

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Twenty Eighth Edition – August 31, 2003**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

### Canada Geese visit Yukon



Photo Courtesy of Doug Bell

This story describes my Grade 2 experience, 1953-1954.

Special Thanks to Harvey Burian for providing the correct spelling of the teachers' names and other details I'd forgotten.

Karen Shaw

### **School Days**

a true account as remembered

by Karen Shaw

Grade 2 was unlike any school year for me. I found myself in a one-room school with six grades and two teachers. Because I'd spent grade 1 in White Rock in a grade 1-2 split, I'd learned to tune out my new teacher while she instructed grades 1 and 3. Not being distracted by a second teacher supervising grades 4-6 took a great deal more concentration.

Unlike the high school class (grades 7-12) taught by Don Machan in the building next door, the elementary classes were delayed from starting on schedule. The teachers had not yet arrived. When the school marms, Mae Reilkoff and Ruth Kerbs, drove into town, the news spread instantly. It seemed school commenced almost as quickly.

As the days progressed we settled into a routine learning the 3 R's plus art, music, health and science. Until the snow arrived, recesses and lunch hours were spent outside on the baseball field which we shared with the high school. Devoid of new equipment, the playground consisted of one old car that had its doors and most of the roof removed. Depending on the group that first claimed the car each day, it served as a house or

taxi. By adding a rope to the front bumper, the driver could crawl to the roof frame while we all re-enacted a stagecoach scene from the latest western flick.

As the days grew shorter we walked to and from school in midnight darkness. When the furnace was broken we'd return home. An edict from Victoria insisted all girls wear skirts when in sight of the school. Always on the alert for school inspectors from "the outside", we complied. In cold weather (to 40 below F.) girls displayed their skirts over their ski pants or carefully tucked them into their overalls. Once inside the building, the snowsuits and overalls were removed to reveal "proper" young ladies! Even at 7 years old I couldn't understand the reason for such orders. I concluded the officials in Victoria were either brainless or cruel. Perhaps both? Surely none of them had ever walked barelegged in extreme temperatures or they would recant their decision.

One particular morning our classes were interrupted as the fire engine, siren blaring, roared onto the school grounds. We were urged into our snowsuits and boots before being rushed outside. At last I understood the twinkle in the teachers' eyes. While we watched, my dad (who was the fire chief) and his crew flooded part of the field to make a skating rink. Until it melted in the spring, the rink allowed us to skate away our recesses, lunch hours and exercise classes. On the weekends, with the addition of coloured lights, a gramophone, coffee and cocoa urns, it was the scene for hockey games and skating parties.

Back in the classroom, after our main work was done, all grades prepared for the upcoming Christmas concert. Together we made decorations, practiced skits and learned Christmas carols by heart. When the evening finally arrived our performance entertained not only our parents and other villagers but miners, loggers and trappers from surrounding communities. For the kids the highlight came when Santa, bearing a striking resemblance to George Besner, arrived. One by one he called each child's name and presented each one with a gift.

School started again in January almost as expected. Although I can't remember the details, it was obvious every parent was concerned about some "outside" interference in the school system. It seems those officials in Victoria, and this time Ottawa too, were dreaming up more outrageous demands. I remember over-hearing plans to blockade the road!

In February all three teachers drove to Whitehorse for a convention. Everyone held their breath to see if the teachers' efforts would convince the officials to be reasonable.

In a flash, everything changed! Even the convention's outcome didn't matter anymore. While driving home, the teachers' car left the road and plunged over the embankment. All three were hurt. In a week, Mr. Machan returned with minor injuries. Miss Reilkoff, with a broken leg, came home a while later. When she was able to teach, she ordered the furniture in the teacherage living room to be replaced by all the desks for grades 4-6. Weeks passed before Miss Kerbs, who suffered more serious injuries, came back. Even after she was home, it seemed like months before she was able to teach.

While we were naturally concerned for our teachers, the children were delighted with yet another vacation! Our delight was short-lived. The town, united as usual, rallied to the teachers' plight and the children were herded back into the classrooms. Without the older elementary grades in the same room, there was twice as much space! Mrs. Phoebe Reynolds, a senior citizen with a wicked sense of humour, put us through our arithmetic paces. Known to the girls as Brown Owl, Mrs. Barwise, wife of the dam superintendent, made sure we were up to date in our reading and spelling. My mother, Ruth Shaw, taught music, dancing and calisthenics. Other ladies came in to enrich other subjects. Guided by Miss Kerbs and the curriculum, each woman used her own talents to help us reach the goals.

Some time in the spring, Miss Kerbs returned to the classroom and by the end of June, promoted each child on schedule.

My family moved "out" that summer and I continued my education in White Rock. Often I fondly look back to that one year in an old-fashioned classroom - a classroom without the latest amenities or educational tools but one filled with good wishes, hard work and the resolve of one small town.

*(I consulted Fred Aylwin to determine if there was a relationship between George Besner and his mother Amelia (Besner) Aylwin. Yes, it would be Fred's uncle George. George Besner married Annie Churchward; they had one daughter Adelia who lives in Kelowna. Annie Churchward is pictured on the front cover of the book 'Gold & Galena' with her father.) – Sherron*

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Can anyone help Joyce Yardley with the missing names in this photo?

[joyceyardley@shaw.ca](mailto:joyceyardley@shaw.ca)



I wonder if anyone can help me out with the names in this picture, taken at George Rose's home in Carcross around 1953.

**Back Row** : L to R. George Cooper, Pete Erickson, Joyce Yardley, Unknown, Jack Dumas, Jock Paterson, Mrs. Rose, Kit Squirechuk.

**2nd row, sitting**: Unknown, Unknown, Alex McKay, Adele McMurphy, Margaret Maruk, Millie Jones

**3rd row, sitting**: George Rose, Don Jones, Gladys McKay, Bill Maruk, Gertrude Squirechuk, Edna Cooper.

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## DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

[vtdogteam@telus.net](mailto:vtdogteam@telus.net)

*An idea from Don Frizzell that a list of books on the Yukon with comments could be a feature in the Moccasin Telegraph. What a great idea. I have listed some books, a magazine and a video to get this section started. I'd like to see our readers add to it. It seems that books are mentioned in the MocTel all the time and that leaves people like myself that loves all northern books wondering where I can find it. If you have a favorite book or magazine you'd like to bring to the attention of the readers please send me the name of the book, author, ISBN, and a brief outline of the content.*

1. *The Yukon Fact Book, Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About the Yukon* by Mark Zuehlke, ISBN 1-55110-716-3

*I found this book easy to read and full of little known facts and figures. I keep it handy all the time.*

2. *The Road North, One Woman's Adventure Driving the Alaska Highway 1947-1948* by Iris Woolcock, ISBN 0-936425-10-5

*This book certainly kept my attention, although, a bit of disbelief that a woman in 1947 would travel the Alaska Highway by herself. No matter where she stopped for help (which she needed quite a bit of the time) business owners took advantage of her naivety. Enjoyed this book from cover to cover.*

3. *Martha Black, Her Story from the Dawson Gold Field to the Halls of Parliament,* Edited by Flo Whyard, ISBN 0-88240-508-X

*It took me awhile to get to the end but thoroughly enjoyed it. It gets bogged down a bit when Martha relates all the happenings when husband, George, enters politics. I personally prefer to know more about the Blacks' travels and tribulations than what went on in politics but it was an enjoyable read nonetheless.*

4. *The Yukoner Magazine, Sam Holloway and Dianne Green. I've subscribed to the magazine, I think, since Day One. I find it so very interesting and Sam has a way of bringing you right into his cabin at Marsh Lake. If you haven't read this magazine yet you're missing out on some fun.*
5. *Video titled, "Yukon Gold, Al Oster". While visiting, Cyril Griffith pulled this 10 year old video out of his trailer for us to watch. It's 28 minutes long and has some wonderful footage of dredge mining sung to tunes by Al Oster. Although this video is cheaply made the content is hardly that. Well worth it. I believe I have found an outlet where I can purchase it and looking forward to owning this fine video.*

*Okay, folks, it's your turn. What book(s) or magazines would you recommend to the rest of us? Even though I have quite a library I just know that there's some books out there I haven't heard of and wished I had.*

*Pat & Bill Bakewell - [mayo-gal@telus.net](mailto:mayo-gal@telus.net) sent me some information on Polly the Parrot that resided in the Caribou Hotel. I had written about Polly in the Edition 14. Pat sent me a picture of the Polly along with an old newspaper clipping. I found it so very interesting that I'd like to share it with our readers.*

### **POLLY: FROM BAD TO HEARSE EDMONTON JOURNAL, 1972**

CARCROSS, Y.T. (CP) - The World Famous Carcross parrot, reputedly the oldest, meanest, dirtiest bird north of the 60<sup>th</sup> parallel, has chomped his last cracker.

Known most recently as Polly – for want of a better name – the Carcross parrot was found drumsticks up, Monday morning on the floor of his cage in the parlor of the Caribou Hotel, where he survived ferocious northern blizzards, fire and the dregs of the Klondike gold rush for more than half a century.

No one was ever sure of his age – or sex, but residents of this tiny Yukon settlement believe he was the oldest resident of the Canadian North, perhaps 125.

Polly is believed to have come to the Yukon during the early stages of the Klondike gold rush of 1898. In the years since then, he became a legend, receiving visitors and fan mail from across North America.

Funeral arrangements have not been announced. His first owner was a Captain Alexander who operated a mine near here during the First World War. He and his wife left Polly at the Caribou Hotel in 1918 when they left for a trip to Vancouver.

Their ship, the CPR's Princess Sophia, foundered on rocks in the Lynn Canal off Skagway, Alaska and the bird has stayed at the hotel ever since.

Polly used to have a reputation as a hard drinker. The hotel's owner, Dorothy Hopcott says, "People would come in and give him a few belts. He'd get so drunk he'd fall off his perch and lie on the bottom of his cage with his feet stuck up in the air."

But somewhere in his checkered life in the North, Polly swore off booze. One of the hotel's owners, according to local residents, taught him several verses of Onward Christian Soldiers and eventually eliminated his racy language and repertoire of salty sea shanties.

And he associated his former days of drunkenness with adults. When someone would ask him what everyone asks a parrot – "Polly want a cracker?" – back came his stock reply: "Go To Hell."

*Thank you Pat for sending this along. – Donna*

*Does anyone have a photo of Polly they could scan and send me? - Donna*

## **ARCHITECTURE IN WHITEHORSE**

**By Donna Clayson**

*With the YHMA's kind permission I will bring to you the history on architecture in Whitehorse over the next few weeks. I would like to include photos, however, since some of our readers are having a difficult time downloading files with photos I will just write text. Should anyone be interested in photos you may contact me at [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net)*

**Source: Whitehorse Heritage Buildings  
A Walking Tour of Yukon's Capital  
Yukon Historical and Museums Association 1983**

## **REGINA HOTEL**

**102 Wood Street**



The Regina Hotel is the oldest commercial lodging establishment still operating in Whitehorse. Built in 1900, it was originally a two-storey log building with restaurant and bakery facilities. By 1901 proprietors Frank M. Walter and Charles H. Johnston had added a two-storey frame building to the side of the hotel. The larger building, later covered in tarpaper, became the main hotel. In 1903, the owners built a false front across the two buildings to make them appear as one building.

A.E. Dixon bought Walter's half of the partnership a year later. Dixon was an ex-North West Mounted Police officer who made his fortune piloting boats through the treacherous Whitehorse Rapids at the peak of the Goldrush. He co-owned and operated the hotel until 1925 when it was purchased by Olaf and Kristina Erickson.

Born in Sweden, Erickson was working his way around the world on a sailing ship when he landed in the bustling port of Seattle on the eve of the Goldrush. By 1900 he was mining in Dawson City. In the early 1920s, "Ole" came to Whitehorse to work as a stage driver on the Overland Trail between Whitehorse and Dawson City. On a brief trip home to Sweden, Ole married and brought his bride, Kristina, to the Yukon.

Up until 1925, the Regina Hotel maintained its 1903 appearance. The Erickson's made several alterations to the hotel. In the 1930s, the old R.C.M.P. annex was acquired and moved to the rear of the building. The bottom floor functioned as a garage and storage area while the second floor housed hotel staff. During the construction of the Alaska Highway, this two-storey rear addition was renovated to house servicemen working on the road. Accommodation was so limited during this time that people were required to sleep in shifts, seldom able to keep the same bed for more than one or two nights.

During the 1950s, the hotel was covered in imitation brick siding. The old hotel was demolished in 1970 to make room for the Regina Hotel as it now appears.

The original hotel was located in the parking lot area of the new Regina. The present establishment is managed by the Erickson's son, John, and their daughter, Mrs. Gudrun Sparling.

## **KLONDIKE AIRWAYS BUILDING 201 Steele Street**



Although the construction date of this building is unknown, a bakery tent appeared on the site in a 1901 photograph. The current building appeared as a wood frame structure in a 1906 photograph. At a later date it was enclosed within galvanized iron.

The Klondike Airways sign on the side of the building was an advertisement for a mail and freight delivery business acquired by T.C. Richards and Willard Phelps in 1929. The name “Klondike Airways” is misleading. Although they hoped some day to buy a plane, they never did. Using snowmobiles and caterpillars, they carried about 110,000 pounds of mail to Dawson each year. Before 1921 only first class mail was delivered in the winter. The remaining mail waiting in Whitehorse for the ice to break up and the steamers to sail sometime in May. When Klondike Airways won the mail contract in 1929, all classes of mail were delivered weekly without fail. If the weather made overland travel impossible arrangements were made with White Pass to deliver mail by plane. In the 1930s the building was owned and used as a carpentry shop by Jack French. In 1992 the building was purchased by George Clarke and was extensively renovated. It is now used as a restaurant.

**O'CONNOR HOUSE**  
**111 Jarvis Street**  
**Demolished**



This little frame house was built about 1906 for Dennis “Dinny” O’Connor. O’Connor was a teamster, a jitney driver and a blacksmith during the winter for the White Pass Royal Mail Service. During the summers he worked as a commissary driver, transporting supplies to the B.Y.N. Co. steamboats. O’Connor is best remembered as a truck driver for the White Pass when there were few vehicles in the city. One of his many duties included dumping lampblack absorbed the heat of the sun, hastening the melting of the ice and enabling steamboats to travel a little earlier in the season. After O-Connor’s death, just before WWII, the house was occupied by Jack Elliot, an engineer on the riverboats and proprietor of the Yukon Ivory Shop. In 1981 new wiring and plumbing was installed along with a small cellar and an oil heat source. In 1979, Archer, Cathro, and Associates (Geological Engineers) purchased the house hoping to use the site as the location for an office. The house was in poor condition at this point, and was declared unfit as a rental property because of its state of uncleanness. The house fell into disrepair. Eventually, after the options of restoring the house, moving it, or leasing it to the YHMA for renovation were discussed and rejected, the firm sold the house. The house was subsequently occupied, but was demolished in 1994. Since the demolition, the lot has remained vacant.

**DONNENWORTH HOUSE**  
**3126 Third Avenue**  
**Lepage Park**



Built between 1900 and 1904, this house was originally a small frame building with a tent attached to the rear. The house is wood frame construction with hip and gable roofs. The structure has a long H-shaped plan. Ship lap wood siding covers the exterior and cedar shake shingles cover the roof. The land was owned by William “Hobo Bill” Donnsworth who in 1911-12 drove horses for the Royal Mail Service stage between Whitehorse and Dawson City. He was a purser on the steamboats “Canadian” and “Nasutlin” from 1913-15. Mrs. Donnsworth operated a small millinery shop on Main Street and later ran her business from this building. During the 1920s, it was the home of the Austin family, one-time owners of the Caribou Hotel in Carcross.

The house then changed hands many times until 1963 when it became the residence of A.R. “Happy” Lepage and family. Lepage and his wife Pauline operated wood camps on the Yukon River for the B.Y.N. Co. from 1928-49. By that time most steamboats had been converted from wood fuel to oil. The Lepages remained in the house until 1978. Between 1983 and 1985 the house was renovated extensively including a frame addition to the west side and the pressure treated wood foundation and basement. The Yukon Historical and Museums Association is taking steps to preserve it.

**WE FED THIS GLUTTON WOOD AT \$60 A CORD!**  
by Betty Mackie

Our original intention of having some savings (a poke) by the fall of 1949 did not materialize. We were not too troubled by this outcome for we became enchanted with the town of Dawson City and had made several good friends our age who also planned to stay the winter. We even had a dog, Pogo, to keep us company, and who played in the snow with our son.

My husband, Dennis, negotiated arrangements for us to spend the winter in a small log cabin that had been stained with an iron oxide, giving it a vermilion colour. I liked to call it the red log cabin in the Klondike. It was situated across the road from where the Klondike River joins the Yukon River. The power plant was directly opposite us and its proximity proved to be a real blessing that winter. We would go there for our Saturday night bath.

The main part of the house, the living room and two small bedrooms, was of log construction stained a deep red. A good-sized frame kitchen had been added and, not having been painted, was now a silver-grey shade. A sign reading Klondike Sawmill had been painted up near the roof of the log portion of the building, but had become faded over the decades.

When I had married, I bought the bill of goods, which was that I would spend my days living in a vine-covered cottage in the suburbs, in joyful bliss, washing clothes and floors and dishes and diapers. Well, a log cabin in the Klondike would have to do for now. Dennis checked the sawdust boxes on the outside of the house to make sure they were filled; this would help with insulating the floor. He also got some chinking materials and stuffed it around the inside of the window frames and the frame of the front door, which we decided not to use. The fire department came and shoved their wire brushes down both chimneys, clearing them of creosote. The big, black cast-iron, wood-burning kitchen stove with nickel trim, complete with reservoir on the side, and warming oven overhead, impressed me greatly. It was just like the one my mother had when I was a little girl growing up on a farm on the Alberta prairie, and in which I had baked my first cakes that Mother taught me to make.

I treated Stove fondly, regularly scouring and polishing her various parts. As she cooled down a little, I would rub waxed paper over her top to add further shine. As long as we kept her stoked with expensive wood, she crackled and puffed with warmth for us and for baking the many loaves of bread in the ample bosom of her oven and the stews in the cast iron Dutch oven.

The pump at the side of the sink brought water up from a well in the dugout under the trap door in the kitchen floor. "Someone sent a sample of the water from this well to be tested by a chemical company," said Dennis. "When the report came back, it said both horses were unfit for work." "What do you mean? Did they get it mixed up with some other sample?" I asked. "It means, Betty, that the sample tested out like horse piss!" he exclaimed. "So that means we can't use the water for drinking or cooking, and I guess to be really safe, we shouldn't use it for washing either, or for anything!" I said. So we had water delivered twice a week. It was kept in a large metal drum with a wood lid, which stood just inside the back door.

For washing clothes or bathing, we heated the water in a copper boiler that took up half the top of the stove. Water for dish washing and other small jobs was heated in the reservoir at the side of the stove. Water, and the washing of bodies, clothes, floors, dishes and diapers, now became the chief focus of my life. I did feel joyful bliss but not

about the lack of amenities so much as the fact that we were “really doing it” — living in a log cabin in the Klondike.

The wood-burning space heater in the living room had a narrow crack in the door. That meant it would be difficult, if not impossible, to keep it banked down during the night. The crack created a draft, which kept the flames high and sent the heat up the chimney. So we got up often during the long, cold winter nights to feed this glutton with wood at \$60 a cord.

Wood dealers were having to go further and further out of town for wood, but we found one who was willing to keep us supplied, cash on delivery. His name was “Little Dave”. When he came by and saw the woodpile becoming depleted, he would throw some wood in the back of his small pickup truck and drop it off onto the woodpile. With electricity at 25 cents a kilowatt, we could budget for one light bulb to be lit in one room at a time. The telephone system had party lines (14 to a line) and cost \$5 a month.

Because we were not hooked up to the water system or the sewer system, we had a bucket (several buckets, in fact) which we used in an outhouse, and the honey wagon came once a week to empty these buckets. The buckets were empty powdered milk cans, which once held 11 kilograms (25 lbs.) of Klim (milk spelled backwards). The man who emptied these honey pots was fond of saying, “It might be s--- to you, but it’s bread and butter to me.” When it became too cold to sit on the round hole in the outhouse, the bucket was moved inside and put in a closet, which had a wall to the outside by the back door. There was a hatch that could be opened and the bucket removed from outside. My recollection is that this worked just fine. Homes in the south end of Dawson did not have a sewer hook-up or running water at that time.

Settled in our log cabin and with several good friends, the “Spell of the Yukon” was upon us! A particular blessing for us was that my husband had a good friend who often worked the night shift at the power plant. He was a jovial person who enjoyed a hot rum now and then, as we did. In the power plant was a huge Victorian bath tub, which was propped up over some bricks and placed so that the drain dropped into a hole in the floor which led away to the river. We didn’t even have to bail the water out of the tub as we would have had to do with a tub in the middle of our kitchen floor. Furthermore, the water was steam-heated. The room was small and the tub huge, so it did not leave much room for undressing or getting dried off with a towel after the bathing. But it did mean that once the tub was full of that steam-heated water, the room was like a steam bath. A Klondike hot tub!

The door could be locked from the inside and we would soak in the tub while sipping a hot rum. I had never known such a luxurious bathing facility. We looked forward to these Saturday evening sojourns as a time to relax together and enjoy the mellow warmth of the steam and the hot rums. The rum was 30 overproof. We knew that if we offered our friend one as well, complete with lemon, honey, and a cinnamon stick, he could be relied on to let us enjoy the hot tub. As you can probably appreciate, only employees were supposed to be in the power plant.

On one of these glorious occasions, when I was already in the tub, Dennis sat on the edge of the tub, with the intention of pulling off his socks. The tub slipped off the bricks. In so doing, it moved just far enough away from the drain hole so when the plug was pulled, the water would of course not drain away into the hole in the floor but would drain across the floor. When we finished soaking up the steam and the rum, we got dried off and dressed. We realized very quickly that the tub was much, much too heavy for the two of us to try and get back onto the bricks. We had no choice but to confess to our friend. Somehow the immediate problem was resolved. What was never resolved was our good friend's sense of humour. He had an interesting laugh, which sounded something like a cackle caught in the back of his throat. His favourite trick was to spot us across a dance floor or other public function, and shout, "Hey, Mackie, broken down any bathtubs lately? Awck, awck, awck!"

I found this unique tub at a friends home outside of Whitehorse. They did, in fact use it and was their only source for a bath. A stack of cut wood sat near, a washcloth was left drying on the bar attached to the front of the tub and a well used bar of soap waited for the next occupant. – Donna



Outdoor Bathing Tub  
Donna Clayson Photo

End of Donna Clayson's Story section.

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## **VIEWING PHOTOS ON WEBSHOTS**

It has come to my attention that when you are looking at some of the websites we have sent you to, you sometimes miss page links to additional pages.

For example when Harvey Burian took photos of his trip to Mayo for the Centenary Celebrations he took 133 photos. They not only took 3 Albums on Webshots to post them

all for you to view, but each Album had more than one page. Noted at the bottom of the page with ie. 1 2 3

In this example you would be on page one because it is not underlined and by clicking on the 2 or the 3 you could view additional pages. If you think you missed some of Harvey's photos and would like to go back and look, go to:

Mayo Photos - <http://community.webshots.com/album/81589065ChkBHW> and <http://community.webshots.com/album/82307855GlvOLa>.

Or for the Island Picnic: You can enlarge each photo by clicking on it and reading the caption underneath.

<http://community.webshots.com/album/86804904KblGtN>

## **SOMEONE YOU MAY KNOW**

Hi Sherron

We met you at the picnic at Nanoose. We moved recently from Bowen Island to Chemainus and have just discovered that one of our neighbors is the next best thing to a Yukon sourdough.

Isabel Airth was born at New Westminster in 1918 and arrived in Whitehorse in April 1940, after receiving some training at Seattle and Edmonton, to work for the US Army Engineers. She was with the first group of women who moved into the barracks at McRae (sp?). This was well before Pearl Harbor and the official start of the Alaska Highway and the Canol Road/Pipeline, what is sometimes called 'The Forgotten War' by the Americans. Although she was there for the balance of the war, she also had short stints at Skagway, Watson Lake, Fairbanks and Whittier.

While in Whitehorse, she met Walter Elmore from Ontario, who had been in the Yukon for some time with the RCMP and was now working in security and intelligence for the US Army (apparently there was a lot of trouble with sabotage). They married in Whitehorse in 1944. After the war (probably in 1946), they bought the Taylor and Drury trading post at Carmacks and operated it for several years before moving to Mayo to do the same thing there. This was before the highway was built from Whitehorse to Mayo and Dawson.

Isabel and Walter left the Yukon in 1956 and moved to Vancouver Island. Walter died in 1995 and she has since married Ernest Loveless. She doesn't have a computer but she would love to hear from old friends - by post to Isabel and Ernest Loveless, 10104 Orca View Terrace, Chemainus, BC, V0R 1K2; by phone at 250-246-1432; or by email through me.

Cheers Bob Cathro [bobcat62@telus.net](mailto:bobcat62@telus.net)

## NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron,

Was talking to a friend of mine the other day and he asked that we request that you put them on the list of ex-Yukoners.

John and Lorna Naherny

RR1 Site 1

Wynndel, B.C.

VOB 2N0

E-mail - [jnaherny@hotmail.com](mailto:jnaherny@hotmail.com)

Both Lorna and John taught school in Whitehorse in the 60's and would like to be added to the list.

It was good to meet and talk with you at Nanoose .

Thanks for all your work!

Sorry for the format but this is the best I can do at the moment.

Warren Rongve

Good Morning,

I would like to add my name to your list.

TAYLER, Wendy [wtaylor@whtvcable.com](mailto:wtaylor@whtvcable.com) (In Whitehorse)

Could you please add [www.ckrw.com](http://www.ckrw.com) to your Yukon websites. There is local weather, news and sports on this website that might be of interest to those individuals on your list.

Thanks,

Wendy Tayler

General Manager

Klondike Broadcasting Company Limited

(p)867-668-6100x222 (f)867-668-420

Sherron I would like to be included on your e-mail list for the Moccasin Telegraph.

My name is Gordon Berberich. I lived in Whitehorse and along the highway from 1964 - 1970.

I graduated from F.H. Collins. Worked the summers with DPW in Whitehorse and all along the highway from Lower Post to Alaska and also the Haines Highway after graduation.

Went to the U of Alaska in Fairbanks and graduated in 1971. Worked another year in Whitehorse for CN Tel before moving to Alberta.

I have copies of editions 26 & 27 as well as the special edition on the murals.

Great work!

I really enjoyed reading them.

There was a name that came up from Destruction Bay, which caught my eye. I need to follow up on that one. There were some wild parties at that house.

I started my 30th year with Calgary Transit this past March. My current address is 175 Woodhaven Dr. Okotoks AB T1S 1L8. Phone 403 938-2172. E-mail [gord.and.em@shaw.ca](mailto:gord.and.em@shaw.ca)

I look forward to future additions.

Moccasin Telegraph was brought to my attention by a great friend and colleague Jim Dokken.

Hi Sherron

My wife Diana and I arrived in Whitehorse in 1977 for the "two year" stay with the then Transport Canada. In 1979 I went to work for Northwestel in various positions; technician, technical manager and finally in the engineering group.

I retired on April 30, '03 and moved to Breton, AB in late June.  
Diana worked at WGH for 2 years as a nurse and then worked in various clinics as a nurse/receptionist until Jan '03.  
Our son Michael lives in France and our daughter Susanne lives in Grande Prairie.  
Please put us on the mailing list.  
Diana and Vince Seymour  
[bretton2@telus.net](mailto:bretton2@telus.net)

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

My e-mail address changed in July and I neglected to notify you - I finally hooked up to cable internet. The last Moccasin Telegraph I had from you at my old address was below - July 26.  
Could you please change my address to:  
[cscott25@cogeco.ca](mailto:cscott25@cogeco.ca)

We do enjoy reading all the stories as well as putting faces to the names mentioned in the articles. Thanks a lot. Fred & Charlene Scott

## **STOP AND LOOK AT THIS (turn your speakers on)**

Sherron: Take a couple minutes off and have a little laugh. Brownie Foth  
**BOOGIE THROUGH LIFE !**  
<http://www.americanbridge.com/boogie2.htm>

## **NEWS ON KELOWNA AREA FIRE**

Cliff Armstrong Here

I just got the web page for the fires up and you might want to pass this on to every one at this time. It is all up to date and very spectacular.

<http://castanet.net/> or <http://today.castanet.net/>

Keep up the good work  
CLIFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF

## **Sandy's thought of the week**

If you think education is expensive, try ignorance.

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

Submitted by Henry & Alice Breaden – [breaden@shaw.ca](mailto:breaden@shaw.ca)

## **PARMESAN HAM FRITTATA**

¼ cup            chopped onion  
¼ cup            chopped green pepper  
garlic cloves, minced  
tablespoons olive or vegetable oil  
4            eggs  
Salt and pepper to taste  
½ cup cubed fully cooked ham  
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

In a 6-in. broiler-proof skillet, sauté the onion, green pepper and garlic in oil. Reduce heat to medium. In a bowl, beat eggs, salt and pepper. Add egg mixture and ham to vegetables. As eggs set, lift edges, letting uncooked portion flow underneath. When eggs are nearly set, sprinkle with cheese. Broil 4 to 5 inches from the heat for 1 to 2 minutes or until eggs are completely set.

YIELD: 2 servings.

## **INTERNATIONAL SOURDOUGH REUNION**

The International Sourdough Reunion is a 71-year-old organization. It is comprised of former Yukon & Alaska Pioneers. There are clubs all down the west coast from Vancouver to San Diego and clubs in Juneau, Fairbanks, Anchorage and some other Alaskan towns.

Reunions are held each year, usually in Sept or Oct depending on location. Host cities are chosen alternating between U.S. & Canada, and north & south regions. Whitehorse is host this year, Juneau next.

This years gathering is sponsored by the Vancouver Yukoners Association.  
Fee is \$75.00.

If you come to the Saturday banquet only it's \$50.

Contacts are:    Gudrun Sparling    668-3958  
                      Lloyd Ryder        667-7536  
                      Cookie Morgan    668-4379

Dates: 24 Sept to 28 Sept - Westmark Whitehorse.

Events: Tours, fellowship, executive meeting, general meeting, memorial service, Presidents reception, skit night, farewell breakfast

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

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

To date **twenty-seven previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **ten 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](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)**

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

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

ISR – Whitehorse Westmark downtown – Sept 24-28 - Lloyd Ryder is the one taking the registrations in Whitehorse at --3 Tutshi Rd. Whitehorse, YT Y1A 3R2 or by phone at (867) 667-7536.

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