

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Sixty Eighth Edition- June 27, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Fire Totem

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

THE CAMERA OF JAMIE MACDUFF

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Now Jamie MacDuff, he was Scottish enough,
With the blood of a Highland Clan.
And wherever he'd tarry, for ever he'd carry
His digital camera in hand.

When for parties they gather, most people would rather
Dispense with the pictures and stuff,
They may think they are hid, but they can not get rid,
Of the Camera of Jamie MacDuff.

When his grand children reach for a shell on the beach,
Or go for a swim in the ocean,
It will be there to catch every movement of each,
And to note every action or motion.
When they ride on the board it is there to record,
Every trick, be it easy or tough,
They may wake-board all day, but they can't get away
From the Camera of Jamie MacDuff.

When his friends come around for a night on the town,

Or the family in-laws drop by,
They may sit there and gape, but they can not escape,
The range of that hideous eye.
They may hide under cover, but still it will hover,
And they know they'll be caught soon enough,
Whether formally posed or just picking their nose,
By the Camera of Jamie MacDuff.

So if you have a reason, on a future occasion.
To visit with Jamie some day,
Remember that you will be there in full view
Of that camera that's hidden away.
And if you've the right to remain overnight.
If you're prone to repose in the buff,
You'll be caught in the end by that wandering lens
Of the Camera of Jamie MacDuff.

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Chapter 10



Sandy Yeulet on Overland Stage
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Three prospectors, Langham, Forrest and Majors had found a good gold-quartz showing at Mt. Freegold about forty-five miles north and west of Carmacks. As tunnelling underground was necessary, they had driven a tunnel by hand about a hundred feet and had found rich veins running all through the quartz. It was too big for three men and

required capital to exploit it. They made a deal with T.C. Richards who was a prominent businessman in Whitehorse. He and his partner Neil Keobke, who was a first-class mechanic, owned and operated the overland stage between Whitehorse and Dawson. The proposal was to take in a sawmill, build a processing mill and mechanize the mining operation.

I was to be the cat skinner so I started out of Whitehorse with a D-4 cat and two sleighs loaded with supplies and equipment. At Carmacks I picked up twenty men and proceeded another fourteen miles along the old Dawson Trail where we left the road and started chopping out a cat road thirty miles to Freegold. As the creeks and ground were frozen solid there was no problem crossing the swampy ground or muskeg. The trees were cut and I just ran over the bush. The idea was to move as quickly as possible to get the men in so they could start building a camp. The road could be improved later. We readied the site in the middle of the night and everyone was exhausted.

The sawmill had to be set up, logs hauled in for milling and the lumber hauled to the camp and mill site. As **there were no bulldozer blades invented yet**, the cat was no help making excavations and they had to be done by hand. Everything was in a gully. The tunnel portal was at the top, the mill just below it and the camp about three hundred yards farther down the mountain where the only level ground was available.

The mill was built in tiers so the gold bearing rock could move down through it by gravity. At the top was the hopper where the rock from underground was dumped. Then it went into a crusher, a ball mill where it was pulverized, then into the processing vats and finally the waste came out the bottom.

The cat was kept as busy as a little bee hauling logs from the woods for the mill, moving things around for the builders and running out to Yukon Crossing for supplies. It was thirty-six miles one way on the old Whitehorse-Dawson Road to Yukon Crossing, the closest place with buildings. There was no one living there but there was a place where we could stay overnight and supplies and equipment were left for us there by the overland stages.

I arrived there one very cold night, forty-five below, with the boss' son as helper. Cecil Richards was nineteen years old, husky and strong and an excellent worker. He put the cat in an old horse barn and started a fire in the stove, which would keep it warm overnight. I went into our living quarters which was as cold inside as outside, started a fire and was preparing supper when Cecil came in and got the water buckets to go down to the river. He would get water if he could chop a hole through the ice. If not, he would fill the buckets with ice, which was melted on the stove. He took a Coleman gas lamp with him to see the way. When he came back he said he had heard a wolf or coyote up the river howling. That was a common occurrence and we thought no more of it.

We were sitting eating our supper some time later when there was a great bang on the door. We both jumped out of our seats, as there should not have been a human being within at least twenty-five miles of us. I opened the door and there was a ghost-like

figure. It was a man covered with ice from the top of his head to his feet. He had a big dog on a chain.

Cecil and I stood there like idiots not believing what we were seeing. The ghost asked, "*Can I come in?*" We came to our senses and helped him inside to a chair by the fire. He was almost frozen solid. We peeled off what clothes we could but had to cut off all his footgear. His feet, when he tapped them on the floor, made the same sound as a hammer would on the bare boards.

We started the thawing process by putting his feet in a pan of water with plenty of ice in it so they would not thaw too quickly. After his clothes were all off he was wrapped in one on our warmed sleeping bags and hot soup was poured into him. His fingers were frozen, too, so we gave them the cold-water treatment. It would be a long, slow, very painful procedure but necessary as fast thawing would ruin the flesh and he would probably lose them. While we were attending him, he told us what had happened.

He was a woodcutter living about six miles up the Yukon River from where we were. He was cutting wood for the riverboats, which would use it in the summer time. He was running low on supplies so decided to walk down the frozen river to Yukon Crossing where he knew we got in large amounts of supplies every week. He had a small pack on his back, a rifle and was leading his big husky dog on a chain. It was dark and the dog had been going ahead helping to pull him along. Suddenly the dog stopped and had to be coaxed along and pulled. He said he never gave it a thought except that maybe the dog was tired or just being ornery. The ice had broken and he fell in. The water was over his head but he held onto the chain and the dog pulled him out onto firm ice. He ran to shore where there was timber to light a fire but his matches were all wet so he left his pack and rifle and started running with the dog for the Crossing two miles away. The ice was very rough and in the dark he fell many times. Eventually, he saw a light down river ahead of him so he hollered as loudly as he could hoping someone would hear him as he was getting near the end of his endurance. That was the wolf or coyote Cecil had heard while getting water.



Ice Jam at Yukon Crossing
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

We worked on him all night and he really went through hell, as the pain was very severe. In the morning still wrapped in the sleeping robes, he was loaded on the sleigh and we took him to Carmacks where we sent a telegram to Whitehorse to send a snowmobile for him. I saw this fellow several months later and he was as good as new. He had not lost any fingers or toes to gangrene and he was grateful.

* * * * *

A little later on I went out for a load of supplies with another young fellow named Ross for a helper. We were within four miles of the Dawson Road when after going over a particularly rough piece of ground, the main cross spring of the cat broke letting the front end of the machine sit on the ground. We had absolutely nothing to jury-rig a spring so after draining the water from the engine and radiator, we abandoned it and started walking to a cabin about a mile ahead of us. We had used it before and it was in pretty fair shape. We over-nighted there and in the morning started walking to Carmacks seventeen miles away.

The trail had six inches of new snow which made it very difficult walking. We stopped at noon, built a big fire and had something to eat. Then we were up and on our way. It was not long before Ross was insisting that we stop and rest. That meant lighting a fire because we were perspiring and our muscles would probably seize up as neither one of us was used to walking, especially under tough conditions that we were experiencing. We were going up an exceptionally long hill four miles from Carmacks when I finally said, "*Okay, we'll stop*".

There was a small gully with dry wood that we could get in out of the wind. We had a fire started and going well when Ross backed into a fallen tree that had about a foot of snow on it. The snow fell on the fire and it was dead so I said, "*That's it. I'm going on*". Ross was not about to be left alone in a strange piece of territory in the winter so he followed after me. I stepped up the pace and gradually drew far enough ahead that I would be around a bend in the road (and there were many) before he was around the last one so that I was out of his sight. As long as he could not see me I knew he would keep going. I arrived in Carmacks and Ross shortly after. He accused me of abandoning him. When I told him why I had done that, he had trouble believing me.

I telegraphed Whitehorse for the parts I needed and they sent back word to take a small two-ton gas cat that was in Carmacks and go back and haul supplies. That was about all the little cat would haul. The camp had to be kept supplied with food. The day the stage was to bring the parts I was at the junction of our road and the Dawson Trail to meet them. Along with the parts was T.C. Richards the owner, and his wife. He wanted to go into the mine on an inspection trip. Off we went with the two of them wrapped in fur robes riding on an open sleigh. We threw off the parts at the broken down cat and carried on to the mine.



T.C., T. Cecil, Bobby and Bernadine Richards
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

He stayed two days. On a bitterly cold morning we started back with the intention of repairing the disabled cat and then carry on with it to Carmacks where he and his wife would wait for the regular stage to take them to Whitehorse. Of course, everyone was warm leaving camp and they were heavily wrapped in robes so they were comfortable until we got to the wreck. I immediately built a large fire and then with two helpers started working on the cat.

We put a tarp over the whole machine and with two plumbers' pots and three Coleman lamps to warm the cat we started jacking up the front end to get it in a normal position so the spring could be put in place. While we were doing that, Mrs. T. C. was keeping the fire going and melting snow for water to put in the engine and radiator when we were ready to start up. She also had coffee and food for us whenever we wanted it.

It was getting progressively colder and I estimated about fifty degrees below zero. It was evening before the repair was completed. We started the engine and let it run a couple of minutes without water so the frost inside would thaw. The water was put in and we were ready to go. After I ran it around a bit to be sure it was okay, I hooked up to the sleighs. The little cat was drained and abandoned. The passengers all dove under the robes and away we went. The colder it gets, the harder it is to pull sleighs through snow. When it is down to fifty or sixty below they slide as if they were going through sand. I did not mind that as the only way I could keep the engine warm and the water in the radiator from freezing was to keep the cat pulling. When we went down hill and the load eased up, the temperature gauge would start down and I would have to use the brakes to make it pull harder.

Standing around an open fire in extremely cold weather trying to keep warm is impossible as the part towards the fire is cooking and the part of you away from the fire is

freezing. You keep turning as if on a spit. The people who had been waiting by the fire while we did the repair work were cold, of course, when we started out and got colder as we progressed. I was cold, too, riding on the open cat with no heat at all and the forward motion even though it was slow, created a breeze that made it feel that much colder. We had four or five miles to go which would take about an hour when T.C. came along the tongue of the sleigh to the back of the cat and said I had to stop and build a fire as everyone back there was freezing. I told him I was not stopping until we got to Carmacks as the cat would more than likely freeze up and we would really be in trouble. I told him to go back under the robes and keep as warm as possible. I was just as cold as anyone else, and probably colder. Stopping could be disastrous. He was very mad at me but finally went back under the robes.

We arrived in Carmacks and everyone rushed inside the warm roadhouse. I put the cat in a heated horse barn and then went to the roadhouse. Hanging outside the door was a thermometer and on looking I saw it registered sixty-four below. After a couple of hot rums and a meal, T. C. said he now agreed with my decision to keep going as we would probably still be out there standing around a fire.

(To be continued.)

AFTER THE TEARS

By Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

After the tears - fall
And a long winter's sleep.
Slowly spirit will awaken
As spring through veins leap.

The tears have dried now
And I'm left alone with me.
The agony is finally over
And winter's healing has set me free.

Free from the bondage of hurt
That from these shed tears
A spirit washed clean and new
Can live in love and not fear.

After the tears - peace
And a growing knowledge gained
Of the lesson I have learnt
That joy does not come before pain.

The long hot summer is past
And the season of repair is near

When I can find the answers
For all I hold dear.

After the tears - love
And a strength born from care.
The painful knowledge I gained
With others I can share.



Sherron Jones & Debbie Kelly, June 24, 2004 – Vernon, BC

ROBERT SERVICE VISITED

As a great fan of Robert Service I enjoyed the snippet about his Edmonton connection.

In April Niki and I went to France to visit our daughter Lesley and family near Poitier. Where she is spending a year before returning to the Archives Depart in Whitehorse in July. We went to Normandy to Juno beach and then to Brittany to find Service's village of Lancieux. Then the challenge to find the cemetery – which is one of the most colourful graveyards I have ever seen. There it was – a very handsome headstone.

Our printer is not to be trusted so I am enclosing the photographs for you to use as you see fit. There is also a Robert Service School and a Robert Service Street in Lancieux. In April it is very sleepy indeed but come summer – apparently it is very lively.

I should add that last 16 January, his birthday, we had a Robert Service party. Guests all came in appropriate clothing - including a genuine 90-year-old pair of lace up lady's boots. Each couple had to recite a poem. It was a huge success – in other words the Ham appeared in everyone.

By the way the Canadian Pavilion at Juno Beach is excellent and was being visited by many French folks. The Government did a fine job ! The nearby cemetery for our troops was magnificently kept with many flowers.

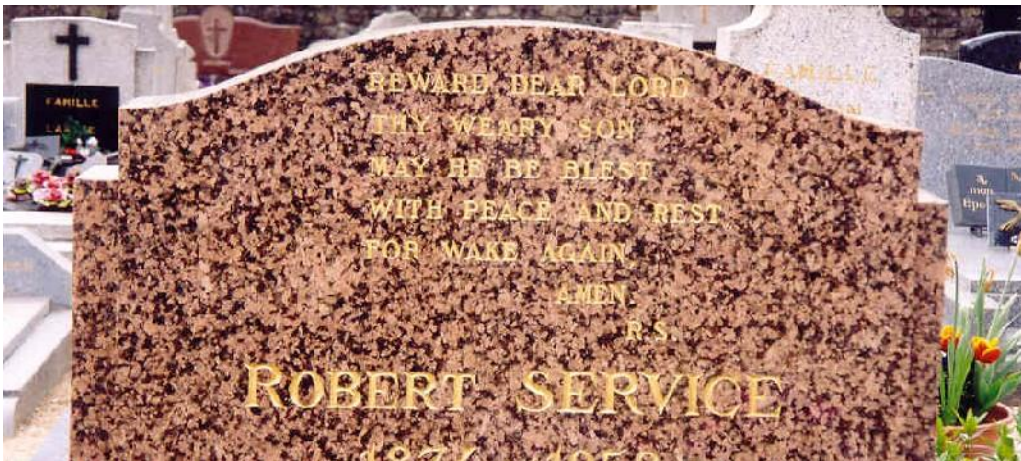
All the best to yourself,

Bill Buchan

P.S. I go to Whitehorse tomorrow for probably my last visit as Medical Advisor to Yukon, Sad. B.



Robert Service's Grave in Lancieux, France
Photo courtesy Bill Buchan wrbuchan@shaw.ca



Robert Service's Grave in Lancieux, France
Photo courtesy Bill Buchan wrbuchan@shaw.ca

REWARD DEAR LORD
THY WEARY SON
MAY PEACE AND REST
FOR WAKE AGAIN,
AMEN.
R.S.

ROBERT SERVICE
1874-1958

The Melodious Man

By Harvey Burian - hburian@telus.net

He was only ten years old when he first heard it. Even now, almost fifty years later, he can still hear those wonderful sounds. Where were they coming from? He stopped playing and listened. In the quietness of the small town of Mayo, Yukon the half and quarter notes made their way toward where he was standing, quite still now so as to not miss the delightful sounds reverberating against his young ear drums. The gentle late afternoon breezes flowing to the warm inland from the cooler Stewart River were wafting the music in his direction, no doubt.

It was the early 1950s and the melodious strains that this young boy was hearing proceeded from the lips of a man who was well known in the community. Each day this respected, very active, middle aged man would stride to the office where he worked in the south-east part of the village from his home located in the north-west section. It was not all that far, but the distance provided sufficient time for the man to offer several renditions of popular tunes of the day that were, in the mind of the young boy, the most clear and melodious sounds the young boy had ever heard.

This young boy, although barely a decade in existence, considered himself somewhat skilled in making music too, but he had never heard such a range of melodious sounds as the day he first heard the man. From that moment on the young boy set about determined to learn how to make the same sounds proceed from his lips.

For the next several weeks, in the mornings and the late afternoons when he knew the man would be walking to and from work, the young boy listened intently and carefully to the merry tunes that filled the air. How the young man longed to be able to produce such sounds. There were high notes and low notes and fast notes and slow notes, and harmony. He thought, "Maybe if I followed the man for several days this would enable me to produce those same sounds." So that is what he did. For two or three days the young boy followed the man, at a distance so as to not be seen by him, as the man walked home from work. Then in the quietness of his room, when his parents were not at home, and when he was alone out in the open field behind the school, the boy tried to emulate his melodious hero. Alas, the sounds that his ears kept hearing from the man would just not come out of the lips of the young boy!

"Maybe I need to be walking through the village, just like the man does, to be able to produce those wonderful sounds," the young boy thought. So he tried that too. For several days he strode through the village purposefully but vainly trying to make sounds like the man. The villagers smiled as they encountered the young boy. They knew whom he was trying to be like. They were kind and did not tell the young boy that he was no match for the man. Only the young boy's peers, who knew not such acts of kindness, demanded to know why he was making such strange sounds as he walked throughout the

village!

As with many young boys who are engaged in discovery of life and their surroundings, this young boy, after a time, became interested in other things and so was distracted from his once main purpose of attempting to emulate his hero. He never lost complete interest in the melodious sounds produced by the man, however. Over the years, and to this day, whenever the young boy, now an older and somewhat wiser, middle aged man himself, hears someone, on the radio or on television or walking along a pathway in a park, producing half notes and quarter notes and harmony with his or her lips, his ears perk up and he is reminded of a time, many years before, when he first heard such beautiful sounds.

For those who may be interested (and who are still reading this piece!), the man in this little true story is someone many of you know well. You may have known him as a teacher, a soldier, a government agent, mining recorder, justice of the peace, member of the Yukon legislative assembly or as a cabinet minister in a former Yukon government or as just a good friend, a father or a grandfather. The young boy, now a man, has known him in all of these capacities, but the one role in which he cherishes the man perhaps most of all, as related above, is as an excellent whistler. No one the young boy has ever met before or since can come anywhere close to matching his ability to whistle the popular tunes of the day. The man - Gordon A. McIntyre, living in Whitehorse and soon to celebrate his 94th birthday. The young boy - me - and still unable to whistle much of a tune!

Thanks for the memories, Gordon!!

MOCTEL STORIES BRING MEMORIES

By Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

I am a little behind in my Moc Tel reading but catching up. If your readers really want to know about roadhouses, someone should interview one of the Fournier family. Betty St. Jean in Nanaimo, Isabelle Townsend in Victoria, etc.

My great grandparents ran one in Stewart City for many years but the Fourniers ran one near Dawson. I was just talking to Betty a few months ago about her last trip "home" and her locating the site of their old place by lining up on the view of the mountain that she had when washing dishes.

I am really enjoying the Bud Harbottle stories. I grew up on my grandfather's stories of the winter cat trains, of cats going through the ice, of the coping (or not) of passengers. Lots of names of old family friends, too.

That little comment about walking being an alternative method of getting from Whitehorse to Dawson may not mean much to younger readers. As my grandfather, Johnny Hoggan, aged and his legs and feet ached so much, my grandmother had little

sympathy for him. She would say, "Well, what do you expect? After those walks from Dawson (or Bear Creek) to Whitehorse and back, just for a visit, of course your legs wore out." Apparently, he did walk the 350 miles each way in winter, when he had nothing better to do. As he told the stories, they included lots of visiting along the way. I suspect he did not have to camp out much and may have hitched the odd ride on cat or sled. But, considering the number of claims he "walked" for companies he worked for and for friends, in his "off" hours in summer, I know the 700-mile walk was no big deal for him. I think he would have passed an aerobic fitness test!

WALKING YUKON TRAILS

By Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

The whole country was criss-crossed with native trails by which they used to travel. Even the overland trail from Whitehorse to Dawson and Mayo was not through barren country. It merely followed those old trails and straightened in spots. Many of the locals at Mayo were from Selkirk to give you an idea. In the Mayo site, Sam Peters relates the areas that they used to hunt which would tax the efforts of residents today. He mentions the McQuesten River that comes into the Stewart 80 miles below Mayo. Following this river to the lakes at its head are only about 3 miles from Elsa. The only mode of transport was dog team as horses were unknown before the white people. But they still travelled all over the country following Berries, Fish and Game to enable them to survive. They were a proud people with their own villages, elder chief's and council where the guidance of the village came from. Even the first travel into the silver district of Mayo was above Mayo at Gordon's Landing. From there it was through Janett Lake and Mayo Lake into Duncan Creek where there was sluicing of the gravels for gold. Further up was the first silver discovery on Keno Hill. Mayo Landing was established by Eugene Binet in 1905, and here was another trail to Duncan Creek. And then we are back into the Wernecke history. So as I was saying, there were many trails being used in the territory "Way back when!"

**THIS LETTER WAS SENT TO Caroline Knickle, Beaver Creek School
FROM TOM BUTTERS**, husband to Peg Butters who was the first teacher at Beaver Creek.

(Thank you Tom and Caroline for sharing this message. There are a lot of interesting memories in this message.- Sherron)

Caroline Knickle, Staff, Students at Beaver Creek School.

(Caroline it was good to speak with you this morning Wednesday, May 19 and learn of the progress, growth and accomplishments of your students & Staff members. - (Tom))

Your recently received kind invitation to attend your 50th Anniversary Reunion awakened many memories and animated the recollected faces of many persons long departed.

Therefore, at the outset I regret to inform you that your school's first teacher, Peg Butters, died in the summer of 2002.

However, long years spent in the north learning and appreciating the northern native peoples' response to life and death, have served to teach me that the quick and the dead, remember and share one's happy days so I am sure Peg is with you as you celebrate your half century of achievement and growth.

I much regret I will not be able to attend your auspicious and once-in-a-lifetime event but I would like you to accept the enclosed small token of my appreciation and my family's gratitude of your effort and your recognition of the lady who established Canada's westernmost school.

How I remember those days, which now seem so near in my bank of memories.

Peg's arrival on the Beaver Creek School scene was pure happenstance.

We had been living in Vancouver and the fall we relocated in the Yukon, Vancouver had experienced a September of solid rain. As Prairie girls don't like rain, let alone, downpours, we decided to hit the highway in our little Thames Ford van, stacked with our few possession, for Whitehorse and the Yukon where I had prospected a few years earlier and experienced first hand the warmth and welcome Yukoners extended to newcomers.

In those days there was no Hart Highway, so our route was Kamloops, Jasper, Hinton, the cut off west of Edmonton, through Grand Prairie to Dawson Creek, a collapsing frontier town with the disappearance of the American Military after the War. Then that gravelly, dusty, Alaska Highway, the switchbacks over Steamboat Mountain to Fort Nelson. We camped, as the weather, still cool but clement. However, the north woods were alive with night prowlers. We luxuriated at the Liard Hot Springs in hot pools only accessed by boards laid down by the highway builders. How green were the potatoes still growing in the trapper's garden sited just below the small pool. No Parks Board improvement or parking lot, the way first nations people enjoyed the phenomenon. Then on to Muncho, Watson's Lake, Teslin, Johnson's Crossing. How evocative the names. We stopped at all the roadhouses for coffee, Marsh Lake and at last Whitehorse where we bunked in with Harry Johannes, a partner of General Enterprises Contracting.

Whitehorse, once a prospector's rest stop below the dangerous and spectacular Whitehorse rapids, a native Yukoners' river bank settlement, the paddle wheelers overwintering and maintenance shops area, had recently become the government centre and Capitol of the Yukon, supplanting the historic Dawson City of the role and was now trying to live up to its new status.

Jack Hulland, Superintendent of Yukon education had relocated with other Territorial civil-servants and was adjusting to his new city and office quarters when Peg dropped by looking for employment as a substitute teacher, as this was the second week in October and teaching positions firmed up months earlier I'm sure Jack Hulland's day was made when she walked through.

Mile 1202, Beaver Creek, a recently established DND (Dept. of Nation Defence, Northwest Highway System) family residence camp lacked a teacher, as Gladys Topham, the camp foreman's wife, was trying to keep the eight or nine school age dependants

(including two of her own) interested in fulfilling the demands of their respective correspondence courses. The Canadian Military, ever ready to adjust to the vicissitudes of the northern operation, had established a family only maintenance camp at 1202 because the former maintenance camp located about 10 miles west where the road climbs out of the muskeg flat and staffed mainly with single operators had experienced a number of suicides and a few unsuccessful attempts. Headquarters wisdom was that this unsettling situation could be rationalized as the effects of isolation on single individuals and that the problem might be ameliorated if the Beaver Creek stretch from Mile 1140 to 1221 were to be maintained by operators who were accompanied by their wives and families, hence, the need for a school and a teacher preferably married, whose husband could serve as an equipment operator.

Peg and I fit the criteria, just about as written, so back it was for another 285 miles of dusty, washboard highway for company the C.O. of Northern Sector, who had to check us out, gave us a puppy, 'Pansy', which proved a god send during the first Yukon winter as we struggled to become 'Sourdoughs'.

It was a seldom-travelled road north of Whitehorse, except for the big rigs hauling Alaska freight. So up the 2 mile hill, past the Mayo cut-off, the abandoned Army camp at 956, the huddle of log buildings at Champagne, bend in the road at 1016, past the Yukon experimental farm tucked in for the winter, past Mrs. McDonald's Trading Post. Closed and shuttered against the bears, Mrs. McDonald dead and her native helper, little Shorty, a drowning statistic on the Whitehorse R.C.M.P. files.

Then over the ridge to Klaune, the abandoned lake freighted loading site, the Slim's River bridge with its ever present blowing dust, goats white on the rock face and finally Destruction Bay and a welcome by Don Bakke, Superintendent of the Northern Section. Soon on the road to beat of the increasingly early dark, past 1140, most eastern point of the Beaver Creek maintenance responsibility, to the Koidern C.N.T. station, managed by Don Bohmer and his wife Mary. Finally in the dark, the few, welcome lights of Camp 1202. We passed John Livesay's Trading Post without knowing it existed since his main lighting source was kerosene. Livesay's Trading Post was a bold entrepreneurial venture, operated by John Livesay and partner, Frieda. John was a great talker, later represented the western section of the Yukon in the Territorial Legislature, become, naturally the Speaker of the House.

Behind the lights of the four-bay DND maintenance garage were situation six two story residences with spacious basements and a large oil-burning furnace. Directly west of the houses a long, drab rectangular Army plywood building. (not a quonset) which alternatively served as the school, church and meeting hall by day and rec hall, movie palace, dance hall and beverage room by night. – Oh, and a Nursing Station for the visiting nurses with their pills and needles and all around this highway maintenance enclave the muskeg of the Yukon's western Boreal Forest.

The nearest habitation – Mile 1221 – the Canadian border Customs and Immigration post which structure usually housed an elderly couple serving out their last years with the Federal Government.

The nearest bright lights, warmth, American cigarettes and beer, and juice box was Scottie Creek.

Our most important regular weekly visit was the Thursday bus out of Whitehorse bringing mail, catalogue goods from Eatons', Woodward's' and fresh food from Tourists'

Services. The bus driver, a most obliging sort was ready to carry out all types of searches for tools or special items available in Whitehorse.

Radio reception from Canada or Alaska was nil while radio Moscow came in loud and clear over the pole. T.V. – what was T.V. and who could afford it anyway?

When we saw the camp residences in daylight we could see they were brand spanking new houses, similar to the units occupied by the military brass in town. Besides the spacious basement, a first floor and two bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs. Our meager possessions barely made a pile in the kitchen off the back door. The front door was never used, kept unlocked only for emergency use.

I drove through 1202 ten years ago, marveled at the many changes, paved highway, the new two-room school and the very busy commercial establishment, built originally by Clyde Wann across from the old camp. The Trading Post had succumbed to progress. The six residences still stood, looking tired and forlorn and requiring a coat of paint.

But 50 years ago they were bright and shiny with new paint and promise.

The Topham family occupied the eastern most dwelling closest to the highway.

He and his wife, Gladys, had two school age children. The teacher's house was next in line west. The last west inline housed Jack & May Laitinen's family. Jack operated mainly the forward under blade scraper.

Across the road from Laitinen's were Art & Rita Silverton. They had two children, one a son in U.B.C. and a daughter Janis who would attend school with Peg. (P.S. I mailed Janis a copy of your circular and she advised me she would send along to you some picture copies.) Art, like Jack was an all-around operator.

Sited adjacent to, and east of the Silverton's residence, was the Curial family, three children of school age, and I believe Peg took the youngest as a kindergarten enrollee. Rene Curial was probably the top operator in the camp, out going and effective, while his wife was a family person, happy to remain in her husband's shadow.

Next house east was reserved for the camp mechanic. An extremely important post, especially when the power generating plants went silent. Dick and Ruth Krumrine lived here. No children for the school but Dick knew about power plants. Subsequently Dick & Ruth moved on to the 4" pipeline pumping gas to Alaska. The mechanics house was occupied by the Berg family. So in the second year Peg's class swelled to 13 or 14 students.

Peg's prairie teaching experience fitted her well for the challenge posed by the fledgling Beaver Creek School, comprising a single grade level, then. Generally, especially in isolated and rural areas, and is probably still the case at Beaver Creek today, there was one class of numerous grade levels from 1 to 8.

One reward for students who learned their lessons well, was the opportunity to teach, so if you knew your subject, you taught a student in a lower grade – the way the Inuit taught themselves the syllabic scripts and related sounds spreading a means of literacy throughout the eastern arctic through a practice of – each one, teach one another. Reward was teacher's reading aloud session at the school day's close.

Understandably the annual social and entertainment high point of 1202's year was the Beaver Creek School's Christmas concert. The drab Army building became a fairy palace. Glittering with Christmas lights and the largest Juniper that could be wrestled from the snow-choked woods and now bearing a myriad of coloured lights. Across the rear of the hall a curtain of Army blankets sewn together and suspended from a wire.

People came from miles around: Scottie Creek, the Customs Post, John & Frieda, even Koidern and White River folks made the trip. So there could have been 25 people, not counting performers and parental stage hands in the old hall. After the performance, usually a half an hour, we all joined in with the students singing Christmas carols. During the entertainment and singing the bar was closed.

And every student had a performing role, even kindergarten tikes. Janis Silverton when contributing to Peg Butters' Memorial Service two years ago noted that she can still manage the tap dance routine she learned to perform for the Beaver Creek Christmas school concerts those many years ago.

I believe Jack Hulland visited Peg's class once early on in her first year and his last of service to the Yukon. Next year Harry Thompson assumed Mr. Hulland's responsibilities for Yukon education and I believe sat in on her classes two or three times during the school year. The Army brass we saw occasionally but their concerns now dealt mainly with road conditions, staffing, equipment repair or replacement and logistics.

How your notice breathed life into old memories, the laughter, the tears, the good times, the petty frustrations and controversies – but there were no more suicide attempts.

On the phone Ms. Knickle you mentioned that many of your students are native Yukoners. That is good. I trust they are keen on retaining their language and preserving their cultural wisdom and traditions to pass on to their children and unenlightened newcomers.

During my year at 1202 we saw few native people although I believe some did hunt along the Beaver Creek section of the highway. During our last spring I recall a family did set up camp adjacent to John Livesey's trading post creekside but I did not learn their names.

Those were good years. I can recall how the Northern Lights blazed on the drifted snow and the old bull moose dominated the muskeg flat up near 1216.

We were little people huddled together in a big land, helping one another as required and frequently aiding the stranded motorist on the Alaska Highway, which in the winter months could be a lonely and dangerous stretch of road.

Warmest good wishes and the best of luck in your most worthwhile and ambitious venture.

Tom Butters

BEAVER CREEK MEMORIES

Just wanted to let you know that the old store, in the Moctel 66, at Beaver Creek is indeed Livesey's General Store. The building pictured was the store as well as the home of John and Freda Livesey. John was active in politics as well as the store; Freda did most of the running of the store. They also had a B/A gas station there when I first moved to Beaver Creek in 1959. I spent many hours in the store looking over the selection of comic books as a child. Freda died years ago and I still corresponded with John until about five years ago when he was living in Comox, on Vancouver Island. I never saw an obituary but assumed he died also as his Christmas cards no longer came.

Thanks for all the work you do to help people reconnect with their Yukon roots.

Cheryl Anne Guenther. (Anne Stalberg) Sylvan Lake AB [donhaz*telus.net](mailto:donhaz@telus.net)

OBIT

Obituaries (06/21/04)

HOUGEN _ Rose, much loved wife, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, passed away peacefully in the loving arms of her daughter, Maureen on May 23, 2004. She and her husband Odin resided at Kinsmen Place Lodge for the last four years. Born July 27, 1914 in Montreal, Quebec, she was the daughter of Rose (McCauley) and Fredric Charles Dawson. She married Odin Hougen on December 23, 1954 in Whitehorse, Yukon. She leaves her loving husband Odin; children, Maureen (Ralph) Cerny of Traverse City, Michigan, and Odin (Leanna) Hougen of Watson Lake, Yukon; five grandchildren, Timothy, Tyler, Ryan, Sasha, Skyler, and five great-grandchildren. A memorial service was held at St. John's Strawberry Hill United Church in Delta, B.C. on May 25, 2004.

Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604



Where's my apple?

Texada Island baby deer named 'Spots'

Photo courtesy Jim Johnson jimcsj*prcn.org

ARLINGTON ROADHOUSE

Just to throw in a little more information about the folks that ran the roadhouse. It was at the end of YCGC's Bear Creek and just at the start of Hunker Creek.

I arrived in Dawson on June 9, 1946. Bill picked me up at the airfield and brought me to town and checked me into The Occidental Hotel where he was staying at the time. He had a taxi trip to take a funeral party to church and then the cemetery. It was the funeral of the older Mrs. Charlie Mills. He then took a few mourners out to the Arlington Roadhouse. Mr. Nels Skeestad (Not sure of correct spelling) who was the proprietor then, and I believe. Mr. Skeestad was the father of Mrs. Caley, Fred's wife. Gordon Caley can tell you if I am right or wrong about all this.

The McDonnells were living in town at that time on Queen and 7th. I am pretty sure that someone will correct me if I'm wrong. Charlie Mills is still alive and I think he lives on Vancouver Island. (Not certain though).

Hope this will shed a bit more light on the story and that I have my fact right,
Fran Hakonson fhakon@cityofdawson.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Change of address re Anita & Marshall Bereza
From - 11920 80th Ave. #201 Delta
To - 1063 Southgate St, #101 Victoria. V8V 2Z1.
June 26th, 2004.

Please note change in my email address: amaje@northwestel.net
Thank you so much for your newsletters.
God Bless
Ann Maje Raider

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Mrs. Jones,

I am the Heritage Programmer at MacBride Museum and have heard little bits and pieces about your newsletter. Would I be able to get a copy of it? Could you tell me a little bit about the Moccasin Telegraph and who receives it?

Thanks, Lisa

I'd love to receive the MocTel! I've been in the Yukon for 10 months now and love it. As you can see I work at MacBride Museum and would love to include our upcoming events in the MocTel. I will try to forward you some information soon. If I could get access to past issues I would ensure to not give out addresses.

Thank you, Lisa lisa@macbridemuseum.com
Lisa Badenhorst
Heritage Programmer
MacBride Museum
Whitehorse, Yukon
(867) 667-2709 ext. 3
Website: www.macbridemuseum.com

I would like to see the #67, my parents were unable to forward it on to me.

Thanks so much Sherron, and for adding me to the list. I will send a bio when I get a chance to make it complete. (soon) Like you said, summer is busy.

Cheers, Bruce Williams awilliams*northwestel.net

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters, compared with what lies within us.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Rhona's Hashbrowns

Submitted by Henry Breaden

2 Lbs. Hashbrowns (frozen)
500 ml. Sour Cream
2 Cans, cream of mushroom soup
½ Cup melted Butter
1 Onion finely chopped
Salt and Pepper
2 Cups grated cheese
Mix all together. Place in 9 x 13 pan
Sprinkle a little cheese on top.
Bake about 1 hour at 350°F (Freezes well before baking)

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

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
[seaair*bcsupernet.com](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)