

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 128<sup>th</sup> Edition – September 18, 2005**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



This picture was taken by my daughter Lorraine Butterworth, on the **Dempster Highway at the Tombstone Lookout** on Monday **September 5th 2005**.

Myrna Butterworth [myrnab@northwestel.net](mailto:myrnab@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

### **KATRINA'S CHILDREN**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca) (In Qualicum)

Standing in polluted water,  
Wet and hungry, all alone,  
Waiting with the faith of children,  
Waiting there for help to come.  
Who will stretch the hand of friendship?  
Who will keep them safe and warm?  
Who will aid Katrina's children,  
Wee survivors of the storm?

We watch them standing on the rooftops,  
Expressionless but for the pain,  
Holding back the tears of sorrow,  
"When will mom return again"?  
We who watch from ease and comfort,  
We who in truth have everything,

Can we ignore Katrina's children,  
Ignore the pain and suffering?

For days we see them wait in silence,  
For a nation to respond,  
To the needs of hurting children,  
"Please God, wave your magic wand.  
Ease their pain, send help and succor,  
Lift the burdens of the young,  
God, protect Katrina's children,  
Little ones who've done no wrong."

Now at last they have been rescued,  
Far from home but safe from harm.  
Still waiting for that glad reunion,  
Waiting for a mother's arms.  
Years will pass before we solve  
The problems of this legion lost.  
The healing of Katrina's children,  
Who now are left to count the cost.

Now at last the world's responding,  
Relief has come from 'round the earth,  
But all the help and all the kindness  
Can't replace a parents worth.  
No mom to tuck them in each evening,  
No crooning voice to keep them calm,  
Who now, will love Katrina's children,  
Innocent victims of the storm?

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## **GROWING UP IN WHITEHORSE-1943-45**

By Aksel Porsild [yukoner1@shaw.ca](mailto:yukoner1@shaw.ca) (In Courtenay)

The American army in Whitehorse. I remember "Jeeps, Beeps, and Peeps". The Jeeps were the regular open vehicles with just a windshield, while Beeps were the same, except for a sort of canvas canopy, still open at the sides. The Peeps were enclosed with a crude plywood body, with hinged doors. I remember that the door handles were just small round door knobs from their Quonset Hut doors. Winters were cold in that area and we saw mostly Peeps during the cold months. It was assumed that the Peeps also had heaters but the soldiers mostly wore their heaviest parkas whenever we saw them on the streets, in vehicles or on foot.

Also common but less so were Recon Cars, a Dodge 3/4 ton with heavy lug tires and an open body, with three rows of seats, upholstered in canvas. In winter they were much less common and usually had a canopy as well. The most ubiquitous machines, of course, were the 2 1/2 ton 6 X 6 trucks. These were either GMC- or Studebaker- built and

only the discerning person (read small boy) could tell one from the other. The best outward sign were the front fenders; Studebakers were almost square, while the GMC's were much more rounded. Technically, the power train was different as well, but performance was very similar, and both had 7.50 X 20 tires and wheels. The decks of these trucks were stake bodied, and usually had hoops and a canvas canopy. Often they pulled relatively small trailers, also with hoops and canopies.

The 1 1/2 - ton truck was also seen, in somewhat lesser numbers than the 6 X 6, and were mostly referred to as 4 X 4's, even though jeeps, recon cars, carryalls etc were also 4 X 4's but not referred to as such except in formal nomenclature. They had GM's excellent 248 cubic inch engine, not a large engine by modern standards, but a gutty one nevertheless. Not made for speed, it had a heavy duty four speed main transmission and a strong two speed transfer case. These smaller trucks were made by GMC and were a fine unit, much prized by civilians after the war, when they became available from War Assets Corp's surplus sales. Later, in my teens, I myself learned to drive on one of these units, at Johnson's Crossing. Ray L'Hirondelle, a friend of the family, had purchased one from surplus and we made several trips together up the Canol Road, scrounging equipment and parts, which he planned to haul to Peace River, Alta.

He did just that in 1949, and the huge load he carried on that poor little truck formed a nucleus of a successful, forty-year auto wrecking business that is still thriving on the banks of the Peace above the town.

Another popular vehicle seen on the slippery, muddy and potholed streets of Whitehorse were the two varieties of "Carryall". Both were made by Dodge; and they differed in size, one being classed as half-ton the other a three-quarter ton. They were a closed vehicle with three rows of bench or folding seats and could carry seven or eight men. In appearance they closely resembled modern day GM Suburbans, albeit of much heavier construction, larger lugged tires, and four wheel drive.

Of course we boys knew each one from the other, and there were many more vehicles that the Americans brought with them. Larger trucks were seldom seen in the downtown area but up on the hill or in the Marwell or Dowell camp areas they could be seen parked. We used to ride the army buses, which ran regularly around town, to the upper camps near the top of two mile hill as well as to the large camp at McCrae. There we could see many more types of vehicles and the more rare large road building equipment: Cats, scrapers, graders, and the like.

Many of the soldiers we met on the buses were friendly and would talk to us freely. Most of these lonely men were not much older than us and, far from home, were anxious to talk to someone besides their barrack mates. We learned a lot from them, sometimes we got them to buy Hershey bars and six-ounce bottles of Coke from the PX, which of course were out of bounds for civilians. One time a friend and I were standing on the corner of 4<sup>th</sup> and Main, when a US Army bus pulled up at the Stop sign. The door opened and a young GI tossed out two baseball gloves to us, "Enjoy, kids". They were far from new but we used them for years and I never forgot that gesture. It was fairly typical of those men when away from home and trying to be good ambassadors to their country.

During that era, I was taking Grades four and five, so I was ten or eleven years old. Our school was In the Marwell area, just east of the present Whitehorse High. At noon we all came home for lunch; everyone did because no one lived more than a ten

minute walk away. Also there were no facilities for eating lunch at the Marwell School. There must have been a few kids from "up the hill" in school (Army and Airforce) during this time, but I have no recollection of what they did for lunch; I suppose they had a place within the building.

We had our routes home from school, Weldon and I, and mine took me through the US Army area. Their offices, orderly rooms and barracks were located roughly in the area between Main and Lambert and west of 4th Avenue. Every barracks and office had a garbage can by its front door, nothing more than a 45 gallon fuel drum with the top cut off, and painted olive drab. Some were, marked TRASH just to show that they could fancy up an oil drum. We called them Can Barrels.

But the treasures that these unassuming barrels held for us! We mined them and scoured them daily, and since they were dumped regularly they were never more than half or two thirds full, making them easy to rummage through. The Americans of course were well known for wasting lots of material and equipment, and at the level of individual soldiers and office personnel, this fact was most apparent.

At the orderly room and office Can Barrels we got office supplies: staples! note pads! jumbo clips and paper clips! clipboards! cardboard file dividers! pads of obsolete forms, printed only on one side so that the backs were useful for writing or drawing on. And the most interesting things: technical manuals, training texts, and aircraft recognition charts marked "RESTRICTED". You name it; it appeared in our Can Barrels. Field manuals for various weapons, as well as airplane books and charts were a commodity that could be traded. Mostly these publications had diagrams and drawings that were copy able. These latter articles were the ultimate possessions of we, airplane- and gun-obsessed ten-year-old boys.

At barracks Can Barrels, the hauls were no less fruitful: uniform shoulder patches and sergeants, corporals and Pfc's stripes, sometimes metal hat badges and medal ribbons, Trays, cups, sometimes items of clothing such as gloves and socks, brand new or nearly so, ash trays, half full containers of toothpaste, shaving cream, and after shave lotion. All this and more we found at one time or another in our Can Barrels. A heavy steel first aid kit with eyelet tabs for mounting in jeeps was a prize I found more than once, and a particularly nice one, new and shiny in its olive drab paint, I presented to Mother. That same steel box with sturdy hinges and a closure clasp was still in use at my sister's highway lodge as a cash box, almost fifty years later, scuffed and paintless but still functional! A fibre tray used in hospitals and similar to the trays found in today's self serve lunch counters was indestructible, and my family still has one that I found in a Can barrel in 1945.

Sometimes we would ride the Army buses up the hill to the airport. Most of the areas up there were restricted, but there was a place, usually deserted, that we could get into. It was a scrap yard of wrecked planes, trucks and other large chunks of discarded equipment. It was near the south *end* of the west runway and accessible from the highway by crawling under the perimeter fence. Here we would first play in whatever hulk of wrecked bomber that we could get into, then scour the areas for treasure: pieces of aluminum that was soft enough that we could work into whatever shapes we needed, smashed bits of radios and instruments or control levers needed for our own wooden "aircraft" at home. Often there were steel cables from the planes' control system that

could be removed and used in some way. Whatever it was, and if it was not fastened too securely or was not too large to carry, we could take it home.

Another place that was a treasure trove once for us was at McCrae, where a bunkhouse had partially burned. It was totally abandoned with all its contents. The roof had burned through and the building was unusable but most of the contents, mostly personal gear, was not damaged. I found boots (too large), shaving gear, hand mirrors, decks of cards, dice, writing pads, magazines, pencils and other goodies that single men keep in their quarters. The waste that the Americans committed was new to us. We saw often that entire buildings that had been built in haste were bulldozed down to make way for a more permanent structure. Very often the contents of the building were left intact, presumably for the sake of speed, and the whole mess was pushed into a pile to be burned later, while another, more stable or permanent structure was either built or moved onto the site. (Nothing the Americans built was to be permanent, but many buildings, especially the larger ones, survived for many years). This made fair game for us kids who were at the right place at the right time, and we plundered whatever we could find in the pile of rubble. The articles remaining in the demolished structures were typically items like wash basins, mirrors, shelving, sometimes beds and cots, and personal but army - issue items like hair brushes, tooth paste, hair creams and shaving lotions, soaps and gear. Paper products, such as pads of forms of various kinds, were much in demand for us kids; we could write and draw on the reverse sides. The same sort of plunder was usually found here that we garnered from our Can Barrels; it was an occasion of great joy when we found insignia, rank stripes, shoulder patches and the like, which we would get our mothers to sew on our jackets.

At last it had to end; the war ran down to its inevitable conclusion in late summer of 1945 and the soldiers left, leaving much of their equipment behind, as well as buildings, stock piles of materials for housing and road building. Virtually all was under the control of War Assets Corporation, an American government agency, and they made everything available to the local population. For us boys, though the party was over, everything was now enclosed within chain link fences or stored in warehouses and so was unavailable to our scrounging ways. We had, however by this time outgrown the can barrels and were starting to discover girls, a totally new pursuit and a subject for another story.

### **Mayo - The Day the Caribou Came to Town!**

I am not absolutely sure on the year, but will take a stab at October 1935. There was great excitement in town and word spread that a huge caribou herd had crossed the Mayo River. The herd seemed to have split, some following the Mayo River and others came up the Mayo River Road right into town. Everyone was unlimbering their rifles, and the closest to our home would be one that Frank Gillespie, Archie's uncle shot no more than 100 feet from our front door. It was on the river side of Charlie Mathne's home, beside the old steam pumper that had been discarded. There was no need for refrigeration or freezers as that time of year the temperature was below freezing. The main thing was to skin and dress the meat while it was still warm, for that night it would freeze solid. How about shooting in town? No problem as most were skilled hunters and the police just made sure that nobody was injured.

Being low water level there was a gravel bar from just below the sawmill to where the Mayo River came into the Stewart. It sounded like a young war going on, and when it was finished there were caribou all over the gravel bar. Just below Mayo is a clay cutbank across the Stewart River that had a draw in it, and that is where the herd was heading. Most of the herd swam the Stewart River and up that draw, but there was caribou on many plates that evening. The folks from the village below Mayo were up there to get their winters meat, and most hides were made use of for the uppers of moccasins, so it was a benefit to all of Mayo. We all wore moccasins during winter that kept us warm except in the fall when we wore felt shoes. Those were so slippery that I was glad to get into moccasins. It was during the depression and although we did not feel it like in the south, money was tight. I was too young to handle a rifle and dad was up at the Elsa camp, so we did not get into it other than what was given to us. It is the only time that we had a caribou migration, and about the right time to help the citizens of the Mayo district. I have seen photos of caribou swimming the river, and read accounts of where the steamboats had to tie up until they were all across. But during my years on the river this is something that never happened. It is likely that with the coming of extra people the herds thinned out or migrated in a different direction.

Did you know that there was a slaughter house in Mayo? Yes, down the Mayo River Road and not too far from the river was a gantry and windlass to raise carcasses for skinning and quartering. When T.C. Richards opened a Burns meat market and freezer, he drove a herd of cattle across the overland trail. The cattle were slaughtered and dressed at that location and frozen in the big freezer at Burns Meat Market. That was before my time, but Archie Close used to butcher a cow, using that facility, when it went dry and he brought in a new one. So you can say that for an isolated community, it was a busy little town that was supplying the Treadwell Yukon Camps that provided work for the inhabitants.

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

## **A MESSAGE FROM DON MACHAN**

Sherron: I think we take it for granted that Gus is going to provide a terrific poem every week, but you are entirely correct, we should not take his offerings for granted. His poetry just gets better every week, if that's possible. I think his last Sasquatch poem this week is priceless, as was his poem last week. I think many of your subscribers take the extraordinary work you do on our behalf for granted too, but I am sure that at least 99.9% of your subscribers truly appreciate your efforts, as well as Gus Barrett's and Doug Bell's magnificent photo's, Donna Clayson and Jeannie Harbottle's contributions, and Harvey Burian and Henry Breaden's journeys down memory lane, as well as Vivien (Lelievre) Stuart's recipes, and all the other contributions.

I look forward with anticipation to the weekly editions of MocTel. They are the highlight of my week-end. Don't be discouraged by our seeming lack of appreciation. Keep up the good work.

Don Machan [demachan@telus.net](mailto:demachan@telus.net) (In Qualicum Beach, BC)



**DAWSON OVERLAND TRAIL – 1926**

**Cat in motion with two passengers riding up front on the first sleigh.**  
Photo courtesy of the late Les Somerton (Ernest Somerton photo)

**WHITE PASS REUNION**



Irmgard Hartmann, Dick Sladden, Melody Hughes, George Hartmann

Here's a picture of me with ex Yukoners Dick Sladden, Irmgard and George Hartmann at the White Passers' reunion last month. It was a wonderful day, as always.

Melody Hughes [jmhughes@telus.net](mailto:jmhughes@telus.net) (In Coquitlam)



**Anna Hanulik in her Dawson City Greenhouse picking her beautiful tomatoes.**  
Photo courtesy Debbie (Foth) [d\\_algotsson@northwestel.net](mailto:d_algotsson@northwestel.net) (In Dawson City)  
Submitted by Brownie Foth [lfoth@shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca) (In White Rock)



Ssssshhhhhhh Gillian's a grandma again !!  
The Twins.. So sweet..7lb. 8oz & 6lb 13.oz.. we are so thrilled...  
**Jessica Jane & Angela Yvonne....** Hugs Gillian



Big sister Taylor with one of her new sisters.  
Taylor calls Gillian Grandy and Ed is Popa Ed.  
Mom & Dad, Jason & Amy Campbell.

“WE ARE SO THANKFUL THEY HAVE ARRIVED HEALTHY AND SO CUTE.  
Hugs Gillian”

Gillian Campbell (Klondike Kate)  
7880 Meadowood Drive Burnaby, B.C  
V5A 4E5  
Web: [www.gilliancampbellshow.com](http://www.gilliancampbellshow.com)  
[Gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca](mailto:Gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca)  
Phone: 604-420-7277 Fax: 604-420-7229

## **CAL SHANNON**

*(This message from Don Frizzell was addressed to Margo McDonald (in Kentville NS) who had posted a message in the Legion Magazine and Donna Mclean had submitted Yukon related clips to us last week. Don cc'd the MocTel. - Sherron)*

Noticed your enquiry about Cal Shannon. Cal passed away probably less than a year ago and was living in Dawson City, Yukon up to that time. I knew him well and considered him a good friend although I had not seen much of him during the last 10 years or so. He was a chef at the Eldorado Hotel in the early 1980's and possibly before that. He worked in an abandoned tungsten mine as a watchman during the summer months and for the Eldorado Hotel the rest of the time. For the last several years he lived year round in Dawson. He lived alone and was well known by everyone that hung around the Eldorado. If you would like more information, let me know what it is that you would like and I would be happy to get it for you if at all possible. Even though he probably drank too much, he was still a good guy and certainly treated me well. I will always remember him as one of our Klondike Characters that we seem to have so many of. No doubt you will get several replies as many will remember him.

Don Frizzell - [frizzell\\*polarcom.com](mailto:frizzell@polarcom.com) (In Whitehorse, Yukon)  
867-633-4150

## **RECIPE BOOK ????** (Your thoughts please – Sherron)

So happy that you are able to get away for a few, fun days of camping. Just finished reading the latest edition, a fantastic read. When I got to the recipe section, got hit with a brainer.....have you considered compiling all of the recipes that have been collected and requesting more to do a cook book? Once the book is ready, it can be marketed for a price, the proceeds would assist your extra expenses in editing and publishing Moc Tel. You could name the book "From the Kitchens of Moc Tel" or put it out in an edition and get some feelers on naming. I think that it would be a great seller and much wanted amongst all of us that receive Moc Tel. Just a "very good" thought.....just give it some thought.....

Thanks Carol Buzzell

Hi Carol

Okay I will give it some further thought. Sandy Campell had mentioned it this past spring and my thinking then was I was too busy that she should do it. I said then that she would need to contact each person that submitted and get permission first. My thinking at the time was - how do you cut it off. The recipes continue to come in each week. I guess you could do them for years 2003 - 2005. Not sure when we started them but can easily check that. So yes will put the word out to the folks and see if there are any nay sayers.

Sherron Jones

You go girl.....Yes, there would have to be a cut-off point, but would maybe have to have some "fillers" for different areas. Each and every recipe that has been printed have been "keepers", just love them all because they come from "real kitchens" and don't need the super store to do any of them, just plain, tried and true down home cooking. Some of the recipes are very old, handed down from Grandma type and are treasures. I am thinking there should not be any "nayers" and you should get more kudos for all your hard work and efforts. Have a great day.

Carol Buzzell [buzzy.cj\\*shaw.ca](mailto:buzzy.cj*shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook)

## **A MESSAGE FROM MYRNA BUTTERWORTH**

I just wanted you to know that I really enjoy Gus' poetry and look forward to his weekly contributions. The last two poems were great and show lots of humor which in this day and age we definitely need. Our weather up here has been excellent, the leaves are at their best bright colors, today we are getting rain, but it still looks bright and cheery. Have a great weekend camping Myrna Butterworth [myrnab\\*northwestel.net](mailto:myrnab*northwestel.net) (In Dawson City)

## **WORLD TRAVELERS – MEET BY CHANCE**

Hi Sherron, got this 'bit' above from Ken Taylor last month, as part of his travels....this from Chile as they are on a 2 month land trip of S. America....before heading back to their boat and continuing their sailing.

Since there has been quite a mention of Mayo people lately, thought I'd better pass this along to see if you want to use it.

(Ken is son of Herb and Mabel Taylor and from my grad class 1961. You met him two Vancouver Yukoners banquets ago. He came up from Mexico to see his Dad in Whitehorse and came at the end of the evening and was showing us all the developed pictures he had from the sailing trip.)

Carol Clarke [clclarke\\*shaw.ca](mailto:clclarke*shaw.ca) (In Vancouver)

Thought you might pass on this bit of info on the telegraph. We were sitting in a bar here in San Pedro De Atacama yesterday and there were two women at the next table to us. Suddenly I heard the word Yukon in their conversation and my ears perked up as you can imagine. Turns out one of the women one was Elaine Wallingham from Mayo. How weird is that? We had a great chat about a host of Mayo people; Lowell Bleiler, Mike McGeachy, Danny Jurovich, Chuck Rear etc. She is down here teaching school at an American school for the children of miners working in the local copper mines; has students from the States, Canada and Australia. Lives in a town called Calama which is an hour and a half from here and was just here for the day showing her friend around.

What are the chances of that meeting!!!! She is married to an Australian and spent a number of years in South East Asia, been here for seven years. - Ken Taylor

Old friends wishing to leave a note for Ken can do so at -

<http://kenandsharon-sailing.com/>

Click on the above.. they update when they get to land and a cafe.



**Ron Hiltz & Sandy Campbell – Sept 13, 2005**

Ron Hiltz who lives in Berwick Nova Scotia is on a trip that has included the past few weeks in Yukon. He is so pleased to have traveled back to revisit his much beloved land of memories; where he spent from 1954-1970, in both Whitehorse and Beaver Creek. Ron was so pleased to receive a warm welcome from friends whom he has rekindled friendships with after making contact via the Moccasin Telegraph. Good for you Pam & Bev Buckway and others for making his trip so memorable.

Ron had told us earlier on in the MocTel about his early years in Whiskey Flats and just about dying on the way to Sunday school when he slipped in his Sunday best slippery shoes and couldn't get out of the dip between the rail tracks and the road.

He attended Selkirk Elementary school and recalled 'finding' one of the old tram cars along in the 'bushes' after school and rushing home to tell his mom only to be scolded for being close to the river; Ron revisited that memory when he went to the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse and saw the tram car again.

Sandy has taken a week off to bring Ron up to Vernon where they visited Bill and I after stopping in Kelowna to visit 'Mom Lambert'. They plan to visit Sandy's mother today and then head back to Langley via Kamloops and the Fraser Canyon. (Hang on Ron.) They also hope to travel to Vancouver Island to visit Jack Stalberg and family. – Sherron

## **TESLIN CHURCH**

Sherron, could you please put the following into the next MocTel?

Does anyone remember the blessing of the Church in Teslin in the 1960's or 1970's and/or has a picture of this event? Konrad Domes from the Yukon Vocational and Technical Training Center designed the Church and both Konrad and his wife, Anne attended the blessing but have no pictures or exact date. - Donna - [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net)

Thanks much Sherron  
Donna Clayson (In Ardrossan AB)

## **A MESSAGE FROM ROB HOPKINS 'RADIO ROB' AT TAGISH**

Check out [www.openbroadcaster.com](http://www.openbroadcaster.com) for a list of participating radio stations located throughout the Yukon.

If you have an idea for involving other Yukon communities and groups through accessible radio, send us a line.

We currently have a FREE contest running, open to Yukoners only, to see Robert Plant Live in Vancouver September 22nd.

Enjoy,

Radio Rob [rhopkins\\*tagishtel.ca](mailto:rhopkins*tagishtel.ca) (Tagish Yukon)

## **A MESSAGE FROM AKSEL PORSILD**

Sherron; Have recently read the back issues that I'd not time to read, and found a "Happy Birthday" to me from a childhood chum. Please put this in the next MocTel as an answer:

"Thanks to whomever for the birthday greeting. No, I didn't think I'd last this long and it appears now that I should have taken better care of myself!! . . . . Aksel Porsild"

I also attach a story I wrote ten years ago or so, about growing up in Whitehorse during the time the US Army was in residence there.

## TRUE OR FALSE ? – TRY IT !

My Mom and 13 year old nephew were up visiting and we took a drive up to Inuvik sightseeing. When we got back at 1:00 AM the power was off in my house due to a squirrel getting into the transformer. While waiting for the Yukon Electric truck to come out I noticed a bit of Aurora Borealis activity outside and asked them to join me to take a look. There wasn't much happening and then I mentioned that you have to whistle to get them to come out. They laughed and didn't believe it, so I started whistling and the whole sky just lit up vividly. Bet they won't forget that trick.

Lots of new and exciting things happening in radio land. Will keep in touch.

Rob Hopkins [rhopkins\\*tagishtel.ca](mailto:rhopkins*tagishtel.ca) (Tagish, Yukon)

Is that for real Rob, does whistling really affect the Aurora. I would love to post your message so others could experiment. Just don't want to if you are pulling my leg. Good to hear you are having some fun in Radio land.

Sherron

I believe it's an old wives tale, but worked for me. I have also heard that you sometimes are able to hear a crackling noise with some displays of northern lights. I have some other tales of natural phenomenon that I will share with the list when you run out of content.

Rob

## OBITS

**BURIAN Alfred "Spike" Rudolf.** August 21, 1940 to September 7, 2005.

Spike will be deeply missed by his wife, 3 children, family and friends. **Born in Dawson City, Yukon,** Spike traveled to B.C. as a young man, working first in the Mining Industry and later in the Shipyards (B.C. Marine, B.C. Packers, and Vancouver Shipyard/Drydock). Spike loved his garden and his cats but more than anything he loved the Yukon and, though he lived in B.C. for over half his life, Spike was a true Yukoner who loved the land and the river. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Centre for Integrated Healing, Suite 200, 1330 West 8th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6H 4A6. The family invites friends and co-workers to a Celebration of his life on Saturday, September 17, 2005, between 1:00 and 6:00 p.m. Please call 604-882-1101. Victory Memorial Park Funeral Centre 604-536-6522

Published in the Vancouver Sun on 9/14/2005.

Hi Sherron, I was away today and just arrived home. I did read my cousin Spike's obituary in the Vancouver Sun this morning as I was in Vancouver and picked up a paper. It was a complete surprise to me as I hadn't realized that Spike was ill. To my regret, I have not been in contact with him for some time and Margaret Underwood (his sister) hadn't advised me of any serious illness. Spike was the oldest son of Rudy and Yvonne Burian, my Uncle and Aunt who lived at Stewart City/Island, Yukon.

Thanks for sending me a copy of the obituary.

Harvey Burian

My o my! What a young age. He was a wonderful fellow. On our last visit to their place, his darling wife was making cinnamon buns and he met us in the yard and we followed the wonderful smell. They were the most generous people that I have ever met. (Just like his wonderful Dad, Rudy) After a great chit chat with all, they loaded us down with flowers and plants to bring to the condo. I will always cherish that visit. Thank you, Sherron for sending this message.

Brownie Foth

**John Livesey** died at the age of 94.

Submitted by Patty (Hannah) Miller [pattymiller999@msn.com](mailto:pattymiller999@msn.com) (In Farmington BC)  
Whitehorse Star, Friday, July 22, 2005 – Dan Davidson report

*Donna Clayson has tried for the past two weeks to gain permission from Dan Davidson to use this article in the MocTel and has not received a reply. Since this is posted complete with his name, I am hoping he will look at it as expanded readership and be happy about it's use. – Sherron*

# John Ormrod Livesey: one of a kind

DAWSON CITY – The clearest image of John O. Livesey that I have in my memory is of the summer of 1979, when he helped Anglican Archdeacon Arthur Privett erect a one-room Anglican chapel in Beaver Creek.

There's John, already in his mid-sixties, wearing one of those square beanie hats he used to make out of folded newspapers when he had some messy work to do and wanted to keep the sawdust or the paint out of his rather scant head of hair.



## UFFISH THOUGHTS

by Dan Davidson

We met John in August 1976, when we arrived in Beaver Creek to run the school there.

Our recruiters had told us we didn't have to worry about groceries, that there was a small store in the community.

Arriving with pretty much nothing in the way of supplies, we aimed our VW Bug back down the road to the little store by the bridge the day after we arrived.

We found that John and Freda had decided to spend the winter travelling across Canada in their truck and camper, and that stocks were pretty low as they emptied the store before they left.

We picked up a few things we could use and immediately planned a quick weekend trip to the city before school started. We swiftly learned to shop by telephone and mail and use a freight truck for a shopping cart.

The Liveseys didn't really start up the store again when they came back. John had grand plans of creating a rustic tourist attraction and was busily painting oil portraits of all the prime ministers of Canada to adorn the walls of the one-room shop.

Party politics were about to commence in the Yukon. J.O. Livesey, former member of the legislature for Klunene-Carmacks, thought it was the biggest mistake ever, and re-entered the lists against his old political foe, Hilda Watson.

A Diefenbaker-style Tory himself, he was deeply offended at the notion that a former card-carrying member of the federal Liberal party should have become the leader of the new Yukon Territorial Progressive Conservative Party.

Besides, as I later learned, it was a personal matter with him. After two terms as speaker of the legislature, (1961-64 and 1967-70), he hadn't taken an earlier defeat by Watson kindly.

Strangely though, we didn't talk politics much. I learned that he preferred Beauchesne to Roberts when it came to parlia-



Yukon Archives Anglican fonds 82138

**THE BEAVER CREEK DAYS** – Some people come for a year or two, then move south again. Others, like the Liveseys, make the North their home. This photo of Freda and John Livesey was taken in front of their general store at Beaver Creek, where they were pioneers. Their store was the first building. John first came to the Yukon in 1942 as a radio officer on loan from the Commercial Carriers. He was stationed at Burwash. He served three terms on the Yukon Territorial Council, almost 10 years, being Speaker of the House on all occasions. Freda arrived in the Yukon in March 1950 from Bidston, Cheshire, England.

mentary rules and that he felt that legislative debate should never become personal (so he said, any-

way). It should be about issues.

There were local concerns we shared. We had lost our post office, and mail was being sorted on different dining room tables every week.

There was something called a pipeline which everyone was certain was going to happen right away and change the world.

The territorial government was, for some reason known only to community planners (maybe it was pipeline fever), in the throes of designing a subdivision for our little highway community of under 100 souls.

And John was traipsing around the piles of brush behind the store, pointing out the rabbits to me and explaining very seriously how they were really doing his work for him.

They tended to eat the parts of the felled trees that he didn't want for firewood, and saved him the trouble of having to strip them himself.

Freda, his English bride, looked on indulgently through all of this. Life in a very small Yukon village was probably not something she'd grown up dreaming of, but she was happy anywhere with John, it seemed.

She still had the English accent that John had shed; he had moved to Canada when he was younger and had tales of working in stores in Vancouver.

Merchant Marine service took him back to England during the Second World War, and he met her

there. They were a happy couple.

It was only a few years later, midway through our years in Faro, that she died.

We learned she was in the hospital in Whitehorse and did get a chance to see her there, but it wasn't long after that that she was gone. The date given for her death in John's obituary in the *Courtesy Comox Valley Record* is incorrect.

John simply vanished. No one knew where he was or heard from him.

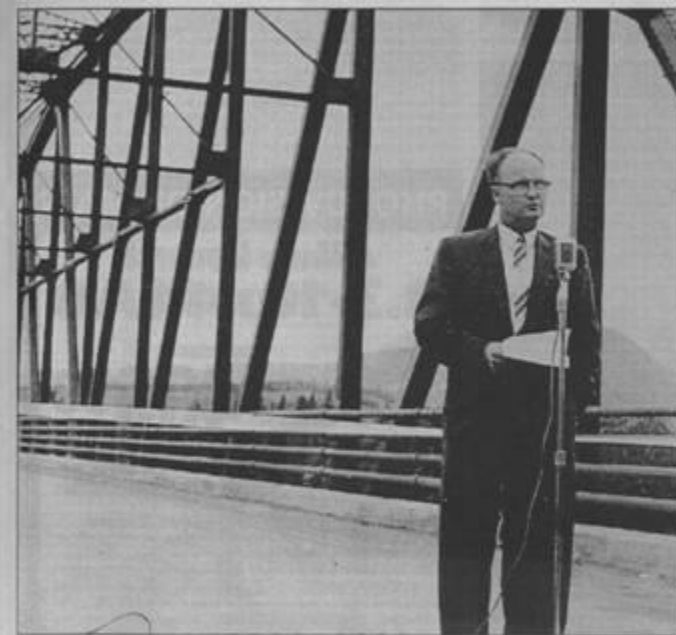
I sent a few letters, and they must have been forwarded because I eventually had a telephone call from him. He'd been travelling. He'd made one trip back to Beaver Creek, with the idea of perhaps revising the store – but it had been broken into and damage had been done.

Disheartened, he left. According to his obituary, that would have been in 1983, when he moved to Comox, B.C.

I made some attempts to get him to write a memoir. He had a Churchillian way with words and there was a lot that he could have written, but I wasn't successful, and I never heard from him again after we moved to Dawson. I hope there's a manuscript somewhere in his effects.

Now he's gone, dead in Comox at the age of 94.

As former territorial council member Flo Whyard said on the radio Monday afternoon, he was one of a kind.



Yukon Archives Whitehorse Star fonds 82182

**BRIDGE IN BUSINESS** – John Livesey, Speaker of the Yukon Territorial Council in the 1960s, is seen at the opening of the Carmacks bridge in 1961.

## NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron

At the Yukoners' Picnic you gave me your card so that Barry and I could subscribe to the Moccasin Telegraph. Could you please add my e-mail address to your mailing list.  
Thanks, Jackie Hinde [sienaday@hotmail.com](mailto:sienaday@hotmail.com)

#### A brief Yukon bio

I arrived in Watson Lake on Discovery Days 1978 to teach Grade Two at Watson Lake Elementary, since renamed Johnson Elementary. At that time my last name was Archer. I lived and taught there for 5 years, leaving the Yukon forever in June 1983. Forever turned out to be 5 months.

I returned to the Yukon in December 1983, this time to teach at Teslin Elementary School and lived there for 2 ½ years, moving to Faro in August 1986 and teaching at Del Van Gorder. Just prior to my moving to Faro, Barry Hinde and I became engaged. (He was still living in Watson Lake and working at the post office.) We were married at the Baha'i Institute at Lake Laberge during Spring Break - March 14, 1987 - and went to Haines Junction for our honeymoon, then returned to our respective communities.

At the end of the school year I transferred to Watson Lake (June 1987) and returned to Johnson Elementary School so there were 4 of us as Barry's two girls, Alexis and Darci, lived with us. In July 2002 we travelled to Courtenay to shop for a house - successfully - which we rented out as Barry had another two years till retirement from the Post Office. I taught at Johnson Elementary till June 2003 when I took early retirement.

From June 2003 till April 2004 I commuted between Victoria and Watson Lake because my mother was in hospital in Victoria for a lengthy stay subsequent to several falls and then had to be moved into a nursing home while Barry had another year to put in at the post office. He retired on June 5<sup>th</sup>, 2004. We spent May, June and most of July packing and left Watson with a 26-foot U-Haul on July 21<sup>st</sup> to move to Courtenay, arriving on July 25<sup>th</sup> and never wanting to pack another U-Haul ever again! We love the Comox Valley and hope to remain here for many years.

Barry moved to Whitehorse in 1969 with his then wife, Nola, arriving on the 16<sup>th</sup> of March. They had two girls, Alexis born in 1970 and Darci born in 1974. Barry worked at Hougens' Department Store in the Sporting Goods section for 3 years and then returned to working for the post office (having been a letter carrier in Saskatoon previously) eventually becoming the Letter Carrier Supervisor. In August 1976, he transferred to Watson Lake to work at the post office there. From December 1978 to 1982 he and Nola and the girls lived on the Island of Reunion in the Indian Ocean close to Madagascar as volunteers helping with community development for the Reunionese Baha'i Community. In August 1982 the family came back to Watson Lake and he returned to the post office in February 1983 when a position became vacant. In 1985 Barry and Nola separated.

After he had completed his Year of Patience and the dissolution of the marriage was final, we became engaged and were married in the spring of 1987. The girls remained with Barry when Nola moved to Invermere, BC and lived with us until they were old enough to leave home. Barry continued to work for the Post Office in Watson Lake until retirement in June 2004. He was also a Justice of the Peace for 20 years, the local coroner for several years, the local gunsmith, and did Firearms Safety Courses in Watson Lake and the surrounding area.

If anyone asks about Nola, she also remarried - a fellow from the Fort St. John area named Frank Gordon. They retired to Grande Cache, Alberta. Alexis is married to Rob Murdoch and lives in Vancouver. Darci married Curtis Speidel and lives in Saskatoon. Darci and Curtis expect their first child in October of this year.

Please let me know if there is anything else I should add. Regards, Jackie

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*If at first you don't succeed...try again...Then give up! No sense in being a fool about it.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart [lornellis@shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis@shaw.ca) (In Victoria)

### Quick Barbeque Sauce

2 cups tomato juice  
1 pkg onion soup mix  
½ cup catchup  
¼ cup vinegar  
1-2 tsp HP sauce  
2 tbsp brown sugar  
salt and pepper to taste

Mix all ingredients together and simmer for 15 minutes  
Cool, bottle and refrigerate  
Can be kept in the fridge for a long period of time and used  
on the barbeque all summer

## 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.

The **Okanagan Yukoners' AGM is being held at the Southwinds Inn in Oliver on the 16th of October** this year. It will be on the Sunday at 12 Noon. If you are planning to attend you should contact either Myrt Acton (250-4 94-9542) or myself at 250-498-6887 or by e-mail at [aksala49@cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com) or you can send a fax to 250-498-6458.

We would like to know at least a week before (Oct. 9) if you are coming. The caterers need that much time to order supplies etc. There will be a no-host bar set up for those wishing refreshments.

The Hotel is on the East side of the highway at the South end of Oliver. There is a large parking lot and NO steps to climb.

The menu will include carved certified Angus Roast beef, Garlic Prawns, Mashed potatoes, Vegetable medley. Gravy, warm Rolls with Butter, Tossed salad, Caesar salad, assorted cakes, Tarts and Fresh fruit, Tea, Coffee (regular & decaf). All this for only \$17.95 all inclusive.

If you send a check with your confirmation it will save us a lot of time and hassle at the door. You can make the cheque out to Okanagan Yukoners and send it to the Secretary / Treasurer Larry Chalmers. But PLEASE let us know if you are coming. Joan & I will be away from Sept. 22nd until the 1st of Oct. attending the ISR in Everett, so if you don't get an answer in that time that will be why.

I would like to add a note to this; that you don't have to be a member to attend. Just let us know in advance that you will be attending, and send us a cheque.

Thank you, Larry Chalmers [aksala49\\*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

## **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**

### **Moccasin Telegraph**

c/o Sherron Jones  
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive  
Vernon, BC V1B 1V8  
(250) 549-2736 (phone or fax)