

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 146th Edition – February 5, 2006**

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

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



**Raven – Hoar Frost**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [dougbell@yknnet.ca](mailto:dougbell@yknnet.ca) (In Whitehorse)

### **‘TIL NEXT TIME**

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

I write of olden days, events long past,  
Of people that I've met along my way.  
Some who have touched my life, and just as fast,  
Have vanished from the scene while others stay.

Of pioneers who toiled with pick and pan,  
And helped to shape the Yukon at its birth,  
The hardy fishermen of Newfoundland,  
Who brave the stormy seas and prove their worth.

I've written too, of things I do for leisure,  
Of fishing, golf, and walking by the sea.  
Of animals and birds that bring such pleasure,  
And of old friends who mean so much to me.

I've told of men who dared, and stood the test,  
Who won or lost but, either way, they tried.  
I've written too, of friends who've gone to rest,  
Who fought the battle well before they died.

If you can say "I, knew those people too,"  
If you can say "I too recall those times,"  
If you can say "the tales he tells are true"  
Then I can be contented with my rhymes.

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## **Indians of the Past**

By Moge Mogenson [elgolfo\\*shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo*shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook) *Written in 1968*

The Indians are a happy race  
They don't go out for frills and lace  
Their dress is made of hides and skins  
And you never see any buttons or pins.

Their skills are great indeed  
For themselves they always feed  
When they go out on a hunt  
The moose they get is not a runt.

To know them is to know their pride  
A fact which they can seldom hide  
If we knew the things they know  
It would give us quite a blow.

Many times we judge them bad  
A thing which makes them sad  
We took their land without a thought  
Yet wonder why they can't be bought.

Some live in teepees some in huts  
Some have dogs others have mutts  
Some live off the land  
And others in a treaty band.

The race is getting fewer  
As they go out and find ways newer  
And soon it won't be long  
Before the race is gone.

*The following is dialogue between Henry Breaden and Moge Mogenson and reveals more interesting tidbits. – Sherron*

I can attest to the pride that Mogey speaks of. - Henry.

*‘The elders were pure like babbling brooks running clear and blue over the shiny pebbles gently smoothing them while on it's way.’.*

*This is a good description of the elders as they roamed the land, never hurting it or leaving any trace of their passing that didn't fit in. It is a good description of the Indians of the past, as they used the land for ALL their needs. - Moge*

No truer words Moge,

I have had the pleasure of working with the elders of Yukon and the Inuit elders of the NWT. Their elders that they learned from originally came over from Mongolia about the latter part of the last ice age, when there was a very large horseshoe shaped area in Alaska not affected by the ice. This was caused by the warmth of the Pacific Ocean currents on the Alaska shores that started in the south near Australia. From research it is estimated that the sea water level was over 300 feet below what it is now due to so much water being held in the ice cap. The crossing over the Bering Sea would be at the Diomed Islands where more solid ground was to be found with the drop of over 300 feet. One figure that I have seen was 310 feet that must have been acquired by search and survey. The Bering Sea is not that deep across through the islands, and with the drop of over 300 feet it is likely that a lot of sea bottom would be exposed. The Aleutian Chain would separate the Bering Sea to an extent from the Pacific and likely the Bering Sea ice covered to what is now Nome Alaska.

What would be enticing would be that horseshoe shaped area without ice that would allow their natural gathering. As the ice receded they came eastward above the Rocky Mountain chain and down the McKenzie valley. Over the spread of centuries they covered this continent and likely South America.

It may be of extreme interest that there was another spot on Vancouver Island similar to the spot in Alaska that was untouched by the ice age. It was only in recent years that a botanist was hiking the west coast of the Island, and noted that the growth was entirely different than the rest of the Island. It is the Brooks Peninsula on the west coast up near the top of the Island. It can be found southwest of Port Alice, and projecting so far out from the main coast that the Pacific water temperatures kept the ice from forming. I think there are still botanical studies being carried out on the peninsula.

The original travelers were gatherers living off the country with what it provided in berries, fish and warm-blooded animals limited to the spear and bow and arrow that they could make. There were those that continued to move south, and there were those that made their homes in the north to become the Inuit of today. There was a strict code among the Inuit that anyone stealing was banished from the village or group, as every thing that a person owned could mean the family survival. But they would gladly share with another family that was in need. Banishment meant death as you could not survive alone in that bleak country. In 1967 I was amazed at their complete honesty, but it was destroyed in only 17 years with the introduction of alcohol. On our first trip up to Coppermine, alcohol was not available, although the odd bottle did get through. It was

sad to see people destroyed by a decision made in our Capital to allow them alcohol and put in liquor stores. It was just too much at one time and too soon for them to handle at the time. I just don't have the answers, but I did see the effect of change.

Henry.

*Henry that is great knowledge and you should send it to Sherron for people to understand what and where our native population began. That is really interesting as the natives of Burwash would not have been introduced to the white man as soon as the gold rush natives, as until the road went through very few whites came that way so they were late comers to a degree.*

*My dad used to fly up north of Yellowknife in the 50's and bring back 8mm film tapes of the Eskimos and their igloos. He had a very good tape of them doing the drum dance. He and his partner flew to all the little towns up there. That would be a great story to send in as I was wondering how they got to Burwash. I was there in the early sixties and there were elders there that, maybe came over themselves some were 80,90 yrs. old that I knew, but did not speak the language for their stories. The 40 to 60 year olds talked to them, in two languages, ours and theirs, and then to me but I was only 15 then. I think we should send this via Sherron but will leave it up to you as it is your story of how they got here. Thanks tons, Moge*

Hi Moge,

The first thing I would say is that the word Eskimo as we learned it was improper, and dropped for the proper replacement, Inuit. Eskimo is an Indian word for "Meat Eater", so that was not well taken. On the other hand, the people that were here were called Indians by Columbus who did not realize that he had found a new continent. He did not know that the residents he found had been there for thousands of years. He thought he had sailed west and had found India by that route. The elders of Burwash would be a long way from the beginning by near that 10,000 years and likely more than 400 generations. It is hard to imagine when we stumble going back only 100 years. In family research, we are only able to go back at the best 500 years of recorded records, and stumble into that era before accurate records were kept mainly by the churches and census. Then we would be back into the same era of passing family history and legends to our young folk, the same as we are discussing in this sheet. If you consider that my grandmother in England did not write even in 1895 when my mom was born, and signed any document with an 'X'. Any prior information had to be committed to memory and passed on to the younger generation. I really think they needed recorders that were a long way in the future! Something that I should have said was that even the elders of Burwash were newcomers themselves. I have read several research books pertaining to the last ice age, and nobody can agree how long ago. Some say 10,000 or 11,000 years ago, where others may say 13,000 to 14,000 years. So you can see how many generations there would be in any of their lengths of time. Assuming a new generation every 25 years that is stretching it, 400 generations would be the answer in 10,000 years. In Coppermine 1967 they had snow machines, but the elders still used wood runners on their sleighs. Instead of steel to slide on, they coated the runners with mud. Crazy? No way, for overnight a steel clad sleigh would freeze down where a mud clad sleigh did not. You would have seen this in Burwash where a sleigh was frozen down if it was not run up on branches the night

before? In the arctic above the tree line, where are you going to find branches to run a sleigh up on? There is so much to learn and think about and try to find all the answers!  
Henry

*Good Morning Henry,*

*To be honest with you I just think back before the white man came in the early 1880's up there, and wonder how they managed. The Burwash village was established in 1904 by the Jacquot brothers whom I knew to be part native , but where were they from ???? I know there was a small village at Snag and I wish I could remember but I believe there was a small village at the Donjek also. It would almost seem there were small villages scattered all over; The Junction, Aishihik, ( butchered that name) Champagne, Klukshu, etc. Were they nomads ???? Guess I'll have to do some reading, got me going, Mogey.*

Hi Mogey,

First I will get you straight on Aishihik and it is very simple, usually pronounced Ay-shic. I know a lot of people that stumbled badly with that name. I went in to work on the airstrip January 1943. There was a village at the head of the lake but not that many inhabitants. Albert and Eddy Isaac and a few young fellows, Eddy worked at the airport. Albert was chief and there was only about 5 cabins. At the time that I was down to the village from the airstrip camp of tents, I did not see any women, for many could be visiting at Canyon. The one thing I found outstanding was that there was an upright piano in the chief's home that had been taken in by dog team from Carmacks, 65 miles away. The trail passed Hutshi Lake, a string of 3 lakes (Pronounced Hoochae) where there was another larger village. From Carmacks, follow the west branch of the Nordenskiold through low valleys right to Hutshi and west to the foot of Aishihik Lake. Since the building of the Alaska Highway, it has changed the lifestyle greatly. Where in the early years we used to hear of Hutshi Lake frequently, now I would be very surprised if there was one person left in the village unless it be an elder. It is too far from the main highways, and the way of travel is totally changed. There were villages at many of the lakes and rivers to give them space for gathering, and trails between all of them.

When the white men came in, do you ever wonder how they did not get lost? It was a big country and the native trails that were situated through protected valleys and safe low passes were what the newcomers used. So don't give credit to those great pioneers that came into the country and found their way! They used the trails that had been there for thousands of years like the Chilkoot Pass. These trails were used for trading between the coastal and inland Indians. Long before it was Fort Selkirk, a potlatch was held annually on those grounds for trading. It amazes me the distances they travelled to trade between the different tribes. The coastals had shells and other things not available inland, and also things they had traded with the Russians. On the other hand, the inland tribes had furs that were not available on the coast.

Yes they were nomads and followed a circuit of what was prime for harvesting. Berry harvest of different kinds, different runs of fish in the streams and lakes that was smoke dried, and when and where the caribou migrated. They knew where the moose salt

licks were so that they could get moose later in the fall when it would keep, or smoked and dried for storage. (For the information of those not knowing about salt licks, it is a swampy area with natural salt in the soil. Today, ranchers put out salt blocks as it is needed for cattle, and they enjoy it as needed.) It was all a system of common sense acquired over the centuries. The men did the hunting, and the women kept the home fires burning and took care of the smoking and drying. Usually that was at the location of gathering, and when finished the food was packed back to the village cache. During cold weather in the winter do you think they were foolish enough to go out in it? No way! It was time to stay in and either repair or make new tools for the hunt, or something to help them in their gathering.

Even up to the 1940s it was common to see a net in the rivers to catch King Salmon. Right up on the bank was drying racks of poles and a smudge fir to keep insects off the fish and preserve the salmon by smoking. So it is not that many years back that we are looking at.

Something interesting too that was necessary and that is fire. In the very early years it would have to be carried forward to each place they were going. Without doubt they found flint in their travels, and that a fire could be created by using it. To pack and tend a bed of coals would be extremely hard, and to lose it would mean real trouble.

The Jacquot brothers have come up in the Moc Tel, and by the name I would expect their heritage to be French, and the mix with locals would be Metis. It is suspected that the villages would not be too large, for they being gatherers, a certain area of the country could only support so many. So it would be beneficial to spread out. Another was that they did not want too much interbreeding within the tribe as it eventually weakened the tribal strain.

At 78 years I guess I would be classed as an elder, but I don't know how I got here so fast. It seems that only a few years ago that I was a teenager! Cheers, Henry.

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Hi Sherron,

During the span of at least 10,000 years and prior to coming to this shore, legends were passed down by the elders. Them being a simple people, when something happened that defied their understanding, they came up with what they thought had happened and an explanation for it. These were passed on to the young folks and kept going through the generations as there were no means of recording the event. To elaborate on legends and beliefs before our time, the following is where I think a legend came about.

I will give you an occasion where one possibly originated.

I read where a Danish man made a trip not that awful long ago through a high pass northeast of Dawson. He got into steep mountain area that was subject to avalanche. Being that the temperature was about right for such a event, when he got slightly up the valley an avalanche let go in the afternoon only a 1/4 mile below him. He had only crossed that area a few minutes prior, and this kept up repeating throughout the rest

of the day. So he changed his hiking to early morning when the snow banks were stable and camped in a safe area by noon. His route back was through a lower elevation back to the Yukon River. I think it explains a legend of that valley being Taboo!

Two of their hunters had gone up the valley hunting and looking to see what furs were available and had never come out. So it had to be explained what had taken these two hunters, and nobody was going up there to find out what huge animal or what had taken their men. Thus was born a legend that the valley was Taboo and passed down from one generation to the next. At the time the Danish fellow wanted to hike it he wanted a guide, and was told that the valley was Taboo. And just quietly no native in his right mind would touch it. Most likely the hunters were caught in an avalanche, but nobody would go up in there to find out. You have to be aware that beliefs and legends were passed down to the younger generations for thousands of years, and some of us were lucky enough and trusted to hear of some of them from the elders.

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How about ourselves? Are you superstitious? My Mom certainly was being from England, and these passed down to us in childhood the same as from the Elders. Not by grilling, but in conversation during our growing years. I was told that it was bad luck if a black cat crossed the path in front of you. I know it is crazy, but to this day if a black cat crosses the street in front of my car, I feel the hair rise on the back of my neck! Another was, stir with a knife, stirs up strife; and so many others. So it shows that whatever you learn in early childhood stays with you for a lifetime. Many will not admit to being superstitious, but given the right situation, they too may feel that tickle on the back of their neck.

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

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Hi Moge, I guess as I got older I became more curious and want to find out why and how. Harvey Burian loaned me a book of the Silver Trail and I found that my home town of Mayo was ice covered during the last ice age, but Dawson was not. Were I to drive the highways of that region now, it would be with different eyes. Many high banks of gravel away from the rivers were material left as the glacier receded where I thought it was an old course of the river. Many areas have small swampy lakes surrounded by a drunken forest of small spruce. Never gave it any real thought, but in reality it was permafrost thawing. First, from the permafrost the small trees are as expected, as there is not enough heat in the topsoil to grow them to a decent size. Secondly, as the permafrost melted, the trees lost their footing and just fell over creating that drunken forest. It is amazing that the right trained people can look at a photo and tell you a whole story from what he can see. Henry.

**Henry**

***Very interesting I think the Eskimos were rightly named for the early ages ,I never heard the word Inuit, as I grew up also. I do think that they are primary meat eaters to this day. When I flew to Tuk a couple of years ago, there was a whale hanging at the***

*back of every house ,and their facial structure and teeth show signs of being made to eat raw meat as they did not cook it in the early years as they do now.*

*Another Indian legend was that if the owl hoots before dark a storm is coming, I learned this from Grace when trapping so if we were out in the bush trapping and we heard an owl "hoot", we knew to pack up and head for the cabin as soon as possible.*

*Also "Thunder in the dead wood "means another 6 weeks of winter .In other words Thunder before the trees got leaves on them.*

*You did a great job Henry, very well done. Bravo*

*Mogey Mogenson elgolfo\*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)*

## **A MESSAGE FROM MAROESJA van OEVEREN**

Hello Sherron, perhaps you can print this picture, I'm the one on the left, El is on the right with a short story and kindly forward your Moc Tels to this E-mail address in future, thank you.

Hello all fellow old and present Yukoners, from Tenerife, the largest of the Canary Islands I send you this short tale of a climb to the third highest mountain on this island, the two others being the Teide (Spain's highest at 3817 meters) and the Viego at ? meters. On Tuesday El & Max van der Aart, their dog Wolf (a briar) and myself attempted to climb the Cañada Blanca, we started off on gravel, after an hour's drive from the Campground in Guia de Isora, but after a half an hour found ourselves trudging through nearly a half a foot of snow, after another 2 hours of sunburn and reflection on the snow and ice, we managed to plant our sticks in the mound of stones on top, the mountain beside the Teide ,of which we now had a splendid view. As well we could see all around the Cañada's, large trains of lava stones and in the distance the towers of the telescopes of Izanza. Going back down through the heuvos of lava (huge lava stones in the shape of eggs) we arrived back 2 hours later. What an exasperating climb!! This was truly a walk worthy of remembering.

Regards to all, Maroesja van Oeveren [maroesjabigm@hotmail.com](mailto:maroesjabigm@hotmail.com)  
(In Tenerife, Canary Islands)



El van der Aart & Maroesja van Oeveren

## JOHN GOULD FLEW WITH EVERETT WASSON

Hi Sherron, I just read about Everett Wasson; when I came back to Dawson in April 1936 with my father to work at Dads mine on Hunker we flew from Whitehorse to Dawson in a Fairchild plane and Wasson was the Pilot; he had me sit up in the cockpit with him. This was my first ride in an air craft and convinced me that I wanted to learn to fly.

Another event was that got me interested was that in 1928 -29 a biplane landed on the beach in front of Dawson. Mrs. Bremner took some us down to see it, we could have had a ride for a 5 dollar bill but that was a days pay in those days and we couldn't afford it.

Another incident was that some time in the 1920's Mr. Delegave, a tailor who had a tailor shop on Queen Street where the Downtown Hotel is to day, built a glider. In the spring he took it across the Yukon to the top of the ferry road and jumped off hoping to glide across the Yukon River to Front Street. Trouble is he went almost straight down breaking a leg when he landed.

John Gould



Maggie Bremner, myself (John Gould), and the small child is her daughter Peggy (Bremner) Green. Maggie's maiden name was Redmond. Her father and my father came in the country together from Musquodoboit Nova Scotia  
Photo courtesy John Gould [jgould@northwestel.net](mailto:jgould@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

Sherron; I guess I should have said more about that biplane on the beach in front of Dawson. I don't remember whose it was or what company. The plane I was in with Everett Wasson was a Fairchild; it carried several passengers I think it was owned by White Pass.

I worked every summer with Dad and when the war came along I joined the R.C.A.F. learned to fly single engine aircraft and went overseas as a pilot flying Hurricanes. I was not in any of the battles over Britain I worked with training command, I was attached to the English Air Force R.A.F.

Dad and Maggie Bremners' father came into the Klondike in 1901, there was another man with them George Allen from Nova Scotia.  
Regards John Gould



**Delgrave's Biplane**

Photo courtesy John Gould [jgould@northwestel.net](mailto:jgould@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **REPLY to - CAN ANYONE HELP ELAINE HURLBURT?**

I have little bit of information on Bonnie Piper. She was living in Teslin a few years ago and probably still is. There are a few people in Teslin that know how to get in touch with her. I tried to email Elaine but it kicked back - so I've left her a voice message.

Dan Boyd [dboyd@northwestel.net](mailto:dboyd@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **PHYLLIS (LePage) SIMPSON**

Hi Sherron, Bryan and I met up with Phyllis Simpson and her sister Amy on January 24, 2006. I had never met either of these most interesting ladies so it was quite a thrill when

Phyllis called to say they were in Edmonton. We had a wonderful dinner at The Olive Garden and I must say the best salad I've ever tasted.

As Bryan ate us three ladies talked up a storm. Of course the main subject was the Yukon and the names of the people that we knew. So many stories and memories in the two hours we spent together. Phyllis is quite the tease and she spared no time in making Bryan her focus. He certainly enjoyed the gentle ribbing and jokes.

It's rare that anyone shares as much enthusiasm as I when it comes to talking about the Yukon but Phyllis and Amy wasted no time talking about our favorite subject. We're looking forward to our next visit, gals.

Donna Clayson [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net) (In Ardrossan AB)



Phyllis (LePage) Simpson, Donna (Storing) Clayson and Amy (LePage)  
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net) (In Ardrossan AB)

## **CORRECTION**

I had some recent info on the Logan Lake mine, which indicates I made a mistake on a couple of things in the MocTel Xmas letter I sent to you. Could you include the corrections in the next one please? The name of the mine is: "Highland Valley Copper" and the mine workers are: 1/3 from Logan Lake, 1/3 from Kamloops, and 1/3 between Merritt and Ashcroft.

Thanks so much, Joyce Yardley [joyceyardley@dataspan.ca](mailto:joyceyardley@dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)

## CAN YOU RECOGNIZE TWO MOCTEL RECIPIENTS - 58 years ago

I thought I had mislaid the Magazine called Imperial Oil Review April-May 1948, but on clearing out my bookshelf getting ready for room painting - there it was. The magazine has about 8 pages of pictures and articles about Whitehorse. Interesting Titles: Whitehorse - A Town with a future: Whitehorse - A Centre of Trade and Commerce: Whitehorse - An active community: Whitehorse - Home of Vigorous people. Gudrun Erickson taught for a little while that year. The little girl is Donna Cowling. I was in that class (Grade 3). It was in the portable that was placed in the Lambert Street School grounds.

Sure glad I found it

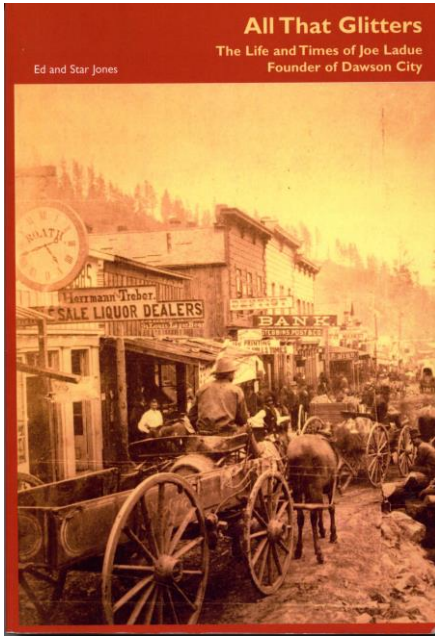
Judith (Chappell) Parkes [jparkes@telus.net](mailto:jparkes@telus.net) (In Vancouver)

*(I have asked Judith to send along the magazine and I will copy it and share it in the MocTel. – Sherron)*



Teacher Gudrun (Erickson) Sparling and Donna (Cowling – Needham) Mclean.  
Who else was in that grade 3 class?

Image courtesy Judith (Chappell) Parkes [jparkes@telus.net](mailto:jparkes@telus.net) (In Vancouver)



**All That Glitters: The Life and Times of Joe Ladue Founder of Dawson City by Ed and Star Jones**

Long time Dawson residents, Ed and Star Jones share many passions about the north. One of their passions began over thirty years ago when they promised Joe Ladue’s son that they would write a book about the man who founded Dawson City – Joseph Francis Ladue.

Their quest for more information about Joe Ladue took the Joneses to Schuyler Falls New York, where Joe was born on July 28, 1854. They followed his trail to Tombstone Arizona through the mining camps to the Yukon. Joe was a gold seeker long before the Klondike Gold Rush of 1898. He worked with men like Leroy “Jack” McQuesten, Al Mayo and Arthur Harper as prospector, trader, miner and promoter of the Yukon Valley. Later he and Harper went into business under the banner “Harper & Ladue Mill Co.” Ladue was one of the first to realize the significance of the Klondike strike. He moved his sawmill to the present site of Dawson City and began to plan a town site and sell lots.

This book is a fascinating collection of insights into the Yukon’s early history. It is well researched and contains many endnotes as well a bibliography and photographs. A “must have” for your Yukon book collection.

All that Glitters: the Life and Times of Joe Ladue Founder of Dawson City. Jones, Ed and Star. Whitehorse, Wolf Creek Books, 2005 ISBN 0973268379. \$29.95 at Mac’s Fireweed Books in Whitehorse. It is also available through Amazon.com and Borders.com

Photo: Ed Jones (left), and Star Jones (right) help a visitor (middle) find an uncle’s grave. Another passion of this energetic couple has been to restore the cemeteries in Dawson and record all the names in a database.



Review by Lyn Bleiler, Mayo Historical Society.

**HANK KARR’S DVD**

Just a note to report that copy we ordered of Hank Karr's music video DVD arrived while we were away and we listened/watched it today. It is fantastic. We really enjoyed seeing all the video of familiar places in Yukon and of course enjoyed seeing Hank perform for the camera.

It is also interesting to see so many others who receive the MocTel were involved in the project. Cover photo by Tim Kinvig, camera and audio-video production by Les McLaughlin, Rolf Hougen film footage, Murray Lundberg paddle wheeler film footage, Cal Waddington video clips, Al Oster for his inspired Yukon songs and many others you would likely recognize including Ray Park's portrayal of an old prospector.

Thank you to all of you for sharing your material which allows many of us to go back in our memories.

You can contact Hank for a copy of the DVD at: [hkarr\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hkarr*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse) Karmac Music 33 Pelly Road, Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 4L9 1-867-667-7389 (\$25. includes shipping.)

– Sherron & Bill Jones

## **OBIT ADVICE FROM Sheila Becker**

Just heard about Bill Hancock from his step-daughter Bunny Adams in Lumby.

William (Bill) Hancock of Whitehorse, Yukon passed away on January 30th, 2006 at the age of 88 years. Memorial service will follow at a later date.

Yes, Bill died in Whitehorse and he was in the MacCauley Lodge and Shannon Thibeault was looking after his affairs. I can confirm that he died in Whitehorse, January 30th, 2006 and that it was private cremation and a memorial service to follow at a later date. Have known Bill and his step-daughter Bunny Adams since 1955, and Shannon Thibeault was the neighbor to Bill and Dorothy where they lived and had his shop. [Locksmith Services].

It is a possibility that Shannon didn't put an obit in the paper.

Sherron: You probably have heard about this by now and the passing of Corrine Cyr as well, it was a very very large attended funeral.

By for now,  
Sheila Becker [snbecker\\*shaw.ca](mailto:snbecker*shaw.ca) (In Penticton)

## **Corrine Cyr remembered as a pioneer (the article Courtesy Whitehorse Star)**

By STEPHANIE WADDELL

Corrine Cyr had always said there are two kinds of people: those who want to live in the Yukon and those who live in the Yukon.

Cyr was the latter, and in many ways, likely part of the reason people want to live here. The Yukon is now bidding farewell to a pioneer in the territory's health field who was instrumental in numerous community groups and organizations throughout her life. Cyr died last Thursday at the age of 90.

"She was constantly giving," daughter Noelle Misko said in an interview Tuesday in Whitehorse.

While Cyr found her home in the Yukon, it wasn't her first choice as a place to move to when she travelled here from Vancouver in 1941, Misko said.

As Cyr was wrapping up her nursing studies at St. Paul's Nursing School in Vancouver, the nuns working at the school asked her if she had found a job.

When she replied with a no, they told her nurses were needed in the Yukon, to which she again said no.

As graduation approached, she continued to say she didn't want to move to the Yukon but was still without a job. Finally, the nuns told her they would buy her a return ticket to and from the territory, but she had to stay here for at least a year.

"She never used that return ticket," said Noelle.

In fact, the mother Noelle and her brothers Terence and Raymond Cyr knew, wouldn't have left the territory for anything in the world, both Noelle and Terence recalled.

"It was her home and her community," said Noelle.

In the early 1940s, the nurse was flown to Teslin to deal with a measles epidemic that had struck the first nations community as the Alaska Highway was being built.

"Those Teslin natives hold her in high regard," said Terence, who recalled that even during his last visit to Whitehorse just a few years ago, he heard praises for his mother from first nations members who remembered her work.

"They lost some (patients), but they saved a lot and that was thanks to her," said Terence. She could have been one of the first civilians to drive on the then-restricted and newly-constructed Alaska Highway. When she was sent back to Whitehorse, she was offered a drive back on the highway, but insisted that since they flew her down, she would be on a flight back.

It was on Nov. 11, 1943 that the then-Corrine O'Neill married lifelong Yukoner Laurent Cyr over Laurent's lunch hour.

Thinking Nov. 11 would be a holiday, Laurent left work on Nov. 10 saying he would see his boss and co-workers on Nov. 12. His boss then told him he was scheduled to work, to which Laurent responded he wasn't working because he was getting married.

When his boss insisted he had to work, Laurent said he'd need a longer lunch hour for the ceremony.

The reception for the newly-wed couple was held after Laurent was finished work for the day.

It was a marriage that would last a little more than 62 years and include honours for both of their contributions to the community.

In 1983, they were named Mr. and Mrs. Yukon during the annual Sourdough Rendezvous festival, and in 2001, both Laurent and Corrine received Commissioner's Awards.

"Corrine Cyr is a leader of the community through her work and life membership with the Catholic Women's League, the Royal Purple, the International Order of the Daughters

of the Empire and the Ladies Auxiliary of the Yukon Order of Pioneers,” a statement from the Commissioner’s office read when the awards were announced.

“I think she was very honoured,” said Noelle of the Commissioner’s Award.

Terence recalled his mother being instrumental on a number of national organizations like the Canadian Lung Association as well as other local groups like the Golden Age Society and the Yukon Council on Aging.

Her giving spirit also shone through at home. On many occasions when neighbours were down on their luck, Corrine would have them bake the family a pie and pay them for the work.

It was a great trade-off in a home where the mom wasn’t such a great cook.

“She wasn’t a good cook, but we never went hungry,” said Terence.

His childhood home was also always decorated for the season with Corrine and Laurent picking up the colourful leaves of the fall or the blooming plants of the spring.

“They always liked going for drives,” said Noelle.

Knitting was also a favourite past time for the woman when she wasn’t busy between the many groups she volunteered with, nursing, and at one point, a catering business.

And there was also the full-time job as mother to her three kids, who got into some mischief of their own.

Once, she got a call from staff at the airport because a kite Raymond and Terence was flying was obstructing planes.

Their mom wasn’t too impressed, but the brothers took the kite elsewhere.

Even in recent years, Corrine continued to be active enjoying cards, word puzzles and other activities.

Corrine is also being remembered as a woman who never wavered in her position.

Involved with the design of Closeleigh Manor when it was built in the late 1980s, Corrine was adamant some residents would want the two-bedroom units. She never wavered, and some residents at the First Avenue facility today are able to enjoy having a two-bedroom home.

That focus had continued even in recent weeks when staff at Macaulay Lodge tried to help her by unpacking a suitcase she had at the end of her bed.

Each time they unpacked it, she would repack it again and finally told the nurses there to leave it alone because she was going to her grand-daughter’s wedding in May.

It was the same suitcase she took with her to on her final trip Outside, “her last swan song,” to Edmonton for a family reunion last year.

Noelle said her mother, at 90 years old, boarded a plane out of Whitehorse and travelled to Vancouver, then on to Edmonton. More than 100 relatives came out to the reunion and all seemed to want to visit with Corrine.

“She was the matriarch,” said Noelle.

It was after that trip she heard about her granddaughter’s upcoming wedding and kept the suitcase out and packed for her next trip.

“She did it her way right to the very end,” said Noelle.

## **MOCTEL SUBSCRIBER UPDATE**

3 donations received in December and 14 in January/February to date.

## REMOVED FROM THE MAILING LIST

I'm off to Hawaii for a month, so can you take me off your mailing list until the end of February? I'll let you know when I get back. It's been -46 here during the last week, a real wake up call after the mild winter we have been having. So I am off to find some sun and sand. Take care, Myrna Butterworth [myrnab\\*northwestel.net](mailto:myrnab*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## RETURNED TO MAILING LIST

I just got a new computer and am back on-line since October. Any newsletters come out? Could I get copies of what I missed?  
Hope you had a nice Christmas and all the best to you and your family in the New Year.  
Thanks  
Kathie Wedge [kawedge@hotmail.com](mailto:kawedge@hotmail.com) (In Whitehorse)

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Yes I would like to have the MocTel to read my e-mail address. Thanks. Dayle

MONAHAN, Dayle [dmonahan\\*northwestel.net](mailto:dmonahan*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## NEW ADDITIONS

Sherron, I'd like to subscribe to the Moccasin Telegraph. I have lived in the Yukon for 20 years and still live here. I work for Northwestel. Thanks.

Norman Eady [neady\\*northwestel.net](mailto:neady*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)  
633-5868

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*If you can find a path with no obstacles, it probably doesn't lead anywhere.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Recipe taken from a recipe book put together by the Mayo Anglican Women's Auxiliary in the 1950's . It is a nostalgic experience to leaf through it's pages and recall those who submitted the recipes.

Submitted by Don Machan [demachan\\*telus.net](mailto:demachan*telus.net) (In Qualicum Beach, BC)

**-Eggs Foo Yung (Chinese Omelette).....Miss Hilda Hellaby (Anglican Deaconess)**

3 eggs	3 strips of bacon
1 green pepper	1 small onion
A few stocks of celery	A few leaves of lettuce
2 tbsps. of soya sauce	

Dice and fry bacon. Slice thinly all vegetables, toss in fat till wilted. Beat eggs and soya sauce, pour over vegetables. Cook till firm. Fold and serve with rice.

( Deaconess Hellaby was a much loved and respected missionary and teacher in Mayo)

.....  
The recipe book was printed with a spirit duplicator, probably the duplicator at the school, and put together by the ladies of the W.A.

There are recipes submitted by Gordon McIntyre, Jean Gordon, Joan Bunker, Dorothy Chisholm, Archie Lampman, Olive Pociwuschek, Mrs. Tom Greenwood (Wife of the Anglican Bishop of Yukon), Blanche Boris, Pat Lindberg, Norma Restoule, Bev. Machan, Dot Mitchell, Annie Besner, Rose Zeniuk, Mrs. Triggs, Mrs. Johnny Boyce, Virginia Grundmanis, Felicity Skoreyko (Miss Hellaby's adopted daughter), Barbara Templeman, Mary Lou Howell, Mary McDermid, Enid Morris, Doris Ewing, Mrs. Barwise, Maureen Craig, Edna Tyler, Mrs E.E. Batty, Mrs A. Jurovich, Alice Smith, Joan Shaxon, Enid Morris, Shirley McCrae, Esther Hilstrom, Mrs. G. Rich, Mrs. C. Curry, Mag. Wallingham, Mrs.W.Arthur Wall, Mrs. Reynolds, Anne Prangle, Mary Southam.

## **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)

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