



Sheep Mountain – Photo Courtesy Doug Bell

LITTLE HOUSE ASTRIDE THE STREAM

By Gus Barrett

Memories will often cause a teardrop on my cheek,
 (I'm really quite a sentimental guy.)
Like a small-unpainted outhouse, that stood astride the creek,
 That I had to utilize in days gone by.
It was very sparsely furnished, just a bench seat with a hole.
 The roof sometimes let in the rain and fog,
A door with leather hinges and a loosely packaged roll
 Of paper from an Eaton's Catalogue.

In winter, I was full of dread, each time I had to go,
 But I'd struggle through the snowdrifts to the door.
In knee-high boots and breeches, it was not a cinch, you know,
 To complete this very necessary chore.
Snow blowing through the peephole turned to ice upon the floor.
 In the frigid air, the seat was hard and cold.
Golden moonlight filtered through the cracks around the door,
 And an icy gale blew upward through the hole.

But in summer, aah, in summer, in the balmy evening breeze,
 With that battered door swung open to the air,

I could hear the breakers on the beach, and smell the salty sea,
And watch the little boats at anchor there.
I could sit alone and contemplate, contented and enthused,
About my future, and the things I hoped to do,
I could read the Eaton's catalogue, before its put to use,
Life was simple then and troubles were so few.

Now I repose in warmth and comfort, on a softly padded seat,
'Mid painted walls and gleaming porcelain,
In winter I'm in heaven and appreciate this treat,
But in summer time my thoughts drift back again.
And I think about that open door, it's perfect ocean views,
And I sometimes can't resist the urge to dream
Of those days I'd sit and contemplate, and read the shopping news,
In that little shack that stood astride the stream

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WHITEHORSE AIRPORT

By Henry Breaden

Up to 1942 the Whitehorse airport was not much more than a grass field that had been improved to make it a little better.

When the state of the war changed with the bombing of Pearl Harbour, it was coming closer to home. At the same time that the decision was made to build the Alaska Highway, (the Alcan), U.S.A. had an agreement with Russia to supply aircraft through Alaska.

There was a need of airfields in the Yukon to accomplish this. Watson Lake, Whitehorse, Aishihik and Snag were the main strips to be considered.

As White Pass was the only company large enough to handle the contracts, I am not sure of Watson Lake, but they built the airstrips at Whitehorse, Aishihik and Snag.

During the summer of 1942 the airport at Whitehorse was extended under the guidance of Happy LePage who was Supt. of construction for White Pass. When I was finished up at the end of the season on the Steamer Keno that year, I went to work at the airport as a gas jockey at the airport. My job was to fill the tanks of the dump trucks that were hauling gravel on the project.

The way the strips were levelled was with a timber drag behind a cat and using what they called a "Figure eight" pattern of dragging. When I was at Aishihik the next summer and learned to handle a cat, I used the same pattern at Aishihik. When Neil Keobke came over from Mayo, he became Assistant to Happy LePage and became Superintendent in the next year.

There is always a bit of humour on any job, and at Whitehorse, Bobby Richards was driving a cat with a drag. During the night he fell asleep and ran over the tail of the White Pass Trimotor aircraft. So that was the end of that one!

Originally there were two of these aircraft in Yukon, White Pass had one and Simmons at Carcross the other. They had three engines and I have seen them both on wheels and skis. The outer skin was corrugated aluminium, which gave them a strange look, but they could pack quite a load. As far as I know, it is the only time that the Ford Motor Company tried aircraft building.

In the 1950s I built a model of the trimotor and took a slide of it on the river snow with willows as a backdrop. Guess it was realistic, for when I was showing the slides to Jim Ballentine he said, "Oh yes, I remember the trimotor that Simmons used to have!"

It was something to see the American aircraft coming in at the end of the day, all with the red star painted on them. There were the fighters, P40s, Aircobras P39, Lightnings P38s and others. For bombers there were four engine B24s, twin B25s and B19s. At that time I do not recall the B17s, but there must have been. Around 4:00 in the afternoon they used to circle Whitehorse and come in one after the other. They would be fuelled and ready to head out at daybreak.

The other aspect was building construction at Whitehorse Airport. Bennet and White of Alberta were the contractors. In 1942 they were working on the south hanger, which afterwards for a time became the terminal for CPA and other companies. I am not sure of the two domed hangers north of there, but I would not be surprised that they built them too.

At Aishihik, Bennet and White had a small sawmill and squared logs on three sides for the administration buildings and control tower, peeling the outside curve of the logs. It made a fine looking building when new. They used something there that I never saw used anywhere else, and that was 1-1/4 inch donaco board used on the inside of the buildings. The normal was 5/8 inch which was half the thickness of that used in those buildings.

After I left Aishihik I did not return till 1982 when I was in the area by helicopter. At that time the strip had been shut down, but the buildings were still there. They had darkened from age but still looked solid.

Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

City Girl in the Yukon 1949

By Alice Breaden

Henry and I were married in 1948 in North Vancouver, and after a couple of months of married life we got air tickets for the Yukon. We packed our belongings into three wooden beer barrels and two, two foot square tea boxes. It would be the last we saw of them till June on the first steamboat to Mayo. For our trip north we had two suitcases and that was the extent of our clothes. But as an example, 36 years later when we moved to the Island it took a moving van to get our belongings moved.

We left Vancouver January 21, 1949 in a C.P.A. DC3 aircraft, and as this was my first time in an airplane didn't know what to expect. As we thundered down the runway I told Henry to tell me when we were in the air and shut my eyes tight. I thought it would be like the roller coaster ride in the midway, from which I was not much impressed! Henry said, "You can open your eyes as we have been up for 10 minutes," and was surprised to see that we were about 1,000 feet in the air.

There was a gentleman aboard that was wearing a pair of wet moccasins, and in the small-enclosed cabin the smell became something else. The Stewardess had a broken bottle of Aqua Velva in a Seagrams' bag that she was passing around and did it ever smell good.

I couldn't get over the miles and miles of nothing but trees and snow, and wondered why someone didn't live out there. We made the normal milk run, stopping at the different fields along the way. Arriving at Whitehorse, we stayed at the Whitehorse Inn and were slated for Mayo the next morning.

We had dinner that night at the Whitehorse Inn restaurant, which had a huge horseshoe bar. I didn't realize at the time, but it is the first time I had seen "Buzz Saw Jimmy". Looked like a scruffy old devil to me, but after all, we were in the Yukon and I didn't know what to expect! The steak we ordered was so tough that I had to ask for a sharper knife, and to top it off, a Husky or Malamute strolled into the restaurant and lifted his leg on my new "going away coat" which hung on a peg on the wall.

On the way to Mayo, Henry told me that the snow would be as high as the fence, and that I would have to chew his moccasins in the morning to soften them up. Of course being new to the Territory and a southerner I believed it all. On the way to Mayo, the pilot circled Hungry Lake where Jock Spence had a cabin, and nobody had heard from him for a while. There was smoke coming from his chimney, so the pilot knew that he was OK.

At the Mayo airstrip Mac McCullum the taxi driver picked us up, the same Mac and Eunice McCullum that our niece Pat mentioned about meeting this summer. The snow was up to the fence! And I thought, "Oh my God, where are the moccasins I have to soften up now!"

A few nights after our arrival, the Mayo residents pulled a “Surprise Party” for us. When the door was opened, all these folks started pouring in. Jack and Agnes Andison, Ed, Bon and Thelma Kunze and so many others I can’t remember, bringing with them food and presents for us. The party was on, and Ed Kunze brought his dancing doll that danced to music. I have so many fond memories of these early folks of Mayo.

I remember a dance that we went to at the Community Hall where “No way was I going to wear a kerchief and ruin my hair do!” On the way home my ears started buzzing and feeling like a bee sting. We stopped at the Fire Hall on Front Street where Jack Andison was Fire Chief. He loaned me his wife Agnes’s kerchief, which I was glad to put on. Guess I learned the north the hard way!

Henry flew to Whitehorse to join the Steamer Nasutlin, and arrived back in Mayo the first part of June. He arranged for me to make a trip to Stewart with them, which was a complete new experience for me. What I do remember of Stewart was the roadhouse and the store that Rudy Burian had. It seemed that everyone had dogs up north, so I was not surprised to see one at the roadhouse. That dog at the roadhouse sticks in my mind, for whatever reason of being big or loud? The trip on the Nasutlin was a complete new experience, one that I am happy to remember as steamboating was coming to an end.

During the summer I was walking on the sidewalk in front of Taylor and Drury store in my high heel shoes. (After all, that is what you wore in Vancouver!) My Father in Law used to call them, “High Heels Behind!” My high heel caught in a crack in the sidewalk and I went down and broke off the heel. Needless to say, I limped back home, but another northern lesson learned.

I originally went up for a year, and finally came out 36 years later. But through it all, it was a wonderful experience, the long time friendships and memories that were made and adventures we had were worth every bit of it.

Alice Breaden abreaden@shaw.ca

CONGRATULATOINS TO DUANE ARE IN ORDER

From Duane Aucion

Children of the Rainbow

Two-Spirited First Nations Group Takes Major Arts Award

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE - Sept. 16, 2003



VANCOUVER, British Columbia - Canada's only two-spirited First Nations multi-media performance group has won one of Vancouver's top awards for its premiere public show.

Children of the Rainbow captured the Audience Favorite Award from the Out On Screen Queer Film and Video Festival for its Aug. 15 showing of Kichx Anagaat Yatx'i.

"The show was a remembrance and a celebration of two-spirited members of the First Nations community," said **Duane Ghastant' Aucoin - the Yukon-born writer**, producer, director and lead actor of Children of the Rainbow. "Winning the award was a validation of our community."

Kichx Anagaat Yatx'i examines traditional cultural teachings surrounding gay members of First Nations communities prior to attempts at assimilation by colonizing nations.

Children of the Rainbow Inter-Arts Performance Society is a not-for-profit multi-media performance arts society. Its purpose is to bring together First Nations artists of all disciplines to celebrate and foster artistic and cultural development in aboriginal societies.

Kichx Anagaat Yatx'i came into being when Out on Screen approached Aucoin about creating a two-spirited production for the 2003 Queer Film and Video Festival.

Aucoin agreed and spent six months pulling together the dance, audio, video and theatrical components of the show. It received three standing ovations when it played at Vancouver's Cinemark Tinseltown theatre.

Among more than two dozen artists involved in the production were Sharon 'Grandma Susie' Shorty, Dorothy Grant and Byron Chief-Moon. Members of the

cast come from many First Nations including the Tlingit, Cree, Tutchone, Blackfoot, Nuxalk, Nisga'a and Metis.

“I was thrilled the festival asked us to do this as there is so little two-spirited First Nations material being presented to Canadians,” Aucoin said.

Children of the Rainbow is currently in pre-production for performances for other arts festivals across Canada. A DVD of Kichx Anagaat Yatx'i is also being produced.

Duane Ghastant' Aucoin (Tlingit/French Acadian) is available for interviews at 604-764-6041 or by email at ghastant@shaw.ca. Cast members are also available.

Here also is the website listing...

http://www.outonscreen.com/festival/festival_awards.htm

Boyhood Brushes with Death – My Charmed Youth

By Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca

After recalling my near-drowning at Whiskey Flats, I started thinking of other brushes with death during my boyhood in Whitehorse.

In the summer of 1948, after spending a month in Edmonton with aunts & uncles, my mother, brother Grant (8 yrs.) and I (5 yrs.) completed our move from Surrey, B.C. to Whitehorse. Dad had gone earlier to find a house. On the CPA flight, the captain came on the intercom & introduced himself & welcomed everyone. Mom thought she recognized the name, so asked the stewardess to confirm it [I wish I could recall it]. Mom told the stewardess that she had known the captain growing up in Calder (Edmonton), and to say hello. A few minutes later, the stewardess came back & said that the pilot had invited us up to the cockpit. So we went in and stood there for a while, while Mom & the pilot renewed their friendship. It was during these minutes that I first suffered the motion sickness, which plagued me for years. I vomited all over the control panel. It's a credit to the cockpit crew that we didn't go down.

Later that summer, my Uncle Ernie (who owned the Yukon Tire Shop on 1st Ave., where Dad worked) took us all to Miles Canyon for a picnic. We crossed the bridge, and sat down to eat. While the adults chatted, we boys squirmed restlessly. Although told to keep away, I wandered within a foot or two of the canyon wall, and was heading to it when Uncle Ernie acted quickly and grabbed me away.

The following summer, Grant & I and a few friends were horsing around on the old airport road (which ran from the end of Main St. diagonally up the cliffs). I decided to climb up the cliffs above the road. I got about 30 or 40 feet up, slipped and came

tumbling down. My head smashed on the road. Grant told me in later years what happened next. As I was unconscious, and had blood coming out my ears, he carried me down the lower part of the slope, and packed me over to George & Dayle Webber's place, where he knew our mom was visiting. I never got to the hospital.

Many old Whitehorse residents will remember the construction of the Civic Centre (later renamed the Jim Light Arena) & the adjacent curling rink. Prior to building the curling rink, large deep holes had been dug for footings to erect the building on. One late winter/early spring day, when there was still a lot of soft snow on the ground, I was roaming around there. I suddenly fell into one of the snow-filled pits. The snow was wet and heavy, and as I struggled, I got stuck more firmly. I quickly realized that to get out on my own was hopeless. Since my home was only a block away, over on the other side of the hockey arena (although I'm not sure if it was built yet), I decided to yell out for my brother. After shouting his name as hard as I could for several minutes, Grant showed up. He found a long plank to walk on, and pulled me out. I guess that wasn't real close to death, but a scare just the same.

Then came a few accident-free years but, in 1957, I had my closest brush with death. One Sunday, a friend of my parents, the Irish singer & bartender (or waiter) Jimmy McGarry, came to the house to see my mom. Although Jimmy was about 27, he had never learned to drive. He had bought a car, and my mom was giving him lessons. This weekend, however, Mom was out of town, and Dad was at work at Yukon Motors (Dad often worked Sundays if a tourist or a trucker needed tires). Jimmy was anxious to go for a drive, even without an instructor, despite the illegality of it. So he asked me to go with him, and off we went, out to the Mayo Rd., then northward. Jimmy seemed to be doing well, as far as I knew. But he had been up late the night before, and was sleepy. Just as Fox Lake came into sight, Jimmy dozed off. We were heading off the big curve at the south end of the lake when Jimmy snapped to attention. He jerked the wheel to the right, but too far. Then he over-corrected again by jerking to the left. As we left the road, Jimmy said "hold on" to me. The car went off the high shoulder, and rolled 5 to 8 times (so the RCMP officer determined when I visited the site with him a day or two later). When the car stopped, on its wheels and facing the road, I was sitting upright in my seat, my ball cap still on. The roof of the car had been crushed down within 18 inches of the seats, except for the area over my head, which was without a dent. I got out, and felt over my body for painful areas. Only one of my knees was bruised from slamming into the dashboard (no seatbelts, of course). I found Jimmy about 30 feet away. He was conscious, although bleeding from a bad cut on his forehead. He told me not to worry about his head – his main area of pain was his pelvic area. About 15 minutes later, a northbound car stopped. We put Jimmy on the back seat, and I kneeled on the floor to hold him steady. The man & his wife drove us back to the Whitehorse hospital. I was not admitted. Jimmy fell into a coma & died of internal injuries a week or so later. He was buried in the old cemetery, which is now partly covered by a mudslide from the cliffs above.

CORRECTION

Sherron, I received an urgent e-mail from Clarence Tingley. He made a mistake on the type of plane that was in the Tribute to Herman Peterson. He would like a correction done and is quite upset he made the error. Guess Bill Dayton in Leduc spotted the error. I sent a copy off to Beth for the Memory Book to be presented to Doris, however, the deed is done and Beth and Estol are on their way back to Juneau. I'll get a correction off to Doris in snail mail. The correction is that the plane is **not a Cessna 180** but a **Luscombe 8E**. Clarence apologies for the error.

Donna Clayson

See below:

Herman Peterson on the shore of Atlin Lake Luscombe 8E Taken around 1966



Photo Courtesy Clarence Tingley

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Sherron and Donna

Thank you so much for the wonderful tribute to Herman & Doris Peterson. We knew and admired them by reputation from the time of our arrival in the Yukon in 1953. We have never had the honour of meeting them.

The articles brought a wonderful insight into why they were so admired and loved by so many northern people. Thank you.

On a different topic, can someone tell us where Million Dollar Valley is located in the

Yukon? We know why it's called that, we just don't know where those planes crashed. Is it related in any way to Million Dollar Falls on the Haines Road? We don't know how they were named, either.

Joyce & Earle Hayden jhayden@yknet.yk.ca

Dear Sherron,

I am enjoying the Moccasin Telegraph immensely! Keep up the great work! I noticed the Recipe of the Week and wonder if you could put up a request for recipes for bread, buns, bannock (especially) and any wild game recipes. Those on the list wishing to email me directly could do so at this email address. I hope it's not too much to ask. I would be interested in viewing the back issue recipes of the week, too!

Thanks so much, Nan Desmarais

I have advised Nancy that Bannock was in MocTel 17. – Sherron

Hello there. My name is Alan Muir, and I'm trying to find out some information about the Yukon paddlewheelers and their crew members. I got your name and e-address from Joyce Hayden.

My father, Alexander (Sandy) Muir worked as a fireman on one of the boats (I think the Whitehorse) during the years between 1915 and 1920. Also during this same period, his brother George and a brother-in-law John Nicholson were employed (at what I'm not sure) on the boats. He told us sketchy details of his time on the boats, but I would like to gain a deeper insight into his history during that period. I am hoping that you can supply me with some links that I can explore, possibly finding some crew lists, and employment dates.

Thank you in advance for your help.

Yours truly, Alan Muir 42 Willow Crescent Flin Flon, Manitoba R8A 1R7
muiral@mb.sympatico.ca

REPLY TO FRAN HAKONSON

Hi there, I've just read your recollection of the Cook's in the MocTel and have one clarification: My Dad Jim Cook (who married my Mom Sylvia Blomberg, daughter of Big Swede and sister to Eric) was the son of Fred & Jean (Dredger Cook). Dad's 2 sisters are Donna Close and Bella Cusick.

Thanks for adding to my inquiry.

Barb Cook cookbarb@shaw.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Sherron,

I am one of those sympatico addresses that have changed. My new address is djones@polarcom.com

Please change so that I can receive the "telegraph" again. Thanks!
Cheers! Donna Jones

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Hello Sherron,

Wonderful Day today isn't it, well it is here..Autumn has certainly arrived..a girl friend from the Yukon, she lived in Whitehorse for many years, and she was so interested when I told her about you and your mission to connect, so this is her [address...odettekrauzig@shaw.ca](mailto:odettekrauzig@shaw.ca) . she was a telephonist there.. she has since moved to Vancouver, as her two sons are here too. Robert & Carlo, so we have picked up our friendship again, Hope you can get in touch with her.. she would love it, although she thinks that many people wont know her. Wolfgang her husband had a Business there also her son Carlo had a Pet Shop in Whitehorse...Have a lovely Day. Gillian xo.. I thought I would also send this to Oddette.. Cheers Gillian

Hi Sherron,

I'm a born and raised Yukoner with a passion for Yukon trivia and an interest in what old Yukoners are doing now. I was raised in a Highway lodge (Crystal Palace & Jakes Corner). All my family still live in the Whitehorse, my father passed away several years ago (the in/famous Jake) and my mother, Helen Chaykowsky lives in Closeleigh Manor here in Whitehorse.

Please include me in your Moccasin Telegraph; I look forward to reading and contributing.

My home email address is cthompson@northwestel.net

Carolyne Thompson

Cabinet Policy Assistant - ATIPP Coordinator

Executive Council Office (A-8)

Phone: 667-5939

I am delighted with the work you are doing with the Yukon people and stories and appreciate the amount of time you put in on it.

Sherron, please enter me on your list.

Sandy, please send me whatever you can of the Moccasin Telegraph from the first to the twenty-second editions inclusive.

After I have had a chance to digest the editions I do have, will have a story or so for you.

I was a bush pilot in Whitehorse during the 1940's.

HARTNELL,Norm ladue1@shaw.ca (Mayo 1928,Dawson 1938,WW2 1940,Whitehorse 1945 to 1950) Now Abbotsford B.C.

Hello Sherron

I would like to join up to the Moccasin Telegraph.

My father and mother were Howard and Nancy Firth. Grandfather was T.A. Firth.
Arrived in the Yukon in 1955, raised in Dawson, then Whitehorse.
Still live in Whitehorse.

E-mail address is: John.Firth@Clarica.com

Rolf Hougen suggested I contact you and get hooked up.

Thanks

John Firth

Hi Sherron-

I would like my name to be added to the publication.

Karen Sparling (mother Goody Sparling born in Whitehorse 1970's summers/lived in

Whitehorse 1984-1989) Cloverdale,BC (604)576-0864

Enjoyed reading copy of the twenty second edition - July 20/03 and look forward to more. I may be able to give you some stories too.

Thanks Karen Sparling g.russell0864@shaw.ca

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If you obey all the rules, you will miss all the fun.

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **thirty-one previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **eleven 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

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