

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 125th Edition – August 28, 2005

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



Lake LeBarge – east side – Richtofen Island

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

I would bet this is a place not many of us have been. Great photo Doug.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JACK AND JILL

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

When Jack and Jill went up the hill,
They weren't just after water,
They were doing other doing things
They really hadn't ought'a.

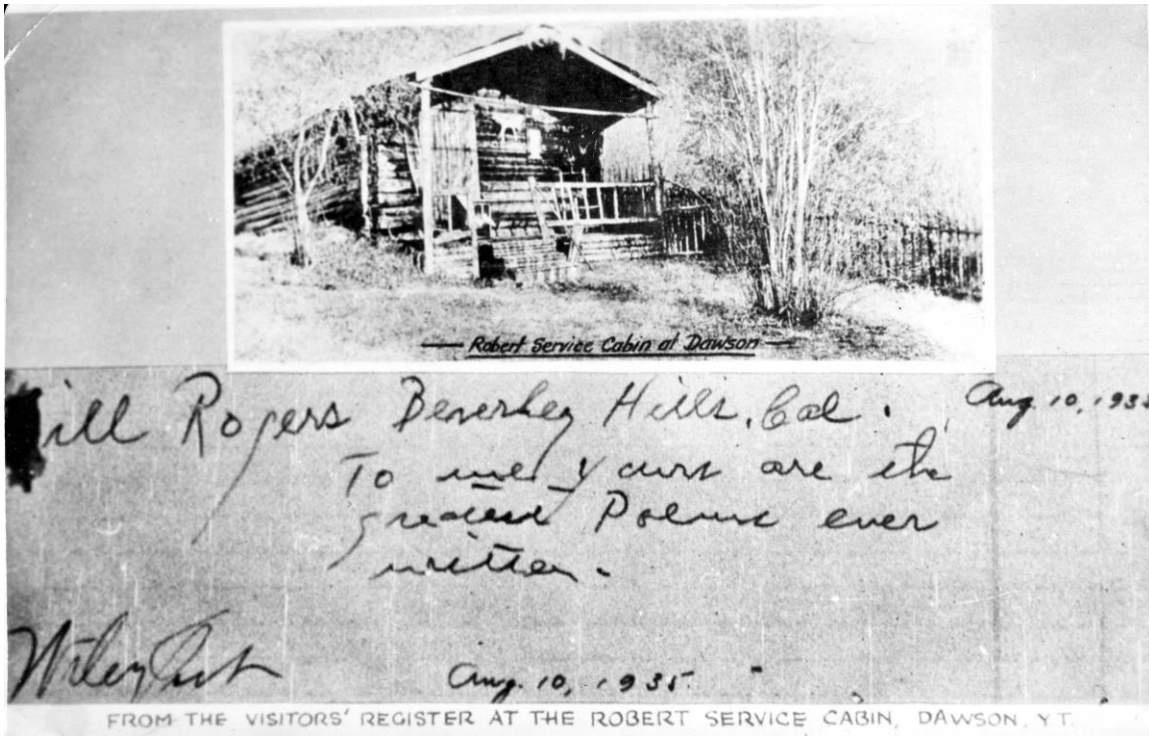
Carrying the water pail
Was a most convenient cover,
For Jill was reaching puberty,
And Jack was quite a lover.

When they came tumbling down the bank,
The tale that they related,
I felt was nothing other than
A story they'd created.
While thinking thus, I told myself
I'd go and have a look
To see what they'd been doing,
While up there beside the brook.

Then at a spot beyond the well
Where farmers had been haying
I found a soft depression where
The couple had been laying.
I found some evidence around,
And after analyzing,
I didn't have the slightest doubt,
That they'd been fraternizing.

The couple had been smoking grass
(And I'm not talking hay)
The butts were scattered 'round about
In a most unsightly way.
The broken glass and bottle caps
Left me quite aghast,
It seemed to me that Jack and Jill
Had had themselves a blast.

So shed no tears for clumsy jack,
He never broke his crown,
In fact he'd not have fallen
If he'd not been "fooling 'round".
And little Jill now owns the hill,
After finding she could sell
Most anything she wanted to,
Up there beyond the well.



From The Visitors Register at the Robert Service Cabin, Dawson, Y.T.

Will Rogers – Beverley Hills, Cal. **Aug 10, 1935**

To me yours are the greatest Poems ever written.

Wiley Post – **Aug 10, 1935**

Photo courtesy of the late Les Somerton

This quote from the online website: <http://www.acepilots.com/post.html>

“When Wiley Post and Will Rogers crashed at Point Barrow, Alaska on **August 15, 1935**, the world mourned the loss of the great flier and the beloved humorist.”

Hi Sherron,

I see you survived the shindig on the coast all right. Looks like it was quite the party!

Sherron, I am sending you this ballad I wrote. It is plenty long, but it should fill up some space for you at the least.

At the most, I hope you enjoy it!

Bobby Good is a fictitious name. However I sure did have a great 'model' in mind. lol there sure are some characters around, aren't there?

Did you get to meet a guy named Dave Harder while you were at the coast? He bought the 10 mile ranch from Yardley's years ago and is a good friend of mine. He is living in Ladner now.

Hope you enjoy the verse.

Rick Mortimer trapper*nemontel.net (In Southern Saskatchewan)

Glad you can use it and hope it will bring a smile or two to some readers. There is line of people from Teslin/Carcross with the name of Goode, but as far as I know there is no one named Bobby Good. This guy is fictitious but just because he doesn't exist, doesn't mean that I don't know his real name. ha ha You know how those Dawson boys are... I know a few who would have jumped out of the truck and made the cop's eyes go round and round for while.

Anyway, enjoy. Please. Just glad you liked it. By the way I sure do admire the writings of Gus Barrett. I've never met the man, but he sure has got a way with the words. Great stuff. I feel like I'm drawing cartoons while he's painting the Mona Lisa part 2.

Go ahead and use whatever you can with it Sherron. I would just like all to know it is fiction pure and simple.

Glad you met Dave Harder. Always had a liking for that guy and he's done a pile of different things in his life. He is driving a motor home to Whitehorse as of last Friday - should be pulling into town about now as I write - and is due back to the coast next Friday. One of these times I hope to be at the shindig myself.

Rick Mortimer trapper*nemontel.net (In Southern Saskatchewan)

Oh by the way, here's a picture for you to see. Good environment for ballad writing!



Yukon Circle Fly

By Rick Mortimer trapper*nemontel.net (In Southern Saskatchewan)

If you've never seen the Yukon, it may be that you don't know
About things men do at rendezvous, or of the "Cocktail Sour-toe"
You may not have heard a single word of the Rogue, or Bonnet Plume
Nor nary a breath of the shooting death in the Malamute Saloon.

Well then, I'll just pull this chair up; you seem like pleasant folks
And my tail I'll spin, to make you grin. Why thank you for the smoke!
Now characters are common fare in that land at the end of the earth
And some come kind of serious, and some come full of mirth.
Some are shy and some are bold, some are snake-eyed mean
Some are loud and obvious and some are seldom seem.

Now friends –here is my story (I swear again it's true!
'Cause like I said you are such nice folks I couldn't lie to you!)
Perhaps you've heard: "In Canada, the Mounties always get their man"
(Those scarlet coated gentlemen who are what the Queen commands?)
Well, I am here to tell you that there is another side
To that perfect reputation which they carry far and wide.
Yes, I'll admit that sometimes they are a welcome sight to see
(Like the time that guy from Edmonton, went on that shooting spree.)
But here in Dawson City they're viewed with somewhat less esteem
Opinions range to pure disdain for the "Cowboys of the Queen."

Now Bobby Good was quite a guy: a "Character" for sure.
Who spent his time upon his 'line, out chasing after fur.
He could track a flying squirrel, and outfight a wolverine
He'd pack up a string of horses quick as anybody's seen.
On the meanest trail he'd never fail, each mountain pass he'd bested
His strength was legend in the bars – and seldom was it tested.

Yes, Bobby Good was quite a guy, his popularity was tops
His only 'flaw' I ever saw was his large dislike of Cops.
In Dawson Town, he'd look around, and every Mountie that he'd sight
A frown he'd place upon his face, and call them 'parasites.'
I never did quite understand what they had done to him
That set his jaws to clenching and his face to looking grim
But just to see a squad car would seem to raise his ire
His voice would drop a note or two, and his eyes would fill with fire!

Now Bobby was a steady man, his temper he could hold
With ready wit he'd conquer it, then you'd see the anger fold.
Dry humour is a virtue of which Bob was greatly Blessed,

And he could use it mighty skillful, if his anger got a test!
But the day it was the driest (like old fire killed pine wood)
Was the day the Cop in Dawson stopped both me and Bobby Good.

We'd just hit town, two beers went down our parched and dusty throats,
Then we left the Eldorado and drove past the river boats.
We were heading south on 'Main Street', and were starting to turn right
When in the mirror –there it was- the Mountie's flashing light!
I saw the set of Bobby's jaw, his mighty muscles twitched
I heard him mumble something as he parked beside the ditch.
I saw the Cop step from his car and straighten up his tie
And Bobby Good – his face like wood—heaved a heavy sigh.

I heard the sound of leather boots come squishing through the muck
I saw a Scarlet Tunic flash, as the Cop approached our truck
I heard the window winding down, my heart began to race-
Then I glanced and saw a grin begin upon my partner's face!
I heard a holster get unsnapped, a Stetson set on straight
“Well Pard,” (said Bobby in a voice real low), “Looks like we've met with fate.”

Now, if anyone had asked me if I knew ol' Bobby Good
I'd have said I knew that cowboy well as anybody could.
I thought I understood the man – his trials and his tears
We'd traveled long together; we'd been partners fourteen years.
But I guess you never really know a man too well at that
So I never ever did suspect he was such a diplomat!

I saw him straighten in his seat; I saw the anger flee
I watch him turn to face the Cop – his look serenity.
Then on his lips there came a grin that would pride the village fool
(I was so taken with his acting I half expected him to drool!)
For I did know Bobby 'acted' – for he loved to play the Duke
But who appeared beside me now, was clearly “Cool-Hand Luke.”
His features and his countenance had metamorphosized!
The partner I had known so long was totally disguised!

The Mountie then began to speak: “You two out having fun?”
 (“My God,” I thought, “he's but a boy! He can't be twenty-one!”)
Says He: “I did observe you both, stepping from the bar
It was exactly 9:14 – I clocked it from my car.
That's unit number 49 – it's now 9:35-
Constable Tucker is my name. Thou shall not drink and drive!
And because I saw you leaving from that Eldorado Bar,
You'd best do yourselves a favour and step over to my car!”

Well, I don't know how Bobby felt – but I was mortified

This kid had barely left his teens – he wasn't yet full sized!
He'd pimples on his dimples; I expected him to blush
And then I looked at Bobby, and my breath came with a rush.
His hat was tilted to the back; on his face a look of dread.
And his eyes were looking 'round and 'round above the Mountie's head.
The young guy kind of glanced up, to see what was buzzing there
(Perhaps he was a bit confused, by my partner's circling stare?)

You could almost 'see' him thinking: "I'll just stick with all the facts
I know that they've been drinking so I'll read the Riot Act!"
"Now here's the way it is you two! I've seen you here before
I've observed you often coming out that Eldorado door!
Sometimes loud and singing!. At times clutching at the rail!
Well I hope you blow a point-oh-eight; and then it's off to jail!
We simply can't have this in Dawson! Why the town's now civilized!
It's *MY* Town now! I am the Law! So try that on for size!"

Bobby never even flinched, he never made a sound
He did not move or give an inch, but his eyes kept going 'round.
I could see his anxious features; (concerned he looked indeed)
He now had the Cop's attention - and his circles picked up speed.
Bob's eyes were almost smoking, they were going 'round that fast.
And the Cop was almost choking – and then up he looked at last.

"Now look here fellow! what do you see in the air above my head?
There's nothing there at which to stare, so why the look of dread?"
Bobby's dry lips parted underneath his whirling eyes
And he seemed to barely whisper – "It's the dreaded Circle Fly!"

Now with that this striped-legged wonder gave Bob his full attention,
His youthful face now held a look of fearful apprehension!
"What's that you say?" he asked of Bob, "What zooms above my brow?
I've never heard of Circle Flies! And what's it doing now?
How big is it? And does it bite? I think I hear it buzz!
It's getting nearer to my neck! Quick! Tell me what it does!"
Then Bobby very calmly said, "Just try and settle down
With this fly you'd be familiar if you didn't hide in town.
For it's never seen in cities; only in the bush of course
Where it's only purpose is to fly 'round the hind end of a horse."

Now, the Mountie's face went chalk white; his glare as flat as glass.
"Are you inferring *Cowboy*, that I'm a horses ass?"
But Bobby (ever innocent) claimed "I never would say that
To a servant of the Queen, who wears the Stetson hat!
Dressed up in all your finery; white cord, new boots and tie!
But the truth believe! You can't deceive the Yukon Circle Fly!"

Well, I thank you friend for listening to the tale I've told you here.
(God bless you for the cigarettes and once more for the beer.)
It happened quite a while ago, I've since heard that Bobby's dead
And now he's up there telling Peter there's a fly above his head!

Rick Mortimer

HENRY BREADEN'S - STEWART RIVER LOG BOOK - STEAMING TIME

Hi Sherron and Harvey,

Just had a look in my log book and found Mileages and locations from Whitehorse to Dawson, from Dawson to Fort Yukon and from Stewart to Mayo with all stops. Not only that, I found the most and least time from Stewart to Mayo upstream and downstream.

Most steaming time from Stewart to Mayo Upstream, 64 hours and 40 minutes
Least steaming time from Stewart to Mayo Upstream 47 hours and 15 minutes

Most steaming time from Mayo to Stewart Downstream 20 hours and 40 minutes
Least steaming time from Mayo to Stewart Downstream 13 hours and 25 minutes

I bet the least time was during high water. Will put together the mileages and locations.

Here is a scan of three pages of my log book, there are two upstream and one downstream. Whoever was at the wheel noted the time in the master ship logbook which was located overhead of the wheel. There was plenty of time going upstream, but downstream only the major points were logged. There was not that much time between a bend that had to be drifted and the next riffle to decide if the channel had shifted. Poor old log book after near 60 years is getting yellow with age. I might have to type new sheets as the ink is fading too.

While I am at it, I might as well scan the mileages on the river. You will note that the New Crossing is not the present bridge as this was before the highway was pushed through. For the present bridge, look about 1/4 mile above Crooked Creek. What was the New Crossing then was 25 miles downstream from the present bridge. The Overland Trail from the Junction, Pelly, Mayo, Dawson crossed the present highway about 1/2 mile from the bridge and followed down the left side of the river to the New Crossing shown.

Henry

Mileages along the Stewart River - Stewart to Mayo – From Henry Breaden's - Sternwheeler Steamboat log book.

STEWART RIVER		FROM STEWART	FROM MAYO
STEWART		0	172
WILD CAT SLOUGH		6	166
BREWER. CREEK		20	152
BARKER. CREEK		23	149
SCROBBIE CREEK		25	147
MAIZIE. MAY		28	144
BLACK HILLS CREEK		33	139
ROSEBUD SLOUGH		44	128
OLD CROSSING		50	122
RIM ROCK		60	112
JACKMAN CHUTE		69	103
LAKE CREEK		74	98
INDEPENDENCE W.C.		80	92
ICE CHEST		83	89
CLEER CREEK		90	82
M ^c QUESTION FIELD		100	72
STERLING BEND		106	66
NEW CROSSING		112	60
MOOSE CREEK		118	54
CROOKED CREEK		137	35
DEVIL'S ELBOW		144	28
26 MILE		150	22
MAYO		172	0

Sternwheeler Steaming Travel Time on Stewart River recorded by Henry Breaden.

Stewart River				
Steaming Time <u>Upstream</u>	Least From Stewart		Most From Stewart	
	Least	From Stewart	Most	From Stewart
Stewart	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
Wildcat bend	1:45	1:45	2:15	2:45
17-Mile W.C.	3:40	5:25	3:50	6:05
Barker creek	1:10	6:35	1:25	7:30
Maizie May	1:30	8:05	2:15	9:45
Porcupine bend	2:30	10:35	3:00	12:45
Lindstrom W.C.	1:15	11:50	1:30	14:15
Miller's bar	2:00	13:50	3:10	17:25
Toe Head	0:45	14:35	1:05	18:30
Rimrock W.C.	2:00	16:35	2:45	21:15
Slow bar	1:15	17:50	2:15	23:30
Jackman's chute	0:30	18:20	1:00	24:30
Independence W.C.	3:30	21:50	5:00	29:30
Ice Chest	0:40	22:30	1:10	30:40
Chapman's bar	1:40	24:10	1:50	32:30
Snatch block	0:40	24:50	1:20	33:50
Eagle bluff	0:10	25:00	0:20	34:10
Clear creek	0:30	25:30	0:30	34:40
MCRAE'S Landing	1:50	27:20	2:30	37:10
McQuestion	1:30	28:50	2:50	40:00
Sterling bend	1:45	30:35	2:15	42:15
over				

Cont.

	Least	Least From Stev.	Most	Most From Stev.
New Crossing	1:30	32:05	3:30	45:45
Gull Island	1:25	33:30	2:10	47:55
Crooked Creek	3:45	37:15	4:40	52:35
Devil's Elbow	1:45	39:00	2:15	54:40
26-Mile W.C.	1:00	40:00	1:30	56:10
17-Mile bar	2:45	42:45	4:00	60:10
Mayo	4:30	47:15	4:30	64:40

Most time from Stewart to Mayo:
—— 64 hours - 40 minutes ——

Least time from Stewart to Mayo:
47 hours - 15 minutes

Stewart River

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Downstream

	Least	Least From Mayo	Most	Most From Mayo
Mayo	0:00	0:00	0:00	0:00
26-Mile W.C.	2:00	2:00	3:30	3:30
Devils Elbow	0:25	2:25	0:40	4:10
Crooked Creek	0:25	2:45	0:40	4:50
New Crossing W.C.	1:50	4:35	2:20	7:10
Sterling bend	0:50	5:25	1:00	8:10
MORRIS Landing	1:00	6:25	1:15	9:25
Snatch block bar	0:45	7:10	0:55	10:20
Ice Chest	0:30	7:40	0:40	11:00
Independence W.C.	0:10	7:50	0:45	11:45
Jackman's chute	0:45	8:35	0:55	12:40
Rimrock W.C.	0:45	9:20	0:55	13:35
Lindstrom's W.C.	1:15	10:35	1:35	15:10
Porcupine bend	0:20	10:55	0:40	15:50
Maizie May	0:30	11:25	1:00	16:50
17-Mile	0:45	12:10	1:15	18:05
Wildcat	0:45	12:55	1:30	19:35
Stewart	0:30	13:25	1:15	20:40

Most time From Mayo to Stewart:

———— 20 hours - 40 minutes ————

Least time From Mayo to Stewart

———— 13 hours - 25 minutes ————

These log pages were written in 1949 - 1950.

Hi Henry,

You have made my day! I have wanted, for I don't know how long, to be able to see the names of the stops along the Stewart River that my family used to visit each summer as we camped along the river to allow my dad to haul the wood, that his woodcutters had cut during the winters, out to the river bank. Thank you very much! It had been my intention to ask dad about these places before he passed away and to record what he knew. Of course, intentions are noble, but often not carried out, and that is what happened with respect to asking and recording items from dad.

The names in your log are ones that were common place to me in my boyhood days. We lived at 26 Mile and had our permanent home there. Just down the river was **Devil's Elbow**. (As an aside, the sharp curve in the river that was Devil's Elbow no longer exists today. The river has cut a channel through the bend and the sand has filled in Devil's Elbow so that it is hardly visible. This location was visible from the highway and so I stopped to look on my trip to Mayo in 2003. I could hardly recognize that it had been Devil's Elbow.) I can recall on numerous occasions we would hear the whistle of a steamboat indicating that it had run aground trying to navigate the sharp curve in the river at Devil's Elbow, particularly in low water near the end of the season. I can recall my father jumping into his gas boat (powered by old Chev engines) and going down the river to help run lines to a tree or to a "deadman" (a buried log with a short cable fastened to it and sticking out of the ground) so that the steamboat could winch itself off the sand bar. I remember riding with him in the gasboat. (No life jackets in those days!) Once the steamboat was freed we would jump back into our boat and travel back home and wait for the steamboat to appear, usually quite a time after we arrived at our home. The place where the boats loaded the wood was down river from our home about a mile or so and I often ran down there to watch the boats. I remember the large pile of groceries and other produce that was unloaded from the last boat of the season. This would be our provisions, and that of the men working for dad as woodcutters, for the next 6 or 7 months until the first boat in the Spring brought another load to last us the summer.

Dad was responsible for providing the wood for fuel for the steamboats from Mayo to Independence, as I recall His brother; Rudolph (Rudy) provided fuel on the rest of the river from Independence to Stewart, at the mouth of the Stewart River where it meets the Yukon. I see from the logs that this divided up the river nicely into two, approximately 80-90 mile sections.

We travelled down the river each summer going from camp to camp. Do you know if there was wood fuel placed along the river at each of the places named? Some of the places I know for sure were fuel stops. Maybe they all were. I didn't think there were so many stops but I know the steamboats "ate" wood like you wouldn't believe, especially going upstream with a fully loaded boat and barge. I see a "w.c." beside some names and presume the w.c. = wood camp. Maybe that's the ones the boat stopped at on a particular trip. I know some of the other places without w.c. beside them, also had wood camps.

Now I will have to dig out my old photos and see what I can match up with the river locations. I know I have one taken at the McQuesten Field. There was an emergency strip located there that dad was asked to maintain. I remember there was an old grader there that he pulled behind his little Cletrac cat to smooth the ground for the field. There was also a large roller that packed the dirt to make the surface hard and level.

Now if I could just download all the recessed memories of that era! Keep prodding, Henry. Each time you prod I remember some other things I had forgotten.

Thanks for the memories!

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville)

I asked Henry how he knew which wood stops to use each trip. – Sherron

At the beginning of a trip you knew how many cords of wood you would require and how much was aboard. It depended on the freight tonnage and the stage of water. You did not want to have a whole bunch aboard when you were loaded with freight for Mayo, or it could block getting to the freight. Then you would have to shift wood. Usually the main gangways were used for wood, and freight was stowed aft of the boiler and in the wings. Heavy freight and drums were on the barge, so the barge was usually dropped upstream so that it could be unloaded on the upper slips. After the store freight was discharged we usually moved up to the lower of the upper slips and loaded ore in the space where the freight was. We usually carried about two cords of wood forward in each wing under the companionways for emergency, and if any was used it was replaced at the first wood stop. The Nasutlin used about 30 cords upstream to Mayo, and the loading points were planned accordingly. Downstream we would use 10 cords to Stewart. Through the years it was planned with the providers the most efficient locations and availability of wood.

Henry.

Then I asked Henry if he could explain how the wood was stacked, marked and taken throughout the season. What a treasure Henry is to have this knowledge and be willing to share it with us so freely. Thank you Henry, for the novice to Yukon history, like myself, this is very interesting information. – Sherron

Hi Sherron, finally got to this one:

Depending on the cordage in each woodpile, usually on the Stewart River the wood was piled in two rows. A contract was arranged for so many cords of wood at a certain location, and it could be 100 to 300 cords at each that was based on past years usage.

The wood was 4 feet in length and was piled 6 feet high, so for every 5 foot 4 inch length measured one cord, being 128 cubic feet. During the day the Purser or Mate would measure the wood to be loaded, or the 2nd Mate during the night. We used an 8 foot flat white measuring rod that was marked at each foot and a red line at 5 foot 4 inches. From

the last time wood was taken from the pile, the pile would be left at a 45 degree angle so that it did not tumble, and you could see the last chalk mark 3 feet from the bottom and the last 45 degree mark. From the last mark you started measuring off, and at every 5 ft. 4 in. and make a chalk mark. If we were taking 10 cords on a double pile, we would mark off 5 cords on the outer pile and make a vertical line. Measure up 3 feet and make a horizontal line forming a +, and from this point mark the 45 degree chalk mark for wood to be taken

To make the 45 degree mark we used the 8 foot flat white rod as a guide and made a full mark. The crew would load wood leaving that full mark completely intact. The back pile was loaded up to that point.

The location of wood lots could vary each year as wood was cut out of an area and it became too far to haul. The quality of wood varied according to type, for red spruce that had a lot of pitch and would steam even when green. On the other hand, black spruce if green was terrible as it would go black on the grates, causing the steam pressure to drop. Dry wood had to be dug out to keep going. Even dry black spruce did not have the heat of red spruce or pine, but was good for mud sills on the ground of log cabins as it resisted rotting. If a forest fire went through, about three years later there was good dry wood that was light to handle and steamed well. In the early days the Steamer Prospector used to be blamed for throwing sparks and starting forest fires. But in reality it could have been steamboat men or wood dealers creating good wood for steamboating. The Prospector's engines and equipment went into the building of the Nasutlin, and I wonder if it was where that horrible whistle came from?

On the Yukon River where there were more and larger boats the piles were often four rows deep, but the same system applied. We most often did not see the owners of the woodlot unless they wanted to come down to shoot the bull and to get the latest news. It was surprising how news travelled by Moccasin Telegraph in those days. On other occasions they may travel with us to another woodlot to check, but most often they had their own boats that were faster than us by far. There was such a thing as trust between the wood dealers and ourselves, and that worked both ways. Most of the wood was hauled during winter, but in some instances the owners would have a crew cutting during summer. This applied at Stewart Crossing where there was burned dry wood that was good for steaming. If we left Mayo in late afternoon we could make that lot before dark where we would tie up for the night and take on wood. As soon as it was breaking daylight we would be away again. Of course travelling upstream we travelled all night by using the search light and stopped at wood lots as required.

I have no way of knowing how or when the woodlot owners would be paid as our responsibility ended with reporting to the Whitehorse Office. The Purser made reports at the end of each trip of all freight upstream and downstream along with wood used and which woodlot. A mail pouch was passed across to another boat headed for Whitehorse from Purser to Purser to be delivered to the Whitehorse Office. Many of those pouches were in use, for the purser would receive all way bills from another boat delivering freight to us, or from the Foreman at Stewart if we were loading from shore. Even our

own personal mail came in pouches to the purser for delivery from Whitehorse. What was amazing was that you would expect chaos in the Whitehorse office with so much going through during the shipping season. But surprisingly it was casual and the job got done it seemed without effort.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

ISLAND YUKONERS PICNIC

I have just finished reading the 2-part Van Isle Picnic Special Edition. What a thrill it was seeing all the faces of those I haven't officially met and those I haven't seen for decades! It's been 30 years since I last saw Ken Krocker and wouldn't have recognized him; however, Ted Harrison hasn't changed a bit (except for the cane). Bill & Rusty Reid never change do they? I do hope for all the best on Bill's treatment. The pictures in the article were superb. What a lot of work to pull the picnic all together and then to arrange all the info and pictures into a wonderful article. Even though I couldn't attend I'd like to thank you both. Maybe I'll be able to make it next year (?)!

Cheers, Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

ORIGIN OF THE RABBIT NAME – ('Bunny' Lelievre etc.)

In some correspondence between Henry Breaden and myself he asked how the name "Rabbit" came about in our family. Henry recalls the farm of my grandfather, Joe Lelievre on the Elsa road from many years ago.

As for the Rabbit business in our family - the name Lelievre translated to English is Hare (rabbit). Since no one could say the name Lelievre and in fact few today can say it properly, they just called my grandfather Joe Rabbit. Hence, my Dad was forever known as Bunny (his given name is Charles) and my Mom to the old-timers in Dawson was always Mrs. Rabbit. Of course, as kids we got the "Little Rabbits". I think that has now died off...thank goodness :) I have only ever known one person that used to call my Dad by his name of Charles, and that was Victoria Faulkner. I think she must have thought it very undignified to call him anything else. For those of you that did not know Victoria, she was the Secretary to the Commissioner of the Yukon for many years. The story goes that it was felt it was she that actually ran the office of the Commissioner, or maybe she thought that way – am not sure. Her license plate on her car was always 001 or 1. Joyce Hayden of Whitehorse wrote a book on her life.

I just took a look at the book about Victoria Faulkner and the direct quote of the author is "Victoria served as secretary to 9 different Commissioners. They were often absent from the territory for many months at a time - usually all winter. During their absences, and in between the appointment of each Commissioner, Victoria Faulkner ran most of the territorial government. For 44 years, she carried much of the Yukon's administrative load

and held its corporate memory"

On a much more personal note - she played the organ and sang Ave Maria at my wedding, also many moons ago. Her grave site is next to my parents in Whitehorse.

Vivian Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

VANCOUVER ISLAND PICNIC SPECIAL

Just a quick note to give you the name with the ? on the second section; the photo of Trisha Timmermans. The fellow in the photo is Jim May. He used to be my boss at Alberta Power here in Grande Prairie when I first moved here in 1978.

I really enjoyed the write up and photos. There are so many that I recognized and would very much like to have attended. Thanks to you and Bill and the others that took photos so that those of us who were not able to attend could get to feel in a small way that we were part of it.

I am still behind in my email review and I don't even have an excuse as I am not doing too much but enjoying the summer (wet as it has been) and some volunteering.

Take Care, Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grand Prairie)

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND FLOWERS

Dear Sherron: A huge bouquet of Vancouver Island flowers to you for being instrumental, through MocTel, in making the V.I. Yukoners Picnic the resounding success that it was, and to you and all those who contributed photos to the special edition of MocTel on the V.I. Picnic. It was such a pleasure to renew acquaintances with so many of my students from my tenure in Yukon. We have, all of us, matured somewhat in the meantime. Sincerely, Don Machan (Watson Lake Airport 1951-53; 1956-58) (Mayo 1953-55; 1958-61)

Don Machan demachan@telus.net (In Qualicum)

WHO IS WHO AT THE PICNIC - FILLING IN THE NAMES

Jack Hildebrand just returned my phone message. The couple you were unable to identify in the group photo taken by Rolf Hougen are Barry and Judy Hinde. Barry worked with Jack in the Hougen Sports Lodge in the 60's.

Ron Butler ron_but@shaw.ca (In Parksville)



Judy & Barry Hinde, Doreen Hildebrand, Colleen Butler, Jack Hildebrand & Ron Butler
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen (In Vancouver/Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron: I'll send Uncle Glen an e-mail today. Jack and Robin (who used to be Robin Arcand married to George in Whitehorse) should still be in Parksville but I will see them on the way back to P.G. I'll be happy to provide any little bit of information I might have of the Yukon and its families. Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Cloverdale)



Robin (formerly Arcand) & Jack Earle – Photo courtesy Bill Jones

LILLIAS FARLEY

Hello Ralph,

We worked on a website for Yukon Archives entitled “Yukon Women and Children.” Lillias Farley was one of the people featured under artists. Check out the above link. I don’t have my sources handy but we did find a couple of Whitehorse Star articles, particularly one that came out at the date of her retirement. She sure sounds like she was a very special woman.

<http://www.btc.gov.yk.ca/archives/wc/outstanding/artists3.htm>

All the best,

Helene Dobrowolsky midnight*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)
website: www.midnight-arts.ca

C P AIR HOUSING - WHITEHORSE

Hi, Donna (Needham – Mclean). Isn't the house shown here your old place?

Regards. Ralph (Lortie) rlortie001*sympatico.ca (In Missisauga)

<http://www.yukonalaska.com/yhma/houses/cpair.htm>

Hi Ralph. I am amazed it is still standing. It had a back porch and one small bedroom that was mine, along with the wood chute that I was forever chained to after school. Bennie Sheardown and I skidded down the roof one year in boxes, much to our parents' dismay. I've not heard from Lois (Sheardown) Close in months. Is she still in Watson? Off to San Francisco for the dragon boat races. Donna Mclean dj_mclean*shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

FAVOURITE RESTAURANTS etc.

Hi. Finally getting away to San Francisco tomorrow. Looking forward to the two teams I'm subbing for getting there and having fun.

Don't usually browse and hate mindless shopping but the other day I ambled into a wee shop here and bought a paperweight I could not resist.

It reads:

If you are not the lead dog, the view never changes.

Wonder who owned it before me. Probably a Yukoner.

If you are still listing very good restaurants, I do recommend the Prima Donna in Kelowna on highway 97 at Gordon drive across from Capri mall. Excellent service and food. One of the daughters works every summer in Dawson and would love to live there. There are people who still feel the lure, it seems. Bless 'em all.

Running late as usual. I don't pack for a few days; I take enough stuff to live in any country for a very long time.

Donna Mclean dj_mclean@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

YUKON BRAND

Sherron, You may receive this a few times, but the MT might be a good way to pass it along.

Regards

Bev Buckway balc@yknnet.ca (In Whitehorse)

Fwd: Government of Yukon News Release - Yukon Tourism Brand Strategy Consultation Open To All

<http://www.gov.yk.ca/news/2005/05-221.html>

IS THE SIZE OF THE TEXT ON THIS PAGE TOO SMALL?

If you are viewing this online, go to **VIEW** on the top task bar and move down to **TEXT SIZE**, then move over to expose all the options for size and **choose a larger size**.

MOC TEL 124 & ISLAND PICNIC SPECIAL

What a great Moc Tel Edition of the Island Picnic...wish we could have been there and it surely brought back a lot of people from our days in the Yukon.

Thank you for putting in our pictures from our 50th Wedding Anniversary and it was so surprising to read an account from Alastair Findlay about his time in the Yukon in the 60's and his trip back 40 years later...I worked with Alastair at General Enterprises and he should get a surprise back when he sees our pictures.

When one considers the contacts that are made through this medium of the Moc Tel it is so amazing and just want to tell you what a pleasure it is to be receiving this week after week - always something new. Your husband deserves a lot of credit too and the pictures are super. A wonderful turn out.

Many thanks, Sheila Becker snbecker@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

For any that did not notice, many of the photos were sent in by others and each photo was credited to that person. Thanks to ALL who submitted photos. – Sherron

WRITING PAPER SOLD IN WHITEHORSE IN THE 1950'S

Donna McLean sent in a sample sheet of writing paper sold in her parent's store (Needham's). Her comment written across the bottom of the page "I can't believe the store sold reams of this."

I have only scanned the top portion of the sheet – the remainder is blank. – Sherron



Image courtesy Donna (Needham) Mclean dj_mclean@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

NEW ADDITION RECENTLY

Thank you for adding my name to your mailing group. Myself I spent almost 30 years in the Yukon. My father Jean Louis Madran was transferred from Cold Lake AB to Whitehorse in 1967. When the Whitehorse base closed he retired out of the Air force and we moved down to Quebec (Ste. Therese) for a year then over to Ottawa. After 2 years we all moved back to the Yukon (1970). I lived in Dawson City, Clinton Creek, Faro, Cassiar, BC and Whitehorse. I left Whitehorse in 1994 and moved to Merritt, BC but moved back to Whitehorse two years later. In 1997 I moved down to Osoyoos and have been there since. I did make three trips back to Whitehorse in 2001. My sister Rachel Madran and her hubby Bruce Horning (he owned the M.V. Schwatka for years) before they sold it and now are retired up there. My mother Beverley Madran lived in Whitehorse till 2001 when she passed away.

Claudette Moss(nee Madran) claudette@myway.com (In Osoyoos)

NEW ADDITIONS

Walter and Jan Gutowski suggested I contact you regarding your site and sent the info below, as well as email correspondence from you.

I am a lifelong Yukoner, having just recently moved to Manitoba, where I am taking a certification in Municipal Administration from the University of Manitoba. We went first to Brooks Brook when I was a baby, and then my family moved into Whitehorse where we lived until I was 17. My family moved and ended up in Alberta where I lived for 5 years until I was 22 and I made my way alone, back to the Yukon. I met my husband there and our 3 children were all born there. All in all, I have lived 49 years in the Yukon and hope to go back when I have finished my 'latest' education.

My maiden name was Prouty, and I see from what you wrote Walter that you arrived in the Yukon about the time I first left, and then you left the year my 3rd child was born. Incidentally, Jan Gutowski and I have been friends since we started Kindergarten together in 1956.

Cheers - look forward to seeing what it's all about.

Barb Harris ostara*inetlink.ca

CORRECTION TO ADDRESS LIST

DOMES, Anne octavia13*Northwestel.net (In Yukon since 1953) Faro

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Learn from the mistakes of others... You can't live long enough to make them all yourself.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

Garden Vegetable Soup

A delicious weight conscious soup
Makes 4 servings
Per serving – 42 calories, 0 g fat & 2 g fiber

Ingredients:

2/3 cup sliced carrot

½ cup diced onion
2 garlic cloves, minced
3 cups fat-free broth (beef, chicken or vegetable)
1 ½ cups diced green cabbage
½ cup green beans
1 tbsp tomato paste
½ tsp dried basil
¼ tsp dried oregano
¼ tsp salt
½ cup diced zucchini

In large saucepan sprayed with nonstick cooking spray, sauté the carrot, onion, and garlic over low heat until softened.

About 5 minutes

Add broth, cabbage, beans, tomato paste, basil, oregano and salt. Bring to a boil. Lower heat and simmer, covered, about 15 minutes or until beans are tender.

Stir in zucchini and heat 3-4 minutes. Serve hot

DATES TO REMEMBER

The **73rd International Sourdough Reunion** will be held **September 26 - 30, 2005** at the Quality Inn 101-128 th St. Everett WA. For more information or registration forms contact Larry Chalmers @ P.O. Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0 or E-Mail at [aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com) By Phone at 250-498-6887 or Fax 250-498-6458. For hotel reservations call Toll free 1-800-256-8137.

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**.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

CONTACT INFORMATION

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