

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Nintieth Edition - Nov. 28, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

To use an e-mail address from the MocTel, substitute the * with @.

*I decided for at least this week to note not just from whom, but from **where** this material is coming from. I hope you find it interesting. – Sherron*



Log Skyscraper – Whitehorse – July 2004

Photo courtesy Gerald & Buelah Newsham gnewsham@silk.net (in Westbank BC)

PLAY BALL

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (in Qualicum Beach BC)

I love to watch a baseball game.
It's ever so relaxing.
It's slow enough to follow play
And never over-taxing.
But of late, the game that now is played
On artificial grass,
Is not the gentle game it was,
It's vulgar, bold and crass.

Starting with the nation's anthem
Which once was sung with pride,

It's now sung by a rapper
With a guitar at his side.
The teams line up on base paths,
And as the country watches,
Right hands are placed above the heart,
Left hands are scratching crotches.

“Play Ball”, the umpire hollers,
And the batter's at the plate,
He fidgets with equipment while
The opposition waits.
He readjusts his helmet
Then three times he taps the plate,
Then steps back from the batters box,
The pitcher glares with hate.

He glances to the dugout
Where the subs and coaches sit,
The dugout floor is littered
With tobacco juice and spit.
The announcer's spouting drivel,
As the starting pitch is near,
But half the fans have left their seats
To get another beer.

The batter swings, a double
Goes careening off the bat.
The second baseman greets him
With a friendly smile and pat,
It's not like watching Williams,
Mantle or DiMaggio.
Oh where did all the rivalry
And competition go.

The baseball game that once I watched
And marveled at the skills,
Provided loads of entertainment,
Energy and thrills.
If they'd just get back to basics,
It would be a joy to me,
To see a game of baseball played
As it was meant to be.

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)
Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 33

On January 2, 1971 I had a phone call from Clive Boyd general manager for General Enterprises Construction Company asking me to come down to see him. When I got there he told me the company had a Cessna 185 but no pilot for it and would I be interested in going to work for them.



General Enterprises Cessna 185
Photo Courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

I had known the company owners for thirty years and they were good friends so I accepted immediately. The airplane was almost new having low hours and was in good shape. It had hydraulic wheel-ski combination undercarriage but there were no floats for it.



Beechcraft CF-XMB
Photo Courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

In a short time we had a twin engine Beechcraft CF-XMB.



Navaho CF-JPY

Photo Courtesy Jeanne Harbottle (*In Vernon BC*)

In 1979 or 1980 we bought the Navaho CF-JPY.

I flew for General Enterprises “G.E.” for almost 13 years and retired after 37 years of flying in July 1983.

(The End)



Cemetery near Haines Junction

Photo Courtesy Carol Buzzell buzzy.cj*shaw.ca (*in Cranbrook*)

The following is the song Al Oster wrote following his hunting experience which he wrote about and was included in the last edition of the Moccasin Telegraph.

THE LAUGHING MOUNTAIN GOAT

Copyright © 1967 by Al Oster (Northland Music Co)
Courtesy of Al Oster (*In Salmon Arm BC*)
Alosteryukon*jetstream.net

- (1) We started out from Whitehorse,
There was Jack and Kit and I
We're goin' hunting mountain goat,
Up on a mountain high
We took along some beans and tea,
In case of an appetite
We took along a jug of rum,
To keep our spirits bright.
- (2) We reached the lake where the boat was moored,
And Jack untied the rope
He turned his back and the boat took off,
And down the lake did float
Kit stood there and waved his arms,
And yelled at poor old Jack
He cursed and jumped into the lake,
And promptly brought it back.
- (3) Well the funniest sight you ever did see, Was Kit when he came to
shore
And Jack and I just sat on the ground, We laughed and we did roar
He called us names, he swore and cursed, The day that we were born
So we built a fire from the driftwood logs, And tried to make him
warm.
- (4) At last we got the supplies on board, We piled into the boat
We went on further up the lake, To find our mountain goat
We found a cozy spot to camp, And scanned the mountain side
And there up on the highest peak, We saw our joy and pride.
- (5) We ate some beans and drank some tea, And cleaned our trusty gun
We loaded up the old pack board, And brought along our rum.
We climbed up on that mountain high, The day was hot and still
And when we finally reached the top, We'd climbed the wrong darn
hill.
- (6) Down the hill and back to camp, We built a fire bright
We drank the rum and ate the beans, And stared into the night
We threw a log upon the blaze, And the flames were burning higher
Then Kit let out a mighty scream, His pants had caught on fire.
- (7) Oh what a trip and what a hunt, Misfortune all the way
If we'd stay here any more, We'd all turn old and grey
So this was it we're going home, We climbed back in the boat
I thought I heard the echoes ring, Of a Laughing Mountain Goat.

OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART IX

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (in Ardrossan AB)

Note: all photos courtesy of Donna Clayson unless otherwise noted.

On this part of the trip we visited Skagway, Bennett and Dyea

We were looking forward to touring Bennett where 30,000 stampedeers spent the winter of 1898-1899.



Heading toward Ptarmigan Rock on the way to Bennett
Photo© courtesy of Tim Kinvig



Klondiker Boat at Bennett
Donna Clayson photo

A tour that lasted for one and a half hours was conducted by Christine, a Park Ranger. The first thing to see was St. Andrews Anglican Church. For years I was under the impression the church was never finished, that the construction workers abandoned the project and headed for the goldfields. This was, in fact, not true and the church was completed virtually overnight. The church is now being refurbished.



Anglican Church at Bennett

Christine handed out large pictures that were taken by well known photographer, E.H. Hegg in 1898. As we stood on the bank of Lake Bennett we tried to determine where Mr. Hegg stood as he took the pictures. It was difficult and the only thing I could figure out was the still-standing church. I did find the garbage dump and an old, discarded stove. I tried to imagine what it must have been like in Bennett over 100 years ago and couldn't believe there was no sign left of all that activity. Thank goodness Mr. Hegg had the foresight to record all the history in his pictures

After the tour we visited a tent where First Nations were selling moccasins, earrings and black & white reproduction postcards of the goldrush. It was time to leave, so we boarded our train for the return trip to Skagway. We would have enjoyed staying longer and touring the countryside. Next time



Arriving Back in Skagway
Photo© courtesy Tim Kinvig

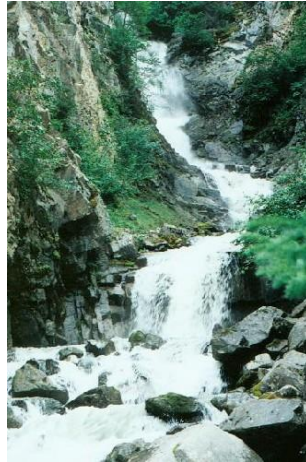
On the return trip we stood outside on the train platform. We had learned to not stand just behind the loco as the black smoke enveloped us. If you are outside when in a tunnel the windows all steam up instantly and the smell of oil permeates the air. When travelling with a steam locomotive it is best to remain inside your car when in a tunnel. The best spot, we found, was behind the front car facing the back of the train. Here the smoke does not reach you and you can get your best photos.

On the way back I tried spotting some of the flora along the tracks. There are numerous types of trees and berries. A gardener's paradise.

On the way back I kept a look out for Dead Horse Gulch, a place where 3,000 pack animals met their demise. It's fairly easy to keep track of where you are as there are signs along the track and the history interpreters hired by White Pass keep you informed along the way.

What we didn't see on the way to Bennett we were able to spot on the way back. There are brochures available so you can track your trip. The day started out cloudy but cleared

up as the day progressed. A tour on the WP & YR railroad is a must for everyone who enjoys scenery and history. We paid \$320 US for both of us and worth every penny.



Reid Falls behind Gold Rush Cemetery in Skagway

That evening we toured the Gold Rush Cemetery in Skagway. It is well maintained and tours are conducted throughout the day. Here you will see the grave markers of Soapy Smith and the man who shot him, Frank Reid. An interesting note is that Frank died a hero to the residents in Skagway for killing Soapy but actually he had fled his home town in the States because he committed murder. Ironically he was a wanted man and died a hero.



Skagway
Verena Ross photo

At dockside where the cruise ships come in is a large rock wall. The wall is covered in what looks like graffiti but in actuality is a record of incoming ships painted by crew members. The wall tells a story of the history of the cruise ships. The largest painting is of Soapy Smith's skull done by an anonymous artist.

It was a full day and very enjoyable. We left Skagway feeling energized and headed for Dyea, 9 miles away. Dyea was a trading post and native camp before the gold rush began July 1897 but in just a few months its population shot up to an estimated 8,000 when it became a principal port city for the stampede. Its popularity was short lived.

We visited the Slide Cemetery at Dyea. Forty-five wooden grave markers, surrounded by a modern wooden fence, mark the burial site of the victims of the avalanche of April 3, 1898. Several of the original headboards have been lost, others are illegible. Nearby are other graves. They were moved from the old Dyea Town Cemetery in 1978 when erosion near the Taiya River threatened the site.



Slide Cemetery at Dyea

We toured the old town site but there is very little to see. A few buildings in such disarray that it is difficult to discern what its original intent was. The road into Dyea is well worth the drive and the interpretive area very interesting.



Tagish Johns & Dyea Johns grave marker

I was glad we took the time to visit the remains of Dyea. It was time to head back to Whitehorse via Carcross.

Websites to visit: www.skagway.org or www.wpyr.com or www.whitepassrailroad.com e-mail address: info@whitepass.net

(To be continued)

FATHER PLAINE

Hi Sherron, I really enjoy receiving the Telegraph and would like to share some of my memories of Father Plaine.

I had heard that he had gone to Vancouver a while ago.

I first met him when I moved to Atlin in 1972. We struck up a very unlikely friendship. Every week or so he would drop by (we lived 5 miles out of town on the Surprise Lake Rd.) for tea and a visit.

Sometimes he would bring me some fish and I would give him eggs or some vegetables from the garden. What we really had in common was a love of mushing. He always wanted to know all about my latest adventures and then he would tell me his great stories. When he came from France he couldn't speak English and it didn't matter anyhow because he got plopped out in the middle of the bush with a dogteam, a bag of flour and a rifle with a box of shells!

He was expected to make his own living and he learned fast. He always gave credit to the native people who helped and taught him. He traveled all over with his dog team, always having to find food for them too.

My favorite memory is of him sitting at my table one afternoon drinking tea and explaining the thrill of driving dogs-to be out alone with them on the trail, everything going right and according to him "You are King of the World!". I think he pretty much got that one right! He had a lead dog named (what else) Buck that was part German Shepard and a sled-dog version of a wonder dog. I'll always be glad of all those hours spent with him and treasure those stories.

Thanks for letting me share some of them,
Claudia MacPhee erstenhorpel@hotmail.com (At Tagish)

Joyce Yardley's saga, to California and back. Notes on Our Fall 2004 Car Trip, Sept. 14th, 2004

Fred and I drove to Victoria and caught the ferry to Port Angeles on the first lap of our 21 day fall vacation. It was the first time I had traveled to the mainland by this route. Heading south, on the Olympic Peninsula, we took a little side-trip (on the recommendation of John Blackburn) to a fascinating little village on an Indian Reserve called "La Push." This is home to 1200 (plus) Quinault Indians, who are officially classified as "Coastal Salish." The Reserve is managed by the Quileute Tribal Council, and takes in 130,000 acres. It is a bird paradise.

The restaurant, where we stopped for coffee and pie, was huge; with large windows looking out to the most incredible sight. It was located where the Quillayute River meets

the sea.(As you can see, the spelling of the “Q” word here is used in several different forms.)

Thousands of sea-birds of all descriptions dominated the scene this day. As far as one could see, on every available perching place; lined up single-file on railings, roof tops and telephone wires, were seagulls of many different varieties. It was the first time I had noticed that some had black beaks, some yellow and some red. The huge black boulders out in the ocean were polka-dotted with white birds, and many more were already fishing in the water. There was a large group of pelicans fishing also, slightly separated from the other birds. Every so often a wave would hit them and they’d flap their big wings and raise up, squawking, until it went by. I watched a solitary heron, standing aloof, perfectly still; seemingly unaware of all the activity around him – patiently concentrating on a spot in the water.

There was only one thing marring this day, and that was the fact that it was raining! We sat there in the café, watching in wonder, until we couldn’t contain our excitement any longer, and hurried outside to try to capture at least a fraction of it with our digital camera. The pictures were disappointing, but that scene will always remain in my memory. We circled slowly around town, almost reluctant to leave. Fred reminded me that all those sea-birds were not there permanently, but probably congregated depending on the season and the salmon runs. The town seemed to be populated entirely by the native Indian people, and the neatness and order of it was certainly a credit to them.



Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley
Joyceyardley*shaw.ca (in Nanaimo)

(To be continued)

During the time I lived in Yellowknife there were several stories I had heard via Rick Ross. He and Clarence Tingley were working for NWT Air as aircraft engineers. One

story in particular had always intrigued me but I couldn't remember the details. I asked Clarence about it and below is what he related to me: - Donna Clayton

Rifle on Board

By Clarence Tingley sigeo.roks*shaw.ca (in Trail)

Rick Ross and I were working for NWT Air in Yellowknife in 1971. We installed the skis on a DC3 which could hold about 26 people. The plane was heading north with a group of entertainers to fly into various Inuit settlements and entertain them. (This smelled strongly of a Government project). The plane was piloted by Norm Williamson with a co-pilot whose name escapes me. The skis are quite large, approximately 15 feet long and about 3 feet wide. The wheels always extend through the skis a short distance for safety.

On this particular trip they had made quite a few landings and take-offs, and during one of these occasions, frozen snow or, more than likely, ice, had severed one of the bungee cords that was attached to a restrainer cable which, in turn held the ski at the proper attitude while flying.

They were going into Spence Bay and when Norm selected 'skis down' position, the restrainer cable, with no bungee cord on it, flapped about in the wind and hooked under the wheel axel. Norm tried a few things to get the cable free but to no avail. Now I must mention that all this is visible from the cockpit.

To land at Spence Bay in this condition was very dangerous so Norm decided to return to Resolute Bay where there was a good runway and also a fire truck. Before he took up a heading for Resolute Bay the thought of shooting the cable arose. Don't know if it was Norm or the co-pilot. (I remembered that it was Norm and confirmed this with Rick via telephone – Donna).

The temperature was around 20 or 30 below at the time. Norm shut the left engine down (so he could see the prop and not shoot a hole in it), opened the window in the cockpit and fired a few shots with a (I believe) 30.30 rifle, at the target which was 10 or 12 feet away. This is not a long shot and would appear to be easy but when you consider the vibration of the plane and also a relative wind of possibly 120 mph, a great deal of plain old luck was needed. It didn't work as planned. One bullet hit a clevis on the end of the cable and bounced the cable free. I'm not sure how long this took but you know how fast things freeze up at even 20 below and an effective wind of around 120 mph. He got the prop turning a bit but the oil had congealed in the oil line and the oil cooler blew. He was able to make a normal landing.

I was sent from Yellowknife up to Spence Bay to do the repair. When I arrived, of course the oil that had flowed out due to the accident and was plastered all over the inside of the nacelle and frozen solid. No harm done but a real dirty job to get all the frozen oil off the inside of the nacelle.

First thing I had to do was heat it up and wash it all down with gas to clean up the mess. This I did by directing the heat from a Herman Nelson heater that was sitting on a huge dog sled and had been pulled up close to the plane, into the nacelle. By this time I had an audience of perhaps 15 little Eskimos watching and I was amazed at how happy and care-free they appeared. It wasn't cold as far as they were concerned. Job finished, I had to start the engine and run it for a while and then shut down and make sure there was no more oil leaks. Now I couldn't do this with all these little guys around as it would be too dangerous. So, I asked if one of them would go and find the co-pilot and have him come down. I can't remember the cojos name but he appeared shortly and ran the engine for me and all looked okay. Now I had to move the Herman Nelson heater (on this huge sled) and when I tried to pull it, it wouldn't move. Well in an instant there was this whole group of little guys pulling and pushing with me and they were all laughing like crazy. They were a big help for me and exactly when I needed it. This I will never forget.

Note: Nacelle: - an enclosed shelter for an aircraft or engine or sometimes a crew. In this case the nacelle encloses the engine and this includes the cowling.

Clarence Tingley

*I wonder how many times a rifle has been used from an aircraft to fix a problem? –
Donna*



Tagish – Sept. 8, 2004

Photo courtesy Heather Jones hjones*klondiker.com (in *Whitehorse*)

1960 LEGION BALL TEAM

Hi, Sherron. I just got a note from Dave Carter saying that I goofed. The name he gave me for the 1960 Legion ball team was Cliff Lawrence (not Chambers). I have no idea how I screwed that up.

I just got back from the local leash-free dog park with my mutt Bailey. At the park I got chatting with a fellow and I mentioned that I grew up in Whitehorse. Lo & behold, he lived there as well, about 1947 to '51 or so. We talked about the Lambert Street school and other old places. This man's name is Spence Dickson. Spence told me his dad worked at the Laberge weather station. So I told Spence about the MocTel, and he showed a keen interest. I will give him your email address so that he can get in touch. His is runspinner@hotmail.com I mentioned that there was a problem with the hotmail service, but he said he could receive the MocTel at his business address (which he will give you). Cheers. Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca (in Mississauga)

(I have not heard from Mr. Dickson, but from his mother below. – Sherron)

SEABEE IN DAWSON

I passed Lionel Brasseur's message about taking his flight in the Seabee along with Stan's brother Ken Hegstrom, to Stan and here is his reply. The message from Lionel was in last week's edition where the two boys had an exciting flight around Dawson for '8 bucks' each.



Yukon Airways Seabee in Dawson abt. 1946
Photo courtesy Stan Hegstrom

Thanks for the message about Bud's Seabee I will attach a photo of the said Seabee that I took when I was a kid maybe 1946 the picture has lots of memories even though I didn't get a ride in it. The foreground has Felix Lederers' 'Snow Goose' that Felix used to freight up and down the Yukon, also St. Mary's Hospital is in the background and I believe it burnt down around the fall of 1948, the picture must be taken in May or June as that's a iceberg plotting off the nose of the Seabee and one behind. The name on the Seabee is Yukon Airways Limited, Whitehorse YT.

Ken is in Edmonton and I usually forward anything interesting on Dawson to him by mail, or e-mail to his son as Ken is not Computer equipped.

Thanks again Sherron, Stan Hegstrom stanvh*shaw.ca (*In Sidney*)

YUKON POSTAL LIST 1935

The list has now been confirmed with Yukon Archives to be a copy of the 1935 list.

After I sent the list out I sat back and reflected on what I had learned while typing the list. I so often find that typing something like this and the Whitehorse voters list I typed in 1968, you learn a lot. It occurred to me that present day Yukoners should shake their heads when they observe the very few folks on the government payroll in 1935 as compared to now. Especially so the ratio of labour oriented workers to government workers. It may be shocking for some of the younger folks to realize there was not such thing as unemployment insurance or welfare. I coupled this thought with a photo Joyce Yardley had just sent in yesterday of 2nd Avenue in Whitehorse in 1942. It gives a good visual example of the life at that time. (I will post that photo below this section.) – Sherron

CORRECTIONS TO THE LIST

KLUANE *Error on original.*

George Alywin Aylwin (Mayo Landing) *My typo.*

Coulter Frank (surely Goulter) (Carmacks) *Error on original list.*

These observations by Ralph Lortie rlortie001*sympatico.ca (In Mississauga ON)

Another Correction

Pelland Mrs. Josephie s/b Josie (Dawson)

YUKON POSTAL LIST

Hi Henry, The Yukon postal listing is most interesting to me. I have some observations and a question.

There are names of settlements of which I had not heard before seeing this listing, indicating that they once existed (at least as a mail drop) and later no longer did. Some examples for me include Alberta, Hutchi, Paris and Reindeer. Having the little location description is very informative as to where these places were.

I notice that some of the names appear in various locations. My guess is that, at least in some cases, this indicates that these people were at different locations during the year. The one example of this, with which I am a bit familiar, is my uncle Alfred Burian. During the summer he would be at his woodcamps on the Stewart River (and so is listed at Yukon

Crossing, which would be one of the woodcamp sites and probably be a mail drop), and in the winter he would be in Whitehorse. Of course there is always the possibility that a person who is listed as being in one community, moved to another community and failed to have his or her name removed from the former community's listing.

I was interested to see another uncle, Waldmar (or Walter) Burian also on the list. This would indicate to me that perhaps he was the second of the Burian brothers to go to the Yukon. I was under the impression that my dad, Reinhold (Renny) was the next one to follow his brother Alfred to the North, but seeing Uncle Walter's name on the list suggests this may not have been the case. My dad did arrive in Whitehorse in 1936 but it may have been after this list was issued as I don't see his name on the list.

Several other listing are also of interest to me. Charles W Rendell, listed in the Dawson section, later married my Aunt Amanda Burian. His twin brother, Thomas H, is also listed. I'm not sure, but William J may be their father. The Alfred E Woodburn family listed at Stewart River would be that of Yvonne Woodburn, who a few years later married my Uncle Rudolph (Rudy) Burian.

As with any listing there would appear to be some typos....misspelling of names. I'm sure the Edward Baker listed as being at Haggart Creek is probably Edward Barker, who moved and lived there for years. And under Mayo Landing, Samuel M Woods listed is probably Samuel M Wood (Maggie Wallingham's dad), Joe Lontin is probably Joe Longtin and Edward Bleiler is likely Edwin Bleiler (Lowell's father) as Ed's brother Ted appears to be listed separately. These don't detract for the list at all, in my view. They make it very real.

I am curious why **George Nagano is not listed** in the Mayo Landing section. My understanding was that George operated the GN Cafe in Mayo from sometime in 1930 or perhaps before. Do you know if possibly the Naganos were away during 1935 when this list may have been composed? My mother told me that she went to Mayo in 1931 to work in George's restaurant but then returned to Maple Ridge, BC sometime in 1935 or early 1936. It is possible that George and his family also left for a time. Mom returned to Mayo in 1936 after the major flood of that year. It was during this flood that her sister, Ruth, caught pneumonia and subsequently died and my mother returned to help look after the Nagano family of 3 children. Hence I know that the Naganos were there during the spring/summer of 1936.

Thanks to Joyce and you, Henry, and to Sherron for making this very interesting list available to the MocTel readers and for giving me another opportunity to reminisce.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (in Parksville)

Harvey's message prompted me to check and Baker at Haggart Creek should be Barker. In Mayo the original list must be wrong with Wood and I was wrong with Longtin. On Blieler it read Edw and I made the incorrect assumption and it should read Edwin. - Sherron

MISSING NAMES ON THE 1935 POSTAL LIST

I spotted one that was missing and I don't know why, as he was a businessman. The name is PALMER, ROBERT who had the Palmer hotel in Keno City way back when to 1935 and I think sold out to Sugiyama. In 1937 he built the Silver Inn Hotel in Mayo, and was the first one to have a juke box, serving ice cream products. We Bush Bunnies had never heard of a sundae or a float, or any of those exotic things. He had a counter for selling spritz soft drinks using CO2 and we thought we were in heaven. During the winter of 1941-42 he had his head to the ground and early in 1942 opened a Billiards Parlour, juke box and ice cream products in Whitehorse. Another that made it was Bill Carr who opened a cafe near next door on First Avenue in the block that burned in the 60s.

In 1937 there was a whole family of Palmers came to Mayo, who were relations to Ed Kimbel through his wife Lou. There was the old couple, Wes who was married, Sid and Jimmy who later went overseas. Archie Curry's wife, Vi was a Palmer daughter. Archie and Vi had been at Keno and moved to Mayo by 1935. When at Keno they used to come to our home for house parties that were very common. Guess that used to be the local entertainment, Alf Burian on the guitar, Tony Besner of the violin and Dad on the button accordion. By New Year, Tony only had a few hairs left on his bow and it had to be restrung!

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

DOWNTOWN WHITEHORSE 1942



Whitehorse 1942 – Old liquor store – Richard's house – 2nd Ave & Steele
Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@shaw.ca

Here's a picture of Whitehorse in 1942. My Dad and Mom, (Eric Richards) lived in the house in the foreground (left) where the "Westmark" hotel is today. Just across the street, is the old Liquor Store, run by Larry Higgins. This is where the City Hall is now. You can also see Everett Wasson's house in the extreme left background. He was a well-known Bush Pilot in those days, and I used to baby-sit one of his children occasionally. The white house next door to our house in those days was Gordon Silcox, a bachelor at the time. He repaired radios. Next was Sandy and Virginia Yeulet, parents of Arthur, Colin and Vimy. Cheers, Joyce

That's right, Sherron, thanks for reminding me of the "Travelodge" that was the name before it changed to "Westmark" of course . No, I don't remember addresses in those days, I think it was just, for example, "the Rose's home" etc. everyone went to the Post Office and picked up their own mail. City Hall now resides where the old Liquor store used to be.

I was just perusing all those old names, and they brought back a lot of memories. Some of those people I remember, but hadn't thought of for many years. I would have been 10 years old when that list was produced in 1935. I remember the postmaster Mr. Vinall so well, only in those days he was nicknamed "Jam" for some reason or other. Theresa Smith's (nee Porter) father and mother lived in an apartment above the old Post Office, and that building was also the "court house." I remember playing with Theresa as a child. We weren't supposed to go into that room (which was generally empty) but there was a section of the room divided by black iron railings that we could climb over and play with, so we'd sneak in there whenever no one was looking. Her father, **Jimmy Porter** was the caretaker of the building, I think it eventually burned down.



Jimmy Porter - Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle (In Vernon)

I should have explained. When I was born we lived in the house on Hanson St. I don't remember when we moved exactly, but my parents lived in the house in the picture when I was a teenager, and when I was engaged to be married. After we were married we rented a small house very close to the cemetery, and right beside Joe Morrison's house. Gordon was working for Pan American at the Whitehorse Airport, and refueling airplanes that were on their way to Russia. He quit in early 1942, after we were married and he had obtained a contract with the US Army to put in telephone poles along the railway. That's when we moved to Carcross.

Luv, Joyce (*In Nanaimo*)

There was only one thing wrong in the Liquor Store photo: there was not a line-up from there to Wood and over to First Avenue. Maybe they had sold out? That is where I got my first driver license in the spring of 1944 when it first came to Yukon. Prior, there was no such thing. Never did take a test, just walk in and get a license. There looks to be an excavation for the foundation of the second half of the Whitehorse Inn which was called the Annex although attached. As I explained before, a large bunkhouse from the Pueblo Mine was moved in as an annex. Building material was very hard to come by, and you got by with what you could find. There were no sawmills in Whitehorse till a small one in Moccasin Flats in the early 50s. All the US army "H" huts were all prefab that was brought in.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (*in Nanaimo*)

It would be interesting to know if times have changed in Yukon. I didn't have to take a drivers test either when I came to Yukon in 1968, but perhaps that was because I had a BC Drivers license. Yes I do remember my son studying for a written exam, but I do not recall if he took a road test. I do remember him spending a lot of time to re-write when we came back to BC in 1983. I also remember his comment when he tested me when he came home. – Mom – do you know what a flashing yellow light means?

I leave that with you and see if anyone in Yukon knows.

I know I was not happy when I had to study and write again to get my BC License back. I had been away more than 5 years. – Sherron Jones (in Vernon)

MISSIONARY ON WHEELS

I thought you might like to know that there is 1 (One) copy of Vera Fast's book, "Missionary on Wheels" for sale on the web-site of: www.barnesandnoble.com under Out of Prints and Used book section, at \$15.95. It is for sale in a shop in Port Alberni !. (*Inter Alia Books*) I am sure somebody might like to get hold of it.

Take care, love to you all,

Dennis Eve Denmeve@aol.com (in England)

(I see where there is also a copy available in Regina at Trylinski Books.)



Koala Baby

Mark and daughter Ella Peschke currently vacationing (in Australia)

Photo courtesy Mark Peschke mark999*attglobal.net

REMEMBERING YUKON

This weeks Harbottle instalment was really interesting. I was in Old Crow with a GNA Beaver when the company went bankrupt. I figured that Steven Frost should have grabbed our Beaver for back wages and started up his own airline S F A.

The last one was interesting too, because Don Monroe was mentioned. He was about the first bush pilot that I had encountered. I was with Water Survey and heading for the Peel River out of Mayo and we were his first fare since he got to Mayo. We put all the metering gear in and set out on floats on the river in front of town. We went up the river and then roared down the river and then tried up again but it wouldn't lift off. After the third try we headed for shore again and he touched the branches of the trees. MAD? He said "Everything Out" and we will weigh it. Chris Buxton brought the scale from the office down to the dock and we had double the load allowed. And that wasn't including the pilot and passengers. So we weeded and sorted and had to have a second trip.

Another trip that Don made with Water Survey was to Hootalinqua in the winter time. He took the two men out on Monday and arranged for pick-up later in the week. On that day the temperature was about fifty below and he went anyway, because that was the arrangement. They threw all the gear in the Beaver and were heading back to Whitehorse when the rudder cable snapped before they lifted off. They hoofed it back to the cabin and the rescue operation kicked in and they were found OK at the cabin the next day. But, the story is, that Don had left Whitehorse dressed like a taxi driver in town. He darn near froze between the plane and the cabin. He was out with me on one beautiful spring day after that, and he was wearing flight boots and a hat with ear-muffs and moosehide gloves, everything that he should have had on the other trip.

Travelling with Water Survey, and later With Health and Welfare took me to most of the communities and sort of on the edge of their social activities. It would be nice to get in

touch with Don Munroe again and I always wonder if Chris Buxton and the summer Lifeguard got together. Chris' dad was Ted Buxton, another Ham.



Lunch at the Peel Cabin – photos courtesy Bill Maylor

Harvey Burian mentioned Sam Peter in one of his notes. I hired Sam to operate the boat and help with putting a roof on the cabin on the Peel River. We were bedding down in the evening and we could hear a wolf howling not too far away. During the night, I could hear cans rattling in the garbage bin outside the cabin door. I took my .455 S&W and checked and the wolf was about fifty feet away. I fired one shot and it went down so I went back to bed. In the morning, Sam was up ahead of me and I asked him if he saw the visitor outside. He looked, and it was still there. He had slept through the whole thing, hadn't even heard the shot from within the cabin. I think that was about the last bounty that was paid for wolves in the Yukon. Sam ran the boat for me several times, there and in Mayo.

Bill Maylor [b.maylor*sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net) (now in Saskatchewan)

MESSAGE DAWSON

Thanks so much for your concern. I did get the 88th Edition. What a wonderful thing you started, and I have typed out many many pages to have something to read in my leisure time, and for my children as they were all born up here and they find the paper interesting also. It is also terrific that you keep us up to date with addresses.

I did print Will Rogers classical sayings also, as I haven't heard them in many years. I am willing to wager that most of our younger population has never heard them.

Reading your stories brings back so many memories of this past 60 years that we have been here. 58 of those in Dawson, as Bill came north in 42 and I got to Whitehorse in 44 where my oldest daughter Ferone was born in the old hospital on 2nd Ave.

Keep up the tremendous work.

Fran Hakonson bfhakon*northwestel.net (in Dawson)

PENALTY FROM SHAW.CA

I wish to tell you this little story since it affects the Moccasin Telegraph. This past Saturday I sent out two mailings, MocTel 89 and the Updated List of those in the project. This was a total mailing of over 1,000.

When I went to send out the next two mails to folks whose mail had been returned I received an error message. When I followed up on it with SHAW I learned they had instituted a limit of 1,000 outgoing mails per day. This is a measure to try and curb spam. They had done that about a month ago and I was to learn the hard way.

My penalty was that I could not send out any more mail for that day. This happened about 11 in the morning and I happened to check my computer about 11 in the evening and it was just sending the mails I accumulated in my outbox.

I found it a very logical thing for Shaw to do and was not annoyed but amused. My husband was even more amused and kept calling me the Spam Queen.

I did think to check to see if I was still able to get on the internet and I was. So I used my Canada.com address and let those know who were e-mailing me, that I was serving a time out. I also checked and I was able to access my SHAW e-mail via the internet. But since I was receiving the incoming mail I choose to just store the remainder of the replies until what I thought would be midnight.

Sherron Jones (in Vernon BC)

OBIT

I would like to advise our members of my eldest brother's passing. James Irvin "Sye" Parkin passed away in Aldergrove, B.C. on Nov. 1, 2004. Sye was born Oct. 18, 1934, and lived in Whitehorse from 1947 until the mid 1960's and then moved to various areas in B.C.

Roberta Morgan bjsservices*yt.sympatico.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

This is to inform you all of my change of my email address as follows
jsfuller*klondiker.net, effective immediately.

Thanks Joyce Fuller (In Whitehorse) (*A subtle change from COM to NET.*)

Please note that my email is changed from wilsomers*shaw.ca to wjsomers*telus.net
Wilf Somers (In Cranbrook BC)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: burtonf*telusplanet.net

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

BURTON, Wes & Florence burtonf*telusplanet.net (In Clinton Creek 1970-72) Strathmore AB

This user doesn't have a yahoo.ca account (smokeypals*yahoo.ca)

WYATT, Mark & Elaine smokeynpals*yahoo.ca (In Carmacks)

Recipient address: bmlarkin*whtvcable.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

LARKIN, Brian & Mavis bmlarkin*whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse since 1972)

Dear Sherron - please remove my name from the list thanx Vallerie

VLODDER, Hank & Vallerie (ANDREWS) hvlodder*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1953, 1971-74, 1976) Williams Lake BC

Hello Sherron, Thanks for the query.

Regrettably, I will ask you to remove us from the list. At this time I do not have a computer, I use a small pocket sized gizmo for e-mailing called "Pocketmail". It has limited memory and is overwhelmed by the sheer volume of mail with Moccasin Telegraph.

Regards, Jim Austin

AUSTIN, Jim & June jimjune*pocketmail.com (In Whitehorse 1951-1977) Vernon BC

Hi Sherron, Could you please remove me from your list. I have enjoyed getting the Moccasin and have 2 binders of stories. Thanks.....Margaret Henderson

SIMPSON, Peg (now HENDERSON, Margaret) maghendy@hotmail.com
(In Whitehorse 1975-78) Courtenay BC

CONFIRMED ON THE LIST AGAIN

Hi Sherron: Thanks for the e-mail. I had asked to have our name removed while travelling but now that we have settled with our own carrier for the next few months I would appreciate receiving the news - thanks. I will let u know when to remove our name again. When travelling, I don't have enough space on my e-mail but right now it is fine.

jjdoyle3*juno.com is the correct e-mail address.

Thanks so much,

Joyce Doyle (In Yukon)

Myrna Butterworth has said, recently, on the telephone that you have been wondering about me. I am ready to go back on the MocTel.

I had my surgery on August 19 as planned and all is well. As before, it was a difficult time. However, I had terrific support from the neighbors and friends. I was able to get an appointment with the doctor last Wednesday and now have permission to drive. I was told it would be three months before I'd be given permission to drive.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw SK)

I would very much like to receive the Moccasin Telegraph so please include me on this list. Wendy Tayler wtayler@hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

Sorry that I have been out of touch lately. Yes, I would love to receive The Moccasin telegraph.

Thanks for getting in touch with me.

Have to run, but will stay in touch,

Eileen Melnychuk Eileen@businesslanguage.biz (In Montreal Que)

MOVED TO HONORARY MEMBER

Sherron: I should be on the honorary list. I worked for White Pass in Vancouver/North Vancouver, and only visited the Yukon. Dick Sladden was my boss in Vancouver and I worked with George Hartmann (both of whom I see every year at our reunion). Yukoners like Chuck Halliday (one of these days I'll send you a picture of him - we ended up table partners on a Mexican cruise a few years ago) and Bill Jones, would know me by Melody Meyer. I'm amazed at the awesome job you're doing!

Thanks, Melody Hughes (nee Meyer) jmhughes@telus.net (In Coquitlam BC)

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron: A friend (LeRoy George) gave me the URL for this site. I have really enjoyed reading about some of the history and the articles about Yukon history and narratives. A bit about us:

Jim and Ruth Stewart: jtastew@shaw.ca .

Jim was with the RCMP in the Yukon from June 1956 to June 1959. Served in Whitehorse, Mayo and Watson Lake. Ruth (nee Gaensbauer) born in Terrace, moved to Atlin in 1935 and to Whitehorse in 1947 (across the ice). Lived in Whitehorse until 1957 when she went to USA as a flight attendant. Back to Whitehorse in 1958 where she worked for the NWHS in Payroll. We met in 1958, fell in love and were married in the brand new United Church in Whitehorse on June 5th 1959. Ruth's Dad, Gus Gaensbauer worked as a Stationary Engineer for RCEME until the early 60's. Her Mom, Louise,

worked regularly as a Matron at the RCMP Detachment. George Krautschneider's Mom was also a matron at the time, but I can't remember the names of the others.

After getting married in 1959, we were transferred south and have been all over BC since then. One accomplishment, while we were stationed in northern BC, Ruth went to Whitehorse for the birth of our second daughter in February 1962. That trip would make a good article.

We are now retired and living in Westbank, BC. Two daughters and spouses and 4 grand-children

I was excited about my son Spence's meeting with Ralph Lortie and would very much like to access your Moccasin Telegraph site. We were in Whitehorse from 1947 to 53 with the Meteorological part of the Department of Transport.

Marjorie Dickson marjoriedickson83@yahoo.ca

It seems I missed adding Lisa Badenhorst to my mailing list when she signed on this summer. I had her name on 'the list' but not in one of the groups that I mail to. I just ran a cross check and found some discrepancies. Hence a number of removals above. – Sherron

I am definitely interested in receiving the Moccasin Telegraph. Please leave my name on the list and this is the correct address (lisa@macbridemuseum.com). Thanks, Lisa Badenhorst (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

A well adjusted person can enjoy the scenery when forced to take a detour.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart (Lelievre) lornellis@shaw.ca (In Victoria BC)

Mr. Bumble's Chicken

(I have no idea where this name came from – our family just calls it Sherril's favorite)

2 ½ - 3 lbs chicken – cut up
½ cup ketchup
1/3 cup brown sugar (loosely packed)
¼ cup water
1 envelope Onion Soup mix

Put all in large casserole dish.
Bake at 375 for 50 minutes - uncovered

DATES TO REMEMBER

Dear Sherron: Could you please post a notice in the Telegraph pertaining to the Vancouver Yukoners' Association Christmas Luncheon. Other than the Spring Banquet, this is our largest event of the year as many people make an extra effort to attend.

Vancouver Yukoners' Association
Christmas Luncheon Meeting
HOLIDAY INN DOWNTOWN
1110 Howe Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Thursday, Dec. 9th, 2004 beginning at 11:45AM

This is a pot luck affair and there is no charge for attending. We only ask that those coming bring some sandwiches, or sweets to be added to the table. Coffee and tea are provided by the hotel. The emphasis at this affair is visiting old friends, in other words, the business part of the meeting will be short.

Regards: Lowell Bleiler [LynBleiler*aol.com](mailto:LynBleiler@aol.com) (In Vancouver BC)

Some of the longtime Yukoners may recognize that we are having our Christmas luncheon much earlier than usual, so it might be an idea to emphasize that Dec. 9 is the correct date. We certainly wouldn't want anyone turning up on the 19th.

Thanks again: Lowell

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. **I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now**. If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon please include your **maiden name** as well. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.
– Sherron Jones [sherronjones*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca) (In Vernon BC)