

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 52nd EDITION – Feb. 22, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Foth Cabin at Bonanza Creek

Photo courtesy Debbie Algotsson algotson@cityofdawson.ca

THE POET AND THE ARTIST

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

An artist and a poet stood
Outside the Pearly Gates.
Saint Peter had decreed for now,
The two would have to wait.
Until the honour he could grant
To one, and one alone,
To occupy the single seat
Remaining near the Throne.

It should be me the painter said
Because I paint so grand,
My scenic re-creations are
In constant high demand.
With oils and brush and steady hand
I will produce a scene,
To bring a smile to the face of man
Where only gloom had been.

The poet hung his head and wept
As this testament he heard,
For all he had to offer was,

A skillful way with words.
His poems were amusing, but
They would not even start
To counter act the value of
The other fellow's art.

Saint Peter told the artist,
I too, have seen first hand
The scenes that you've created
With your brush and steady hand,
But though they are skillfully done,
They're never real I fear,
They are but reproductions, for
The scene's already there.

The poet, on the other hand,
With no model at his hand,
May dream about a topic,
And, upon it will expand.
Then, using only intellect
And words that he will find,
Will etch a vivid picture
Within the human mind.

And so, a ruling has been made
On who should come inside.
A decision, irreversible,
Was broadcast heaven wide.
That, though we are indeed impressed,
With a brilliant artist's feat,
Because he has a way with words,
The poet wins the seat.

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MocTel Re-unites Old Friends and Brings Back Memories

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net

Congratulations on the 50th Edition of the Moccasin Telegraph! What an accomplishment...and I have a feeling there are many more great issues to come! Thank you for all the work you do to make it happen. And thanks to the others who help you make it available in the two different formats.

I've had a delightful time communicating with former Mayoites, Ted North, his sister Karren Crowley and Linda Newman. At various times I attended school with all of them but had not been in contact with any of them for over 40 years. Thanks to the

MocTel we have been able to make contact and catch up on what has happened in our lives over the intervening years.

Reading the stories about those who have had experiences in the Yukon winters with temperatures dipping to unusually low levels, reminded me of an experience I had during the winter of 1961-62 in Mayo.

Sometime during that winter, probably in the January or February timeframe, the thermometer dipped to -72 degrees Fahrenheit and hovered around that level for several weeks. I was 17 and working part-time, after school and on Saturdays at the local Taylor & Drury General Store. The store was located on Front Street, or First Avenue, and I lived four blocks North and about a block over on Fourth Avenue, which meant that to get to work I had to walk about the equivalent of five blocks. Normally five blocks is not a long walk but at -72 degrees F, it can seem somewhat longer than normal.

To prepare for my walk to work, I remember taking off my metal framed glasses and wrapping a scarf around my face. I put on long underwear and wool pants, a sweater, warm parka and a hat with earflaps. My footwear consisted of felt shoes with no overboots, since they stayed nice and dry with no moisture either in the air or on the ground at that temperature. (I just had to make sure I swept the snow off of my shoes once I got indoors.) Strangely enough, I don't remember feeling very cold during my walks to and from work. Whether it was my youth, or just that I didn't know any better, I never even hesitated to go out during those days when the cold weather persisted! I do remember, though, that going out into the corrugated roof and sides sheet-encased drygoods warehouse behind the store felt a lot colder than just going outside; and that I had to take the coal oil inside because it turned to molasses and would not pour.

A large oil drum wood-burning furnace heated the Taylor & Drury Store, at that time. The manager decided to be away for part of the time when the weather was at it's coldest and so, while he was away, I took on the task of "stoking" the fire before going to bed at night, and, in the early morning before school, getting the fire going again before the building had a chance to cool down. By putting a good supply of logs into the furnace at night and closing it up tight so that it would not draw too much air, there would still be sufficient embers the next morning to simply toss more logs onto and let them start burning at a good pace before again closing off the dampers. A fair section of the woodpile disappeared during that particular stretch of cold weather.

I'm sure all of us who have lived in the Yukon have memories of cold weather experiences. This one isn't very dramatic but still brings a smile to my face when I hear someone down here in the Southern regions voicing discomfort when the temperature drops below freezing.



**Moose photo taken by Pete & Brownie Foth's grandson
Karl Algotson on a cold Bonanza Creek winter day Feb. 2004**

RECOLLECTIONS OF Ben-My-Chree

By Joyce Yardley

Just finished reading the special edition on Ben-My-Chree. My late husband Gordon Yardley worked on the SS Tutshi and made the trip to Ben-My-Chree in the summers for five years before I met him; from 1936 to 1941.

[note by me:] in 1944 we made the trip in our own small boat ; my first glimpse of that lovely place. We were greeted with gracious hospitality from the couple who were still running the place for the White Pass. * quote from your MocTel Special Edition:* (*The White Pass and Yukon Route cared for the gardens and arranged for people to continue the tradition of greeting visitors. The SS Tutshi made its last trip to Ben-My-Chree in 1956. White Pass lost interest in the property at about that time.*)

The name of the elderly couple who were there at that time was Ludwig Swanson and his wife (I can't remember her name, I'm afraid. She served us some of that wonderful wine (dandelion) that the Partridges served to the tourists in their time. And they insisted we stay overnight in the charming guest room. For the first time in our lives we were served hot tea in bed the next morning!

Ludwig had been a partner of the Partridge's previously. His health was failing at this time, however, and soon he had to be taken to the hospital in Whitehorse, where he died not long after. I believe Mrs. Swanson lived in Whitehorse from then on. Maybe someone on the list remembers her and has more information. I'll always remember the royal treatment we received at Ben-My-Chree that summer long ago. Could she have been the Emily Dalton do you suppose, who also worked with the Partridges when they were alive?

What a fascinating history that place with the delightful name has!

From the Whitehorse Pioneer Cemetery Records -

SWANSON	Ludwig	25 Jun 1944	82	46
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CANADA SENIOR GAMES IN YUKON 2004

Hi Sherron!

Thank you for including me on the list of Yukoners. The Canada Senior Games will be held in Whitehorse next September 1st to 5th. This may be of interest to former Yukoners. If so, could you add our website to an issue of the Moccasin Telegraph please, www.canadaseniorgames-yukon.ca.
Thanks Merton Friesen mfriesen02@yahoo.ca

CARIBOU HUNT

By Vic Hoy vichoy@vip.net

My memory sometimes gets a little confused, but thinking back to my first "big game" hunting trip brings into focus my early days in Whitehorse and my introduction to Caribou.

I was in the air force and working shift at the Radio Site in 1956 and living in TMQ (Temporary Married Quarters) at the Standard Oil area in Camp Takhini when someone mentioned that the Caribou were "running" outside Dawson City. The story was that there were literally thousands in the herd and so easy to hunt and were great eating. For an urban resident from Ontario, who had only hunted rabbits there, and ducks and geese in Saskatchewan this was just too much of an opportunity to pass up. Friends Rene Besse, Oscar Duquette and Jules Cossette and myself decided that when the midnight shift was over in a couple of days we'd head north to Dawson to see if we could bag a caribou.

Two days later in Rene's 1942 jeep with a homemade wooden cab we headed up the road early in the morning. After an uneventful all day trip we arrived in Dawson without seeing any caribou, and that was strange because we'd been told they were everywhere. After a day of driving we headed into Dawson to a cafe to get some supper. There, Rene met a friend who obviously knew more about caribou than we did. None of us had ever seen one. Hardly even a picture of one. Rene's friend told us we had to go a little south of town, head up towards the creeks and they would be there. He also asked about what we were going to do with one or any if we got them and our rather stunned looks prompted him to draw on cafe napkins the workings of a caribou, how to clean one, what to look for when shooting one and some other general caribou information.

After indulging in supper and lots of talk about caribou we headed back south of Dawson, managed to find the road we were told about and headed up in the hills on our quest for Caribou. Being September we weren't really prepared for the snow we encountered as we drove further and further up into the hills. Finally coming around one corner we came across the building Rene's friend had told us about where we could probably bunk for the night. The large building was called by the friend "Fournier's Roadhouse". We went in and saw what was obviously once a flourishing roadhouse/hotel, still with the register and front desk in place, the pool table in the games room and much interesting and fascinating clutter. We spent a good part of the night reading and absorbing some of the early history

of the roadhouse, we thought built some time in the early 1900's. It was hard to try and get sleep and remember our original purpose for going there because the interior was so interesting. Finally managed to set up our sleeping bags and in various locations throughout the building, (one on the pool table), and got some sleep.

Woke up early, out to the jeep to set up the Coleman stove and make coffee and cook a little breakfast, then pack up and get on with our mission. Loaded up, took off in the snow, and about 5 minutes from the roadhouse rounded a sort of blind corner and there as far as the eye could see...Caribou.

The excitement hit of course, and the four of us fumbled with our air force issued Lee Enfield 303's and ammunition, dropping shells on the road. Then taking aim and picking according to the information from the hastily drawn napkin pictures we shot our caribou. Even though our license said one per hunter we shot just three in total. To retrieve our kill we had to shoo away the rest of the herd, there was no realization from them to the damage we done to their group.

Again using the napkin sketches we looked for trees to hang the animals on to clean them. Alas, no trees. Using a big boulder as a base at the side of the road we managed to hang them slightly down the slope of the hill and then commence the cleaning process, all the while with the rest of the herd essentially looking on. Three of us did the process while one whose stomach couldn't take it, tried to make some more coffee in the back of the jeep. Having only the small amount of knowledge we had, we even took all the skin off the animals along with the insides. Then strapping them to the jeep's fenders and hood, we loaded up and headed home.

Driving most of the night we arrived home in the early morning, hung the animals in Rene's temporary garage, and then a few days later compounded our trip by butchering them ourselves. At that time I had a part time job besides my career in the air force with the Takhini grocery store where I worked for Bunny Lelievre making signs for all his specials. He gave me a beef cut up diagram and a little advice, and there we were, Rene and myself, a couple of sharp knives, a sharpening steel, and hatchet and saw, and took the word "butchering" to new heights. We seemed to end up with a multitude of hamburger meat. Rene and I being the only married ones, he and I split the takings and for the next few months experimented with cooking and eating caribou. That meat still brings up one of those pleasant tasty memories. Doing more hunting during the rest of my time in the Yukon, nothing ever surpassed the delicious taste of that first caribou.

Needless to say after going back to work after our very short sojourn to Dawson, no one would believe that we went there, got our caribou, cleaned and ready to butcher and home in a little less than 3 days. The only bad part of the trip; was not knowing enough to leave the skin on as we traveled back down that gravel road with our meat exposed to road and weather on the fenders of the jeep. During butchering some time was spent removing small and large chunks of road gravel that was dispersed all over the carcasses, and those particles that were not removed, were commented on during the cooking process as just an added attraction to the taste.



Rene Besse owner of the Jeep on the left holding one side for the caribou head. Oscar Duquette on the other side holding the head and myself (Vic Hoy) smiling into the camera and leaning on a caribou carcass while Jules Cossette took the picture.

Photo courtesy Vic Hoy - vichoy@vip.net

The 51st edition really struck a chord!

By Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

The pictures from the Hougen group are great. My cousins and I are going to have a great time reviewing the pictures of our old neighbourhood as home, first for them and then for us, was between the WhitePass and Capitol Hotels.

Loved the cold weather stories. I have told southerners about how sound carries in the cold, but now I have the evidence of others!

I have often wondered what happened to the Blakers. Mr. Blaker Sr. was the fire chief. They lived across the street from my grandparents on Jarvis Street. I was sure there were more kids than 5! I had been thinking of sharing a couple of stories based on the firehall on Steele Street.

Does anyone else remember the immature golden eagle that the firemen rescued and kept at the firehall on Steele Street?

Who was the fireman who rescued me when I was hanging by my boots from the living room window of our apartment over the NC store office? I was three. Mom reports being quite surprised to see this fireman handing me back in the window.

When the firehall was moved to Front Street, remember the excitement when the first Bombardier was on display in front of it? We would call it a giant snowmobile now.

My kids owe a lot to the Whitehorse parades. It was helping Mom decorate floats for the winter parade and bikes for the summer parades that prepared me to create cheap but effective parade floats for my kids' groups, to costume kids, and decorate bikes. Now, my son is carrying on the tradition with his girls.



Rendezvous Snow Sculpture at F H Collins High School

Photo Courtesy Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

The Sternwheeler Snow Sculpture was done by the students at F.H. Collins High School. That would have been around 1971 (in Feb. during the Sourdough Rendezvous). If some students had not mentioned it I wouldn't have known about it as it was behind the school and not at all obvious. It was a shame that it was behind the school as I think a lot of people missed seeing it. – Donna

MAYO DAYS

You may be able to use the attached received from my sister, Joyce Guimond (nee Hartnell). She lives in Romeo, Michigan and as you can see, really enjoys your publication. - Norm Hartnell ladue1@shaw.ca

Thanks Norm for the latest MocTrail issues...I enjoyed reading about the people from Mayo...esp. one episode by Henry Breaden. The name rang a bell and I looked in my copy of Gold and Galena, and sure enough, he and his sister were in school the same time I was up there. I don't remember Henry (didn't pay much attention to boys then) but Vera and I sang a duet at a Christmas concert, I think it was at the Pioneer Hall, and we sang Silent Night.

We watched the results of the big dog show in New York last week, where a big Newfoundland won best in show. At dinner yesterday I told the family about the Newfoundland dog who led a team through a whiteout snow storm and saved lives, and ran nearly to exhaustion...another of the MocTrail stories. More later. Love Joyce



Bill & Charlie about 1962

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett

Single Dog Race

Gus Barrett Sourdourhs2@shaw.ca

I was in Whitehorse in the late 50's/early 60's so have many fond memories of the sourdough Rendezvous. I remember the first one when a big sign hung above Main Street reading "Welcome to the Sourdough "Rendevous." The miss-spelling didn't dampen the enthusiasm though. Practically everyone in town turned out on Main Street to watch and take part in the various events. It was a very small-town amateur event in those days, with very little in the way of purses except the fun of competing. Pretty well everything took place in the space between 1st. and 4th. Ave on Main St., even the ice palace for the crowning of the Queen. Dog races also started and finished there. It was a great family affair during the daylight hours and lots of dancing and partying in the evenings. Everyone got into the swing of things with beards, costumes etc.

One of the events for the kids was the single dog race. We had a German shepherd named "Charlie" at the time and I trained him to pull the kids on a toboggan. However the kids were so young at the time that they were not allowed to take Charlie out without me running along with them. Anyway, come race time, Mrs. George Dawson made up a great harness, complete with many pompoms and other decorations, and son Bill, about four or five at the time, entered Charlie in the big race. When we got to the track, (about a 100 yard stretch of second Ave, if I remember correctly) we found that adults were not allowed to run along with the dog. So it was decided I would stand at the start line to send them off, Blanche would be at the finish line to call Charlie. At the gun, Charlie took off and headed for Blanche in great style until about half way when he realized I wasn't with him. Then he turned around and trotted back to the start line while Blanche frantically tried to encourage him to come to her. So my Training career and Bill's

mushing career ended in disgrace. Charlie however was covered in glory, winning a trophy for the Best Dressed Dog in the race.



One dog pull on Main Street Whitehorse in the early 1960's

Photo taken by Bob Hughes submitted by Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com

Here is my story of that cold Christmas Day in 1961

By Dave Harder daveharder@telus.net

It all started on Christmas Eve, at that time I was working in the Tourist Services' Service Station as a gas jockey. Stan Fuller was the mechanic and in charge of the shop. Our general manager for Tourist Services was Jim Smith who later became Commissioner Smith. I said to Stan that day this is crazy; it is 80 degrees in here and -50 degrees outside. Do you know what a shock that is to the system every time we go out to fuel a car? That is a 130 degree temperature change, for \$4.00 an hour, mind you we didn't clean the windshield or seldom check the oil, every one let their cars run while we filled it just so they could stay warm.

About closing time a man came in and asked if we could help him. He said that he could no longer steer his Scout four-wheel drive because the oil was too thick in the steering box. Stan told him that there was no way we would be able to do that. It was Christmas Eve and it was closing time, tomorrow is Christmas Day. We would not be able to help him for a couple of days. Also that the Scout would have to stay in over night in order for the oil to warm up enough to drain it and put in lighter oil. Stan went home while I stayed and put his Scout in the shop and close the shop for the day. While I was doing this he started telling me that this was a brand new vehicle and was a Christmas gift for his son who was in the army in Fairbanks, Alaska

He was telling me that the trip had not gone very well and that he had run into some trouble in Lower Post and was real upset about what had happened there. As I listened to him he said his name was Laurence Deach and he was from Portland Oregon. As I got to know him I could hear his strong desire to get on the road and get this trip over with as well as deliver this special gift.

I finally said to him that I would change the oil for him early in the next morning if he would come and pick me up in a taxi, so I would not have to start my big 2-ton truck in order to get to the shop. He said that he would do that, and came and picked me up real early to do the job. It took a couple of hours to do the job, and while this was happening, we heard the fire alarms, but didn't realize what it was.

After I got the work done he was driving me home and I said why don't you come to our place for Christmas dinner and just wait for it to warm up. It was so risky traveling in such severe temperature. He thanked me very much and then we saw the fire, what a mess.

The first thing he said "I must get my stuff out of the Whitehorse Inn, this whole town is going to burn, look at the fire hoses they are all freezing up". The heat was so hot that the paint was starting to shrivel up on Taylor and Drury store.

All we could do was watch as Nelson hardware, the shoe shop and other small stores go up in flames. Then all of a sudden he said Dave I am going to get my stuff and hit the road. So before he dropped me off at my house we exchanged address said good-bye.

I didn't hear from him for a long time and this is what he said in his letter -
"ONE GOOD DEED ALWAYS LEADS TO ANOTHER ONE."

In his letter he told of how when he got to Beaver Creek it was just as the Customs was closing at midnight. He was the last car to go through. Even the Customs worker said that he should not try it at that time of the night. He was told that it was well over 60 below zero, however he insisted on going anyway.

When he got about half way to Tok Alaska there was a car on the side of the road, so he stopped to see if there was any one in the car. The car had frozen up and had been there for several hours, the couple and three young boys where already in bad shape. So Laurence got them into his Scout and took them into Tok where they were looked after. Laurence then went back and got some one to help him tow the car into Tok, before he continued on to Fairbanks.

It would have been only a matter of hours and that family would have froze to death. They were from Alabama and had no winter clothes or any idea of what to do in their predicament.

Every year I got a letter from Laurence and a picture of the three boys as they grew up, as well had several letters from the family.

Several years later we had been down to Denver Colorado with the family, and on our way back we came through Portland. Just as we got to the outskirts of Portland I pulled off the freeway to go to a service station to get a phone book so I could get Laurence's phone number and give him a call. I found his number and address but before I made the call I asked the attendant in what part of the city this address was, and here is **another**

miracle, we were about three blocks from his home. So we had a good visit with him, as well as several times more over the years whenever we got to Portland.

This is something I will never forget and I often wonder how many times we don't listen to that inner voice that says we are to do something that may not fit in to our plans or even make sense. **So lets stop look and listen and do it! It may be part of a miracle.**

COMMENTS INSPIRED BY LIONEL BRASSEURS STORY

By Henry Breaden hroamer@shaw.ca

I had a real chuckle when I read Lionel's story. He does have a way with words and quite entertaining. When he mentioned Alex Wark, my goodness I had not thought of Alex for just under 60 years and had forgotten about him. We had a mortician in Mayo who was also the local bootlegger. No such goodies as embalming, just dress the corpse and build a coffin for them out of local lumber and black cloth which was done by Alex Lesperance in addition to laying out the corpse. They did not have any predug graves in the cemetery as it took 3 days of a wood fire to thaw and dig the grave. Even if they had predug graves, what would you refill them with? As in Dawson, the mortuary was not heated, and when it was 50 or 60 below zero there could be a few for burial. As there was only one table, Alex used to dress them and when frozen lean them up against the outer wall till it warmed up and they could be buried.

Our next-door neighbours were French, and Mrs. Guilbault (Gilbow) on occasion used to go down to pay her last respects to the departed. This one time she went down to see Mssr. Boudrier, and Lesperance said, "Oh yes, Mssr. Boudrier is right here!" As it was during cold weather, Mssr. Boudrier was suited and leaning up against the wall. Mrs. Guilbault was a bit upset about this, but it was the way of the country.

Yes, Lionel's story is a keeper and it brings back memories of what the north was like in days past. In his reference of temperatures, I don't know what it was in Dawson, but at Mayo it was -80° F and at Snag the official -83.1° F. Just a bit snapping you might say!

BOB & NELLIE WATSON

Keep up the good work. I am still looking forward to receiving each edition of the MocTel. Just thought that I would inform the readers that I visited with Bob and Nellie Watson, formerly of Carcross and Watson's General Store. They are getting on in years but are doing well for their age. Bobby's hearing has deteriorated since I visited them last and Nellie has recently twisted her ankle and is visiting her physician. They are very much alone and would appreciate hearing from old acquaintances. Their address and phone number is:

Bob and Nellie Watson #13 - 2456 Ware St Abbotsford, B.C. V2S 3E1
Ph. (604) 853-3399

Best wishes to all - Ken Jones k29j32@shaw.ca

HERMAN & DORIS PETERSON

Just was going to mention that we had a little party for Herman and Doris Peterson in January up at Copper Ridge Place in Whitehorse where Herman has been since last summer. They were celebrating their 65th wedding anniversary on January 14th plus it was belated birthday wishes for both of them as Herman turned 90 and Doris 93 at the end of December. Ken Mason was playing guitar, Bill Matiation on fiddle (one that Herman made) and Moe Grant on mandolin. Herman even got up and played a portion of a tune on the fiddle; was checking it out to see if it was in tune for Bill! Party was enjoyed by all - was great.

Doris is now in Closeleigh Manor although does go back to Atlin approximately once a month for a few days. Her address in Whitehorse is #201 - 100 Lambert Street, Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 1Z2. She loves to keep in touch with everyone. She goes to bingo every week in Closeleigh, started learning rummoli, and now says she's going to learn how to bowl with the ladies there. She has always just watched bowling on TV and has wanted to learn. She's on the go every day doing something and out for a walk no matter what the temperature is.

I always take over the latest editions of Moccasin Telegraph to her which she reads from cover to cover and then she files them all away in a binder (or two or three). I was telling her today that she should write a story or two for me to send into you. She truly is an amazing person.

Thanks for all the great reading, Sherron.
Linnea Castagner castagners@whtvcable.com

When I told Linnea that it looked like there was a theme going here with the above two messages coming in a few minutes apart, she replied.

That's so funny, Sherron. I took Doris into the YTG Main building last week, as she wanted to see all the tapestries and especially the one that she worked on in Atlin. There was a piece of artwork of Watson's store in Carcross in the main area of YTG and she started telling me all about Watsons and how the store used to be. – Linnea

GREETINGS FROM THE LOHMANN'S

Hi everyone,

We have updated the web site once more by adding the categories "Dawson City area" and "City of Whitehorse" to "Yukon 82 to 98" as well as a few more photos to "Tatchun area" and Dezadeash area". The Family tree has also gained a few photos. That is probably it until late summer, getting too busy right now with other things. Hope every one has a good spring and summer.

Greetings, Heinrich and Elly Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca <http://lohmann.ca>

Hi Sherron: I am sending a picture of more "Lambert Street" school kids. Hockey stars, every one! Not sure of the year, but I'm guessing it was taken in the mid 1930's. Maybe someone could fill me in on the year and correct names of the two boys whose first names I've forgotten...

Thanks, Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@shaw.ca

LAMBERT STREET SCHOOL – ‘HOCKEY STARS’



From left to right: Arthur Yeulett (or Colin?), John MacBride, (Ian ?) Zimmerlee, (?) Cederberg and Jimmy Patterson.

1953 “The Saturday Evening Party”

By Tom Tait tom_tait@telus.net

In winter the highlight of Dawson City’s social life was usually the “Saturday Evening Party.” The young professionals would gather, usually at our place because we were the only married couple in the group. There weren’t many of us as the Territorial Government had moved to Whitehorse.

We were all in our early twenties. The RCMP, Bank Clerks, a School Teacher, and on this occasion a Nurse in Training at St. Mary’s Hospital. My wife Sheila worked for the Gold Company and I was the Canadian Pacific Airlines Agent.

The excuse for the party was my twenty-third Birthday. Because Sheila was pregnant we had two punch bowls. One with rum, and one without alcohol.

Our Nurse In Training let us know that her reason for taking employment with the Catholic Hospital in Dawson City was to see if she was suited for the life of a Nun. Her

first words to me on crossing our threshold were, “You wouldn’t get me drunk would you Tommy?” I directed her to the punch without alcohol.

As the evening wore on it became apparent that she had forgotten which bowl was which. She was the life of the party! The two RCMP Constables escorted her back to her residence in the Hospital at evening’s end.

Our small group were all promoted out of the Yukon before the end of 1953. We lost track of most of them including our prospective Nun.

Twenty-five years and a couple of careers later we were living on the Lower Mainland. I had joined a Lions Club and had occasion to make the presentation of a bursary to a student graduating from the local Catholic School. After the ceremony, Sheila and I were having a cup of tea and conversing with the graduates when this Nun in full regalia came to stand beside us, she quietly whispered in my ear, “You wouldn’t get me drunk would you Tommy.” She was the Principal of the School and a credit to her vocation.

It was quite a re-union.



**1966 Dawson City
Palace Grande Theatre - Gaslight Follies**
Photo taken by Bob Hughes submitted by Gina Span

Sherron, Pete took a good look at this picture again tonight and said that it was certainly the Palace Grande building in Dawson. I remember when Garfield White always did the

Swan Ballet dressed as a beautiful lady with a wig on. That is surely him with the fake white stole on. I also know the elderly man on the far right who was in the Gaslight Follies, so it must have been taken in Dawson. We'll see what Gillian says. It was Pete who said, "well if anyone knows, it will be Gillian", so then I decided to forward it to her. But I have no idea of the year it could be from. It would be fun to know, wouldn't it?

Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

Hello Brownie, I believe it was 1966. My first year in Dawson City was 1967. Garfield White was in the Ballet Dress. I did many shows with him and he was a nice kind old man who LOVED to dress up. He has been gone many years. He also wrote for the Whitehorse Star. You are right it was the Palace Grande Theatre. Dawson City. Production was by Fran Dowie. Fran Dowie's daughter, Susie Francis and his niece is next to her is the skinny girl in the middle. Fred Bass only worked for the Dowie Production. Actually I will call Fran. He is in bed with a very bad hip problem waiting to have an operation. But it was called "Gaslight Follies". Ben Kopelow was the agent and Fran and Ben coordinated the whole Season. Too bad Fran does not have e-mail.

Love Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca



Photo taken by Bob Hughes submitted by Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com
Does anyone recognize this to be a street in Whitehorse or was Bob traveling again?

A TRAILER HOME NIGHTMARE AT -50F

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

It sure can get cold in Whitehorse. My former husband, Richard and I had moved into the trailer park in Whitehorse. It was summer time so we never thought there would be a problem living in a very small trailer in the winter months. I tried my best to pretty up the homely little trailer; new curtains and throw rugs did make a difference all right.

The months flew by and as the days grew colder I realized the furnace was not going to keep us very warm. With a one-year-old baby it was impossible to allow her to crawl around on the frozen floor. We tried banking snow around the outside to trap some warm air but it didn't do much good. Even our cat didn't like walking on the floor, as her poor little feet would freeze. As Richard went off to work each day the baby, cat and I would cuddle under blankets on the couch and watch TV. I noticed the cat had quit eating and realized she was very sick. I called Kay McDonald, the local chiropractor/vet to make an appointment for the next day to have her look at the cat. Thank goodness Richard had the day off.

When we woke up the next morning the trailer was very cold. The furnace had quit during the night and the temperature read -50F outside. As I lay in bed trying to get up the nerve to go get the baby and bring her back to my bed I noticed the curtains in the bedroom were frozen to the wall and had a rim of frost around the outside of them. How pretty, I thought. I'd only ever seen frost like that on the outside of a building, not the inside! As I made my way up the short hallway to the baby's bunk I spotted the cat lying on the floor. She was dead and frozen to the floor. The rugs all had the same pretty pattern around the rim as the curtains in the bedroom. All the curtains and rugs were frozen in until it warmed up outside. The baby was snuggled in warmly so I left her alone while Richard found the little space heater. I proceeded in plugging in the kettle so I could boil some water. This water I intended to use so I could free the frozen cat from the floor and remove her to the outdoors.

We were frozen in for two days until the temperature finally started to climb. Needless to say, we found a house to rent and we made certain the furnace was in top working order.

MANY THANKS

Hi Sherron,

Many thanks, I have had such a wonderful morning reading my mail. Will certainly get some stories for you to post. It has taken me back so many years to hear from everyone. I can see I have a new hobby. Told my sister and brother to get in touch with you.

Cheers,

Linda (McKAMEY) Newman linda@coastworks.com

Unusual behaviour of Bald Eagles and Loons

Sherron Jones and Ron Butler

Would you happen to have a clue as to what the unusual behavior of two bald eagles we are seeing out on Kalamalka Lake this morning? There is a thin coat of ice and two of them are standing on the ice quite far out onto the lake, certainly far away from humans. There are patches of water appearing so it is definitely thin ice. Do you think they could be viewing fish through the ice? They have moved further apart from each other since I looked out earlier. Have you any idea what they may be doing on the ice? It is clear ice, no snow on it. I have seen them in the area before, but not standing on the ice.

- Sherron

My guess is that they could very well be looking at fish. Bald eagles feed to a large extent on fish. You may have seen them swooping down and picking fish out of the water. In winter fish move to the area of water with the greatest oxygen content, which could be quite close to the surface. Eagles would be able to see them through the ice and might hope for a meal.

This reminds me of some very interesting times we have had the last two falls at our favourite fishing hole. I do a lot of fly-fishing in the interior during the summer. A group of us and our wives meet twice a year at Fawn Lake, near 100 mile to fish and socialize for a couple of weeks.

This lake has two common loon pairs nesting on it. In the fall of 02 the pair that nests close to the campground had one offspring that somehow had swallowed a fishhook with some line attached and was having great difficulty eating. It's mother started taking fish that we were catching. As soon as someone hooked a fish she would be after it, attracted by the splashing. She became quite expert at taking our fish before we could get it in the net. Even large fish of 2-3 lb. and would feed her offspring pieces hacked off with her beak.

This past fall she obviously remembered her success of the previous year and robbed us again. In fact she became a real nuisance. In fact she was very aggressive and would come right up to our float tubes and grab fish within two or three feet of us. We had to resort to drastic measures and started shooting at her with a slingshot. She soon learned that the splash of a marble near her was a threat and as soon as one of us raised our arms to shoot she would leave underwater.

Not a Yukon tale but one that some of our fishing friends might find interesting.

– Ron Butler

HELPFUL HINT

Many virus warnings that make the rounds are not legitimate warnings of legitimate viruses, but in fact **hoax**'s. Many times in the past year I have received them from someone in our group warn me about a virus, which is a **hoax**, and in many cases they are telling you to do something to your computer to eliminate the offending critter. One is the Teddy Bear Icon. It is a legitimate file in your computer and should not be removed. Please keep this address on file and check it for the file name you are being given.
<http://www.symantec.com/avcenter/hoax.html>

As Henry Breaden would explain – he killed his Teddy Bear about three years ago. It is part of your Java file, which I understand to assist in picture quality. Fortunately he was able to get the program back.

This same topic was already covered in an earlier MocTel. But I guess it is worth running again. Sure hope you do not get embarrassed by spreading false warnings.

Another way to check if a warning is legit is to type the name of it into your GOOGLE search engine and it will come up with Anti Virus company confirmation or a warning that it is HOAX.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Happy 2004 to you Sherron,

I have been having a bit of a problem and have not been in touch with you. I see by the records you are doing a great job in getting us Yuks together. Now you have even got my brother from Ottawa (Lionel or Lyn Brasseur) and my sister from Victoria (Tina Parsons) so I had better smarten up.

My new e-mail address is Seesom130@shaw.ca Hope I got that right. I know you are very busy but when you have a minute e-mail me back. Also Sherron how do I get to view MocTel? Thanks and best as ever,

Hy Seely

Please note the new e-mail address. We just got tired of dialing.
Karl & Helga Crosby crosby@shaw.ca

I have been experiencing quite a bit of difficulties with Apples BC server so I am having all my e-mail changed to jparkes@telus.net. Hope that this does not cause too much inconvenience for you.
Judith Parkes

NEW ADDITIONS

I wish to receive the Moccasin Telegraph newsletter! My name is Bill Oster and I am the youngest son of Al and Mary Oster (the singer songwriter). Dad has told me about the MocTel and has said he enjoys it very much!

I was born and currently reside in Whitehorse, with my partner Cindy Braga and our son Liam, who was born August 3rd 2002, at Whitehorse General Hospital.

Cindy is the middle child of Joe and Marlene Braga of Dawson City. Cindy is a second generation Dawsonite as her father was born just outside of Dawson at Bear Creek. Her Great Grandfather Guiseppie Braga immigrated from Italy in the early 1900's to Scroggie Creek where he mined and trapped along with his son (Cindy's Grandfather) Giovanni (Johnny) Braga (and wife Angela).

Later they moved to Dawson City where Johnny was a welder at Bear Creek till it closed in the 60's. Cindy's Father Joe worked on the riverboat the Whitehorse as a young man and then also spent a period of time working on the dredges around Dawson. He met a young nurse, Marlene Karyte and they were married in 1968 and had 4 children Valerie, Wayne, Cindy and Tina. The kids were all raised in Dawson City and all graduated Grade 12 in Dawson.

I myself have a small business based in Whitehorse; I am a commercial artist/graphic designer. I design and provide signage, paint large-scale murals and render general graphic design work around the territory. Please feel free to investigate my website below!

You can contact us at oster@klondiker.com

Thank you.

Bill Oster Oster Ink Art & Design 65 Topaz Crescent Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 6B3
1-867-668-2716 www.osterink.com

I would like to get on the mailing list to receive the Moccasin Telegraph. I've heard about this newsletter from my aunt Ruth McIntyre.

If there is more I need to do or tell you to start receiving the Moccasin Telegraph, please e-mail me and let me know.

Thanks, Sue Laberge (nee Ewing) srlaberge@northwestel.net

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Do what you can, for whom you can, with what you have, and where you are.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Recipe taken from “Yukon Cookbook, A Selection of Recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs” as sent in my Donna Clayson.

MAYONNAISE

½ - ¾ cup	Salad oil
1 large	Egg yolk
2 tsp.	Vinegar
2 tsp.	Lemon juice
½ tsp.	Salt
½ tsp.	Vegetable seasoning (optional)

Have ingredients at room temperature.

1. Beat the egg yolk.
2. Pour in ¼ cup of the oil, beating all the time.

Add remaining oil drop by drop, beating constantly. If a blender is used, run it a few seconds after each addition. Blend in seasons when the mayonnaise begins to thicken.

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.** If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon please include your **maiden name** as well. 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