



On the Jakes Corner sign – Photo Courtesy Doug Bell

NORTHERN HOSPITALITY

By Gus Barrett

Much has been said and written about the kindness and hospitality of the people in the north, particularly those in the smaller, more isolated communities. This little item comes from way back in 1956 when Blanche and I and our two daughters, aged one year, and a newborn were living at Pleasant Camp, on the Haines Rd., where I was with the Customs Dept. At that time the Haines Rd. was not open in winter but the customs point was still maintained, mainly I think as a Canadian presence between the Americans at Haines, and the half dozen or so families living and working at the pipeline station at 42 mile on the Canadian side.

A few days before Christmas we had a bad fire, which destroyed our generators, water system etc., and necessitated our return to Whitehorse. We spent Christmas with friends at the pipeline camp, while making travel arrangements. This meant driving to Haines, getting a small plane to fly us to Skagway, and then taking the WPYR train into Whitehorse. All went smoothly until we arrived in Skagway to find that a massive snow-slide had blocked the tracks around Bennett and we would be stuck there for some days.

We checked into the local hotel with the prospects of spending a very dull and lonely New Years Season. This proved to be far from the reality. The Moccasin Telegraph (the original one) went into operation and it seemed within hours everyone in town knew the circumstances of our being there. We were immediately inundated with invitations to dinner, people came to the hotel to baby sit while others took us bowling, to the Elks Club, and to the New Years Eve dance, if we happened to go into a bar for a drink, our money was just no good. It was a tremendous outpouring of hospitality.

When we finally did get away for Whitehorse after a four-day stay in Skagway, we were the only passengers in that little passenger car with only a potbellied stove for heat. People arrived at the station to see us off with snacks, toys and even blankets for the kids.

This all happened almost fifty years ago but we still have a special spot in our hearts for the good people of Skagway who went out of their way to aid a couple of stranded strangers. In doing so they turned a potentially sad New Years season into an oft thought of pleasant memory.

MEMORIES OF THE REGINA HOTEL

By Harvey Burian

Donna Clayson's submission on the history of architecture in Whitehorse is bringing back many memories, especially the article on the Regina Hotel in the 28th Edition of the Moccasin Telegraph.

As a young boy with my parents (and then later as a young person on my own), often when we made the journey from Mayo to Whitehorse, we would stay at the old Regina Hotel. The contact with the Ericksons went "way back" for my father, Renny Burian, from when he first came to the Yukon in the 1930s. Ole and Kristina Erickson had befriended dad and apparently Mrs. Erickson considered him "one of her boys". Hence it didn't matter when we might arrive at the Regina (and sometimes that could be rather late in the evening after, what in those days, was a long drive over a gravel or snow covered road from Mayo), Mrs. Erickson always had a room for us. As I grew up and made the journey to Whitehorse on my own, all I had to do when I arrived at the Regina was to remind Mrs. Erickson that I was "Renny Burian's son" and she, with a twinkle in her eye, would say, "Yes, we have a room for you." Apparently the Erickson's were careful about whom they let stay in their hotel, as I was told others who might ask for a room would be turned away if it was thought they might not be the best of clients.

The old hotel was located right on the corner of Wood and First Avenue. I well remember the imitation brick siding referred to in the article. I also remember that there was a large grandfather clock in the lobby between the two windows. As a young boy I was fascinated by this clock and it's methodical "tick-tock" and lovely chimes. I used to sit with my mother in the chairs in the lobby and watch and listen to it. I also really liked being at the Regina because it was close to the British Yukon Navigation Co. (BYN) storage yards where all the steamboats were put up on ways during the winter months. I would tug on my mother's arm and request that we walk down to the shipyards so that we could look at the boats. I still remember being amazed at the size of the YUKONER (which was by this time just a faded remnant of its former self and used for storage) wondering how a vessel that large could ever have navigated the Yukon rivers. I always loved to see the KENO and the NISUTLIN because those boats came up the Stewart River to Mayo and I was familiar with them. Although these two riverboats looked enormous to a small boy, how much larger looked the WHITEHORSE, the CASCA and the KLONDIKE. They were "humungous"! On one occasion the

NENANA (an Alaskan steamboat which I understand is now beached at Alaskaland in Fairbanks) was on the ways as well.

The last time I stayed at the old Regina Hotel, the senior Erickson's were no longer attending to customers. Instead their son, John was behind the counter. As he had been working with his parents for many years before this, he still recognized me and with the same "Erickson smile" greeted me and handed me my keys to a room.

Ah....happy memories of the old Regina Hotel as a home away from home for weary travellers!

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DONNA CLAYSON'S STORY SECTION

I am still not receiving many stories or input of any kind. I understand that some of our readers feel they cannot write. That's no problem. If you jot down in point form some information I will write it for you. Then, I'll send you the finished copy for your approval. – Donna ytdogteam@telus.net

I have been talking by telephone to some interested people wanting a copy of the Moccasin Telegraph. The word is spreading amongst persons that do not have a computer. I don't like to see anyone miss out reading the newsletter so here is a thought:

Is anyone interested in volunteering in sending copies out to non-computer users? There, of course would be a charge as I have indicated to these people. I have found that everyone I've talked to wants to pay something. There's the cost of paper, postage, envelopes and miscellaneous costs. Your help would be much appreciated.

I would like to see some family history information. There are families that have been in the Yukon since pre-1900 and the generations have stayed there. Please consider that everyone is interested in the names they have heard all their lives but know nothing about. Again, if you don't feel your writing capabilities are up to standard jot down everything in point form and we'll help you. Nothing will be printed unless approved by you.

BOOK REVIEW

1. Pioneering on the Yukon 1892-1917 by Anna DeGraf, ISBN 0-208-02362-3

In 1892, accompanied only by her sewing machine, Anna DeGraf headed to Alaska in search of her son. She was 53 years old and walked with a crutch. Mrs. DeGraf was one of the first white women to live on the northern frontier. She befriended show

girls, native peoples and miners and was known as “Mother” to tenderfeet and lawmen. She ran a number of stores, outwitted a number of crooks. After spending 25 years she returned to the United States and wrote her memories at age 86 hoping her lost son” would read these words.”

This is a wonderful book and enjoyed every page. Recommended.

2. Yukon Reflections by Wayne Towriss, ISBN 1-55056-511-7

Beautiful coloured photos of the Yukon. A treasure for my library! This is the book I pull out to show visitors that have never been north what the Territory is really like as far as what the landscape is like.

3. O Rugged Land of Gold by Martha Martin, ISBN 0-940055-007

Martha left her husband because she wanted to “go north” and he wasn’t interested. Martha was pregnant, alone and injured on a remote Alaskan island in winter. Another book I thoroughly enjoyed. Has lots of pictures of this truly inspirational women. Recommended.

TIP THE DOG THAT JOINED THE ARMY

By Dorothy Wilson Graham

I have always loved dogs but when I was a child my parents claimed that since we spent part of the year in Mayo and part in either Whitehorse or McRae it wasn’t practical to have one.

We finally moved to Whitehorse to stay, my parents by this time were fed up with me bringing home a different dog each day claiming it had followed me and please, please could I keep it. With the connivance of my grandfather George Wilson, my ally, and his friend Gene Jacquot, a tiny ball of tan fluff arrived from Burwash

Named Tip for the white tip of his tail, he grew to be a beautifully golden tan and white malamute these days he would have been known as an ‘Alpha’ dog, always in charge.

We lived at the time in a green White Pass house on the corner of (I believe) 4th or 5th and Main, the US army had buildings nearby and Tip loved to greet all the soldiers going by.

Soon Tip developed a passion for riding around in the backseat of the M.P.’s jeeps. He began to stay away for days at a time, dropping by occasionally to see how we were getting along.

On one visit my sister opened the door for the dog and screamed, Tip had been painted with black stripes and with his big toothy smile, she was sure a tiger had come calling.

Another day an Army ambulance pulled into the yard and two medics carried Tip in on a stretcher, mother nearly had a heart attack. Tip had cut his paw and had been anesthetized and stitched up in the Army hospital operating room. One of his soldier friends said he nearly hit the nurse when she said it's only a dog!

We learned from the MP's that Tip had his own cell to sleep in and only the best food, probably better than we had.

When the US troops left Whitehorse Tip went with them. A year later we received a calendar from South Carolina featuring a large picture of Tip.

Thank you so much Dorothy for this great story.

The Small Little Man By Dorothy Lattin

My husband, Con and I lived in Whiskey Flats in 1952 & 1953. I loved living in Whiskey Flats as the people were so friendly. Con was working nights and I was busy raising our first child. We never had to lock our door even though some of the people were "different".

One evening I answered a knock on the door. There stood a small little man. He wore very thick glasses and was dripping in gold nuggets. He asked if I would sew buttons on his white shirt as there were no buttons on it at all. It seemed odd to me that a man covered in gold nuggets would have no buttons on his shirt.

I was a little nervous asking him in. I agreed to sew the buttons on and invited him in. He said he had to catch a plane as he was flying to Vancouver. Once the sewing job was completed he left and I never saw him again.

Thank you Dorothy for your story. Does anyone else have memories from Whiskey Flats? – Donna

ARCHITECTURE IN WHITEHORSE By Donna Clayson

Catholic Rectory



In the summer of 1900 this little house was one of four frame buildings in Whitehorse. For many years it had a kitchen tent attached to the back, which was eventually framed in. Later additions were made to both sides of the building. In 1981 it was moved from its original site near the corner of 5th and Main, to the city of Whitehorse compound where it awaits relocation.

The Catholic Church built the house as a Church rectory. Father E. Gendreau, the Vicar General for the Yukon and parish priest in Dawson, sent Father Camille Lefebvre to establish the first Catholic Church in Whitehorse in 1900. He built this rectory and later the church. Joseph Clifton, a post office clerk, lived in this house until his transfer to Dawson in 1917. The principal of the Lambert Street School, Mr. Galpin and his family lived in the house until 1923. the well-known sculptor Liliias Farley lived here for 22 years and was one of the inhabitants of the house. The Pine Medical Clinic now occupies this site.

Captain Martin House 305 Wood Street Lepage Park



This two-storey house, completed about 1915, was the home of Captain “Paddy” Martin. Some believe this house was built in two stages because government records indicate that Mrs. Martin made her final land payment in 1903 and pre-1915 photographs show a one-storey building on this site.

Born in Newfoundland, Captain Martin had been a sea captain before coming north. He was skipper of the Steamer “Canadian” in 1898 when it sailed from Victoria, British Columbia to the Aluetians and up the Yukon River to Whitehorse. The captain made one

return trip to Dawson City and then retired from steamboating. During 1900 Martin established the Arctic Trading Co. which operated general merchandize and grocery stores in Whitehorse and Conrad City. Later, the captain raised fur and mink. He was also the government fish inspector.

The Martin family moved out of the house in the mid 1930s when the captain became ill. It was sold just before he died in 1940.

INDIAN GRAVES WHITEHORSE, YUKON



Can anyone supply information on the Indian Graves in Whitehorse? I have quite a bit but I'm not certain on its accuracy. Please help fill in the blanks. – Donna

ED JACOBS HALL OF FAME INDUCTEE

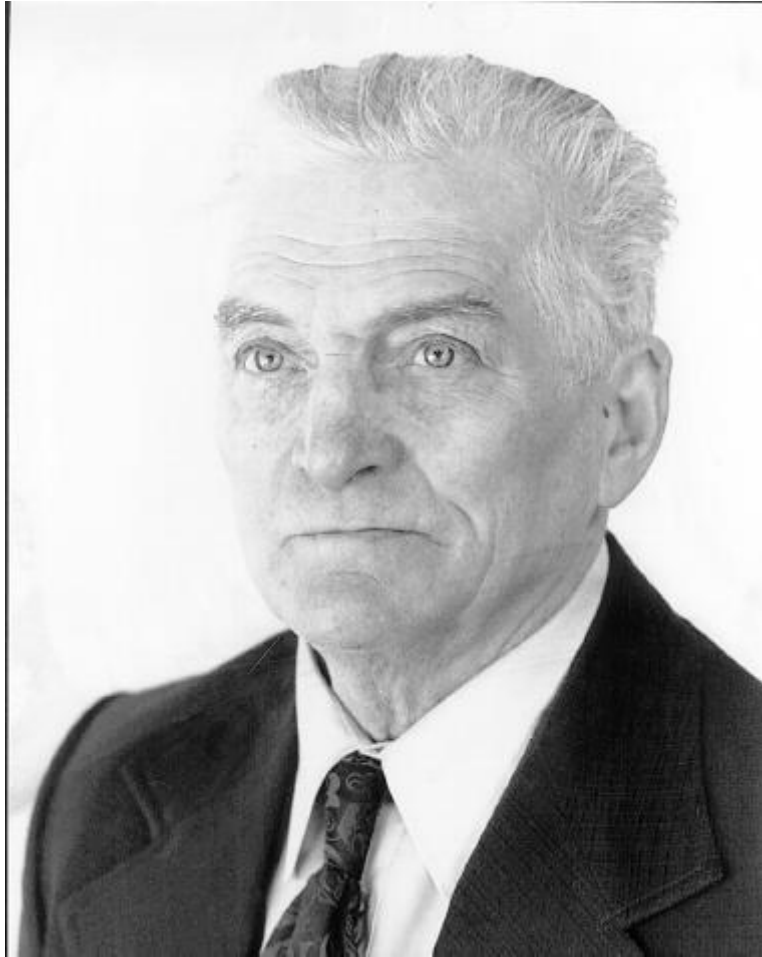


Photo Courtesy Anne Pritchard, Yukon Government

Ed Jacobs was inducted into the Yukon Transportation Hall of Fame June 6, 2001. The Welcome and Opening and Closing Remarks were presented by The Honourable Ms. Pamela J. Buckway, Minister, Community & Transportation Services, Government of the Yukon.

The introduction of Transportation Pioneer 2001 was presented by Ms. Jennie Howie, President of the Yukon Transportation Museum Society.

Introduction of Mr. Ed Jacobs by Mr. Mike Stanock, Yukon Transportation Association.

If it has anything to do with transportation Ed Jacobs has “been there and done it”. Ed has owned a garage and machine shop and put his own trucks on the road, planes in the air and barges on Yukon waterways. He even built access roads so he could haul supplies to where they were needed.

Ed was born in Calder Alberta in 1915 and moved to Whitehorse in 1943. It was during that same year he had the distinction of driving the first “civilian” vehicle over the Alaska Highway with a shipment of aircraft parts.

By the 1950's Ed was busy running his garage and machine / welding shop in Whitehorse. He was also hauling supplies and aviation fuel with a five ton truck from Alberta and Alaska to Whitehorse and Dawson City.

Ed built oxygen manufacturing and acetylene plants in Inuvik and Whitehorse and even bought two Cessna planes to support the plants. In 1979 Ed bought, enlarged and powered a river barge which could carry 80 tons of freight up and down the Yukon River between Minto landing and Dawson. That barge is still in operation. He also bought a tractor trailer to haul ore to southern smelters and return with freight for his Whitehorse and Inuvik operations.

Over time Ed Jacobs has rebuilt and fabricated parts for every conceivable industry in the Yukon, sometimes even building the machining tool required to do the job. He also designed, built and erected the rotating support structure for the DC-3 Aircraft displayed at the Whitehorse Airport and donated to the Yukon Transportation Museum a 1942 model RD-7 Cable Cat which he had used to build roads.

He has served as mayor and alderman for Whitehorse. Ed is 85 years old and still operates Jacob's Industries Ltd.

End of Donna Clayson's Story Section.

YOUR STORIES ARE MAKING THE ROUNDS

Hi Sherron,

Just wanted to share with you that I read Karen Shaw's School Days story to our Stitchery Group--a group of women who enjoy visiting and sharing lunch once a month. The Stitchery was formed back during World War 1 to make bandages for the wounded soldiers. We don't "stitch" anymore, though. Today was the 1st day of school in Canisteo so Karen's story was wonderfully appropriate and enjoyed by all. I also read Sandy's thought of the week: If you think education is expensive, try ignorance. The group heartily agreed! The 28th edition of MocTel came just in time!

I love reading it although I don't know the people---the stories are wonderful!

Marilyn (Gropstis) Chase cmchase@infoblvd.net

Marilyn is the daughter of the pilot who went down with Livingston Wernecke. Marilyn lives in Canisteo, New York.

NEW ADDITION TO THE LIST

LATTIN, Con & Dorothy

clattin@klondiker.com

(In Whitehorse since 1952)

OFF THE LIST

I'm sorry to say but I will have to ask you to remove my name from receiving anymore editions of the telegraph.

I find that I am like a few other people; my computer is too old to bring up a lot of things sent in the telegraph that I would like to view. I have read a lot of the information sent to me but feel that I best have my name taken off rather than using up your time and my time when I cannot utilize all the material.

Thank you for all that I have received up to and including number twenty-eighth edition. You and Sandy have done a lot of work on this and I thank you.

Good luck in your further efforts.

Dora Lucas lucasd@internorth.com

Please remove me from your mailing list.

I wish you continued success in your enterprise. It is a well-written & produced effort. Thank you for efforts.

Doug Herridge douglash1@shaw.ca

BOOK REPORTS

By Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

MISSION: KLONDIKE

By James M. Sinclair

This book written by the son of Rev. John Sinclair, a minister sent to the new frontier by the Presbyterian Church in 1897. His mission was to provide those in the rush for the Klondike with an alternative to the activities being provided in the isolated communities that were springing up.

This book is based on diary notes and includes photos taken by Rev. John Sinclair during his two plus years time in Skagway, Bennett, White Horse, Dawson, Atlin and all points in between. His time was mainly spent first in Skagway where he started the first Church and second in Bennett where he built St. Andrews, some of it with his own hands.

He was on the wharf in Skagway the night Soapy Smith, the man who controlled all things tempting to the soul, confronted the masses in an attempt to intimidate them into leaving their meeting place. Sinclair photographed Soapy in the morgue and provided him with a burial service.

He ministered all in the area including the rail building crews along the White Pass and Yukon Route and was in attendance at the installation of the last spike at Bennett.

This book is a must read, if nothing more than to pick up on the history and read such words as - White Horse consisted of a dozen souls on both sides of the river (the winter before the Rail line was completed into White Horse) and that it was predicted then to become the center for the Capital City in the future.

Mission: Klondike ISBN 0-88836-024-X Copyright 1978, James M. Sinclair. Printed in Canada by Mitchell Press Limited.

YUKON CHALLENGE

By John Firth

The story of the **Yukon Quest**.

This book is coverage of the **Yukon Quest** from the idea coming during a barroom conversation in the spring of 1983 and includes facts and race results 1984 to 1990.

The book follows closely the race run in 1988 and includes many harrowing experiences. It is a must read if you wish to have any idea what these people are confronted with and how they deal with the physical, mental and psychological challenges.

When I heard of the **Yukon Quest** this year in the **Moccasin Telegraph** I had no knowledge of it. I left Yukon in 1983 and it was first run in 1984. The race of 1,000 miles is run annually in alternate directions each year, starting in Fairbanks one year and Whitehorse the next.

It was conceived of when discussing that there must be a better way. Ending the Iditarod in Nome was an expensive proposition when everything must be flown out. The race seemed to cater to the elite racers and big named competitors.

Some of those who raced the Yukon Quest in the years covered in this book were closely related to those running the Iditarod and some have raced both. The winner of the Yukon Quest in 1988, Dave Monson is the husband of Susan Butcher. Kathy Swenson ran the Quest in 1988 while husband Rick Swenson ran the Iditarod.

Yukon Challenge, author John Firth ISBN 0-919433-85-5

Published by Lone Pine Publishing 206 10426 81st Ave Edmonton, Alberta – first printed 1990

DO YOU REMEMBER?

While checking out Harvey's pictures from the Mayo celebrations I came across a picture of my Uncle (Lugs Close) I haven't seen him in years and it was very nice to see a picture of him.

With the wealth of information your contributors have I was wondering if anyone had any stories or memories of my Grandfather Swede Blomberg, Uncle Eric Blomberg and my Grandfather & Grandmother Fred & Jean Cook? They all lived in Dawson City for many years.

Thanks for the great work on the Moccasin Telegraph Sherron.

Barb Cook
cookbarb@shaw.ca

*I sent this query to a few of the Dawsonites and a couple of others. Here are the replies.-
Sherron*

Hi Sherron,

If I am not mistaken, Fred Cook operated Cook's Taxi for many years. And I seem to remember that he had a service station in Dawson. In 1945-46 I rode his taxi from Dawson to Bear Creek many times, and can you imagine that the fare was only five dollars? I would hate to think what the fare would be today!

Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron,

I have replied directly to Barb re her inquiry. I knew all the people she enquired about, some much better than others. In the small world Dept., it turns out that Barbs dad, Jim Cook was one of my best friends when I was in Dawson. As a matter of fact he was my best man when we were married there in 1955.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron:

We knew Swede Blomberg very, very well. He was a good friend of Pete's and then me also, after we were married. Swede, I believe, worked over on the 60 mile, mining and would come to town in the fall. This fall he bought himself the biggest and most beautiful black (De Soto), and would keep it plugged in and running all winter, day and night when it was so cold. On Dec. 1/55 our Debbie was born at St. Mary's Hospital in Dawson. After remaining in hospital for 9 days, she and I were ready to go home. It was 55 degrees below zero and not even the taxi driver could get his car started. What to do, but to call on Swede. He brought Pete and our 2 year old Lynne to the hospital and what a howl Lynne made when I went to pick her up. She had completely forgotten me and wanted nothing to do with this new baby. This lasted for a day or so and all was well after that. What would we have done without Swede, I have no idea. I believe he was the kindest man I have ever known, (besides Pete, of course)~~~~~

Eric Blomberg, Swede's son was a fine looking young fellow and a good worker. I believe he had one sister, and she was a really pretty young girl also.

I have one great memory of Fred Cook. The first summer that I was in Dawson, (1951) I was told that the most interesting trip I could take was the mail route around "The Loop" and that would be

with the mailman, Fred Cook. Fred agreed to take me with him the following week on a certain day. This took nearly the whole day and for a good reason. Every little cabin, we stopped and Fred would pass the time of day with an elderly lady usually. Always in a little paper bag was a lovely loaf of her homemade bread, and perhaps a jar or 2 of some kind of berry jam. Oh! did that smell good. I never remember Fred coming back to the old car (or pick-up) without a bag of baking. They truly loved him, as he always had time for a little chat and picked up their mail to be posted once we got back to town. These ladies had nice little cotton dresses on and a pretty floured apron. They shook Fred's hand like they would never see him again. I am sure this went on every trip with the mail for years after that. What a great man to give so much pleasure to so many people for such a long time. Those were good days and good memories.

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

Unfortunately Brownie realized at the end of this mail that there were two Fred and Jean Cooks in Dawson and this Fred was not Barb's relative. She has since written to Barb with her recollections on the other Fred Cook and his lovely flower garden. If anyone else has memories of these people, Barb has her hopes up that you will contact her. - Sherron

Quote of the Week:

Life is a great big canvas, and you should throw all the paint on it you can.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Sweet and Sour Moose/Caribou Ribs

You can actually use any kind of ribs. I find that if you let the meat set in the sauce over night, that they are much more tender, and they cook up a lot nicer. You can either bake them, or put them on the BBQ. ENJOY!!

In a bowl combine:

1 large can of Pineapple Tidbits, with the juice
3/4 tbsp of white vinegar
2 tblspn brown sugar
a pinch of salt
3/4 tbsp soya sauce

You will need at least 2 - 3 lbs of ribs, but this recipes works really well for chicken and pork as well.

Cut the ribs into serving pieces, in a 9 x 11 pan, preferably glass, place into the pan, then pour the solution over the meat. Let it sit in the fridge covered over night or at least 8 hours.

Then put in the oven at 375 degrees for one hour, and then turn down to 225 degrees, for two hours. This way the meat will be really tenderized, and will be nicely flavoured. If you are going to use the BBQ, place on a low BBQ, and cook them slowly.


Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

HARVEY BURIAN'S STATS FROM WEBSHOTS


For those of you who enjoy statistics:

The website address were in last weeks Moccasin Telegraph.

See why it looks like not everyone took a look at all three of the Mayo Albums.



Your Weekly Statistics



Keep track of how many people are visiting your photos on Webshots.

Overall Summary

Totals	Views	Downloads	Guestbook Entries
Overall	5,543	12	3
This Week	962	4	1

Individual Albums [Go to My Photos »](#)[Read Guestbook »](#)

Album Title	Views	Views	Downloads	Downloads	Guestbook Entries
	Total	This Week	Total	This Week	
Mayo Flood 1964	693	43	0	0	0
Mayo Centenary 2003 - Part 1	2,104	390	5	3	2
Mayo Centenary 2003 - Part 2	703	105	3	0	0
Mayo Centenary 2003 - Part 3	644	91	4	1	1
Vancouver Island Yukoners' Picnic 2003	1,399	333	0	0	0

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **twenty-eight 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

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 - *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