

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 139th Edition – December 4, 2005

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Five Finger Rapids – August 2005

Photo courtesy Ron Hiltz ronmarg@glinx.com (In Berwick NS)

SNOWBIRDS

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

You'll find them on the freeways,
And on the country lanes.
Their vehicles crammed with everything
From snow tires to chains,
Suitcases, crates and duffel bags,
Boxes and bags to spare.
Lashed securely to the bumper
You'll see grandpa's rocking chair.

They wear abbreviated shorts,
And wild Hawaiian tops,
Cowboy hats and sandals
Bought from DOT com shops.
Wearing sun reflective glasses,
And with suntan lotion dripping.
They take their meals at Denny's,
And they don't believe in tipping.

They come by car and motor home,
Some come in vans or campers,
In age they range from granmamas
To tiny tots in pampers.
You ask if, up in Canada
There's been a major rout.
They answer "no we're just a flock
Of snowbirds, heading south."

They're off to Arizona
Where the sun is bright and hot,
And winter up in Canada
Is very soon forgot.
They'll spend their time in swimming pools,
And out on desert hikes.
Or riding off to Kmart
On their jazzy three wheeled bikes.

Then in the spring when thermometers
Read a steady ninety eight,
And rows and rows of vehicles
Are heading out the gates,
The locals finally venture out
Elated at the thought,
That all those silly snow birds
Are going back up north.

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BROOKS BROOK – Part 3 of 4

By Barb Harris (née Prouty) ostara@inetlink.ca

I don't remember my mother's first and only ski-jouring experience, but I do remember the dog that made it her last. His name was Romey. He belonged to our friends and neighbours, the Halls, and he was a red or chocolate lab or retriever – I can't remember which. He had a roman nose, hence the name. My mother, against her instinctive and much better judgement, had been hitched up to Romey and attached to skis. Away they went and for a few minutes it was a blast. Then over a hill went my mom, and, spinning on a dime, - up the same hill and between her legs, went Romey, full speed. Mom never again allowed skis to be attached to her feet and she swore always after, that dog laughed at her on his way back up that hill.

.....
I don't remember either the fierce winter night that Everett C. Ball arrived to sell insurance to my dad and anyone else who might be interested.

This was a very determined man. It would have taken him quite some time to get to Brooks Brook from Whitehorse. I imagine he would have made stops along the way and likely spent more than only a day to get there. It was evening, according to Mom, when he knocked on the door. I don't know if he had knocked on any others but in our house he was lucky enough to find two 'heads of households'. Our neighbour, Jim Hall, was at our house with Dad. Unfortunately they were engaged in an activity quite outside Mr. Ball's experience. They were bottling beer that had been brewing downstairs for the appropriate time. And they were having a roaring good time doing it too. Mr. Ball was a noted teetotaler. Who knows what he thought of them, or their invitation to join them on the cellar floor and tell them all about what he had to sell, or for that matter what they were up to and enjoying so much? They didn't have the heart to send him away empty handed after his lengthy journey, so he came out a couple of policies ahead in the end.

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I don't remember the hospitality at Johnson's Crossing – not then at any rate, but it was legendary. My mom spoke of 'neighbourhood gatherings' – neighbourhood meaning JC, Brooks Brook and Teslin, and any wayward travellers who happened along. The kids would be bundled into the rooms upstairs and the party would continue after the Lodge doors had 'closed' for the night, in the big common room with its barrel stove. Mom remembers being gently chastised once by Ellie Porsild for not being at one of those impromptu gatherings, because of me. There was always room for the little ones! She was told.

.....
Things I do remember...

I have a good memory – I remember clearly things that happened a very long time ago, even to crawling out of my crib – I was a toddler by then, but not more than two years old... That is an incident that I will leave untold, however.

I do recall though, and there were pictures, gone now, that helped keep this memory alive, a time in winter and my only dogsled experience. Romey (of previous infamy) and several other local dogs had been hitched up to a train of kid's sleds. All of the kids were piled onto the various sleds and the dads were directing things. Seems like there were 7 or 9 dogs and maybe that many sleds and probably twice as many little kids on the sleds. This is my first memory of my friend, Tricia Johnson. Her dad also worked for CNT. She was there that day.

The deal was, we were to be pulled all around the road that looped through the inside of the circle that defined the various areas of the camp. We started out at the CNT end, the Southeast end. It was exhilarating!

Until we got to the Army end, the Southwest corner – when every one who was there agreed that a canine plot dumped more than a dozen little kids into the deep snow in the middle of the circle and then tangled everything up so hopelessly that the ride was obviously over.

.....

A very clear memory, such that I had dreams about it for years after, was getting lost. Not lost so much as 'hidden'. My friend and I, Denise Holm, had managed to get ourselves shut into a telephone booth adjacent to the fuel pumps at the garage. We were very short of course. The walls of the booth were solid or painted much higher than our heads. Above there was glass, and we could see the upper portion of a cylindrical gas pump, with its mesh screen showing the fuel inside. We spent a lot of time in there- enough that a search party was formed to find us. I will remember always the view of that mesh gas pump and have mixed feelings when I see them again. They found us eventually because they found my teddy bear, 'Leelee', nearby. I had been a few hours without Leelee, which is why, I suspect, the memory has been imprinted so indelibly.

(to be continued)



Here is a photo of the George Black Ferry just launched in Whitehorse in 1967. It was the new ferry for the crossing at Dawson "Over the Top Route" to the Alaska Highway at Tetlin Junction, Alaska.

Photo courtesy Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Looks like it was a Centennial project with the blue flags. - Sherron

Yes Sherron, You thought of something that I did not, but it is true that 1967 was the Centennial. At our camp at Mayo hydro we built a central rock flower garden of native flowers, and I have a photo of Jim Smith, Commissioner checking it out at dusk. - Henry



Moge in YTG Dump Truck

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

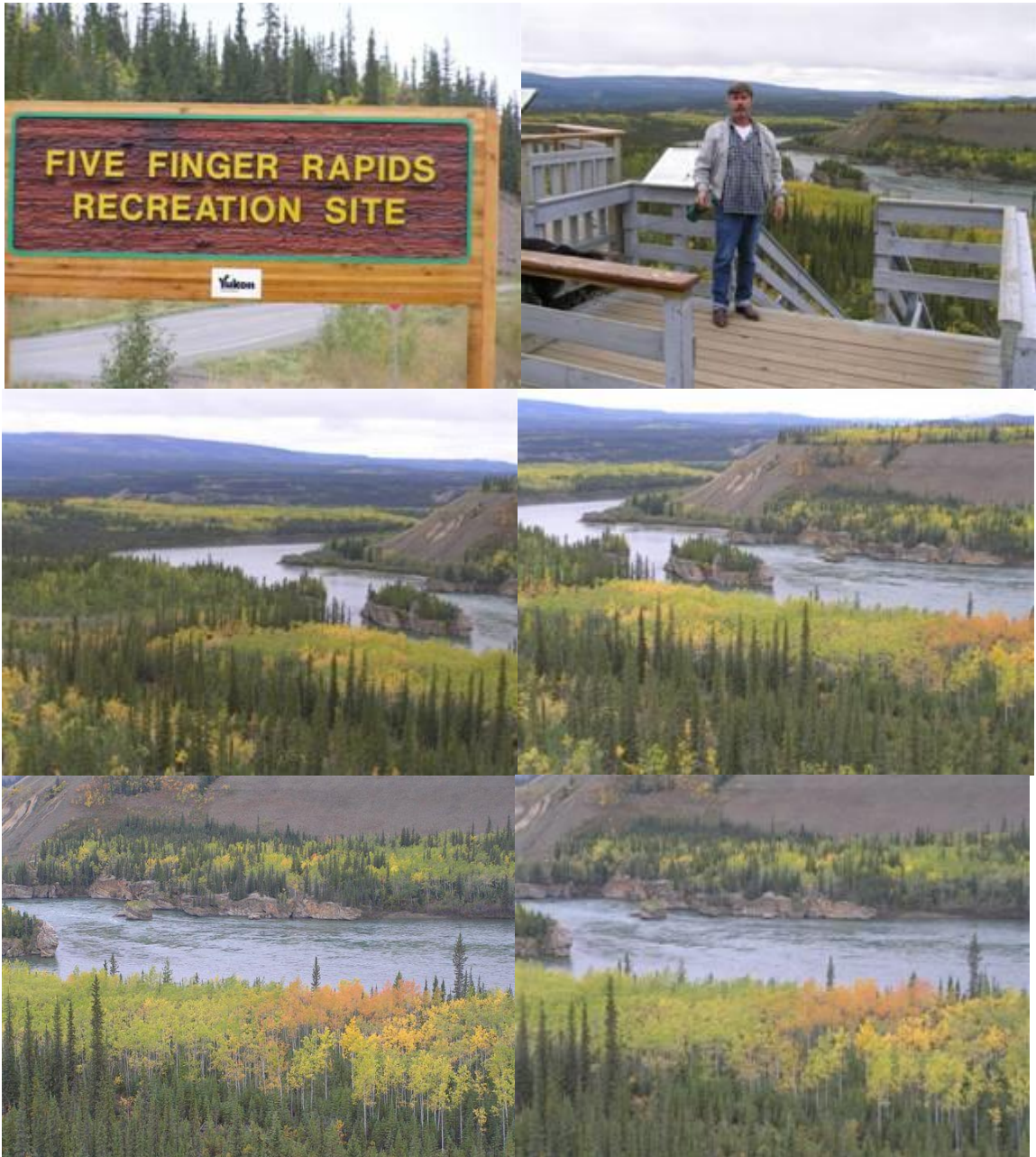
Dump truck story

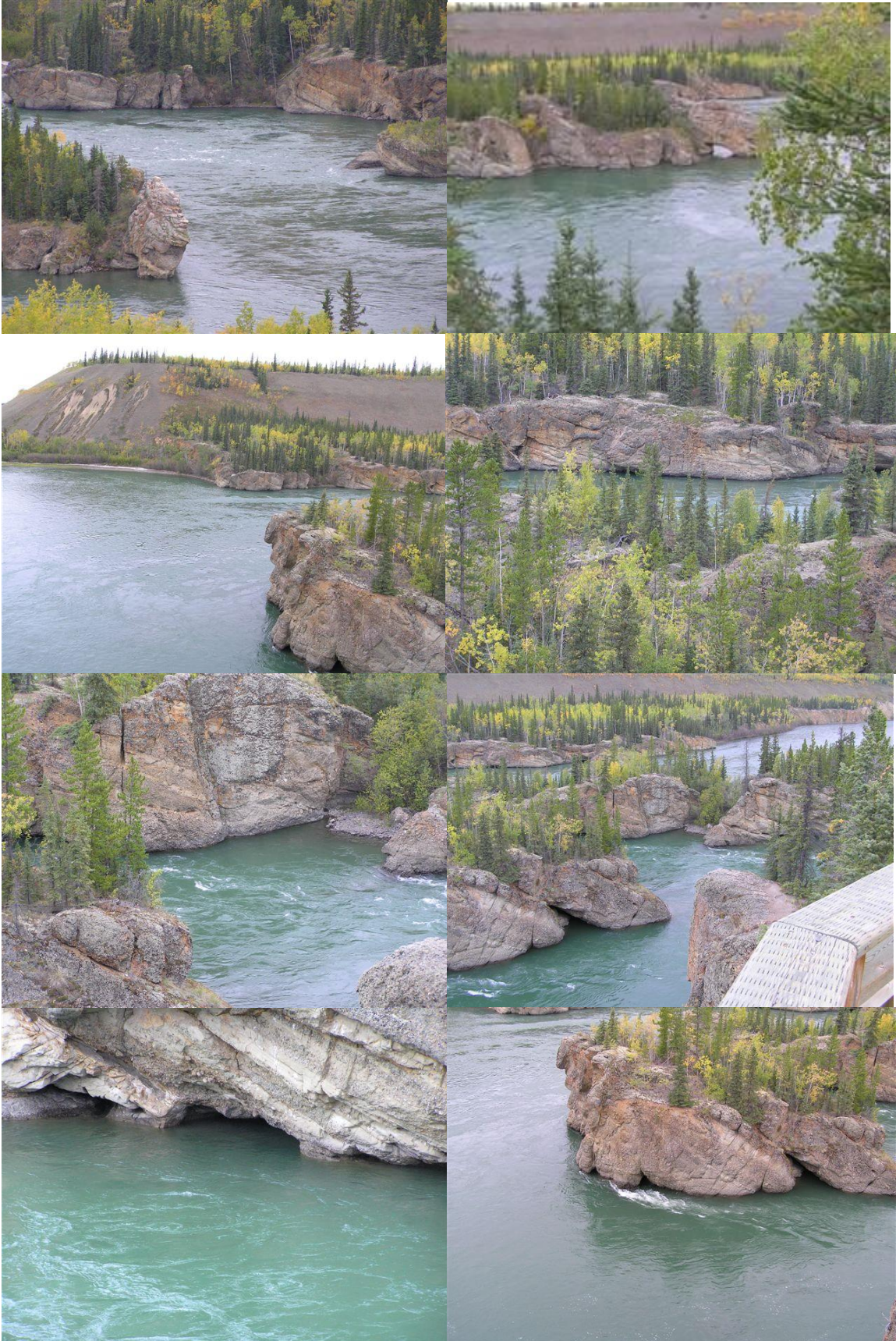
By Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

This happened back in 1982, I was working for Dept. of Highways and we were putting the last stretch of Japanese Pavement on, between mile 1140 and the border. In reality it is called Chip and Seal, a mixture of oil and specially chipped gravel, this being a rough description of it. The summer surface crew was in Beaver Creek also, Jim Graham was working on it along with a bunch of others. We were working south of the Snag cut-off hauling gravel and dumping it. These trucks have a device on them, limiting them to 47, or 49 I don't remember exactly, miles per hour; and of course we ran them flat out all the time. I believe there were 4-5 of us hauling gravel at that time, so we were continuously meeting or following each other. I was headed south loaded and I came over a small knoll looking down a straight stretch, in the distance I saw two trucks coming back empty one behind the other and in front of them a little white car, now the little white TOURIST car spots the dump trucks in his mirror and thinks "Flying gravel" and puts on his brakes, as does Jim in the first returning dump truck, the second truck now has no place to go but out in the other lane and that's where I am coming with a loaded dump truck. I'm thinking "OH no don't pass now" and I hit the brakes and lock up my truck sliding by the car, then Jim, and the second truck is off the road on my passenger side by now. I looked

back in my mirror as I passed it and see it rolling over on its side. Fortunately the driver was not badly hurt. I stopped, backed up and we hooked the rolled truck to mine, and pulled it back up on its wheels. That was when Jim commented that in all his years he had never seen a loaded dump truck locked up before. He said I was lucky if I had hit the rhubarb, the load could have shorn the cab right off and I would have been badly hurt or worse. The second truck was drivable so it limped back to Beaver and we carried on hauling and dumping the rest of the day. Needless to say the Beaver partied that night.

FIVE FINGER RAPIDS RECREATION SITE







The stairway to Five Finger Rapids Parking Lot is visible from quite a distance.
Photos courtesy Ron Hiltz ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)



Ron Hiltz visited Yukon this past August and took these photos at Five Finger Rapids recreation site. Thanks to Ron for sharing his photos. His new zoom camera gave us some real close-up shots and an overall feeling for what he saw that day.

Northern Communications Change in the North

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Sherron, you made a suggestion for the topic - communications change in the north: Moccasin Telegraph even long before our weekly newsletter was the earliest form of communication not only in the north, but the world over. It was the earliest way that people would be informed of what was going on over the next hill. Don't think for a moment that it has become redundant, because it is flourishing better than ever assisted by modern means of communication. Now with computers and cell phones, it has been given a real boost and so much easier on the moccasins!

When I was a wee one, we only had telephone to Keno and the camps, and that was for business. They were the old type with the receiver hung on the side, the speaker on the front and a hand ringer on the other side. So you had to call central, to get connected to the party you wanted. Who could afford the luxury of a telephone in the house, for it was near as quick to walk there. The early telephone poles to Keno were trees with the brush cut off and a wooden threaded insulator holder nailed on. To cross areas without trees, three small trees with the limbs off were tied at the top to form a tripod. One leg was longer than the rest, projecting at the top and an insulator nailed to the upper end of that one. When a tree fell on the line or a moose went through, the owner had to find it and repair. But it still worked.

As far as listening to radio, you had to have about a 100 foot horizontal antenna. We had two poles the 100 feet apart and the antenna wire about 20 feet off the ground. You had to have a good ground too, so ours was connected to the water pipe. To protect the radio, a knife switch with two blades was mounted on the inside wall so that before a storm it could be opened. The antenna was connected to one blade and the ground to the other. During a storm whenever there was a lightning strike near by, from induction the outside antenna would pick it up. Where did it go? right down that wire and across the 2½ inches of the open switch to the ground. Oh my! A great blue flash of who knows what voltage that would scare the devil out of us kids, and mom was no help as she was as scared as we were. Depending on weather, stronger outside stations like San Francisco or Fairbanks, Alaska could be brought in for the news. This was AM radio that was affected by weather, but clear cold nights who knows what you could pick up? Mayo residents used different combinations for antennas, even L shaped to catch all signals. Each was just the thing to use, and I expect that every community across the north were doing the same thing.

For outside communication from Mayo, we depended on the RCCSignals in Mayo that started in October 1923 as there was no telegraph line like Dawson. From then until 1942 when the Alaska Highway was built, a pole line was built beside the highway with long cross arms and several strands of wire. But at least from Whitehorse after getting hold of an operator you could talk to cities in the south. I don't know how many exchanges you had to go through to speak to a person in Vancouver, but at least you got through. I would expect it would be in the mid 1950s that CNT built a line from Whitehorse north to Mayo and Dawson. So now there was telephone to these

communities. RCCS starting turning over their sites to the Federal Department of Transport in Sept. 1957, and last to go was Fort Resolution in March 1959. When I was shifted to Mayo in January 1967, there was nice phone service and also Telex that you never hear of today.

Through it all from the early years, Amateur Radio operators 'Hams' have been on the air. And how many times have they got signals out of a troubled area when normal communications could not? They maintain schedules between themselves, and during troubled times like earthquake, tidal wave or fire relay messages out of an area that still does not have communication. In the past as well as in the future the Hams will be in there in all areas to relay situations even where there are communications. Just because a person is given a microphone, it does not mean that they will send accurate information.

With advances in electronics, far north stations were served by large square dishes that picked up and broadcasted communications in most communities. Fax was in regular use to reach southern sites along with phone communication. In business, fax was an advantage over phone either with a typed sheet or written. At least a copy could be retained with it. With the launching of communication satellites the whole system took off, and there was no place on earth that you could not reach. The greatest change has come about because of computers. As an example, UBC in Vancouver had a computer that filled a whole large room. Not too much later we had two computers in the Whitehorse Plant, each being maybe 3 feet wide by 2 feet thick and 6 feet high. They only had the programs to control remote plants, and e-mail was not something programmed in. Now look at your own desktop or tower computer that can do far more than any of the huge beasts! Another form of communication is ships using GPS, (Global Positioning System) to find within inches of where they are at the moment. Do you wonder why you don't hear the fog horns any more? Between radar and GPS the ship skipper knows at the moment exactly their position. Do you miss the romance of walking the shore in the fog, hearing the fog horns and especially the big fellow on Point Atkinson (Bee-Rumph!)? Well that is progress, or at least they say so.

Space research has been the greatest boost of communications, for from the first astronaut shot down range there has been a need of good communications. Heavy radio phones were used during WW2, but can you compare them to our present Cell Phones? I don't think so, and things are moving so fast in electronics today that you dare not turn your back on it for a moment. Every day there is something new and this Christmas you will see the stores loaded with the latest.

Henry Breaden

(As recent as 1981, the Yukon weather service in Whitehorse needed the help of an Amateur Radio Operator 'ham' to get a message through to Edmonton. It is almost unbelievable how communication methods have improved in the past 20 years. You only need to think of the communication tools available to someone traveling in Yukon just 20 years ago. In those days weather did put out the telephone system from time to time. – Sherron Jones)



Environment
Canada

Environnement
Canada

Atmospheric
Environment

Environnement
atmosphérique

Your file Votre dossier

Our file Notre dossier

8225-1

November 27, 1981

Yukon Weather Office,
Atmospheric Environment Service,
Room 205, Operations Building,
Whitehorse Airport,
Whitehorse, Yukon.
Y1A 3E4

Mr. Bill Jones,
Yukon Amateur Radio Association,
Box 4597,
Whitehorse, Yukon.

Dear Bill,

Thank you very much for the communication assistance you provided us this morning with your amateur radio patch through one of your peers in Edmonton. This allowed us to alert the Arctic Weather Centre in Edmonton for needed assistance.

If for some reason the Yukon Weather Office is unable to provide weather and forecast support within its area of responsibility, it is essential that we notify the Arctic Weather Centre to maintain a weather watch and essential forecast services for our area.

The amateur radio - phone patch you were able to establish between meteorologist Ken Clarke in Whitehorse and meteorologist Neil Parker in Edmonton provided valuable assistance. Thank you.

Yours respectfully,

H.E. Wahl

Officer in Charge

BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL – Peter Moses – Mad Trapper – Peter Alexi

I have telephoned to Peter Moses granddaughter. She told me that her Grandfather was not involved in the hunt for the mad trapper. She said she would know about it if he had been.

She reaffirmed that it was the British Empire Medal that had been presented to Chief Moses on behalf of the people of Old Crow.

Of interest: John Moses, who is mentioned in the book I have about the Mad Trapper, is Peter Moses half brother. He was a special constable. Peter Alexie came from Ft. McPherson.

I hope this helps for future reference.

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



Did anyone else see that?

Photo courtesy Doug Bell doubbell*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

MESSAGE FROM LARRY CHALMERS – BOATS

Hi Sherron,

I sent this off to Henry a little while back and he said I should send it to you. I will also include this picture I took of the SS Whitehorse in 1949 while steaming upstream in the Aksala. I am not too sure just where I took it but it looks like it was around Minto. Larry

Hi Henry,

I noticed that you said you didn't have a side view of the Loon. I'll send this one I took away back when. I was probably on the Whitehorse moving from the laundry up to the dock in 46 or 47.

You also mentioned Sid & Hill Barrington. They sold their two boats the Hazel B 1 and Hazel B 2 to the US Army in 1945 and leased the Aksala for the 1945 season. I signed on with them just after my 16th birthday in Whitehorse. They converted the Aksala to oil and worked the Tanana and lower Yukon hauling freight for the US

Government. We hauled freight downstream to Galena from Nenana, and empty fuel drums and heavy equipment upstream to Nenana from Galena. There was an airport at Galena which was the last stop before Nome on the Northwest staging route to Russia. They had a bad flood in the spring of '45 and I have seen pictures of the Hazel B2 cruising around inside the hangar there.

Evidently Sid Barrington was quite a gambler. Our first trip out of Nenana we had three (3) barges lashed side by side to try and take advantage of high water in the Tanana River. Rumour has it that Sid made more money on bets getting that rig turned around at Nenana than he got for hauling it to Galena. I am not sure whether it was Sid or "Kid" Marion that was actually at the wheel when we made the turn. I didn't get any pictures of that, but I took some of the load we pushed back up stream. You think jack-knifing one barge is fun, you should try it with three !!! Very time consuming to say the least.

I was the mess boy that year, and we had a female cook named Audrey who was Hill Barrington's Niece. Of course being a husky young fellow any time I saw a barge go sailing by the Galley window I was off to give a hand to get it back where it belonged. I spent a lot of time in the work boat and pulling cables. It got so bad the cook went to Uncle Hill and said "If you can't keep my mess boy in the galley you will be looking for another cook". Hill Barrington came to me and said, "We appreciate your help on deck, but the cook wants to see more of you in the galley and we don't want to lose her". I spent more time washing pots and pans after that.

That was a great summer. Fred Young, chief engineer asked me at the end of the season if I would be interested in coming back the following year and I jumped at the offer. So started my career on the "Boats"

Larry Chalmers [aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com) (In Oliver)



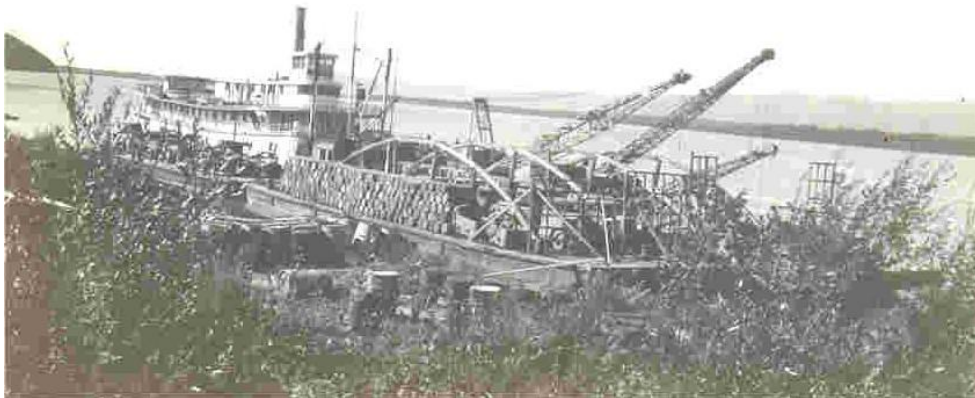
Workboat – Loon – Whitehorse 1946

Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers [aksala49*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com) (In Oliver)



Hazel B 2 coming ashore at Galena 1945

Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49*cablerocket.com (In Oliver)



Aksala pushing 4 barges upstream to Nenana 1945

Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49*cablerocket.com (In Oliver)



SS Whitehorse 1949

Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49*cablerocket.com (In Oliver)



Up the Tanana with 3 barges of empty fuel drums 1945

Photo courtesy Larry Chalmers aksala49*cablerocket.com (In Oliver)

MocTel 138 (re Ben My Chree photos)

Wonderful pictures of Ben My Chree, especially for people like Pete and myself who have never experienced the pleasure of visiting this wonderful place. We have heard from many how gorgeous the flowers grow there, and in these pictures we know that is true. Thank you for all your work. Have a wonderful and well deserved holiday, Sherron and Bill. With all our best wishes,

Pete and Brownie Foth lfoth*shaw.ca (In White Rock BC)

MocTel 138 (re your questions)

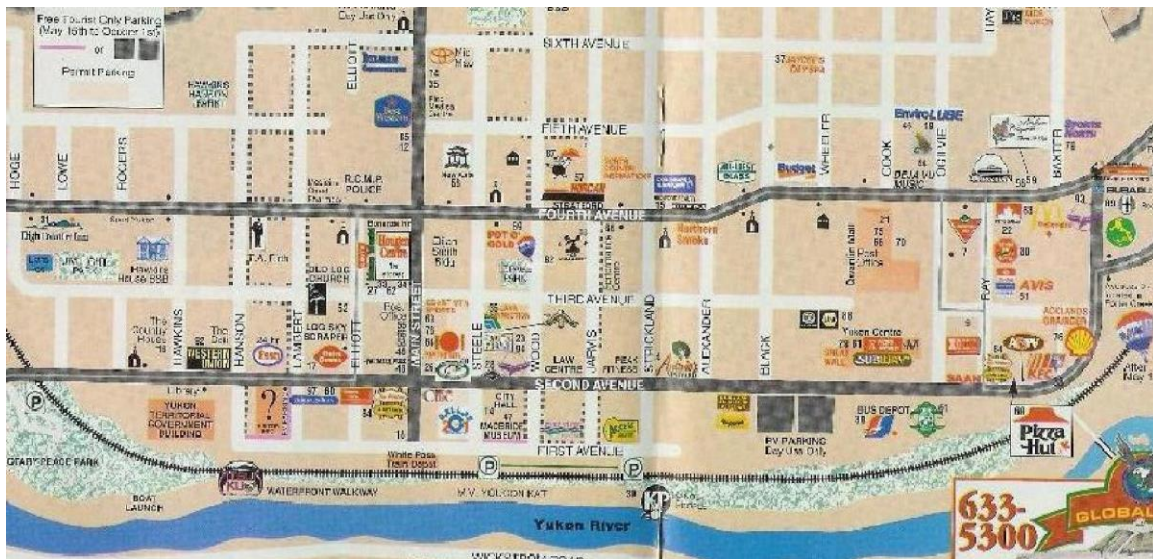
Dear Maribeth,

I have attached a scan of lower Whitehorse if you do not have one.

I think I can answer your questions in Moccasin Telegraph 138 as I was a teenager during those years. I first went into Whitehorse working on the Keno in September 1942. It was my first time into the bright lights away from Mayo. Before we go any further, Charles

(Kippy) Boerner was the store manager of the NC store in Mayo. In early years he had been a skipper on the NC boats on the lower river. I think the name "Kippy" was a name derived from Captain,- Cappy,- Kippy. Or his name may have been Charles Clifford? I have seen an application to BYN in 1916 on the internet, and this would be after BYN bought the NC boats to reduce competition. As far as my memory goes back, Boerner was the manager of the NC store in Mayo, and the quality of his produce was without equal. Where you may get mould on bacon in the other two stores, not so with NC. Where any such thing was seen, the bacon was scrubbed with baking soda, dried and put back in storage. The other two stores sold it as it was, and the same applied to cheese. Bacon was not sliced, but was sold by the pound cut from the slab. More likely, the clerk would hold the knife over the slab and you would tell him when go this way and that and cut. Then it was weighed.

Now we will get back to Whitehorse where the NC store was a group of stores that had been bought where the new one was built. I remember in the fall of 1942 that the name "Pucket's Store" was still over the door of one in the middle of the group. In early January 1943 I went to work at the Aishihik Airport on construction, and in maybe March we heard that the NC store had burned right back to T&D. I just don't have a date for you, but the snow was still on the ground. Business was brisk and without doubt NC would want to rebuild as soon as possible. Who would be most logical to oversee it? I think that Boerner was the man because of his past record. Kippy was a perfectionist and the logical man to oversee the rebuild. And when it was complete he was manager until his retirement. Somewhere in an early Moc Tel I think I touched on the NC fire in 1943.



The Dowell Area extended four blocks between from Black Street north to what is now Ray Street. The other way from Second Avenue to Fourth Avenue which would be 8 square blocks. They were a major construction company on the surfacing of the Alaska Highway. From Ogilvie Street to Ray was their main repair shops for their equipment. White Pass put a spur line from First Avenue at Strickland, south of the shipyards over to Second Avenue where Dowell had warehouses parallel to the line. Then in a circle to 1st

Ave. so that it served as a turn around for locomotives. All the building material was off loaded there for construction of the camp. South of Ogilvie was all barracks and mess halls to service the workers. There were even barracks between 4th and 5th Avenues. When they moved out, Territorial Government used a couple of the two story buildings for schools as Lambert St. school was plugged full. You had to be there to see the phenomenal rate of building that was going on. On that site is where the Whitehorse Elementary School was built. When the Canadian Army took over the highway, the Dowell shops became 17 Works Company for the Canadian Army.

Marwell was another construction company, but a Canadian construction company of a later date. The area was no more than one huge gravel pit next to the river. A trailer park was built there and some housing due to shortage of property lots in Whitehorse. Every fall the area would flood in November due to ice blockage in the river. The trailer park moved up on the hill but there were still a few homes in fear of flooding up to my retirement in 1984. Of course NCPC had to be doing something to cause the flooding, and I had to address it every fall. In an earlier Moc Tel I had a piece on ice formation that I did for Flo Whyard when she was Mayor of Whitehorse. Marwell had nothing to do with the refinery.

The refinery area was built on a higher bench and only ran for a year, and was sure stinky when there was a north wind. By the time the Canadian Army took over the refinery equipment had been taken out and sent somewhere else. (*Note: The refinery that Henry talks about was dismantled and sent to the Edmonton area and to the best of my knowledge was still in operation when I left the Yukon in 1983. Bill Jones*). Even into the mid 1950s they were still hauling out the 4 inch pipeline from Norman Wells, NWT. The tanks were bought by BYN Petroleum and the Army took over all the shops, storage buildings, and power plant. I worked at the RCEME shops and later in the power plant till I transferred to the new hydro for NCPC. The diesel power plant shut down after the hydro came on line. The shops were in use even when Dept. of Public Works took over from the army and later Territorial Government.

Now for the area you call Takhini? In 1942 till the end of construction it was Bectel Price and Callahan Construction for the Alaska Highway maintenance, known as BPC. It was hastily built buildings that were torn down for building Camp Takhini to house the army personnel up to 1966 when they moved out. There were mostly PMQs, (Permanent Married Quarters), and single blocks for unmarried men and secretaries etc. Also there was a large Mess Hall to serve meals for the singles and to host parties that we attended when I was with RCEME. There was also a steam plant to supply heat to the whole area. DPW took over the whole area when the army moved out and it became a civilian operation.

One that you missed was Hillcrest. That was an area built for the Canadian Air Force west of the airport. After several years and when the Air Force moved out, the buildings were sold to civilians. Hillcrest has grown westward so far that I have lost track of it, also several other locations accessed from the top of the Two Mile Hill.

Another area not mentioned was the "WYE" area in south-west downtown. There were many long barracks in the area that were taken over for housing. They were called EMQs (Emergency Married Quarters) that had them split into apartments for army workers. Many of the civilian employees lived in that area, and sometimes army staff waiting for a PMQ.

About half way to McRae was another smaller construction company that were on highway surfacing. The name was Utah construction, and the area was taken over later by White Pass as an area for loading the ore coming in from Anvil Mine to the railway. At McRae were huge shops for repair and machine shops, even a huge tire repair shop for 6 foot earth mover tires. The immense size of everything kept us bush bunnies bug eyed!

I think the last question is the flats? Whiskey Flats was named because of parties that took place there. The upper area is the Steamer Klondike, and the lower area downstream, Rotary Park. If you were to ask about Whiskey flats today, most would know nothing and the rest some vague idea of it being somewhere. There is nothing left of Moccasin Flats as it is all cleared and now parkland.

So this is your yesteryear reporter who likes bringing up the "Good Old Days!" I know that after I send that seventeen other things will come to mind, but at least some are answered. Cheers,

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

The Yukon Daily News

by T. Alastair Findlay GreenlochHouse*aol.com (In Scotland)

For a short time over the winter of 1968/69 I rejoiced in the title of Publisher and Proprietor of the Yukon Daily News. The rejoicing period however lasted only about a week, and then it was just plain Hell of a kind I have never known before or since. It was a period in my life when I did not acquit myself well, and I behaved badly in many respects; and although I have had more than a few failures in my life littered among my successes, my time at the Yukon Daily News must surely rank as its lowest ebb.

Even how I got into the thing is in retrospect something of a mystery. At the age of twenty-four I had no experience of newspapers, no great desire to be a press baron, no mechanical skills of any kind, and was blessed with a political naivety that makes me now blush when I think of it! It was one of those situations that I have too often had to put down to the feeling that 'it seemed like a good idea at the time'.

Ken Shortt was the Proprietor when I bought the paper with the financial assistance of two partners, Jim Murdoch and Jim Horwood. Ken was a good and decent man and a character of fair proportions with printer's ink in his veins. He had been trying to run dailies, weeklies, magazines and goodness knows all what under some Yukon News title or other in an attempt to find the magic formula of what the people of the Yukon wanted combined with that all-important ingredient - profitability. It was obvious to anyone who

wasn't hell-bent on acquiring the business that the profitability just wasn't there, as I had seen Ken on many occasions going through the mountain of mail that every newspaper seems to receive; and with a deftness that was amazing to watch, he would place the huge pile of mail on the layout desk and without opening anything, pitch the envelopes containing cheques and advertising copy to the right onto the table and everything else straight into the huge waste paper chest to the left. When I asked him 'what about the bills' he said 'oh, they phone when they're desperate'. I was there too when desperate creditors did 'phone up demanding payment only to be met with Ken's standard line – 'look, any more threats like that and you wont even get in the draw!' He would then momentarily go into a paroxysm of despair then bounce back, grin, and get on with things.

I was not a worthy successor to Ken. For one thing I was no journalist, and for another the daily scramble to keep the paper afloat financially brought out the worst in me. We started by employing a sour-faced professional editor who turned out to be interested only in his colossal pay cheque and precious little else, so it soon befell Jim Murdoch to get into the editor's chair. He had the energy and the humour to make a go of it and was easy to work with. There were however no demarcation lines, and everyone involved just had to dive into whatever needed doing. Most of the time I seemed to be nursing recalcitrant equipment back into life, be it collator, camera, Vari-Typer or printing press; and I have forgotten the number of times I was in tears late at night trying to nurse something back into life when all I really wanted to do was to kick the living shit out of it and throw it in the Yukon River! Fun it was not.

For the main journalistic content we relied on the daily flight arriving from Vancouver on time.

Let me explain..... The 'plane contained the daily deliveries for the Territory of the Vancouver Sun and The Province and they in turn contained the blessed articles and stories that would shortly be cut out and pasted and photographed for the off-set printing plates. It was plagiarism which hit 12 on the Richter Scale; but so long as we remembered to cut out the sources such as Reuters or AP or whatever then we were as pure as the driven snow. This may be a good time to thank those various press agencies for never suing us on those numerous occasions when in the mad panic to get the paper out we forgot to use the scissors; but maybe it just wasn't in their hearts to crucify the only daily newspaper north of the sixtieth parallel with a circulation of under three thousand! Another who deserves thanks is Chris Van Overon of the old '202 Club' who was *always* at the airport and brought them to the News building if we were running late. (He was after all a KLM pilot before his sight let him down and starting the greatest little steak-house in The North). While on the subject of saying 'thank you', special mention has to be made to those young boys and girls who often had to wait far too long in the dark in 30 or 40 below to receive their little bundle of papers for their rounds. How they put up with it I'll never know. Bless their souls.

Others were not so 'understanding' though, as one time Jim used the word 'thermos' just as I have written now, and the repercussions were frightening. Within days we received a letter from some high-powered lawyer in Ottawa threatening us with everything short of a hundred lashes and ten years in The Tower for not using a capital 'T' and for not having the registered name symbol after. Thermos® (There, you legal parasites – that ok now?)

Everything comes to an end – sometimes slowly and benignly, sometimes in a frenzy. For me, the end of my stint owning the The Yukon Daily News couldn't come fast enough as I had already lost two stones in weight and was more gaunt looking than I have ever been. I got out of that Hell a lot poorer but a little wiser and headed for Alaska.....and another story.

(Last February I visited the Yukon News of today, and a splendid set-up they have. I was made most welcome by the girls in the office, and Steve Robertson showed me round his press building at the bottom of Two Mile Hill. If there is anyone in MocTel who knows what happened to the Yukon News between 1969 when the two Jims took it over up to the time Dave and Steve Robertson took control, I would be very pleased to hear from them).

Memories of Yukon teachers, Mrs. Stienbratten and Miss Farley.

These are two of three teachers I have thought of over the years. Considering what I thought as a student, that they were harsh teachers, I can honestly say that over the years I learned to respect that which they taught me. Not only in English and Art but in life as well. I just read the latest Moc Tel and was pleased to see other people had memories of Mrs. Steinbratten and Miss Farley. I think we all must have our own memories of these two Teachers.

Mrs. Steinbratten told me in Grade 12, that she would pass me in English with a "C" if I would not take English Lit. the next semester. At the time I remember feeling outraged and put down, however, as time went on and I was working, I figured out she was right, and that I had actually learned from her. It was because of her teachings I got many compliments on my business letter writings, which were succinct, to the point and could rip a strip off the receiver without actually coming out and saying it, or in the reverse give praise without going overboard. Without her teachings I would never have received those accolades, nor would I have ever enjoyed writing letters so much. However in my personal letters, I do not even pretend she succeeded in teaching me anything. She rarely smiled, but when she did I remember thinking it transformed her and made her more human, and yes I remember her one smile in class yet, a reaction to a student comment actually.

Miss Farley did not like me, however she did try, and I did perfect the "nose" drawing ability, and still can today, but nothing else. Her and I had a very honest and open talk that went two ways one day, and although she was angry with me, she never held it against me, she still tried to teach me art. I failed miserably to learn much more than the "nose" though. I can still see her going into the back room and coming out a few minutes later, and I even then thought her quite knowledgeable about art. I can honestly say I have never seen any of her work that I remember, and she must have done some. Does anyone else know if she had artistic talent that she displayed, not only taught.

As an adult I now see them both as human beings with lives that probably impacted them, making them mostly what they were, however as a student I saw them as a "teacher" only

and could never understand what their students had done to them that made them what they were. Maturity works wonders with opening eyes I guess.

Besides Mr. Naugler, they are the only two teachers I have thought of regularly in my adult years. They made an impression on me and it stuck and yes helped.

Sharon Sowden sharsowd*telus.net (In Keremeos)

EX-YUKONER & SOURDOUGH ADDRESS LIST

Wow what a list!

Lots of old friends that I will touch base with in the months ahead.

BROCK, John & Ruth jsbrock*shaw.ca (In Ross River 1966-70)
Vancouver

Don't confuse the list but John was actually in Mayo 1963, Anvil-Vangorder (note spelling) area '64 and '65, and with Ruth '66 to '70 and then 6 months of the year in Ross from '70 through '81.

BEST FRUIT CAKE EVER

Submitted by Carol Buzzell buzzy.cj*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook area)

1 cup	butter
1 tsp	baking soda
1 cup	sugar
1 tsp	salt
4 large	eggs
½ pint	lemon juice
1 cup	dried fruit
1 cup	brown sugar nuts
1 tsp	baking powder
1 or 2 quarts	whiskey

Before you start, sample the whiskey to check for quality. Good, isn't it? Now go ahead. Select a large mixing bowl, measuring cup, etc. Check the whiskey again, as it must be just right. To be sure the whiskey is of the highest quality, pour one level cup into a glass and drink it as fast as you can. Repeat. With an electric mixer, beat 1 cup of the butter in a large, fluffy bowl. Add 1 tsp of thugar and beat again. Meanwhile, make sure that the whiskey is of the finest quality. Cry another tup. Open second quart if necessary. Add 2 arge leggs, 2 cups of fried druit, and beat till high. If druit gets stuck in beaters, just pry it loose with a drewscrifer. Sample the whiskey again, checking for tonscisity. Then sift 3 cups of salt or anything else, it really doesn't matter. Sample the whiskey. Sift ½ pint lemon juice. Fold in chopped butter and strained nuts. Add 1 babblespoon of brown

thugar, or whatever color you find, and wix mell. Grease oven and turn cake pan to 350 degrees. Now pour the whole mess into the coven and ake. Check whiskey again, and bo to ged.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Greetings to all,

This is to advise that we have entered the realm of high speed internet and have a new address. We are now blpringle@northwestel.net

A reply that you actually received this message would be very much appreciated. We are all well here, ie Bill, Linda & the "girls" and getting ready for Christmas. Cards are on the way, and I will send Season's Greetings now to all we know and love.

Cheers, Linda Pringle

OBIT



Brian Monahan

Brian Monahan passed away suddenly on November 20th, 2005.

He is survived by his loving wife, Dayle (Anderson) of 35 years; Son, Blayne (Cheri Levy); daughter, Rhonda Meyn (Leon); and Granddaughter, Kaitlyn; whom all reside in Whitehorse, Yukon.

He is also survived by sisters, Jennifer Enns of N.B., Colleen (Herb) Dixon of Ont; brothers, Kevin of Y.T., and Allan (Mary) Sears of N.S.

Brian is predeceased by his mother, Thelma Sears; and father, Wesley Monahan; brother, (John), Earl Sears, and his Mother & father in-law, Vivian & Ernest Anderson.

Viewing will be held Wednesday, November 23rd, 2005 from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. as well as 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. at Heritage North Funeral Home. Funeral Service will be held at the United Church Thursday, November 24th, 2005 at 2:00 p.m. with a reception to follow at the Gold Rush Inn.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the Heart & Stroke Foundation.

NEW ADDITIONS

Edward (Ed) Mikolas Lived in Yukon 1968 to 1972 - Now reside in Edmonton, AB

Enjoy reading all the news re your e-mails.
Ed Mikolas

Thanks for the quick reply. I lived in Whitehorse Nov 1968 to June 1972. I worked for the Hudson's Bay Company and did do some traveling in the Yukon. Was on the Board of the Yukon Historical Society which I enjoyed.

Got back from Mesa, AZ. last Tuesday with pneumonia and now I am under Doctor's care. Our trip to Hawaii Dec 5th to 20th had to be cancelled.

I do e-mail to Al MacGregor at Grande Prairie who I worked with at Whitehorse.

Do you have a place in Arizona? We own a place and go down in the fall and then again for April and May.

Do enjoy getting the Moccasin Telegraph.

Hope to stay in touch and hear from you again.

Ed Mikolas [emikolas*pipfs.com](mailto:emikolas@pipfs.com)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If life hands you a lemon, make lemonade.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Christmas Fruit Balls

Submitted by Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

Mix

1 pkg. coloured min. marshmallows OR

30 1/4 each large marshmallows

2 cups Graham wafer crumbs

1/2 cup Red Marchino cherries (cut in 1/2)

1/2 cup Green Marchino cherries (cut in 1/2)

1 15 oz. can sweet condensed milk

1/2 cup chopped walnuts.

Chill over night . Shape into 1" balls and roll in coconut.

Store in fridge or freezer. They taste great frozen also!!!!

5 Minute Fudge

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

2 tbsp butter

2/3 cup (small can) undiluted evaporated milk

1 2/3 cups sugar

1/2 tps salt

2 cups miniature marshmallows

1 1/2 cups semi-sweet chocolate chips

1 tsp vanilla

1/2 cup chopped nuts

Mix butter, milk, sugar & salt in saucepan and over medium heat, bring to a boil. Cook 5 min stirring constantly. Remove from heat.

Stir in marshmallows, chocolate chips, vanilla and nuts.

Stir 1 to 2 minutes or until marshmallows melt. Pour into buttered 8 in. square pan..

Cool and cut in squares. Makes about 2 pounds

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

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