

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 161st Edition – May 21, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Pussy Willow

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

A few weeks ago I was approached by a friend who was heading up a "roast" for Ron Butler in appreciation for all his work with the Parksville Golden Oldies Sports Association, and wanted any little tidbit of information out of Ron's past that could be used in his routine. I recall a Caribou hunting trip that I went on with Ron and another friend Doug Horne, up what was to become the Dempster Highway. This was more years ago than any of us like to remember. Anyway I decided to put it in verse format, which is my usual way of expressing myself.

Gus

THE CARIBOU THAT WASN'T THERE

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

Here is a tale from the Dempster Trail
In that land of muskeg and slough,
Three of us, Ron, Doug, and Gus
Went hunting for caribou.
We'd been away since the previous day
With no luck, not even a bird,
When late in the day not far away
We sighted the caribou herd.

We knew in truth that we shouldn't shoot,
For we wouldn't have time 'ere dark,
To clean and pack the carcass back
To the highway where we were parked.
We're about to agree to let them be,
When a big bull came out of the mist.
Well you know how Ron likes to shoot the bull,
I guess he just couldn't resist.

So we gutted and bled that woeful dead,
And we left it there for the night.
Our trail we traced to our parking place,
By the glow of the Northern Lights.
We slept that night 'neath the pale moonlight,
Where the Blackstone waters flow,
And we woke next morn at the break of dawn
To fifteen inches of snow.

In vain we lurched through the brush to search
For the meat that we left in our haste.
But never a sign did we ever find
Of our cache in that great white waste.
There was nothing there, not hide nor hair,
And we knew as we looked around,
That our prize, hard won, could be any one
Of a thousand snowcapped mounds.

So with swallowed pride we turned aside
And went home with an empty hand.
I have often thought of that night up north
In that snow-swept empty land.
Now at last half a century's past-
Our lives have been rich and full,
And I think of Ron and that day long gone,
The first time he shot the bull.

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MY BOOK OF YUKON MEMORIES

Copyright by Joyce Hayden jhayden*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

Memories Of Whitehorse (Continued from MocTel 160)

Whitehorse was a happy place to raise a family. Our young children ran free, playing in back yards, on the streets and climbing the clay cliffs that stretched skyward near our

home. They loved the sand in Puckett's Gulch, a gully that angles through the cliffs from the top of Black Street up to the flatlands and the airport that overlooks the community. The sand and cliffs were less than a block from our house. In summer and winter, the slope on Black Street was a playground for neighbourhood children, their dogs, bicycles, and toboggans. Cars were expected to give them right-of-way and usually did. Sometimes the kids just had to scatter. The gulch was named for early Whitehorse pioneer, Billy Puckett, who owned a piece of farm land in the northwest corner of the downtown area, and who also held an interest in various local businesses.

Until the mid-fifties, wood burning, steam-powered sternwheelers plied the Yukon River, carrying people and tons of freight from Whitehorse down river to Dawson City as well as up the Stewart River to Mayo. They pushed barges loaded with ore back up the Yukon river to Whitehorse. These shallow draft boats were about one hundred and seventy feet long, thirty-five feet wide and carried up to 250 tons of cargo. Locomotive-type boiler engines that cost around two dollars a mile to operate powered them. Each sternwheeler burned about 120 cords of wood on a trip from Whitehorse to Dawson City, spawning many lucrative woodcutting businesses along the river.

Their plaintive whistle as they rounded Kishwoot Island at the north end of Whitehorse could be heard all across the downtown. The sound brought children, dogs and adults hurrying to the riverbank to watch those magnificent old steamers churning the clear green Yukon River into frothy white waves. They maneuvered their barges into the White Pass dock just as they had been doing since the Gold Rush.

In the 1950s and early 1960s Whitehorse was still a small frontier town with a make-do philosophy. Supplies were often scarce, because they had to be ordered from 'Outside' the territory. "It's on the next boat" was the standard excuse that storeowners used to explain empty shelves. Most groceries came by ship to Skagway, Alaska, then over the White Pass Summit and on to Whitehorse by train. Snowfall permitting, the coal-fired, steam-powered narrow gauge White Pass & Yukon Route Railway train made one trip a day. A week or two before the supply ship was due in Skagway, grocery stores were often out of potatoes, eggs and produce. Fresh milk was not available at any time. For those weeks, instant mashed potatoes, dried eggs, powdered skim and canned Carnation milk became unwelcome staples for our family. Apples and oranges were often the only fruit available, or affordable. Some stores kept eggs in their warehouse for weeks and it was speculated, for months. They were far from fresh. Cracking one of those eggs was a risky adventure. Some were rotten, and gave off an overwhelming stench, others just smelled and tasted bad, but were useable. In their early years, none of our children understood what a 'fresh' egg was.

As there had been during the Gold Rush days, there continued to be a distinct culture gap between people who had money and status, and those who worked for wages. The families that could afford the tuition kept up the old Dawson tradition of sending their children out to private schools on Vancouver Island or the lower mainland. Others, including our family, happily stayed in the Yukon.

After the Alaska Highway was completed, the U.S. Army troops moved on, leaving many empty buildings behind. One of those rather ramshackle structures was situated where the Quanlin Mall is today, near Ogilvie Street and Third Avenue in downtown

Whitehorse. It was a large, uninsulated two story building with an oil heater in every room. The population of Whitehorse had grown during the construction of the highway, and the small school on the corner of Third Avenue and Lambert Street could no longer accommodate the number of students who were enrolled. A high school was needed. The Yukon Department of Education acquired the empty Army building and used it as a temporary high school until 1952 when the first high school was built in Whitehorse. It was a combination elementary and high school, situated downtown at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Black Street. That was the school our children attended until we moved to Riverdale in 1965. That old Whitehorse Elementary/High School has seen many renovations and in 2005 is still in use. The first handful of grade twelve students graduated from there in 1953.

Among those graduates was Whitehorse's first woman mayor and the Yukon's second senator, Ione Christensen. Raised in Fort Selkirk, an isolated RCMP Post along the Yukon River, she was sent out to Queen Margaret's Private School near Duncan, B.C. on Vancouver Island when she was eleven years old. She tells with some humour that as a child growing up in Fort Selkirk she saw no need for an education, and refused to do her lessons. She intended to become a trapper, and spent her days running a small trapline, and fishing in the river. In desperation her parents sent her to Dawson City to attend school. She broke her leg skiing, and was returned to Fort Selkirk. When she healed, they sent her out to school. In 1949, her father, G.I. Cameron, retired from the RCMP and he and her mother Martha moved to Whitehorse. At age sixteen, Ione came home to attend school in Whitehorse. As an adult, Ione has climbed the Chilkoot Pass nineteen times; goes sea-kayaking with her husband Art, raised a family and has found time to co-author several books on the Yukon. In 1999, she was appointed to the Senate of Canada. (To be continued.)

A MESSAGE FROM JOYCE YARDLEY

What a delightful edition of MocTel today. Congratulations to great grandparents Gus and Blanche Barrett, proud parents Kelly and Kevin and welcome little Adam! and a special thanks to Gus for yet another great poem and wonderful letter to his gr. grandson! Also really enjoyed Joyce Hayden's story and Donna's fish ladder.

Latest on my new book "Yukon Tears and Laughter" ... The bulk shipment of books (by ship) from the printers (in Indonesia) hasn't arrived yet, (now they say it could be as late as July) although Hancock House did get 4 copies by air-mail, of which they sent me one so far, along with posters to distribute for pre-ordering (from Hancock House that is) there's a link to it on my website.

I was pleased with the cover and quality of the book; so now I think I'll wait till fall for a "formal" book launch which will be held in the library here in Nanaimo.

Just a reminder that our new address is:

6354 Pinewood Lane Nanaimo BC V9V 1A4

and the website is still www.dataspan.ca Our phone # until further notice is: 250-740-0807 (that will change when Shaw cable comes up with their new phone system, so I'll let you know when.)

Cheers, Joyce Yardley Joyce@dataspan.ca



Whitehorse Inn & Café – 1947

These two photos submitted by Donna Clayson obtained from e-bay.



Downtown Whitehorse 1949 – Whitehorse Inn and Burns & Co.

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

The dust has settled and it's a new day.....I find myself with a few spare moments that no one needs at the moment, so I will dart off a few lines to you (as promised).

As I mentioned in last night's note, I was really pleased to see that you are including the odd chapter of Pat Callison's book "Pack Dogs to Helicopters" in up coming MocTel's. In earlier editions of MocTel, the book had been mentioned at different times. I was so intrigued in reading his story, that I bought the book for my husband for Christmas a few years back. Needless to say I picked the book up myself just to see what it was about, and could not put it down. Not a lot of housework or other chores got done that month....I was so enthralled with his story. It was amazing to see how skilled the early pilots were in the North country. When we think of the conditions they flew in and the airplanes were not equipped with any modern conveniences such as our pilots of the today. They literally flew by the seat of their pants and I am sure with many a gray haired guardian angel. The story was an absolute delight from start to finish. Funny thing is I was casually talking to a friend of mine (John King) one day who just happens to be a helicopter pilot and mentioned reading Pat Callison's book. He was shocked that I should know the name, as he took his first flight with Pat many moons ago. Talk about a "small world". I also knew the author of Pat's book. Athol Retallack who lived in Mayo in the early '50's at the same time my family did. She and her husband Tom ran the NC (Northern Commercial) store at that time. I was only thirteen at the time and their son Tommy was probably fifteen. He of course attended school with my family; in fact I think he was in the same grade as my sister Penny (North). I think the Retallack's moved away from Mayo a few years before we did, so I was really pleased to see her name on Pat's book and that spurred me on to read the book as well. She did a marvelous job and I would recommend that book to anyone that has not already read it.

Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley*telus.net (In Sidney BC)

ICE POOL & MOCTEL 160

Great issue. I particularly liked Gus Barretts letter to his great grand Son..... The Yukon River went out at 12:55 am, May 11th. Ice Pool was won by Kathryn Johnson a resident of Dawson. Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

MOCTEL 160

That is great.. all ready I have heard from Kathy Gates who knew Sue well also another Can Can girl...so you do such wonderful work..bringing people together..so Delighted about your AWARD.. YIPEEEE way to go....wish I was going to be there too.. Love and Hugs Gillian

MOCTEL 160 Brings Back Memories for Gus

Really enjoying the Moc/Tel this week. A real nostalgic trip back in time for me. Joyce's book of Yukon Memories took me back to my own time in Whitehorse in the fifties and sixties. Her description of the lifestyle, housing, characters etc., bring back so many memories of the wonderful years of our own time spent there. It's funny that such memories are so clear fifty years later while I can't remember what I did yesterday.

I remember also the fishwheels on the river. There were a number of them still in operation in Dawson while I was there. An intriguing way to catch fish.

Good to see "Pack Dogs to Helicopters" running in the Moc/Tel as well. I have a copy of the book. A great pioneering story. I knew Pat and family well in Dawson and flew with him many times while I was in the Force there.

Even Myrna's pictures of the flood bring back memories of break-up in Dawson in 1953. No dike in those days, so the huge pieces of ice would wind up practically on the doorstep of the barracks.

Keep up the good work.

Gus Barrett [sourdoughs 2*shaw.ca](http://sourdoughs2shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach BC)



Purchased photo – 50 below

Photo courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright bonruby*telus.net (In Port Hardy)

The printing of 50 below was already on the picture. Have no idea of date probably in early 40's. Would it be the military road crew? Bonnie (Brown) Wright

Can anyone help identify this photo of 50 below weather at a camp ??? - Sherron



One of our homes in Whitehorse, 1955. It was a real Gem, it had running cold water and a toilet.



A fishwheel below Dawson, about 1955. The person holding up the fish while I took the picture, I believe is Norm Ross who, I think still has a mining operation in Dawson.

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS (cont'd)

Two years later we moved again when my father took up another homestead 20 miles south at Swan Lake.

It was at this time I suppose that I first became aware of business dealings. At the south end of Swan Lake was quite a large cattle ranch of Ellis Borden who owned at least 500 head of cattle. In those days the banks would lend money to a rancher or farmer and would hold a mortgage on all his property. If the rancher could not meet a payment the bank would foreclose and take over everything the man owned.

Mr. Borden owed a considerable amount of money to a bank and the winter of 1920-21 was a long, bitterly cold one. Ranchers lost horses and cattle because of feed shortages and to save what they could they had to buy extra, expensive feed. Borden lost about half his cattle then spent all his capital to purchase feed to save the remaining cattle and could not make his bank payment. He knew the bank would be taking over the few cattle he had left, as well as taking the ranch.

One night, in desperation, he loaded all his possessions onto a couple of freight wagons took a few milk cows and 20 head of loose horses drove out of the country. He had been gone about a week when the banker came to take possession.

About 20 years later I was in Vancouver and heard that the Borden's were operating a big dairy farm in the lower Fraser Valley. So I went to see him and we had a great visit, talking about the winter of 1920-21 in the Peace River country. We were both glad to know that new laws will not allow the mortgaging of ranches or farms by banks.

Swan Lake was a great place for kids to grow up; the lake was about 3 1/2 miles long and a mile wide, good swimming and great fishing with at least four different species of fish. I'll always remember the big garden we had by the lake. With 11 of us to be fed the garden was important and Mother made certain that the vegetables were well cultivated. She had an awful time trying to make vegetable farmers out of four lively boys. She would get us all organized to hoe and weed those endless rows of potatoes, peas, carrots, turnips, cabbage. As soon as she went back into the house we would drop our hoes and race to the lake for a swim. Out she would come and round us up and get us back to work. This would happen several times a day. The garden was cultivated and the harvest was the best possible, but not without my mother doing a lot of chasing and scolding. With a big vegetable garden, milk cows, moose and deer meat, fish from the lake, plenty of game birds, we ate well.

During the 1920's the Peace River country was pretty well isolated from the rest of B.C. There was no commercial activity and while the land was productive there were no markets for our produce. We needed money for clothing, ammunition, and for food stuffs we couldn't raise. The only cash commodity was fur.

As soon as a boy was big enough to carry a gun and a sack of traps he started trapping. While we were still attending school we would trap muskrats around nearby lakes and there were also mink and weasels in the area. We would get an average of \$1.00 for a

muskrat, \$5.00 for a mink and \$1.00 for a weasel skin. It was around this lake my father taught me the rudiments of earning a living as a trapper.

If I got 12 muskrats, a couple of mink and a half dozen weasels, I would make from \$20.00 to \$25.00. I would turn \$20.00 over to my mother for housekeeping money and spend the remaining \$5.00 on myself for clothes, boots, or, I remember, on one occasion getting reckless and buying a pair of skates.

When I was about 12 years old I had caught several muskrats and one ground hog which was about the size of a muskrat. I dried the skin on a muskrat board, inside out as is done with muskrat pelts, and took them all to the fur trader who paid me \$1.00 a pelt for the skins including the worthless ground hog, he hadn't noticed the difference. I thought it was a huge joke to play on a professional fur buyer.

There was a small school at Swan Lake and another about *2 1/2 miles* from our Dawson Creek homestead and my mother did see to it that we got some education. She was always telling us how important an education was but we needed money, so spent more time than we should have on the trapline.

Even though I was often enough in the middle of anything interesting going on, occasionally I wasn't, but I couldn't convince a teacher we had at Tupper Creek School near Swan Lake B.C.

Mr. McGarrigle was an older, grey mustached Irishman who usually came to school with a hangover which lasted a good part of the day.

For some reason or another maybe because my name was Pat, he decided that I was the ringleader of all his problems.

One Hallowe'en a bunch of the students decided to play some tricks on the teacher, but I was not one of them, maybe because I was 14 by then and not interested in kid stuff.

Anyway the gang went into the school, drew some funny pictures on the blackboard, generally moved things around including the teacher's desk and some of the things he had on it. There was certainly nothing destructive done, actually all quite innocent. But Mr. McGarrigle didn't see it that way; he was furious and pounced on me as the instigator of the prank. His method of punishment was to send the offending pupil out to get a green willow stick to be used for the corporal punishment which was standard practice in those days. If one brought back a stick Mr. McGarrigle didn't think was stout enough to do an effective job he would send you out for a bigger one. He told me to get a willow and I tried to tell the man I had had nothing to do with the Hallowe'en trick but he refused to believe me and Mr. McGarrigle and I were enemies for the rest of his term there.

About 30 years later my brother-in-law, Bud Simpson and I were reminiscing about school days and Bud started to tell me about a character who taught him at Telegraph Creek and as we went on with his story, it sounded so familiar that I asked Bud what the teacher's name was - "Mr. McGarrigle" - who else.

When Mr. McGarrigle decided he'd had enough of teaching in the Peace River country he got about as far away from there as he could and still stay in B.C. To get to Telegraph Creek he had to travel about 2,000 miles, overland, then up the coast and up river to get there.

I also remember having another teacher, Mr. Keeping who didn't discipline us at all. We just had fun. If we were in the middle of a ball game and it was school time, he would let us finish the game before calling us in. He was every kid's friend, but we certainly didn't learn very much under his tutelage. Besides teaching he had a small farm and one of the

first jobs I ever had was working on his farm. He hadn't taught me much about the 3 R's but he did teach me about farming and we were lifelong friends.

* * *

There were nine children in our family and my mother had very few conveniences - clothes and dishes were washed by hand, the clothes hung out to dry in any and all weather, irons were heated on top of a hot stove, wash boards were the way to scrub grimy clothes, floors were usually scrubbed on hands and knees, carpets were hung out on clothes lines to be beaten by brooms or whisks, plumbing was water from a well in buckets and bathroom facilities were out at the end of the backyard. The amount of food to be prepared for 11 people three times a day was a full time job in itself, the endless mending of overalls, stocking, dresses, gave my mother little if any, spare time so it was natural that each member of the family was expected to accept some responsibilities. When I was 9 years old my mother gave birth to twins, Dennis and Daisy, and it seemed natural for Dennis to become my special charge while my sister Norma took care of Daisy. Dennis became my toy object of affection.

I remember that when Dennis was about 2 years old I got permission to go to work on my father's hay ranch about 20 miles from home. I was eager to help with the haying with the men; it would take about a month.

So off I went to join the haying crew, this was really doing a man's work and I was happy for about a week when all at once I began worrying about how little Dennis was getting along without me, so I told my father that I was getting homesick and wanted to go home . . . really I just wanted to get back to Dennis.

I always felt protective toward Dennis who grew to be a bigger man than I am and has managed very nicely on his own.

* * *

I marvel now at how mother managed to feed, cloth, discipline 9 lively kids, stretch a small amount of money to meet our needs. I do believe she could sew a patch on a boy's overalls faster than anyone else in the world. I realized as I grew older that she was the best mother a boy could have had.

Trapping was all right but what I really wanted to do was to drive horses. When I was 13, my father had a construction contract building several miles of road south of Swan Lake, so I drove the team hauling the "wheeler" a big two wheeled scraper contraption, a primitive form of today's "buggy" for scraping up and moving earth. I walked behind the horses in dust or mud ten hours a day, 6 days a week.

Horses are smart beggars, they knew I was only a kid and every time they would get in a bad spot they would get balky and wouldn't move. So I got a pointed stick and if they stopped, where my Dad couldn't see me, I'd give them a jab and get on with the construction of the road. By the summer I was 17 I had graduated to driving the teams on a dump wagon, building the roadbed for the railway.

As soon as we boys reached 15 or 16 we were ready to go out and trap in earnest which meant being away from home, completely out of touch, for two, three, or four months at a stretch.

I will always remember the first time I realized that the kid stuff was finished and I was going to do a man's work and it wasn't going to be easy, even if I had reached 5'10" and weighed 165 pounds.

(to be continued)

BELOVED YUKON CHANGED

I have been surprised to see such zero response to Garry Kimpinki's heartfelt feelings about the Yukon of today. (Please note that neither government edicts nor political correctness will stop me from forever calling her *the* Yukon. There is after all another Yukon in Oklahoma, so why shouldn't 'ours' be Thee Yukon. In any event, there is far too much dropping of the definite article today, which tends only to stop the 'flow' of written English in the mind. It is a fleeting fad from the see-how-clever-I-am brigade and should be resisted).

With that off my chest, dare I suggest that to compare the Yukon of today with the Yukon of only a couple of decades ago, (not to mention the truly wonderful days of yore), would be to insult her? It is indeed something I would be very loath to do such is my love of the place I once knew so well back in the 60s. But, and I have to say it, she is not the place she was. She has changed, and as Garry said, not for the better either. In the capital at least.

It is true that the Yukon has a superb health service and provisions for those who find themselves in dire straights - but what of what she once had in the way of doors that never needed to be locked, of the barest minimum of rule and regulation to maintain civilized behaviour (there is even a *manager* for by-laws in Whitehorse for Heaven's sake), of neighbour looking out for neighbour, the absence of television as the greatest social evil of our times, the list is endless.....

My best guess is that once a place has too many government employees then the place becomes a self-perpetuating cycle of pointless, unrequired laws, rules and regulations which in turn requires yet more government employees to administer them who in turn beget more laws to justify more employees and so it goes on ad infinitum. (It was interesting and sad too when I flew to Whitehorse last January to be sitting beside a charming lady who when I asked her what she did she looked almost furtively around, blushed and whispered "non-job, government, sorry". She spent the rest of the flight trying to justify to herself why she had to have her pointless job whatever it was. I felt sorry for her).

The powers that be seem hell-bent on cloning Whitehorse with any and every other 'city' and surely time will condemn them for it.

Thank God the communities and her wilderness are (at least for now) beyond the poor of spirit and the dead hand and insensitive minds of those who know perfectly well who they are !!

Take care Sherron,

Alastair Findlay (Scotland and Faro)

PS: I will be in the Yukon from 19 May for 6 weeks - perhaps we could meet up?

Garry Kimpinski joined us recently from Faro. He is not the first to be upset by the changes in our beloved Yukon. – Sherron

FROM HIS NEW COMPUTER

Hi Sherron, Figured I'd drop a line and a couple more pieces of filler now that I'm back online. Had a break-in here while I was at work and lost a bunch of stuff, including my laptop. I'm not the greatest of housekeepers, so my brother thought it was pretty funny when he told his wife and she immediately asked if they made a mess. I've asked him to assure her that, far from it, they actually took time to pick up a few things.

Anyway, having lost my email log, I may wind up sending something you've already seen, or not sending something I might have otherwise, so I'll apologize for that in advance. Grounded in town by the heart attack last spring, for some reason most of my more recent attention has been on the 'cowboy' poetry, but here are a couple that might be of more interest to Yukoners. One is about a horse some might remember from Sky High, a couple of others are a tad political, reflections of the same impressions voiced by Garry Kimpinski in the April 23 edition.

By the way, both you and your readers might find Robbie Benoit's CD, *Tall Yukon Tales*, interesting. I've been working on a website for him and though unfinished, it is currently inside my own, accessible through the 'Links' page. There are low-quality audio samples there. When it is finished, of course, it will be hosted elsewhere.

Incidentally, if you happen to be going through Whitehorse on a weekend, I work weekends at the Shell station at the top of the South Access if you feel like stopping by to say hello.

[Alf Bilton](#)

Whitehorse, Yukon

The Free North

by Alf Bilton

I once loved a free land,
just south of the pole,
And wept as she perished
in foreign control.
They'd no wish to keep
her in sickness or health,
But only to own her and
access the wealth.

With rules and excuses
they came to the North
To bind her and cage her
and carry her forth;
To put her on show for
those could afford
The price of admission to
see "The Free North."

Generosity wasted, real
treasures unclaimed,
She died of exposure, no
doubt feeling shamed.
Her hide was then
mounted and kept on
display,
It still draws the ghoulish
to this very day.

Those of us loved her,
and witnessed her pain,
Depart feeling sorrow,
and won't come again.

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DON MACHAN RECEIVES HELP

Re: Gordon and Rose Toole

Dear Mr. Machan:

The Tooles are still living in their log home on the shores of Watson Lake, closer to the airport than to town. Their telephone number is 867 536 7346. I expect they'd be delighted to hear from you.

I was a constable in the RCMP in Watson Lake in 1966 (Art Deer was a staff sergeant by then) and the game guardian there from 1970 to 72 so I got to know the Tooles well since they were then in the big game guiding and outfitting business. I also met the MacDonalds. Their daughter Janet became a wildlife biologist and their daughter Linda is actively involved in natural resource management also.

I met the Johnsons as well but both of them died some years ago. The elementary school at Watson Lake "Wye" is named for Mrs. Johnson, I believe.

I trust this is helpful.

Regards,

Bill Klassen wjk*yknet.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

Bill:

Thank you for your communication. The McDonalds I knew were an aboriginal, First Nations family. I believe that the father was a trapper, primarily, and occasionally was a casual employee at the Airbase by the RCAF or D.O.T. They lived on the opposite side of the runways from the Airforce and D.O.T. residences, in the area where the U.S. Airforce personnel residences were located during and immediately after WW II. The Vic Johnson family, as I recall, lived in the same general area as the McDonald's. Their housing was not supplied by the Air Force or D.O.T. By 1951 when I arrived at the Airbase, most of the buildings on the east side of the runways, that had been used by the Americans, had been demolished, but there were still a few structures, one of which served as our first residence, for a brief time, following our marriage in Whitehorse. Shortly after I commenced teaching at the Air Base, we were then given quarters in the TMQ (Temporary Married Quarters) Apartments on the Base, a great improvement over the rather primitive quarters we had been living in for a few weeks following our marriage.

The TMQ was a log building, and contained three apartments, and as I remember them, they were three bedroom apartments with all the amenities, completely furnished with solid maple furniture and stocked with all of the requirements of comfortable living, including all of the utilities and services, including repairs when necessary. The all-inclusive rental was \$40.00 per month.

As the teacher at the base, I was given the privileges of a commissioned officer, and for the first few months, and until the Base was reduced to a Detachment, there was an Officers' Mess and an Airman's mess. The Officers' Lounge was a very nice facility, also of log construction, as were virtually all of the buildings on the base. They were well constructed and very attractive.

During my second tour of duty at the Base, we lived in a PMQ (Permanent Married Quarters) a row of single family dwellings along the lakeshore at the western extremity of the Base. Our home was the one at the north end of the row. It was a very comfortable three-bedroom home.

The personnel stationed at Watson Lake, at that time, considered it a very favourable posting, and invariably requested an extension of their posting. The Watson Lake Airbase was commonly referred to as "The Riviera of the North", and departures for other destinations was generally a sad occasion. We had a very active social life there, and very few worries.

The Airbase was the main centre of activities at that time. The 'Wye' had not at that time, become the major hub of activities and services. There was a hotel that had been established by a Mr. Appleyard, a store which was operated by a lady named "Vangie", and a service station and repair garage operated by Hughie Peet and Johnny Friend. I believe Vangie was a sister to Mrs. Dalziel, but I may be wrong on that score. There was

no school at the Wye at that time, 1951, so the Dalziels, (Robin and Bonnie) and a few others came from the Wye. If memory serves me correctly, the school at the Wye was started sometime between 1956 and 1958, probably in 1958.

The McDonald's I had as students were two or three in number, and I believe the eldest girl was Marie.

I could ramble on indefinitely, but I won't take up any more of your time. I believe that Gracey Johnson was an only child. I tried calling the Toole's but there was no response.

Sincerely,

Don Machan demachan@telus.net (Qualicum Beach, B.C.)

MAYO LEGION HALL – HISTORIC INFORMATION WANTED

The Old Legion Hall in Mayo has just received historic site designation by YTG! We are very excited about this. The historic sites coordinator has been asking some "extra questions"...we have put them out via our network and hoping you could do so through yours. Henry Breaden is sick, but we have sent the request to him, Gordon and Ruth McIntyre and Mag Wallingham....there may be others.

Could we share this with Barb Hogan at YTG

I have a couple of questions regarding the Mayo Legion and wondered if you could forward them along through your amazing network of long time Mayo residents.

My queries have to do with some of the changes the building underwent through the years, and why those changes were done.

a) It appears as if the two big windows on the front of the building were cut in at a later date, and that the door may have been bigger – thus the extra wide trim around it. I have a historic photo of the front of the building, can't see the windows or doors, but can see that the porch wasn't on in 1941. Any ideas when the porch was added?

b) There are two rectangular openings on the back of the building (north side) near floor level, they have been filled in with logs. Any idea when these were put in and why?

c) The middle floor is very curious, the trusses are pretty unique and the height is not very big, the ceiling is finished, the floor is not. The floor goes past the window opening on the north wall, thus impeding any movement of freight into this space. Why was this space created, and when?

d) Was the attic area used for anything?

I can check historic photos to figure if there were changes to the exterior (windows and doors), but will have a hard time figuring out the purpose of some of the alterations.



If you can help out with this, that would be great.

Barb Hogan barbara.hogan@gov.yk.ca is the lady who is in charge of the Legion Hall information!!

Anne Leckie anneleckie@aol.com

(Remember to modify e-mail addresses by changing * to @. They are currently protected from any viruses.)

Box 339 Mayo, YT Canada

867-996-2233 h

604-313-5935 c



Front Street Mayo - 1964 Flood photo courtesy Harvey Burian.

The building in question is the 3rd from left.

First left is the Chateaux Mayo, then Royal bank building and next building now referred to as Old Legion building.

Close up of changes to the building that are in question.

Do you know when these doors and windows were installed or filled in?

Did you know the building as the Legion Hall, the Liquor warehouse or other use? In what years do you recall the building? – Sherron



Front Street – Mayo – 1941

Photo courtesy Lyn Blieler

The dark coloured building down the street on the left is the one in question.

The building in question, next to the Royal Bank was Alec Arthur's menswear and gift shop in the mid-fifties, and closed in 1955. Alec opened up Porky's Menswear in Whitehorse in 1953 or 1954. I managed the store in Mayo during the summer of 1954, during the school vacation, and a long time friend from Saskatchewan, Al Check operated the store for Alec Arthur for a few months until it was closed. Al then worked at UKHM in the office for a few months and then worked at Porky's Menswear in Whitehorse for several years and then managed Hougens Menswear Department for many years. He moved to Vancouver in the seventies and worked for ICBC until he retired. Dick Karsett was the tailor at Porky's and later purchased the store from the Arthurs. Dick was the principal in a very famous murder trial. He was a Danish fellow and was a very athletic fellow. He won the Weight or back-packing contest at the Rendezvous one year that I am aware of.

I hope this is of some value.

Sincerely,

Don Machan demachan*telus.net (In Qualicum)

(The building next to the building that was Arthur's store was used by the Territorial Government, mainly the road maintenance, I think, as a storage building)

Building remembered

I woke up in the "wee" hours of the dawn thinking about that building (the Legion), and something is really puzzling me. That's a great photo that you have taken in '64, it's exactly as I remember that street. But, a thought crossed my mind that probably was around '55-'56.....was that building not used as a record store for a short time? I am

having great difficulty pulling this information up, as I have a memory of that building with two (or one big) window facing the street. A fellow from the "Signal Corps" opened a record store (LP's etc.) for a short time. He was one of the radio operators and did this as a sideline. I think his name was Mr. Allan, although I could be totally wrong in this case. The reason this is so puzzling to me is because one Christmas he played Christmas music over an outdoor loudspeaker. That Christmas the snow was wonderful, and the sound of that music coming out along the street was just great. The kind of picture in my mind that Christmas cards are made of. This man had a fabulous collection of records for sale, and my Mother was in her glory buying many from him. That's just a magical memory that has stayed with me, over all these years. If this was not the building were this man sold records for a short time, maybe there was another building between the Royal Bank and the Legion building!

I hope this isn't adding confusion to this story.....but in my mind it's as clear as can be. Although I must admit some memories can be fuzzy as the years pass. (Just thought I would add my two cents worth).

Take care,

Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley*telus.net (In Sidney)

More building memories

Don, you may remember this better than either Karren or I, because you worked there one summer as I recall. With reference to Karren's recollection of a building that sold records, etc., wasn't there another building between the old Liquor Store Warehouse (the log building that apparently became the Legion Hall) and the Royal Bank Building? It seems to me I remember that is where Alex Arthur had his Men's Wear Store where you worked one summer. It had two big windows, as Karren described, and seems to me to have had reddish fake brick siding on on it (although I might be mistaken about the latter.) The building was torn down sometime in the 50s I think. I believe that this is the same building that Karren remembers as the record store and that the man from the "Signals Station" (as we called it) operated this store after (?) Alex Arthur closed his clothing store.

I did not remember that the old log warehouse (the next building over) was later used as the Legion Building. I think perhaps this took place after I left Mayo, or at least while I was at university. I only remember this building as a warehouse for the liquor store and then as being vacant once the liquor store moved to the new "Government" building at the other end of town across from the RCMP Detachment on Centre Street, beyond the school. (Today it houses the Mayo Town Hall, I believe.)

If Anne has contacted Gordon McIntyre, I am sure he will know the story behind the Legion building. I vaguely remember hearing about it many years ago but cannot recall any of the details.

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (In Parksville)

As dictated by Henry Breaden

In the photograph left to right is the Chateau Mayo, Binnett store, Bank building and log building which was a women's clothing store in 67-68 run by a Mrs. Dukanstein. That building was built in the 1930's by Alec Nicolle as storage for the old liquor store, which at that time was to the right of it.

I would not be surprised that if Gordon McIntyre worked out of the old liquor store after he returned from world war two.

When the log building was originally built by Alec Nicolle there was no window's what so ever and was used as liquor and beer storage. Liquor use to be delivered to Mayo in keg's and bottled in Mayo I use to get 75 cents for a dozen empty bottles. Joe Macintosh was the liquor vendor the 1930's until he died of pneumonia. I can not ever remember there being a Legion building in Mayo. Gordon McIntyre would be aware of it if there was.

Alice Breaden for Henry Breaden ambreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

PS Henry is progressing He was doing more advanced exercises with the therapist yesterday so that is good. During this warm weather I have been wheeling him out in the garden's and having coffee out there it makes a change for him and he get's some fresh air and we work on our tans! Cheerio Alice

More memories of Front Street Mayo

The photos of the building that apparently is, or was, the Legion Building, certainly looks like the building I remember as Arthur's Men's Wear and Gift Store, although the display windows have been boarded up in the building in the photo. As for the imitation brick siding, I really can't recall, but it may well have been. My recollection is that there was a building across Front Street from The Silver Inn that was owned or used by the Territorial Government as a storage building, and the only building between that storage building and the Royal Bank was Arthur's Store. Again, I may well be wrong on that score, but that's the way I remember the street. I can't recall what Arthur's Store building was used for in the period 1955 to 1961, the year we left Mayo and Yukon. It could very well have been that period when it was used as a record store, if indeed that is the building that is now designated as the Legion Building. However, if the building that I worked in (Arthur's) was demolished at some point, then I am obviously mistaken in my assumption that it is currently the Legion building.

I trust that my description of Front Street as I recall it is not too confusing. Jean Gordon, Ruth and Gordon McIntyre, or Maggie Wallingham will be able to provide more reliable information than myself on the arrangement of buildings on Front Street. Lowell and Lyn Bleiler might also be consulted. My recollections are a bit suspect.

Thank you, Harvey, for the information on the Royal Canadian Signals history and personnel. I have often wondered where Jim and Addie Cripps are and if they are still with us. They moved to Ontario, to Kingston, I believe. I would be grateful for any information leading to contact with them.

Sincerely,

Don Machan demachan@telus.net (In Qualicum Beach, B.C)

‘We’ve never had an error this big’

Courtesy of the Whitehorse Star – May 16, 2006

By Matthew Grant

People responsible for running the Canada Games Centre and the city’s Department of Parks and Recreation should face consequences for budgeting errors that will see the new facility cost \$773,000 more a year to run than expected.

That’s the opinion of city councillor Doug Graham, who says the city will have to tighten its belt after some of the worst financial errors committed in the history of Whitehorse.

“I think there should be consequences not only for the Canada Games Centre, but for the entire Parks and Recreation Department as well,” Graham said in an interview this morning.

“We’ve never had an error this big. There has to be some consequences for this type of error.”

According to council documents tabled at Monday night’s meeting, new budget forecasts place the Games’ Centre’s financial position at nearly \$1 million lower than originally expected.

“... (R)evenue from the Canada Games Centre which is currently projected to be \$549,000 under budget ... expenditures at the Canada Games Centre (are going to be) \$224,000 higher than expected,” council documents state.

Graham said he feels the \$773,000 miscalculation is a result of poor budget forecasts.

“They estimated that they would sell 1,700 passes at the full \$45 each ... that’s not realistic. There’s seniors’ passes, children’s passes and family passes,” he said.

The discounted pass sales, he said, were partly responsible for the shortfall.

The Games centre itself, he added, has not been run with as much fiscal responsibility as should have been exercised.

“The Canada Games Centre has not been run as well as it should have been.”

Last night, Graham recommended taking money from the city’s capital reserves to finance operation and maintenance costs.

Each year, the city puts 60 per cent of the \$4.5-million to \$5-million capital grant from the Yukon government into capital reserves.

For one year only, Graham recommended to his fellow councillors Monday night, the city should put 50 per cent of the capital grant in capital reserves and put 10 per cent of the grant to the city’s operations and maintenance budget.

“Next year we’re going to hit the wall,” Graham said. “You can’t keep robbing capital funds for operations and maintenance (expenses).”

Coun. Dave Austin and Mayor Ernie Bourassa both said they will support Graham’s recommendation.

Speaking to council Monday, Robert Fendrick, the city's director of administrative services, said the city's overall budget will be facing a \$500,000-deficit if the city did not shift funds from its capital grant, but that city administration expects the situation at the Games' centre to improve.

"We see this year as unusual," Fendrick said, explaining that bookings at the centre are expected to grow while labour costs are expected to drop.

MUKLUKS NEED REPAIR

I have had a request, and as I have lost track of several of my contacts back home, thought you would put it in the next Moc Tel, and see what kind of response we can get.

A former school teacher of mine from Beaver creek, Bob Pellow, has asked if there is anyone out here that still make or repair mukluks. He has a pair made by Rachel Thompson.

What has happened is something got into the container that they were in and ate all the fur off them. So he is looking for someone that will or can repair them for him.

If anyone can help please contact me at either on e-mail or at 604-341-1444.

Thank you so much for this. Sandy Campbell northernlyghtshaw.ca (In Langley)

ARTISTIC TALENT



'Kal Lake Sail'

Copyright photo of his creation courtesy Brian Warner bewarner*shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)

A couple more paintings to use as you see fit. Both oil on canvas, and notice on the Kal Lake painting I left out all manmade objects. (other than a sailboat that is) Maybe it looked like this once? - Brian



'Perspective'

Copyright photo of his creation courtesy Brian Warner bewarner@shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)

STAN HERLING

Met a lady in Vernon today whose brother lived in Whitehorse and was Stan Herling. She said he had been in the Army there and stayed.

If I remember correctly he worked as a Building Inspector for the City of Whitehorse some time in the 1970's.

Does anyone else remember Stan. She was telling me he died there in the 1980's, but I can't find him or his wife in the Grey Mountain Cemetery records. – Sherron Jones

sherronjones@shaw.ca

CREATIVE CHAOS in Vernon

Creative Chaos Craft show is;

June 2nd - 10am-9pm

June 3rd - 10am-6pm

June 4th - 10am-4pm

3 buildings of crafts --- over 200 crafters.

Creative activities, Performing arts, Food Fair.

Held at the Vernon Recreation Complex - No admission charge.

Admission by donation of non perishable food items for the food bank.

Hope to see lots of people

Sherron we (Ron and I) are in the curling rink Booth # 131 in the Curling Rink. We make wooden products.

Really enjoy MocTel.

Irene & Ron Taylor ronaldpt@shaw.ca (In Kamloops)

OBIT

Robert HAMILTON-On Thursday, May 18, 2006, Robert D. Hamilton, late of Regina, passed away at the age of 87 years. Predeceased by his wife Kathleen, his parents; his brothers Tom and Dan, and his sister Ethel. Robert is survived by his son Barry and his daughter Laura; daughter Janet (Rick) Friedt and their children Stephen, Lisa (Keith) Boschman, Nathan (Chelsey); greatgrandchildren, Tayller and Benjamin; sisters June and Lucille; brother-in-law Sid and numerous nieces and nephews. Robert was born on November 1, 1918 in Maple Creek. He grew up on a ranch near Wasa, British Columbia. **Robert loved the Yukon where he worked for many years and met his wife Kathleen. Shortly after they married in 1952,** they moved to Regina where he worked with his brother-in-law Sid Brander building power lines throughout the province. He later worked in construction on many large projects in Regina.....

Extract from obit – Published in the Regina Leader-Post on 5/20/2006.

STEEVES, Margaret Bertha May 11, 1917 May 13, 2006 Passed away peacefully at Finlay Pavilion, White Rock in her 89th year. Predeceased by her loving **husband Dick**, 2001 and grandson Sean, 1999. Survived by only son Leo; daughter-in-law Marg; grandson Scott (Barb); granddaughter Susan (Mike); great grandchildren Jess, Jonathan, Carey and Leo. Mom was born in Yorkton, Sask and traveled to Vancouver as a young woman to train as a nurse, graduating from St. Paul's Hospital. **She met dad in the Yukon where she worked at the Mayo Hospital.** They spent many wonderful years living on the coast of BC and finally settling down in Duncan, B.C.....

Extract from obit - Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 5/20/2006

NEW ADDITIONS

My wife Sylvia and I Dean do not know you but my wife's sister Merna Hensley does. We lived in Whitehorse from 1965 to 1975 I took a heavy duty mechanical course up there. We made a lot of very good friends, and coached the Ladies fastball team for a few years. We now live in Logan Lake and are both retired. We would like to be on your list of Yukoners.

Dean Perrault syldean@telus.net (In Logan Lake BC)

Hi Sherron I don't know where to start in telling you about my years in the Yukon. I went up there in 70 and got a job at the Travelodge 2 days later....I worked there off and on for 9 years. In between I worked at the Kopper King and the Whitehorse Inn in 75

...then I went back to work at the Travelodge until I left there in 79. But I have been back since then. I was back in 81 and I went to work at the Show Boat for a while then I left again and haven't been back since...only in my mind.....

I live in Newfoundland now for the last 20 years off and on....I'm still in touch with other old Yukoners.

We were living in Calgary for a couple of years so you must have heard about the barmaids reunion we had in BC.

Anyway do you have a list of old Yukoners.....I will be in touch again soon...thanks againLeona

Leona Whiffen leej*nf.sympatico.ca (In Newfoundland)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Drama is just life with the boring stuff left out...Alfred Hitchcock

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Vanilla Buttercream Icing

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

Combine in saucepan

2 tbsp cornstarch

1/4 cup sugar

Stir in 1 cup milk

Cream together

1 cup soft butter

1/2 cup icing sugar

Gradually beat into cooled milk mixture

add 1 tbsp vanilla

I absolutely love this icing it is light and fluffy and not too sweet. It complements any thing needing icing. Moge

DATES TO REMEMBER

The **Vancouver Yukoners Assoc. next luncheon meeting** will be held at the Croatian Cultural Centre, 3250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver on Thursday, June 15/06, we start gathering about 11:30am/noon.

This is a new venue for our meetings, free parking with a variety of sandwiches, desserts and refreshments available at the Centre for a nominal charge.

All members and Yukoners welcome. For more information you can contact Carol Clarke at 604-325-4774 or clclarke*shaw.ca

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic June 25, 2006 Summerland Ornamental Gardens. For further information contact Larry Chalmers aksala49@telus.net

Island Yukoners Picnic Aug 12th at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay. For further information contact Blanche & Gus Barrett at sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

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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