

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 155th Edition – April 9, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Spring in Yukon - Crocus

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknnet.ca (In Whitehorse)

FASCINATION

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

While sitting on my balcony,
More often than I ought'a,
I see the fascination that
Most people have with water.
It seems they can't resist the urge
To stop and watch the breakers surge

Seniors on their morning walk,
Will stop and, hand in hand,
Will listen to the ripple of
The sea upon the sand.
Then stretch an aching frame to reach,
A pretty pebble on the beach.

Young families, on a summer day,
Will sit and watch with pride
As little children romp and play
While wading in the tide.
Young voices ring like silver bells,
On sighting extra special shells.

Young couples sit in fading light,
Oblivious to weather,
And on a bench, in fond embrace,
Will plan their lives together.
Then as the sun sets on the shore,
They pledge their love forever more.

These things I know to be the truth,
It didn't just occur to me,
From grandparents to callow youth,
There's fascination with the sea.
How do I know all this, you say?
I sit and watch it every day.

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Sherron, about 12-15 years ago, my parents decided to document their lives for my sisters who had not had exposure to the people and places that older friends and family talked about all the time. Dad's chapters had to be completely retyped because only the hardcopy survived the demise of my old Apple IIE. These 2 chapters set the stage for his recruitment to the NC Company in 1940, following his adjustment to Dawson and subsequent forcible transplant into Whitehorse and the world of Caterpillar equipment, and end with his arrival at the wedding he almost missed. It was written as a tale told to his two youngest daughters who knew little of the places and people. I have chosen to leave it thus. – Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer [mainerm1@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca) (In Burnaby)

TUBBY TUBMAN BECOMES A YUKONER

Chapter I

Sometime around 1937, I quit school. I got a job in the shipping department of a large wholesale hardware company in Victoria, McLennan, McFeely, and Prior. They later became Ackland's. After some time in shipping, I was moved to inventory control. The really broad and thorough knowledge I gained in the business was to stand me in good stead later in life.

It was an interesting place to work. I started at thirty-five dollars a month, and worked like a dog. The Great Depression was still on. I would like to have a dollar for every one hundred pound keg of nails I lifted each day. But the scenery was good. The company plant was on the corner of Government and Johnson Streets. Johnson Street was the "Red Light" district at that time. I used to wonder where all the fellows would disappear to on the hot summer afternoons. I finally found them, looking out of one of our upstairs windows at the "girls" sunning themselves (in the buff, of course) on the roofs of their establishments. Our narrow-minded bosses finally put an end to our sightseeing.

I stuck to the hardware job for about three years before deciding to get an outside job. I had no trouble getting a job at the Ogden Point docks, looking after the “rigging loft”. This was where the slings and other gear were stored that the longshoremen used when loading and unloading the ships.

I hadn’t worked at this ling, perhaps a few months, when a stranger came up to me. He said he had heard I had a good knowledge of the hardware business. If that were true, would I like to go to Dawson city to work? I said, “Sure, but where is Dawson City?” He asked if I had heard of the Klondike. I said “Yes”, but to me it was to Hell and gone North. To make a long story short, I was on my way in a week. This would have been April of 1940.

I took the CPR Steamer to Vancouver; Dad and Elsie met me at the dock. Dad and Elsie had been married only a short time and I had not yet met her. I can’t say I was overjoyed at the time with the marriage but she seemed very friendly. I stayed with them a day or two and then headed north on the CPR “Princess Charlotte”. This is where I met Pete Kerluke for the first time, the beginning of a very long, close friendship. He had no work lined up at all. I felt lucky in having a job to go to. On arrival in Skagway, we boarded the White Pass Railroad, bound for Whitehorse. From the train, we went directly to the river paddle-wheeler, “Whitehorse”. This was a beautiful way to travel; the scenery was beautiful during the two and a half day journey downstream to Dawson City.

As we came around the bend, we spotted Dawson. Had we had the money, Pete and I would have turned around and gone home. There had been a big fire on Front Street; what we first saw was the blackened ruins. All the buildings seemed to be leaning against each other and threatening to tumble down.

The Company did not have my room ready above their store so they put me in a hotel close by. This was a hotel unlike any I had ever seen. The floors sagged here and rose there so you went down the hallways like a drunk. There were big gaps top and bottom of the doors. There were no locks on the doors. There was no plumbing in the rooms for washing, just a crockery basin and pitcher. The bed was not bad but all night my door kept opening as people checked to see who the stranger was. They meant no harm, were just inquisitive, so I couldn’t get hostile about it.

Before I go any further, I had better tell something about the company I had come to work for. The Northern Commercial Company (N.C. Co.) was an old established firm with head offices in Seattle. They were similar in operation to the Hudson Bay Co. The N.C. had large mercantile stores in Alaska and Yukon, located in the larger towns, with trading posts in the smaller settlements. You could buy almost anything you could ever need in the larger stores: huge sacks of food, clothing, china, hardware, building supplies, anything you could name. They also had the Caterpillar dealership, Ford, Chrysler, and the Aeronca line of aircraft! At one time, they also had a fleet of river steamers plying the Yukon River.

Above the store in Dawson, there was an apartment for the manager. The single men had good accommodation up there, too. Even in the coldest weather, we kept comfortable as the heating was by hot water, furnished by a large, wood-fired boiler. We had all the hot water we needed. We only had to go out to eat in the restaurants nearby.

Because Dawson was so isolated at that time, ninety-nine percent of all the necessities of life had to be brought in on the river boats during the summer. Some items were transported by tractor-train in winter, from Whitehorse. Mail and some light goods were brought in by plane. Because the N.C. was the chief supplier in the area, they had to carry huge inventories. The main store complex, including warehouses, freezer rooms for meat, space for building materials and plumbing supplies, covered one city block. Other large warehouses were scattered through town.

In Dawson City, as in most Northern towns, drinking was probably the number one pastime. If there were no excuse, you invented one. The arrival or departure of a riverboat was always a good one. At the sound of the boat's whistle, much of the town came to a standstill, as folks left their stores to go to the docks for the boat's arrival. Most of the boats came from Whitehorse, not so many from Alaska.

The hotels in town each had bars, illegal, but usually tolerated by the R.C.M.P. If there were to be a raid, the hotel was usually forewarned. Second Avenue had its "red light" district but V.D. apparently was not a problem.

There were other things to do for recreation. In fact, there was always a lot to do for recreation. I did lots of hiking on the hill, fishing, and hunting. As I used to do a lot of running in Victoria, I continued in Dawson. Often I would take off, on a summer evening, on my own, and run over the hill to the Indian settlement of Moosehide. I never did clock the distance but would guess the distance would be four to five miles. Most of the fellows thought I was crazy.

In winter, we did a fair amount of snowshoeing, bobsledding, and skiing. I became a member of the Midnight Sun Ski Club. Although I was never any good at skiing, I did manage to get along. I had two memorable ski sessions. The first was the first time I had ever been on skis. The fellows who had been at it awhile asked if I wanted to give it a try. They were to ski to the top of the hill behind the town (the Dome). As the sport appeared easy, I agreed to give it a go. Of course, I outfitted myself with proper ski-clothes but I refused to wear long-johns, as I had not yet felt the cold. I did manage to make my way to the top of the hill but, in so doing, froze (not badly, but damned painfully) my exterior plumbing system. I guess I was concentrating too much on keeping up and not enough on what was happening. I fell on every turn back to the ski club cabin. The next occasion was when my Norwegian friend, Arne Anderson, conned me into making a ski jump. He made it look simple, as he had been doing it since he was small. I completely wiped out, breaking a ski. The wrist that took the brunt of the fall still bothers me. I still had to get back to the cabin so Arne told me to place my feet directly behind his skis and to hang onto him and follow his moves. We went down the hill just fine but, when we hit the narrow ski trails in the bush, I was lost on the first turn.

Winding up among the bushes, I elected to walk in the snow back to the cabin. Everyone but me got a kick out of it all and, as I recall, after a hot rum or two, I could see the humour of it, too.

After living over the N.C. for some time, four of us decided to rent a house and move. We were Pete Kerluke, Frank Cody, Harry Fatt, and I. (You will remember Pete as Pete Kerr, as he changed his name when he moved to Burnaby a few years before we did.) The move worked out pretty well and we all got along fine.

Pete and I had become very close friends. Pete was the one directly responsible for my meeting your mother (Peggy Hoggan). Pete was going with one of your mother's girlfriends (Avis Hulland) and thought I should get into the act. I did. The trouble was, she lived eight miles from Dawson (in Bear Creek). To the rescue came an old, crippled N.C. employee, for whom I did many things. He volunteered his old Model A Ford sedan to use as my own.

This started at least weekly trips to Bear Creek. Luckily, I hit it off with her Mum and Dad and her brother, Frank. The mechanics of getting the car mobile in the extremely cold weather were sometimes a problem, but we managed. At least twice on the drive to Bear Creek, I was accompanied by coyotes running either side of the car, close enough to touch with a yardstick. They seemed to enjoy it as much as I. I am sure that on weekends, I came close to eating the Hoggans out of house and home, but Peg's parents became like parents to me.

Obviously, your mother and I hit it off right from the start. Little did I know that, before long, I would have to leave her and her wonderful family.

(To be continued)

HENRY BREADEN

Hello Sherron,

I am sending you a picture taken Feb. 15, 2005 an evening out in Nanaimo. This was a wonderful occasion, as with me doing family research. Robin and I met though the internet 2003. Robin and Liz made a trip from Surrey, England in February of last year. Robin is a son of Henry's mothers' brother.

My husband Bill and I flew out to Nanaimo so as we could all be together. What a wonderful few days it was.

With Henry's health, I was glad to see an update on the Moccasin Telegraph sent in by cousin Lura and Auntie Alice. I phone Auntie Alice and my brother Bill to keep updated on my Uncle. He is very special to me.

I have all his stories which he has written to the Moccasin Telegraph. It tells me so much of his life, and so much history of my birth place.



Left side: My Uncle Henry Breaden, Auntie Alice Breaden, myself Pat Bakewell (nee Fulton), and Liz Harding (Robins wife).

Right side: Robin Harding cousin to Henry, my husband Bill Bakewell, my brother Bill Fulton, and his wife Edith Fulton.

My parents Audrey (one of Henry's sister's the other being Vera) my father Jim Fulton and four children Bill, Sheila, Patsy me, Jim left the Yukon in 1944. We children were all born in Mayo Landing. I don't know when Landing was taken off of Mayo? or if it is. A question I will have to ask my Uncle. As my birth certificate says Mayo Landing. My husband Bill was in the Army, retired after 25 years in 1977. Bill was a radio technician and worked at R.C.E.M.E, at the same time my Grandfather, Spot Cash Breaden worked there, while we were posted in Whitehorse 1959/63. We spent many wonderful times with my families there. Our son Brian was also born there in 1960.

I always wondered about the Ice Worms? One beautiful star lit evening Uncle Henry was going to take me to see the ice worms. Away we went in his car too find some of these ice worms. Well, I still have not seen any ice worms, as Uncle Henry got stuck in the snow. They pulled my leg for years over these Ice Worms. Gosh, if Wilf Carter could sing about Ice Worms. I wanted to see them.

Our thoughts and prayers are for Uncle Henry to continue getting stronger each day. He likely has many more stories to write. I have so much more to learn from him and his experiences. Return home soon Uncle Henry, we're all waiting to hear from you.

Cheers for now,

Pat and Bill Bakewell (nee Fulton) [mayo-gal*telus.net](mailto:mayo-gal@telus.net) Wainwright, Alberta.

Yes, my email address comes from where I was born.



The future Klondike Queens ??? With Grandma's expressive eyes !!!
Jessica Jane Campbell and Angela Yvonne Campbell
Born: Sept 6th, 2005 - Photo: Jan 10, 2006
Gillian Campbell's Granddaughters



Our favourite 'Queen of the Klondike' herself
*(Gillian sent along this postcard with the photo of the twins;
I wanted to share it with you. All this arrived in a Jim Robb envelope marked
('via Yukon Mosquito Express.') - Sherron*

MAINTAINING CANADIAN ENGLISH IN WORD DOCUMENTS

Hi, Maribeth, I just read about your problem in the current MocTel about keeping your Word docs in Canadian English. Down at the bottom of your Word document in the middle of that bottom line of information (where it reads Page, Sec, At, etc.) you will see English (US). Before you start typing, so with a blank document, double-click on that and a dialogue box will pop up, listing every language under the sun, including English in umpteen variations. Select English (Canadian). Then click on Default, which will ask you if you want to make the selected language the default setting. Click Yes, then close.

If you are trying to change an existing document from American English to Canadian English, insert your cursor anywhere, select All (i.e. CTRL+A) so that all your text is highlighted, and then go through the above steps. If you have an American English document, and you try to change to Canadian English without selecting All first, only what you type after changing to Canadian English will be in Canadian English, but then if you insert your cursor someplace else you will be back to American English.

After you've changed your default setting to Canadian English, if you open a document that was typed in American or British English or any other language, or you copy and paste American English text into your Canadian English document, that will still be in the language that it was originally saved in and so you'll have to change it to Canadian English.

Hope this helps,

Barbara MacDougall barbaramacdougall@rogers.com (In Paris ON)

WORD HELP FROM DONNA CLAYSON

Hi Maribeth

I see you have a question regarding the Canadian spelling of words.

In Microsoft Word:

Click on Tools
Click on Language
Choose English (Canadian)

If you still have a problem then when the spell-check identifies the word as misspelled then choose "Add". This will add the word to your dictionary and it won't come up as misspelled again.

Hope this helps.

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan)

THANKS FROM MARIBETH

Thanks to MocTel readers, I now know I was doing what I was supposed to do. Admittedly, many of the documents I have worked on in the past 2 years have been revisions of old documents. That does not explain what was happening with new documents, though. Apparently, I am not alone in my frustration at Word arbitrarily resetting itself. I wonder if it happens during automatic updates, between sessions of working on a document. I am working on quite a large document right now and have not yet had a problem with it. Thanks for the tips, everyone.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

JIM ROBB – JIM ROSS

Do you know if Jim Robb has an e-mail address as I knew him many years ago he also was born in Montreal study his art there as well we always chided each other as his name is Jim Robb and mine is Jim Ross both from Montreal how about that.

Jim Ross jimross@shaw.ca (In Kelowna)

COMMENTS FROM SANDY CAMPBELL

Good evening Sherron

What wonderful contributions that were made with the passing of Bill Reid, Marie Pollard (Jurovich), Mrs. Lydia Lee and Robin Dalziel. It is so incredible how we touch each other's lives, and how those that crossed paths with us throughout our lives, remembering things, times and places that we may have forgotten over the many years.

My thoughts and prayers to all the families that are experiencing this hard time.

Ice Sculptures:

What incredible ice sculptures. It always amazes me how these are created, out of snow, and ice. They are absolutely beautiful.

Whiskey Flats:

I know that we lived there for a short time before Dad bought an 8 x 45 foot trailer, with an addition, in the Whitehorse City Trailer Court. I only know this as Mom and Dad

have confirmed this fact. I don't remember the "house", as I would have been only about two at the time.

I vaguely remember Murphy - "the Honey Wagon Man". It was a "special" day when he would make his "visit". If I remember right, he never turned down a hot up of coffee, and a piece of homemade pie.

I don't recollect exactly what he looked like, so if anyone has a picture of him or his truck, can you send it along?

Henry Breden:

I am glad to hear that Henry is on the road to good health. Dad was asking about him when I spoke to him the other day, so I will pass on this new news to him.

Dad is really looking forward to being here for the Yukoner's Banquet, and mentioned that he hoped that Henry will be well enough to make it over for the Banquet.

Hi to you Henry from Dad and I.

Whitehorse City Trailer Court:

We were on the front row. Ogilvy Street was right across from the trailer.

I do remember the trailer as being blue, and facing the tracks and "loading sheds", of the White Pass and Yukon Route Railway, which ran parallel to 2nd Ave. At the time it was the end of 2nd Ave, and it was close to the dog pound.

Irwin Armstrong:

There was a fellow that used to take care of the dog pound and should warrant the ranks or distinction of "The Colourful Five Percent". He is not spoken of often, but definitely one of the Whitehorse's interesting characters.

His name was Irwin Armstrong, and though I did not really know him well, I remember that he had a very "interesting" smell, that wafted after him. I used to think that he was related to Santa Claus in some way, as he had a long white beard.

I know that he was not well thought of, but I had never known him to have hurt anyone. He used to walk by our place every day and back again. I remember a couple of times when he would stop by the house, but I never remember him getting past the door.

He never really had a home that I know of, and I often wondered whatever happened to him. If anyone out there knew him, or anything about him, it might be fun to share.

I know that he did many different jobs, but the one thing I do remember, he was one of the first "recyclers" I had ever met. I always found him to be an interesting person, and had I been older, I think that I would have liked to have shared a cup of coffee with him.

Gus Barrett:

A note to Gus about this week's poem. It brought tears to my eyes. I believe there must be a purpose that our troops are over there, and that there is a hope that they are trying to make a difference, but do they have to die doing it? Thank you for putting so many of the thoughts that I have encountered to verse.

Lions Pool:

Can someone tell me.....is the Lion's Pool the same as the YWCA Pool?

If it is, my brother, Ian, and I sold buttons to raise money to put a roof over the pool.

It was in the summers of 1972 and 1973. We would sell door to door at the Alas/kon Border Lodge, to the bus tours, the Airstream Caravans, and every person that we could possibly think of.

They were 25 cents each, and in those two summers, I think that we must have sold at least 10,000 of them.

We would go out every evening from 6pm to 8 pm, and usually had to go back a couple of times to "refill" our stock.

Mary Taylor, best known for her flower catalogue at the Beaver Creek Information Center, was our supplier. I don't really remember how Ian and I got involved, but we were, and I remember so vividly, reaching into the clear plastic bag and extracting a button, and receiving the quarter, and then depositing the quarter in the bag. We had our sales pitch down pat, and sometimes so well, that we would almost say it in harmony.

We sold a record amount and were offered two weeks at the pools free of charge, but were never to realize this. It would have been great, but due to circumstances in the family, we "lost" out.

Clyde Wann:

Wow!!!! that man was an incredible entrepreneur.

I did not know that he started Yellow Cabs. I dispatched for Ted Miles in the summer of 1979 for three months.

Clyde Wann had so many talents. I know that he opened and ran many hotels/motels along the Alaska Highway, the Casa Loma, White River Lodge, the Alas/kon Border Lodge in Beaver Creek to name a few.

But I understand that he was also a pilot, and those that knew him said that he never stopped moving. If he wasn't talking, his feet a tapping, a smoke in one hand, and a coffee mug close by.

Perhaps someone out there knows some really neat stories about him.

Thank you Sherron for putting together another very successful edition and thank you to all of you that keep contributing such fascinating material.

I know that I am one of the young ones, so I have not the history to share as the rest of you, so I enjoy hearing your stories, please keep them coming.

Here's to many more stories

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

WHISKEY FLATS

Ah, Whiskey Flats. What memories the last two Moc Tels bring. When I moved to Whitehorse in April of 1959, having left Colleen in Vancouver to sell our house, the only place I could find to rent was a cabin in the Flats. I thought it was pretty nice, small but adequate for us near newly weds. And it had running water, a hand pump at the kitchen sink. What more could we want? Anyway when Colleen arrived a month or so later she would have none of that and between her and aunt Mabel Taylor found more suitable accommodations up behind Tourist Services. When we built our first Whitehorse house on Teslin in Riverdale the following year I can still smell the wood smoke coming from the Whiskey Flats chimneys on cold winter days as I drove to work at Hougens. Weren't those the days?

Ron Butler ron_but*shaw.ca (In Parksville)

Then in reply to my query – Sherron

Mable Taylor was my mothers' sister and she was Herb Taylors' wife. Herb was the Territorial Secretary as you probably remember and is now in the home up on Granger, behind Hillcrest. Can't remember the name of it. Mable died the summer of 02.

Ron

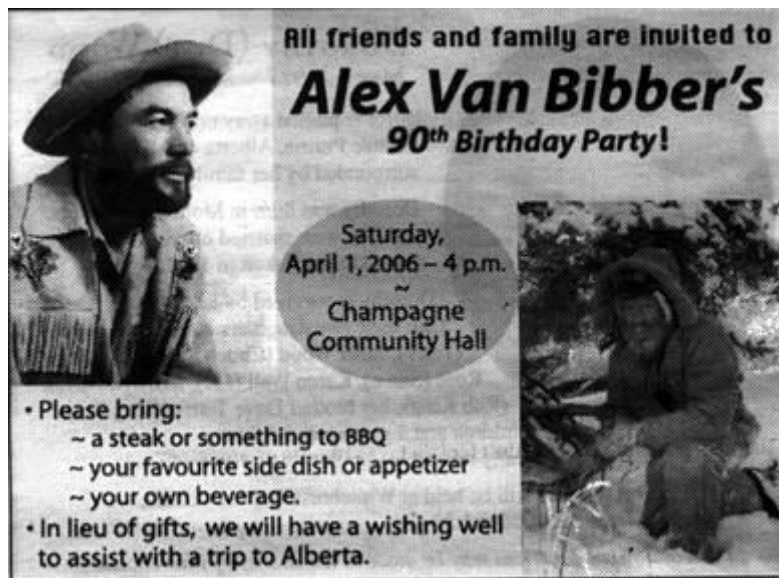
ALEX VAN BIBBER

Hi Sherron:

At 3 p.m. (Saturday, April 1st) Ken Mason and I drove up to a little town called Champagne. It's about a 1 hour drive from here. There is an Indian Chief named 'Alex Van Bibber' who is celebrating his 90th birthday. The last name, Van Bibber, is because his father was a Dutchman and his mother was native. He is pretty famous and has even been in movies. He is a game guide as well.

Kelly Hougen, one of the sons of the 'Hougen's store' clan married his granddaughter. Heather is pretty well educated and even worked for Dave Ordish, the chartered accountant here in town.

Bill & I and Ken Mason used to take our snowmobiles and drive up the highway about 10 miles past Champagne, off load the snowmobiles and go in about 30 miles to Kelly Hougens cabin at Moraine Lake. We always stopped at Champagne to visit Alex and his wife Sue, both coming and going. Sometimes he would drive his snowmobile out to Kelly's cabin later. Being the only girl, I usually ended up doing the cooking. I would hook the rest of them to do the dishes. The guys would play guitars and I would play fiddle and we would sing. So we are going to do this again. There will probably be lots of moose meat and other wild meat...the eatable kind.



It starts about 4 p.m. and we will be back about 11 p.m.

Dave Ordish and his wife Kathy Buckler, took me out to breakfast Saturday morning at the Casa Loma, or Alice's Café.

I am doing like Bill wanted me to do...keep playing music, enjoy myself, socialize and then when it is my turn to go...he said...don't be late. He was always a guy to be on time. He sure has me well trained.

Kelly Hougen's wife, Heather, was taking pictures up there. I believe she is Alex Van Bibber's granddaughter (Chambers). Is she on your list? Maybe she would send you some pictures taken of the evening.

Bye for now. RUSTY REID rustyreid*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

COMMENT FROM DON MACHAN

Re: Alaska Highway truckers; Walter Green was the one I was most familiar with. I met Walter when I was teaching at Hudson Hope. Walter was hauling coal out of the Hudson Hope coal mines. Later, in the Fifties, he was hauling freight from Dawson Creek to Whitehorse, and I had a memorable chance encounter with him and his truck, between Watson Lake and Lower Post, but I will save that rather lengthy tale to another time. In fact, I believe I may have contributed it some time ago.

Don Machan demachan*telus.net (In Qualicum)

30th HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

We are hosting a 30th High School Reunion in Whitehorse in July and are trying to get the message out. Would this be something you might be willing to post on the Moccasin Telegraph?

Our notice is as follows:

**FH Collins High School – Class of 1976
30-Year Reunion in Whitehorse, Yukon
July 21-23, 2006 –**

Please contact: Monica Kulych @ 867-668-8000
Or mkulych@northwestel.net

Thank you very much!

Vickey Aschacher
25 Redwood Street
Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 4B2

A POINT IN HISTORY

On Wednesday of this week, at two minutes and three seconds after 1:00 in the morning, the time and date was -

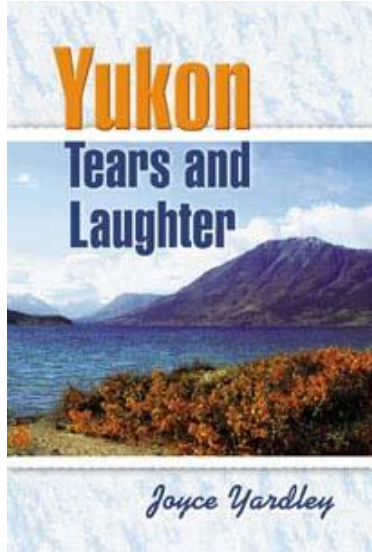
01:02:03 04/05/06

That won't ever happen again.

Don & Inez Bolstad [ianddbolstad*cablerocket.com](mailto:ianddbolstad@cablerocket.com) (In Grand Prairie)

HEADS UP FROM ELWOOD LYLE

Sherron: I accidentally found this, interesting.
Elwood



ISBN: 0-88839-594-9

Binding: Trade Paper

Size: 8.5" X 5.5"

Pages: 176

Price: \$13.95

Status: Upcoming Spring Release

PR Highlights: End of April!

To order go to - <http://www.hancockhouse.com/> and click on **Title** and enter **Yukon Tears and Laughter** then click on Search and then on the image of the book.

REPLY FROM JOYCE YARDLEY

Hi Sherron,

Yes, Hancock House is advertising my book already. Actually the shipment of 4000 books is already on the way from Indonesia where they were printed, but guess it takes a few weeks to get here ... They did send HH a couple of copies by Airmail, and David tells me he's mailed one of them to me (which I should get tomorrow) but until the bulk of them arrive, they can only be *ordered* in advance ...

Then I can have a book launch!

By the way Sherron, please let everyone on MocTel know about this amazing site below. There was even a piece about it on the local news tonight at 11: PM (Apr 3rd, 2006)
HORNBY ISLAND --- BALD EAGLE NESTING --- LIVE STREAMING VIDEO !!

If you want to visit the eagle immediately without reading about the site (below) hit the following hot button to our Hancock House / Hancock Wildlife site.

Initial URL: <http://www.hancockhouse.com/>

At the top of this new page is the direct link to details of the Hornby Island Bald Eagle Nest: -- the RED [Live Streaming Video from Hornby Island Eagle Nest](#)

And from this same site you can click on his “what’s new” section and read a chapter of my new book *Yukon Tears and Laughter !*

Cheers, Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

MANY MORE MEMORIES FROM DON MACHAN

In the recent edition of MocTel, (unfortunately erased), Irene was reminiscing about the residents of yore in Whiskey Flats or Moccasin Flats, I can’t remember the location. She mentioned one of the residents, Al Schick, employed at Porky’s Menswear. I am positive that this would have been Al Check, a long time acquaintance of mine, from about 1946, when we were good buddies in Regina, Saskatchewan. Al came to Yukon to visit us, hoping to get in on the ground floor of the massive Wenner-Gren Project that was creating great excitement in Yukon about 1953-54 with its massive and very ambitious plan to divert the waters of the headwaters of the Yukon River system into the Rocky Mountain Trench south through British Columbia and eventually to California. Al had just completed a long term of employment on the construction of the Kitimat-Kemano Project working in the offices, and hoped to get involved in a similar way with the Wenner-Gren Project. Unfortunately the W-G Project never did get off the ground. Al stayed with us for some months in Mayo, and worked for a time in the offices of UKHM at Elsa, later going to Whitehorse to be employed at Porky's Menswear and later as manager of the menswear department at Hougen's where he worked for many years. Al is now residing in a senior’s apartment complex at Horseshoe Bay. It is the five storey building at the end of the main business street in Horseshoe Bay. He lived in the area not far from the seaplane docks. I believe the SS Klondike is located in that general area. We lived for a time on Hawkins Street in 1955-56. If I remember correctly, the people next door to us were the Scotts. I think he was involved in a dairy business of some sort, and again, if I remember correctly, he inherited a mansion or castle in Britain and they moved there. Perhaps someone can verify or refute my recollections.

MocTel can chalk up another Kudo. I had an e-mail from Diane (Bidlake) King enquiring about Jeannie Smith, daughter of Alec and Nancy Smith. I was able to provide the necessary connecting information to enable these two former bosom buddies and classmates to re-connect. MocTel is such a treasure and provides untold pleasure to so many. May it so continue, and we thank you. Jeannie doesn't have a computer, but has access to one, so I have given her my C/D collection of MocTel editions for 2003-2004. I expect that it might even prompt her to acquire a computer.

Incidentally, Jeanne Smith lives in a rural area near Parksville, here on beautiful Vancouver Island. She has her eldest daughter and her grandchildren nearby. There is a rustic sign which she inherited from her parents, who have gone to their reward, which reads "Yukon Alec", in remembrance of her father, who was one of a kind, one of the most interesting persons I have ever known, and a heart of gold, too.

Sincerely,

Don Machan demachan@telus.net Qualicum Beach, B.C. (Yukon 1951-1961)

P.S. I regret that I will not be attending the Vancouver Yukoners get-together I wish all of you well.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Sherron, just a note to tell all, we have been dragged kicking and screaming into the 21st century-- new computer and hi speed!!!!!!!

Please note new address mjflumerfelt@northwestel.net

Regards Marsha Flumerfelt

A SERIOUS SURPRISE

I received this surprise in my e-mail this morning, sent to me by one of the nominators, because the original copy will be sitting in my mail at home. I was in shock at first and now I am very humbled and full of gratitude to all of you who have submitted material to be shared in the Moccasin Telegraph over the past three years thereby making it the success it has been and this award possible. I will be happy to accept this award and give thanks to you for making it possible. I will not forget it would not have been if it were not for the submitters.

My curious nature has given me the momentum to keep this project going and now I am curious to know who the other nominators were ???

THANK YOU !!!

Now the task of making plans for a trip to Yukon this summer.

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER

March 27, 2006

File No. 131-3-1

Ms. Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon, BC
V1B 1V8

Dear Ms. Jones:

Re: Commissioner's Award for Public Service

The Commissioner's Awards Committee has unanimously approved nominations submitted for you to receive a Commissioner's Award for Public Service.

Congratulations!

Commissioner's Awards for Public Service may be presented at the Commissioner's Tea on June 11th in Dawson City or at other events such as Canada Day in Whitehorse on July 1st.

Please advise the Commissioner's Office at 667-5121 of your availability to receive the award and on which day you would prefer the presentation. We can also be reached by email at cathy.cheeseman@gov.yk.ca and lawna.macleod@gov.yk.ca.

Yours truly,



Cathy Cheeseman
Executive Assistant to the
Commissioner of Yukon

Cc: **Nominators**

NEW ADDITIONS

Wow ... that's great Sherron ... it must be a lot of work but what a wonderful thing for you to do! Spring is trying to "sprung" in the Yukon, but I bet it's a lot warmer in Yuma!

If you just post the reunion notice, that would be great for right now! I would like to be able to read the "Moccasin Telegraph" (let me know what the fees are) and my e-mail address at home is: kitkat*whtvcable.com Thanks very much again Sherron.

Vickey Aschacher

Vickey (Bradley) Aschacher

One of four children born to Tom and Norma Bradley (two more children adopted in 1969-70), and raised on the Alaska Highway, at Mountain View Lodge (1128) and White River Lodge (1169). Both lodges previously owned and operated by my grandparents Con and Camilla Bradley. We arrived at Mountain View Lodge in 1962, and moved to White River in 1967 where my family remained until 1990. I took grade school by correspondence when we were at Mountain View, and once we'd moved to White River, went to school in Beaver Creek from Grades 3-8 (drove back and forth 33 miles each way every day). Took correspondence in Grade 9, and finished high school at FH Collins in Whitehorse from 1973-76. I married Terry Aschacher (originally from Blairmore, Alberta) in Beaver Creek in 1980, and we have lived, worked, and raised our 3 daughters (Teri - 24, Kathryn - 21 & Kimberly - 21) in Whitehorse since 1981.

Vickey Aschacher
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(please check out our website at www.yesab.ca)

My sister Phyllis Page (nee Brown) recently sent me the slides of the White Pass Railroad. I am her younger sister Bonnie (Bonita) Wright (nee Brown). I thought that I might contact you in knowing a little more about your telegraph.

My family lived in Whitehorse until 1953 and Teslin until 1955, we then moved to North Vancouver. I have been fortunate to have all the family photos. I have been in touch with the Museum in Whitehorse but haven't yet sent the photos on to them. Just a matter of organizing them.

Bonnie Wright bonruby*telus.net

Hello Sherron, thank you for such a quick response. My sister Phyllis Brown may have sent you some of this information so this may very well be repeated. My father was Malcolm Brown, and my mother Therma. My father worked for the Taylor and Drury Department Store in Whitehorse. We were living in Vancouver when my father went on his own to Whitehorse 1946 I believe. My mom, sister and I went a year later.

My memories would be as a young child. I remember one of my elementary teachers, a Mrs. Cabot in Whitehorse. I do have lots of pictures and as I said I will organize them properly and send on a few.

I remember skating on the Yukon River and going across the river skiing. A friend of mine was Barbara Close; we were around 5 or 6 I guess. We moved to Teslin where my father ran the little trading post for Taylor and Drury, so Johnson's store was our competition. I could go on and on.

I would absolutely love to receive your Moccasin Newsletter.

I also have some pictures of Teslin when I figure out the attachment thing.

I am living in Port Hardy on Vancouver Island, BC. I work as a Nurses Aide at our hospital here.

RETURN TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron Norma wants back on the list her new email is sasi*coldreams.com please renew this for her and she will send 20.00 when she gets home we are having a great visit.

Thanks Moge Mogenson (In Cranbrook)

BRADLEY, Norma sasi*coldreams.com (Alaska Hwy Mile 1128 & 1169, 1962 – 1990)
Sandpoint Idaho

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If you can sleep like a baby, you haven't got one.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

After reading Daisy Callison's book 'Mountain Trails', I was intrigued at the baking each dinner time and looked up a recipe for Plum Duff. The recipe looks delicious and no

wonder they cooked it along the trail. The fruit could be dried and the other ingredients were the basics. Not sure they had any sauce and pretty certain there wasn't any whipped cream. Just the same Plum Duff was always a treat in the great outdoors. – Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

Plum Duff

1/2 cup melted shortening
2 cup well drained cut-up pitted cooked prunes

Sift together and stir in -
1 cup sifted gold medal flour
1/2 tsp salt
1 tsp soda

Beat well - 2 eggs
Blend in - 1 cup brown sugar
Pour into well greased 1 qt. mold.
Steam 1 hour.
Serve hot with Creamy sauce or whipped cream.

Put the filled mold into my pressure cooker and steam without the vent on for 1 hour.

Creamy Sauce

Beat 1 egg until foamy. Blend in 1/2 cup melted butter, 1 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, and 1 tsp. vanilla. Fold in 1 cup whipping cream, whipped stiff. Cool.

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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