

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Seventy Seventh Edition- Aug. 29, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



NATURE'S LAW

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

She perches in the “eagle tree,”
That stands beside the beach.
Sharp eyes searching, ever searching,
For food within her reach.
Movement 'neath the ocean's surface,
Is captured by that searching eye,
With majestic wings outstretched
The eagle hovers in the sky.

Circling over shallow waters,
Where the feeding salmon lies,
Unaware of looming peril
From the mistress of the skies.
Suddenly a passing shadow,
Sends them fleeing for their lives,
But too late, for high above,
The mighty eagle swoops and dives.

Fearsome talons slash the surface,
Then once more the eagle soars,
While a silver salmon struggles
In the prison of her claws.
The hunter takes the victim
To her nest of mud and sticks.
She tears the flesh from off the bone,
To feed her hungry chicks.

And so it is, the salmon dies
To feed the eagle once again.
That's the way it's meant to be,
It's just a link in nature's chain.
Have no weeping for the victim,
Do not rage against the claw,
It's survival of the fittest,
That is mother nature's law.

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White Rubber Boots

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

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Chapter 19

Tulsequah was a gold mine on the Taku River just inside the Canadian border about twenty-five miles from Juneau, Alaska. They had gotten men and supplies through Juneau by air service but for some reason had discontinued the service either through a problem with customs or with the Juneau flying service. Anyhow, they asked us if we would do the transportation from Whitehorse. We agreed. The loads would consist of men, frozen quarters of meat and fresh produce.

It was a two-hour round trip for us but not an easy one especially in winter. We had the cold interior air meeting the warm Pacific air right in the Coast Range, which was very high and rugged. We had to go right through them. We also had to go over the spawning ground of the largest live glaciers on the North American continent.

While we were on floats, we landed on the Taku River but on wheels we used a good airstrip they had. We were not happy on wheels, as we had to make the whole trip with no other place to land. With a single engine it made it a bit dicey. I was glad when freeze-up came so we could go on skis. Then we could land almost anytime even on the large glaciers as the crevasses were covered with snow.

A charter company at Watson Lake thought we had a pretty good thing going so put a proposal to the mine to haul their passengers from Watson using a twin engine Anson. They would get the passengers off C P Air when it landed at Watson then fly them directly to Tulsequah. The mine told them to go ahead and try it to see how it worked out. They had a pretty good idea all right as the Anson could carry more people faster than we could but they did not figure on the landing conditions at Tulsequah, which could be rather hairy under some conditions. On their second trip they piled up the Anson in a heap on landing so that took care of that problem. I had to fly the pilot out and told him it served him right for trying to buck a good company. When he got to Whitehorse he applied for a job flying for us but we did not need any more help.

We managed to fit our other trips in so most of our customers were reasonably happy.

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After the New Year, the Government was going to do a wolf-poisoning project and wanted a four-place plane. As the last Stinson we had bought turned out to be a dog, we had sold it and now leased a Cessna 170 from a private operator. It was a good airplane for the wolf project.



Cessna and Beaver FHA – Wolf Hunt
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

In the early spring of 1953, there was a mineral staking stampede on the White River about twenty miles above the highway crossing and everyone wanted to go. The Beavers were busy for a while until that died out. Nothing ever came of it. According to my logbooks, I flew almost every day through the winter.

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Cessna Aircraft Company was producing a four-place, high wing, all metal, high performance aircraft they called a 180. We had been wishing for something like this for some time so ordered one through a dealer in Vancouver. In late May George went out to get it. On his check out ride, he had opened the throttle to take off when his seat slid back on the rails and he was unable to reach the controls. If it had not been for the instructor he might have lost the plane. That was a bad fault of Cessna airplanes and it took years before it was corrected.

When George got it home, it was a real treat to get a four-place plane in and out of lakes the same size as the Beaver could use. We had never had anything this good before. There was to be no survey work that summer but to take its place we had the Forest Department which was going to fight all forest fires in southern Yukon. In former years they had only fought fires that threatened towns or villages. As there were no helicopters based in the country, fixed wing had to be used. This meant getting in and out of small lakes with men and equipment as close to the fire as possible. There were many fires. In fact, thirteen started in one day after an electrical storm. The airplanes were busy.

* * * * *

I had an interesting job flying a party of Quebec Metallurgical Institute people into the Alsek River area. We went in over Dezadeash Lake, Musk Lake, and Bates Lake to the Alsek River where they wanted to land. But that river was a roaring torrent and I would not land on it so we picked a small lake a half mile away on the far side of the river. It was at the foot of a large live glacier and had many large icebergs floating in it but I found a clear space and landed.

They were going to set up their camp on the riverbank. I then made six more trips from Dezadeash Lake to the glacier lake. On one trip I carried a sixteen-foot canoe. I left the men there for a week and then took in two more trips. On the second one I was sitting on the beach waiting for them to come up from their camp when there was a great swooshing noise out on the lake. A great huge iceberg, the size of a city block, had come to the surface and it was covered with tons of gravel. That really shook me as I thought of all the take-offs and landings I had made and if one of those things suddenly popped up in front of me I would have been a gone goose. Evidently the glacier went under the lake to about the centre of it and then its buoyancy would break off a large chunk which would float to the surface and that is what I was looking at.

When the men got to the lake they told me two of their men were walking up to the west end of Bates Lake and would I pick them up there and bring them back. That take-off was a real white-knuckle deal as I was thinking of icebergs popping up everywhere. At Bates Lake I landed and was tying up the airplane to a tree when I saw a huge bear track. Looking around, I saw many of them. I knew there were large brown bears in that country but this track looked enormous. I got my 30.06 rifle out of the plane and sat under a tree waiting for my passengers. I thought they might have been a bear's dinner by now as these people did not believe in firearms so had none with them. The more I looked at those tracks, the faster my nerve was draining away until I finally took the rifle and sat in the airplane until my passengers arrived. I took them back to their lake. I was not happy about that place.

A week later I went back to the glacier lake. There were no men to meet me so I sat on the beach waiting for them. I heard someone shouting out on the lake so I got up and looked. There was the canoe with all the men coming toward me. When they got ashore they told me that three days earlier a bear had chased them out of camp and then demolished the place. He broke all their instruments, ate and destroyed their food, tore up the tents and bedrolls but did not damage the canoe. When he left, they went back, gathered what food was salvageable and took the canoe to the lake where they paddled out to a big iceberg and waited the three days for me to come in. I took my rifle and we all went down to the river to see what we could salvage but there was very little. He was one mad bear. I had seen many cabins that bears had broken into and torn up but nothing as destructive as this. When we got back to the airplane, they all got aboard and left that place for good as far as I know.

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Mineral exploration was running high in the summer of 1953. The woods were full of geologists, mining engineers and prospectors. Ninety percent of them had to fly, as most of the areas were not accessible from the few roads in the country. Of course, everyone we took out was on a secret mission. They did not even want us to file a flight plan, especially not with our radios, as someone could be listening on our frequency. Sometimes they did not want to tell us where they were going until we were airborne but that was no good. Someone on the ground had to know the general area we would be in. In case we had an accident, a search could be made in the proper direction. We always managed to tell Gordon the general area we would be in.

The craziest trip I had, yet a significant one, was with Ted Chisholm a geologist and Alan Kulan, a prospector. They would not even leave from Whitehorse. They drove to Squanga Lake about sixty miles from town and I picked them up there. After we were airborne they said they wanted to go to a small lake across the Pelly River at Blind Creek. They did not know if I could land on it as it was very small and in a bad location but if I could, it would save them a great deal of hard walking and packing. They had five or six hundred pounds of supplies with them.

When I saw the lake I almost had a fit. It was not only short and crooked but sat down in a gully with bad approaches. If I could land on it they would only have a mile to the property. Otherwise they would have five miles. I circled for a long time sizing it up and finally figured out a way I could do it. It was in the shape on an L. The approach would have to be made down a tree-covered hillside to the short leg of the L and just above the trees at the shoreline. Then a ninety-degree turn had to be made to the right around a rock bluff. When that was accomplished, the wings would be leveled and the airplane put on the water as soon as possible as the landing run would take me to the end of the lake. Going around the rock bluff was the critical part as the plane had to be as low as possible yet high enough that the wing would not touch the water while making the steep turn. Everything went according to plot and we used all the lake to get stopped. After unloading and making arrangements for future trips, I took off going out the opposite end from the approach. This was easy in an empty airplane.

I named it Jackknife Lake. That trip was the beginning of a great staking stampede in the area as my two passengers had found a very large deposit of silver, lead and zinc a couple of miles away. Kulan would eventually find the Anvil deposit, which developed into a large mine. After that I made many trips into the lake taking in men and supplies.

Then in the middle of September a barge load of drilling equipment was taken down the Yukon River and up the Pelly River to a site five miles below the lake. I hauled all that up to the lake during freezing temperatures and had a great problem with frozen water rudders. I really needed them on the river and the lake to keep control and I would kick the pedals like crazy to break them loose but they were spring loaded so I had little effect. I would have to wait for the water to thaw them.

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Beavers on the Yukon River at Whitehorse
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Through the years all float equipped aircraft worked off the Yukon River in front of Whitehorse. We had our base just below a big sand bar, which made an eddy away from the main current in which to park the planes. We had a dock and storage shed below where the Territorial Building stands today. There was a small log office on top of the hill at street level.

One day I was going to take Gordon Dickson and his helper in the Cessna 180 out to a prospecting site. The plane was tied outboard of the dock facing downstream. After the gear was loaded Gordon's helper, who was quite drunk, attempted to get in but fell in the water. We were fishing him out when he grabbed the inside of my thigh and gave me a terrible pinch. I gave a mighty swing and hit him in the jaw. This knocked him back in the river. This time when he got out he was quite sober so we threw him into the back of the airplane where he dripped water over everything. Dickson and I got in the front seats and Gordon Cameron was going to untie the ropes. He walked along the float and took off the bow rope. While walking to the back rope he slipped and fell in the river between the floats. He came right back up gasping as the water was very cold. As he had fallen, he had grabbed a water rudder cable that ran along the float to save himself but the cable broke. When he was out on the dock, he started walking up to the office. I followed and asked him about the broken cable. He said, *"To hell with the broken cable. I am going home."* And he did.

Jack Patterson an engineer for Pan Am was handy so he fixed the cable and we went on our way with no more problems. When I got back from the trip Gordon was back on the job and had recovered his normal good humour and was drier, also.

At the end of 1953 I had put in over eight hundred hours for the year.

(To be continued.)

LAW OF THE YUKON

I completed the book of Law of the Yukon written by Helene Dobrowolski, and it is a masterpiece of research. It sure brought back so many memories of the 1930s. I guess my first encounter with the RCMP was when I was registered in Whitehorse. I still have my original Birth Certificate signed by Cpl. Withers and also have a photo of him. At the time that I was born, all birth registrations were done by the RCMP. Dempster was in Mayo before I was really old enough to remember, but Sgt. Claude Tidd was one that I will never forget. He will always be known for his music and photography, and I run into many of his photos on research. Besides his normal law duties he used to play for the dances in Mayo at the Pioneer Hall which was only about 150 feet from our place. We as children used to be able to go to the hall, sit in the balcony and listen to the music and watch the dancers below. Besides playing the piano, Claude was very proficient on any wind instrument put into his hands. There used to be Mrs. Sullivan on piano, Claude on maybe trombone or saxophone, Ed Kimbel on banjo, Albert Pelland on drums and usually someone on violin. A bit later Ivy White played piano accordion and so did my

sister Vera. Bill Talmey was a great guitarist but left. I joined the group as guitarist in 1940.

Claude was likely the only one teaching piano in Mayo, and he taught my sister Vera in the first half of the 1930s. He used to come to our place to teach as we had one of those old player pianos that you pumped like a wind organ. It played like a regular piano, but you could fold out the bellows and it became a player piano which took perforated paper rolls about a foot wide. All you had to do was pump those bellows and you were able to listen to professional music. My sister still has a piano in her home and limbers up that thing on occasion.

I was looking for Cpl. Fielder who I think followed Tidd, and really remember him from one occasion. He was playing tennis on the old court between 2nd and 3rd on Centre Street and ran out of cigarettes. Still remember that he asked me to buy him a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes at Binet's store. He gave me the money, I think it was 25 cents for a pack of 25 and said to tell them that they were for him.

All of those men were a credit to their country, and it was a joy to read Helene's work. Many of the Old Crow names showed up in the early years of the Rendezvous in Whitehorse in the dog team racing. I was in Whitehorse for the first Winter Carnival of 1945 which only lasted for two or three years and died out. The rendezvous was a rejuvenation of the old Carnival. I better get this out and stop going down the road of history.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

REPLIES RE JOE LANGEVIN



Joe Langevin

At 91 a very popular guy.

Yes, Joe Langevin and Marion (his wife) lived next door to us on 8th Ave. in Dawson City. Joe worked for Forestry and Marion taught school for many, many years. Marion was a great curler! Joe and Marion met in Haines Junction, when he worked as the Conservation Officer and Marion taught school there. They married and transferred to Dawson City. Joe liked Antiques and before they retired, he had a small store where he could display his antiques. After they retired to the Island, Joe continued to return to

Dawson for the summers. He had a few gold claims and worked them and greatly enjoyed his many visitors from BC. They were good neighbours. We were very sorry to hear of Marion's death. Brownie and Pete Foth – White Rock lfoth@shaw.ca

Thanks for the photos of Joe Langevin Sherron. Although my father's name was in fact, Joe, the Langevin name came from my husband. I've never actually met Joe Langevin but I've had several phone calls from folks passing through Whitehorse over the years who know his family. They always think that we're related. I believe he is from Manitoba or Saskatchewan....my husband and his family are all from Quebec. The Brian and Gary you mentioned in your email are Joe's sons. I've met Brian as he lives here but I'm not too sure if Gary is here or not.

It's nice to see the photos of him as he has been gone from the Yukon for several years.

Joanne Langevin – Whitehorse jlangevin@klondiker.com

Thank you so much for the picture of Joe Langevin. I can make copies for his son Brian that lives here in Dawson also--Gary. He doesn't get to go visit his Dad very often because of finances or work. The smoke has finally cleared away again {for how long no one knows}. So nice to see blue sky--we all feel like smoked salmon this year. Take care

There is a Carol Buzzell here in Dawson, is she the one you heard from? I know her quite well. It must be a different one because one of her daughters was married to Gary Langevin before. Funny having two by the same name.

Audrey Vigneau – Dawson vigneau@yknnet.ca

Yes it was us who brought Joe to the picnic. Joe lives in Columbia Beach near Parksville. To answer Carol's question, Joe and Marian are the couple she is referring to. They were living in the Junction when we went north in '59. Joe was with Forestry and was an ex-officio Game Guardian. Forestry transferred him to Dawson in the late 60's or early 70's and they retired to the Parksville area around 1980. Their two sons still live in the Yukon, one in Dawson and the other in Whitehorse.

These dates may not be at all correct but Joe has lived a very interesting life. I am going to see him in the next few weeks and see if he will give me some history which I will pass on for the Moc Tel. It will take a little time as I am in the midst of organizing two salmon BBQ's, one for 250 people this Friday and one for 500 on Sept. 10 at our hockey tournament. Will be rather busy until they are over.

Great meeting you at the picnic.

Ron Butler ron_but@shaw.ca

TOURIST SERVICES

During the 1930s, Ed Barker and Erving Ray were placer mining on Haggart Creek about 30 miles out of Mayo and had quite an operation. They brought in overland a new RD7 Cat, and if I remember a RD4 with a bucket, and very large steel sluice boxes on sleighs which they took out to Haggart Creek. The RD4 was fitted with what they called a trackscavator which was the first Cat buckets. Another that was working that area was Fred Taylor who was sluicing at Thunder Gulch. During or right after WW2 the operation either slowed down or they were running out of good ground. At any rate, Barker and Ray ended up in Whitehorse.

In past Moc Tels I have seen Tourist Services mentioned, when Jim Smith started the first Tourist Services Super Market, but what before?

Following WW2 and tourists started using the new Alaska Highway; there was a need of accommodations for them. Barker and Ray started the first Tourist Services, and there was a Service Station which was operated by James Mutch who had the Austin dealership.

I knew Jim when he was in charge of the YCGC garage at Bear Creek in 1946, and in the summer of 1952 as he was taking charge of the new YTG shop at Carmacks, asked me if I would come over as mechanic. We were joined by Ben Pringle, Chuck Haines, and in the spring of 1953 by my father. We were both in Carmacks till the summer of 1953 when Keno Hill took over the highway maintenance and we both moved to Whitehorse. I went into the RCME shops and Jim took over the Service Station at Tourist Services.

I think it was Erving Ray that passed away first in 1952 at 48 years which upset things, but I did not keep track of who the later owners were. I have been waiting to see who would come up with the original builders of Tourist Services. There have been many changes in the last half century.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca

YUKON RIVER SWIMMER NOT IN VERNON

Recently I noticed a swimmer in the Whitehorse Star 100th Anniversary Edition. The swimmer was climbing up on to the ice along the edge of the Yukon River. The photo caption says Heino Mehrhoff did not have indoor plumbing and took his bath in the river.

My husband Bill ran into Hein Mehrhoff today in town. He says it was not him and that the coldest he swam which was usually in Schwatka Lake was minus 10 F.

He said the swimmer in the photo was Heino Weigand and that Heino worked at Cassiar Asbesto Transport Division. He confirmed Heino did not have indoor plumbing and did take his bath that way.

Sherron Jones



IS HE CRAZY — No, Heino Mehrhoff's not crazy, he's just plenty tough. He swims daily in the Yukon River — pushing the floating ice aside to make way for his fast Australian crawl. Heino, a world traveller, says he takes the dip because "there's no shower or bathtub in my cabin." He lives down in Whiskey Flats so it's only a short trip to the river — but plenty far enough when it's 20° or 30° below. The only time he doesn't go in is when there's a strong wind blowing... "That could kill you," he says. Whitehorse STAR Collection

No problem in using this photo. Plus, I am going to change the name from Mehrhoff to Weigand for any future publications that we may do.

Thanks,
Jackie Pierce

NEW ADDITION TO THE LIST WITH FOND MEMORIES OF YUKON

Hi Sherron,

Yes, I lived in the Yukon for three years, my dad was there for six years and the rest of the family were there for five. My father preceded the rest of us in 1953. We followed, leaving Revelstoke B. C. in 1954.

I lived there for three years, and then I was sent out to school for two years before my family joined me in Victoria, B. C. My brother, Donn, was born in 1960.

I now live in Duncan, B. C., with my husband Mike, where we are both retired from teaching school. My brothers both live in Vancouver, and my sister Lynn Thompson practises law in Squamish, B. C.

Mike and I have two grown daughters; Megan who is married to Derek Haut, lives on Vancouver Island and is expecting our first grandchild in January. Alison, lives in Calgary. My husband, Mike, is Victoria born and educated, and we met while he drove his brother and I, very young and tender teenagers, to a high school dance. Five years later, Mike helped a mutual friend haul my trunk up a flight of stairs at Zwick's Plumbing and Heating, where I rented an apartment on my first teaching assignment in Dawson Creek, B. C. The rest is history!

In June of this year, Mike had his aortic valve replaced during open heart surgery at the Jubilee Hospital in Victoria. One member of the amazing Heart Recovery Staff on 4West, is a physiotherapist, who walked Mike up and down several flights of stairs on the fourth day after his surgery, which is routine in this wonderful place. She had worked in Whitehorse and told me about the Moccasin Telegraph and gave me your email address on the spot! I might add that Mike was sitting on the side of his bed, swinging his feet, and chatting with his Cardio-Vascular Recovery Room nurse about building a kayak, close to 12 hours after coming out of surgery. He was transferred to 4W approx. 5 hours later. What an impressive and amazing facility and STAFF! A week ago, Mike's cardiologist gave him permission to continue with river rafting. We are planning another trip, with our river rafting-loving friends down the lower Colorado, where the rapids are awesome!

My dad, Ivan Thompson, worked as an accountant for UKHM, and was office manager. He made many very fine friends here. He and my mother lived in Vancouver until they moved to Duncan in the late 70's. My mom died the day after Boxing Day in 1979. My father remarried a very fine woman, Lois, and he died in 1983. Lois now lives in Lloyd-Minister.

I often think fondly of my Yukon days and the fun and freedom we had as children. We met many wonderful, fun-loving, and very interesting folks, who became lifetime family friends. We had loads of adventures and experiences. Anyone who rode in the back of Mr. Mac-Whites truck up to Wernecke and collected all manner of neat stuff from the deserted mine site, dragging home and filling up the basement with blue-enameled bowls, mugs, basins and bowls, albeit, rusty and full of holes, will have loads of marvelous memories.

Many adventures sprang from our two-room school; where the hot water sprinklers inadvertently came on to douse our room with enough water to cause every book to ripple with waves. Only a few minutes warning, while we grabbed our coats and raced outside. When finally, the school did catch fire, of course the sprinklers stubbornly refused to operate. While celebrating at breakfast the morning after the fire, of our great luck, our dad dampened our spirits by walking into the house to announce, that all was restored, and school would be open as usual. His jacket was covered with ice from the firehose, where he had been rescuing our school all night. Of course, we didn't really appreciate how close the school was to the fueling depot for the huge transport trucks, that carried the ore to Whitehorse for shipping.

Pat (Thompson) Wagg mikewagg@shaw.ca

TOURIST SERVICES PHOTO (MocTel 73)

I was reading the article on tourist Services photo I don't know if this information will help or not. One of the Boys I went to school with was named William Lee. We were in grade 10 and 11 together, we use to spend time together studying for our Final exams at

the Motel at tourist Services. He looked after the office in the motel while his parents were busy doing other things. I was under the impression that his Father either owned or helped his brother Run the Motel and Restaurant. So I was sure William told me his uncle owned the Restaurant and maybe the Motel. I could be wrong but I am sure that is what Bill told me as we used to sit in the office and study. – Ron Olson r0n-pr0*shaw.ca

(This is consistent with Chuck Halliday's comment in MocTel 75 say Herbie Lee operated the restaurant.)



Sternwheeler Dawson sunk at Rink Rapids October 1926

October 1926 Sternwheeler Dawson struck a reef at Rink Rapids and eventually sank. Passengers stayed onboard for 3 days while a road was cut through to rescue them. See passengers on board in this photo taken by Fred Sommerton and donated by John Gould of Dawson City. John was a passenger onboard at age 7. Note the barge along side was used to haul freight. Capt. Raab was Skipper on the sternwheeler.

Rink Rapids was 229 miles from Dawson and 231 miles from Whitehorse. River mileages available at <http://www.explorenorth.com/library/ships/yukonrivermiles.html>

More old White Pass sternwheeler photos are online at <http://community.webshots.com/album/65874057hWGkty>

WELDON PINCHIN JUST PHONED

Aug 25th, 2004 Weldon Pinchin just phoned to cover a number of topics. Weldon wanted me to phone Jeanne Harbottle and pass along how much he is enjoying Bud's manuscript and for him it had answered the question he had tried to determine many times before, why did George Milnes' plane go down.

Weldon also wanted to tell us that George Milne's brother Bill Milne, who was also a pilot, is living on Mayne Island too. He is not on computer but copies of the Harbottle stories are being passed along to him and he is also enjoying them.

Weldon also would like to see Fred Aylwin, Dave Perchie and Bucky Keobke write some of their memories for us to enjoy. He remembers George Milne, Bud Harbottle and Gordon Cameron coming into his parent's bakery, "The Cake Box", in Whitehorse.

Weldon was also excited about the visiting he did at the Island Yukoners' picnic and in particular seeing Percy DeWolf after 49 years. He was also pleased to meet Gus Barrett, Joyce Yardley, Alice Breaden and was sorry he didn't talk to Henry Breaden.

Gus, Weldon is pleased you mentioned him in your poem and is very grateful for the Moccasin Telegraph.

He said he has purchased both of Joyce Yardley's books "Yukon Riverboat Days" and "Crazy Cooks & Gold Miners". So far he hasn't been able to read them as his friends keep walking off with them to read for themselves.

I am looking forward to Joyce's next book which she is hoping will be out by Christmas. I had written to Weldon yesterday to thank him for a can of smoked salmon he gave me at the picnic. I had opened it at lunch time yesterday and it is delicious. I have learned that the cannery used is one that is associated with an old time Yukon family St. Jean. St. Jeans cannery is located in Nanaimo and they not only sell to the public but also can or smoke and can salmon for individual customers. I expect this was Weldon's private catch. I did notice a number hand written on the bottom of the can and then when I looked at the website I watched a short film which shows they put the customers number on the bottom of each can to insure you get your own fish back.

I have since learned from Henry Breaden and Les Sommerton that they have been enjoying this product for years. See for yourself at <http://www.stjeans.com/> Betty (Fournier) St. Jean was at the picnic at Nanoose.

– Sherron

Hi Sherron,

Many fellows that went north to work ended up marrying Yukon girls. Betty's maiden name was Fournier and there was quite a family of them. I would not be surprised that they were there in the real early years. Archie Fournier had a farm not far from the old airport, and I think the original airplanes used to land on his farm. When I drove for YCGC in 1946 I used to overnight at Joe Fournier roadhouse on the Hunker summit. I don't know who Betty's dad was, but Les I am sure could clue you in on the family better than me.

Henry Breaden

There were three Fournier brothers - Joe had the Roadhouse at Hunker Summit - Gene had the Roadhouse at Bear Creek and Archie had the dairy - they used quart beer bottles for milk bottles.

Archie had three daughters, Martha, Betty, and Isabelle and one son that I know of, Isabelle's husband worked at the North Fork as did my dad and their two families were very close - a friendship that continued after both moved to the coast.

Les Somerton somerton*northwestel.net



Henrick Nissen, 6th Ave near Strickland - right across from where I used to live in early 60's -- dated him a few times!!!!

Photo courtesy Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com
(Does any one know where Henrick is now? – Sherron)

SORRY I MISSED THE PICNIC

I had planned to attend the picnic, but life happens. I spent the summer in Christina Lake helping my mom, Frances McKamey. My brother, Brian, and sister, Tara, joined me for a short time so we had a great time reminiscing. My niece, Amy, stayed with mom also and worked at Anne's Bakery for the summer. It was great to have her to ourselves. Just before I left, mom had a mild stroke. I stayed on to take her to appointments and help her recover. She has come home with me to stay through the winter.

While I was at the Lake, I had a good visit with Ruby and Ted Wolger (they are always so positive, happy and cheerful) and talked to Tony and Hazel Fekete when they called mom. Hazel is recovering from a knee operation. Mike and I also visited with Dave Engels at his New Horizon Motel where we took refuge for two nights when we had the whole family at the Lake.

It was a hot, hot summer and I longed for the milder Island temperatures. It was a delight to see the pictures and account of the picnic. I am sorry I missed meeting and visiting with everyone and hope there will be another picnic next year. I intend to be there.

Cheers,

Linda (McKamey) Newman linda*coastworks.com

OBIT

Dear Sherron: Just a note to let you know that Ada Murray died here in Victoria, she had been ill for while, but cancer killed her. She lived in Dawson City and grew up there, she was married to my brother Jim Murray and after the war they came to Dawson for a few years. Jim was a liquor Vender and they lived in several places in B.C. They raised 7 children, the oldest Lynn was born in Dawson City, and the rest I think were born in Atlin. Luckily Ada and 3 of her children had a visit to Dawson City a few weeks ago and visited with her brothers.

Regards Anita Bereza anitabereza*yahoo.com

NEW ADDITION - PREVIOUSLY

Hi sorry I took so long doing this but here it is.

Bill Chapman born in Dawson 1937 son of Mattie and Chappie Chapman. Chappie came to the Yukon with the RNWMP about 1919 and lived in the Yukon till his death in 1985. Mattie came to the Yukon in 1936 lived there till her death in 1998. Bill went to St. Mary's school in Dawson then moved to Mayo and went to high school there. Colleen was born in Vegreville Alberta and came to Mayo to teach school in 1957. We were married in 1959 we lived in Mayo till 1962 then moved to Alberta. Were we live now near Devon Alberta.

CHAPMAN, Bill & Colleen (CASSIDY) cwchapman*aol.com (Born in Dawson 1937, high school in Mayo) Vegreville

NEW ADDITIONS

I lived at Elsa during the 1950's. My dad Ivan Thompson, was the office manager at United Keno Hill Mines. I'd like to hitch-on to the Moccasin Telegraph.

Thanks,

PAT (THOMPSON) WAGG mikewagg*shaw.ca

(See Pat's message above.)

Dear Sherron,

Dave Gairns sent me your address and we would like to be added to your mailing list

please. It looks like you are doing a mammoth job of keeping Yukoners in touch with each other. We came to Whitehorse in 1970; Tim was a young engineer/surveyor with Underhills. And almost 35 years later we are still here, as are both our adult children, Mark and Jane.

Our email address is jan*klondiker.com

We look forward to keeping in touch.

Jan Koepke

My name is Ron Olson I wish to receive the Moccasin Telegraph, Dave perks sent me a copy. I lived in Whitehorse from about Apr. 1955 until April 1960. I joined the Canadian Navy in 1960, even thou I did not continue to live in Whitehorse. My parents did until 1962 and I still considered Whitehorse my place of residence until about Nov.1962, the Navy still listed Whitehorse as my home. Since that time I have lived mainly in Victoria B.C. and I now reside there since 1981 and have since retired in June of this year. I attended Whitehorse High but never graduated from there. My last grade at Whitehorse High was grade 11 in 1960.

My parents name were Don and Clara Olson we lived in Whitehorse most of the time but after I joined the navy my Mom, Dad, Sister and brother moved out to Porter Creek Area. My Sister Nona Olson (Lacert) now lives in Surrey B.C. and My Brother Ted Olson now lives in Vancouver B.C. My Parents Moved to Victoria in 1962 or 63. Both of them are no longer alive. Dad died of Cancer in 1970 and Mom passed away in 2001 at the age of 87. Thanks again. Ron

My E Mail Address is r0n-pr0*shaw.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Ken & Dorothy's NEW e-mail address is: krey*uniserve.com

Thanks for the ongoing info, Ken Krocker

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The indispensable first step to getting things you want out of this life: decide what you want. - Ben Stein

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca

Sourdough Pancakes

1 1/2 cups flour

2 teaspoons of baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg (room temperature)
1 cup of starter
1 cup of milk
3 tablespoons vegetable oil

Stir together flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt, and sugar. Set aside.

In a medium bowl, beat the egg. Stir in the starter, milk, and oil. Add the dry ingredients until just moistened.

Place a griddle on medium-high; heat until a drop of batter "skitters" across the griddle.

Grease the griddle and pour 1/2 cup of batter on to the preheated surface. Cook 1 - 2 minutes on each side.

Makes 4 servings.

Note: Add fresh blueberries, or sliced and peeled apples to the batter if desired. Any fruit that is in season is good, though citrus is not a good idea.

DATES TO REMEMBER

The Okanagan Yukoners' AGM and luncheon will be held at the Best Western Hotel on the corner of Harvey Ave and Leckie Rd in Kelowna. It takes place at Noon on Sunday October 3, 2004. The cost is \$15.00 per person which includes lunch. People usually start to arrive around 11am and visit for a while before lunch.

The hotel has asked us to supply some numbers well in advance so they can prepare. If you wish to pay in advance so you don't have to wait at the door, you may send a cheque made out to Okanagan Yukoners' to me at; Larry Chalmers Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0. If you are not paying in advance please contact me by Phone (250-498-6887) or by e-mail ([aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)) or at the address above.

If you decide at the last minute to come that is OK too, but we will be much happier if you let us know in advance. Come out and enjoy some good old Yukon camaraderie and maybe discover a long lost friend.

Larry Chalmers

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