

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Thirty Fourth Edition – October 12, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Fox Pens at Tagish – Photo Courtesy Doug Bell

THE BALAD OF CHICKADEE

By Gus Barrett

Strange tales are told in the arctic cold,
But the strangest told to me,
Was that of a hale Cape Breton male
Who was known as Chickadee.
He came north to mine in thirty-nine,
To search for gold I think,
But the search he swore, for the yellow ore
Would drive a man to drink.

He was small of frame, and he gained his name
From the squeaky voice he had.
When sober, as mild as a little child
Like a gentle Sir Galahad.

Tears would race down his grizzled face,
If a tale of woe was told.
He'd donate his time and his final dime,
To a stranger who's hungry or cold.

But give him a drink and one would think
That a tiger had broken loose,
He would sit on a stool like a drunken fool,
'Til his brain was dulled by juice.
Then he'd turn about and he'd rant and shout,
With scarcely the strength of a louse,
As he left the place he would punch the face
Of the biggest man in the house.

Then broken and beat, alone in the street,
He would lay in a booze-fogged peace,
Until without fail, he would land in jail,
Cared for by the mounted police.
He would get ten days for his wayward ways,
Or more if his wounds were bad.
For that iron cell that he knew so well,
Was the only "home" that he had.

One stormy night in the pale moon light,
He stumbled through the snow.
In anger chased, from his drinking place,
And with nowhere else to go.
In a haze he sank in a deep snow bank,
He felt warm and he thought he'd doze.
They found him at five more dead than alive,
And both his hands were froze.

He awoke that night in the glaring light,
With nurses surrounding him.
And his gaze it sped to the clean white bed,
And he noticed his missing limbs.
He remembered the fight in that arctic night,
And he thought of the raging storm.
Then he started to speak in that awful squeak,
"Thank God, my hands are warm."

OBITUARY

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

Alice Catherine Ravenhill

Born July 8, 1916

Passed away October 3, 2003 in Williams Lake

Predeceased by Husband Charlie in 1968.

Survived by Daughter Ann, Sons Barrie and Tom.



Lue Richard and Thomas A. Barnes meet With Death in Lake Bennett

Photo Courtesy Murray Lundberg

LOST GRAVES #1

By Murray Lundberg MurrayL@explore north.com

One of the things that has always made the Yukon “The Land of Magic & Mystery” for me is that there are ghosts everywhere. And the ghosts aren’t hiding particularly; they’re right out there for anyone who wanders the backcountry to meet. Living in Carcross, the ghosts of the Klondike

Stamperders have been most visible to me through their graves, which are situated in various remote locations around the Southern Lakes. This is the first of three articles about the pioneers whose graves I've found so far.

Luc Richard & Thomas A. Barnes, these two men were drowned when they fell through rotten ice on Lake Bennett on May 10, 1898.

They were buried on a high knoll on the largest island in the group of islands at the British Columbia - Yukon border. It is now accessible only by boat from Carcross, although at low water the island is joined to the mainland by a sandbar. The article below from "The Caribou Sun", Volume 1, No. 1, describes the accident and burial. It is reproduced here exactly as it was printed, including the spelling errors.

TWO MEN DROWNED

Lue Richard and Thomas A. Barnes meet With Death in Lake Bennett

Last Tuesday a serious accident took place near the Island about midway of Lake Bennett, which resulted in the death by drowning of Lue Richard and Thos. A. Barnes. They with O. S. Felton and H. M. Buck were on their way to Bennett with Richard's dog team for supplies.

When near the island the party became alarmed at the poor condition of the ice and started toward the shore when the ice gave way; Richard at once sank to the bottom but Barnes hung on to the ice for about ten minutes and made a gallant struggle for life, but sank for the last time when the rescueing party had almost reached him. The accident was seen from the shore by a number of Yukoners who rendered all aid possible and succeeded in rescueing Messrs. Felton and Buck, who lay flat on a small patch of white ice which barely sustained them. The dog team and sled were lost. All valuables on the bodies were recovered. The body of Mr. Richard was recovered the next day, but the searching party did not find the remains of Mr. Barnes until the day following. A reward of fifty dollars was paid for the recovery of the bodies.

The funeral took place on Friday afternoon when Mr. C. A. Walsh read the Episcopal burial service and a choir sang Rock of Ages and Nearer My God to Thee. A very large attendance of men and a number of ladies were present and contributed a profusion of wild flowers. The burial took place on the island about forty feet from the water line among a garden of wild roses. Headstones were placed on the graves properly inscribed and a picket fence will enclose the Island's first cemetery.

Mr. Richard was about thirty-eight years of age, of French descent, and came here from Frenchtown, Montana, in company with Will P. Brayton, Mike Beaulieu and Charles Bouchard also of Montana.

Thos. A. Barnes was about thirty-five years of age, an Englishman by birth, whose residence was in Axtell, Kan. He was a member of the Iowa-Alaska Mining company who are in camp here.

YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED THROUGH "THE YUKON FOUNDATION"

Sherron: It would be appreciated if you would publicize the Yukon Foundation through your excellent communications media. The story attached gives a brief summary of the organization. There are now over 60 funds established.

Marg & Rolf Hougen

The Yukon Foundation

After a conversation with Howard Firth in the late 1970's, Rolf Hougen realized there was no organization that existed in the Yukon that could accept the proceeds of an estate for the benefit of the people of the Yukon.

Rolf Hougen invited several long time Yukoners to participate in creating a body that could accept donations from wills or in honour of relatives or friends. In December 1980, seventeen Yukon men and women agreed to contribute their names and \$100.00 to establish the Yukon Foundation, using the Vancouver Foundation (established in 1950) as a model.

The founding members of the Yukon Foundation were:

Ione Christensen, Laurent Cyr, Belle Desrosier, William L Drury, Robert Erlam, Thomas Firth, Charles Halliday, Rolf Hougen, Lorraine Joe, Roy Minter, Hon. Erik Nielsen, Willard Phelps, Gordon Ryder, James Smith, Aubrey Tanner, Charlie Taylor, Flo Whyard

The Yukon Foundation was registered under the Societies Ordinance of the Yukon Territory and it's objectives are based on time honoured standards:

“ The objects of the Foundation are to promote educational advancement and scientific or medical research for the enhancement of human knowledge; to support, which may be in the discretion of the Board, contribute to the mental, cultural and physical well-being of the residents of the Yukon Territory.

In order to attain these objectives, the Yukon Foundation is empowered: to receive bequests, devices and donations of every kind and description whatsoever, and hold, control, administer and deal with property of every kind and description, whether real or personal, and whatsoever situate.”

By 2002, assets of more than two million dollars were being administered by the Yukon Foundation. Today, the returns derived from the investment of these assets continue to support the Foundation's broad objectives through scholarships, graduate studies, writing and publication of Yukon materials, art, heritage acquisitions, and support for non-profit organizations. In 2003, \$107,000 was distributed.

The Yukon Foundation is now governed under the government created “Yukon Foundation Act”

The Yukon Foundation makes it possible for Yukoners to leave a legacy that will benefit the people of the Yukon. To learn more about the Yukon Foundation or to establish a fund, please contact the address below:

The Yukon Foundation
P.O. Box 32096
Whitehorse, Yukon
Y1A 5P9

John Firth, Chair
Phone: 867-667-2144
E-mail: johnfirth@clarica.com

Phone 867-393-2454
E-mail - yukonfoundation@klondiker.com
Executive Director: Sophia Partridge

PUCKET'S GULCH

By Anne Domes octavia13@yknet.ca

I read the story from Henry Breaden about the access to the Whitehorse Airport and the words PUCKET GULCH caught my attention. My late husband and I were in Whitehorse 2 weeks, he worked at the Airport and I at the Whitehorse Inn and we each stayed in these respective places for the time being, as there was nothing to be for rent in the Town. It was my Birthday and we decided to go for a walk, with me coming up to meet Konrad. And the up went thru the Pucket Gulch, across the Airport and on the Highway. We walked for a while, when a truck stopped and offered us a welcome ride, we had walked for a good hour and did not see anything or anyone. We ended up in Marsh Lake, had lunch there and were on the way home. Little did we know, how far we were out of Whitehorse and how very little traffic there was on the Alaska Highway. We walked several hours and started to count, if we would make it to work on Monday when a car from the Telephone Company stopped and gave us a lift home. To this day, I thank the fellows. Not so soon did we think of a walk on the Highway again.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY DAYS

By Joyce Yardley

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

Just back last night from our trip to the UK. It was fabulous! Always so good to be home again though... I'm now in the process of reading the 300 plus mailings that I found on my computer. Of course the first one I went to was the Moccasin Telegraph. I just had to thank Doug Bell for the lovely photo of Kusawa Lake. It was once called Arkell Lake, I remember.

In 1950 we gave our second son the name of "Arkell" for a second name because we liked the sound of it. I guess he did also, because he named *his* son Arkell, many years later. Too bad they changed the name, altho' Kusawa *is* a lovely name. It would be interesting to know where the original name came from.

Another thing that intrigued me was the picture of Whitehorse in 1952. The building on the left in the foreground, used to be the community hall; where we played basketball, held dances, and where my Dad (Eric Richards) put on all his plays in 1926 to? He founded the first Whitehorse Drama Club back then. I was too young to remember his plays, but he came from England in 1912; settled first in Calgary, then on to Whitehorse in 1925, where he worked for T&Ds for 18 years. *I remember Isaac Taylor, Betty Taylor's father-in-law well, also his partner Mr. William 'Will' Drury, Bill Sr.'s dad.*

BUT...my question is: does anyone remember what we used to call that hall before the US Army came and took it over as a warehouse to store their supplies? (before it was burned to the ground one winter.) It sticks in my mind that it used to be the NSAA hall, but what that stood for I don't know. Hope someone can enlighten me on this.

Oh, and how one memory brings up another! The warehouse was loaded with cases of canned food, and after the fire tons of those cases were laying out on the street in mid-winter, before they could haul them away. Some of the town folk used to haul them away home on toboggans after dark. Even though frozen a lot of it could be salvaged. I still remember the army tucks just running over a lot of them that were scattered over the street.

ANSWERS TO JOYCE'S QUESTIONS

Hi Joyce

I thought I would look for some answers before your message went to press.

Here is one:

Fred Aylwin phoned to reply to my query to him and he said the building you are seeing in the photo was Whitehorse Motors and that the building that he remembered that burned was on the property between 3rd and 4th.

Henry Breaden recalled moving to Whitehorse in Sept 1942 and the building burning in Nov 1942 and he only knew it as an Army building. He too recalls it between 3rd and 4th. The photo is showing a building on 3rd and Main.

I then asked Rolf Hougen about the initials as he had sent in input for the Moccasin Telegraph today.

NSAA was North Star Athletic Association. It was beside 3rd Avenue and the ball park existed in the area closer to 4th Avenue.

Rolf & Marg Hougen

Then Henry has found this online explaining the naming of **Arkell** lake.

Those words were written on May 24, 1890, by E.J. Glave, a correspondent for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. The "**new godchild**" to which he refers was Kusawa Lake, a long, winding lake which provided a natural travel corridor from the coast mountains into the Yukon interior. Glave and his companions had just bushwhacked into the Yukon by following a Chilkat Indian trade route from the Alaskan coast. **He named his "discovery" Lake Arkell**, choosing to ignore its Southern Tutchone name of **Nākhū Mān** (raft crossing) or the Tlingit name (narrow lake). The route

followed by Glave had been used for centuries by the coastal Tlingit to trade with the interior Athapaskans. Annie Ned, a Yukon Elder who devoted much of her life to preserving the history of her people, recounted how the coastal Tlingit were impressed with the wealth of the interior. "Those people wanted clothes from the Yukon...skin clothes, sheepskin, warm mitts....Coast Indians traded them knives, axes, and they got clothes, babiche, fish skin from the Yukon. They've got nothing, those Tlingit people, just cloth clothes, groundhog clothes."

Henry breaden@shaw.ca

MORE COMMENTS ON THE 1952 MAIN STREET PHOTO

About the picture of Main Street Whitehorse in the last MT. The building on the left is the NC garage which was built in the late 40's, 1948, I think. I can remember walking the foundations with Dad when it was going up. On the extreme left, at that time, was Buzz-saw Jimmy's woodlot. The baseball diamond that became the grounds of the first federal building is still visible in the left foreground.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

PROGRESS REPORT – RED CROSS – FIRE VICTIM RELIEF FUND

Hello Sherron.... Well we had a good time at the Massey Theatre.. we raised 4,800.00 Dollars, and I believe some more funds will be added... There were quite a few people.. not sure how many were in attendance.. We are doing another one, November 16th its on a Sunday at the FORD THEATRE.. Wow I am really thrilled about that... Lorraine Forster is organizing the event.. Quite a few Entertainers...all Musical..Lorraine sings on 600. She has a wonderful voice like velvet... Cheerio for now... Gillian xo gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca

HOCKEY NIGHT IN WHITEHORSE

By Isobel Cameron issie@capitalnet.com

Greetings -

Funny, haven't seen a single item (but then I just haven't got around to all those letters I missed) about the great hockey that was played in Whitehorse - during my time -'48-'50. Not sure just when it started but there were 4 teams: Legion, Town, Army and Air Force. And what great games - Bruce always said it was safer on the ice than in the stands. The fans were quite vocal!!! It was good hockey too as the boys all knew one another and they all had to 'go to work in the morning', so little rough stuff. Bruce played for the Town team even though he was in the Army and was the centre - I said he was the best there was!!! The Town won the cup that winter. Roy Reber, who later joined the fire department, I believe, was also one of the star players but for the Legion I think.

Also Stittsville is not 'northwest' of Ottawa, it is now part of Ottawa and just on the western outskirts - or what used to be the outskirts - amalgamation has taken in half the countryside - to the country people's disgust I might say.

Names escape me - is Curly?? still around, he had a car repair there and his sister Margaret used to work for Rolf, she married - humm - ?? Ouillet (sp) and me living in French country!! You may or may not have known them.

Do enjoy your letters and read parts of them to Bruce and he does enjoy the pictures.

Oh, there were tennis courts there at that time, Bruce, some of the Mounties - Gus Spohr, Bud Harrison, and several others built them. They were used a lot.

Yes, Kathleen Lake is beautiful and we have a picture similar to the one you printed of that other lake, plus a good one of Ear Lake and Millionaire Falls but we have no scanner - sorry.

Hope you get enough stories for your Christmas letter.

Take care Isobel

(Ralph Lortie has volunteered to put together a special edition of the Moccasin Telegraph dedicated to Whitehorse Hockey. Anyone having any photos, comments or stories for that edition please contact Ralph at rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

THE BALL PARK HEIST
Another Boyhood Misadventure
-By Ralph Lortie

On summer days in about 1952-1957, a lot of the Whitehorse boys, some a year or two younger than I was, some older, used to gather at the old ball park on 4th Avenue to play scrub. We usually got there about 9:30 or so, and played until lunchtime. After lunch, most would come back to play ball until nearly dinnertime. Amongst the regulars were Doug Solonick, Benny & Danny Sheardown, Kenny Taylor, the Tuton brothers, and many others whose names & faces have escaped my memory. Occasionally, some older lads like Stan Wilcox, Danny Vars, John Carswell & Les McLaughlin would participate.

One day in 1953 or '54, after playing scrub most of the afternoon, I hung around the ball park with Dennis Eaton & Patrick O'Neill, two fellows who weren't regular scrub players, but who had shown up that day. As we were leaving through the 4th Ave. exit, we noticed that someone had broken into the concession hut, simply by pulling the padlock hasp off the door with a crowbar or something. Well, we looked inside and saw that a lot of cigarettes had been stolen. And there, right before our eyes, was a huge supply of soft drinks, chocolate bars, chips, and gum. We were really thirsty from playing ball all afternoon, so we pinched a few drinks. Then, the bad idea occurred to one of us (Dennis, I think – certainly not me) to make a big haul.

First, we had to figure out how to transport the loot, and where to stash it. I remembered that a boy could get under the stands of the hockey arena by crawling under the wall adjacent to the curling rink. But carrying the goods was a problem. We were about to give up the whole idea, and as we stepped outside the gate, a small kid was passing with his red wagon. So, of course, we had the solution to our problem. Since I knew the boy, we were able to borrow the wagon, with which we made about 6 or 8 hauls, and hid the stuff under the arena.

Well, for the next day or two, everything was okay. We kept apart, one by one going to the loot for a coke or a chocolate bar. Then, we made a fatal mistake. One day we three went together, grabbed a few drinks & snacks, and sneaked out behind the arena. As we headed towards 3rd Avenue, we were nabbed. Little did we know that the owner of the concession (Northland Beverages – I’ve forgotten the man’s name) had reported the theft and that the police were watching the area. They had seen us going to our stash, and had checked it out from inside the arena. So we were caught red-handed! After an embarrassing trial, we were all put on probation for a year. We didn’t get a chance to testify to the fact that we hadn’t broken into the place, but I guess they knew we hadn’t pinched the smokes. Little Ralph dutifully signed in at the constabulary every Saturday morning at 9 am, thus missing half of the weekly hockey scramble at the Civic Centre.

Years later (’64 & ’65), I played ball for the RCMP team in the city league, and got re-acquainted with the sargeant in charge of that case. I asked him if he remembered our first meeting, and he answered “Yes- but you seem to be on the right track now”. And, for the rest of my life, I guess I was.

P.S. If anyone remembers the name of the Northland Beverages owner (prior to Lorne Scott & Al Kulan), please let me know. Coincidentally, Mr. Scott hired me to work at the milk plant in the summer of 1957. I was hired to help Stan Potter deliver milk because he had broken his wrist. When Stan got better, I worked in the plant filling milk cartons. Mr. Scott had said I would be paid \$1 an hour. Unfortunately, when I quit to go back to school, Mr. Scott was out of town and Mr. Kulan paid me only 60¢ an hour. I guess I repaid part of my debt to Northland Beverages.

P.P.S. I never knew what became of Patrick & Dennis. If anyone knows, let me know. Readers may remember Patrick’s mother, a jolly lady who ran the Army Surplus store. Years ago, I heard of a playwright named Patrick O’Neill -and wondered.

REVERSE ON A SLIP SCRAPER

*Oh dear I even confused Henry with my warped sense of humor. I was referring to “reverse” meaning it would not be simple to - **back up a horse**. It looks like Henry took me literally and was thinking I was looking for the gearshift. – Sherron*

That Moccasin Telegraph 33 was great but I could see where you couldn't find the reverse on that slip scraper?

If we look at a scraper, it had that "C" yolk which allowed it to be dumped and in the middle of the yolk was the attachment. What they called a single tree was attached to it, which was made of hardwood about 3 feet long, and the horse harness was attached to each end. Then digging and it was full, by pushing down on the two wooden handles allowed it to come up out of the cut. Usually the dirt was dumped to the lower side on a side hill cut, which created the first path.

There was no reverse and the scraper had to be pulled back manually for the next fill and at the same time backing the horse. Maybe a bit of swearing at that time might be in order, but the scraper empty would only be about 50 pounds.

Once the first cut was made, the cut could be widened by cutting into the upper bank and dumping on the lower side. You could equate it to you using a shovel to make a path on a sidehill, all bullwork! Wouldn't a bulldozer be good about then? But they were far into the future!

Where reverse was possible would be on a two wheel buggy, a wagon or sleigh. For a single horse the tongues that went up each side of the horse was called "shafts" and the front end attached each side near the collar.

The harness for pulling was connected by "Butt chains" to a single tree, which was attached to the conveyance. The collar, well padded went over the head and that was the main pulling point. Where two horses were used, the conveyance had a single tongue with a cross tree which was connected to the harness of both horses up near the collar and two single trees to the conveyance. There was such a thing that was called a "Dray" which was very low slung for heavy loads. The rear wheels were mounted with a steel mount on each side to allow the platform to be lowered. At the front was like a steel gooseneck, which allowed a front set of wheels to turn.

If you look at photos of the old wagons, you will notice that the front wheels were smaller than the back. This allowed the front axle to be pinned in the middle for turning without the front end becoming too high. Those old timers were no dumb bunnies and accomplished a lot with what they had.

When backing a wagon or sleigh, the thrust was from the harness, which had a belly strap and straps across the behind of the horse. Then to the tongue or shafts attached to the front of the harness, which would push the conveyance back. Of course a bit of swearing when the horses did not go the right way and they had to give it another try.

When I was a kid our neighbour was a blacksmith and I used to spend a lot of time with him at his shop. He used to shoe horses, make steel stuff in the forge and even shrink new "tires" onto wagon wheels. They were put on the wheel hot, and when they cooled they would be tight on the wheel.

There were quite a few teams in Mayo when I was growing up, so I became quite conversant with them. And of course learned some new words!

Cheers,

Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

GREAT NEWS ON PRESERVING YUKON HISTORY - FROM MURRAY LUNDBERG

I haven't seen it mentioned that the Yukon Historical and Museums Association (YHMA) has a lengthy tour of historic Whitehorse buildings on their Web site at <http://www.yukonalaska.com/yhma/tour.htm>

I've been doing some major collecting lately that will be of interest to your readers. Of note, I bought a huge photo collection (about 2,500 pictures) from the family of a former BC Liquor Board inspector. Included are hundreds of slides from Atlin and the Alaska Highway from the mid-1950s through the mid-1960s. There is some scenery, but the focus (pun intended) was on hotels and lodges, and the detail of this seldom-photographed subject is wonderful, including the rooms, lobbies and bars as well as exterior changes. Most of the material is from further south, but the documentation of towns such as Stewart, Ocean Falls and Vananda (among many, many others is quite unique. I hope that posting the occasional image of places such as the Trutch Lodge will prompt some great memories.

As well, I got a signed copy of Connie Silver's sketchbook of Yukon-Alaska lodges from 1960 - he was a Mountie in Dawson in the early years. And the other large acquisition is about 110 photos from the building of the Alaska Highway, taken by one of the men driving the highway patrols during construction.

Murray Lundberg

YukonAlaska.com
Your Gateway to The North on the 'Net
<http://www.yukonalaska.com>

Hi Sherron,

In the Moccasin Telegraph there is an early 1900 photo of two steamboats going up the river at Whitehorse. You will find the identical photo in the Carcross School group of riverboats which you had the URL in a **previous MocTel**. In that group it says 1904, which seems realistic, and right next to it is one of Whitehorse about 1898. Being that White Pass went into the boating from 1900 and the building of some new boats in 1901 including the White Horse, I would say that **1904** is a pretty good shot. To get that date, someone did some research I think and put things together.

Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

COMMENT ON ARMY DAYS STORY

I thought since Gerald had been to the ISR he would likely have met Bill Weigand over the years, so I sent along the Army Days Special Edition when Gerald joined this week. – Sherron

Sherron...I have known Bill Weigand since 1981. We first met at his and Jeri's claims on Bonanza creek. Bill referred to the claims as "Poverty Bar." My father worked one of the claims, 12 below discovery, that's how we came about meeting. My two sisters and my brother and me followed our

father's journey to the Yukon in 1981 and wound up at 12 below discovery. Bill and Jeri had a tourist set up on 13 below. We must have talked for two hours that day. Nine years later I ran into Bill in Quanlin mall where he owned a small gift and jewelry shop. Believe it or not he recognized me and even remembered my name. I was flabbergasted. Later, when he became Mayor of Whitehorse, I had the pleasure of visiting him in his office several times. The last time I saw Bill was on Main Street in Whitehorse. We just happened to bump into one another. That was probably five years ago. He is a fabulous person with a mind of a 25 year old.

I really enjoyed reading his story.

Thanks Gerry Pennington Ksra1898@aol.com



Ore from the Anvil Mine in Yukon Territory is transported 220 miles to railhead in Whitehorse by these huge White Pass ore carriers. From Whitehorse, the ore goes 110 miles by train to Skagway where it is shipped to outside markets.

White Pass Ore Carrier

Photo Courtesy Mike Paolera

Mike Paolera peasinapod@shaw.ca

I am sure some of you must have some trucking stories. I know that at least one car froze up in extreme temperatures, and a White Pass driver picked up my husband Bill Jones and Utley Trerice on their way to Anvil Mine and dropped them off at the next available help. The truck thermometer was registering -70 F. They were traveling along the flats near Braeburn. - Sherron

RE: 1952 MAIN STREET WHITEHORSE PHOTO

This is an attempt to jog some memories and break loose some more stories.

I spoke with Fred Aylwin about the 1952 photo of Main Street in the last Moccasin Telegraph. To his recollection these are the businesses and homes visible in this section of Main Street.

On the left side of the street:

The ball field, which later became the Federal Building housing the Post Office. (Previously the home of the NSAA building and the curling rink at the 3rd Ave end of the block.)

The NC Building (which housed Whitehorse Motors and in which Moe Grant and Bob Parent worked.)

Kelly's Café

Sunny Delicatessen

Whitehorse Star

Taxi Cab Company, Ted Myles owner, George Clark driver

Bank of Commerce

Whitehorse Inn which housed the bowling alley 6 lanes of 5 pin in the basement, a taxi stand, café and of course the beer parlour, lounge and ballroom. (Gus tells me the lounge was called the Rainbow Room and is where he met Blanche in 1953.)

Burn's Meat

Taylor & Drury Store

On the right side of the street:

On the corner was a Bowling Alley

Next was Hougen's the small dark coloured building

Then the home of Nellie Dennison

Then the home of Len Metcalfe

Capital Theatre

Town Toggery

Hub Café

Redpath

Kee Bird

Pinchen's Bakery later to become Needham's

Whitehorse Theater, later Elks Hall, still later the Bank of Commerce.

Bank of Montreal

Capital Hotel and Barber Shop, Dick White

White Pass Hotel

QUESTIONS

A couple of questions to forward to the group, and see what kind of response we get.

First question:

Does anyone have a recipe for Rosehip Jelly??

Second Question:

Is there anyone out there that may know where Ann and Eric Foster, who was the principal in Beaver Creek in the early 70's, may be? I am hoping someone out there in the group may know. I would really like to get in contact with them.

I realize that this is the second time that I have asked, but we have had several people join since the first time that I asked.

Thanks in advance to anyone that can answer these questions.

Sincerely Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Sherron: Dave Harder forwarded us the 31st edition of The Moccasin Telegraph. I enjoyed it very much and would like to be placed on the mailing list. My wife and I were in Whitehorse from 1968 till 1978 and in Watson Lake from 1978 till 1980. We went up originally with the Yukon Baptist Mission and worked in several jobs but it was in Whitehorse I joined the RCMP as a Special Constable. We have the fondest memories of the Yukon and have made it back three or four times since 1980 but our heart and memories wander that direction much more often than that. Our email address is regwendyjensen@canada.com.

Thanks and keep up the good work. Reg and Wendy Jensen

Hi Sherron,

Have been introduced to your web site, and would like to add my name. While you were in Whitehorse we were sort of neighbours, and I taught Wesley in Kindergarten. I still live on Alsek, both our children are grown and married. Daughter lives in Whitehorse, our son is in Ft. McMurray. How is Wesley and where is he?? My husband Frank passed away in 1999.

Looking forward to the email, Thanks Merton
FRIESEN, Merton (McAffer) mfriesen02@yahoo.ca (867)6672705

Tell me about your Moccasin Telegraph. I picked up a little info on it at the last International Sourdough Reunion in Whitehorse. I think I might have contacted you before but didn't file your email address.

I'm president of the Klondike Stampeders Relatives Association and 1st VP of ISR.

Gerald Pennington

My father, Fred Pennington, was a stamper in the Klondike Gold Rush of 1898. Sure...add me to your list. Gerry Pennington Ksra1898@aol.com

I currently reside in Las Vegas, NV. I do reside in Skagway, AK during the summer months though.

(I have added Gerry to our Honorary category so he can receive the Moccasin Telegraph- Sherron)

(I have also added Marjorie Brown to the Honorary category and would hope that if anyone has any clues for Marjorie in her research of her ancestry that you will contact her. Sherron)

Hi Sherron, I have been talking to this lady for a few days and directed her to where she would find her relations in Yukon research. I think she fits as an honorary member at least, and it would be nice to be able to give her a lift on her search. I found M.L. Clark with a roadhouse at Kluane in 1913. I think you have all the info you need, but if you need anything further she can be reached at:

mbrown901@shaw.ca Cheers, Henry.

-- Original Message - From: Marjorie To: Henry Breaden Sent: Monday, October 06, 2003 12:21 PM

My name is Marjorie Brown and I live in White Rock. I am looking for the genealogy information as my grandfather (Albert Woodhouse) worked on the riverboats and met our (Telegraph Creek born) grandmother in Juneau Alaska around the 1890's; as her first son was born in 1898. I know these people were involved in the gold rush and I know nothing about the past history of our grandmother Annie Johns. Anyhow.....I should be able to join your group as my grandfather Albert Woodhouse was listed as a miner in the gold rush list. His friend was listed as an engineer. Melvin Leroy Clark (Kluane Lake roadhouse) lived with us until his death in the 1950's. I am wondering if anyone kept track of the native Indian woman back then and if she lost her native status when she married the white man (in Alaska). It has been a very frustrating journey for her descendants as there is no record of this woman ever being in Telegraph Creek or the Yukon.....Where did she get the JOHNS name? She spoke little English. She must have had a mother and some sort of family. Lots of white men needed the native woman to look after them in that time of history. (I read that the winters were pretty harsh) Thank you very much for taking your time to answer this letter. I might be able to get some unanswered questions by joining your group. My phone number is 604-535-8370.

PS The elder's stories at the Carcross/Tagish school caught my attention. I am wondering about the past of Skookum Jim (Skookum John). Did he speak Tahltan? I believe that Annie Johns had to be related to a Tahltan speaking person. One of her daughters was named Aage. We remember the name Skookum Jim as our dad's name was James Woodhouse. I will make an effort to get more information from the Skookum Jim friendship center in the Yukon. Apparently there are books and tapes available on the history of the natives. By the way Henry and Alice Breaden...thanks for the information.

PARSONS, Art & Tina (nee BRASSEUR) artina@shaw.ca (Born in Dawson City 1938-54) (250)477-1374 Victoria,B.C.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net

Thanks for all your hard work on the Moccasin Telegraph. Could you please update our email address.

Howard and Doris Gates was yukonbelle@canada.com now ykbelle@telus.net

Thanks so much it is so good to have a new server.

Two Wolves

Forwarded by Donna Clayson

An old Cherokee chief is teaching his grandson about life: “A fight is going on inside me”, he said to the boy. “It is a terrible fight and it is between two wolves.”

“One is evil - he is anger, envy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, self-doubt, and ego.

The other is good - he is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion, and faith. This same fight is going on inside you - and inside every other person, too.”

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather, “Which wolf will win?”

The old chief simply replied, “The one you feed.”

QUESTION

Does the Whitehorse Rotary Club still sell “Rotary Roses” in Whitehorse?

I just receive two dozen “Lions Club” Roses Thursday and it took me back to the days of receiving “Rotary Club” Roses in Whitehorse. I still remember each of you who sent the three dozen roses one year. Thank you for the memories. – Sherron sherronjones@shaw.ca

I just received a tip, which is new to me. It works I tried it over night.

If your roses become limp re-cut the stem, lay them in a sink of cool water and place a penny near the base of the stem.

The tip when passed on to me was place a penny in the vase. - Sherron

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Those who love never grow old.

NORTHERN RECIPE

TRAPPER COOKIES: -- Edith Jerome (who is a Beautiful Artist as well as Baker.)

1 1/2 C. whole wheat flour
1 C. (heaping) choc. chips

1 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt

2 C. corn flakes
2C. Rolled Oats
1 C. coconut
1 tsp. baking powder

1/2 lb. margarine
1 C. brown sugar
2 Tbsp. milk
1/2 tsp. vanilla
2 eggs

Cream margarine and sugar. Add beaten eggs, then milk and vanilla. Blend the dry ingredients in a large bowl and add to the first mixture. Bake at 350 F about 12 - 15 minutes. These are delicious and the cookie jar will be emptied in no-time.

Enjoy
Brownie Foth Lfoth@shaw.ca

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **thirty-three 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