

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 153rd Edition – March 26, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Whisky Flats Cleanup – circa. 1958

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)

Yes, that is Whisky Flats Sherron!

In the photo to the right side past the green house in the back ground was a gray house and I think it was ours, then Dick and Mini Dickson next to ours on the left. Oli Matson to the left of that, the Kosmenko's, and Vicane's place and then the float plane dock.

Ron Hiltz ronmarg@ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)

A TRAIL OF ADVENTURE AND TEARS

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

As I stood there and read from the stones of the dead,
In the graveyard of old pioneers,
In my dreams I sped fast to a hundred years past,
Down a trail of adventure and tears.
To a time when the word of a gold strike was heard,
From the Klondike in Canada's north,
And in thousands they came to seek fortune and fame,
To the Yukon and oh, how they fought.

When the strong and the frail took the ninety-eight trail,
From Skagway straight up to the crest.
As they back-packed their goods, through the ice fields and woods,
With scarcely a moment of rest.
They crept past the slide where so many had died,
To the ice stairway carved up ahead,
'Til they gathered at last, at the top of the pass,
Then down to Lake Bennett they sped.

There the winter was spent in their cabin or tent,
While they toiled sawing wood for their boat.
Then the hammers did ring so by breakup next spring,
There were thousands of craft set afloat.
They paddled and poled through the waters so cold,
Through Lake Bennett, Lake Marsh, to the Lewes,
And the world would take note of those rugged old boats,
And the strength of their foolhardy crews.

Through Myles canyon they sped, while ignoring the dead
In the boats that were crushed on the walls.
No time for regrets for their course has been set
For the Klondike where gold fever calls.
They skirted the snags and the treacherous crags
Where the white waters eddy and foam,
'Til they finally sped, past Whitehorse up ahead,
Then down towards Dawson and home.

Then one final charge through the waves of Laberge,
And on through Five Fingers they steam,
They now realize that they're nearing the prize,
The gold at the end of their dream.
At last there's a shout, as they're passing the mouth
Of the Klondike, and there to the north,
On the flat 'neath the dome, lay the tents and the homes,
Of Dawson, the prize that they've sought.

Now an aura of dread 'midst the tombs of the dead
Cause my own minor troubles to pale,
As I stroll there and muse on the hurt and abuse,
And the hardships they met on the trail.
They fought and some died, but oh Lord how they tried,
And their memory will live through the years,
We can live here today; they showed us the way
O'er a trail that's been dampened by tears.

TESLIN HISTORICAL BOARD MEMBER LOOKING FOR INFORMATION

Hi Sherron and Donna

Moccasin Telegraph is a gem. Thank you for the "Teslin, Yukon" issue.

I am writing a book about this area for the historical society in Teslin and have 8 chapters on the go. If any more information or informants on Teslin trickle in I will be eternally grateful for your forwarding the names/info or whatever.

I am interested in any past Moccasin Telegraph issues that touch on Teslin village itself, Teslin Lake and area, Telegraph Creek or the Stikine area and incoming trails/roads/rivers, Taku River area, Atlin, the Alaska Highway and RCAF flight line up this way and other remnants of life as it once was in this region. (It's a comprehensive book about "what happened" as far back as I can reach. Am reading HBC post records, surveyors reports etc). Often people who were building the bridges or highways, or who have been hiking over old trails, have photos or had a relative who wrote letters etc can tell wonderful tales... as you well know. Copies of photos, or good scans of letters, envelopes, postcards etc are gold to our museum archive. I'd appreciate leads to any other informants you might have heard of. I'll contact all those in this issue.

Thanks so very much for your contributions to the historical record.

Sharron Chatterton
Teslin Historical and Museum Society Board member
1 867 390 2042.
schatterton@yknet.ca

This book is for the Historical Society. It is not for me, nor am I paid. The Society will make copies, break it into sections etc for local people, the Yukon Territorial Archives, village archives, and our library, and also use them for history boards, create museum pamphlets etc. It is only a labour of love.

I would very much appreciate access to people who have lived in the region I am researching. These are the best sources. Am interviewing locals slowly and steadily. Will approach any Moccasin Telegraph subscribers respectfully and explain the voluntary and non-profit, archival objectives in my letter of request.

Sharron Chatterton

Comments from Anne Domes

These comments came about when Anne was helping with the identification of some photos for me. – Sherron

Here it is me again Sherron--- Yes Neil and Daisy Koebke lived just across from us, they were there, when we started our place- we had bought the corner lot on 3rd and Hoge and

the lot had an enormous concrete block on it, which was used by the Army, for storing ammunition, We could not blast it, had to demolish it with sledge hammer and muscle power, before we could start building, a great start. The Koebkes had running water (what a luxury at that time (1954-55) I think, they were somehow on the Army water line. Anyway, we could get drinking water from them, while we were building. Talk about the flats!! Mr. Mckinley (or similar) he was the gardener for the official houses in Dawson City, he moved to Whitehorse after it became the Capital City of Yukon, - and there I saw my first garden in the Yukon. I was supposed to look for somebody who had not shown up for work and I got so intrigued by that garden and talking to Mr. Mc? I forgot all about what my purpose was, going to the flats.

I would have a question to the MOC TEL readers. I have tried many ways to find out, what the house was called on Elliott between 1st and Second (we owned it for a while) It was green and square and it was the ????? house. (heritage) As far as I know, it was demolished a few years ago. Maybe one of the readers can remember the name and forward it to me. Thank you Anne M. Domes octavia13@northwestel.net (In Faro)

Re: the house on 1st. and Elliot: It was a square green 1 story house--in earlier years, the lawyer Wylie had his office beside, maybe they even lived there. In the back of our square green one story house, was a small building and Mr. Chan lived there- he had the Hollywood Cafe. The house was in the middle of the block. I think, the bigger house you are referring to, Sherron, was on front street and Elliot, when we came to Whitehorse in 1953, it housed the Post office. I remember picking up our mail there. Thank you for your effort. I hope, somebody remembers the name of it- it has been bugging me for a long time. Anne Domes



Above photo of area where the SS Klondike sits today?

Photo below shows same building from first photo and more.

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)

Sherron, please remember I was discovered so to speak in 54, but I use to play in the area where the first photo was taken! But as I remember where the yellow 60/100 weight truck was parked was a scrap yard, and where the white house with the green roof was where the Staley Family lived. I believe it is the same area where the Klondike sits and the parking lot and information stand sits and the millennium trail passes through. Looking back towards town in the second photo I believe is the train tracks, the curved road following the tracks, and I think where the two story green roofed house sits there was a corner store behind it and the road leading to Lions swimming pool passed in front of it, I remember the Staley family moved over to the same street, and were on the right side of the street as you would face the pool at the end of the street. Ricky Staley and I were child hood chums for a few early years, table top hockey and electric trains and coasting in winter down the sides of the train track area along whisky flats.

Ron Hiltz



View of Second Avenue at South Access Road?

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)

AN E-MAIL CIRCULATING THIS WEEK

A Doctor Steven Aung, a Chinese Doctor in Edmonton, has been given the Order of Canada, for combining and offering the best of Western medicine with traditional Chinese Medicine, namely Qi Gong.

As I re-call, the 'system ' literally crucified Dr. Brannigan for doing the very same thing, a few decades before.

Sad isn't it ? I wonder if Dr. Don is spinning in his grave ?

**In Dawson for Yukon Dog Musers event Dawson City March 2005. (cont'd)
Taking time out to revisit the sites in Dawson.**



Edward (Thompson) remembering his banking days in Dawson.



Gillian out for a walk.



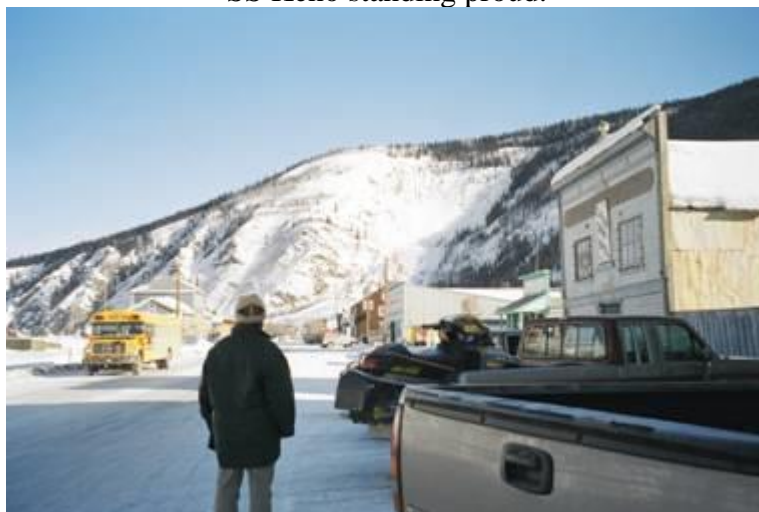
Bombay Peggy's.



Dawson's alternative to fencing the yard?
Siberian Husky watching intently.



SS Keno standing proud.



Edward surveying the slide.

Photos courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

IRISH STONES

My wife's Irish cousin teased me about wanting to do nothing but find "heaps of stones" which was her description of all the neolithic dolmens, castles, towers and churches which dot the Irish landscape. Thus the name Irish Stones. She was indeed right, I was fascinated.

Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca (In Whitehorse)

ECHOES OF AN IRISH PAST!

Written by Doug Bell

At first it was the stones that grabbed your eyes. There were stones, stones, stones – everywhere stones! Stone castles, stone churches, stone fences and barns and homes, and hearths of stone; and hearts as warm as the stone is hard.

The stones point to a distant past. Without memory, or story, they tell of strong, calloused hands lifting them from the green. They tell of hands shaping and transforming them into places to live in, to worship and die in. They tell of hands holding simple bone and stone tools, yet building wondrous works in stone.

The soothing green, cradling the stones, is nonetheless, relentlessly, one grain at a time, turning them to dust. The water of the land takes the dust to the all-enveloping sea. The isolating and nurturing sea holds the island, the green, and the Irish people in its grasp.

The sea, the green, and the past – intertwined like the braided tresses of an Irish colleen.

As you walk among Irelands green her past touches you as gently as a baby's hand stroking your cheek. Yet in other places it's as grating as a car scraping one of the ubiquitous stone fences.

In a once quiet valley, a thatched roof cottage rubs shoulder with an ancient castle, and modern yuppie homes.

We stop. The old man leaning on a fence gazing at his paint-splashed sheep is a living anachronism in a modern and booming economy. He's friendly, he's gruff, and he walks or cycles wherever he goes we find. There is no driveway, no truck, and no shiny new cars like the yuppie homes up the narrow curving road.

"Gentlemen farmers they call themselves, fancy cars, fancy houses, working in the city, no care for the land," he says, "Humph!"

"Go ahead take all the pictures you like," he says courteously as he mounts his bicycle, and pedals off toward the village for his mail.

"Say," he stops momentarily to drop a parting hint, "there's a place up the road you should see. Newgrange it is." He's sensed our interest in Irelands story.

He was so right. Newgrange, County Meath, Ireland is one of the world's sacred places.

With the Cave of the Sun as its other name Newgrange sits atop a predominant hill in the Boyne River valley. It's one of the oldest Neolithic structures in Europe. Pagan

engineers built this massive passage grave over five millenniums ago. It pre-dates Egypt's pyramids, and England's Stonehenge by several hundred years.

"Yet, as often is the way," said the old man, during our visit, "you'll not be hearing about it much. That's because it's Irish you know."

Seventy years, and 200,000 tons of stone were excavated, hewn, and carved with stone and bone tools to build Newgrange the experts say. With this gigantic passage grave ancient engineers demonstrated their sophisticated engineering skills and their astonishing astronomical knowledge. Above the only entrance sealed with a gigantic stone a D8 cat couldn't move they built a tiny window like a transom above a door, and not much larger.

The sunlight enters this "roof box", as they call it, at sunrise on the winter solstice, creeps slowly along a narrow sixty-two foot long tunnel entering a central burial chamber with a silent burst of light.

"There's a sense of awe, reverence, when inside this mound – time and space seem almost shifted. One is struck by the nearness of those who made this remarkable place."

This unknown writer is right on. Newgrange, the Cave of the Sun, is remarkable in many dimensions. It's a dome, plain and simple. A 250-foot diameter dome built at least three thousand five hundred years before Christ. A dome housing burial chambers beneath a 20-foot high vaulted ceiling built with hundreds of tons of interlocked stones without one dollop of mortar. A ceiling of hand crafted stones, which, after five thousand years, still keeps the dirt floor beneath it as dry as a desert. In a land where rain is the norm, not the exception, surely this places Newgrange in the realm of an engineering miracle, if nothing else.

Stretch your imagination as far as you can, and imagine any of the highly touted sports domes dotting this continent lasting a century, let alone fifty centuries, with a roof that doesn't leak?

After 5,000 years you would expect the place to be claustrophobic, and to smell stale and fetid. Surprisingly it is the opposite; it is still welcoming and cool.

And would you believe it, the burial chamber is shamrock-shaped? "Some say roughly cruciform," says Jo McGahey, "but I'm sticking with the shamrock shape. In the shamrock 'leaves' are stone bowls, which once contained cremation ashes. The remains of six people have been found."

Jo, who had the privilege of being inside when the sun joined them, shared a common reaction – awe!

"I had goose-bumps on top of goose-bumps."

None appear to be immune from the experience, and awe runs supreme.

- "When the sun strikes the roof box, and moves along the passage to the main chamber, it definitely gives you the feeling of being born again. It's awe inspiring to see that narrow beam of light crawl along the floor from stone to stone." Celia Larkin.

- "This is a moment of renewal, of rebirth for people of many faiths." Eoin Johnston, a Scots Buddhist

Mind you, as one of them commented as an afterthought, "You need more than a wee blink of sun to experience this marvel."

In Ireland these monuments are so common one gets the impression the Irish see them only through the eyes of their visitors.

"Heaps of stones," Eva calls them.

This bubbly wee colleen is partly right of course. A few of the 3,000+ historic sites are crumbling heaps of stones, but most still stand tall.

Holestones may be the exception. Tiny, even miniscule in comparison, to Newgrange, they are rare.

One of the four holestones found in Ireland stands amidst stone fences and blackberry hedges within sight of Belfast itself. It stands atop a rock table like a large stone pendant placed there as a gift for a giantess. The single hole through the top, where a pendants chain might go, is as smooth as silk. It was worn smooth by human hands the experts say. Only a neck chain is missing to make it a full-blown giant's pendant.

The experts are still guessing at its reason for being. "A holestone, or ringstone," they say, "is a consecrated place of pagan origin." "Maybe," they continue, "marriages were consecrated there with the couple joining hands through the stone. Maybe they were for the interchange of other oaths, or treaties, or promises of various kinds."

To this day 'maybe' is as far as the experts can go.

Maybe a holestone is a key to the castle of mystery we call the past. In the case of the Irish we have a past and a people "who saved the knowledge of western civilization from annihilation."



Hole Stone, near Doagh, Ireland - You can see Belfast when you're standing beside it - on a clear day that is.



Hole Stone, near Doagh, Ireland
Photo courtesy Doug Bell

That's the theory of author Thomas Cahill. In his recent book, "How the Irish Saved Civilization," he suggests we owe a huge debt to the Irish men and women of the past, and sets out his reason, and evidence, to prove it.

The flyleaf of his book sums it up this way: "From the fall of Rome to the rise of Charlemagne – during the "dark ages" when the barbarians overran the known world – learning, scholarship, and culture disappeared from the European continent. The great heritage of Western civilization – from the Greek & Roman classics to Jewish & Christian works – would have been utterly lost were it not for the holy men and women of unconquered Ireland."

"In Ireland, far from the barbarian despoliation of the continent monks and scribes laboriously, lovingly, even playfully preserved the West's written treasury. With the return of stability in Europe, these Irish scholars traveled the continent spreading learning. Thus the Irish not only were conservators of civilization, but became shapers of the medieval mind, putting their unique stamp on Western culture."

The ancient stones of Ireland gives us a glimpse, an introduction, into the story of one family of the world's families. The story of a people, any people, is our story too.

Poet Carl Sandburg said it this way:

"There is only one man in the world and his name is All Men,
There is only one woman in the world and her name is All Women.
There is only one child in the world and the child's name is All Children."

Should such wisdom ever take root the early promise of a paradise on earth might have a chance of being fulfilled.

MESSAGE FROM SANDY CAMPBELL

Good morning Sherron

Wondered if you could put a little something in the Moctel in condolences to Bev Buckway in the passing of her dog. His name escapes me right now, but I am sure that she is really missing him.

It has been busy at work, with the little van finally deciding it was time to pack it in for "retirement", and acquiring a lot bigger and newer one...ok so it is a 2006 model. The little van is sitting in the parking lot feeling really lost. Someone stole the plates off it, then seeing me drive this new one, it really felt unloved. Who says vehicles don't have souls.

My primroses, daffodils, grape hyacinths, iris', and tiger lillies are truly being tested. Not really having any winter until March 10th, when I woke up to a winter wonderland. We had several hard frosts, but no snow. Lots and lots of rain in January, and February. Guess the "Big Guy" realized that he couldn't drown us, so thought perhaps he best let us dry out a bit.

I was watching the news yesterday morning, and it showed -33 degrees below in Whitehorse. Oh, how I remember those days. Perhaps too well, even after 14 1/2 years of being "down south" or "the outside", as us Yukoners are so fond of saying.

Many times in the Yukon, I remember thinking that spring was finally here, with beautiful warm sunny days, with icicles dropping their frozen collections of winter's "dew", and the "lakes" from the accumulated snow, only to wake up the following morning to find "skating rinks" all over the place. What a disappointing "dream". But by afternoon, it was "springtime" again. The "Big Guy" has a sense of humour.

But sometimes. I really think that the "Big Guy" is getting his times and dates mixed up. For when we should be having winter, like in November to February, we are having more like a cold fall, and then when I would think that we should be having spring, we would finally have winter

Could it be a cruel way of getting back at us...for some unknown reason. There are not a lot of Yukoners up there, and so our accumulated "sun and warmth tax" that we have paid all year long, does not allow us to collect until sometime in May, with a taste or two between March and April.

Yet, the first day that it snows, we are excited. It is so wonderful to see the nice clean look of the new coating of snow, and how soon we forget that it is going to be around for a while, and all the trials and tribulations of winter will soon be upon us. But with the spring not "too" far away, we would accept it.

There is something truly special about living in the "North". With the first robin singing out their joy of a new spring on the horizon and new beginnings, to the first "crocus", which is really a pasque flower, to the new shoots on the trees, and the ice going out on the Yukon River, there is a sense of excitement, that always amazed me.

Meanwhile, in my back yard I have "wild" tulips and daffodils growing up like bad weeds, and I love each and every one of them. On Tuesday morning, while out walking with Sadie Lynn before going to work, I spotted a little snowdrop flower group that had pushed its way into spring.

Its little white heads, and green leaves, looking so delicate, I just wanted to protect it.

I immediately thought of Karen Shaw's story of the little snowdrop. Perhaps you could run it again? Perhaps not as it would be repetition. But it was so special.

Down in the "south", I drive for a living, and cover a good part of the Fraser Valley and the Greater Vancouver District, which encompasses about 700 square kilometers. I have the opportunity to see many different areas, and everywhere I look, I see the wonders of spring.

There are times when I have a long stretch to my next delivery, and it is then that I reflect back to "home". It seemed that there were some springs when the trees seem to take forever to finally burst their confines to show the world the brand new leaves that they have had hidden all winter. But get one or two really warm spring days, and you wake up one morning, and they are all fully filled out.

Down here, you notice the changes, but they are not as rapid as they seemed at home.

Yes, I really miss the Yukon for many reasons. The seasons were all so rich, and powerful, but it took me leaving the Yukon to know this. Hind sight is 20/20 they say. It may be true, but for some reason, it seems like 40/40....LOL

I was making a delivery out in the South Langley area the other morning and drove by a farm, and there I saw the most wondrous site. There were at least twelve baby lambs, all born in the last day or so. Their little bodies covered in the soft white down of their baby wool, and bleating like crazy for their moms. I stopped the van, and walked over to the fence to just enjoy the moment.

A couple of them came over to say hi, but "Mom" was near by, just to let me know that she was watching. These little lambs are so beautiful. They seem to me to be mischievous little imps, that seem to say, "Come and play, but you will never catch me", and they are absolutely right.

I volunteer for four hours a week at the Langley Therapeutic Riding Association, The farm that borders the "ranch", have a few head of cattle. Part of the paths that we take the riders on, runs right beside the farm. There have been four new calves born in the last

two weeks. They are so funny, and a real thrill for the riders, especially when the calves run up to the fence to say hi.

A couple of Saturdays ago, we were followed by a coyote. It was really amazing watching how the cows, droning out their long calls for the calves, grouped all the little ones together in the center of the herd. The coyote was more interested in the field mice, but they are not shy to take down a calf if the opportunity arose.

Anyway, I am enjoying watching the world being reborn in this new "neck" of the woods where I am now living. With my home backing right up to an old cranberry/blueberry farm that nature has recaptured, allows me to feel closer to home.

I have White Tailed deer, coyotes, rabbits, and all kinds of birds, including the beautiful, but noisy Stellar Jay, red tailed hawks, owls, and Great Blue Herons. I am very cautious of letting Sadie out without being carefully watched, but she is such a good girl, she does not wander off.

Well, I will close for now, and hope that spring a finds you all well, and that you have beautiful gardens and plentiful veggie gardens.

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca

HOUGENS HOCKEY TEAM

Sherron: Here is a Hougens Hockey Team photo that includes many persons who are on your Moc-Tel list. I know most of them but perhaps Don Murray, Centre front, or Les McLaughlin, back right, can give you a complete list. The picture was taken in March 1957.

Regards,
Rolf Hougen
Whitehorse



Hougen's Hockey Team - March 1957

Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen

Left to right back row:

Doug Solonick, Bobby Campbell, Alan Fromme, Ken White, Mike Scott, Les
McLaughlin, Joe Nolan

Front:

Vin Taylor, Donnie Murray, Ian Parsons.

Most names came from Les McLaughlin – then the following help. – Sherron

I cannot ID the one hockey player in the back next to Mike Scott, but our coach was Joe Nolan, a member of the RCMP.

Oh how we envy you.....after our wonderful winters in Yuma. We are preparing for the trip to Whitehorse to attend the Celebration of Bill Reid's life which is happening this Sunday. We are so looking forward to sharing with the Reid family and seeing faces not seen for years and years. It is certainly a sad occasion, but we are also so thankful we were able to give Bill that gift of togetherness last August at the Yukoner's picnic. Rusty and the family are determined to make the Celebration an event that Bill would have been glad to attend. We will be making some music along the way up there. Enjoy Yuma, and be sure to say hello to all of Lynne's friends in Los Algodones. She left mucho dinero there over the years.

Ian & Lynne Parsons

Yes, I am almost certain that this lad is Ken White. Ken had 2 younger brothers, Brian & Lorne, & perhaps more siblings. He is not of the other White clan, who came later & included father Vince, and sons Stewart, Boyd & Wayne.

Confirmation from Donnie Murray (he'll always be Donnie to me) and Les would be good.

Cheers.

Ralph Lortie

Yes those names would be right. Would be nice to find out somehow if we won this year. I don't remember. Maybe that is why the photo was taken. This was in the Juvenile Hockey League. – Les McLaughlin

That is a great copy of the photo. I will treasure it. I don't have many pictures of my athletic pursuits....I was always too busy blowin my horn. – Ian Parsons

This had to be one of the easiest jobs I have been tasked with.
Here Goes

Back row - left to right; Doug Solonick, Bob Campbell, Al Fromme, Ken White, Mike Scott, Les Mc Laughlin
Front row - left to right. Vin Taylor, me, Ian (Skeeter) Parsons.
The Coach was Joe Lamb, an RCMP member stationed in Whitehorse at the time.
Just as an aside I'm sure we won the cup that year, if I'm wrong I'll bet someone corrects me.
Best to all and hope to see everyone at the Vancouver Yukoners banquet on Apr 8 at the Hyatt.
Don Murray

The coach is R.C.M.P. Constable Joe Nolan. I was stationed with him in Whitehorse in 1953/54. There was a young guy named Lamb playing hockey there at about the same time but this is definitely Nolan. He is now retired and living around the Winnipeg area. Man that was a lot of years ago. I can recognize most of those kids but do not know a lot of the names, but could not put the correct names to the individual faces other than "Donnie" and Les.
Gus Barrett

CORRECTION TO THE SPECIAL EDITION - HOCKEY

The photo of the Hougen's team, and Rolf's accurate date for it, has caused me to make a correction in a part of my Hockey Special Edition. I had attributed the Whitehorse Beverages team to 1956-57, but it must be '55-56, since some lads are on both teams (notably Mike Scott).

For my own records, I have inserted Rolf's photo into my document and amended the prior date. Just to give you the whole record, as best we know it, I'll attach the improved Part 2 of the Hockey Special.

Since Mike Scott played for Hougen's juvenile team in 56-57, my date for the first Merchants photo must be wrong (since Mike's on that team). So the first two Merchants photos must both be from 1957-58, perhaps one taken early in the season. I'll change that in my document.

Regards. Ralph Lortie [rlortie001*sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca) (In Mississauga ON)

Anyone who may have missed the two part special edition on Hockey, prepared by Ralph Lortie, and would like to receive them - please contact Ralph Lortie for an updated copy. Ralph has kept a copy of all sports submissions to MocTel and would be happy to share them with anyone interested. – Sherron

KLONDIKE HISTORY PRESERVED

Hello Sherron. The following is a recent story aired on CKRW- Yukon Radio, as part of my Yukon Nuggets series heard at 6.45 am weekday mornings. Photos are attached for you to illustrate the story.

How Ethel Anderson Becker saved the Klondike's history.

One day in 1921, young Ethel Anderson stopped at Eric Hegg's photography studio in Bellingham, Washington. She wanted his permission to try and gather together his photos of the Klondike that he had taken back in 1898-99.

"It can't be done," said the photographer. "They are scattered far and wide."

Twenty-five years went by. Ethel married a Mr. Becker and raised a family. But she always had in the back of her mind those Klondike photos. Hegg had taken many photographs on a journey to the Klondike with her father P.B. Anderson during the height of the gold rush. Ethel was born in Bellingham but spent her first six years in a cabin on Eldorado Creek with her parents - one of the few children of the gold rush.

The photos must still exist somewhere thought Ethel Anderson Becker. Then, like some sort of miracle, she discovered two thousand of Hegg's negatives at Webster and Stevens Photographers in Seattle. The firm had come into possession of the photos from Mrs. Hegg when she and her husband split up a long time ago. Ethel Anderson Becker bought them all.

When she showed them to Eric Hegg in 1946, he was astounded. The old man had not seen them for more than forty years. Hegg told Ethel that there could be many more. He told her that when he left Dawson City for Nome in 1899, he left his glass plate negatives with a photography studio operated by Larrs and Duclos because he could not carry them. When Larrs and Duclos closed up shop in Dawson, they decided to hide the large glass negatives behind veneer sheets covering the inside of their log cabin home.

And there they lay, safely hidden from curious eyes, for many years.

Then, in the Fifties, a young woman working as a clerk in a Dawson store bought the Larrs and Duclos cabin. One day she reached up to see what made the sawdust drip over the veneer. To her amazement, she pulled out a glass negative plate showing boats going down Lake Bennett. There were many many more glass negatives behind the veneer. Now she could have a greenhouse - if she could get the ink or whatever it was, off the glass. However, her employer offered to give her real glass for a greenhouse in exchange for the glass negatives. She agreed.

In 1961, Ethel Becker travelled to Dawson City to refresh her memory for background on a novel she was working on. There she met a person who had those two thousand glass negatives of Hegg's photos.

Two years later, in 1963, Ethel Becker bought the negatives. She now had about four thousand Hegg photos of the gold rush. The collection was complete.

Many of the photos feature the signature of Eric Hegg on the bottom though some are marked Larrs and Duclos and others Webster and Stevens. But so far as Mrs. Becker knew, they were almost all taken by Eric Hegg.

Because of her work in tracking down this long lost photographic treasure, the epic story of the Klondike gold rush - from the line of stampeders on the Chilkoot pass to the home built boats on the Lakes, to men mucking for gold in the creeks - remains an unforgettable panorama of the Yukon's colourful history.

FYI: Of further interest to readers will be some background on Eric Hegg. He was a portrait photographer in Bellingham, Washington when news of the gold rush hit the outside world in 1898. He travelled to the Klondike to photograph and sell his "Klondike views." He was born in Sweden in 1867. The family emigrated to Wisconsin where he studied photography.

He joined the great migration westward in 1888 and settled first in Tacoma, Washington. He took photos of the forest industry and other aspects of daily life on the west coast. His first "studio" in the north was in Dyea. He advertised "Views of Alaska sent to all parts of the world."

After the Klondike rush, he moved on with the gold rush to the beaches of Nome, Alaska. He then returned to Bellingham where he continued work as a photographer until the mid 1940s. He passed away in the early 1950s.

His photos, especially of the stampedeers climbing the Chilkoot Pass, are etched in the fabric of Yukon history.



Eric Hegg

Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin



ETHEL ANDERSON BECKER

Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin



Hegg party on Crater Lake with goats for a dog team.
Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin



The Magnet Road House on the Bonanza Creek trail out of Dawson.
Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin



Hegg home built boat on the Yukon River with his advertising sign clearly showing.
Photo courtesy Les McLaughlin

ISLAND YUKONERS SUMMER PICNIC

A request came in this week for information on the date of the Vancouver Island Yukoners summer picnic. Some folks are wishing to make travel plans, even from Yukon.

Gus & Blanche Barrett have advised that St Mary's Anglican Church hall at Nanoose Bay has been booked for Saturday August 12th, 2006.
Further details will be posted in later MocTels.

For those who haven't attended before – the picnic is - a bring your own food and beverage event - and enjoy talking to old and making new friends among former and current Yukoners. – Don't be shy, introduce yourself and tell us a little about your time in Yukon. Although lunch is eaten about noon, do come early and have lots of time to visit.

As a reminder, Don Machan is looking for former students and associates from his time in Mayo, to contact him for a gathering later on the same day.

Gus' e-mail address soudoughs2@shaw.ca

Dons e-mail address demachan@telus.net



Iditarod Start 2006 – Anchorage to Nome 1049 miles.
Photos courtesy Babe Ross via her aunt Donna Clayson.



MAYO ROAD/TRUCKING STORY

Thanks for sending the MT 151. I really enjoyed the portion on the Yukon truckers. My Father for a short time drove to Cassiar and my uncle drove that route for many years in the 50's. I had what turned out to be my shortest job when I hitched a ride into to Cassiar

and ended up getting a job at the mess hall. I think I stuck it out for one or two hours and then I was back at the side of the road hitching a ride back to Whitehorse. It wasn't my cup of tea.

Take Care. Bye for Now.

Dave Perks birdsivu@telusplanet.net (In Grande Prairie)

Dinner time in Eagle River

These people living in northern Wisconsin put some corn out in the dead of winter to sustain the area deer. When they said the deer up here were as thick as dogs and cats-- they were not far off. Wisconsin community of rural Eagle River.



Rural Eagle River Wisconsin

Photo forwarded via e-mail from a friend in New Zealand.
A one of a kind photo, so I wanted to share it with you. – Sherron

A HELPFUL HINT - FOR MY FRIENDS WITH GLASSES

This really works: (at least with Microsoft Windows XP it works.)

I just found this out and thought I'd pass this on. It's very useful when trying to read small print (especially in the early hours). If you hold down the Ctrl key on your key board and then turn the small wheel in the middle of your mouse away from you or towards you, the print size will change - it will either get larger or smaller - depending on which way you turn the wheel.

PS: IF YOU ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THIS, SHARE IT WITH YOUR FRIENDS.

OBIT

It is sad to report the passing of my brother Robin Dalziel in Victoria on March 16th after a long illness, his faithful pal Roxanna Adams at his side. I will send you a proper obituary in a few days. Robin was the eldest son of June and "Dal" Dalziel who raised their family at Watson Lake and also Telegraph Creek and Dease Lake.

Yours,
Bonnie Dalziel bdal@uniserve.com (In Salt Spring)

Carol Buzzell gave me your e-mail address and said I should send in Harry L. Griffin's obit/story to you. In his younger years he resided in the Yukon and knew many people there. Over the years he has kept in touch with many of them. On March 7/2006 he passed away and so I thought it would be nice if you would add this obit to your newspaper. I am his daughter in-law Judith Griffin, I married Harry's Son, Leroy John Griffin.

Lee and Judy and Mary freely2@uniserve.com



Harry Leroy Griffin

August 8, 1926 - -March 7, 2006

Harry Griffin passed away suddenly in Dr. Helmcken Memorial hospital Clearwater BC on March 7, 2006 at 79 years of age. A resident of Louis Creek BC for the past 9 years,

Harry leaves behind Mary, his loving wife of 56 years, son Leroy (wife Judith) Griffin, grandchildren Sheri and Neal of Duncan BC, daughter Kathryn (husband John) Goulet , grandchildren Melissa and Crystal of Quesnel BC, as well as sister Maxine Bloomfield of Trail BC. Harry was predeceased by his parents, Levi John Griffin and Lucy BelleMae.

Harry was born in Premier BC. At the age of 15 He joined the merchant marines, after being discharged he worked on the steam tugs hauling logs from the Queen Charlotte's to Vancouver BC. As a young man he worked on the river boats on the Yukon river in 1947-48. During his course of life Harry and his wife, Mary lived in many wonderful places. While living in Whitehorse Harry worked for BYN. He hauled fuel and groceries up and down the Alaska Hi-way in the early 50's and Ore from Keno Hill. Trucking was in his blood and he drove a variety of vehicles. From taxis in Whitehorse to fuel trucks up and down the Alaska Hi-way. Harry's life was one of adventure. It seemed that his work always involved driving truck. He met some wonderful people along the way. While working for Chris and Tony Pallser in 1956-60 he wore out three trucks hauling house trailers from (at that time) the lower 48 states up to Fairbanks Alaska. Traveling up and down the Alaska Hi-way, he never knew who he would meet. Harry was always ready to help strangers, or as he would say a friend you haven't met yet. Simon Sobloff was one of these. A Russian immigrant who walked across the ice fields on the Bering Straight and settled in Fairbanks, a friendship that would last a lifetime. The Yukon is a beautiful country and it always tugged at Harry's heart strings. He returned there many times over his lifetime and now he will return one last time to join his friend Tommy Buzzell who has waited for him these past years. Together they can watch over the truck drivers on the Alaska Hi-way, fish the Yukon River and log the hills. Our Father, friend, grandfather and mentor will be missed. His quick wit, his ability to always make you laugh, his understanding presence will always be remembered.



Marie Pollard 1938 - 2006

Photo courtesy Russell Pollard clashcityrocker@shaw.ca

Marie Pollard (nee Jurovich) - It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Marie "Mimi" Pollard on March 22, 2006 at the age of 67. Marie was born and raised in Dawson City, Yukon along with her brothers Danny, George and Larry. It was there that Marie met her future husband, Ronald Pollard (deceased in 1997), an RCMP Constable. Together they moved to New Brunswick and then west to B.C., living in Trail, Kelowna, Victoria and eventually settling in Richmond in 1972. She was a devoted mother to her

five children and along with Ron they became active supporters of various sports teams in North Richmond. Marie was also a friendly and familiar face to shoppers at Richmond Centre. For over two decades, she was a cashier at Shoppers Drug Mart where she always had a smile and a kind word for everyone she met. Her warmth, generosity and good nature will be deeply missed by all who knew her. Marie is survived by her daughters Debbie and Kim; her sons Robin, Russell and Ryan; and grandchildren Danielle, Rebecca, Rachel, Robert, Justine, Joseph, Emma, Nathanael, Ryley, and Sara. A memorial service will be held at 1:00 pm on Wednesday, March 29th at the Richmond Funeral Home, 8420 Cambie Road.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

We have changed our email address as of today. It is

frizzell*northwestel.net

Our polarcom address will still be good until the end of the month.

Thanks

Don & Muriel Frizzell

Please take NOTICE that I have changed my e-mail address as of right now, 23 March 2006.

The new address is aksala49*telus.net Larry Chalmers

REMOVED FROM LIST

Recipient address: sasi@coldreams.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

White, Joan

Recipient address: erempel@citytel.net

Reason: Rejection greeting returned by server.

REMPEL, Eric

erempel*citytel.net

(In Whitehorse and Mayo

1971-78) Prince Rupert

Recipient address: elucier@bigfoot.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

LUCIER, Ed & Kathy

elucier*bigfoot.com

(Born in Whitehorse) 604

541-1608 Vancouver

NEW ADDITIONS

Carol Buzzell said I should get in touch with you so that I could get hooked up with the MocTel as from time to time I will be sending you some articles about my dad Harry Griffin. My mom and sister in law are sending you some stuff on my dad. Any way you have a nice day. Take care.

Kathryn Goulet jgoul*telus.net

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The successful man will profit from his mistakes and try again a different way.
- Dale Carnegie

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

No-Bake Peaches 'n Cream Pie

Submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

40 (2 ½") gingersnaps
2 Tbs. Sugar
¼ cup butter, melted
2 cups milk
2 pkgs (3.4 oz each) instant vanilla pudding mix
½ tsp. Vanilla extract
2 ½ cups thawed frozen whipped topping
2 cans (21 oz Each) peach pie filling
Additional whipped topping (optional)

Coat 9" pie pan with cooking spray. In food processor, process 25 cookies with sugar until finely ground; stir in butter. Using straight-sided measuring cup, press crumb mixture onto bottom and up side of pan. Refrigerate until firm, 15 minutes.

In large bowl, whisk together milk, dry pudding mix and vanilla until thick and smooth. With spatula, fold in topping.

Spread half of pudding mixture in crust. Break remaining cookies in half; place over filling, overlapping if necessary. Spread remaining filling over cookies. Refrigerate at least 2 hours or up to 1 day.

Drain 1 can of filling; spoon over pie. Repeat with remaining filling. Refrigerate up to 30 minutes before serving. If desired, serve with whipped topping.

Or

You can make this recipe into parfaits. Omit butter and sugar. Layer crumbs, pudding mixture, drained pie filling, cookie pieces and topping in 12 tall glasses. Refrigerate up to 1 day.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Date: April 8th, 2006

Location: Hyatt Regency Vancouver, Regency Ballroom, 3rd Floor

Tickets: \$55.00/Person, Advance purchase a must.

Cheques gladly accepted. Mail to Mary MacDonald

#309-5166 Halifax St., Burnaby, BC, V5B 2N6

Phone: 604-299-7533

Please provide the full names for each guest,
and advise if there are any food allergy issues.

Whitehorse: Tickets available from Gudrun Sparling

Phone: 668-3958

Vancouver Yukoners' Association
Annual Banquet - Premier Event of the Year

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

CONTACT INFORMATION

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