

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Ninety-First Edition - Dec. 5, 2004

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



Robin – Nov 4, 2004 - Whitehorse

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

REINCARNATION

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

Looking out across the sea
And thinking of creation.
I wonder if there really is
A true reincarnation.
If so, and if I had my wish,
I think I'd come back as a fish.

It would be fun to swim all day
In waters dark and deep,
Then hide inside a comfy bed
Of weeds, and go to sleep.
I'll be a fish by hook or crook,
If you will come back as a hook.

Then again, a great sea lion,
Is what I think I'd rather be,
So big and strong and handsome,
That you couldn't help but fall for me.
But that would only work I guess,
If you're a pretty sea-lioness.

Or I could be an octopus,
If I could be so bold to.
I'd love to have that many arms
To cuddle and enfold you.
What fun we'd have, just you and I,
Creating little octopi.

I think I'll give it some more thought,
Who knows what tribulations,
That I could bring upon myself,
With this reincarnation.
I would accept, but only when,
I'm sure you're coming back again.

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Taken at Bear Creek

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

The Alaska Highway

By Daisy Callison-Welsh (In Castlegar)
c/o her daughter jehavdale*shaw.ca

When the Alaska Highway went in there were many Canadians working on that project. Some were guides and surveyors. Others were construction workers, etc. What it meant was that many now were suddenly unemployed. My brother-in-law, Bud Simpson, had been working for White Pass at the Rancheria River, Mile 710, Y.T. He realized the potential of starting a stopping place on the highway so made a deal with his employers to take over their camp. (Bud's mother had run a grocery store, plus Bed and Breakfast in

Telegraph Creek for years, so he understood the business). Doris and their four small children joined him there.

It was quite an undertaking and as far as I know the first of it's kind to open on the Alaska Highway. They ran it successfully and constantly for 28 years. Many were their experiences. When they finally sold the lodge they had hoped to retire. However, the buyers had a fire, burning the hotel, and then deserting the place. They had allowed the light plants to freeze and break, etc. etc. When the Simpson's took their business back it was heartbreaking. Doris phoned me and asked if I would come to help them. I had my own responsibilities but because my sister was feeling so stressed I decided to hire someone to care for my place and drove up to the Yukon to join them.

Bud had cleared the burn mess away and moved a large, empty, army building into its place. He did most of the work himself as he was very good at carpentry. He built a spacious and comfortable living area and private office into the centre section, with a front door and entrance. Three large bedrooms with private baths were built at each end, outside doors and long hall across the front at each end. It was a tremendous amount of work. I had done lots of painting in my time, so when I would wake up from night shift I would paint whatever Bud had built. The day he finished the carpenter work he said, "I'm so glad to get to where you have to quit chasing me!" I told him I'd been working like mad to keep up to him! The very day the hotel was finished the weather turned bitterly cold, the trailers, which were rented as rooms, had to be shut down. That very night the hotel was filled to capacity!

Doris was cooking day shift and I took the nights. They quite often had road crews who Doris took care of. This night shift meant not only taking care of travelers, truckers and buses, by serving meals, coffee, and renting rooms, but doing all the baking for the next day. There was a small warm dining room just off from the kitchen where the truckers and night travelers always sat. Once we got things under control Doris hired another cook to take her place as she had all she wanted to do with managing, doing books, etc. Of course they hired a housekeeper and a young man who worked as gas boy or sometimes helped Bud serve in the bar.

This young guy had somehow won Doris and Bud's confidence. Their mistake I figured! I was in a position to see what went on behind the scene. Because they liked him I didn't want to say too much. One night the boss on the road crew came to me saying the Simpson's trusted employee was bootlegging liquor from the bar. Boxes of it were sitting on the back porch of the bar just waiting to be carried away. He didn't want to tell Bud himself so I ran over to their apartment and woke Bud up. He did check and sure enough the booze was there! I don't know what the little rascal told Bud or, what promises he made, but he was kept on.

One night about 11 P.M. he rushed in, an hour or so ahead of time, as the garage was to be kept open until midnight. I noticed him quickly remove his boots and take a seat in the little dining room where he sat behind several truckers. In a short time a young Indian man came to the kitchen door and demanded to see the gas man. I passed on the message that he was wanted at the door, but he stayed seated. Time passed and several things happened. Finally the young fellow came inside. I offered him a cup of coffee which he refused. It was then I realized he had a hunting knife in his hand. In his soft voice he insisted on seeing the employee.

I certainly wanted to see no blood shed so I suggested he leave. It was then he threatened me with the knife. I decided, on the spot, to not let him intimidate me. I could smell the liquor on him. I told him to put that knife back in the scabbard and leave immediately along with several other drunks who were waiting for him in the car outside. Otherwise, I would be calling the police. He finally backed off and left. When I turned around our friend, Lou Hyland, who was living with us, was standing there with a kettle of boiling water. I said, "Lou, you wouldn't have!" She said she certainly would have if he had started to use that knife on me. She who was such a gentle, kind, soft spoken lady! You never know!

The young Indian man likely had a very good reason to accost the employee. No doubt a dirty trick had been played somewhere along the line!

This incident reminded me of something similar which happened at Toad River, in the year of 1959. There was a good staff and everything running along quite smoothly. My brother Dennis was about to leave early the following morning with the tanker for a load of gas. Marje's mother had been ailing and Marj asked if I could run the place in her absence as she would like to go down to Dawson Creek to see her Mom. I could see no reason why she shouldn't go.

Late in the morning I had a call from Don Peck, who I had known for always, saying he had missed Dennis and Marj when they went through or he would have warned them. A group of bandits, from Detroit, had stayed at his campground the night before. They were driving a fleet of old beaten up cars and would be reaching Toad River that night. He called them criminals and thieves. They had swarmed the gas pumps and short changed the boy in charge. They had come into his lodge and garage and stolen everything that was loose at one end. His trophies in the lobby of the hotel had been damaged. One thing which really infuriated him was they had cut the claws from a big grizzly bear trophy and stolen them. These people were calling themselves "The Fifty Niners". He offered to come up if I thought I might need help. He was so angry! He was a very outspoken individual and I knew would spare no punches. Again, we needed no bloodshed! I thanked him for calling to warn us. We locked all doors, and spent every spare moment that day painting no admittance signs. We even went so far as to turn the goat loose in the corral in front of the bam. We knew he would put the run on any strange kids!

Sure enough their caravan of old beaten up vehicles pulled in for gas and a swarm of dirty and ragged women and kids headed for the Lodge. The lounge door was locked so they swarmed into the dining room. I stopped them before they got as far as the lobby and asked if they would be taking rooms. If not, there were facilities at the campground for the campers. They were angry but they did leave.

The cook and I had been watching the men at the gas pumps. David our mechanic and gasman had locked the garage and refused to let them fill their own cars. He collected after each car was filled. Two men were plainly the ones in charge. One was a big bruiser with a slouch hat and a red beard. His right hand man was at least six foot six in height, very skinny and tough looking. I immediately named them Big Red and the Arkansas Traveler. (He reminded me of the character in a silly old southern song my dad used to sing. I got so thin on sassafras I could hide behind a straw. You bet I was a different man when I left Arkansas! ")

The cook and I had been joking with a boarder named Miles who was sitting at one of our tables, working on some books. He too, was joking, but warned us. If Don Peck had

deemed it necessary to call and even offer to come up, it was for a good reason. We should take him seriously.

When the two travelers entered, Big Red announced, "I am the wagon boss!" I pretended not to know what he meant which I could see did not please him. He seemed to think he should be treated as a celebrity. I picked up menus and was approaching them when he slammed his big fist down on the table and demanded, "I'll have a beer!" as if he were in a Wild West show. We needed no drunks so I politely told him I would have to take his order for food first as the law for a restaurant licence says you must serve liquor only with food. This made him very angry and in a loud angry voice he said, "I don't want no G. D. food and there ain't no law up here!" Miles quietly told him, "Yes there is law here and the road only goes one way!" At that Big Red reached down and pulled a long dagger from the side of his boot. Very handy! He slapped it down on the table and sat glaring at me.

Miles quietly walked out the door and I must admit my heart was in my throat! In nothing flat Miles was back with both the survey and road crews. When I had time to think it over I realized it was not just by chance that Miles happened to be doing his books in our dining room that evening and that the crews were ready and waiting. I'm also of the opinion that someone of them had also talked to Don Peck. They filled the dining room in nothing flat. A couple men just stood beside Big Red's table. They kept looking from the dagger to Big Red and back again. Not a word was spoken. Finally the dagger was returned by Red to his boot and those "Wild West" characters left.

We made it our business of course, to send a warning on up the Highway, and what with moccasin telegraph, truckers and travelers; the Alaskans were well aware as to who their next guests would be. The "Fifty Niners" did reach the Matinuska Valley before they were refused entry into Alaska. They needed neither criminals, thieves, nor welfare recipients up there either!

The Old WHTV

By Al Oster (In Salmon Arm BC)
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By today's living standards where most everyone is criticising everybody else but themselves; where no one is doing things right at any time; and almost all the food you eat will give you cancer; and where verbal eloquence and the dotting and crossing of certain letters essentially rule the world; where shoplifting and murder both gets you 3 to 5 years in the pen with the possibility of parole after 1 year or less, and where unions have designated TV announcer/operators as an oddity of a past era, I would therefore today never feel qualified and capable of assuming the responsibilities for gathering the national and local news at 5:00 PM by short wave radio and newspapers, editing, and then broadcasting "live" at 6:00 PM, and then continue with other programming until "sign off" at 12:00 PM (or thereabouts), ---- but that's the way it was in the 1960's, and I'm thankful for the experiences and to enjoy many fond memories and reminiscences.

I was part of the entertainment group, along with some of the "Northernaire" orchestra musicians performing at an annual "Lions Auction" in the Ballroom of the Whitehorse Inn. The event was a "live" WHTV telecast. I was performing some "Elvis" rock n' roll

selection interludes between various auctioned items. The money proceeds from the Auction where in support of funds designated for the Whitehorse Lions swimming pool.

I was approached by Roy Marshall, a part owner of WHTV, and Bert Wybrew who was I believe the General Manager. The other part owner of WHTV was Neil Colville, who was not present, and who was a retired NHL star hockey player from either the Red Wings or Rangers. I was asked if I would be interested in a 1 hour weekly TV musical show sponsored by Nelson's Hardware one week, and the following week by Yukon Radiator. I was so thrilled at the offer and of course accepted without even considering remuneration which was discussed later on. They also asked if I was interested to train as a part time announcer/operator from 6:00 to 12:00 PM on Mon to Fri each week, with weekends off. I was working as a civilian employee at the Air Force Base from 8:00 AM to 4:30 PM Mon to Friday each week, and on weekends I had a 3 to 5 piece country/western band booked every Saturday night at one of the Air Base recreation clubs. I was going to be a busy young fellow and looked forward to the new challenges.

Each weekday I would rush home at 4:30, grab a quick meal and coffee that Mary would always have ready, gulp it down, and then hurry to the station in time to record on a tape recorder the short wave radio news broadcast from Vancouver CBC. I would then quickly condense the news items into shorter, concise briefs suited to fit into my allotted broadcast period of 15 minutes for both national and local news. The local news would be read from the Whitehorse Star newspaper. At 6:00 PM I would sit in front of the camera, and casually without glancing down at the control board, turn the system on and greet all the viewers with a "Good evening everyone, my name is Al Oster and we begin this WHTV broadcast day with the national and local news". And then commence reading the scrawled pieces of paper the best way possible without "humming and hawing" too much. After 15 minutes of stumbling through foreign African, Chinese, India, etc. names in the news I would breath a sigh of relief, and turn on a slide projector of selected slides along with an LP of recorded music for 15 more minutes while loading a 16 mm film projector with a 30 minute travelogue. At 6:30 the film projector would be turned off and the ½ hour travelogue would commence. At 7:00 another 15 minutes of slides and music, while I loaded a 16mm 2 hour movie. At 7:15 the movie commences and if I was lucky it would go through the process without breakage. If it broke, the slide projector and music would be turned back on while I spliced and repaired the 16mm movie. Once a week I would host the 1 hour "Al Oster Show" featuring local musicians, and guest artists. The show went on for 3 years. Also once weekly I would host a 2 hour show called "VIDEO" which appeared to legalize another illegal game. Subscribed viewers would be issued a VIDEO card, and I would roll a barrel of balls similar to another game, and call "under the V-1, or 0-66, or whatever ball turned up. When a viewer had 5 numbers in a row, or blackout, they would phone in and say "VIDEO", and I would award a prize to whomever. One embarrassing night I remember a young woman called during the show and insisted on a date after the show. I couldn't figure out what to do under that circumstance without being rude or hurting the girl's feelings. Neil Colville and I believe Bert Wybrew were in the control room enjoying every "sweaty" few minutes of what seemed like an hour of torture. The young lady finally felt sorry for me and apologized, then hung up laughing. We were on black and white TV, and I'm certain colour would

have been disastrous. It was much hotter than usual that evening under the gleam of TV lights.

The studio quarters of the TV station were set apart from the control room by a large insulated glass window. The camera would be pointed from the studio area through the window at the chair in which the announcer/operator would be seated. The control switches were in front of the announcer, and he would be required to turn himself “on” or “off”. Occasionally my hand would flick the wrong switch and the world would fall apart in complete turmoil. Anyway, a sound studio in order to project a clean image of sound reproduction needs to be soundproofed, and the ceiling is important. Roy Marshall and Bert, from somewhere in the world, accumulated hundreds of egg cartons and these were stapled to the ceiling of the studio as soundproofing. I’m not sure if they helped or not, but it certainly did away with a truckload of egg cartons.

The equipment for the original WHTV station was built mostly from a “Heathkit” assemble yourself kit by Roy Marshall who was a technician. The original location of the station was on the second floor of the Whitehorse Inn with a window looking out at the “Government Liquor Store”. It was necessary to warm the camera up for 2 hours before each broadcast day, and the camera was pointed out the window in the direction of the old Liquor Store. As the camera warmed up it gradually transmitted a signal down the TV transmission line to the home viewer, and it was possible for the viewer to see who was buying booze. The lineup at the store sometimes exceeded ½ block. Eventually the station was moved under the bowling alley of the Whitehorse Inn where it had larger quarters, and a somewhat improved control room, and no more Liquor Store viewing.

I was the first WHTV employee as announcer/operator and worked there for approximately 2 or 3 years. Another embarrassing moment was a “sign off” episode. I was deadly tired this particular evening and hardly knew which way was up or down. I was happy to see 12:00 PM (or thereabouts) roll around. The movie was finished and I took my seat at the control board and commenced the usual sign off procedure, “This is WHTV Whitehorse. We broadcast at a cycle of etc. -- licensed by etc., and we commence broadcasting at 6:00 PM each day 7 days a week. We hope you’ve enjoyed today’s programming and will join us again tomorrow at 6:00 PM. This is wishing you all a pleasant good night. WOW; forgot my own name yet.

GUS RETURNS OLD PHOTO

In a recent Moccasin Telegraph Gus asked if anyone knew the whereabouts of John Haines. Gus and Blanche had a photo of him as a boy, standing with John Diefenbaker when he visited Dawson. – Sherron

The Moc/Tel strikes again. Managed to track down John Haines and the picture has been returned to its rightful owner after approximately 45 years.

- Gus Barrett soudoughs2@shaw.ca

The following was shared with us from the collection of Jeanne Harbottle (In Vernon). Many of you will know by now that girl in the song named Lilian Bigger later became the wife of a NWMP F.E. Harbottle.

SEATTLE STEAMSHIP COMPANY

...Dyea-Skagway Route...

Seattle, Wash.

March 19th, 1899

I met pretty girl on the boat the other day
She was going to meet her papa who is up in Skagway.
I took quite a fancy to her; she was so nice and kind.
And ever since, why thoughts of her keep running thro' my mind.

She has a very pretty name, it is **Miss Lilian Bigger**
Likewise a very handsome face and a most perfect figure.
Her lovely eyes and charming ways, why quite bewilder me
And were I king of Erin's Isle why queen of it she'd be.

Now Lilian, since you're journeying to the far and frozen zone
I hope no lover after you does this day weep and moan
I hope you will be happy in the land of frost and snow
There's one who will remember you wherever you may go.

Your cheeks are like the roses 'neath some lovely southern Sky
Your eyes are bright as stars at night that twinkle up on high
You are a perfect lady with grace and beauty rare.
I've never seen a lady whom to me seemed more fair.

This song is in your honor do not lay in on the shelf
And do not be indignant at my unworthy self
This every word is honest truth without a word of lie
May all your life be happy and just bubble o'er with joy.

How very soon will come around the Easter Holidays
When Sunday Schools will all arrange our Saviour's name to praise
And although you're in Alaska far from fashions and all that
I hope to see you wear that day, a nice new Easter flat.

Captain James J. Doyle
Pilot S. S. Lauroda

Extract from a letter written to Jeanne and Bud Harbottle April 23, 1971 from Doris (Harbottle) Greenslade, Bud's younger sister.

“Mom’s (Lilian Bigger) folks came West from Kansas City, Kansas about 1898 and settled in Auburn Washington. Grampa and two boys, Frank and Al went to Dyea.

Granny's (later Langholtz) name was Pippin and was widowed with three girls, Nellie, Mamie and Bernadine, so she came West with Gram and Gramp. In the summer they all went to Dyea and then back to Auburn and Granny (Piper) looked after them and Gram and Gramp stayed in Dyea. I have been looking but can't find the poem that was written about Mom on her first trip to Dyea, I think I gave you a copy. Gladys has one but she hasn't looked for it yet, that will give you the date. When the railroad went in Grampa bought up a bunch of furniture and stuff and took it to Skagway to Whitehorse and started a second hand store where John Sewells' store was. They all lived behind the store and then bought the house next door which Bern & Rich (T.C Richards) bought next.

Dad came from Hamilton Ont. And went to Upper Canada College and then went to Africa in the Boer War, you must have those dates on that plaque. When he came back joined the Mounties and was sent to Whitehorse.

They met and married there in the Old Log Church. They were married Sept 14, 1904 by Rev. I. O. Stringer. Mom was 21 and Dad was 23 then. They spent their honeymoon at the Summit as the Police worked with the Customs there. The Customs Officer was Aubrey Simmons."

Jeanne Harbottle cautions that some memories here conflict with an older sister. Erin's Isle refers to Ireland.



Cross Fox

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

This photo was taken at the Faro Camp kitchen in 1992. I am feeding my regular friend who came for supper every night around 6 p.m. Crafty was a cross fox who would eat gently out of my hand every night, He loved steak night because the fellows new I fed him so he got a lot of extra's, and unbeknown to the bosses there, also his own steak a little less cooked than blue rare

Elgolfo elgolfo*shaw.ca

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

14th Headed over to SH 101 and crossed the Columbia River, over a long, long, low bridge on our way to Oregon. We stayed at the “Olympic Inn” in Aberdeen, WA first night. Still raining, had poor Mexican food. Forgettable town.

Next day was much nicer. We drove through green, green rain-forest country, interspersed frequently with open views of the sea. Stopped at Astoria for coffee, which we enjoyed at the local bakery. It turned out to be a meeting place for some of the retired gentleman of the town, who were relating some of the “old town's” history to a couple of lady tourists. It turned out that the ladies had just come from that part of town, on their morning travels, and knew far more about it than the locals did! It was all very friendly and “laid back.” Lots of history here.

I wanted to take pictures at every turn. If only a camera could capture the “immediacy” of the experience itself – the adrenaline rush when we rounded a sharp bend – and there it was! Huge breakers crashing up against boulders the size of tall buildings; sending the white spray high into the air.

We stood there, drinking it all in; mesmerized by the rhythmic roar of the ocean and the magnificence of the scene. I wondered how many centuries it would take before; ultimately, those great rocks would be reduced to sand on the beach, by the patient, never-ending thrashing of the sea. Away in the distance, it started; row after row of giant, emerald-coloured waves racing toward shore, swelling to a huge crescendo just before rolling over and breaking up into white foam on the shore.



Pacific Ocean Seashore

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

We took this picture of the coast later in the day and it looked like all the birds had vacated this area and gone to “La Push!”.
(To be continued)

NORTHERN ADVENTURE – CHAPTER IV

By Don Machan demachan@telus.net (In Qualicum Beach)

Before I begin the Mayo portion of my story, I will digress, briefly, to tell about my arrival in Yukon and a most important friendship established. My future wife, Beverly McFarland, and Al Check, a long time friend from Regina, were at the CPR dock in Vancouver to see me off on the Princess Louise. While waiting for departure, I met Alex Smith, who was on his way back to Whitehorse and his job at the BYN tank farm. His wife, Nancy, and their daughter Jeannie had remained in Quebec, where Nancy remained to provide nursing care for Alex' father, for a few weeks. He was missing his family, and I was feeling sad at leaving my bride-to-be behind, so we commiserated. It was the beginning of a life-long friendship. The voyage on the Louise and the rail trip from Skagway to Whitehorse was an unforgettable experience for a young fellow from the plains of Saskatchewan. I had a bus ticket to travel from Whitehorse to Watson Lake, but opted to hitch-hike with an American serviceman and his family in transit back to the southern States. I was provided with quarters in the Officers Barracks at the Watson Lake Airport where I would spend the following two years.

At the end of October, Bev came from Nanaimo, where she had been employed. She stayed with Alex and Nancy Smith prior to our marriage by Rev. Rattray at the Presbyterian Church. The Smith's provided a wonderful wedding dinner at their home following the ceremony. I had stayed at the Regina Hotel prior to the wedding, and we stayed at the Whitehorse Inn for our brief honeymoon. Ole Erickson was quite curious as to why I was leaving the Regina. Bev and I were totally overwhelmed by the generosity of the Smiths, in view of the fact that we had known them for such a short time, and we always felt as though they had adopted us as part of their family. Jeannie was four years old at the time.

When Alex retired from his job at BYN, they came to visit us at Qualicum Beach, about 1965 or 1966, bought a home, and remained here in Qualicum Beach until they had both passed away in the late 70's. Jean Smith still lives in the District and has two daughters, Tara and Aeiwon, and two grandchildren.

We spent the first two years of our marriage at the Watson Lake Airport, and our eldest son, Terry, was born at the Whitehorse hospital in October 1952, Dr. Gordon Tanner attending.

The Watson Lake Airport was still operating as an RCAF Station, with a Wing Commander as C.O., and was in the process of down-sizing to a Detachment, with a Flying Officer as C.O. We enjoyed those years and the many friends, and the busy social life of an isolated military base. The military discipline and protocol were quite relaxed, including the dress requirements for the military, and although I was a civilian, being the base teacher, I was given Officers status and privileges.

In 1953 I accepted the Principalship of the Mayo Elementary High School. I will continue that story in my next instalment.

Don Machan demachan@telus.net

OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART X

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

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

This part of the trip we visit Venus Mill on the Carcross Road and Cinnamon Cache Bakery and Coffee Shop at Spirit Lake.

We left Dyea and headed north toward Carcross. The Skagway road (Highway 8) is so very beautiful that I was sorry to reach the end of it. We didn't go right into Carcross this trip and decided to carry on to Spirit Lake where Cinnamon Cache Bakery & Coffee Shop is.

This unique stop is owned by Maurice (BoBo) and Gail LaRocque gmlarocque@hotmail.com BoBo and I go back a long way. We were co-workers at the Yukon Vocational & Technical Training Centre in the early 1970's. I worked in the office and BoBo was the Mining Instructor. A jolly, friendly individual that I admired for his skills and temperament. This wasn't always the case as we had one bump in the road. I can almost hear BoBo's laughter as I relate this story.

I owned a rabbit that was kept indoors and litter boxed trained. One Saturday morning when I awoke I found all the cords in the house chewed through. Even the television cord was laying in two pieces. I imagine the rabbit got quite a jolt when he broke through. I was fed up and tired of putting everything with a cord up high. I phoned Trader Time that was currently on the radio and advertised that I wanted a good home to a housebroken rabbit. Within minutes of hanging up the phone BoBo called saying he was interested in taking my buddy off my hands. I agreed with one condition: no eating the animal – BoBo had a reputation. He promised he would keep it as a pet for his children. On Monday morning I asked BoBo how the rabbit was doing. I didn't hear all the words after "We ate him". I was devastated and refused to speak to him for at least a year.

It wasn't until 1999 when I saw BoBo again. He didn't remember me until I said, "You ate my rabbit!" He knew immediately who I was and gave me the biggest hug I'd ever had. On this particular trip we stopped in at Cinnamon Cache Bakery but it was closed so we wandered over to their home not far from the business. I knocked on the door but, again, BoBo didn't recognize me until I said, "You ate my rabbit". Again, another hug. We were invited in for tea and snacks and had a wonderful visit.

On our way back to Alberta two weeks later we again stopped in and this time the coffee shop was open. Gail and BoBo served a wonderful meal of soup and sandwich that was very filling. It was the biggest sandwich I have ever seen and the soup was the tastiest. I highly recommend a stop for lunch but you better hurry up. Cinnamon Cache is for sale. There's a wonderful website I'd recommend: <http://www.yukonalaska.com/buns/>

The next time you're at Spirit Lake stop in and say hi to BoBo and Gail for me and mention what he did to my rabbit. He'll remember me instantly.



BoBo & Gail LaRocque

BoBo was mining instructor at the Y.V.T.T.C in the early 1970's. He was tough with his students but fair. He didn't want any of them hurt and insisted on safety. One of the things he used to do is gather his new students into a van and take them up Grey Mountain. The first stop was the cemetery. Here he would tell the students to take a good look because if they didn't listen to him that's where they would end up. This certainly made an impression on them. He would then take them to the mine where they would learn their new trade.

Another story I'd like to tell is when BoBo took the Vocational School staff up to his mine for a tour. He did the same thing to us as to his students. The first stop was the cemetery then on to his mine. As we all donned hard hats BoBo took us throughout the mine, explaining everything. As we stopped to observe one of his students BoBo explained that he was placing dynamite in a hole. The confidence of this man made not one of us worry as to the capability of the student. Without warning BoBo yelled for everyone to head for the entrance. The sound of his voice convinced all of us to do exactly what he said. We all ran, with the student way out in front. Just as we existed through the large wooden doors of the entrance there was a loud explosion and the doors slammed in then back out again. Something went drastically wrong and, according to BoBo we all barely made it out with our lives.

Bobo was featured in a local mining history, *Heroes of Darkness*, by Ed Andre To see the photos and article go to the Cinnamon Cache website.

After lunch we carried on to Venus Mill.

A sign at the Mill reads:

Venus Mill was built in 1905 to serve Colonel J.H. Conrad's Venus No. 1 and No. 2 mines, located high on the mountain behind you. An aerial tramway transported silver ore to the

mill. Said to have a capacity of 100 tons per day. Gravity and water carried the ore down through several levels of the crushers, trammels, screens and concentrators. At the bottom the concentrated ore was bagged for shipment. First by water to Carcross and then by railroad to tidewater at Skagway, Alaska. Although it incorporated the latest technology and operated around the clock, Venus Mill proved uneconomical and was closed within two years.



Venus Mill

Photo courtesy Verena Ross (In Ardrossan AB)

In the late 1980's my dad, Doug Storing took Bryan and I up to the Mill. As dad waited in the truck for us we ventured up to the building. As we were enjoying looking over the land and buildings a Park Ranger stopped us. Apparently we were trespassing. We had to leave and were sorry that we had not finished our tour. The road access has been taken out and is very difficult now to see where it had been. We carried on to Whitehorse. Next time I'll tell you about some of the residents we met.

(To be continued)

SMALL WORLD

I had a lot of experiences travelling around the territory. I wonder how many can share "It's a small world" stories?

On my second trip to Old Crow in July 69 with Water Survey, we (Vic Ponisch and I, "the Waters brothers") dropped in to the RCMP office to sort of check in and to socialize a bit. The gauge was on the riverbank directly out from the office and Peter Benjamins residence. The mountie (Bud Baldwin) was new to Old Crow and asked me a few

questions, like, where I was from, etc. I told him that I had only been with Water Survey since January and they had posted me to Whitehorse after a training period in the various districts throughout BC and Yukon. The family had just moved up from Burnaby. We left it at that, and he invited us back for coffee when we had time in the evening. He had mentioned that he knew Burnaby.

When we dropped back in the evening, he invited us into the residence area. His wife, Judy, brought out the coffee. I just about fell over. She and I had been classmates at Burnaby North before I joined the army in 56. As we talked, we found out that our oldest kids had both been classmates in Rosser School just before both our families were posted north. Small world, eh?

Bill Maylor b.maylor@sasktel.net (In Neilburg SK)

ROYAL CANADIAN SIGNAL CORP. (RCSC or RCCS)

You may remember that my wife, Roberta Fraser (nee Heath) was on the "Moccasin Telegraph" e-mail list at one time. Recently Roberta and I came across a history project involving the Yukon. We thought it might be of interest.

The project is a history of the "Northwest Territories and Yukon Radio system, 1923-1959. It is the history of the Royal Canadian Army Signal Corps" and its involvement in northern communications.

Roberta's connection is that her father, WO1 Frank Heath established the first station in Dawson City in 1923. In all he spent some 19 years in Dawson.

The web site is -- <http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/project.htm>

Roberta has supplied a number of photo's and other information to the researcher that touch on the early development of the service in Dawson. Going to the link - "persons" and scrolling down to "H" and clicking on Heath will produce a number of items. Likewise going to the link-"stations" and clicking on Dawson will bring up additional material.

(I have created shortcuts for you here)- Sherron

http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/persons/heath_fc.htm (*Heath*)

<http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/stations/dawson.htm> (*Dawson*)

<http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/stations/mayo.htm> (*Mayo*)

<http://www.nwtandy.rcsigs.ca/stations/whitehorse.htm> (*Whitehorse*)

The main point I wished to make is that the researcher, Michael Martin, is anxious to make contact with Yukoners who may have information, photo's or personal recollections of any of the army radio stations scattered throughout the north.

Michael Martin - Contact: versutus@rcsigs.ca

P.O. Box 705 Merrickville, ON. Canada. K0G 1N0

I should add that all information, photo's etc become the property of the "Military Communications and Electronics Museum" in Kingston, Ontario. This is not a private project.

-----Thank You-----Alan Fraser frasal*telus.net (In Qualicum Beach)

MORE ON RCSC (ROYAL CANADIAN SIGNAL CORP)

I have contacted Michael Martin. I first told him of the Moccasin Telegraph project and that I would post Alan Frasers message. Then after his first reply I told him of being an amateur radio operator in Yukon myself and these are his replies. Please contact Michael if you have any photos or have any information on any of the operators ie Ron Greenslade. They currently have nothing on Ron other than his name.

Hi Sherron

Thank you for adding us to your network. This thing started out as a short term project to pull together the bits and pieces that we found in the archives. After putting it on the web it took on a life of its own. I've gotten enquiries from all over North America, from Great Britain, Australia, and even Ukraine, Russia and Norway.

The Internet truly is a magical thing. I remember in the bad old days leaning into the atmospheric static, trying to wrestle those faint dots and dashes through my headphones, and then looking at the completed message. I thought that was magic. We've come a long, long way. And then we look backward to the setting up of that first network between Dawson and Mayo and the enormous challenges that those guys overcame. The thought is just overwhelming. They were inventing the technology on the run.

I am in awe, Michael Martin

Hi Sherron

I would be happy to receive anything you care to shove along. You never know when some little thing will lead on to a bigger discovery. I have had casual mentions develop into major contributions. One woman who was told in casual conversation about the site by an old friend of her husband wound up being our biggest contributor of both pictures and anecdotes (she wrote a whole series of articles). As a result she was put in touch with a long-lost friend from her childhood days in the NWT who had moved to England 40 years previously.

My intention at the start was to try to give some human feeling to the dry Regimental History. It's been a wonderful adventure.

73 MM

Michael Martin versutus*rcsigs.ca (In Merrickville, ON)

Memories from the cake box, as I remember them.

By Weldon Pinchin pinchin*gulfislands.com (On Mayne Island)

We left you on the Loon, with the Keno now being fueled.

We were dispatched to Lake Labarge.

This is a strange tale about Emil Forrest, M.V. Loon, S.S. Klondike, Sam Magee crematorium, & me.

On our way down river we had spent a few days here and had found an old boiler on the right hand shore going down river. We checked on this again, Emil was satisfied so over to this island the C.O. had picked out. (In checking the island name I think it was Ricthofen.) We had to pick up the boiler and put it on the island on the south side. It was important to be in the right place, as the Klondike was to come up from the north and drop anchor where the water was deep right up to the island. (No docks and or floats here.)

Emil had a picture and a plan in mind. So we began by making a bed for the boiler to rest on the waters edge. He also sized up the trees around the site. Saw where the path over the top of the hill was to go. With that we went back to the boiler, as it was getting late we nosed the barge into the beach, off loaded the hand winch, cables, etc, ready for the morning. As there is no night this time of year, we had a good supper, an a few hours sleep.

The next day was going to be long and hard. Wind was light, good for us. So I went ashore hooked up the winch to the trees, hooked the boiler to the barge, then hand winched the boiler onto the barge. This is a lot easier said than done, believe me, I did all the winching, cable, pulley adjust, etc; on the barge and on the shore.

Emil's job was no cake walk he had to keep the loon and the barge lined up with the beach and the boiler.

This took us most of the day. Emil then decided to take our boiler over to the island, the wind was light, we had day light so off we went. That ended day 2.

Now you must realize the same job had to be done all over again, in reverse. So Day 3 was a long day and a long laugh.

I washed the stones in and around the boiler to make it look like it had been there for years, then I set about making a path up the hill and over to the Klondike docking area. Emil was busy putting gear, cables etc. away, in the boat and on the barge.

I was building a good path for the tourists, sunny morning, warm, not to many flies. Had just reached the top of the hill, looked over the top and saw the S.S. Klondike coming around the tip of the island. One day earlier than we had expected. What to do ????

We picked up all our gear and made a fast getaway. We went around the island the same way the Klondike had come this way the people on the boat didn't see us come up on her starboard side and we tied up. Emil went aboard and told the Captain the state of things. They had anchored but now had not dropped the gang plank. The timing was great.

SOOOOO what is this true story about??

The Klondike was on her maiden trip to show the tourist the boiler that SAM MAGEE was cremated in.

Emil and I WERE having lunch when the first people came back. I still can hear them. You would think they won the Lotto.

Don't know how long this lasted??

S.S. Klondike was put to new duties, day trips, dances, etc. Down to Labarge and back in 1 day.

For me it was back to Whitehorse.

Later Stan Walsh, first yellow cab, Atlin road.



Photo submitted by Dave Cooper

Hi Sherron Great website I was at my friends place Ralph Bjorkman and he gave me this picture of the boats, the Whitehorse and the Casca which burnt to the ground in Whitehorse Around the year 1974 I think. I don't know if you have this picture, but it's yours now..... Dave Cooper dcooper*northwestel.net (In Watson Lake)

A series of photos taken that day by Nick Smart who worked at the White Pass Freight Sheds and purchased by Bill Jones are available at this site:

*<http://community.webshots.com/album/63868116QYCYdu> SS Casca & SS Whitehorse
If you click to enlarge the photos, one of the culprits is visible in the first two photos.*

EARLY MAYO



Log building to right is the Northern Commercial Store.

A large half-track snowmobile which was used for mail delivery at Mayo, Yukon, 1936.

Yukon Archives. Claude Tidd fonds, #7517

<http://www.yukonmuseums.ca/yca/content/ya.html>

After jogging my memory and studying the photo, I recall that Bud Fisher brought in a snowmobile during the mid 30's. This is probably it as I never heard of another one in Mayo. Do you remember it Henry?

Norm Hartnell ladue1@shaw.ca (In Abbotsford)

In addition to what is pointed out down below, when T.C. Richards won the mail contract to Mayo and Dawson, instead of using trucks and cats he came up with a snowmobile. It was a conventional truck that was modified with two additional rear wheels and a steel track that ran over all three wheels. On the front, the front wheels were removed and a set of skis were installed. If you notice there is a chain and spring fastened to the front of the skis, so that they could not flip and dig in trying to make like a wheel. These rigs were quite fast and effective when you consider the following; horses at about 3 miles per hour, a 2 ton Holt cat 6 MPH at best. These rigs on a good straight stretch could get up to 30 MPH. The interior allowed perishable goods to be transported in a heated space so that frozen eggs were not delivered to Burns Butcher Shop, N.C. or T&D in Mayo. In 1936 T.C. brought in the first diesel cats into Mayo. There were two Caterpillar RD6 diesels, the familiar yellow colour that you see today. Later Bud Fisher bought one of the two and put it to work on the airport work in the early 1940s around Whitehorse.

In 1936 Bud Fisher brought in the first true snowmobile which was mounted on a one ton Chevrolet truck. It had full rubber tracks on the back and wider skis on the front. There was no place in snow that the vehicle could not go. When the tracks wore out, Bud replaced the tracks with rear wheels and the skis with front wheels. We used it as a service truck on the Aishihik Airport construction in 1943 where I was driving cat.

Something of interest I happened to see and remember in this Mayo shot. The log building on the right is the N.C. store. They had the Ford dealership in Mayo and T&D had Chevrolet. If you notice the vertical sign on the corner of N.C. it said Seiberling Tires which I cannot remember running across since then. The greenhouse was where Kippy Boerner the manager grew tomatoes and cucumbers. In the summer that place was near all red and green from the size of the tomatoes. His name Kippy stemmed from Captain as he was a skipper on the N.C. boats. Somehow it got changed to Kappy and then to Kippy. His proper name was Charles August, but I will bet that not one person in Mayo knew it. After the old N.C. store burned in Whitehorse in 1943, he transferred to Whitehorse to get the new one built and was there till he retired.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

*When I became confused by all the dates above, Henry had this explanation for me.
- Sherron*

OK Sherron,

T.C. gained the mail contract for Yukon about 1929. He had been in charge of Burns & Co. meats since I think when he came into the country. That photo may say Mail 1936, but does that photo say when he first started using snowmobiles for the mail contract? No.

You are mixing up snowmobiles and cats. In 1936, T.C. brought in the first diesel Caterpillars to Mayo. - 2 RD6 Cats. Bud bought one from him, I don't know when, but it was used in the Whitehorse area by White Pass airport construction as a bulldozer during early 1940s. After the war, it was shipped to Mayo and was driven by my father on the Beaver River trip in 1949. As far as snowmobiles, I think you already have a Cc of my mail to Norm?

Henry.

Yes Norm,

I remember Bud Fisher's snowmobile. It was a one ton flat deck Chevrolet that was fitted properly with steel and rubber tracks. The skis were fairly wide which allowed it to go in fairly deep snow without sinking. He could go pretty well in any area that was clear of timber, even unbroken snow. Eventually, the tracks wore out and he put wheels on the back and replaced the skis with wheels. In 1942 it was taken by boat to Whitehorse, and was rented by White Pass for their airport construction contracts. We had it as a service truck with White Pass construction at Aishihik Airport in 1943. The last I saw of the tracks was that they were abandoned down near the TY pump house in Mayo.

The difference between T.C. Richards and Bud's snowmobiles were that Bud's was manufactured and T.C.'s was a modification of a truck by adding two wheels. The wheels ran inside of the track, but seemed to work quite well. On the other hand, Bud's

snowmobile had no wheels as a sprocket replacing the rear wheels drove the track. Again, the T.C. rig had steel skis about 6 inches wide, and Bud's were about a foot wide making it better for loose snow. Now you likely will remember the difference? Cheers,

Henry Breaden

A MESSAGE FROM JOYCE YARDLEY

Dear Queen Spam; I can't believe it! I was reading over the story I'd sent in about the Whse. Post Office and – get this – thinking I really wish I had a picture of Jimmy Porter – scrolled down a bit more and –THERE WAS A PICTURE OF HIM! What a strange world it is, ...unbelievable...I was so thrilled! Thanks to Jeanne Harbottle for that. What a wealth of history in her submissions. And Gus's poems just keep getting better and better.

Luv, Joyce Yardley joyceyardley@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)



Left to right - Blanche & Gus Barrett, Hazel Nixon, Ian & Lynne Parsons
and Harry Nixon.

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett

How those Yukoners do get around. Went to an anniversary dinner in Comox a few nights ago. The party had no Yukon connection but out of the 20 or so people in attendance five of us knew each other in Whitehorse back in the 50's.

The Barretts sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach)

THE SQUIRECHUCK COINCIDENCES

I had a friend over and showed her the last two MocTels that I had sitting waiting to take to Jeanne. She went ahead and read Al Oster's story about Kit Squirechuck and quite enjoyed it.

A few minutes later the phone rang and it was Gert Squirechuk phoning from Lethbridge. Among other things she wanted to tell me she had just phoned Judith Parkes (Chappell) to reminisce and tell her that her father Rev. Chappell had married her and Kit at St Saviour church in Carcross and had sang in the choir in Whitehorse.

Gert also mentioned she had called a few other people she had seen mentioned in the MocTel like Ron Butler and LeRoy George. She said LeRoy told her he was coming to Lethbridge for an event so when it was time for the event she and her daughter Carol went looking for him and found him. I forget how many years she said it was, but about 40 or 50 yrs since she had seen him.

I mentioned that a new fellow had signed on this week and he had heard about the project from LeRoy and that his name was Jim Stewart. She said 'oh I met him he was travelling with LeRoy'.

Gert and I had some laughs about some of her other memories which included the skits we used to do for the Christmas parties for City staff in Whitehorse.

After my company left I came back to my computer and there was a message from Alistair McGregor who said he was in Whse 1969 - 72 and worked at the Bay, etc. etc. I thought hard and the only recollection I could recall of that name came from Gert and her daughter Carol. I wrote Alistair back and mentioned this and sure enough he was best man at Carol and Terry Kowal's wedding. I wrote to Carol and she replied that she had traveled to Scotland with Alistair and his wife four years ago.

I think Kit is stirring the pot and I can see his grin. - Sherron Jones (*In Vernon*)

I sent this information to Al Oster since it was his story that started this and also mentioned Gert recalled he stayed with them when he first came to town and here is his reply.

Hi Sherron: Small world that it is!! The guy I first went north with to size up the Yukon was a musician named Dave Unger. He was not the most likeable character you'd ever meet. But he was a good guitar player. I don't believe Gert cared to have him around too much so we only stayed with them a day or two. I knew of the Squirechuks, and Andy (Andy was Kit's real name) before "Yukon" when he lived at home in Langley, BC.

My father and brother worked with him at the shipyards in Vancouver during the 2'nd world war. I was in the army. I understand he got the name "Kit" while in the Yukon because he would always be dressed like "Kit Carson" during May Day and other parades

in Whitehorse. He was rigged up with a big black cowboy hat complete with a buckskin jacket, etc. and two replica six guns on each hip, and a real treat to see him perform. Sometimes he would be riding on a horse, sometimes walking, and sometimes on the back of a flat deck trailer or truck. He was also an excellent gunsmith and made wonderful custom designed gun stocks. He made one for me out of "bird's eye maple" and it was beautiful. My son has it in his collection of guns.

My wife Mary will never forget Kit's very serious and poker-faced explanation of why it was called "bird's eye maple" when she asked him about it. He said without hesitation and facial expression, "Well Mary, you see those little brown dots in the maple wood. When the tree is still standing and growing a wood-pecker will feel his "oats" and decide to do something about it. So he takes his little "pecker" out and flies straight for the tree and he buries his "pecker" into the tree, and that leaves all those little brown spots that make the wood so attractive". And he never cracked a smile or expression of any kind. He just walked away and left Mary speechless. She'll never forget it, and often mentions it while reminiscing about by-gone Yukon days. Kit was really one of the "Yukon's colorful 5%" that Jim Robb overlooked. There was never a dull moment with him during a friendly poker game. Usually an evening of pure enjoyment, especially when accompanied by Magnus Hougen, Harry Gordon Cooper, or Roy Newton. Many enjoyable moments I spent with "Kit".

Thank you Sherron for sharing "Squirechuk memories",

Al & Mary Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net (In Salmon Arm)

Funny how one thing leads to another. I met Kit on a trip to Haines Alaska. I knew him as Squire. We met in August and started going together in Sept. We went together for 2 years and married in Carcross 1949. He seemingly got his name Kit as he was as quick as a kit fox.

He started 3 rifle ranges the last one was in the basement of Whitehorse elementary school.

Kit was longshoring when I first met him. He worked for Taylor and Drury liquor store, then the Army and then went into the Game Department. Someone was always phoning to have a gun repaired. He and Bill Hancock did rifles for the Rendezvous.

I worked for Taylor & Drury for 10 yrs, and the City of Whitehorse for 21 yrs.

Bye for now Sherron - Gert Squirechuk carioca@telus.net (In Lethbridge AB)

A MESSAGE FROM HENRY

I do always enjoy Gus's poetry, for it is not merely poetry but a message in it. Somehow he hits the nail right on the head, and I don't know how he accomplishes it.

The other was Valerie and Hank Vlodder, for without doubt they will be headed to Mexico for the Christmas season. They will be saying "Hasta la vista!" until they return, for them to download in Mexico the cost would be horrendous.

For this reason, they ask that photos not be sent with any messages because of the size. Likely Mexico is still on dial-up and it is a pain. Cheers

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

MOUNTAIN TRAILS – By Daisy Callison

I have just finished reading Daisy's book 'Mountain Trails' and if you haven't already ordered a copy from her, and you are at all interested in the history of the north, I suggest you do.

There is lots of pioneering information about the area that later becomes the south Alaska Highway and the country between there and what later became Cassiar and down through McDames Creek, Dease Lake and Telegraph Creek. She has included lots of wonderful old photos which include the lifestyle the area and even old headstones. The Simpson family is outlined.



Anglican Church - Telegraph Creek
Photo courtesy Vern Williams (*In Vernon*)

Recently Vern Williams who lives here in Vernon, visited along with Fred Cull and brought me a number of photos to scan. Many of photos were taken when Vern was an RCMP officer in the area and included photos of Dease Post, Telegraph Creek, Glenora and Cassiar. In Daisy's book she describes that the lumber for the Anglican Church in the photo above was cut by Webster Scott Simpson, grandfather of Bud Simpson. (Bud

later married Daisy's sister Doris and were mentioned in a story above about rebuilding at Rancheria.)
Scott Simpson was a grandson of Sir George Simpson. John Simpson was a son of Scott. John and his wife Agnes are talked about in the book along with their son Bud.



McDames Creek - Webster Scott Simpson – died July 20, 1927
Photo courtesy Vern Williams (*In Vernon*)

Daisy had taken her photos in 1935 while these photos were taken in the 1970's. It was however rewarding to find that they are a match.

When I asked Daisy for order information I obtained this message from her daughter Julia.

I am replying on behalf of my mom, Daisy. If anyone would like a copy of her book, as long as they are in Canada, they can send a \$25 money order to her at – 802-9th Street, Castlegar, BC V1N 2H4 and she can send it COD. We have discovered that there is no way to send a package COD outside the country.

Thanks for your interest. Sincerely, Julia Havdale jehavdale@shaw.ca (*In Castlegar*)

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON 1787 – 1860

As a young boy in Scotland, George Simpson showed a talent for mathematics in school. In 1812, his uncle took him on as an apprentice at his sugar trading company Graham & Simpson.

Simpson was a quick learner and had a sharp, ordered mind. His abilities significantly impressed his superiors at the office -- especially one of the partners, Alex Colvile, also a high-ranking Hudson's Bay Company executive. In 1820, when Simpson was still in his early thirties, Colvile recommended him for the Hudson's Bay Company position of acting Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land. The Company accepted. Simpson was sent from HBC's London Office to the very frontiers of its North American fur trade. He

arrived in the midst of the violent fur-trading war between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company. Simpson's bland manner concealed an iron will; he led the Company's forces with such cool vigour during that first winter that he was selected to command the entire Northern Department of the Company's Rupert's Land.

Simpson's first task was reorganizing the Hudson's Bay Company fur trading operation. In a short time, order and efficiency began to replace chaos in the Company's affairs. Luxuries were removed from the officers' requisitions, business-like accounts were required, and superfluous older officers were retired. Where two trading posts competed, one was closed. Posts began to occupy permanent positions in the transportation system, rather than being constantly re-located.

The "Little Emperor", as Simpson was called, moved tirelessly by canoe and horseback across the continent. In 1826, Simpson was appointed the Governor for the Northern and Southern Departments of Rupert's Land.

Because of his outstanding achievements, in 1841, Simpson was knighted by Queen Victoria.

Under Sir George's rule as Governor-in-Chief, the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land became the dominant governing body within HBC in Canada. It established the regulations for the fur trade, determined furloughs, applied discipline and recommended promotions and retirements to the Company Board in London.

After receiving his knighthood, Sir George took an overland trip around the world travelling across British North America, Asiatic Russia and Europe. He continued to serve the Company until his death in 1860. Those who worked for him and knew him well, spoke of his efficiency and ambition -- qualities that are also revealed in his amazing journals and letters.

The legacy of the "Little Emperor" influenced the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company for decades after his death.

(extracted from http://www.hbc.com/hbc/e_hi/historic_hbc/gsimpson.htm)

For further information on George Simpson see –
<http://www.civilization.ca/hist/canoe/can08eng.html>
<http://www.riverwatchonline.org/history/simpson.html>
<http://www.geo.ed.ac.uk/scotgaz/people/famousfirst1671.html>

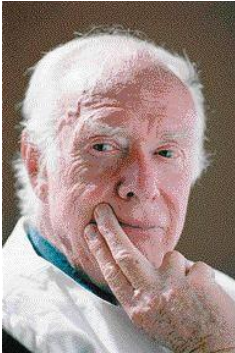
PARIS YUKON

Hi Sherron - Harvey Burian was asking about the different places mentioned on occasion and one was Paris - it is really Paris Dominion Post office and also Fraser and Rusk had a store there and in 1938 the company (YCGC) was building a dredge - they were also

thawing the ground in preparation for dredging and last night they announced on TV that Pierre Berton had died yesterday - strangely enough, Paris was where Pierre Berton had worked - driving points - thought you would be interested -.....Les Sommerton
lsomerton*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

OBIT

Submitted by Bill Maylor b.maylor*sasktel.net (Neilburg SK)



**Pierre Berton on his 80th birthday,
July 2000 in Toronto. (CP)**

TORONTO - Author and broadcaster Pierre Berton, who spent more than five decades chronicling the history of Canada, died Tuesday November 30th, 2004 at the age of 84.

Berton, a companion of the Order of Canada, passed away Tuesday afternoon at the Sunnybrook Hospital in Toronto, a spokeswoman confirmed.

PIERRE FRANCIS BERTON On November 30th, 2004 at Sunnybrook and Women's College Health Sciences Centre in Toronto from heart failure. Survived by his wife Janet (nee Walker); his sister Lucy Woodward, of White Rock, B.C.; daughter Penny and her children Elora and Orin; daughter Pamela; daughter Patsy and her husband Rico Gerussi and their children Liam, Graeme and Michaela; son Peter and his wife Paula and their children Laura, Thomas, David and Joanna; son Paul and his wife Holly McWilliams and their children Harris and Heidi; daughter Peggy Anne; daughter Perri and her husband Stewart Hadden and their children Zac, Gareth and Joshua; son Eric Basciano; and three cats, Ruby, Dart and Spooky. **Born July 12, 1920 in Whitehorse, Yukon**, to Laura Beatrice (Thompson) and Francis George Berton, he graduated from the University of British Columbia and became the city editor of the Vancouver News Herald at 21. He joined the Canadian Army and spent four years in uniform during the Second World War. After the war, he worked for the Vancouver Sun, and then joined Maclean's magazine and moved east, where he and Janet built a house on nine acres of land in Kleinburg, north of Toronto, where they raised their kids, kids of friends and neighbours, a menagerie of dogs, cats and various woodland creatures and trees, and where they created memories that will last for generations. Later, he worked as a columnist for the Toronto Star, and as a TV and radio broadcaster, historian and writer, authoring 50 books, the latest published in 2004, available now at a bookstore near you. Thanks to the many doctors and nurses at York Central Hospital and Sunnybrook. In lieu of flowers please make donations to The Berton House Writers' Retreat at 3Hillcrest Ave., Toronto, M4X 1W1. A celebration of his life will be held Tuesday, December 7 from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. at the CBCAtrium, 250 Front St. West, Toronto.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

My new e-mail address is: seesom130@hotmail.ca

I have really missed so much of your Moc Tel in the past few months. I would love to hear from you to advise me how I can get back into viewing this wonderful program. You are doing a wonderful job and making so many people happy. I can certainly relate to many of the stories being told. I understand my brother Lionel Brasseur from Ottawa has even contributed an article.

Hope all is well with you and Bill and look forward to hearing from you.

Much love for now,
Hy Seely

NEW ADDITIONS

Please put me on your e-mail list for the Moccasin Telegraph. My e-mail address is - mmac@telusplanet.net .

I lived in Whitehorse 1969 – 1972. I worked at that time with the Hudson's Bay Company.

I married a nurse who was taking her training in Whitehorse; her maiden name was Mary Ellen Lindsey.

I have lots of good memories about the Yukon.

Yours truly, Alistair MacGregor

Many thanks for your e-mail. Carol Kowal e-mailed a copy from Lethbridge.

I was one of the best men when Carol and Terry got married in Whitehorse back in 1973. My brother also used to live in Whitehorse, (Frank) he worked in the Liquor store, his wife Sheilagh MacDonald a local girl from Porter Creek, worked for Murdoch the jeweller.

Sheilagh's mother ran the local museum for a number of years. We still live in Valleyview, but down the road it looks like we will be moving to Grande Prairie.

We had a town manager years ago that moved to Whitehorse from Valleyview to work for the City, his name is Des Broadhurst wife Tess, maybe you knew them?

Alistair MacGregor

I am sure more than just I will remember Des Broadhurst working at City Hall. – Sherron

From a former Yukoner. I now live in Peterborough, ON. I have heard that Sam McGee came from here...makes sense...the place is over run with Irish!

Most of my time in the north was spent in Atlin, BC, and on McKee Creek, where my dad had a small gold mine. This was from about 1937 to 1946. Went to High School in Whitehorse in 1947 and 1948.

I am very interested in the Yukon and northern BC... and am in regular contact with some 'oldtimers.'

Old photos, like yours, are invaluable.... they can so easily be copied, cleaned up, and shared electronically.

Herb Gaensbauer....634 Brealey Dr...Peterborough ON K9K 2M7
705 743 8270 E Mail herbgaen*cogeco.ca

Born July 22 / 1929 in Prince Rupert BC, lived in Terrace BC until 1937. Father worked for George Little. Our 5 acre 'farm' was on Eby St. long since covered with homes. Moved to Atlin in 1937, after Pop talked to returning gold miners, and got the 'bug'.

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 <russminaker@airspeedwireless.ca> is not a valid mailbox
MINAKER, Russ & Bev russminaker*airspeedwireless.ca (In Mayo & Dawson 1960-62)
Tappen

Recipient address: arynbowers@hotmail.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Requested action not taken: mailbox unavailable
BOWERS, Aryn arynbowers@hotmail.com (Born in Whitehorse 1968 - ?) White Rock

Recipient address: krey@uniserve.com

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 unknown user
KROCKER, Ken & Dorothy krey*uniserve.com (In Whitehorse 1968 – 88) Victoria

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Why does economy size mean large in soap & small in automobiles.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

Marshmallow Squares

3 cups graham wafer crumbs
30 marshmallows cut
1 cup chopped nuts
1 small jar red cherries (cut)

1 can Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk

Save out 1 cup of crumbs. Combine balance of crumbs with other ingredients. Sprinkle ½ cup crumbs in cake pan, add mixture of fruit, sprinkle balance of crumbs on top. Press down firmly and let stand overnight in a cool place. Cut in squares.

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*)

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*)

