



Remembrance Day – Nov. 11, 2003 – Whitehorse

Photo courtesy of Doug Bell

VOICES FROM THE PAST

By Gus Barrett

When I return to the Yukon,
Which I'm sometimes prone to do.
It's not because I feel the urge to roam.
It's because of little voices
That are calling out to me,
Calling, softly calling, "Come back home."

They are voices from my early days,
When I was but a youth,
In scarlet coat, sworn to uphold the right,
Voices of the midnight sun,
Soft voices from the Dome,
And the voices of the darkest winter nights.

There are voices from the vastness
Of the Yukon wilderness,
Of mountains that are wild and yet un-named,
Voices from the placid lakes,
Where the fighting fishes wait,
And the voice of endless rivers still untamed.

There's a voice that tells the solitude
Of the lonely hunting trail.
The voice of old prospectors seeking gold.
And the voices of the trapper,
Deep inside his cabin walls,
Contented and protected from the cold.

I'll obey those nagging voices.
And again I'll journey back,
To see the northern lights, and be at peace,
And renew some ageing friendships,
That withstand the passing years,
For this is the land where friendships never cease.

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Lunar Eclipse – Nov. 8, 2003

Photo courtesy Jim Johnson jimcsj@prcn.org

'The Big Dipper Route'

By Danny Bereza danbereza@hotmail.com

Chapter 2 (cont'd)

Flying the Big Dipper Route

DC-3 CF-CUC -- Whitehorse to Mayo to Dawson to Old Crow to Inuvik
4.7 hrs.

While the passengers and freight were being loaded prior to takeoff, George told me that I would fly the legs from Whitehorse to Mayo and Dawson. He said that he would fly the leg

to Old Crow because it would be too difficult for me to land on the airstrip during the early stages of my training.

"What's so difficult about it?" I asked.

"You'll find out soon enough."

From Whitehorse we flew northward to Mayo. It was my first flight with people sitting in the back so I tried to fly as smoothly as I was able. During the landing at Mayo I misjudged the aircraft's height above the ground and bounced it again. I could hear George suck in his breath as I struggled to recover. Thankfully he said nothing after we taxied in to the ramp.

I was concentrating on doing a good job for George but took time out to enjoy the leg to Dawson City. I had lived there for a couple of years as a child and was looking forward to my return, even if it was only to the airport for a few minutes.

During the descent and approach I was so busy I didn't have a chance to look around. Hopefully that would come later after I got used to the airplane.

The landing in Dawson City was better but I knew that I had to become much more proficient at handling the airplane before George would be satisfied. After I fuelled up the aircraft George took over the left seat. We soon found ourselves -- with our load of six passengers and 3000 lbs. of freight and mail -- at 8000 ft over the Mackenzie Mountains enroute to Old Crow.

Old Crow was an Indian village nestled on the banks of the Porcupine River in the northern tip of the Yukon. I had never been to Old Crow and was quite interested in meeting the Loucheux band who lived there. I had heard that they were a very industrious group who neither drank nor accepted welfare from the government. Apparently they existed by hunting, trapping and fishing. The village consisted of about 100 families and the only whites were a nurse, a teacher and a protestant minister.

We started our descent into Old Crow about 20 minutes out. It was a little bumpy so I asked George if he wanted the seat belt sign on.

"Sure"

"Where do we land here?"

"On a sand bar in the middle of the river."

"You're kidding!"

"No, I'm not. It's about eight miles up the river from the village. Everybody meets us there in boats. There it is." He pointed. "It's about eighteen hundred feet long."

I looked down on a rough, narrow sand bar with old barrels marking the safe landing area. It looked unsafe for a super cub let alone a DC-3 weighing thirteen tons. I had been used to five thousand feet, paved runways so this looked like an adhesive strip in comparison.

"Now I see why you wanted to fly this leg. I'll never be able to land on that thing," I said.

"You're going to have to," he grinned. "It's not that difficult. You just plant your wheels between the first set of barrels and stand on the brakes."

George did just that. He planted the wheels exactly between the first two barrels, which were situated only a few feet from the water's edge, and pushed hard on the brakes. We rolled up to the awaiting natives with over three hundred feet to spare. George had made the landing look easy but I knew that with my inexperience it would not be easy for me. I would have to prove to him that I could do it when we flew the scheduled flight back from Inuvik in a couple of days.

While the men excitedly unloaded the airplane, George introduced me to Steven Frost, our agent. He was a wiry, good looking fellow whose mother was a Loucheux Indian and his father an RCMP constable who quit the force to live peacefully by the banks of the Porcupine where with his Indian bride he raised several handsome children. Steven's handshake was firm and I instantly liked him as he smiled at me with dark, intelligent eyes. George asked him how much of a load we had to go to Inuvik.

"There's quite a bit here today, George. We have twenty passengers and baggage plus about one thousand pounds of freight." He spoke in a slight throaty, guttural manner.

Steven waited quietly. The boys stopped work and it seemed to me that everyone was hanging on George's word.

I did a quick mental calculation. "Man, we are going to be heavy," I said.

"Yes, we are." George turned to Steven. "Well, load them in and we'll see how we make out."

There was a sudden bustle. Steven disappeared into the crowd.

I asked George if the machine could possibly take off in less than eighteen hundred feet on a hot day with that much of a load.

He grinned again. "I'll tell you what; I'll fly it out of here. I think it would be asking too much of you at this stage. If the tail is not in the air by the third barrel or we are not getting light by the fourth barrel, I'll abort the take-off." He stood there watching me, his eyes closed to inspection, like Harbottle's. I wasn't very happy when we lined up at the end of the runway. In order to see the far end I had to crane my neck over the nose of the airplane. It looked even shorter than when we landed. After completing our takeoff check, George ran the engines up to takeoff power before releasing the brakes and we roared off down the makeshift runway. The tail was up by the first barrel! We accelerated rapidly and by the fourth barrel we were twenty feet in the air.

"It was incredible. "I don't believe it," I said.

"This old girl will surprise you constantly," George said. "I didn't think that it would perform that well either. Just when you think you know all about the Three and its performance, it will shock hell out of you. It's a fantastic airplane."

Fantastic airplane or not, I couldn't see how I was going to do what George had just done when it came to my turn to take off from the sand bar.

Inuvik was the last leg of the Big Dipper Route. It was situated a day's dog-sled ride from the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

During our descent toward the Inuvik airport, George turned to me. "It's been a long day; how about a beer in the Zoo after we land?"

"The Zoo?"

"You haven't been to the Zoo? Boy, you're in for a treat."

I found it disquieting that George hadn't mentioned what he thought of my performance during the day.

But tomorrow I would have another flight to contend with so had better find out what the Zoo was all about first.

WHITEHORSE HIGH SCHOOL – GRADE 11 - 1955

Photo Courtesy Barb (St Laurent) Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca



Back Row: Margot St Laurent, Shirley Ramey, Betty Praegar, Carroll Couch, Vivian !?!! (not sure if she is even Vivian), Barbara (Conway) Taylor, Heather Sampson, Helen Tyzia

Middle Row: Angela Cox, Lena Tyzia, Sherry Russell, Jo Himbury, Freda Collins, Marilyn Taylor, Millie Tyzia

Front Row: Jack Earle, Jack Swiddle, Ron Whitehouse, Peter Bell

The following will be the first in a number of “Highway Lodge” stories. I hope you enjoy them. – Sherron

Johnson’s Crossing Lodge

By Aksel Porsild yukoner1@shaw.ca

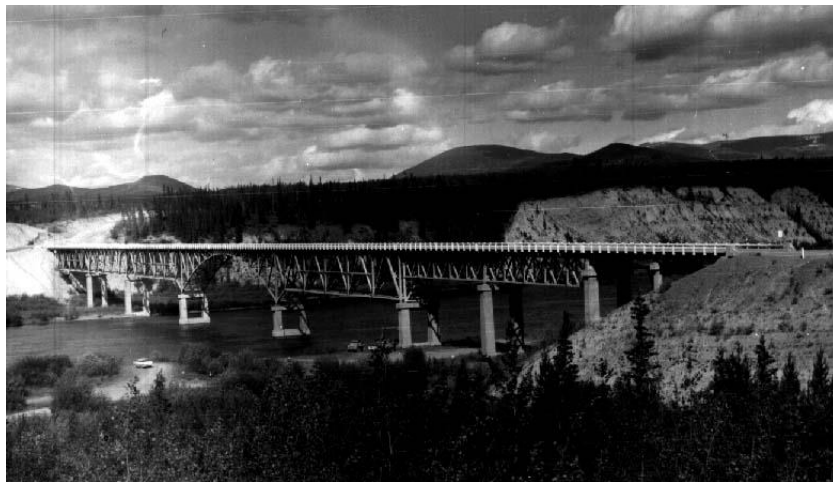
My sister, Ellen Davignon ran Johnson’s Crossing Lodge from 1965, when she and her husband Phil bought it from our Dad. He and Mom were ready to retire and so made a deal whereby they would own it in a few years.

So they retired, and the Davignons ran the “Old Barn” (as Ellen liked to call it, in her “Lives of Quiet Desperation” columns) until they in turn got tired of the early mornings, the isolation, the continual maintenance and retired to Whitehorse in 1992.

Johnson's Crossing, according to the "Yukon Place Names" (Coats 1987), and most folks, including my Father, was named after the commanding officer of the US Army Engineers that built the bridge here in 1944. He was Capt LED Johnson. However, I have seen early maps of the region, dating to before the US Army invasion of the Yukon in 1942-44, that noted the same name, and some local First Nations told me that George Johnston used this place to cross for his trading forays in the late twenties and early thirties. Take your pick; the popular choice is the engineer captain.

This was the narrowing place of the Teslin River as it flowed out of the lake of the same name, and was a logical place for a bridge, or ferry; in fact the first crossing by the Army was by ferry, while a low trestle bridge was being built. That bridge was used until late summer of '44 when the high steel present bridge was completed. There was a large camp here, on the west side of the river for the construction crews and some 800 men worked here during the construction. The east side of the river is the junction of the Canol Road with the Alaska Highway and had a large camp as well.

My father started a "lodge" in 1947 with stars in his eyes. He and the family were going to finally make a decent living and settle down, serving home cooked meals, pumping gas and guiding fishing customers. He accomplished all that, and his early efforts at serving the "road folks" was typical of most other highway lodge operators: he bought that bridge construction camp at Johnson's Crossing, some 81 miles (130 km) south of Whitehorse. It was, and is a beautiful location on the west bank of Teslin River, with a great view up and down the valley; seven thousand foot mountains in sight north and east. A 1770-foot long high-decked steel bridge dominates the scene; the east approach cutting deeply through the white silt bluffs forming the river banks.



The view from the dining room windows of the old Lodge.

Photo courtesy Aksel Porsild

The camp was almost intact, comprising about forty buildings of various designs, most of them "National" huts, plywood prefabricated building used mainly as bunkhouses. One large mess hall/kitchen unit stood in the middle of the camp, while near the highway were located about a dozen "Nissen" huts, similar to Quonsets but somewhat smaller, and made from wood and insulation board instead of metal. These were much better suited to the climate, being well insulated. The camp also contained a few lesser buildings and a large

treasure trove of stockpiled timbers; both bridge material and general building lumber, mostly of structural British Columbia Douglas fir.

Dad installed three dormer windows in the side of one of the Nissens, cleaned up and painted the interior, and put four small dining tables in it. A partition with a serving counter and doorway separated the inner third of the building into the kitchen area, where Mom held sway over a large black wood-burning range.

She used to say, "If it's good enough for Dad, it's good enough for anyone," referring to her lack of formal cooking instruction. After all, she'd kept him, along with us four kids alive and well fed for some seventeen years.

It was in fact good enough for anyone: her hearty home-made soups and thick brown-bread sandwiches were known up and down the Road as the best truckers' meal around, and her general home-cooked meals were legendary. Dad, when he had the time, provided the stories and the information on the country, with his intimate knowledge of the North; he'd been born in Greenland and had extensively travelled in Canada's arctic, as well as in the Yukon.

At first we illuminated the Nissens with Coleman lanterns, also with kerosene glass-chimney lamps. We did have a small electrical generator but it was used only for powering the filling station pumps. Even the pumps could be operated manually, and sometimes we didn't even bother to start the often-balky generator, preferring the exercise of cranking the fuelling pump rather than endlessly pulling the rope starter on the generator. Later, of course we had a better system, but virtually all the time the coffee shop was in the Nissen hut, the Colemans were used. I remember one of my jobs was to service these lamps and lanterns every day, making sure the tanks were full and the glasses cleaned; there were also a few glass kerosene table top lamps which also required daily cleaning and filling. A major problem in those days was procuring a reliable lighting plant, and few were available in the sizes needed by these commercial lodges; most were either too small, or far too large. My father didn't obtain dependable electricity until almost five years later, after going through several used, war surplus generators.

Water was hauled from the river and stored in 45-gallon oil drums with their tops cut off and the interior painted. Dad, with help from me sometimes, filled these barrels with pails: we would load an empty one on the old 5-ton White, drive down under the bridge, and fill the barrel with buckets; in winter a hole had to be chopped in the ice. Back at the kitchen, we'd siphon the water from the barrel on the truck to the barrel just inside the door. It was transferred to kettle and pot with a large long-handled dipper.

We were fortunate during the winter of 1947-8 that a large crew of men were established across the river at the terminus camp of the Canol Road, also abandoned by the US Army in 1944. This crew was salvaging pipe and equipment from the Canol, and comprised some sixty men. They hauled their water from our side of the river, since the road access was much better, and the driver often would fill our kitchen barrel on his way up to the highway; he made several trips a day, so ninety gallons was not missed from his thousand gallon tank. This really helped us out during the winter since the old White's engine would not always be too enthusiastic about starting in cold weather. The friendship with this

driver, Ray L'Hirondelle, survives to this day, and I have kept in contact with him ever since those weird and wonderful days.

Our temporary restaurant served for over a year and a half, from the autumn of 1947 until Dad finished building the main 30 by 60 foot two story lodge, which we opened on the Saturday after Good Friday, 1949. He built the structure almost single-handedly, using materials salvaged from the existing buildings in the campsite. All he had to buy was siding for the exterior, and a few interior items like light fixtures, doorknobs, floor covering and wallpaper. Of course he had help, sometimes reluctant, from us kids, who spent the interminable summer of 1948 pulling and straightening nails for re-use. (One respite was the river; fishing for lake trout was excellent. We had two simple homemade rowboats with square sterns, two small Johnson outboard motors, and both Dad and I would take people trolling in the river, and up to the lake mouth, three miles upstream; we caught mostly the plentiful lake trout, some rather large ones, too. I sometimes think the lodge would have been finished a month earlier if the fishing, which both he and I enjoyed, whether doing it ourselves or watching others do it, had been less fruitful. In addition, it certainly was a source of some welcome, extra revenue.

That first winter, Dad tore down and sold many of the National huts, which contained little material that was usable in the new Lodge. He sold around twenty of these prefabs to people in Whitehorse, in most cases also hauling them, in pieces, on his White flatbed truck. He also started to demolish the mess hall, which contained much lumber subsequently used in the new building. Many pieces of the fir timber from the stockpile he also disposed of, at a good profit, and in fact the entire camp had only cost him only a thousand dollars! The land was not available to purchase at this time, since the bridge and its environs was considered a strategic area for military purposes; therefore Dad initially only leased the ten acres the camp sat on.

Meantime, I had gone to work on the Highway, two of my sisters married and moved away. But Ellen had got married at the lodge in 1955, and she and Phil stayed on at the place; Dad built them a house to live in and Phil ran the tire/repair shop and pumped gas. Ellen helped Mom in the restaurant and this changed little for ten years. During this time the Davignons got a family started: three boys and two girls, all of whom eventually helped in the lodge after Mom and Dad retired. They moved into the lodge then and more or less carried on, at least for a few years. A good clientele had built up over the years with the local Highway users, and soon Phil started more services like recovery of ditched vehicles in winter, a common occurrence with his Dodge wrecker.

As the years went by and their travelling public changed their modus operandi, Phil cleared off some land and built an RV park/campground for the use of the new Highway users, with bathroom and laundry facilities. At the same time Ellen changed the restaurant to a simple coffee shop, and made the lobby into a small store, selling canned goods, bread and other home baking to RV users. She became legendary with her cinnamon buns and was soon known far and wide for them, and they were in fact excellent, as were her other pastries: meat pies, fruit pies etc. She would rise at four am to start these, and they were mostly gone by mid afternoon.

About the same time, they started to shut down operations in winter, and just lived in the lodge all during the cold dark months. The kids went to school by bus to Teslin and Phil would spend his time with the wrecker, which was a busy service during the winter months. They never converted their heating system to oil or propane, preferring to use wood. Phil and the boys would spend days during the fall putting up firewood from the surrounding countryside for the hungry furnaces (there were two) in the basement. In addition a barrel heater in the main lobby furnished quick heat and mitt-thawing. Come spring, the place would open and another summer cycle would begin. They did this until they tired of the routine and the kids were mostly gone, and found a buyer, moved to Town. Ellen still lives in Whitehorse, and is a fixture now at Mac's Fireweed Books on Main Street.



Johnson's Crossing Lodge abt 1990
Photo courtesy Aksel Porsild

The new owners of Johnson's Crossing Lodge operated it for a couple of summers, then in 1997 tore it down and replaced it with a modern building, along the same lines as the old place but with much better heating, lighting and such. It remains in use and is called Johnson's Crossing Campground Services.

Living Life to the Fullest

Elly Porsild, a member of **Trinity Lutheran Church, Whitehorse, YT**, celebrated her 100th birthday this past January.

In 1999, Elly suffered two broken hips and increasing blindness. She was forced to give up two of her favorite things: reading and walking. However, Elly always sees the sunny side of life. "I can't walk, can't hear well, can't see - otherwise I'm fine".

Now residing in a seniors' home, she is a light and joy for the staff, her friends and family. In Elly's words, "I had a blessed happy life. Now that I am 100, I wonder what the next years will bring."

(Submitted by Ilse Wohlfarth) September/October 2003 issue of the *CANADA LUTHERAN*:

Forwarded by Bruni Hoenisch

THE ROUNDHOUSE IN WHITEHORSE

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

A few weeks ago Bev Buckway sent me a copy of a newsletter titled “Trolley News”. I wrote to the author asking if I could reproduce some of his material in the Moccasin Telegraph. I have not received a reply.

Some time later I received more of the newsletter from Samson Hartland and I reported to him that I had tried to gain approval and that maybe he would have better luck. He tried and no reply.

Samson also forwarded the same material to Donna Clayson and she joined onto the mailing list of the newsletter. When I told her of my attempts she wrote to see if she could gain approval for the MocTel and she received a one-word reply “Sure.”

I had hoped to gain more information before I presented the topic to you, but that too is not within my reach. So I will tell you what I do know.



The Trolley News is available to anyone free of charge by adding their name to the mailing list by contacting - B Barrie at bbarnie@yknet.yk.ca

I do know from reading the first four newsletters that they have recently moved the Roundhouse in Whitehorse from its old location to a new location across from the Museum.

I would be interested in knowing WHY?

This photo was captioned, “Harry French has his Ducks in a Row.”

Donna Clayson has replied to the draft to this point with some extractions from the Whitehorse Star online archives. I hesitate to print them since we do not have permission and they come from more than one article. So I will suggest that if you are interested you visit the Whitehorse Star site and use the keyword “Roundhouse” in their archives.

I will also be brave enough to paraphrase the answer, which is not as simple as this, but that the City of Whitehorse contracted the building removal so that future development of the waterfront in the location where the building had existed may proceed. The move was only partially funded by the City however.

Each time I read of something like this I am reminded how times have changed since I left the position of handling the finances for the City of Whitehorse 20 years ago. In those days the urgency was to cut costs. Now I see a modern City with many, many new buildings and am reminded how different it is in Yukon to BC. Vernon has had two new City owned buildings built in the last 20 years. Both went up a couple of years ago and both at City and regional taxpayers expense. Unlike in Yukon, there is no senior government funding. I

couldn't begin to count the number of Government funded buildings that have been built in Whitehorse in the past twenty years. Can you?

OLD CROW NEWS

BY Edith Josie
(held over by bad flying weather)

Mr. John Joe Kay went across to see his trap on December 5, and he's lucky. He caught 4 minks and four martens. At last he's doing fine. On December 14 he went to his trap but he still gone.

December 10, Andrew Charlie, John Kendi, William Blacke Chief Charlie Peter left to Crow Flat to see their trap before Christmas.

December 11, Abraham Thomas and Isaac Thomas they went to Crow Flat to stake rat house.

December 6, Albert Abel went up river to set trap around drift wood. He came back Dec. 14. He caught 9 martens, 1 weasel, Gee, he's lucky man.

Mr. Peter Lord he been working with trap up river. He spent about 2 weeks. He had 12 minks, 2 martens, 1 weasel.

Mary Netro had couple across river and she staked few rat house and set 2 traps. She got 1 mink.

Everybody's doing fine with traps this year.

December 15, two planes were in Old Crow with mail. Poor Mr. Neil McDonald! He's really busy that night. The Post Office is not very big and it is all full when they sorted the mail. Mr. Philip Daquemire had fresh stuff and Mr. Netro had some also.

St. Luke's W. A. women will sing carols next Sunday. They've been practicing every night. Mrs. Simon really busy teaching women before Christmas. These women are: Mrs. Myra Moses, Mrs. Myra Kay, Hannah Netro, Ellen Bruce, Ellen Abel, Edith Josie, Eliza Ben, Sarah Abel, Martha

J. Charlie, Jean Njootli. The songs are in the Indian Hymn Book.

Everyone came into town for Christmas. Sure lots of people. Had a great time at Christmas.

Mr. Moses Tisyah he move up to Simon Cache this fall for trapping. He moved down to Old Crow for Christmas and New Year. Sure nice for him to stay here in town -- better than out in the woods.

All the W. A. women decorated St. Luke's Church and the Hall before Christmas. They did it on Monday, Dec. 24. The same night at 7:30 p. m. they went to Christmas Tree and nice to see out old Santa Claus once again.

W. A. had feast on December 25 and invited everybody. All the white people went to the party. Everyone had a nice supper on Christmas Day.

On December 27, Abraham Thomas and Isaac Thomas came

back from Crow Flat with 6 minks and 3 caribous on mountains coming back. They really doing fine and had a good trip.

New Year is coming soon so Mr. Chief Charlie Peter is busy getting ready to make party for all the people in town.

Kenneth Nukon been up river to see his trap he caught 2 minks out no caribous. Everybody very happy for another year coming soon, we all be glad for 1963.

Mr. Connelly been in Old Crow with his plane from Inuvik on Jan. 3 and he supposed back next day but weather is bad. It is cold and there is ice fog, so the plane never come, but it came on Sunday afternoon. Two passengers are in the plane; Philip Joseph, Jerome Thomas. They stay two days cause the weather is bad and cold.

Sure had nice warm weather at Christmas and New Year. Everybody had good time and dance.



Chief Charlie Peter

I am guessing that this is a clipping from the Whitehorse Star and therefore would like to acknowledge them. It appears to be December 1962 and a column name before "Here are the News."

This clipping was forwarded by 'Mogey' Moggenson and is just another gem of Yukon history she has collected. – Sherron

This 'n That

Laverne Rasmuson rasmuson@klondiker.com

I would prefer to receive the Moccasin Telegraph in the e-mail format. I don't always have time to read it when it comes in so I move it to a MocTel file folder and then clear out my incoming mail. This way I can read it at my leisure and copy it if I wish to send it to someone without having to look for it at a later date way down my Inbox. This way all editions are together in case I want to go back and review an earlier edition. Is it possible for you to send me edition 38 and all future editions by e-mail?

First real snowfall in Whitehorse today; actually we had a blizzard for about an hour this morning that produced about an inch of snow. It is above freezing though so it will probably melt or, worse yet, turn to ice. A good day to stay home and put up the outdoor Christmas lights!

Your endeavors on the Moccasin Telegraph are very much appreciated (don't know where you find the time as it appears to have grown into a huge undertaking); even though some of us haven't contributed yet we surely enjoy the input by yourself and others in this very unique periodical. Thank you, thank you!

You are more than welcome to use my comments if you wish; the compliments are sincere.

I will let you in on something I am doing that involves the Moccasin Telegraph as it is an indication of the remarkable quality of the publication. My girlfriend, Diane Velder and her husband, Orville Neufeld live in Chilliwack. Diane was a long-time Yukoner and was married to the late Tony Velder. She has brought Orville to the Yukon several times over the past few years for vacation in order to share her love of the North with him. We have always exchanged token Christmas presents but at our time in life, how many dated Christmas decorations or 'from our house to your house', etc. can one use or even want?

So ... what I have done is printed off in colour numerous editions of the MocTel and have put them in a 1-1/2 inch 3-ring binder and made an attractive cover for it. This will be their Christmas present. I do, however, have one HUGE problem; the binder is full and there are still more editions I want to include in it before mailing day (don't suggest a larger binder; it would be too heavy to hold!). I am hoping the edition on Atlin will arrive before mid-December. Of course I have to include the editions dealing with Tagish and Marsh Lake as that is where Diane lived for many years. The editions on Dawson, etc. are also of interest as these are the places they have toured on their trips up here and Orville will find them very interesting. Doug Bell's pictures are breathtaking - I keep hoping he will send in the one he took on the Whitehorse Airport years ago (I worked for Transport Canada for years as did Doug but I was with the Airport Manager's Office, a different department than Doug). This picture shows a bright sunny day with piles of freshly fallen snow; the snowblower is out on the runway blowing the pristine white snow up into the blue sky; a truly beautiful sight. The poetry submitted is first rate and the personal stories make me almost feel like I am doing something naughty - like reading someone's personal diary. It is wonderful for so many people to share their lives with us. I guess I am going to have to try to do some editing but, whatever I do, I know this will be a truly unique and appreciated gift made possible by many past and present Yukoners.

Yes, you are welcome to use this letter if you wish. By the way, we still have the snow I mentioned yesterday and we woke up to -15C this morning (this would be the reason my friends choose to live in Chilliwack - they are real wooses - and would sooner cut grass than shovel snow!).

Regards, Laverne Rasmuson rasmuson@klondiker.com

I hope Laverne's' gift idea will cause others to do the same thing. I am really hoping that someone will give a copy to some of the seniors' homes in Yukon. As long as the material is delivered to the seniors at no cost, I am sure it will be condoned by any of the copyrights included in the MocTel.

Since so many seniors are enjoying the trip down memory lane by reading the Moccasin Telegraph weekly via e-mail, it would be nice to share that with those who do not have e-mail.

If you are willing and able to do that, let us know so that others do not duplicate the effort; even if it is just one copy of a specific number of editions, to one seniors' home, I am sure they will consider it a special gift.

I have heard back from Gus Barrett and Joyce Hayden and they do not have a problem with this particular not for profit use of their material within the Moccasin Telegraph. – Sherron

Whitehorse Inn Café

Photo courtesy Barb (St Laurent) Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca



Left hand side Barb (Aylwin) St Laurent in the back Shorty Carrier next to her and Morris Carrier on the outside.

Right side Margot St Laurent in the back and we can't remember who the other two are. But the picture was taken in the Whitehorse Inn Café.

DECEMBER IS NEAR

For those of you who did not notice my previous message indicating I will be taking time off in December and wish to plan a December issue ahead of time. You now know.

For those who were hoping to get something in to me for that issue, this is a reminder. If any of you have anything of Christmas theme to share with us, please send it along. I expect you will all be too busy with your own Christmas plans and celebrations to have time to read the MocTel. – Sherron sherronjones@shaw.ca

SILVER CITY MILE 1054

Photo courtesy Marian “Mogey” Mogenson



This is Silver City mile 1054. It is situated at the south end of Kluane Lake just off the Alaska Highway. In the early days it had a N.W.M.P. member stationed here, a trading post, and was the home of a large fox farm.

People coming from the north before the Highway was built used this as a stop over on their way to Whitehorse.

They would travel from Snag to Burwash, then on to Champagne and into Whitehorse. It was a 4-5 day run with a dog team.

Later a wagon trail was pushed through to Whitehorse from here and that is what the highway followed in the building of the Alcan Highway in 1942.

Doug Sias and his parents Frank & Josie Sias lived near this location. The parents lived there full time.

When Doug was older and away from home, he would come back all the time. I believe he was an only child. - Moge



Silver City Mile 1054 Alaska Highway

Photo Courtesy Marian "Mogey" Mogenson

I think that Marian has come up with something unique. I only had the pleasure of being in Silver City once about 40 years ago, the year before the big earthquake in Anchorage, Alaska. The one thing I do remember was the old vehicle, whether it be a Chev or Ford in the middle of the yard. Likely it has been carted away, but was a part of early vehicle history. It is too bad that most of us throw out what we consider as junk, but in later years that junk becomes antiques of history. Cheers, Henry Breden



Silver City Fox Pens

Photo Courtesy Marian "Mogey" Mogenson

Does anyone else besides me find it a little chilling to see the link between this mail below and the photos and comments above. I have had the photos in place for several days before this message below arrived.

All I can say is Thank you to the Angels that are helping me with this project.

The same type of coincidence occurred when Bruni Hoenisch sent me the message about Elly Porsild who is mentioned in the Johnson's Lodge story. – Sherron

A MESSAGE FROM RUSTY REID

Last Saturday night November 8, 2003, I took my fiddle, and my husband Bill took his electric piano up to Silver City to play some music for Frank & Josie Sias who were celebrating their 55th wedding anniversary. They were married November 12, 1948 in Richmond BC. I will try and get some pictures of the event for you. There is a lot of history wrapped up in these two people. They run a bed and breakfast at Silver City. Bill and I go up there every year in the month of May to photograph the sheep and see the young lambs that are just born at that time. We hike around Sheep Mountain during the day and play music in the evenings.

I have some good pictures I can send you showing the old log buildings of the town as well as pictures of some of the bears and sheep that we see up there.

Frank Sias was the carpenter that worked so hard renovating the old stern wheeler that was at Carcross and did a beautiful job. It was just a short time later that this stern wheeler burnt down. Nearly broke Franks heart.

I was talking to Betty Taylor last Sunday and told her that we had been up to Silver City. Betty has never personally met Josie Sias, but did tell me that Silver City was where her (Betty's) mum and dad first met. Her mum was waiting on tables and her dad drove in with the stage.

Josie & Frank don't have a computer or know how to operate one. I was thinking of printing out an extra copy and mailing it up to them so they would know what the Moccasin Telegraph is all about.

I was wondering if these two people could be interviewed while they are still able to remember some of the stories that go with Silver City.

Using a telephone may be a challenge as I think that it is one of these ones that you have to talk and then wait while they talk. I will check that out.

Where is Donna Clayson...is she here in Whitehorse. I will check the mail list.

Another group I would like to receive the Moccasin Telegraph is the Tagish Community. I am trying to line up a lady named Nancy Pope that I used to work with at the Library here in Whitehorse. She is retired and Brian & Nancy live over in Tagish now. Brian used to be our Sheriff. They are very community minded. They have a wonderful little

community hall with lots of activities. Our band (The Northernairs Dance Band) goes out there to play for dances.

There were two senior ladies that we know very well, who were in from Tagish having coffee with us at Tim Hortons this morning and I was telling them about the Moccasin Telegraph. Neither of them have or can operate a computer, but if Nancy could get the MocTels and put them in a binder at the community hall they could read them there. One of the ladies, Barbara Currie is nearly blind and someone would have to read it to her. It's old timers like these that really enjoy the past history and stories.

I look forward to hearing from you....Bye for now...RUSTY REID
rustyreid@northwestel.net Phone: 867 633-5663

I phoned Rusty when I received this mail, it just seemed so coincidental that I was already planning to publish the Silver City Photos that Moge had submitted.

Rusty has a lot of good points in this mail and she would love to find some solutions to her ideas. If you have any to offer or can assist in any way yourself, please give Rusty a phone call or send an e-mail to either of us.

If anyone knows the family and would like to contribute a message to a tribute to the Sias family it sounds like you would not lack for material. What with the camps and Bed & Breakfast they have operated the Order of Canada award Josey received, Franks work on restoring the Tutshi, their life at Silver City etc. it seems they would have touched many lives.

When I was talking to Rusty on the phone she was telling me about how she and Bill in a group of seven musicians go to McCauley Lodge once each week. She has prepared song books in large print and has one song per page, back to back, in plastic sheets within a binder for each resident so they can sing along. They tell her it is the best day of their week.

So help bring a little happiness to someone's life.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

OBITUARY

Not sure if anyone has told you yet, but former Yukoner, Bonnie Thurston passed away on Friday night after a lengthy battle with MS.

Sam and Ruth Thurston - address is #303-1760 Southmere Crescent, Surrey, BC V4A 6E5. I'm not sure of the funeral arrangements but I understand it will be on Wednesday.

I'll let you know if I hear any more news.

Bye for now, Sue Gleason gleason@shaw.ca

NEW FORMAT

Sherron: Enjoyed the new format. I have lots of time to click and go to an easier reading format. It took exactly 2 minutes and 31 seconds to download in Word and I have the slowest version of the Internet that you can have up here. The pictures came up just fine. Jenny has had lots of practice making things easier; she's had to work on me and this contraption.

Florence Roberts

Hi Sherron

I do have "MS Word" but I print from "Canada.com" with no problems, works okay for me.

David Hill

Hi Sherron

I received the Moccasin Telegraph today that shows me how to get the past issues from 20 to 30 as well as some of the more current editions. Will the **past editions from 1 to 19** be coming available and in the WORD format. It is so much easier to download them when I want to print them out.

Rusty Reid

(Rusty had delayed opening her mail and by the time she did Jenny had improved the site to include past editions back to #20. It is her plan to add further past editions. To stay current on what Jenny has done, check this site from time to time. Please read her message carefully.) <http://members.shaw.ca/mocotel/past.html>

YOU MAY BE WONDERING

About now you may be wondering why we are trying to offer the web page alternative at all. It was an attempt by Jenny to find a solution not only for those who were discontinuing the Moccasin Telegraph because the download time was becoming too great, plus she is also trying to help me.

Each time I have a new person sign on I can now just give them the URL for the Web page. Simple, easy, done and they have access to several of the past editions. Before I had to send them an e-mail address list, and one or more copies of the latest editions, which usually included at least the last regular and special editions.

That may sound simple, but each time I take an edition from the Word program where they are developed; and copy and paste them over to an e-mail, many items shift space and frequently change font size, magically underline sections that were not intended to be, etc. So it is time consuming to correct them.

Again it may sound simple to add someone to the group, but each time I enter their message into the current MocTel, add them to the e-mail address list, add their e-mail address into my computer address book, add them to the appropriate mailing group and write them down on a hard copy where I keep track of the total in the group.

Further more I was already doing this multiple times each week to get the editions out to the group because the maximum addresses I am allowed to mail to via my server at any one time is 99. In simple math it may not seem like many times, but I now have 9 groups to mail to. There are over 300 ex-Yukoners and over 100 Sourdoughs who now receive the Moccasin Telegraph. In addition I have some who only want the web link information so

they do not have the download problem, others who wish only the e-mail and others who have identified they can not open a word attachment.

There are now 443 people in the group and I expect that number will increase, so I felt it was time to plan for the future and try and make my job manageable.

My gratitude goes to Jenny. - Sherron

NEW ADDITIONS

I have sent this email cc to Flo Burton. She and her husband Wes lived in Clinton Creek Yukon for a while and I told her today I would forward her email address to you to put on the list. burtonf@telusplanet.net

They are seniors and would really enjoy reading the Moccasin Telegraph. Keep up the good work you make all of us so happy reading about the Yukon.

Doris Gates

We lived in Clinton from approx: Aug.1970 until Oct 1972. Wes went in April of 1970 I waited for the 4 children to get out of school.

Florence & Wes Burton, now living in Strathmore, Alberta.

Just heard from an old friend, Ed Ard, in Kelowna telling me about your publication and I would like to be included in your mailing list. I was in the RCMP in the Yukon from 57 to 63 and played hockey during those years for the Army team. As a result of Eds message, I read Ralph Lortie's article on hockey in the Yukon and found it most interesting.

Hope you can accommodate me, thanks in advance.

Bill Craig, 7002 Coach Lamp Drive, Chilliwack, B.C.
V2R 2W7 604-858-2298

Thanks for your reply. I hadn't heard about the Moccasin Telegraph, just a vague idea of a "Yukoners' Web Site". The Telegraph sounds wonderful! I would surely like to be added to the mailing list.

I am an ex-Yukoner. I was born in Dawson City, and lived there until 1973 when I married and moved to B.C. My Dad was also born in Dawson. My Grandfather arrived in the Yukon around the turn of the century from the U.S. My Grandmother arrived there in 1901 with her parents from Quebec. I still have family in the Yukon, and go back for regular visits.

I live in Sechelt (on the Sunshine Coast). I have lived in this area since 1977.

I am involved in genealogy, so, am perhaps even more interested in all things Yukon than the average person! :-)

I really look forward to being part of the Telegraph!

Regards Ginny (Burkhard) Holl ginny_holl@hotmail.com

My cousin Maribeth Mainer told us you have info on moccasin telegraph. My father was born, raised and worked in the Yukon (John Edward Franklin Hoggan age 75). He would love to have access to this site from my Email (markhoggan) Markmachoggan@aol.com

Born Dawson City (Bear Creek) 1928, remained in Dawson until 1941.

1941-1946 Whitehorse

1946-1954 Fairbanks Alaska (summers mining Dawson) Married 1954 Jean Gilbert of Fairbanks 1954 (Yankie).

1955-1956 All along the Alaska Hwy

1957 - Present Edmonton Alberta

Frank and Jean Hoggan live at 6220-128 Street Edmonton Alberta T6H 3X3 PH: 780-434-6549.

Born June 4th 1928 Dawson Hospital the son of J.W Hoggan. Dad has always gone by Frank Hoggan instead of John as each first born male in the family is John.

Frank and JW Hoggan were both very involved in mining the Yukon and the development of the Alaska Hwy. Frank Hoggan graduated 1954 From Fairbanks as a Civil and Mining Engineer and continued to contribute to the Development of northern Canada until he retired Hoggan Engineering and Testing LTD in 1987. Markmachoggan@aol.com

Hi, Just received the info about the Telegraph from my old buddy Carol (Hume) Buzzell. My family moved to Haines Junction about 1956 where my Dad, Norm Bastien, worked for the civilian Army. He retired to Vancouver Island in the '80's, and in August 2002 moved back to the Jct. to live with my brother, Norm and his wife Jean Milner. We lost my mother, Olly Bastien, in 1972 and my dear sister Bonnie (Izon) in Oct. 1998. My brother Phil Bastien still lives in Whitehorse with his wife Deborah, and has recently become a proud Grampa! My mother's sister, Betty Karman still lives in the Jct. and as of this writing, her husband, Uncle Ed Karman, is in hospital in Whitehorse along with my Dad, neither one of which is well. Hopefully they will be home soon. My 3 older sons, Reg, Dale & Dean Schilling, still live in the Yukon. Reg is married to Maryanne Boyer and has 5 sons of his own in Lower Post, Dale is in Watson Lake and has 2 sons, and Dean lives in Whitehorse with his wife, Amanda, and 1 son. My youngest son, Charles, lives here in Calgary where I have resided since 1999. I had not been back North until Aug 2002, for Dean's wedding, then again at Christmas last year. It was wonderful to see all my old friends again after so many years. Anyone wanting to get in touch with me can do so at margarnoeld@shaw.ca.

I'd love to hear from everyone, Marg (Bastien) (Schilling) Arnoeld

Sherron Just received the list and saw so many names I had almost forgotten, and a few that brought a laugh as I remembered old times. The first name on the list is my sister-in-law's mother! Also, I meant to ask you if you might perhaps be related to my daughter-in-law, Amanda, who is related to Millie Jones (I think she is Amanda's great aunt) I forget Amanda's maiden name, but it is Mc???? I know her family have a street in Carcross named after them. That is probably no help to you at all!! I left Haines Junction about 1968 or 69 and moved to Whitehorse until 1978, when I moved to Kelowna, then to Calgary, High River, Medicine Hat and to Surrey in 1986, and back to Calgary in 1999. I think we are settled here in Calgary now!!! My husband said to get rid of all the moving

boxes this time!! LOL Hope to talk with the rest of you guys soon. Marg Arnoeld (Bastien/Schilling)

Hi, Sherron. I have managed to make contact with Pam Hyatt, the lady who sang on the KENO in 1962. We just had a hoot of a phone conversation. She has sent me her Yukon info, and would like to receive the MocTel. Her email address is:
pghyatt@shaw.ca

Ralph, a treat talking with you now.

I lived in Dawson, on the SS Keno, from June 1962 to early Sept. 1962 (or whenever the DC Gold Rush Festival ended.

I lived in Whitehorse from early June 1971 to early July 1972.

I'm now based in Vancouver.

What fun it will be to see any of those pictures you've got from '62.

Anon, Pam Hyatt pghyatt@shaw.ca

Here are two more names of Yukoners that would like to receive the Moccasin Telegraph:

PETTIFOR, Gary & Diane
E-mail Address
gpettifor@polarcom.com

Joyce BACHLI
E-mail Address
mega@internorth.com

Rusty Reid

Good morning Sherron I was told about this on wed. Was a Yukoner for the 40's & 50's. Name is Weldon Pinchin oldest & last son of Ted & Dode Pinchin who owned the cake box bakery in Whitehorse. Thanks in advance WmP. pinchin@gulfislands.com

Hi Sherron:

I just got off the phone from talking to **Nancy Pope**. She is the lady I used to work with at the library here in Whitehorse and is now retired and living at **Tagish**. Her husband Brian used to be the Sheriff.

Here is her email address popebn@hotmail.com

Once she receives a copy and finds out what it is all about she will work on the Tagish Community Recreation group. They have a computer in the hall and she will find out how to get the Moccasin Telegraph coming right to the hall. I told her how I had been printing it out and putting it into a binder, well she said that would be a good idea. They have a coffee and chat time on Wednesday, but there are people coming and going all the time and different events. Some of the seniors that would enjoy this the most don't have computers. Two of the ladies that I know are nearly blind and someone would be able to read it to

them. One of them uses a huge magnifying glass to see the pictures. I know they would love it as they are old time, long time Yukoners.

I was wondering about these new names that I am sending, most of them would like to receive them beginning with edition 1. How will you handle this. I can try and help out the few names that I know.

Boy, we sure are on a roll. Keep up the good work. Bye for now RUSTY REID
rustyreid@northwestel.net

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Just to let you know I have a new address: harriett@shaw.ca. Thanks and keep up the good work. Regards, Harriett Butterworth

PREVIOUS 17 SPECIAL EDITIONS (& MocTel 1 – 38) *(This is an alternative storage and retrieval system.)*

Special Editions:

Sternwheelers on the Yukon, Basketball in the 50's, 56 years ago the world looked to Snag, Camp Takhini, Alaska Highway, Arctic Wings, Army Days, Freemasonry, Death is a two sided Coin, Murals, Whiskey Flats, A Tribute to Herman Peterson, Hockey in Yukon, LePage Park, Okanagan Yukoners Luncheon, Yukon Coins, White Pass Stage & Overland Trail and Nicknames.

If you have missed any of these editions and would like to collect a copy from Canada.com click on this link, <http://www.canada.com/national/>, go to - **login**, (*located on the right hand side of the screen under Canada.com Mail*).
(In the next page coming up)

Enter this account name - **moccasintelegraphspe** (*In the upper slot*)(Then tab down) and enter this password – **189899** (*In the lower slot*) (*Think 1898 - 99*) Next **click** the button "**SIGN IN**" or hit enter on the keyboard. When the page comes up, in MY E-MAIL **click "here"** which will bring up the editions. When you **click on the edition you wish**, it will open with a paper sheet icon, but scroll to the bottom to find it. Just **click on the icon** and it will open the document.

It is not necessary for you to set up an account.

There are currently 4 accounts holding these 17 special editions. The other account names are the same but end in an added number 2, 3 or 4.

If you wish to look for any past editions of Moccasin Telegraph 1 through 38 they are accessed in the same manner only the account names are – **moccasintelegraph** - which holds the first 9 editions excluding #7. The remainder are in accounts named the same but followed by a #2 through the #12. i.e. Moccasin Telegraph #24 resides in account name moccasintelegraph6 . The password remains the same on all accounts at -**189899**

You still have the option of obtaining past editions in e-mail format from Sandy Campbell at northernlyght@shaw.ca

HELPFUL HINTS

When you are online and you wish to find something within a large web page or web document you can search by keyword by typing Ctrl F (using the control key and then typing F). For example if you go to Murray Lundbergs' site about White Pass and wish to look for the information about a Fan List. You go to <http://www.explorenorth.com/library/rails/bl-wpyr.htm> Then type Ctrl F and enter fanlist or fan list in the little box that comes up and click on FIND NEXT and voila you will see the topic highlighted on the page. Close the small window and the material you are looking for is right there.

For those of you who have not learned to highlight and copy yet. You LEFT mouse click down on the space behind the last letter you wish to copy and hold the mouse key down while you drag to the space in front of the first letter of that which you wish to copy.

That area will have become highlighted in blue.

Then you point, using the mouse, into the highlighted area and RIGHT click and choose COPY. You will then have the information in memory (I always say –it's then in your mouse).

Then proceed to where ever you want to put that copied information. It can be on e-mail or into the Internet browser or for those who have Word or WordPad you can paste into those programs as well.

While you have an area of text highlighted, RIGHT click on the area and look at the options you have to work with. Do some experimenting. - Sherron

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The person who knows everything has a lot to learn.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca

Here is a recipe that is quite versatile as it has imitation crab that is actually a cod and not too rich. Imitation Lobster could be used, Tuna or Salmon depending on your taste. Likely other choices could be made according to your taste and what foods you like.

Crab Alfredo

- ¼ cup chopped onion**
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine**
- 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms**

- 1 cup prepared Alfredo sauce**
- 2 tablespoons chicken broth**
- 1 package (8 oz.) Imitation crabmeat flaked**
- 2 cups hot cooked fettuccine or pasta of your choice**

In a skillet sauté onion in butter until tender.
Add mushrooms; cook and stir for 3 minutes
or until tender. Stir in the sauce and broth until
blended. Add the crab. Reduce heat; cook for 10
minutes or until heated through. Serve over pasta.
Yield: 2 servings.

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **thirty-eighth** previous editions of the **Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **seventeen 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.

DATES TO REMEMBER

For Vancouver Yukoners events check <http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/index.htm> or contact President Don Murray at - donaldmurray@telus.net or Secretary Nancy Moulton at - nancymoulton@telus.net The Banquet will be on March 27, 2004 this year. Regards: Lowell

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**.

I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca