denise

From left Brian Harris, ??? sorry, can't remember, Larry, Bud Norman, Vince Norman (son) and Dwayne Orvis

If you know who this is, send the information to Denise Norman at: dnorman@yknet.yk.ca

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron, hope you had a safe trip home, I am the lady that came late when most people had gone. Please add me onto your ex-Yukoner list, and how do I go about being able to read past stories from the Moccasin Telegraph.

Henderson, Margaret (Simpson) maghendy@hotmail.com (Whse 1975-78, homesteaded upriver on the Pelly (Wilinsons place) for 10 months) I worked for Territorial (payroll dept) Courtenay, B.C.

Take care and look forward to getting the Moccasin.

Maggie (Margaret Henderson) maghendy@hotmail.com

Thank-you Sherron. Yes I would like to receive the moccasin telegraph.

I arrived in the Yukon February 1994 and officially left September 1992 although I had spent a couple of periods in that time outside. It was always a hard place to leave. I now

live in Victoria.

Ginny Storey ginstorey@shaw.ca

Sandy,

I'd appreciate being added to your mailing list. I grew up in Haines Junction, and though I've been gone for almost 19 years, I still consider myself a Yukoner, and miss the place and people badly. I'm still trying to contrive a way to return someday!!:>

As you have time, would you please send me any back issues of the Telegraph that you can? My husband (from Minnesota here) and I both love to read anything we can about the YT.

I am also a freelance writer, and will send material as I can (in the midst of a job and raising three children). I was only 20 when I left, so don't have the wisdom of the sages, but my Dad worked for Kluane Park and still mines near Burwash, so may be able to come up with some interesting nuggets of 'truth' from him!:>

Take care,

Terry (Tremblay) Pflgebraar (Yes, I'm proud to say, I'm one of Wyatt's little sisters!:>)

Yes, Larry Tremblay is my Dad!:> He's in the YT in the summer, and BC in the winter.

I'll empty my mailbox...

Thanks a million!

Terry

Hi Sherron,

I was in the Junction from 1972 to 1984, one of the first graduating class of St. Elias Community School in 1982.:> My sister Kristy still lives there, and my brother Wyatt lives in Whitehorse and works for the Yukon News.

Thanks for adding me to the list!

Take care,

Terry Pflgebraar tpfleg@hotmail.com

Hi Sherron

Please add me to your list for the Moccasin Telegraph. I have been receiving them from my mother, Millie Jones, in Whitehorse and have been really enjoying them. The Freemasonry Special Edition was especially interesting as I am the Master of the Ionic-Kent Lodge #19 in Chilliwack this year.

My "history" is as follows:

I was born in Whitehorse. My parents are Don and Millie Jones. I attended the University of Alaska and graduated in 1969. I worked for CN Telecommunications in Whitehorse and Watson Lake. I left the Yukon and went to BC Tel in Prince Rupert followed by AGT in Grande Prairie. I then joined the RCMP as a Communications Technician and served in Peace River Alberta, Yellowknife NWT, and Saskatoon Sask. I returned to Whitehorse in 1979 and stayed until 1986 when I was transferred to Chilliwack where we have been ever since.

I married Maureen Smith in Whitehorse in 1972. Her family came north from Ft St John in 1963. Her parents are Doug and Jessie Smith. They lived in Destruction Bay, Watson Lake, Silver Creek and Whitehorse.

Looking forward to receiving the Moccasin Telegraph and renewing old acquaintances.

Ken and Maureen Jones

45199 Stevenson Road
Chilliwack, B.C.
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(604) 858-6957
kennethjones@shaw.ca

I visited Barb & Fred Aylwin yesterday afternoon to return three books I had borrowed to read. They had Yukon and ex-Yukoner visitors that I was able to meet. One is joining our list. Peggy (Dunnett) Thoreson jimthoreson@shaw.ca who now lives in Red Deer with her husband Jim and was over to Salmon Arm to visit her mother Mickey Dunnett. Also visiting were Betty Taylor of Whitehorse and her daughter Barbara Conway and her daughter Barbara. I learned later that Mickey Dunnett and Betty Taylor are sisters.
Sherron Jones

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Sherron.

Would you please note the change to my email address. New address is klyle@northwestel.net

Thank you, Kerry Lyle

Sandy's Thought for the Week

A conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything: it just keeps you from enjoying it

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

SOURDOUGH STARTER

Source: Yukon Cookbook, A Selection of Recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs

Sourdough is a mixture of flour and water, fermented in various ways to trap natural yeast. Having a well used starter guarantees that these organisms will be plentiful; but lacking the starter, a mixture of yeast, flour and warm water or potato water can be used. Old timers who had no yeast to begin with mixed flour, water and sugar and set it aside to ferment.

The starter is set by adding flour and water to it, and letting it sit in a warm place overnight. One cup of this starter is removed before other ingredients are added. This one cup of starter is the basis of future hotcakes, waffles and bread.

The more the starter is used, the better it will be. If it is not used once a week it may get a little too sour; when this happens just throw out some of it, and replace with the same amount of flour and water.

The starter should be kept in a cold place, but it should never be allowed to freeze; nor should it be stored in a metal container; a wooden bowl or container is best. Old timers often used hollowed out logs as their sourdough pots.

To make your starter, get a cup of sourdough batter from a friend or neighbour and mix it with 1 cup flour and 1 cup warm water (no hotter than 90F). Let this stand in a warm place for about 12 hours or until bubbles begin to form and it takes on a pleasantly sour aroma. If you can't get a starter, take 1/3 ounce of yeast cake or package and combine with 2 cups flour and 2 cups warm water or potato water. Let mixture sit in a warm place for 24 to 36 hours.

SOURDOUGH BANNOCK

1/3 cup	starter
1 cup	warm water (no hotter than 90F)
2 1/2 cups	unsifted wheat flour or
2 cups	wheat flour and 1/2 cup corn flour or other flour
3/4 tsp.	Baking powder
1/2 tsp.	Soda

1. Mix starter, water and 1 cup of the flour in a large bowl, at least 8 hours before baking time. Cover bowl and keep at room temperature for 8 or more hours, depending on the degree of sourness desired.
2. Put 1 cup of flour on bread board; turn dough out onto it.
3. Combine salt, baking powder, soda and the remaining 1/2 cup of flour, and sift over the top of the dough; mix into dough with hands, kneading lightly.

Roll out dough to 1/2 inch thickness; and cut with a round cutter. Place rounds in a greased, 9 inch square pan close together; let them rise for about half an hour, then bake in a preheated, 375F oven 30 to 35 minutes.

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **twenty-six previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **eight 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

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

ISR – **Whitehorse** Westmark downtown – Sept 24-28

Okanagan Yukoners' AGM and Luncheon – Noon – Oct 19 – Mekong Restaurant – Harvey St.
Kelowna