

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 147th Edition – February 12, 2006**

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

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



**SS Klondike – Whitehorse, Yukon**

Photo courtesy Ken Eby and Lisa Erickson [kleby@whitvcable.com](mailto:kleby@whitvcable.com) (In Whitehorse)

### **SENIOR'S SKATING**

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

“What is he doing here”, well you might ask,  
    Lounging around at the rink.  
“He’s too old to be turning to skating again”.  
    But I’m not as smart as you think

I hadn’t skated in forty-five years,  
    And I had no intent to return,  
But my friends all assured me, like riding a bike,  
    “You never forget once you’ve learned.”

So I put on some skates and stepped onto the ice,  
    Every muscle was already sore.  
My knees they were knocking so loudly and long,  
    That somebody answered the door.

An old lady sped by me just floating on air,  
    And I thought, “That looks easy enough.”  
Then my skates moved with a mind of their own,  
    And I landed flat on my duff.

My friends gathered round as I lay on the ice,  
All wondering if I had died.  
I saw stars in my eyes and my face was quite red,  
But the only thing hurt was my pride.

I brushed myself off and got back on my feet.  
And then, just as quick as a wink.  
My feet started moving in time with the tune,  
And I made a full turn of the rink.

I returned to my home quite elated indeed,  
With muscles so sore that I cried.  
But now I can't wait to return to the ice,  
For I'm really quite glad that I tried.

© 2001 (Gus Barrett)

## **JIM ROBB**

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

Received some mail from Jim Robb regarding Lyle Geary. As you know Jim has done three editions of *The Colourful Five Percent* and a fourth edition is in the works, although no publish date has yet been set.

In the fourth edition there will be an article on Lyle Geary. Lyle gave Jim his Ham Radio QSL cards from all around the world including quite a few photographs about his life. Some of the QSL cards are from the late 1920's with quite a few from 1930 and 1931. If any Ham radio people are interested in contributing their comments to the article please send them to Jim at 511 Jarvis Street, Whitehorse, YT, Y1A 4H7.

Pat Logan, an Atlin, B.C. resident wrote a poem in tribute to Jim. Jim has given permission to the Moccasin Telegraph to reprint it:

### **AN ODE TO JIM ROBB**

There's an artist in the Yukon  
Who has captured – right for me,  
The essence of its places  
The way they use to be.

For all of us old timers  
Carry originals in our heart,  
Of the places now made famous  
By Jim Robb's most humorous art.

We lived in those old buildings  
We laughed and loved and played,  
And though in body we moved on  
Our youth forever stayed.

As I stand before his pictures  
All the smells the joy the fun,  
Of those days back in the 50's  
Come to warm me like the sun.

Robb's pictures are the setting  
In my heart I hold the plays,  
Together like a movie  
They bring back those yesterdays.

Other artist to have captured  
The true north strong and free,  
But I thank you Jim – you got it  
Just exactly right for me.

Pat Logan  
Box 330  
Atlin, B.C.  
V0W 1A0

### **Question for MocTel readers**

I have a question for the Moc Tel, I am doing family research of the 3 Wilson brothers who went to the Yukon in the late 1890's.

George Wayne Wilson, my grandfather, worked at the BYN shipyard and was a post master for a number of years. He was also the Worthy Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge in Whitehorse in 1912.

Francis (Frank) Gordon Wilson 1863 - 1955, also a shipbuilder. Who took many historic photos of the Yukon.

Edward (Ned) Davidson Wilson 1867-1937. Ned a bachelor, worked on dredges in the Dawson area. He was badly injured in an accident. In later years he ran a fox farm at Macrae. I am curious about the accident, according to Pierre Burtons "Prisoners of the North", in July 1915 there was an accident on dredge #2 on the Klondike River, it apparently collapsed from a scaffolding. One man was killed and 3 injured. I wonder if Ned was one of the 3 injured.

Can anyone confirm this story or suggest where more information could be found?

Dorothy (Wilson) Graham [dorothy\\*dccnet.com](mailto:dorothy*dccnet.com) (In Delta, B.C.)

## **MOCTEL ENJOYED**

How is it going Sherron. Dad [Al] and I sure do enjoy all the wonderful things in the Telegraph.

Two things, we have not received anything for two weeks now, are you on holidays or am I just not getting it for some reason.

Second thing is can we get more from before 2005. Thanks.

Keep up the great work, and thanks for putting together and bringing together all of us "Yukoner's Forever". No truer words were ever said "Once a Yukoner, always a Yukoner" and the best is we come from all over and enjoy home for a variety of things, but mostly because it is "heaven on earth".

Sharon Sowden [sharsowd\\*telus.net](mailto:sharsowd*telus.net) (In Keremeos)

*Anyone wishing a copy on CD of all the 2003 & 2004 MocTel can send me \$15.00 which includes mailing costs. My mailing address is at the bottom of each edition. Please be sure to include your mailing address along with the cheque. – Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca) (In Vernon)*

## **TAKING ORDERS FOR 2005 MOCTEL CD**

Anyone wishing to order a copy on CD of all the Moccasin Telegraph editions released in 2005 can send me \$15.00 which includes mailing. My address is at the bottom of this edition. Please be sure to include your mailing address along with your cheque. – Sherron Jones

## **80<sup>th</sup> BIRTHDAY SURPRISE PARTY**

I'm not registered with you but John Erickson's Moccasin T comes to my computer here at the house and we enjoy it a lot.

Anyway I thought these pictures might be of interest, they are of Gudrin Sparling "Goody" and a couple of the many guests at her 80th surprise birthday party that was held at the Transportation Museum Jan, 8<sup>th</sup> 2006.

Goody's family flew into town and there must have been 110 people total, it was a great success.

Take care

Ken Eby and Lisa Erickson



Gudrin 'Goody' (Erickson) Sparling

Photo courtesy Ken Eby and Lisa Erickson [kleby\\*whtvcable.com](mailto:kleby*whtvcable.com) (In Whitehorse)



Larry Bagnell, Gudrin 'Goody' (Erickson) Sparling, Jim Robb, Larry Watling  
Photo courtesy Ken Eby and Lisa Erickson [kleby\\*whtvcable.com](mailto:kleby*whtvcable.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **HENRY & ALICE BREADEN IN MEXICO**

Yes, Carol [Buzzell] did get into the sailfish in Mexico at Puerto Vallarta and I think it was not only the fish that got hooked? We walked by ourselves hour after hour so as not to miss anything, and stopped for "cerveza" (beer) every once in a while to keep our tanks topped up! As we were in high temps and sun we found this to be a good practice. You do perspire, but it dries quickly and we did not smell, at least we didn't think so! For meals we had snacks here and there, and only on an invitation a large meal. We have been in Puerto Vallarta but not into the fishing there as we were too busy seeing the

sights. They have a beautiful cathedral or basilica as they are called, as there are in many Mexican cities.

Do you worry about Mexican Fox Trots? I always had a shot of Pepto Bismol to start my day, and only once in ten years did I catch it. I know what it was, a bowl of Shrimp soup and I was up in the middle of the night not knowing what end to apply to the toilet. After I got rid of it all, I took a shot of Pepto Bismol and one tablet of Lomotil that is available in any Farmacia without prescription. The next morning I was as right as rain again. A pack was always in our handbags and I only had to use it once! It might be good advice for anyone deciding to travel in Mexico.

We went to Mexico City only once, and on the second day the smog was so bad that it burned your eyes. But we did cover the pyramids, the floating gardens of Xochimilco, (So-chee-meel-co), University of Mexico, Museum and so many places of interest while we were there. We were very fortunate to have a lady driving our tour, but as there were only 5 of us she used a car. Can you imagine the main artery east and west through the city of 12 lanes and 3 islands? That was where our hotel Reforma was, on the Paseo de la Reforma. If you were crossing walking you could not make it on one light and stop on an island, and even humping along you only made midway. Our driver chatted all the time, and did we ever learn a lot from her. She took us into the rich area of the city to show us an exceptional garden. He had the whole bible in figurines, and you could follow it from Adam and Eve. It was behind a 10 foot high steel fence, and to our surprise he invited us in. I don't know if it was my white jacket with the large red maple leaf on each shoulder, for our driver had never been invited in before. He had his gardener turn on the water falls, and we got several photographs. As we were leaving I stumbled with my limited Spanish from a dictionary, but he seemed to understand. I only had important words, but later I took two winters of Latin American Spanish at our college on a night course. Would you believe that our instructor was the son of Chinese parents and his surname is Chin? He was born in Trinidad and Spanish was his mother tongue.

Originally, what is now Mexico City was two large islands in a swamp with a causeway to the mainland. The space between islands was filled in and a series of canals across the islands for transportation as the wheel had not been thought of and they did not have horses. After the capture by the Spanish the canals were filled in except for the one that is the floating gardens of Xochimilco. (So-chee-meel-co) It was a tour and we had one of the vessels with a roof and poled rather than any engines. All of them were like barges without engines. We were lucky at the lower end as two other boats had rented Mariachi Bands and we could enjoy the music. At one point our lady driver asked us if we would like some fresh hot corn? As we said, "Yes" she motioned over a canoe that had a burner cooking corn. Fresh cooked corn with lots of butter and rubbed with a sweet pepper was a taste to behold. Another canoe had flowers, so John and I bought flowers for our ladies. It was a fantastic morning for all of us. Many the times I had tears in my eyes from the beauty of it all throughout Mexico.

That first trip to Mexico City we travelled with our niece, Aileen, our nephew in law, John, and their son Richard of nine years. Then to Taxco the silver capitol for a day

and to Acapulco for a week, and took a bus north 132 miles to Zihuatanejo. After a week in Zihuatanejo, it was off to Guadalajara where we had some relatives through marriage. Of course having a great guide in Aileen's cousin, Sally, we saw so much, and her husband, Mike, a great guy had installed and ran the Hewlett Packard computer plant. At that time in 1989 I did not know one end of a computer from the other, but I did see the immaculate assembly of them. The men worked on a full floor grounded mat so that there was no chance of a static electrical charge destroying components. Today they have overcome that, and you just touch the case so that there is no static charge.

Sally took us out to where pottery was formed and fired. There were clay pots like you use for planting and so many clay figurines of different types. After firing in a furnace, the figurines were taken to the painting where many young artists worked. It was amazing how quick those young fellows were with a brush. There was no dab-dab, but a flick of the hand as they worked on maybe 30 figures one after the other on a square board. Each artist had about a 48 inch space and the wall behind them was their own artwork. This was where we found humour, for behind on the wall may be Jesus Christ at one spot and Girlies on the next one. Another point of interest was glass blowing where every type of container was blown, clear or with any colour. It looked like to me that the blow pipes would be 5 or 6 feet in length, one may be clear liquid glass and the other any colour they were using. They worked as a team, and where the clear one may be forming a vessel the other would apply the liquid colour at the right place at the right time. We got some deep red wine glasses that we like. In blown objects you may find a small bubble, and that is where the blower took a breath. So if you have one, it is a small bit of the blower's breath captured. The other was ladies clothing that we men did not have much interest, but our wives were right at home. I have to admit that the designing was exceptional that you would not find here, and actually the price not bad. At that time they were dealing with thousands of Pesos, but we had it down in our minds some quick conversions.

Mike took us out to an opera house, and I was more than impressed with the buildings in Mexico. The main floor of the opera house was sloped so that a good view of the stage was available anywhere and the balcony at the rear. Along the sides were the boxes, and Mike had arranged a box second from the stage and we could look down on the performers. That night it was a Ukrainian group of 16 dancers backed up with their two accordions and a guitar. Their music was extremely beautiful, most we had never heard before. There were many intricate dances excellently done, and a ribbon dance with eight 4 inch wide yellow ribbons in a cross of the 16 dancers. They wove in and out, and I thought they could never unravel it, but at the end it all came out straight.

We consider our House of Parliament a fantastic building, but Mexico is loaded with buildings like that. It is the old stone European building type brought over by Spain. Even though I had done a lot of study of Mexico before our first trip, here was this poor bush bunny with his eyes as big as saucers! I could not get over the artwork in their cathedrals, better known as basilicas, opera houses, museums and most places built in the early years. If you consider Mexico a third world country, forget it as we could learn a lot from them. Having studied, I knew that their patron saint was the Virgin of Guadalupe, (Gwa-

da-lou-pay) and made many immediate friends. They were delighted that here was not a dumb tourist, but one that knew their history. In Mexico City there are three basilicas of the Virgin of Guadalupe; the first small one on the hill where the virgin was first seen and the Spanish rock design on the flat that is suffering from settling of the foundations as Mexico City is built on a huge swamp. The third is of a design that I am not aware of anywhere on this continent. The roof is curved over from side to side, and from the back to front swoops upward for sound. When we entered from the front there was a priest giving a mass from a raised platform at the back. Although I could not see any microphone or electronics, you could hear him as well as if he was standing next to you. At the rear left was a painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe and the floor open in front of it with a safety railing. A stairway led down to a viewing area where there was a people mover so that people did not jam up, and a stairway to take people back upwards. If you wanted to view again, you could go back to the first stairway.

We always ended up back at Zihuatanejo where we had so many friends. They could not do enough for you, and for every favour you did for them you got it back twice! We were invited out to places that tourists never see, like the Zihuatanejo vacation spot or a wedding reception of 200 guests and starched table cloths. As we had been invited by Don Francisco and Doña Rachael Ibarra, a Don and Doña, we had unlimited service with a white table cloth and any liquor. We had dark Baccardi rum that was in a kind of square bottle and very old. Can you imagine a cake 7 feet high and 8 feet wide? No, I am not kidding as we have seen solid huge cakes in an Acapulco bakery. Even children's birthday cakes may be made in the shape of an hacienda or other shape. The cake had 6 arches from the base up to a platform with a bride and groom. The open space between arches was lit with special lighting and a lit fountain in the middle of the base. Was that cake cut? No, it was for enjoyment but several flat cakes were cut for distribution. Another was Ixtapa Island away from the zoo of Ixtapa itself! Or to an annual Fiesta for plantation workers at the plantation. My friend and his wife that owned a liquor store took us to his father's plantation for the event. We were there early, so we pitched in with the rest of them to rake the twigs and leaves of the area to be used. The friend that we went with sidled up to me and said, "The bathroom in the building does not smell very good and maybe Alice should not use it?" I gazed and pointed over the plantation and said, "Todo al mundo?" Javier chuckled and said, "Si", so during the event Alice and I would check to see how the bananas were growing! A truck came in with folding tables and chairs, and would you believe, white starched table cloths to cover them. Any drinks or food was endless, and we had a wonderful afternoon of a picnic along with a lot of singing. Javier's liquor store was what we called "Little Canada", where we bought rounds of beer and sat on chairs or on the steps. It is a pedestrian street so there was no traffic. We used to get perturbed if an American found their way to it, but the good ones we adopted and they returned each year.

Another friend Angel and his wife Edith owned a bus, a restaurant and a posada. On a Sunday morning he told us to meet his bus on a corner not far from our hotel and to not eat breakfast. All us Canadians were there and the first jaunt was 40 miles north to his sister and brother in law's plantation. His sister knew that Canadians had toast for breakfast, so she went to the bakery and got several loaves of bread for us. While she was

cooking, we had a look at her husband's fruit juice bottling business. The breakfast was fantastic with scrambled eggs and red and green sweet peppers along with fresh fruit and toast. She travelled with us that day north another 40 miles to Playa Azul (Blue Beach) where we had lunch in a large open building thatched with palm leaves. Each table would take about 8 people where we could have beer and any order we wanted. What we thought was neat, was that next to each table was a hammock, and if you wanted a siesta after lunch just climb into one. Zihuatanejo does have a site for the fishing village, Zihuatanejo and Ixtapa the tourist Mecca at: <http://www.zihua.net/> . When it opens you will hear how to pronounce the name. The first graphic is Zihuatanejo Bay, the second Playa la Ropa where Francisco and Rachael have the La Perla restaurant and bar, and other businesses. Over the far hill is Playa Mansana that is a cove on the Pacific Ocean. We went in with a boat and outboard, and as our friends pointed to the hill and said, "Algunos Banditos", so we left our valuables in the boat. After unloading us, they anchored the boat in the bay and swam in. They built a campfire with mesquite, and when it was down to red hot coals started a shishkabob. You would never believe the size of it, a 3 foot stainless steel rod in the end of a pole. On it they put large white onion sliced, meat that they had sliced by the butcher and all the rest of the goodies! This they rolled over the hot coals, and when done we took soft tortillas, fold them and as it was passed around take as much as you wanted and pull it off the rod. This is where we first met Francisco and Rachael as they had walked over from Playa la Ropa. I am sad to say that Francisco passed away from Lou Garrick disease and we lost a good friend. The third graphic is Las Gatas where there is excellent snorkeling. For anyone wanting to surf, there are many links. Welcome to Mexico.

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



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

If you need a photo of a sailfish that I caught, there is one attached. They are complete silver when caught, but in the sun start to darken. We were fishing 10 miles off the coast, and by the time we got back to the wharf our two that you are allowed to keep were completely brown. I think I have a photo of ours hauled up on a gantry for photo taking on the wharf, and we gave them to some kids who could make money selling them to the restaurants. – Henry



Alice Breaden

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

## Re: MOCTEL 146 PHOTO

I've been away house sitting in Kamloops. Love house sitting, all the advantages an apartment doesn't have, yard, PETS. I'm always interested in doing it for people, so have gone to the island and a number of places to do so. That's a hint for anyone who needs me. I work for wages, just like Mom and Dad gave me in the store....nothing...lol. They thought it was an education and in many ways it really was. Mom [Muriel Needham] is doing surprisingly well these days. She has a new care aide; on top of the excellent place she is in and is really with it these days. So much so that we are going to an afternoon matinee at the arts center featuring the music of Andrew Lloyd Webber. Mom being in a wheel chair, well it requires a little extra planning and I don't know who enjoys our little trips the most, my spoiled Mom or her adoring daughter. lol More exciting; is she wants to go to the Yukoners, wheelchair and all. In the previous years, she didn't want to because she needs help eating now and so on, and since my back

surgery and mini stroke a couple of years back, I can't do the lifting etc. Boy I'd love to take her. So as soon as I have hotel and ticket info I'm in.

I remember Judith, and will e-mail her when I'm done this.

When I was sitting in the Regina (having lunch, not a beer) with Donna Jean Wright, formerly of Northwestel, I saw a lady come in and said to Donna Jean that that I thought was my old school teacher. So got up and went over and sure enough it was. Mrs. Sparling and I had a short but lovely chat and I've been meaning to write to her. Hope she will be at the Yukoners again.

As for the photo Judith sent, we had (Mrs. Sparling and I) talked of it, I'd forgotten it, so it is great to receive. Gosh me a cover girl...only in the Yukon.

So life right now is good, my trip home to Whitehorse has given me some thought of going back there when Mom passes away. Hopefully she will be resilient and around for a few years yet. It just amazes me how she bounces back; must be the generation or the Yukon. She has much more spunk than her rotten kid. lol

Take care, will dig in my photos and stuff and see what is buried treasure. Love to you both. Donna (Cowling) (Needham) Mclean [dj\\_mclean@shaw.ca](mailto:dj_mclean@shaw.ca) (In Kelowna)

## **Bill Hancock remembered**

Hi Sherron: Here is what Lloyd and I know about Bill's death, but we can't help much with details about his life prior to his coming to the Yukon.

Lloyd was a friend of Bill and Dorothy Hancock long before we were married in 1969, but I was a frequent visitor from that time on. Dorothy died about 1995-1996 after a long courageous bout with cancer. Bill never really got over mourning her and often showed pictures that had been taken during their years together. Bunny was Dorothy's daughter from a previous marriage.

Bill worked for the Canadian Army when he first came to Whitehorse in 1946, and took up locksmithing after that. He was the only locksmith here, so he was a busy man for the years he worked at the trade. He sold the business well before Dorothy's death, but continued to live in the original home on 5th Avenue, a little yellow house surrounded by a white picket fence with a lovely little private garden and Sitka rose bushes blooming in the summer. He was relatively self-sufficient until he had a stroke about two years ago. It left him with a serious speech deficit, but he worked hard with the therapists, and it was surprising how much he was able to overcome this disability. However, it did affect his willingness to talk on the phone, so his contact with some of his friends was minimalized.

Bill had a housekeeper until three months ago, but she became ill, and Shannon Thibault took over his full time care. Shannon also had health problems, and was referred to a specialist in Vancouver for further tests. Unfortunately, she was unable to find anyone who could take on Bill's care full-time, so he went to Macaulay Lodge as a respite resident, with the full intention of returning home when Shannon was back. He was at home, waiting to have dinner with Shannon when he fell and broke his femur on Sunday, January 29th. He was scheduled for surgery the following Tuesday but died in hospital on

Monday a.m. Shannon had to leave on the plane that same afternoon to keep her appointment with the specialist and needless to say she was extremely stressed.

Bill was a member of the Masonic Whitehorse Lodge for many years, and it was the Masons that conducted a graveside service Thursday, February 2nd. Lloyd arranged the service. Bill was not cremated, and it was not a private service. There were a number of Bill's friends there, although not everyone knew because Lloyd did not have time to contact everyone. There was an announcement on the radio prior to the burial but it was not enough in advance to be heard by all his friends. He is buried in the Masonic plot with Dorothy. There will be a "Celebration of Life" here in Whitehorse, some time after February 9th, and it will be open to the public.

Marny Ryder [MarnyRyder@whtv.com](mailto:MarnyRyder@whtv.com) (In Whitehorse)

To Sheila Becker from Bunny Adams

Hi, just received your e-mail with messages from Sherron. Bill wasn't always a locksmith. He was a bell hop in the Ritz hotel in Vancouver when he was very young. He was working as storekeeper for the CPR ferries during the war. Mom was working there too running the coffee shop on the Princess Elizabeth. That was how they met. When the war ended they decided to move to Whitehorse. Mom opened a dressmaking shop over a tin shop on the waterfront. Bill got a job in the post office. He then went to work with Jock Patterson for Pan Am. Then he worked as a storekeeper for 17 weeks. (Army) When he froze his feet (can't remember the year) he could not work for a very long time. The locksmith was selling out and Mom thought it might be something he would be able to do and could operate from their home (garage actually). After Mom passed away he was pretty much at loose ends as Mom was always his guiding light. That's pretty well the whole story but if there is any more info needed give her my E-mail address and I will get right back to her.

Bill had a brother Ralph who was in the navy and lost his life on HMCS Skeena in Iceland, he is buried there in Reykjavík. He also had a sister Violet (mother of nephew Dennis). She passed away a couple of years before Mom.

Talk soon. Bunny Adams [bunbun1ca@yahoo.com](mailto:bunbun1ca@yahoo.com) (In Lumby)

Hi Sherron, Haven't much more to add to what I already sent to you via Sheila. There is one thing though, Bill was buried not cremated. He is resting beside Mom in Grey Mountain Cemetery. From what I understand there will be a memorial service at a later date. So far no one has let me know when. I will be glad to answer any questions for you at any time. Thank you for taking the time to write up his story.

Regards, Bunny Adams [bunbun1ca@yahoo.com](mailto:bunbun1ca@yahoo.com) (In Lumby)

Hi Sherron, something I forgot to mention in my last message. Bill was also a charter member of the Whitehorse Elks Lodge. He put in many many hours helping with events to raise money for the lodge. Mom and I made mountains of sandwiches and goodies for refreshments. All the hard work paid off. When he was in the office of Exalted Ruler there was enough money to pay off the mortgage on the building and there was a mortgage burning ceremony. Bunny Adams [bunbun1ca@yahoo.com](mailto:bunbun1ca@yahoo.com) (In Lumby)



Whitehorse looks ahead with confidence. This is evident in new construction projects like the addition to the Whitehorse Inn at right. This view of the town's main street was taken at high noon in winter but the sun was low and light was short-lived

## WHITEHORSE...A Town With A Future

*Famed in legend and story,  
this Yukon community is progressive  
and ambitious*

**W**HITEHORSE, buoyant community of the Yukon Territory, jumped from 500 population to 50,000 at the height of World War II. Since then it has lost 46,500 inhabitants.

But the citizens of this town in the land of the midnight sun take such developments in their stride. They have an answer which reflects their northern optimism.

"Mister", one old-timer remarked, "it took us 44 years—from '98 to '42—to settle for a standing population of 500. That 50,000 binge did us a lot of good. Okay—but just remember that today we're crowding 3,500 and still mushing in the right direction."

Whitehorse also survived an earlier boom that was just as strenuous. That was in the roaring days of the Trail of '98. The settlement on the banks of the Lewes River was then the jumping-off place for thousands of adventurers striking out for the Klondike gold fields.

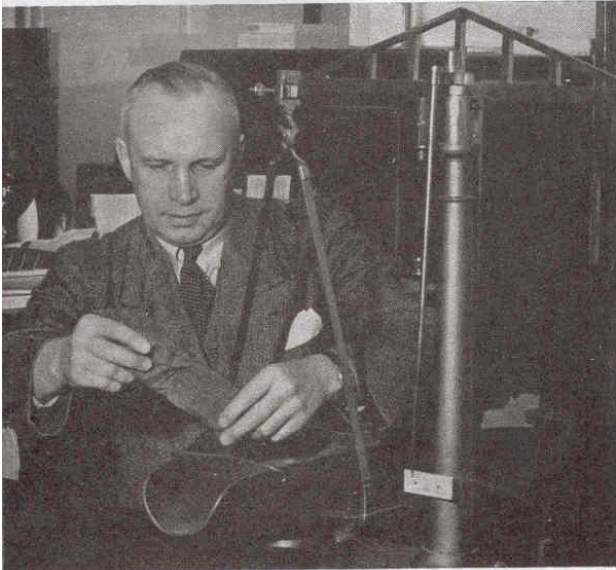
A town with a past, Whitehorse lives in the present. She possesses all the facilities of a modern community and is surrounded by natural resources that assure her of a bright future.

Gold comes in substantial quantities from her mines but the rough and tough methods of the Trail of '98 have been replaced by modern mining operations. Fur trading is still a basic industry but gone are the indiscriminate traplines of the last century. Motor vehicles run where dog teams were once supreme.

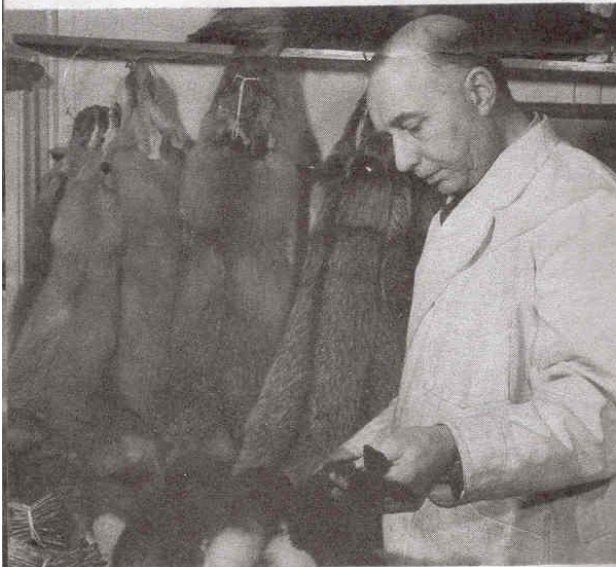
The war in the Pacific placed Whitehorse in the front line against Japanese aggression. Defence measures brought great changes and thousands of war workers and military personnel to the town. Modern airfields were constructed, the Alaska Highway connecting Whitehorse with Edmonton was pushed through the wilderness and rapid communication facilities linking the north with the rest of the world were among the permanent improvements.

From the earlier boom Whitehorse has retained the adventuresome spirit that animated the Trail of '98. It still prevails and colors the lives of the citizens in this modern community.

These three pages from - Imperial Oil Review - dated April-May 1948 were submitted by Judith (Chappell) Parkes [jparkes@telus.net](mailto:jparkes@telus.net) (In Vancouver)



Gold is the principal source of Yukon wealth. Dumping and weighing the contents of a prospector's poke is exacting but routine work for A. E. Hardy, a Whitehorse branch bank manager



Whitehorse is a clearing point for Yukon furs. Fur trading and trapping is the Yukon's oldest industry. Robert Allish, Whitehorse fur trader, above, learned his trade in England

The Whitehorse press faithfully reports the local scene and supplies readers with thoughtful editorial comment. Editor is Horace Moore, seen here backed by a well-stocked library

## WHITEHORSE...

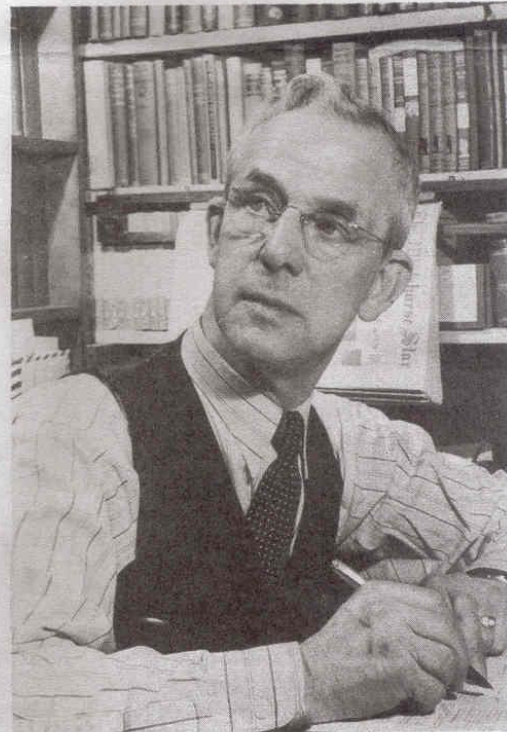
### *A Centre of Trade and Commerce*

**T**HE OLD and the new are reflected in the industries of Whitehorse and all the Yukon Territory.

Fur trapping and trading are the oldest occupations and are in a flourishing condition. The Hudson's Bay Company opened the first trading post in the Territory in 1842.

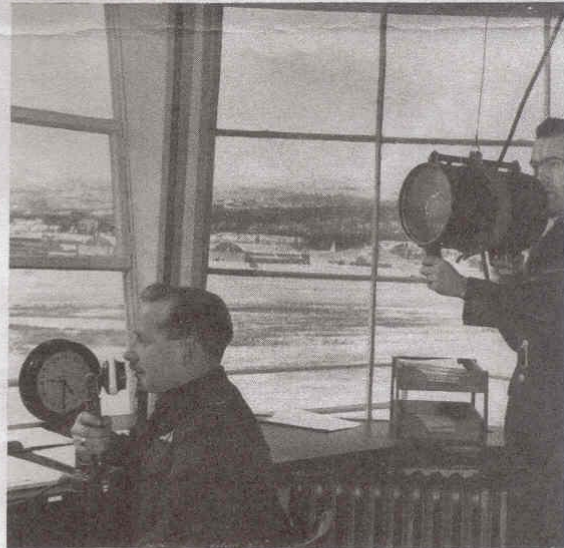
Gold, which is synonymous with the name Yukon, is the principal metal. But silver and lead are also produced and today there is widespread interest in copper deposits. Engineers are now probing the potentials of the area for hidden wealth.

Wartime aviation left its mark in the chain of RCAF operated airfields known as the Northwest Staging Route. Now sportsmen from the U.S. and Canada can fly direct to Whitehorse for fishing and hunting. But tourists in Whitehorse often prefer the stern-wheelers that ply the Lewes River, along the Trail of '98.





These passenger and cargo stern-wheelers are reminders of the pioneer Yukon days. In summer the boats ply along the Lewes River as they did half a century ago. Hauled ashore for the winter they are repaired to be ready for the navigation season



Whitehorse airport is operated by the RCAF. Here in the control tower, F/Lt. E. R. Austin of Ottawa and Vancouver and LAC T. G. Walsh of Toronto communicate with an airborne plane

Volunteers from Canadian Army units that maintain the Alaska Highway operate this radio transmitter. The call letters are on the wall above Sgt. Tommy Alexander and W.O.2 Ted Gray

## **OBIT**

### **HAROLD BURTON VAN BUSKIRK**

Harold Burton Van Buskirk ("Van") passed away in Kentville, Nova Scotia, Saturday, February 11, 2006 at the age of 83 years. He was predeceased by his parents, Paul and Olive (nee Gould); his wife Florence ("Flo") (nee Metcalfe) in 1991.

Van was a colorful character who lived a full life of friends, family and laughter. He will be remembered for his many stories, his great sense of humor and his shoulder-shaking laugh. He was born on August 6, 1922 in Millville, Kings County, Nova Scotia. Raised in Aylesford, Nova Scotia, he joined the army in 1942 and served in Canada until his discharge in Whitehorse in 1949. Van and Flo were married in Whitehorse in 1949. He worked at various trucking jobs there, as well as 13 years in Pleasant Camp, B.C. at the pump station. In 1986, he and Flo retired to Oliver, B.C. He moved to Edmonton in 1992 and then to Berwick, N.S. in 1997.

Van is survived by his niece Mrs. Laverne Christiansen of Winnipeg, MB; nephew James Metcalfe (Velma) of Brandon, MB; nephew John Carswell (Gale) of Lillooet, BC; niece Gwenne Redmond (Joe) of Sylvan Lake, AB; several great nieces and nephews; Van's companion Mildred Morse and family; and many friends.



**RICHARD WALLINGHAM**  
August 11 1927 - January 30, 2006

A lovely Yukoner, husband, father, and grandfather passed away on Jan 30<sup>th</sup> 2006. Richard Wallingham better known as Dick was born in 1927 in Whitemouth Manitoba. His family moved to the Hammond - MapleRidge BC area in 1930 where he grew up. Dick moved to Dawson City in 1947 working first for YCGC, on the monitors and later, he moved to Whitehorse

and became a partner with Andy Hooper driving a 6x6 Right Hand drive truck. He also worked for Harry Johannes, and Roxy Carrier, and Clyde Wann over the next few years until moving in to MacKeno in 1950, to drive truck and start a taxi business. He helped build the road to Bell Keno with his old army truck. In 1953 he decided to sell all his equipment and business and move out of the Yukon back to BC. On his way through Mayo, Alex Wark needed someone to help Roxy Carrier run the Chateau Mayo Hotel while Alex went to Vancouver for 10 days. In that few weeks the ice bridge wasn't ready over the Stewart River and he met Margaret Wood and never did leave the Yukon. Roxy and Dick leased the hotel in early 1954 and in August he married Margaret Wood. In 1967 Dick and Maggie bought the Chateau Mayo Hotel and had it until 1987 when he retired. Dick was also partners with Geordie Dobson in the Keno City Hotel in the 1970's. Dick and Maggie retired to Whitehorse in 1988.

Dick leaves behind his wife Maggie of 52 years, children Elaine (John McLeod) Sam (Maureen) Walter (Wendy) his grandchildren Benjamin, Bronwyn, Desley, Tess, Erin, Lauren, Patty and Joe and his two great grand children Maggie and Alexander. His brother Bob and Dot Wallingham in Nova Scotia and his sister Shirley Tocher in Hammond, British Columbia. Dick will also be sadly missed by his faithful dog Mapouchie, a Jack Russell Terrier.

Dick will be fondly remembered by his friends for his quick wit, sense of humour, and his kind hearted ways.

We would like to thank Dr. Koltun, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Karachowski, the many nurses, Donna Hogan, and housekeeping staff, Roxanne and Austin for their caring.

As Dick wished, there will be no, memorial or funeral services.

## **REMOVED FROM LIST**

We're going to be away from mid February until the end of March, so please temporarily remove us from the mailing list. Thank you!

Keep up the good work. I love the photographs, too.

Pat Barker, [patlbarker@sympatico.ca](mailto:patlbarker@sympatico.ca) Grimsby, ON

Recipient address: [bardiel@telusplanet.net](mailto:bardiel@telusplanet.net)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

ARDIEL, Bob & Solveig [bardiel@telusplanet.net](mailto:bardiel@telusplanet.net) (In Whitehorse) Edmonton

## **MOVING**

We are moving to Summerland on March 1st so our internet will be off from Feb. 16th to about March 5th.

Our new address is 105-8408 Jubilee Road East, Summerland, B.C. V0H 1Z5 phone 250.494.0355.

Will be sending this years 20.00 as soon as we are settled. Keep up the great work we are really enjoying Mocketel.

Thankyou,

Jane McKay [jemckay@shaw.ca](mailto:jemckay@shaw.ca)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Poor workmen always find fault with their own tools.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

### GOLDEN GARLIC-BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

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

Topped with savory bits of garlic, these biscuits are the fluffiest ever.

|               |                       |
|---------------|-----------------------|
| 12 tbs        | cold butter           |
| 3             | cloves garlic, minced |
| 3 cups        | all purpose flour     |
| 1 tbs         | baking powder         |
| 2 tsp         | sugar                 |
| ¾ tsp         | salt                  |
| ½ tsp         | baking soda           |
| 1 cup + 2 tbs | buttermilk            |

Preheat oven to 400°F. Coat baking sheet with cooking spray.

In bowl combine 2 tbs. Butter with garlic; reserve. Cut remaining butter into cubes. In large bowl combine next 5 ingredients. With 2 knives or pastry blender cut in cubed butter until mixture resembles crumbs with some pea-sized pieces.

Stir in buttermilk until soft dough forms. Do not over mix or biscuits will be tough.

On lightly floured surface gently knead until dough holds together, about 4 times. Pat to ¾" thickness.

With 2 ½" cutter cut out 9 biscuits, placing 2" apart on baking sheet; bake 9 minutes. Microwave garlic mixture on High until melted. Brush biscuits with mixture. Bake 9 to 11 minutes or until golden.

Make it Plain:

Omit garlic-butter. Brush biscuits with beaten egg just before baking. Bake 15-18 minutes or until golden.

## **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)