

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Sixty Sixth Edition- June 13, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Swans

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

BIRDWATCHING

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

The seagull's not a bird of note,
Not beautiful like some.
It begs its meals from fishing boats,
It's really just a bum.
Then when the fishing boats have gone,
It dumps its garbage on my lawn.

The gander is such a faithful bird,
They say he mates for life.
But he samples all the chicks, I've heard,
Before he picks a wife,
Monogamous but always looking,
Even while his goose is cooking.

The crow, now there's a bird, depressing,
Clad in its suit of ebony,
It hasn't any taste in dressing,
No drabber bird could ever be.
But man could learn a lot you know,
From that oh so cunning crow.

I wonder at the mallard drake,
So handsome, with his head of green.
When nature calls he'll always take,
The plainest mate I've ever seen.
I know the secret that he keeps,
Beauty's only feather-deep.

The coot's the clown of all the birds,
Entertaining all who see.
Its flying style is so absurd,
It never knows where it should be.
Devoid of any understanding,
It crashes every time on landing.

My favorite of all's the eagle,
Standing guard high in the tree.
Like a king, so strong and regal,
Sheltering his family.
The eagle, so it seems to me,
Would be an awesome enemy.

And so I sit and watch the birds,
Resplendent in their winter plumage.
Wishing I could have the words,
The words to pay them proper homage.
Would that poems I could pen,
As beautiful as feathered friends.

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Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

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Chapter 8

I spent the summer of 1937 in Carmacks with a crew building an airstrip for the Territorial Government. The White Pass Company had gone into the flying business using many types of aircraft between Whitehorse, Dawson and Mayo and required many landing sites along the way. The one we would build would serve Carmacks as well as serve as an emergency field in case of trouble.

Charlie Baxter was the foreman. His wife was cook in the tent camp we set up and I was the cat driver. The field was a natural clearing but had many bumps and hollows, which had to be knocked down and filled.

As the summer progressed so did the airstrip and was almost ready for operation when a small pimple bothered me on my back just above my right hip. It grew rapidly. Mrs. Baxter worked on it at night with hot poultices but that seemed to make it worse until it was so large I could no longer button my pants and had to wear suspenders. I was getting worried as it was about three inches across by an inch high and I was having difficulty walking. There was no way I could get to Whitehorse except by riverboat or airplane.

We decided the airstrip was good enough for a plane to land so I walked to the telegraph office in Carmacks and asked the White Pass if they would send a plane. They said they would. By the time I had walked back to the airstrip there was a tri-motor Ford aircraft overhead making passes over the airstrip to look at it. When the pilot was satisfied it was okay, he landed.

This was the largest airplane I had ever seen and thought it could possibly cost me a fortune to ride in it. Mrs. McBride, the wife of a White Pass official, and her daughter had come along for the ride so I sat up front with the pilot. We were not long out of Carmacks when the centre engine heated up so the pilot shut it down. We went along fine on two. When it cooled, he started it up again and ran it until it heated up again then shut it down. This went on until we got to Whitehorse.

I immediately went to the hospital where I was taken to the operating room and placed on the table. The doctor did not waste any time. He took a scalpel and made one slash in the abscess. Then he and the nurse left the room. When they returned he explained that the smell from the open wound was so bad they could not stand it, so left. The wound was packed solid with gauze and I was put to bed in a room. Twenty-four hours later the head nurse removed the gauze but by then it had become a part of me and it felt like my intestines were coming out with it. She then got a bowl of boiling water full of heavy washcloths. These she took out with a pair of sticks and put them on the wound. That was real torture. I must have looked like a boiled lobster.

When I was out of the hospital I broke out in boils all over my back. In fact, I had twenty-three at one time. The doctor said it was because my whole system had been poisoned and recommended I take milk of magnesia to clear them up. It was freeze-up time so I went to work on the overland stage. Our vehicles had no heaters so my glass bottle of medicine was always frozen. The glass would break away leaving a solid chunk of the milky substance. To take my prescribed dose I would break off a frozen piece and hold it in my mouth until it thawed and I could swallow it. I had to do this for six weeks. Driving on rough roads with those boils was very uncomfortable but I held up and had no more problems.

I had been going with a girl from Prince Rupert, B.C. named Thelma Noreberg, who was working in Whitehorse. In January 1938 we were married and took up residence in a rented house. I stayed on the overland stage until spring.

(To be continued.)

MOUNTAIN BEAUTY

By Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

Majestic you stand
Stretching into a blue land;
Pure white surrounds your peaks
While pines of green cloth your body.
Nooks and crannies fill with colour
As new fresh buds burst into flower.

Snow-filled crevices bring you strength,
Dewdrops cleanse your garments.
Fluffy pillows screen your moods
While sunsets fiery glory
Baths all in royal attire.

Small furry animals scurry playfully
Learning the secrets of your past.
Tales of glory, struggle, hardship,
Make changes that will last.
Moon and stars light your night
As darkness shrouds you from our sight.

DAWSON AREA ROADHOUSES

Hi Sherron, am really enjoying the Moccassin Telegraph. Regarding the Road houses in the Dawson Area ...Gertie Melhouse did run a roadhouse at Granville which was taken over by Harry McDonnell and his wife who was fondly known as Granny Mac. They were burned out by a Forest fire in the early 1950's and they moved to the Arlington at the mouth of Hunker, they also lost the Arlington to Fire in 59 or 60, at which time they moved to Dawson. The Fournier family ran roadhouses at Bear Creek and Hunker Summit, Joe on Hunker Summit and Jean at Bear Creek. I think Jean also ran the Schoolbus between Bear Creek and Dawson, for a number of years. Hope this helps and that my memory is correct. You may print thisI'm sure someone will correct me if I'm wrong. Myrna Butterworth myrnab*yknet.ca

I passed the above message on to Emily Stillwell who placed the inquiry about roadhouses last week. –Sherron

Dear Sherron,

It was the McDonnells that I knew at the Arlington Road House. I remember that it was "Granny Mc" who showed me her photograph taken when she was a Dance Hall Girl. It would be nice if someone could come up with her real first name. (I could remember that

the couple's last name started with Mc. But that was as far as I could get.) Perhaps, I should go under hypnosis. I believe they were probably in their eighties when I knew them. ??

Thanks to Myrna for the information. Was the Arlington 12 miles from Dawson, Myrna? I didn't do the driving and can't picture exactly where it was although I could remember the general direction. Come to think of it, I believe I heard about the fire. I didn't know the McDonnells had moved to Dawson. That is nice to know, too.

Thanks All, Sherron, Gus, and Myrna.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com

WHERE HAVE ALL THE STORIES GONE ?

I am sure you have noticed that the Moccasin Telegraphs are getting shorter. We would all be delighted if a few more of you would share some of your thoughts or stories. Those of you who have never profiled your connection to Yukon are invited to do so. It sure makes it a lot easier at reunions to have something to talk about with other Yukoners when you know a bit more about their experiences in the territory. Anything with a Yukon theme or connection is welcome. – Sherron

BEAVER CREEK REUNION

I had received an announcement that there was a 50th reunion for the Beaver Creek School. This was held in May. Unfortunately I couldn't go but I was wondering if anyone has contacted you about it and if there were any pictures taken of the event. I know they changed the name of the school to Nelna Bessie John School (Border Bessie). They did that at the time of the reunion, apparently. I do have a couple of pictures of that but none of any of the people who attended the festivities. Hopefully you can dig up something on the reunion.

Here are some pictures of the 50th reunion of the Beaver Creek School. They were, thoughtfully, sent to me by Gary McRobb. The reunion was held in May. Unfortunately I didn't receive word about it until too late so I couldn't go. It would have been great to have gone back there and be able to see old acquaintances.

As you can see, they have changed the name of the school (I went to school there for 3 years).

I am hoping that other people will see this and they will have pictures and some stories of the reunion. I would really like to see some pictures of the reunion sent in and maybe some of the "old days".

I have included a picture of the Beaver Creek School as it is now (not with new name yet). Also I have sent you a picture of the old customs building as it is now. It is the Beaver Creek minimart! Also I came across this old picture of "a beaver creek store". Does anyone know which one it was?

Anyways. This is all I have. I have included Gary's newsletter as well. Hope this stuff helps. - Patty Miller [pattymiller999*msn.com](mailto:pattymiller999@msn.com)



Beaver Creek Mini Mart now occupies old Customs Building.
Photo courtesy Patty (Hannah) Miller [pattymiller999*msn.com](mailto:pattymiller999@msn.com)



An old Beaver Creek Store, can anyone identify it?
Photo courtesy Patty (Hannah) Miller [pattymiller999*msn.com](mailto:pattymiller999@msn.com)



Beaver Creek School - Photo courtesy Patty (Hannah) Miller [pattymiller999*msn.com](mailto:pattymiller999@msn.com)



Ricky Johns, Jenny Sanford, Marilyn (Johns) Sanford, Jessie Stephens and her mother Doris (Johns) Stephens, Carol Burns (daughter of Lula Johns-Penniket). Renaming of the school was the highlight of the Victoria Day weekend, the name chosen in memory of an elder who contributed so much to language, culture and education. The school's 50 year reunion organized by staff provided a fun filled weekend, which included a ball tournament, bingo, banquet supper, dance and pancake breakfast.

Photo courtesy Gary McRobb gdmcrobbyknet.ca



The school is renamed Nelnah Bessie John School
Photo courtesy Gary McRobb gdmcrobbyknet.ca



Celebration Dance held after renaming the school.
Photo courtesy Gary McRobb gdmcrobbyknet.ca

MESSAGE FROM HENRY

I had mentioned that the reason I like text to be typed in rather than posted as a photo in the MocTel was because those who still receive their e-mails in PLAIN TEXT are not able to read the text if it is in a photo. – Sherron

Hi Sherron,

In each issue I look for two things, Doug's photo which is usually outstanding and Gus's poetry, which always leads you to thinking. The rest is the icing on the cake. Something I just cannot understand and that is for anyone to choose plain text. It severely limits you, and if the intent is to operate more safely against bugs, why not just use an antivirus program? I think the message is out to keep windows updated, a good firewall and an antivirus program.

True enough there are so many out there that are not connected with us. But I think our group is thinking enough and well aware not to bring any bugs home.

Cheers, Henry Breaden

YUKON RELATED WEBSITES

Well, here is some totally silly (maybe useful?) info ...

A listing of Yukon payphones!

<http://www.payphone-directory.org/payyt.html>

Another unusual site ...

UFO sightings in the Yukon!

<http://www.ufobc.ca/yukon/>

Another interesting link, this one from the Yukon Government.

Road signs of the Yukon ...

<http://www.yukonheritage.com/Sign/02english/02main.html>

Sue Thomas sue.thomas@shaw.ca

YUKON/KLONDIKE DEFENSE FORCE

Just happened to think of a possible story line, or maybe just get a little exchange going. Does anyone out there remember the YUKON DEFENSE FORCE. I remember the event, but not too clear on the detail. It occurred some forty odd years ago, when The City of Edmonton first started its Klondike Days. I remember the Yukon residents being totally incensed that at these Albertan "thieves" who would dare to steal our Klondike Theme. They went so far as to form the Yukon Defense Force (or possible Klondike Defense Force - memory fails sometimes). The purpose being to raise funds for publicity and possible law suits to defeat the upstart Albertans. The attempt obviously failed but I wonder if our membership includes anyone who was actually a member of this Force, or could give us a little more detail on it.

Gus Barrett

Sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Debbie Kelly is planning to bring me a copy of the certificate sold to raise funds to defend the "Klondike", when she visits Vernon this week. I plan to scan it and show a copy to you. – Sherron sherronjones@shaw.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I can't remember if I sent my new physical address either -- Apt. 1, 275 Ottawa Street South, Kitchener, Ontario N2G 3T7, new phone, (519) 745-2305.

If you could redirect the MocTel to barbaramacdougall@rogers.com, that would be great. Thanks.

If any of you are using Instant Messenger and want to contact me my new hotmail address for that purpose is barbaramacdougall52@hotmail.com

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi, Sherron. It was a nice surprise to see that my cousin, Norm Lortie, has subscribed to the MocTel. I have emailed him and told him about my Hockey Edition, which contains photos of his brother Al.

As some readers may know, Norm has had a successful career in local and

provincial politics, as an alderman? and MLA (MPP) from Delta, BC.
Cheers. Ralph Lortie

I met an ex-Yukoner at work and he is interested in joining our group. William Grant Speer. His parents operated Mac's Newstand for a few years in the 1950's down in the old White Pass Hotel in Whitehorse. I gather it was in the same part of the building as where the Hougen's Watkins store started out. William came to Yukon in 1943 and was in and out of Yukon through to 1947 when he returned and stayed until 1956. He spent time in Swift River, Brooks Brook and Whitehorse to name a few places. I am hopeful that Bill will send us some of his own words.

His e-mail address is [bilson*cablelan.net](mailto:bilson@cablelan.net) and he and his wife Sonja live in Kelowna during the summer. – Sherron

Glenis and Martin Allen are back on the list after being a lost during an address change. l-t*northwestel.net They reside in Whitehorse.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

A hobby is getting exhausted on your own time.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Rhubarb Delight

From my files – Sherron Jones – Delicious !

Crust

1 cup Flour
¼ tsp Salt
2 Tbs Sugar
½ cup Butter

Mix together and put into an 8" x 8" pan and bake at 325 degrees for 25 minutes.

Filling

1 cup Sugar
2 Tbs Flour
½ cup Cream
3 egg yolks
2 ¼ cups of Rhubarb (cubed)

Mix all ingredients and spread over the crust and bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes.

Meringue

3 egg whites
¼ tsp Cream of Tartar
3 Tbs Sugar

Beat egg whites and cream of tartar until foamy. Slowly add the sugar, beating well after each tablespoon. Continue beating until meringue is thick and glossy and sugar is dissolved. Meringue should be smooth and stand in stiff peaks.

Spread meringue over the filling and bake at 400 degrees F. for 8 minutes or until lightly golden brown.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic:

June 27, 2004 at the Summerland Ornamental Gardens. We have the site from *11am till 3 pm.* We usually eat at *noon.* Larry Chalmers [aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

DIRECTIONS TO THE OKANAGAN YUKONERS PICNIC

As you come south on 97 south of Summerland (down the Hill) you will come to a reduced speed zone with a flashing amber light. Just past that on your left is the entrance to Sun Oka park, then on your right is the entrance to the Experimental station. Follow the road right up to the end. On your left you will see a covered picnic area with a small parking lot (5 or 6 cars), just past that is the main parking lot. We use the covered area for our picnic. People usually start arriving about 11am, but we try to have lunch at noon. We should have the Yukon flag out front to identify ourselves. Right now Maureen Melnychuk has it but Shirley Turton is going to pick it up when she can contact her.

I hope this helps.

Larry Chalmers [aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

A-golfing we shall go -----to Faro

To many former Yukon's and Faro-ites, the Faro Golf course brings back memories of a course, very different than the usual golf greens. Lots has changed and the Club and the Town have been busy,

This year, the 7th Annual Golf Tournament is on the weekend of July 23rd. - 24th and we welcome every one. Our golf ball drop from a Helicopter (Sept. 11th.) is always a huge success with big prices. Need more info?

E-mail me at: [octavia13*YKnet.ca](mailto:octavia13@YKnet.ca) and please put golfing in the subject line.

See you at the tournament in July in Faro. Anne M. Domes

VANCOUVER ISLAND YUKONERS' PICNIC

THE V.I. YUKONERS WILL BE HOLDING THEIR ANNUAL PICNIC AT

ST. MARY'S CHURCH HALL, 2600 POWDER POINT ROAD, NANOOSE BAY
ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON SATURDAY, THE 14th OF AUGUST 2004

BRING YOUR OWN BEVERAGE AND FOOD—ADMISSION FREE TABLES AND
CHAIRS PROVIDED IN OR OUT RAIN OR SHINE –ALWAYS A GOOD TIME

FOR MORE INFO CALL Stan Hegstrom at 250 468-9698 or email at
seair*bcsupernet.com

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