

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Sixty Seventh Edition- June 20, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Moose Kiss

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

ELECTION DAY

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

For six long weeks we're subject to
A flood of politicians,
Doling out goodies as they do,
Though subject to conditions.
"All health and welfare will be free,
But only if you vote for me."

Day after day I watch the news
And get the same old story –
Every person has his views,
Some are Liberal, some Tory.
The NDP is seldom seen,
And even less, the party Green.

They tell me, if I vote for Paul,
The Doctors won't be leavin',

And I won't have a care at all
If I cast my vote for Stephen.
But only if I vote for Jack
Will I get all my taxes back.

The whigs will wave the olive branch,
While Tories wave the sabre.
Quebec would tie its hopes to France,
Ontario to Labour,
While in B.C. we fear they're gonna'
Cast their vote for Marijuana

Party hacks will hire bands,
Praise their parties to the skies,
Candidates will shake our hand,
Kiss our babies, tell us lies.
When it comes to righting wrongs,
They will speak with many tongues.

Would that I could find a way
To recognize an honest man,
When, upon Election Day,
I drop my ballot in the can.
Why to I feel that, to my sorrow,
Nothing will have changed tomorrow.

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Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

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Chapter 9

Two men arrived in Whitehorse in the spring of 1938 representing a New York company. They had brought with them a three-eighth yard dragline mounted on crawler tracks, which they wanted driven to Bullion Creek which ran into the Slim's River near Kluane Lake. There was no wheeled vehicle in the country that could carry it.

They intended to set up a gold mining operation using the dragline to put the gravel into sluice boxes. I was hired as the operator. A young fellow named Ross McLeod was a helper and Carl Bryden an older man was the cook. We would pull a horse wagon behind the machine, which could carry our camping gear, enough food for ten days (the expected time to Kluane Lake) and the gas and oil for the machine.

It was one hundred fifty miles to Christmas Bay on Kluane Lake, which was the end of the road. Along the way there were a few white people at Champagne, sixty-four miles

out, a man and wife at Bear Creek, one hundred fifteen miles, and a white man with a native wife and family on the south shore of Kluane Lake at a place called Silver. So there would not be much help if we needed any.

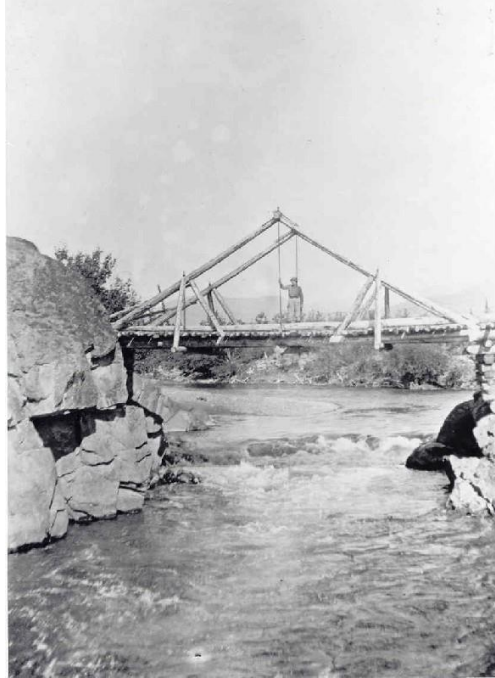
There were only six log and pole bridges on the entire route but none of them was sufficiently strong to carry the machine. All the streams and rivers would have to be forded except the Takhini River, which had a ferry, and Canyon Creek, which was not fordable. We would have to strengthen that bridge to carry us.

A truck was to follow in ten days with the bucket for the machine, gas and oil to last the summer, food and other equipment. A powerboat and barge would meet us at Christmas Bay. It belonged to the Jacquot brothers who lived at the north end of Kluane Lake at Burwash. The barge would take us across the lake to Fish Camp near the mouth of the Slim's River. From there to Bullion Creek we would travel on our own power taking everything with us as any re-supply would have to be carried on our backs for the twelve miles from Fish Camp to Bullion. The machine had a top speed of three miles an hour so it was going to be a slow journey.



Burwash with two tourists (Left in "City Clothes").
? Dickson center in coveralls, Gene Jacquot on right in coveralls.
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

We got to Canyon Creek okay, strengthened the bridge and got across. The Jarvis River was too deep for the machine to ford using the engine so I left the wagon on the south shore, put the transmission in gear, stood on the counter weight and cranked it across by hand. After it was dried out, we put a long cable on the wagon and pulled it across. We reached Christmas Bay in seven days.



Canyon Creek Bridge

May be Gene Jacquot or Shorty Chambers on the bridge deck.

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Ten days after we had left Whitehorse there was no boat from Burwash and no trucks so we were very low on food and were rationing what we did have. We walked back to Silver where the white man and native family lived to see if we could get any food. As we approached the house we could not see a soul around. We knocked on the door and were greeted by a tall slim man named Jack Hayden. He invited us inside. We did not see his wife or the many children that I knew he had but while we were sitting and talking I noticed a door that did not have a knob assembly just the hole for one. There was always an eye peering through it so I knew the kids were watching us. They probably would not see a dozen strangers a year so we would be of great interest to them.



Burwash – Lillian Harbottle 2nd from left – 1920's

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Jack could not give us any food as he was short himself. They were living on fish, which they netted in the lake. We left and returned to camp and waited.

One day Ross told me that Carl the cook was getting up in the night and eating. This was a serious problem as we were all hungry. We were sleeping outside, as we did not have a tent so I told Ross we would pretend to be asleep that night and if Carl got up we would catch him.

It was daylight all night now so it was easy to see when Carl got up after midnight and started eating. I quietly got out of bed and taking a Colt forty-five revolver that I always carried on trips like this, sneaked up behind him and put the barrel against his neck. He just froze and had a terrified look on his face. I said, "*What are you doing, Carl?*" He just sputtered for a while and finally said he was getting breakfast ready. Ross and I both tore into him verbally and told him what we thought of anyone who would pull a trick like that. He promised never to do it again so we let it go at that.

An Indian man I knew from Champagne showed up one day. He was a fine fellow and one of the best hunters in the country. His name was Jimmy Joe. He showed us how to catch fish without using white man's gear and how to find and dig roots which were edible and tasted like potatoes. He stayed two days and we were back eating rather elegantly again.

Of course, there was no communication of any sort in the country so we were in the dark as to what was going on with the boat and truck. I did know that the people who owned the boat lived an easy life. One day to another meant little to them so they would come down the lake when it was convenient for them regardless of the appointment they had made.

Eventually the trucks showed up with all our supplies and then a couple of days later the boat arrived with the barge. We loaded the machine into the barge, which was enough of a load for it. The rest of the gear would have to be brought later. The barge had never been this low in the water before so the seams between planks were leaking badly. It required constant bailing to keep it afloat. We decided we could keep up to it so the boat took the barge under tow using a long rope. Ross and I were in the barge bailing. Everyone else was on the boat. When we were well out in the lake the tow rope was untied from the boat, which turned and headed toward Silver. I asked them what they were doing and they replied they were going to see Hayden and would be back shortly. I grabbed my rifle and pointed it at them and told them if they did not come back and take up the tow I would fill their boat full of holes. That convinced them and they picked up the rope and continued across the lake. At Fish Camp the machine was unloaded and the boat and barge returned for another load.

There was a fine old gentleman in his seventies named Alex Fisher living all alone at Fish Camp. He lived mostly on white fish, which were plentiful, and his large garden. All our activity was quite a change for him, as he probably would not see more than six

people a year as he was completely off the beaten track. He had a nice log cabin with another vacant one near by which he let us use for storage. He had a small round-bottom boat with a one lung engine which he seldom used as he preferred to row. Gasoline here was very precious but we had plenty with us so he did not have any more worries about that.



Burwash 1930's

Mrs. Harbottle center, Gene Jacquot left. Mrs. Harbottle's girl friend right of center wearing and funnel for a hat.

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

When everything was at Fish Camp we started loading the wagons. A second one had been brought from Burwash. We had the boom and bucket for the machine so we were going to have a heavy load to pull.

The Slim's River flats were a two-mile expanse of glacier mud deposited here by the Slim's River, which came from a large glacier of the same name. The flats extended for at least twelve miles up the valley the way we would be going. It was treacherous stuff to travel on, as there was much quicksand. I had heard many stories of horse parties bogging down while traversing this area. There was no road or trail so we made our way the best we could. We did have a wagon go down but with the boom on the machine we were able to lift it up onto good ground without too much effort.

The first creek we had to ford was Sheep Creek. It had a good rocky bottom so was no problem. Ten miles up the valley was Bullion Creek. That was a different proposition as it was glacier fed. In the cool of the morning, it was knee deep and twelve feet across. On a hot afternoon with a wind blowing, however, it could be a roaring torrent five feet deep and thirty feet across and very swift. We got across at low stage then had a two-mile climb up a rock canyon to where we were going to do the mining.

There was a cabin there about twenty by forty that had been built by a mining company thirty-two years earlier. It was owned by a man named Breeze and was still in good shape so we moved in making it our eating and sleeping quarters.

An elderly and portly man right off the New York cement had come out with the trucks to be in charge of the operation. He did not know anything about this type of operation or living either, so he was no asset. He would not do any work either so we did it our way.

While Ross and Carl built wooden sluice boxes from the lumber they could scrounge and the few boards we had brought, I started damming and redirecting the creek into another channel as we were going to be mining in the channel it was using. When that was done I went down the dry channel and started digging a bedrock drain. When I got that back to bedrock we set up the boxes and started sluicing.

I had made arrangements with the truck driver named Bruddy Cyr whom I had grown up with to bring out my wife on his next supply trip. On the appointed day Ross and I walked the twelve miles down to Fish Camp and borrowed Alex Fisher's boat to go over to Christmas Bay to pick her up. It was a pleasant day so we enjoyed the ride, which was five miles. The rendezvous went off perfectly this time but it was late in the afternoon before we started back with my wife and her baggage. The rest of the stuff would come later as the boat was small and had quite a bit of rotten wood in it. The lake looked good with a long low swell but when we were a mile from shore a strong south wind came up and the waves were soon four feet high.

I had known that Kluane Lake was treacherous and these squalls could come up in a moment. Many boats had been wrecked and many people drowned so I was pretty worried. We only had one life preserver, which I put on my wife. Ross steered and I draped myself over the engine to keep the water that was coming over the bow from drowning it. If it quit we would really be in a bad way. I was afraid the boat would come apart anytime as it was pounding very hard but it held. It was after dark before we got to Fish Camp where we stayed until morning.

Leaving Fish Camp, Ross and I had very heavy backpacks and my wife carried what she could. It was afternoon when we got to Bullion Creek, which was running high and would be above our belts. Being the gallant type I proposed to carry my wife across so she would not get wet or cold as the water was right off the ice. With the pack on my back, my wife in my arms, Ross downstream to hold and steady me, we started across. We did fine until we were within about five feet of the other shore where I tripped on a rock and fell forward putting my wife right under water and holding her there as the pack had gone up on my head and I could not straighten up. My wife was kicking and squirming trying to get above water and it seemed ages before Ross pulled down on my pack and got me up. My wife was now wetter and colder than she would have been if she had walked across. With the warm sun and the two-mile walk to camp, she was soon dry again. This would be a good introduction as to what her life would be like at Bullion Creek.

Things were going as well as could be expected considering the location, conditions and equipment. None was good but we were recovering some gold.

* * * * *

One hot windy day we had just sat down to supper when the roaring noise of the creek, which we could always hear, changed its sound. I rushed outdoors to see why and there it was back in its old channel right where we were digging. We were going to lose everything if we did not hurry. Everyone rushed down to the operation. The dragline was pitched forward and ready to go down the drain. I jumped aboard, fired up and got out of there just in time. The others were pulling the boxes and other gear clear. A nice little two-inch gas pump we used to pump out the drain was out of sight under many feet of gravel and just the hose, which had come up to, the top of the bank was visible. The pump was the only thing we lost. The drain filled in until you could not tell that we had ever worked there. The creek was absolutely wild. We had never seen it that high before. We had to start all over again digging a bedrock drain and putting the creek back in the other channel with a better dam. It did not take too long and we were back sluicing again.

* * * * *

Packing in the supplies from Fish Camp was a terrible chore but there was no other way of doing it. Of course, we had no refrigeration so we dug a hole beside the creek and put a large can in it where we put in what we wanted to keep cool. A tight lid was put on and we let the ice cold water run around it. That worked very well.

When we shut down at the end of the season, we put everything up where the creek could not get to it, boarded up the windows on the house and started walking out. Sometime before this a mining engineer who represented the company had come in to supervise the operation. He was very officious and arrogant so was not too popular with the rest of us. As he was European, he was hard to understand as well. We had left late in the day so when we arrived at the crossing of Bullion Creek it was running very high. I refused to cross and so did the others but this character said he would show us how to cross swift streams. He took everything from his lower pockets and put it in his breast pockets. Then he tightened the straps on the little pack he had on his back. He searched around until he found a pole to steady himself and then waded in. When he was out away the water was well above his belt and he was having trouble with his feet. Every time he lifted one, the current tried to wash it away and each step was a problem. He was nearly to the halfway point when he got turned slightly downstream and with the current behind him, he soon started to run until he tripped and went down. Then he started turning end over end going with the current. He could not regain his footing so went along like that until he was washed to the opposite shore at a bend in the creek where he pulled himself out and laid on the ground coughing up water.

We had followed on the bank but no one volunteered to jump in to help him. I laughed as loud as I could so he would be sure to hear me. We then built a camp and settled down for the night. He was on the other side but we had the food and it stayed that way for the night.

In the morning the creek was down to just above the knees and we crossed with no problems. When we arrived at Fish Camp, we met a fellow named Harry Fromme and his sister Gladys. They had been gold mining on Sheep Creek using the hand method.

That night we spread our sleeping robes in a little grassy field out in the open and got in them. It was not long before there were shouts and squeals all over the place. The field was crawling with mice and they were running down inside the robes. I chased one around the foot of mine until he shot out the top again. Then I moved out onto the lakeshore and so did the others.

Harry and Gladys became my lifetime friends and we had many associations after that.



Burwash – Cutting wood 1920's or 1930's
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

When we arrived at Christmas Bay we met a Canadian Army Captain and his wife. He was in charge of the Army Signal Station at Whitehorse and had gone to Burwash to check on a radio station that Pan American Airways had put in there to help their planes on the flight from Fairbanks to Whitehorse. He had come out in his Model A Ford and was now going back to Whitehorse. He offered my wife and me a ride. We gladly accepted and we had a pleasant trip home.

(To be continued.)

POSSIBILITIES

(for my son)

By Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

Anything is possible, son,
You only need have faith.
Unicorns exist, dragons really fly,
And dreams are completely safe.

Believe in yourself

And all else becomes real.
Faith is all you will ever need
To know what is, is what you feel.

Listen to your feelings, son,
They will never steer you wrong.
When all else has failed you
Cling to your faith that is strong.

Don't let others sway you
With their safely deadened dreams.
Continue searching out new pathways;
Nothing in the world is what it seems.

Each tomorrow will be a new beginning
Clothed in the guise of common things.
Use each second wisely
And you will know the joy living brings.

SOURTOE COCKTAIL

Dawson City

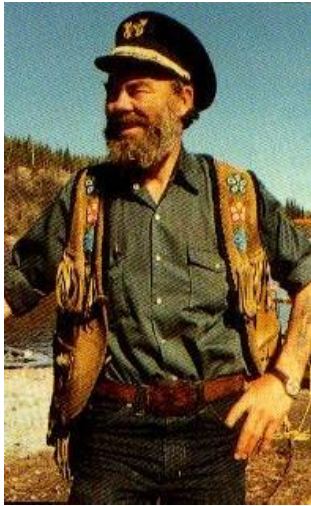
Prepared by Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net

Have you ever heard of the Sourtoe Cocktail Club? No? Well when I was growing up in the Yukon I had heard about the Sourtoe Cocktail and could hardly wait to experience it first hand. My chance came in the mid seventies. I eagerly entered the Downtown Hotel and, sure enough, there was a group of people waiting their turn to drink a cocktail with a petrified human toe in it. Boy, I thought, what Yukoners won't do for excitement!

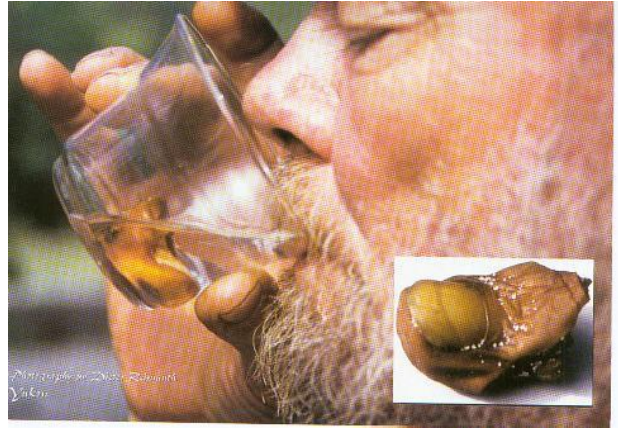
In September 1973 Captain Dick Stevenson found a human toe under the floorboards of an abandoned cabin. For years the story of an Ice Worm drink made famous in a Robert Service poem intrigued many a sourdough. This gave Dick an idea. If a worm could make history why not a toe? Thus was born the Sourtoe Cocktail.

It became a success. Take one dried up, preserved-in-salt, pickled human toe (donated of course) out of its small wooden treasure chest and put it in a cocktail. Brave souls drink the cocktail, allowing the toe to touch their lips. They are then rewarded with a certificate. I had my chance and I'd like to say there was nothing to it. Wrong! It was gross, disgusting, and many more superlatives I won't bother adding. But I got my certificate and I was officially inaugurated into the now known "Yukon Order of the Sour-toe Cocktail Club". After all that work I misplaced it when I moved to Alberta.

Many people have been awarded their certificate. The ages range from a 6-month old child to a 91 year old who swallowed the toe. There are approximately 15,000 members of the Club that span the globe.



Dick Stevenson, left



As far as I know there have been seven different toes. Some were swallowed by over-eager drinkers; some taken and one lost. Why anyone would want to take it is beyond me. I guess you could put it on your coffee table and when guests come over you could open up the evening with a demonstration.



Photo taken outside Downtown Hotel in Dawson
Donna Clayson Photo

Bill Stevenson was captain of the Yukon Lou and when Bill Holmes took over the tour boat he also acquired the toe.

At one time no toe could be found to replace the last one that was accidentally thrown out by an employee. After the drink is done and before the toe is placed back into his chest a napkin is used to dry it off. The paper-covered toe must have been picked up and discarded. Whoops. A plea went out over the media inquiring if anyone did not need his or her toe that it would have a good home at the Downtown Hotel. Even a call to Jay Leno and David Letterman was no help. Apparently you can purchase a replica made by Charlie's Chocolate Factory in Vancouver which is made out of dark Belgian chocolate and molded from a cast of the toe and sold in miniature coffins but it certainly doesn't replace the real thing.

If anyone has a certificate a scanned copy for the readers would be appreciated. – Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net

CRANBROOK CHAPTER OF YUKONERS

Submitted by Carol Buzzell buzzy.cj*shaw.ca

On Sunday, May 30th, a group of Yukoners' met at the Prestige Inn here in Cranbrook for a luncheon. This was a pilot project organized by Cliff Armstrong, with the assistance of Moge Mogenson. It was a very memorable event, everyone had so much to talk about, events past and present, memories of their loved homeland, the Yukon. Strangely enough, we all had connections with one another in some phase of our lives, be it knowing the same people, living in the same place at one time or another, it was just like "old home week". Our luncheon lasted until the early afternoon hours, I am sure the servers were beginning to wonder if we were to be there all day. We all hated it to have to come to an end, promising one another that we would keep in contact, but without further adieu we all went our separate ways. We held some discussion about hosting a BBQ later on in the summer, with an open invitation to everyone in Moc Tel's address book, plus their families and friends, this item on the agenda was very well received. There will be a definite date for this event posted in a future issue of Moc Tel.

Cranbrook's Mayor, Ross Priest, (local Liberal candidate for the up-coming Federal election) and his wife, Susan, were in attendance as well. Susan was born and raised in Whitehorse, Mr. Priest worked there as well prior to their marriage. Good luck, Ross.

After some discussion, we all unanimously decided that we would make this luncheon an annual event, again, posting will be inserted in the column.

Special recognition was portrayed to our "Editor in Chief" --Sherron Jones, for the work that she has done to keep all of us together and very well informed with the issues, old and new, from the Yukon -- the home that we all dearly loved. Thank you, Sherron, keep up the excellent work for its a task well executed, a task that none of us realize the hours that are dedicated in the production of this weekly newsletter.

Enclosed are some pictures that were taken, along with the list of names of the people that were in attendance.

We will be posting the info for the BBQ as plans are put into place.

List of persons:

Lenora Golden	Mogey Mogenson	Michael & Jan Williams, (Kluane Lake -
- Careywood, Idaho)		
Cliff & Betty Armstrong	Sue Pattison (Mayo)	Chelsea Kindruchuk
Carol Buzzell (Hume)	Karen Hotte (Haines Jctn.)	Shawn Harris
Ed & Heather Russell	Patti Lehman	Ross & Susan Priest



Yukoners Luncheon, Cranbrook, May, 2004
Photo courtesy Mogey Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca



Facing us Chelsea, Mayor Ross Priest, wife Susan, Shawn Harris, Karen Hotte, Mogey,
Lenora Golden (Mogey's Mom).

Photo courtesy Mogey Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca



Right side of table: Patti Lehman, Sue Pattinson, Ed Russell, Heather Russell, Susan Armstrong, Janice & Michael Williams

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca

LAST WEEKS BEAVER CREEK PHOTOS

The only stores I remember from beaver creek were 1 on the south end, which I would guess as the one in the picture and that was Liveseys. His first name was John the other store was owned by Beat and Lou Ledergerber. Beat also owned the sawmill south of town and their store was at the north end it remained open long after Livesey's closed down.

Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca

Hi Sherron, the picture of the old store in Beaver Creek was owned and operated by John & Freda Livesey. Freda died many years ago and we think John moved to Vancouver Island? More later.

Dianne Sutherland w-dsutherland*pocketmail.com

Good afternoon Sherron...with regards to the old store in beaver creek, it belonged to John and Freda Livesey and was called 'Livesey's General Store'...my last recollection of this store was our trip to Alaska in '72 or '73, we stopped at this store and bought some groceries for the trip including lots of fresh fruit, when we arrived at customs we were promptly told we could not take any citrus fruit across the border into Alaska, so we turned around and parked in the rest area and indulged in all the fruit we had purchased and you can just about guess the rest of the story...

Cheers Ron & Iris Wilson irwilson*yknet.ca

Re: Beaver Creek Store. We arrived in Beaver Creek, Christmas, 1965 and remained there with Canada Customs until September 1969 and the only store we had then was John Livesey's general store about 2 miles down the hi-way from Beaver Creek. I'm wondering where this little store in the picture was taken.

Brownie Foth lfoth*shaw.ca

Hi Sherron: I too would have liked to have attended the reunion in Beaver Creek. I even happened to be in the Yukon at the time but with helping my Father get moved and all it just did not work out. I liked the pictures that Patty Miller sent in about the reunion. I went to school in that school for 8 years. It was a two-room school that was pink in colour at that time. Grade kindergarten through to grade 4 in one room and grade 5 through 8 in the next room. I used to board with people in Beaver Creek during the week and go home on weekend as we lived 55 miles south at a lodge that my parents built. It was pretty tough as I was away from home all the time except on weekends and summer holidays. The lodge is still there today and is owned by a lady named Karman. I looked forward to attending the reunion but as I said it just did not work out.

I also remember the customs house that is now the mini mart. I remember it as the customs house and the customs officials lived in the houses behind it. We always knew when someone tried to run the border because a big siren would go off to either stop them or remind them or get the R.C.M.P. after them. I remember that as you look at the picture, that about 500 yards to the right was the fire hall and just to the left was the road that went down to the school and the community club.

That picture of the old Beaver creek store is taken just south of Beaver Creek a couple of miles and is right beside the Beaver Creek bridge. John and Freda Livesey used to own it. I believe if memory serves me correctly it was called Livesey's store or something like that. Sandy Campbell can most likely help there as she was older than me at the time. She may even remember where they went and her dad might remember the year. They were fairly old when I was going to school up there. They closed down and moved south as I think Freda was not well at the time. I believe that she passed away a few years later. I seem to recall some time later that I heard that John had passed on as well. I don't recall when that was. I am sure the picture will jog some memories and this bit of info will help as well. This should help Patty remember as well. I don't recognize her name but she might have been in Beaver Creek when the pump station was still running or in the older grades when I first went up there or something.

Anyway I am enjoying the Motel. A lot of the pictures I recognize the locations. Karen Hotte out of Cranbrook who just signed up there a little while back is my niece on my wife's side. I also recognize a lot of the names on the list as well.

Anyway, keep up the good work.

Thanks Tyrone Mogenson tydonn@hotmail.com

I had to laugh at your pay phone list. I clicked on it for fun and when I scrolled down through it the locations in the Beaver Creek area made me kind of chuckle. The 1147, 1167, 1204 sites and so on are all the old mile post locations from the old Alaska Highway mile posts. The 1147 location is the mile post where my parents built the lodge. I do believe that Karman still has the original mile post. It was right in our front yard and

when they were switching over to kilometers I went out and pulled up the post and brought it in. I believe it then became kilometer 1845 or thereabouts. The old mile post for Beaver Creek was 1202 and it used to be right across the road from the customs building. A little piece of trivia for you.

Tyrone



"Kluane MLA Gary McRobb flips pancakes at Beaver Creek's 50-year reunion"

Photo courtesy Gary McRobb gdmcrobb@yknet.yk.ca



Yukon Crocus

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

YUKON FLOWERS

I passed a patch of fireweed coming home the other day. And I remembered car trips along the Klondike Highway in 1955 with the rolling hills fireweed pink to the hilltops on either side. I left the North before fireweed was made the territorial flower but rejoiced when it was.

I wonder if children still find the rare patch of "crocus" (mountain anemone) in the spring around Whitehorse and Dawson. I will never have the same appreciation for true crocuses in their radiant abundance that I had for those softly colored, softly furred Yukon crocuses. Each spring, I would climb Burns Hill every few days waiting to find the first

crocus, then again and again until there were enough to pick one small bouquet to take home. By that time, the first lupins were emerging.

I probably still have the pressed mountain orchid that my grandfather brought back from the Black Hills in the summer of 1953. He told me it was one of the flowers that Mrs. Martha Black had discovered and written about. Tiny, a deep purple that lasted at least 40 years, it spoiled me for the muddy mauve orchids so cherished by women of the 60's.

I wonder if the "stink weed" I brought home to my mother and grandmother is indigenous to the Yukon or whether it was imported. Motherhood seems to require presentation of at least one bouquet of these pretty blue flowers by each very small child. And every small child, wherever I have lived, has found that bouquet.

If no one sent you the obituary for Anita Anderson, let me know and I shall forward it to you. I have been so busy lately; I hadn't even read the last MocTel before I see there is another one. I am really enjoying the Bud Harbottle chapters, can hardly wait to pass them on to Dad. I did dig out the pictures that I am going to bring to Vernon for you to peruse. I hope to get up in early July.

I have been making good use of Henry's computer tips.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

HOUGEN'S EARLY LOCATION

Hi Sherron Just thought I would mention re section of Moc/Tel about Bill Speer it stated that Hougen's Watkins store started out in section of the Whitepass Hotel. I remember their first store was a white house on the corner of second and Wood St.

Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca

Fred is right I went back to the Hougen site and sure enough there is the description of the store at Second and Wood in 1944. I had also mistakenly stated Watkins and it was Rawleigh.

<http://www.hougens.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1940s/1940s.aspx?year40=1944>

It was not until August 1946 that the store moved to the White Pass Hotel. See another photo at this link.

<http://www.hougens.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1940s/1940s.aspx?year40=1946>

DAWSON AREA ROADHOUSE OPERATED BY

Just in case you're interested, Mrs. Harry McDonnell's first name was Josephine. This information came from Myrna Butterworth.

Emily Stillwell

OBITUARIES

Obituaries (06/15/04)

MORRISON _ Ian Cowley, **son of Ewen Morrison (Master of the S.S. KENO, Dawson City, YT)** and Morag MacLeod, both of Scalpay (Harris), Scotland, passed away June 13, 2004 at 81. Survived by his wife of 56 years Margaret (nee Taylor); son Douglas (Gail Helmcken); daughter Kathleen Bain (Mitchell); grandsons, Spencer and Willie Morrison; twin brother Bill (Dionne); nephews, John and Allan and niece Janet; cousin, Willie, Katie Mary and family on Scalpay and Harris. **Predeceased by brother Gordon. Born Ladner, BC and raised in Whitehorse, YT** and West Point Grey. **Career with Lord and Taylor, Whitehorse,** and 37 years with the Hudson Bay Company, Vancouver, where he was President of the Beaver Club. A lifetime member of West Point Grey Presbyterian Church, Ian was Clerk of Session, an Elder and tenor in the choir. He was an ardent and accomplished lawn bowler with WPGLBC. Service 2:00 pm Monday, June 21 at West Point Grey Presbyterian Church, 4397 W. 12th Avenue, Vancouver. Private interment. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the West Point Grey Presbyterian Church Memorial Fund. Walkey & Company Funeral Directors 604-738-0006

Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

Obituaries (06/15/04)

JOHNSON _ On June 11, 2004 Mrs. Sarah Ann Johnson passed away at Dr. Helmcken Hospital, Clearwater at the age of 88 years. She is survived by son Robert Norman; a special daughter-in-law Patcharin Johnson; two grandchildren Byron and George; also nieces Barrie Eastgate of Surrey and Judy Foreman of Oliver, B.C. Sarah was born July 10, 1915 in Vancouver, B.C. **Sarah taught at native schools throughout B.C. and the Yukon, Vancouver Island, Kispiox and Mayo 1944 to 1947. She returned to Mayo in 1986 to visit old students and friends. After leaving Yukon she moved to Birch Island in 1951 to teach.** There met her husband Robert Johnson and they married in 1955. Together they had one child Robert Norman. Another move to Mission to teach in Deroche in the early 1960's and then a move to Barriere in 1964, she retired from teaching full-time only to substitute. She resided in Barriere and cared for her family and father-in-law Ole Johnson. Her husband Robert passed away in 1976 and Ole in 1985 and she remained in Barriere until health failed. Her passion was bowling and bingo and she loved a good hand of bridge. Memorial Service will be held on Friday, June 18, 2004 at 2:00 p.m. at the Barriere United Church, Barriere, B.C. Arrangements entrusted to Schoening Funeral Service, Kamloops, B.C., telephone (250) 374-1454.

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Thanks Sherron,

Ewen we better knew as Huey Morrison, and I sailed under him in 1942 when I first started steamboating on the Keno. That Lord and Taylor I would say was a person not knowing about businesses up there. Suspect it was Taylor and Drury as he followed with Hudson Bay. I have seen mistakes like this before where folks think they heard a certain thing and don't know the difference. Interesting though, and thanks for thinking of me.

Johnson does not ring a bell as her maiden name is not stated. I was in Mayo in 1946-47, but would suspect she was teaching at the village below Mayo. I was in Mayo from Sept. 1946 to March 1947 so that is why I enjoyed the -80 degrees on Feb. 3rd at Mayo. Surprisingly a month later at Whitehorse it was thawing.

Henry Breaden

REMOVED FROM LIST

Sherron: You may take us off your mailing list as we do not open your emails because of past virus possibilities. Thank you, sk
KRASEMANN, Stephen & Barb yukonwildlife@northwestel.net (In Yukon since?)
Carcross Rd

Dear Sherron I am getting a lot of mail these days and wonder if you would please delete me from the MocTel mailing list? I enjoyed the information at the beginning but found that it got overwhelming in the past months. Thank you for your work on this project.

Sincerely Carol Pearce

PEARCE, Carol (MUNROE) caroleh@look.ca (Born Dawson, Whse 1966-68) Vanc

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I'm enjoying receiving your newsletter – keep up the good work! I've changed my e-mail to alexis.hill@telus.net.

Alexis Hill Victoria, BC

I have finally given in to the pressure of the Spammers. I'm now receiving hundreds of spam emails each day. Totally takes up time and makes it extremely difficult to sort out real from the garbage.

Please note my new email address: ron1@hopeforhealth.com

Thanks for making the change and I hope to hear from you via my new address.

Sincerely, Ron Garner

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

We are all born ignorant, but one must work hard to remain stupid. - Benjamin Franklin

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Freda Maylor fredamaylor*excite.com

Rhubarb Crumb Tart

CRUST

1 c all purpose flour
1 tsp baking powder
3 tblsp confectioners sugar
1/3 cup butter or margarine
1 egg, beaten
4 tsp milk

FILLING

3 cups diced rhubarb
1 pkg strawberry gelatin

TOPPING

1/2 c all purpose flour
1 c sugar
1/3 cup butter or margarine

Preheat oven to 350

For crust, mix flour, baking powder and confectioners sugar in a bowl. Cut in butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add egg and milk; stir until a ball forms. Pat into a greased 11 x 7 x 2 inch pan.

Place rhubarb in crust. Sprinkle gelatin over rhubarb. In a small bowl, mix topping ingredients together until crumbly. Sprinkle over rhubarb mixture. Bake at 350 for 45 – 50 minutes.

Hamburger Soup

Submitted by Henry Breaden

1-1/2 Lbs. Ground beef)
1 Medium Onion) Brown and drain
1 Can. Tomatoes
2 Cans of water / if needed
4 Carrots sliced thin
1 Cup Celery chopped

½ Cup Rice
½ Teaspoon Thyme
2 Potatoes chopped
1 Cup Corn (frozen) or
1 Cup Peas (frozen)
1 Tsp. Salt and pepper
1 Tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce
Simmer covered 2 hours

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.*** There will be an article in the next newsletter coming out in a couple of weeks. 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 the hill, 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, I hope this helps.

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

(I have just read the Okanagan Yukoners Newsletter and find that there is a slight change. The Gazebo is only to be used by this group until 1 PM and then an area right across the road can be used through until 3 PM.

It is a potluck lunch so bring something to share and you are expected to bring your own plates, utensils and beverages. - Sherron)

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
seaair*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