

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Ninety-Third Edition - Dec. 19, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



CARCROSS

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca

THE OLD MAN AT THE BEACH

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

He sat on a bench with his bag of bread,
Feeding the ravenous gulls and crows.
Sun beating down on his snow-white head,
Enjoying each moment, before he goes.
Youthful joggers pass back and forth,
They bask in the sunshine gratefully.
He smiles to himself at a secret thought,
Then waves and turns back t'wards the sea.

What does he see as he sits and stares,
I search, but nothing appears to me.
Is it a ship, for which he cares,
Or maybe just something that used to be.
I walk on by, but I turn and peek,
There's something about him that draws me back,
A tear rolls down his wrinkled cheek,
And he brushes it off with his paper sack.

Is he a vet who survived the war,
Recalling the days of his distant youth?
Thinking of friends, who have gone before,
Dying for what they believed was truth.
Or is it a loved one that he sees,
Someone who left him and went ahead?
He savors the smell of the flowers and trees,
Then, just for a moment he bows his head.

The sack is empty; the birds have flown,
There's just he and I and the empty sea.
The joggers along the walk have gone.
He smiles again and he nods to me.
Then he turns away with his empty sack,
Going back to his home, I know not where.
Shuffling footsteps carry him back.
Will he be alone, or does someone care?

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OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART XII

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

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

We stayed in Whitehorse for a couple of days as I wanted to get some updated pictures of buildings and murals. The city has many more murals than in 1999 and the only way to find them is drive up and down streets and hit all the back alleys in the downtown area. Below are some of the gems we found:



Mural on Peacock Sales Building



Mural across from Visitor Centre



Photo 3
Mural of Frantic Follies
No longer on building



Klondike Airways Advertising

It was a hot day when we visited Bob Cameron. The Cameron's have a beautiful spot across the river and the view is next to none. Bob's wife brought out delicious lemonade that kept the heat at bay. As we talked Bob kept an eye on the sky for aircraft and as small planes flew over Bob's attention was drawn to the sky as he identified, to no one in particular, the type of aircraft. With my own fascination and interest in anything that is airborne his interest was contagious.

Bob showed us a photo album full of airplanes and stories. I was wishing we would have had more time to look at all of Bob's photo albums. He is a very interesting individual and I thank him for taking the time to talk to us.



Donna Clayson & Bob Cameron

The restoration project Bob is standing in front of in his yard is a Fairchild 71 CF-BXF. It was operated by Northern Airways out of Carcross into the late forties. It then was used on the coast by BC airlines until about 1965 when it flipped over in the salt water and was abandoned. Bob has repatriated it to the Yukon with the intent of creating a static display for the Yukon Transportation Museum. – *Information from Kyle Cameron, Bob's son.*

On July 21 we visited with both Bob Cameron and Moe Grant. I will be doing a separate article on Moe's stories. After our visit, Moe, Bryan and I went out for dinner. Imagine

my surprise to find out the owner was a previous co-worker from the Taku. In 1967 Kenny was one of the cooks and I was the dishwasher. It drove our boss, Tippy Mah, crazy when Kenny would pile my dinner plate with food. We were only allowed a small amount so when Tippy was around I would sneak into a corner and quickly devour the delicious food Kenny had cooked for me. Kenny didn't remember me after 37 years but I still enjoyed his cooking. As we were waiting for our orders who should walk in but Bobo & Gail LaRocque. It was hard to imagine all the years that had passed by as we all sat and visited.

On July 22 we saw the Frantic Follies production. It had been years since I'd seen it and this would be the first time for Bryan. We were a couple of hours early, which gave us an opportunity to look at all the pictures that hung on the walls in the Westmark Hotel where the show is held. The framed photographs are all from the goldrush days.

As we waited for the show to begin a busload of tourists entered the room. Cast members were selling programs that were gobbled up in minutes. The Frantic Follies is a wonderful show that I would highly recommend to persons of all ages.

The Frantic Follies is a turn of the century vaudeville revue which depicts the entertainment seen by the pioneers of the Great Klondike Gold Rush of 1898. It is known as the most popular and successful show in the Yukon and Alaska.

The members of the cast are incredibly versatile, and you'll hear over 60 musical instruments played. They also average over ten years with the company.

From can-can girls to a hilarious interpretation of Robert Service's "Cremation of Sam McGee," this is a show that will remain a highlight.



Can Can Girls - Frantic Follies



Frantic Follies



Frantic Follies
Even the tourists get to perform!

From Whitehorse we travelled to Haines Junction and an unforgettable trip.
(To be continued)

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



Joyce & a giant Redwood

Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyceyardley@shaw.ca

Sept. 17th on our way to San Francisco the next day, still in perfect sunny weather, we drove through Leggett CA, Giant Redwood Park, then the Drive-Through-Tree Park. We bought a Giant Sequoia Tree in a pot, and thoroughly enjoyed the redwoods.

We checked into the “Town House Motel” on Lombard St. in San Francisco, Calif.

Some memorable eating places in that city:

L'Amour dans le Four Restaurant and Wine Bar 1602 Lombard St.
The Crab House Pier 39 at Fisherman's Wharf .
Café Lombard 1424 Lombard St.
Gatip Classic Thai Cuisine 2205 Lombard St.

18th We took a 5 hour bus tour of the City, and checked out the shopping district on "Union St."

19th Took a 2 hour tour of the Harbour on a 75 ft. boat, skirted around Alcatraz and under the "Golden Gate Bridge," then did the touristy thing around Fisherman's Wharf, had wonderful Crab Cakes for lunch, and saw hundreds of sea lions lounging on the wharves. We wandered in and out of the specialty shops, and watched the kids going around on the elaborate Carousel.



Sea Lions lounging – Fisherman's Wharf – San Francisco

Photo courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyceyardley@shaw.ca

(To be continued)

RE MOCTEL 92 ERROR

Hi Sherron, Thanks for including the story about my brother. I have to tell you though that it contains an error. You have him listed as Ronald but that wasn't his name. His name is Edward Gordon Coke Richards. Wonder how that Ronald slipped in? Brother Ted is likely laughing his head off now; wherever he is...he always had a great sense of humour ...

Hope you have a wonderful holiday, and a very Merry Xmas to you and yours.

Love, Joyce Yardley

In MocTel 92 TRIBUTE TO A FALLEN AIRMAN I mistakenly typed the wrong name in the heading. It looks like I misread the photographic image. Sorry Joyce. – Sherron

SMALL WORLD

Shortly after I started working at the hospital as maintenance electrician, I was sent to wire a stove in the Staff Residence after the occupant had left. There was another fellow from housekeeping there too, cleaning up before the next person moved in. He had been working at the hospital for a couple years and told me his name was Ron. We got yakking and he was saying that he was from Vancouver, not too far from Main St. near a little park.

I said that I had taken a girl to meet her grand-mother across the street from that park one time when I was in school. And I also had taken a different girl to meet her family across from the park and it was the same grand-mother, but the girls weren't related. Ron asked if one of the girls' names might have been Marian. I said "Yes". He said that's my sister. To confirm, he asked if she worked in the vehicle testing station, and when I said yes, he said he was the kid brother she used to take to work sometimes.

Very small world.

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



Moose Hunt – 1944 – Eldorado Mountain

Melvin Beckman, Gus Gaensbauer, Herb Gaensbauer, Bill Conroy & Joe Piccolo

Photo courtesy Herb Gaensbauer herbgaen@cogeco.ca

This hunt took place on Eldorado Mountain. The annual fall moose hunt was important. McKee Creek was isolated most of the winter, with minimum or no snow plowing. Atlin, the closest town, was 10 miles away. And Atlin was isolated, before the road connecting it to the Alaska Highway was completed, after we left.

Thick lake ice was needed to carry the 'cat' supply sledge trains in the winter.

Atlin was so isolated that rationing during WWII was dispensed with. You had to ration yourself.

Melvin Beckman, from O'Donnell Creek could call moose, and probably called this one. I do remember that it was a heavy beast to carry out. The trail was about 3 miles, and we didn't have ATV's. – Herb Gaensbauer

WHITEHORSE HOSPITALS TOTAL FIVE

(Marny wrote this as explanation to a query from one of the MocTel subscribers and is allowing me to share this information with this group. – Sherron)

The first hospital in Whitehorse was built in 1901, and was located on the corner of 2nd Ave and Elliott. It was torn down in approximately 1915, when a second hospital was built on 2nd Avenue, back towards where the bridge is now across the Yukon. Apparently the hospital was built, and then a nurses' residence was erected behind it, closer to the river. That is the hospital in the picture that was circulated. During the building of the Alaska Highway, the Americans built quite a large hospital on 4th Avenue, and it occupied much of the land between Elliott and Hanson Streets. My husband says it was next to the R.C.M.P. detachment. It was only used until about 1946 or so when the American army moved out because the highway was essentially finished - 1943-1946 or thereabouts. I came to Whitehorse in December 1959, to work in the new hospital across the river, and all that remained of the old was the nurses' residence on 2nd. I can't remember exactly when that building was torn down, but it wasn't all that long after I arrived. The current hospital was finished in 1995, and the only part of the 1959 building that was preserved was the kitchen area, the operating room, and the maternity case rooms. The latter three were above the kitchens.

My husband's brother-in-law, Dr. Burns Roth was a physician here and much of his hospital work was done in the building on 2nd Ave., and the army hospital on 4th.

I don't know if this will help you identify your family's hospital, but I can tell you that my husband was born in the 2nd Ave building in 1922.

Marny Ryder MarnyRyder@whtvcable.com *(in Whitehorse)*

I have no problem with you using my response to her in the MocTel. I know where there are pictures of the hospitals, and I believe there is one of the old army hospital also. They are hanging on the wall at the hospital. Lloyd probably has pictures of them too so I will get son John to scan and send to you.

Marny

I have been holding off with this message for a few weeks now and I guess the Ryders are very busy. I will place this message now and the photos when they arrive. – Sherron

Happy Golden Wedding Anniversary ! George and Irmgard Hartmann

George and Irmgard were married on Dec. 20th 1954, in the church on 6th. Ave (not there anymore) in Whitehorse. My late husband and I were Best man and Matron of honour. It was a very cold evening- Irmgard arrived the same day on the afternoon flight from Europe, they were married at 6 pm. Betty and Charlie Taylor gave an improvised but beautiful reception in their place and George- who ran T& D store in Carmacks at the time, had to open the store next morning. They left at 4 a.m - the temperature had dropped to -40 C. What a start --- They live in Vancouver now. I am sure; you will all chime in with me, Happy Anniversary! George and Irmgard, and many more years together.

Anne M. Domes octavia13@ykn.net

The New Anvil Line 138 KV for 226 miles.

By Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

In the early summer of 1969 I was chatting with Bob Choate of Yukon Electrical before we picked up the new Anvil line. He made the remark that, "It would be like a long elastic band" which proved to be true in the long run. Normal planning would be 1000 volts for every mile, but the Anvil line was 138 thousand volts for a line of 226 miles. The original planning was to run direct to Anvil, which would be about 125 miles, but was later, revised to follow the highway to Carmacks and then to Anvil to service the communities en-route. To stop over voltages because of the line length on no load and initial loading, reactors were placed at Whitehorse and Anvil which were direct connected to the line. It was fine that way for the first years before Anvil Mines started to increase loading, and then the voltage started to sag which created problems.

In that first two years, here was a bunch of Bush Bunnies including myself into something that was new to them. Our Supt. at Faro, Gordon Walmsley, was originally from YCGC Dawson in charge of electrical. They had copper lines running at 33 thousand volts, and our lineman, Vern Parkin was from Gordon's crew in Dawson. So this was a complete different ballgame. For a line truck we only had a ¾ ton four wheel drive service truck without a boom, and all climbing had to be done with spurs.

Our first line outage adventure took place early in February 1970 during a period that our Supt. Graham Tench was on vacation in Hawaii. He was the only one that had any prior experience on transmission lines in Snare-Yellowknife. During the time he was away I took over his job. We got Trans North Turbo with a helicopter to fly us, and the lineman and myself climbed aboard with another of our crew as a spotter. Weather was not so good and it was hard on the eyes watching that line continuously, but it was OK to Carmacks. On the second lap to Anvil we found the break on a long span across a valley at the upper end of Little Salmon Lake. We continued to Faro to get Walmsley and equipment to make a repair and the pilot put us down as close as possible. We found that the line had parted right in the

middle of the span. One end was dropped as it was dead-ended at both structures, and we had some line with us. All we had was clamps which were found useless, for upon pulling the line up they just tore up the aluminum strands and parted. That had to be given up as a bad job, and as it was getting dark flew Walmsley back to Faro. The pilot had to get a special dispensation to fly at night back to Whitehorse as night flying with a helicopter was not allowed at that time. A beautiful night of bright moon and the trip back was uneventful. We loaded a reel of wire on the service truck along with proper splicing sleeves, and after a short rest, Vern headed out to hit the break at daylight. The crew from Faro met him and the new line was run up and tensioned.

At that time we did not have clearances to be signed or radio for communication, which would scare the devil out of me today. We ran the breaker in the plant out to the test position and red tagged the breaker control. No communication meant that the lineman had to drive up to Faro and phone the plant that all men were clear, and the operator was authorized to close in on the line. In the next year we obtained proper clearance forms, and I established that at the time the clearance was completed that the line foreman would establish a password to be used upon surrender of the clearance. Only he and the operators on the switchboard knew it, and without that password, nothing was to be closed even though the clearance number was surrendered by radio or telephone. We did not get radio communication for about another four years

The next time the line got us was Christmas Eve 1971 in snow and high winds. This time Graham was at the plant and us Bush Bunnies had learned a few tricks. While Graham and one of the young men took to the air, the crew to hit the road was assembled and equipped with whatever they would need. When Graham found the break I had made arrangements for the line crew to run their amber flashing light on the highway. It was easily seen, and the helicopter was able to drop down on the highway and Graham advise Vern the location of the break. As soon as Graham was back on the ground I with a half ton pickup headed out with a small snow machine on the back of the pickup. It was a small skidoo and I think it was more trouble than it was worth. Of all places, it was the same location that the line had parted ten months before. What we found was that in the high wind off Little Salmon Lake, it had gone up that same sharp draw and had moved the entire line to the north at least forty feet. There was a steep hillside with a tree at that point that the line had contacted, grounded and burned through. The line was replaced and Vern took care of that tree with a chainsaw ending that high wind business. Coming back out I had Minard Witt, a tradesman with me on the snow machine, and when we hit the highway I cut across the ditch to the pickup. All of a sudden we were up to our neck in fluffy snow. We had to dig that thing out and get it loaded and lashed on the pickup. Now we were headed for home and Christmas, I will admit a bit late?

I started driving towards Carmacks and as it was around 4:00 in the morning I started getting sleepy near Carmacks. I asked Minard if he was in good shape which he assured and we changed over. The highway was typical wind blown polished ice, which made driving a hazard, but we were doing OK. Rounding a curve at 64 mile, we encountered as we judged about 18 wolves that were having as much trouble as ourselves on the glare ice. All of them got clear except one that we hit. Minard did the unforgivable thing of hitting

the brakes and we went out of control. First sliding down the highway sideways and then going back end first. I could see that we were headed for the edge and no way of knowing how far down as it was pitch dark. It turned out to be a 25 foot 45 degree slope and no vehicles were equipped with seat belts. I expected a rollover and had a death grip on the back of the seat, my right arm on the roof over the door and both feet braced on the floor. As we slid down the embankment all I could see was whirling snow in the headlights till Minard's knee hit the headlight switch and everything went black. When we hit the bottom of the slope, the truck rolled on its side and came to a stand still. I was still anchored in that upper corner and asked Minard if he was OK? He said he was fine, and my next concern was for fire. Meanwhile we had a radar light that had slid across the floor, contacted something to flip the switch and we had light in the cab. I rolled down the upper window, stuck my head through and checked the engine hood but all seemed to be fine. Surprisingly, the only damage was the left mirror bracket, which had bent. The Anvil Mine ore haul had been cut off for Christmas and there was not a thing on the road. But the first concern was that if there was a dead wolf on the road and a vehicle hit it, we could have someone else in on top of us. So we climbed the embankment and started up the highway, but the wolves were howling all around us. Minard said to me, "You know we are crazy?" to which I replied, "How so?" He said, "Here we have wolves all around us and all we have for a weapon is a flashlight!" At that moment I swung the light up the highway and the wolf's eyes reflected in the light. We walked slowly up to the wolf, and Minard kicked him to make sure he was dead. Minard said, "You put us in the rhubarb and I am going to have you stuffed! We pulled the dead wolf down to the truck, for the rest of the pack would have eaten him. Now they really put up a fuss of howling. We tried a jack-all to try to right the truck, which did no good as the box started to bend, and the snow machine had lost all the gasoline from the tank in the roll. So we had to wait for Vern returning from Faro.

Our first concern was those howling wolves, which was now to the north of us, and we decided it would be a good idea to build a fire. There was fire-killed wood, which we cut into three-foot lengths, and with the aid of a can of oil we got a fire going. Meanwhile our friends kept up a steady song, and when we threw on additional wood and the sparks would fly they started all over again. Vern did not come along till near 7:00 AM with the service truck, and with his electric winch we righted the pickup. But on attempting to pull the pickup back up the bank it powered out. I could see that the next ¼ mile south was a slope that I thought I could coax the pickup through and proceeded. Back and forth to create a rut and a gain each try. Finally when I had made it near the top I floor boarded it and made for the highway. Near made it except for the windrow, but Vern could now get me out. We arrived back home at about 8:00 AM for our Christmas to begin. Dropped Minard with his wolf off and back home to kids that wanted to open the Christmas tree. Meanwhile, our Chief Operator, Peter Garside had for the occasion written a poem based on, T'was the night before Christmas outlining our experiences.

Long after I had taken over Whitehorse and we had Aishihik on line, one problem we had was with forest fires. There was a fire along side of the Aishihik line to Takhini, and a water bomber was being used to dump on it. While making a pass across the line, water was dumped across all three conductors. Needless to say, the breaker at Takhini and Aishihik opened, which caused our system to start on the way down, and the Anvil line had

to be dropped to save Whitehorse. That was the night I ended up in the control room in a tuxedo. I was not happy with the design of the reactor placing at Aishihik, for it was on the low voltage side of the transformer. The main breaker had to be closed between the line and the low voltage bus before the line could be picked up. Attempts had been made to close at Takhini, but the line went out on over voltage. When I came into the control room I immediately looked at the printout and instructed the operator to close that breaker. When he said, "But, But", I had no time for niceties but said, "No buts just close it," and when it was closed," now close at Takhini." My next order was to have Aishihik start up and synchronize to the bus and get Anvil back on. Whenever we had problems like that, I always drew a schematic on the blackboard so that the operator knew what he had done to get things back together. I always felt that my strength was in the knowledge of my crew, and hopefully when I was not there that they would handle any situation on their own.

Our Chief Operator, Peter Garside and I worked as a team. When the system was in trouble, I usually handled the phone to Yukon Electrical and the diesel plant consol, and Peter the main switchboard. We chatted back and forth as the system was being put back together again. In later years he handled the bench board while I took the phone and the diesel control. From the office I could hear the plant and knew immediately when we were in trouble, and it taking no more than ten seconds down into the control room. Yes, we had many wild times in that business, but it was a challenge to be met. I have many stories of blackouts of the plants or ice sealing off our intake to the hydro plant at least twice, some hair raising, but to smile at when you think back.

LOOKING FOR FORMER YUKON AVIATORS

I will just wait for some word on Don Munro's whereabouts. The way the MocTel is working there will likely be a response within the week. He is just one of several pilots that I would like to touch base with again.

The MocTel 91 story by Al Oster about running CKRW reminds me of Rod Clayards. He worked with Brent Hougen running the Photo Dept. in Hougens. But he did the weekend early morning show on CKRW radio. His ambition was to be a pilot. Brent's was, too, I believe. Anyway, I saw an article about the Dehavilland Beaver in the Reader's Digest several years ago, written by Rod Clayards. He was a chopper pilot working in the Fraser Valley when he wrote the article, but I have been unable to locate him in any of the phone listings out there.

Another pilot is Bruce Reilly. He married the nurse that was in Old Crow (Helen Schroeder) when I started tripping up that way. He worked for Okanagan Helicopters and went to Ft. Simpson and the NWT. He may have come back to the Island. Hans Lammers seemed to think that he was on the Island

Another would be John or Ralph Hope from Atlin. I believe they took over the Atlin base when Herman retired in the late 60's. John might be down Dease Lake way but haven't heard of Ralph since he left. Atlin was the hub for my Water Survey stations in that area,

flying south to Tulsequah and out to the smaller lakes around there. Here is a pix of their Dornier on Fantail Lake.



Atlin based Dornier on Fantail Lake
Photo courtesy Bill Maylor [b.maylor*sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net)

That's a Water Level recorder shelter behind the plane. George Howell and Grant Lortie were here on a winter trip with Monty Alford. They were shooting the breeze here at the lake while Monty walked down to the outlet to measure the flow. Monty went through the ice and floundered about till he got out. Came back to the plane and changed to dry clothes and went back and did the measurement.

I sent Monty a note advising him of the Moctel, hoping that he would submit some short stories. But he was working on his sixth book at that time and between that and looking after his sailboat at Skagway, just didn't have the time.

Bill Maylor [b.maylor*sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net) (In Neilburg, SK)

Ice Bridges Over the Four River Crossings

By Henry Breaden [hjbreaden*shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca)

A topic that George Hartmann suggested was the ice bridges over the three main rivers to Mayo. It is not something new, for Herb Wheeler of White Pass promoted this on the river crossing at Takhini during the time the Stage Lines were being run. His idea was to put in a boom that would jam the first run of pan ice at the crossing. Brush was thrown on the ice and water bailed on to fill the crevices in the jammed ice to form a safe early crossing for a team of horses and a sleigh. Wheeler was a progressive man, for he also promoted using lampblack and oil on Lake Laberge to open a channel earlier for steamboating.

When the highway was completed to Mayo, a more advanced system was used as the crossings would be used by the United Keno Hill ore trucks. As soon as the pan ice jammed, pumps were used to flood and start the ice bridge. When there was snow, it was used as a dam upstream and downstream to contain the flood, for wet snow formed a natural barrier as it froze. By this time a truck could be used to pull full trees across to

strengthen the bridge, the bows forming a reinforcing. As water was pumped on and allowed to freeze, the original ice settled forming a long underwater bow from the upper barrier to the lower. Commonly the ice thickness of the bridge would be about five feet instead of the normal thickness the ice would be.

When the weather started to moderate, the next thought was to hold the ice bridge useable as long as possible till break-up. Sawdust was hauled and put on to hold the frost in the bridge until the ice went out. I was at Stewart and getting the ferry ready for launch as soon as the ice went out, so could see what happened during that interval. From the warmth of the shore gravel, the ends of the ice bridge thawed, but the movement began well upstream. The river started to break up and gradually opened down to the crossing, but at no time did that bridge ever crack. It went out as one piece as it was free of the shore, and had you been inclined you could have ridden the bridge with safety down to "Who knows where?". As was normal, by the second day the ice was clear enough for us to launch the ferry for another summer of crossings.

The Stewart and Pelly rivers usually closed in October and the ice bridges were started immediately. This allowed UKHM to start hauling coal from the coal mine at Carmacks. The winter that we were at Carmacks the river did not close till December 21st, but as usual Louis Lidden started on the ice bridge as soon as the ice stopped. George mentioned something that was true, for as soon as the ice stopped one of the locals were out there with brush and spruce bows to mark a safe foot crossing.

When the Clinton Creek mine started producing, the same applied at Dawson and they had their own ice bridge. They had one advantage for the period between the ferry and ice bridge, and that was an overhead tramway across the river. Although trucks could only come to each side, the material and supplies could keep flowing across the overhead tramway. So depending where you lived, you would see a different aspect of the closings of the rivers. So much of Yukon history that the modern generation will never see.

Henry Breaden

MEMORIES OF LES SOMERTON AND HARVEY BURIAN

Sherron has suggested that I respond with some of my own memories of the clan and of the other items you mentioned as it might make a suitable submission for the MocTel. I'm not sure how many may be interested in the reminiscing chatter of two old guys....one a bit younger than the other.... but let me give it a try. My comments should appear in blue intermingled with yours. - Harvey

-----Original Message-----

From: Les Somerton

Sent: December 5, 2004
To: Harvey Burian
Subject: -16

Morning Harvey - Well the long underwear is on and the oven on the kitchen stove is on and I'm nice and cosy now - imagine Sherron having snow in the banana belt - spent two Christmases snowed in at Port Alberni - we were there in Port Alberni for ten years until last December - and the wife passed away a year ago this month. - Les

Ah yes....long underwear....a necessary item of clothing in the Yukon during the winter. I always enjoyed telling people how it got down to -80 degree F in Mayo in the winter but went up to 100 degrees F in the summer. There aren't too many places that have such extreme temperatures and it was neat to see the look of amazement on the faces of the listeners, especially if they were from the Southern part of the USA. 'Course now that I'm in Parksville, I'm really in the banana belt of the country. (Sherron's bananas are the slightly more hardy variety.) Port Alberni gets all the snow from those clouds having to lift to come across Mount Arrowsmith to bring the nice dry air and sunshine to Parksville on the other side. - Harvey

Back to the Burians - I had forgotten 'Amanda' (boy what a temper) I first encountered the family - that is I first became aware of them - it was August 17th about 1936 - don't remember the year - I was cooking in the Bluebird Cafe for the folks and the whole Burian crew came in for lunch - they had a guitar with them and one person would sing and then pass the guitar to the next person - don't remember if the women sang too - anyhow Amanda came to work for "mom and dad - she worked the same shift I did - (got mad at some guy teasing her and heave a table knife at him - don't know if she hit him or not but the teasing stopped). - Les

Aunt Amanda....sounds like you know her pretty well. I think with all those brothers in the Burian family (7 versus 3 sisters), she learned to take care of herself in the presence of teasing men. She also was very particular about keeping her home neat and tidy in Dawson and especially not allowing any little (or big) boys to track any mud into it. Whenever my parents and I would visit Aunt Amanda and Uncle Charlie Rendell, Aunt Amanda would not let us into the house without removing our shoes or boots. Today it is common to remove one's shoes at the door but not so back in those times....except at Aunt Amanda's home. Cousin Billy and I were not allowed to sit on the sofas in her living room either, for fear that we might mess things up.

I don't know if you have had the opportunity to see Aunt Amanda recently. She still lives in Whitehorse (in Riverdale) and was a great help to her niece (and my cousin), Margaret (Burian) Underwood recently when Margaret's mother (Aunt Yvonne) was in the hospital in Whitehorse and then passed away. Aunt Yvonne was married to Uncle Rudy.

I would guess that the other members of the Burian family you encountered back about 1936 would have been my Uncle Alfred and maybe Uncle Walter, Uncle Rudy and

possible Uncle Karl. My dad came to the Yukon about that time too but he never played the guitar. He played the accordion and later the mouth organ. - Harvey

I can't remember which one of your uncles moved Jack London's cabin - half into Dawson and half to California - so each cabin had half the original logs - Les

It was my Uncle Rudy and his son Robin who lived at Stewart City (at the mouth of the Stewart River) that moved Jack London's cabin. I've had the privilege of seeing both cabins...the one built from half the logs and located in Dawson City and the one built from the other half of the logs and located in Jack London Square in Oakland, California. My son, Wes lived close by in Berkeley, CA for a time and when I was down there on a visit he took me to see Jack London Square and the cabin. – Harvey

See photo below- Sherron

I should mention that George Nagano redid the cafe and called it the Penguin Cafe - Marje talked about it but I didn't hear enough - but she did have a full memory although I don't think she could have been very old at the time - she talked a lot about it with Lee - that was the Mayo school reunion when you met Marnie and Lee wasn't it? - Les

I believe it was Mich Nakano who had the Pengiun Cafe in Dawson, wasn't it? I could be wrong, but I don't think George Nagano ever lived in Dawson. George ran the GN Cafe in Mayo. Mich Nakano and his wife Winnie were friends of my parents and I remember going to the Pengiun a number of times. Their son, whose name I can't remember, was about my age and we used to play together as little boys. I always marvelled at the walls and ceiling covered with metal panels with a unique design on them at the Penguin Cafe. The Nakanos moved to the Okanagan after leaving Dawson. Winnie was a sister to Marlene (and Jack) Olson, who ran a jewellery store in Dawson. I visited Winnie with my dad about 6 years ago in Kelowna.

It was when I was up for the Mayo Centennial celebration in July 2003 that I talked to Lee and to Marnie. The Friends of Yukon Archives Society was doing a Heritage Cinema presentation on Martha Black at the Helleby Hall by the Old Log Church and since I had a couple of hours to spare, I decided to go see it. I was at Marj Profeit's when your daughter Lee called and said that she was dropping off her mother (Marnie) to see the same presentation. I sat beside Marnie and before and after the films we had a good chat about the old days. Flo Whyard was there as well, dressed in a replica of the dress that Martha Black had worn during her climb over the Chilkoot Pass in 1898. - Harvey

Your mom and dad came down to the lodge quite often - in fact the kids had a chair there they called "Rennie's cussing chair" (I wonder why) Mary did a painting of the lodge - I still haven't found it but I still have the trunk to go through - Les

Help me here. Was your lodge at Moose Creek or McQueston? I remember stopping by with the folks on at least one occasion during the summers that I was home from university. I guess what I remember better was when you folks used to come visit us at 26

Mile. It seems to me that Leslie and I are about the same age and I remember having to play dolls with her, (I must have been all of 5 or 6 at the time!) something I hadn't done before since I don't have any sisters (or brothers, for that matter.) My mom liked to do a bit of painting and drawing. She and Flora Bleiler (Lowell's mom) designed a cup and saucer one time and had it produced. My Uncle Ralph Yoshida (mom's brother), who you may not have met, was the real painter. We have several paintings of his in our home, one of the steamer Klondike in Whitehorse. You may have seen it at my parent's. - Harvey

We insisted they eat with us so there was a compromise - we ate at their place when we were in town - believe me I had no trouble hearing Rennie - after their accident it seemed funny to see Rennie with his "pop" - saw Rennie quite a bit - he received a lot of kidding from the staff of the different stores in the mall and seem to be well known - it must have made his day - of course he was walking then and would come down town pretty well everyday - they both. Mary and Rennie, sort of became part of our family - Les

My mother was one to always insist that folks who came by stay for a meal. She loved to cook and to visit around the table. I presume that "accident" to which you are referring is the car accident my folks had in 1970 on the way home to Mayo from Elsa. My mom ended up with a broken leg and arm and my dad had a couple of crushed vertebrae. Mom was in the hospital in Vancouver for about three months from this ordeal. That's when dad had me buy him a Datsun 510 in Vancouver and he and mom drove it back to Mayo. It was a great little car, one they had for quite a few years.

Dad had a great time walking the streets of Whitehorse. When my folks first moved to the city in October 1977 dad was still in pretty good shape and could walk just about anywhere. He would climb up the airport hill at the back of town and walk over to Riverdale. Even in later years I remember going up for a visit and having to practically run to keep up with him. This was when he was in his early 80's! When they lived in the Ryder Apartments on 6th Avenue, both dad and mom would go for their daily walk down to the "mall" and back. I don't think they ever missed a "seniors' day at Shoppers Drug Mart or Woolworths.

As they aged both my parents slowed down a bit. Mom finally was unable to walk and so dad would head out by himself.

His "standard" route was to walk from their apartment on 4th Avenue (across from the old swimming pool), where they had now moved, down to the Qwanlin Mall and back, stopping at various places to visit and chat. He always stopped in at the Yukon News to pick up his free newspaper and to say hello to his "girls" in the office. Carcare was another favourite spot. - Harvey

I skipped over the part when two of us were fed up with the way our stuff was left in the bush where we were cutting and decided to go on our own - we stopped in to see Rennie he offered us a good deal on the timber he had left standing - he just wanted the saw logs - that's the first time I saw you - your dad was figuring you were going to be a mechanic the way you were playing around with his tools - Alec Beaton was working for Rennie at the time - I guess the school reunion was the next time we saw you - Les

Sounds like this would have been about the time dad had his sawmill down at 26 Mile. I can remember Alec Beaton a bit. I think he only had one arm due to some earlier injury. Am I correct?

As I noted above, we did stop at your lodge at least once somewhere along the line. Perhaps you were not there that day, I don't remember. What years did you have the lodge? I believe we did see you at the school reunion in 1992. - Harvey

Guess I'd better get breakfast (gave the cook the day off) see you Harvey.....Les

Hope your breakfast was good. My wife often makes a batch of rolled oats with lots of dried fruit and a little Red River cereal mixed in. It's great on a cool, wet morning. Thanks for the memories.

Harvey Burian

I sent a copy of Maribeth's familys' photo to Harvey, Les and Maribeth and even more information came forward. - Sherron



Jack London's Cabin at Henderson Creek - 1953
Photo courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

The woman in the corner is my grandmother, Gladys Hoggan. My brother's name was Franklin but he was never called anything but Skip. Thanks for the work on the picture. It is definitely going into my picture file.

Maribeth

Sherron,

According to the little book I have written by Dick North called "Jack London's Cabin" and published in 1986, the cabin that my Uncle Rudy and Cousin Robin helped with was up "the left fork [sometimes called the North Fork] of Henderson Creek". The distance is 75

miles from Dawson up the Yukon River to the mouth of Henderson Creek and then 18 miles up the creek from there. An alternative route is a 60 mile route overland, by car first to Grand Forks and then by hiking over the Caulder Summit and Henderson Dome. There is a photo in the booklet that was taken in 1965 and shows the cabin still looking in relatively good shape. The cabin was dismantled and taken out to Stewart City in 1969 where my uncle made a copy of each log so the two identical cabins could be built.

Dick North's little booklet notes that there is evidence from old letters, etc. that Jack London lived in at least 4 different cabins between Dawson, Stewart City and Henderson Creek. Since the cabin my uncle and cousin were involved with was "rediscovered" in 1965 and dismantled in 1969, if Maribeth's photo was taken sometime in or between these two years, it is possible that this is the same cabin, although it does appear more weathered than the one in the North booklet.

As an aside, it might interest you and the other MocTel readers to know that Jack London had signed his name and date (Jan. 17, 1898) on a log on the back wall of the cabin. Jack MacKenzie, who was a mail carrier in the Yukon in the 1930s and 40's had discovered the signature in 1936 and later cut out it out on a slab which he then gave to Sam Wood (Maggie Wallingham's dad) in Mayo. After Sam passed away his wife Rose held onto the slab and it was from her that Dick North obtained, first a photo taken by Gordon McIntyre, and then the actual slab and was able to use it to verify that the cabin was truly one that Jack London had lived in back in 1898. (Information from Dick North's booklet, "Jack London's Cabin" published in 1986 and dedicated to Rose Wood Zeniuk)

Harvey Burian

Hi Sherron - Wasn't going to do anything today - but couldn't pass up remarks about Jack and Sam - it was Jack that spotted the autograph and realised the value of it and brought it to Sam - according to Jack London's story he tore the cabin he had wintered in down and they made a raft and floated to Dawson - I mentioned that to a Parks employee and he said "he (the Parks employee) doesn't know what he is talking about - I left it at that" -
.....Les

After Maribeth seeing the last message from Harvey Burian above she wrote –

The mystery is solved! Now I know how it was that the Burian kids were able to use Jack London's cabin on their trap line. Poppop obviously knew where the other cabins were, given his comments on the search for "the" cabin.

My picture was taken in 1953. The cabin had also been an RCMP cabin in the days when the force had the maximum number of initials in its name. My grandfather subsequently carried the door of the cabin, with said initials carved into it, to the Whitehorse museum, at the request of the then mayor of Whitehorse who was, I believe, Gordon Armstrong (the butcher).

My grandfather took me to the cabin the first time on the way back from Stewart City. For an eight year old, it was about a half hour hike, leaping from "nigger head" to "niggerhead", to the right of the Henderson road, and before the big blueberry bluff on the way back to Henderson camp.

There were still enamelware pots and a coffee pot in the cabin, even in its advanced state of collapse. I know that Poppop had evidence to validate the claim that it was a cabin that Jack London had lived in. I just do not remember what that evidence was.

Thanks for setting confusing bits of family history into some sort of order. MocTel works for me!

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

YUKON – THE NAME

Weldon Pinchin pinchin@gulfislands.com posed the question, where the Yukon got its name. ? ?

I checked online and wrote to Heather Jones at Yukon Archives. Here is the answer -

The quick answer comes from Robert Coutts: "The name Yukon was given by HBC trader John Bell, who in 1846 descended the Porcupine River from the Mackenzie delta to its junction with the Yukon. He called it the "Youcon", his version of the Loucheaux Indian word "Yuchoo", meaning "the Greatest River" or "Big River". At this junction in 1847 Alexander Hunter Murray established the first HBC post on the river, Fort Yukon" pg 292 of *Yukon Places and Names* 1980 edition.

Best, Heather Jones Heather.Jones@gov.yk.ca

VANCOUVER YUKONERS CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Just returned from another successful Yukoners Christmas Luncheon in Vancouver. A rough count came to 58 but there could have been a few more.

Lots of smiles and hugs and many stories told and retold. As usual the food was enough for a small army, with all the extras being packed off to one of the charitable institutions afterwards. Oodles of door prizes at the end.

So many that just about everyone except Blanche and I and Brownie and Pete received at least one. We are very upset about this and may organize a protest march next year.

Despite that however, a very good time was had by all. Finished up with a little entertainment from old sourdough, Neil McLeod. A tip of the hat to the Vancouver group for organizing such a get-together.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca



Vancouver Yukoners Christmas Luncheon
Photo courtesy Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

MOCTEL WORKS AGAIN

Hi Sherron

Yahoo...we made contact again. The George Howell from this week's article in MocTel, was our neighbour in Whitehorse. He and his wife Marylou sent me a note this morning. I will get back to them with details regarding my family. Once again your magic worked and much enjoyment has come into our lives. Hope Santa finds your house this year and that your holiday away in January is everything you wish for. All the best for 2005 from our house to yours.

Karren Crowley (North)

MOCTEL PRAISED

Subject : Bright Lights for Yukoners.

The Moccasin Telegraph has connected a wide variety of present and displaced Yukoners into a tight knit electronic community. The pioneer spirit lives on in the stories and information that is passed on each week. You are my super HERO. Thanks for the memories.

Yes you can use any or all of my email but certainly the subject line would be appropriate for your MT edition.

I really feel you have brought a large number of Yukoners closer together through the MT and connected a lot that had lost track of each other over the years.

Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net

WHAT MOCTEL MEANS TO YOU

“MocTel stands for historical preservation at its best.” - Al Oster

"The preservation of Yukon history that would otherwise be lost." – Henry Breaden

“Bright Lights for Yukoners.” – Dave Perks

CURRENT ISSUES IN YUKON

If you want some fun and are interested in current issues in the Yukon, try www.dawsonforum.com or www.whitehorseforum.com

Eleanor Millard emillard*yknet.yk.ca

Recipe brings back Memories

I must thank you for the old fashion Cottage pudding Recipe. It was one of our family's favourites when the children were small and money was short. Seems we always managed to have flour, brown sugar and raisins in the house.....Good memories.

Lois Trembley granny9t*shaw.ca

The Cottage Pudding Recipe submitted by Vivian Stuart was in MocTel 92. I made it and used the lesser of the two sugar quantities given (1 ½ cups). It is good, but put a cookie sheet under the dish, mine boiled over.

I told Bill about the Plum Duff that Daisy Callison refers to in her book about their trip in 1935 where frequently they often had Plum Duff for dessert at dinner time. Bill found a recipe online and I will share it with you one time in the MocTel. – Sherron

THIS COULD BE A LIFESAVER

(Forwarded by Tom Tait and could save a life.)

This might be a lifesaver if we can remember the three questions!

Is it a Stroke? Sometimes symptoms of a stroke are difficult to identify.

Unfortunately, the lack of awareness spells disaster. The stroke victim may suffer brain damage when people nearby fail to recognize the symptoms of a stroke. Now doctors say any bystander can recognize a stroke by asking three simple questions:

1. Ask the person to smile.
2. Ask him or her to raise both arms.
3. Ask the person to speak a simple sentence.

If he or she has trouble with any of these tasks, call 9-1-1 immediately and describe the symptoms to the dispatcher.

After discovering that a group of non-medical volunteers could identify facial weakness, arm weakness and speech problems, researchers urged the general public to learn the three questions. They presented their conclusions at the American Stroke Association's annual meeting last February. Widespread use of this test could result in prompt diagnosis and treatment of the stroke and minimize brain damage.

The following message has been around for some time and has been disputed. But it is worth a try if you ever find yourself in this situation.

HOW TO SURVIVE A HEART ATTACK WHEN ALONE

Since many people are alone when they suffer a heart attack, without help, the person whose heart is beating improperly and who begins to feel faint, has only about 10 seconds left before becoming unconscious. However, these victims can help themselves by coughing repeatedly and very vigorously.

A deep breath should be taken before each cough, and the cough must be deep and prolonged, as when producing sputum from deep inside the chest.

A breath and a cough must be repeated about every two seconds without let-up until help arrives, or until the heart is felt to be beating normally again. Deep breaths get oxygen into the lungs and coughing movements squeeze the heart and keep the blood circulating. The squeezing pressure on the heart also helps it regain normal rhythm. In this way, heart attack victims can get to a hospital.

OBIT

Hello Sherron.

Mom passed away November 26th at the age of 82. Perhaps some of the Yukoner's reading your newsletter would remember her so I am attaching her obituary which was posted in various newspapers including the Whitehorse Star.

Thanks. Charlene (Patriquin) Scott cscott25@cogeco.ca

FLORENCE MARY PATRIQUIN

Florence Mary Patriquin, 82, died November 26, 2004 in Fiddick's Nursing Home, Petrolia, Ontario.

Florence was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia December 15, 1921 daughter of the late Mildred and Wilson Alexander. She is survived by three Daughters JoAnne Hollingdale and Charlene Scott (Fred), Bright's Grove, Ontario, and Gerri McKee, Vancouver, B.C. She was the loving Grandmother to Grandsons Patrick McKee, Soper, Oklahoma; Clayton Scott, Bright's Grove, Ontario; Alexander Lea, Surrey, B.C.; Granddaughters Melanie Lea, Calgary, Alberta; Marni Flinkert, Edmonton, Alberta; Keltie Hollingdale, Whitehorse, Yukon; nine Great Grandchildren Tristan, Kyle, Alexis, Mathew, Sarah, Anthony, Brenden, David and Brittany.

She was predeceased by her husband Clayton (1986), infant daughter Lois, daughter Elaine, sister Margaret Snell, sister Patricia Patriquin, brother Robert Alexander.

Florence and family relocated from Nova Scotia to Whitehorse, Yukon in 1952. She will be remembered for the years she served as the Manager of the local Eaton's store and then for many years as the Payroll Officer for the WhitePass & Yukon Route Corporation. Florence and Clayton retired to Nova Scotia in 1981. In 1998 she moved to Bright's Grove, Ontario to be with family.

There will be no viewing or funeral service at Florence's request. There will be a cremation and later burial in Wentworth, Nova Scotia. Donations may be made to the Alzheimer Adult Enrichment Centre, Meadowview Villa, Petrolia, Ontario or the Sarnia & District Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

NEW ADDITIONS

Could you put me on your e-mail list for this circular. I received the 92nd edition from two long time Yukoners from the Mayo - Elsa area, Bob & Gloria Andison. I found the 92nd edition quite interesting and would not mind looking over prior editions, electronically, if available.

I have lived in the Yukon since 1954 and presently living in Whitehorse. Past places of residence have been 956, 1016, 918 a number of times, Faro and Elsa.

Looking forward to reviewing past issues.

Wayne Kettley wayne.kettley*yt.sympatico.ca

I have asked Wayne if he is related to Linda Kettley who worked at City Hall in the 1970's.

Hello Sherron.

Thanks for the list and web locations for previous Moccasin Telegraphs. It appears that the "EX" list is longer than the "Current" list. I am not sure if that says something or not.

Yes, Linda is my sister and she is currently living in Leduc. (Another "EX".) No e-mail

address though.

Thanks again. Wayne.

RELISTED

Hello Sherron: Would you please add me to the Moccasin Telegraph mailing list. I was on the list last year and received one edition but never heard from you again. I appreciate the effort that you put into this publication and enjoy reading the contributions.

Thanks for your help with this

Heather Johnson heatherjohnson@shaw.ca

Whitehorse [1957 to 1970]

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: marno@telus.net

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

LARSON, Marlee (FORDYCE) marno@telus.net (In Whitehorse 1949 – 1997) Vernon

I understand Marlee has moved and I have lost contact with her. – Sherron

Recipient address: dhperchie@shaw.ca

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

PERCHIE, Dave & Louise dhperchie@shaw.ca (Born in Whitehorse – 1955) Peachland

Dave had told me a few months ago that he was moving and would be back on in November. But I guess I have lost contact with him too. – Sherron

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Worry is like a rocking chair; Keeps you busy but never gets you anywhere.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Marilyn (Gropstis) Chase cmchase1@verizon.net (In NY state)

Holiday Cranberry Relish (good all year long)

1 package cranberries

1 large washed orange (navel)

1 large washed apple

¼ cup walnut pieces

1 regular size package of Raspberry Jello

1 cup sugar

Grind cranberries in a food processor. Grind the orange and apple, leaving the skin on.

Add sugar and walnut pieces stir until well mixed.

May be bagged and frozen.

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