

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 164th Edition – June 18, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Spectacular Sunset - Customs Office, Beaver Creek – 1977

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

When Walls Forgot

by Alf Bilton

Her voice banished walls, and "coyotee" calls
Would wash newer noises away;
I'd hear eagles scream, and mountains would gleam
On distant horizons each day.

Revived by her words, the buffalo herds
Again roamed the prairie she knew;
Were slaughtered again, plain seeded to grain,
When "sodbustin' farmers" came through.

She often retold how "Charlie" was bold
Enough to set blooded studs free,
To join a wild bunch, 'cause he had a hunch
Their "get" would remount cavalry.

They could have sold more, "come the Civil War,"
But left a seed herd running free;

And "Young Charlie" wed my grandma instead,
And started his own "fambily."

A found "massacree" became real to me,
As things that she kept on her shelves.
Her stories went on, but wilderness gone,
The plains were like ghosts of themselves.

When pierced by the rails paralleling old trails
That horses bestowed on the West,
And worse yet fenced, the prairie commenced
"Tuh shrivel, 'n' shrink," like the rest.

Then she'd story North, where they had gone forth
On a quest for more untamed land,
Of Saskatchewan, and how they'd gone on
To the Yukon's promising sand.

The mustangers died, but seed scattered wide
Carried on in a world they spurned;
Where wild things are lost, and few heed the cost
Of values we see overturned.

What I am today, I owe in some way,
To stories she pulled from the gloom;
To cowboys and kin who lived once "ag'in"
When walls forgot Grandmother's room.

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So, where did it come from?

When I first discovered CowboyPoetry.com, I promptly became a regular, "lurking" the site to read stories and poems posted there. It was only later that I came to realize why it all seemed so familiar. The community of writers there was sharing something akin to my grandmother's tales of the West as she had known it. Her memories, her values, and perhaps something of her quirky sense of humor, were passed along to my generation even before we realized they were something to be treasured.

As a preschooler, I was introduced to American history through her stories about my own ancestors. It was only later that I began to realize she had been passing along information about more than just two generations of the Palmer family (my mother's maiden name). Part of that confusion no doubt resulted from the family's habit of naming someone in each generation Charles. It became my own middle name.

My mother and an aunt or two got interested in genealogy at one point, and claimed to

have traced the family back to within about thirty years of the Mayflower's landing. I seem to have come by my own fiddle-foot honestly though. It seems every time somebody started talking about new land farther West, one or more Palmers was driven to go see for themselves. When they ran out of that, the family turned North and were soon wandering all over Canada. The stories came with them.

My grandmother was an avid reader long after age had restricted her physical activity. Among her many interests were history and poetry. I'm sure she would have been a regular visitor at CowboyPoetry.com had it been around in her day. In the Bar-D, I see a group of like-minded people pooling individual memories and talents in an attempt to preserve and transmit to even more generations something that began, for me, in my grandmother's room.

This poem and commentary may not be reprinted or reposted without the author's written permission.

[Alf Bilton](#)

Whitehorse, Yukon



E-Bay image submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS (cont'd)

Besides the full time demands of the trap line, we had to hunt to keep ourselves supplied with deer, moose and caribou meat.

We shared the hunting with the bears in the country. The black bears in the low country and the grizzlies up in the mountains.

If we killed an animal and left some of the meat, it was almost certain a bear would claim it. When we returned to our meat supply we would carefully look for signs of a grizzly and usually we would find, that true to form, he had eaten his fill, covered the remains with moss, and would be sleeping nearby.

If a bear thinks anything is after his kill he will attack. I never carried anything less than a 30.30, and most times would carry a 30.06 rifle for protection. We relied upon our dogs to great extent to give us warning if a bear were nearby. Probably more than once our lives were saved by a barking dog.

We did shoot several grizzlies but there are one or two encounters I shall never forget.

At one of our cabins we had a large bear trap. I can't remember where we got it, nowadays it is illegal to use a bear trap, but during my early days of trapping one could obtain a special permit to own a bear trap but notices had to be posted in the vicinity as to the location of a trap. These traps are so big and the springs so powerful that special clamps are needed to set the trap. A trapper was required to hang the clamps within reach of the trap in case someone got caught, he would be able to release the springs and in turn release himself. Sounded sensible but I always felt that the more sensible thing to do was not to get into a bear trap in the first place.

About the first of October we were getting ready to start out on our traplines. Not far from the cabin where we had butchered a moose we had found grizzly tracks. We were ready to go upriver for a few days, so to protect our meat and our cabin we set the bear trap.

We built a log pen about 10 feet long, put some of the moose meat in the rear of the pen, cut a dry tree about 10 inches thick and 20 feet long, fastened the trap chain near one end of the log with plenty of heavy wire.

We had been gone for about 3 days and it was getting late in the evening the day we returned. About 2 inches of snow had fallen and when we reached the place where the trap had been set there were plenty signs that a bear had been caught in the trap and had dragged the log and the trap away. Not only were there signs, there were sounds too - a mad bear can probably out roar an elephant and we figured this mad bear was only about a half mile away.

We turned our pack dogs loose up on the mountain side and soon the excited barking of the dogs was added to the roars of the bear. It was starting to get dark as we got close to where we could see the bear in a grove of small spruce trees. He was slashing at the dogs and it was obvious that we had to take careful aim at a wildly moving target and yet not hit one of our dogs. All at once he reared up, and Lynch and I shot at the same instant. We waited in the dusk until we were certain he was dead, and then went up to our trapped bear. He weighed over a thousand pounds and would have made short work of us if he had surprised us.

Another time, during the first week of May, my brother John and I were trapping beaver on the Wolverine River. We were about 10 miles apart and both camping out. I had made my camp in a nice dry spot near the bottom of a hill and crawled into my spruce bough bed about 9 o'clock, the sun still high in the sky. My dog Frank was stretched out sleeping nearby and I had my rifle close to my side within instant reach. I had just gone to sleep when I was awakened by the dog barking and I could tell by his agitation that

this was not a squirrel he had treed. I pulled on some clothes, picked up my gun and started to climb over some steep rocks in the direction of the noise. I soon saw Frank standing up on a rock barking down toward a hollow. I guessed it was a bear and called the dog. As soon as I called out I knew that I had put myself in a tight situation. The bear was crouched, waiting for the dog to come closer, but when I called, he reared up to get at a human foe and he was one enormous grizzly and fighting mad. He never hesitated, he just started toward me. I knew that I had four shells in my gun and I knew that if the bear were not down by the time my four shells were gone, I had better get the hell out of there. With the third shot he grunted and fell. My first impression had been right, he was huge and by the exceptionally long, white tipped fur I recognized him to be a silver tip grizzly. I took the hide home as a trophy for Ethel, my bride of 4 months, but she only kept it around for about a year and sold it and bought some things for our new home and clothing for the baby we were expecting.

While our dogs warned us of bears, packed our supplies or pulled our sleds, sometimes they could be a nuisance. One day we were really tired, we had been up at dawn, had tramped for miles over rough country and were looking forward to stopping for lunch. We built a campfire, got the tea bucket boiling and some bannock cooking in the frying pan then took the packs off the dogs so they could rest. We heard the dogs barking and the sound of hooves coming our way. Just then a moose, looking as big as a freight train came thundering at us with the dogs at his heels. He never veered, he ran straight through the campfire, knocking over the tea bucket and the bannock went flying. Mans' best friends weren't too popular that day.

Looking back on the hardships, the discomforts, the bone wearying walking through deep snow, the snowshoes we seemed only to take off when we went to bed, (I can remember that great feeling in the spring when I took off the snowshoes and walked on bare ground), sometimes we couldn't make camp and more often than not, were hungry and cold and there was always the silence and the loneliness. When we came out in the spring we would say we weren't going back, but as soon as the leaves turned yellow, and we had finished the duck and geese hunting we would be eager to get back to the woods and mountains; maybe because trapping was a gamble, like a poker game. One would start out in the morning and never know what the day's catch would be - there could be \$100.00 or \$200.00 or nothing. We were matching wits and know how against animals, who, at times seemed human in their ability to outsmart us. There was the excitement of stalking a grizzly who, given a chance would stalk us. If we didn't get fur we simply would have nothing to live on for the remainder of the year. There was no unemployment insurance, welfare, family allowance, hospital schemes - we made it or went without.

The word "challenge" is tossed about pretty freely these days. We had all the challenges we needed fifty years ago.

Around 1925 we moved back to the Dawson Creek homestead and lived there until 1929. At this time my Dad sold the land at Dawson Creek and Swan Lake and moved to Montney Prairie, about 25 miles north of Fort St. John. The reason for the move was that there was plenty of open land and we three eldest boys and our Dad each took up a homestead in that area.

About May 1st I and another young fellow Bill Murphy who had also taken up a homestead nearby moved into a cabin my father had built on his homestead and we

batched while we started working on the homestead which meant ploughing about 100 acres of virgin sod.

We had 6 head of horses but no barn for them so we fed them lots of oats but had to let them loose at night so that they could get grass to balance their diet. Of course they would wander off at night and we would have to chase around to get them back to the ploughing. And what a dirty, exhausting job it was, day in and day out but it had to be done if we were to retain our rights to the property.

After being together in the cabin for about a week we both developed an itch that was so bad we couldn't get any sleep.

I had just come off the trapline so didn't think I could take credit for it, but Bill had been freighting on the Spirit River trail, sleeping in bunkhouses which hadn't been clean, so I was sure he had picked up something lively along the way.

It finally got so bad we weren't getting enough sleep to carry out a days work so we saddled up our horses to ride to Ft. St. John 20 miles away to see a doctor.

Before we went to the doctor's office we came across an article in the Free Press Prairie Farmer paper about a cure for the seven year itch and from the description of the symptoms we decided that we had the seven year itch. We went around to the stores to gather up the ingredients for the remedy - sulphur, black gun powder and lard. As instructed, we mixed this smelly, unholy mess together and plastered ourselves with it and went to bed, and what's more we were able to sleep. It worked, and we had saved the cost of seeing a doctor.

Back to the homestead and the ploughing. When Ethel and I sold the homestead five years later we got a total of \$500.00 for the whole works, labour wasn't considered, that came cheap.

(To be continued)

Having understood that the term 'The Seven Year Itch' referred to an urge to move on – I looked on the internet by adding 'ointment' to the search words and found that it existed with sulphur 6% etc. and was used for Scabies which was sometimes referred to as the 'Itch' or the 'Seven Year Itch' and was contagious and extremely itchy. See more at – http://www.emedicinehealth.com/scabies/article_em.htm

THINKING OF MOE GRANT AND MANY OTHERS ALONG WITH ATLIN AND OTHER POINTS

Hello Sherron

Reading of Moe Grant having problems in the hospital brought a flood of wonderful memories of time spent with Moe, Joe Luchin, Harold Colwell, and me at Herman Peterson's house fiddling and enjoying music together. Herman was a very fine violin builder along with all his other talents. I hope Mo is doing well. My wife and I moved from Seattle to Atlin in 1969 and expected to stay only one year to hunt and fish. Well we opened the Atlin Trading Post the spring of 1970 and spent almost seven years in Atlin. Gold prices were on the rise, when we were in business and a lot of the mines in the area

opened up after years of Atlin and Discovery being ghost towns. For me it was exciting times and a far removed world from working on aircraft for Boeing. One of the first people I met was Jim Wallace a mining engineer and he showed me how to find dry wood as we were freezing to death and had not figured out the process for getting wood that would burn. It was a wonderful time to be in Atlin and my only regret is that I did not record the conversations with the old timers that came into my store in the winter time and would spin stories by the hour. This last summer in August I returned to Atlin for a month and visited the new cemetery where I found all but one or two of my old friends. I now live in a fishing community on the west coast of Mexico and look ahead to my trip north next year. Living in Atlin, I made a lot of trips to the big city for supplies and still have a number of friends in Whitehorse. Your publication is a real joy and rekindles a lot of memories. Even though I live in a tropical paradise a piece of me still lives in the north. Thank you for all your work.

Best Wishes Harvey Rossiter

Atlin 1969-1976 xicoharvey@yahoo.com



Grade 1 – 1950-51

Photo courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerm1*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Grade one class (1950-51), teacher Miss Gilbert, who went on to teach high school when the new school opened a couple of years later. Back row, second from left, is Roberta Wood who lived on Front St. downtown. I am several over from her, in a plaid dress with white collar. I can no longer match faces with the names I remember except for Vivian Irvine in the front row, far right. The background is Lambert St. School building, but we were in the army surplus buildings beside.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerm1*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

This is the second of three tributes read by Kluane MLA Gary McRobb in the Yukon Legislative Assembly last month.

**Yukon Legislative Assembly
Whitehorse, Yukon
Wednesday, May 23, 2006**

In remembrance of Bessie Allen

Mr. McRobb: Mr. Speaker, I am honoured to rise today in remembrance of Bessie Allen, a well-respected elder in the Champagne and Aishihik First Nations. Bessie had been living at Copper Ridge Place in Whitehorse before she passed away on May 2, 2005. Also known by her Southern Tutchone name, *Áshênjã*, she was a person of indeterminate age although it was known she had lived more than a century. Sometime around 1901, Bessie was born to Robert Isaac and Sadie Roberts at Aishihik Lake. During her childhood, Bessie and her family lived on the land relying totally on the resources of the area for sustenance through each season. The skills she learned early in life were passed on as she raised her own children in the traditional way.

Bessie met her husband-to-be, Jack Allen, in Burwash, where he worked at the trading post. After they were married, she would often say he had modernized her — even though they still worked a trapline using dog teams.

In true traditional fashion, this couple adapted their harvest of nature's resources with each change in season. In spring, they trapped muskrat and beaver. In early summer, they harvested small game such as gophers, rabbits and game birds and fished for grayling and whitefish.

Later in summer, after the young of the large game animals began to put on fat, Bessie and Jack hunted moose, caribou and sheep. In the fall, they dried fish and meat to store in tree caches until they could return in winter by dog team and sled. Life with such great uncertainty and challenges meant never wasting an opportunity to provide food from the land to their family or community.

An early tradition common to this area's Southern Tutchone people was travel by foot, called a "shakat" trip. Later in life, Bessie kept the tradition alive in the early 1970s by organizing and participating in shakats in the Kloo Lake-Ruby Creek area and another in the Silver Creek area. Up to five families participated in these traditional shakats. Although the hunting and gathering tradition of travel on foot was difficult, shakats remained very important to her.

During an interview, she recalled a summer shakat trip from long ago with her husband Jack and other families. This shakat started by walking from the Aishihik Village to Kluksu for salmon, a distance of some 200 kilometres. In July, they walked to Kloo Lake and then into the Jarvis Creek Pass to hunt sheep and moose before going up the Kaskawulsh River to a camp below Sheep Mountain where they met up with families from Burwash. The group cooperatively snared sheep for drying and hunted moose while moving north until they reached the Donjek River. This summer-long shakat continued on to Burwash before returning to the Aishihik Village.

In her daily life, she went to great lengths to teach her children how to trap well enough to earn a living and to hunt and fish well enough to keep their families healthy. The Southern Tutchone language was spoken exclusively in their home, and she made a great point of remembering and using traditional place names.

Until the 1940s, Bessie and Jack lived at the Aishihik Village with their children. Bessie served as a midwife to the people living in this small, remote settlement. She often treated flu victims with traditional medicines including the broth from boiled moose bones which gave strength.

To say times were tough would be an understatement, Mr. Speaker. After their first child contracted tuberculosis, the family had no option other than to try to reach the territory's only hospital in Dawson City. They walked and boated from Aishihik to Carmacks and on to Pelly where they rode in a motor boat to Dawson. Unfortunately, Stanley succumbed to this dreadful disease, and his spirit house remains to this day in our former capital city.

After Aishihik, the family moved to Haines Junction where Jack found employment at the experimental farm. Bessie continued to work hard raising her family, tanning hides and sewing traditional garments. She was a great seamstress, making slippers, vests, mittens and blankets. She continued the arduous task of tanning hides well into her 80s.

As the matriarch of her family, Bessie ensured her children understood the traditional ways and spoke their native language. Bessie was known to always put others first. She cared for those in need and raised four children in addition to her own five. She was a caring and devoted person.

Bessie was pre-deceased by Jack whom I paid tribute to in this Legislature on March 26, 1997. She is survived by her daughters Lorraine, Rosalie and Virginia, sons Percy and James, and many grandchildren and great grandchildren.

With your indulgence, Mr. Speaker, I will close by inviting all members to join me in welcoming to the gallery her son, Chief James Allen of the Champagne and Aishihik First Nations, and son-in-law Brian Kinney, granddaughter Desiree O'Brien and her spouse, Leslie O'Brien.
Mahsi' cho. Thank you.

MOCTEL 163 CORRECTION

Just finished reading the Moc/Tel - great as usual. Just for your info, I think Maribeth was a little confused with the Gartside name.

The **Mary Gartside** she was thinking of was a schoolteacher in the Yukon for years. She was a **sister to Joe Gartside**. "**Betty**" **Gartside was Joe's wife**. We have fond memories of the Gartside's. We knew Mary (schoolteacher) in Dawson, as well as Joe who used to manage the Volunteer radio station there. Later Joe and Betty were good friends of ours in Whitehorse. Joe and I worked together with the Canada Employment Centre. At the same time Blanche's mother cared for their son Fraser while Joe and Betty both worked. Connections--Connections. I dropped a line to Maribeth to help clear this up for her.

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

MEMORIES FROM AL SOWDEN

As I [Al Sowden] was driving up and down the Alaska Highway, I would see these two. First in the older Van and then the newer one. But my memory failed me so I got their names from Heather Kranabetter. [Heather Kranabetter submitted this article to the 'Okanagan Sunday'.]

– Submitted by Al Sowden [sharsowd*telus.net](mailto:sharsowd@telus.net) (In Yukon 1940's to early 1970's) (In Keremeos)

When the Brownies rode the caravan.



Caravaners Hasell (right) and Sayle



Sunday School Mission Caravaners Hasell and Sayle.

When the Brownies rode the Caravan

By Heather Kranbetter

Frankie and I were making ant soup when the big grey van rumbled off the Alaska Highway and up the dirt road towards my house. We ran to tell my mother, who ran to put on a fresh housedress and some lipstick. Then we raced off hollering our news to the other three families in camp. “The Brownies are coming, the Brownies are coming.”

Back in the yard, two women with grey hair wisping from one-neat buns climbed down from the van and attempted to smooth the wrinkles from their brown, hip-length jackets and loose brown skirts. The ‘brownness’ intensified as it continued from the camp-hat to leather belt to thick brown stockings ending in chocolate-brown oxfords. Mum welcomed the women and invited them in to wash off the highway dust and relax with a cup of tea. We waited grumpily on the porch step while the grownups had their boring visit. My mother, a Winnipeg girl, had been transplanted from the windy corner of Portage and Main to this windy pipeline station on the shores of Kluane Lake, Yukon Territory.

The Brownies, (formally known as Miss Hasell and Miss Sayle, Missionaries, Anglican Church of Canada) and their Sunday School Caravan Mission left Saskatchewan each summer. They traveled across the prairies, around the mountains of British Columbia and up to the Yukon, to spread the gospel to isolated families. They also spread news of ‘outside’ and the latest Highway gossip.

Tea and visit finished, the Brownies came out to their van and we stood gawking as the big back doors of the “Good Shepherd” swung open to reveal the playhouse of a child’s dreams. None of the snug nests, nor trains, nor bidey-holes we made with chairs and blankets in our parent’s living rooms could compare to this. Along each side was a neatly-made bunk. Supplies for a summer on the road were packed under and around these beds. What didn’t fit hung overhead. Ah’ but the treasure. There were songbooks, books of Bible stories, books about children in lands with strange trees, weird animals, and no snow; lands where people wore shoes without tops and funny clothes that looked like Mum’s old curtains. As well as the books there were glossy little cards with coloured pictures.

My favorite was one of small sheep and little children gathered around a man with long red-gold hair. We had never seen domestic sheep. I had never seen a red-haired person, other than the one who leered back at me from the bathroom mirror.

The Brownies held evening services in the VIP quarters or the mess hall. We found these family evenings boring compared to our days sitting behind the van (dogs stretched out by our sides) listening to the old stories, singing the old songs: our Sunday school among the fireweed. The fact that I was of Scots-Presbyterian and United Church of Canada descent; and Frankie a Roman Catholic was of no concern. This was an ecumenical affair.

Miss Haskell was the little Brownie, gentle and smiling eyes like my Auntie Betty Baker and the Queen Mum. My father liked her for her quiet wit, admired her for her tenacity. Not many women braved the Alaska Highway in the 1950's. Dad serviced the van, checking out any new rattles. Miss Hasell thanked him graciously, although we sensed she could have overhauled the thing herself. She was the keeper of the keys, which dangled from her sturdy leather belt.

While Miss Hasell's belt was a symbol of authority, Miss Sayle's was one of grave necessity, it prevented her voluminous bosom from dropping to her knees. We stared up in wonder and anticipation. If that belt ever gave way..... Miss Sayle was gruff, but kind. A booming sort of woman, when she sang "All things bright and beautiful " we knew they could hear her in Whitehorse. There was no danger of grizzlies wandering into camp during her stay.

Too soon that stay was over and we stood waving goodbye. I cried, quietly, tears sliding over freckled cheeks. No one laughed or teased. This was not a place of ridicule. I would find that later, in a world outside Yukon.

The Brownies visit was our marker in the sunlit eternity between June and September. Through the remaining days of summer we would fish for dolly varden, explore the surveyors trail, walk the pipeline (our balance beam), light fires in the culverts, and make more ant soup. It would be another year before the big creaking caravan brought the Brownies back to us again.



Vehicle now on display in the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse.
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@shaw.ca (In Vernon)



Vehicle now on display in the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse.
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Photo on display in the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse.
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Photo on display in the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse.

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

This information accompanies these photos in the Transportation Museum in Whitehorse.

The Canadian Caravan Mission

In 1949 the officer commanding the Northwest Highway System invited Miss Eva Hasell and her companion, Iris Sayle, to include the Alaska Highway in their long-established frontier mission services. For many years, the 'vanners' were a familiar site each summer as they carried out their Sunday School Caravan as they carried out their ministry among women and children in the isolated road camps and lodges in the Yukon and northern British Columbia.

(The following submitted by Jim Morrow.)

Commissioner will honour pair

Courtesy of the Whitehorse Star, June 7th, 2006 – Grant, Matthew

Commissioner Geraldine Van Bibber will honour two hard-working and innovative people with Commissioner's awards at her maiden tea in Dawson City this Saturday. Van Bibber will present Brenda Caley and Sherron Jones with public service awards for their commitment to the history of Yukon and the well-being of its communities.

"I am proud to present this honour to Brenda Caley of Dawson City and Sherron

Jones, formerly of Whitehorse, for their dedication to the people of the Yukon," Van Bibber said in a statement Monday.

Caley has lived in Dawson since she arrived as a teacher in the early 1960s. Her many years of dedicated volunteer service include her 35-year involvement with the Klondike Visitors Association, which she currently chairs.

Jones lived in Whitehorse for approximately 15 years before leaving the Yukon. She is the creator and ongoing volunteer publisher of the Internet site she calls the Moccasin Telegraph. The "Moc-Tel" as it is known, is a valuable source for information exchange and reference by more than 600 people who love Yukon history, lore and storytelling.

Caley and Jones will receive their awards at a ceremony at the Commissioner's Tea. The tea is hosted by the IODE and Parks Canada. It will begin at 2 p.m. Saturday at the Commissioner's Residence.

This will be Van Bibber's first annual tea. Now-retired commissioner Jack Cable was still in the post for the June 2005 tea.



Commissioner Geraldine VanBibber presented Sherron Jones with the Commissioners Award – “In recognition of her contributions to the recoding of Yukon’s history through creation of the e-news Moccasin Telegraph” - June 10, 2006 – Dawson City, Yukon.
Yukon Government Photo – Robin Armour photographer.



Sherron was introduced by Con Lattin presiding instead of Rolf Hougen who was attending the graduation ceremonies for three of his grandchildren this same weekend.
Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

JIMMY MCGARRY STORY

Hi, Sherron. I think you're away receiving awards and the like, but I just had to tell you that the latest version of my Jimmy McGarry story has been posted on Culture Northern Ireland. So Northern Ireland is now well aware of Jimmy and his tragic death in the Yukon.

Please click

<http://www.culturenorthernireland.org/article.aspx?co=0&ca=0&to=0&sca=0&articleID=1974&navID=0>

I hope you're having fun up there.

Regards. Ralph Lortie rlortie001*sympatico.ca (In Mississauga)

CARCROSS HISTORY WANTED

I have another request for information – this time for the **Caribou Hotel in Carcross**.

I am looking for local histories related to the role the hotel had in Carcross over the years. I understand that it was the only hotel open in Carcross from the early 1960s to now.

Does anyone remember when the other hotel shut down? (was that one the **Scott Hotel**?)

Did families go there to eat if they wanted a night out? Was the coffee shop a meeting place for residents? Were any of the owners or managers well known in Carcross for their volunteer efforts or other activities in the region?

Also during WWII, did the officers stay at the hotel, or was it used as offices or regional headquarters? Was the hotel open for regular business during these war years?

The Tutshi boat excursions – did tourists stay at the Caribou before embarking on their tour to Atlin or vice versa, stay the night in Carcross on their return? I am basically looking for local history that will demonstrate the importance of the hotel in the community and southern lakes region.

While you are in Dawson, you might be interested in attending the Signing of the Management Plan for the Forty Mile Historic Site on Sunday June 11. Tours of the historic Forty Mile townsite begin at 1:00 and the signing ceremony begins at 2:00, and there will be refreshments and entertainment after.

Once you arrive at Forty Mile (Top of the World Highway, Clinton Creek road, turn right after the 40 Mile River bridge – approximately an hour and half from Dawson) there will be signs to direct you to the site.

Thanks, Barbara Hogan Barbara.Hogan@gov.yk.ca
Historic Sites Registrar, *Heritage Resources, Cultural Services Branch*
Government of Yukon L-2 Box 2703 Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 2C6
Tel: 867-667-8258 Fax: 867-667-8023
www.yukonheritage.com

QUITE A NICE SURPRISE TO SEE MY FATHER

I would like to thank Bill Weigand of Steveston for submitting the two photos of “Driving the new Fords to Mayo”, NC. Co., in the 160th edition of MocTel.

It was quite a nice surprise to see my father (Garth Holm) looking back at me from the second photo. It would have been taken a few years before I was born.

Could you also please send the CD to the following address:
Lesley Holm, 311-8850 118A Street – Delta, BC V4C 6L5

And could you also add her to your e-mail address list: carcrosslesley@hotmail.com
It is my mom and she would really enjoy getting the MocTel as well.

Denise Moorcraft (nee Holm) moorcrt@northwestel.net (In Fort Nelson)

I think this makes Lesley a (GRANT) and Moe Grant's sister. – Sherron



Nesting Eagle and eaglet.

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig@yknnet.ca (In Whitehorse)

Attached is another photo I took yesterday [June 14th, 2006] of the nesting eagle. I hope you can see the chick - directly below the mothers' beak - peeking out through a hole in the nest. Not sure how well this will come out on the MocTel but thought I'd send it anyway.

Cheers, Tim

While in Whitehorse we found this Eagles Nest along the South Access Road in trees next to the river near Robert Service Park. Tim Kinvig was telling us that there is an island in the river near the nest which is referred to as Gull Island. This gives the eagles a supply of food when the young gulls hatch and try to learn to fly. - Sherron

MAYO LEGION HALL

I'm afraid I can't be of any help here. I was only seven when we left Mayo so my memories are extremely vague. I think this was the Mayo Menswear Store but can't swear to it.

Hopefully you've got some responses. Maggie Wallingham would most likely be helpful.

One thought that I did have, Sherron. I think that my father opened that Mayo Menswear store in 1949 and sold it or closed it in 1954 when we moved to Whitehorse. He owned the Silver Inn Hotel from 47-48 or 49 and then opened the Menswear store in Mayo and one in Keno.

Cheers, Marg Arthur Margaret.Arthur@telus.net (In Victoria)

OBIT

Norman Alexander “Scotty” Munro

Norman passed away from lung cancer at Whitehorse General Hospital on May 22, 2006. Norman was born August 28, 1931 in Atlin, B.C. to Alec and Annie Munro. In 1947, the family moved to Whitehorse where Norman remained for the rest of his life.

Norman was a good athlete in his younger years – he curled, played basketball and baseball, and coached hockey. In his later years he became an avid golfer and looked forward to his annual fishing trip with “the boys”. Norman worked at a variety of jobs during his lifetime, including working on the riverboats, bartending, paving, co-owning Tourist Services Gas Station, selling cars, and lastly for DPW/YTG in highway construction. Contributing to community was important to Norman. He joined the Whitehorse Lions Club in 1958 and was a charter member of the Grey Mountain Lions Club. He served as District Governor of Lions District 49b in 1983-84. As with his father before him, Norman was a member of the Atlinto Masonic Lodge.

Norman was a man with a big heart and many friends; and he loved his family and community. Norman was predeceased by Betty on December 14, 2005. He will be deeply missed by daughter Karen, sisters Helen and Pat and families, brother in law Harry (Gwen), many Scottish and Ukrainian cousins, and last but not least, dog Buddy.

A service for Norman will be held on Wednesday, June 7, at 1:30 p.m. at the Whitehorse United Church. A reception will follow at the CYO Hall, Fourth Avenue and Steele Street.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Under our Wing, Yukon Hospital Foundation, 5 Hospital Road, Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 3H7.

Bill & I [Sherron] were in Whitehorse on June 7th and attended the full house service for Scotty Munro. Scotty’s sister Helen Fitch gave a very heartfelt and meaningful tribute to her brother. I’m hopeful she will share that tribute with us. One of Scotty’s last requests was that those who attended his funeral also attend the reception so he could buy one last round for the house.

Also speaking at the service were Jim Smith and Gary Doering.

Thank you Scotty and family, not only for the drink, but also the opportunity to see so many folks we haven’t seen in years and likely would not have had the opportunity to see again. Those included Perry & Marcy Savoie, Jim Yamada, Wayne Hoganson, Ray Parkes, Lorraine McInroy, Mike & Diane Scott, Bill & Angie Richardson to name just some.

We also saw others we knew and had already bumped into the day before – Neil ‘Bucky’ & Shirley Keopke, John Erickson, Gudrun Sparling & Terry Bacon.

Terry Bacon was on the plane the day before travelling up from Vancouver, as was Helen Fitch and family. We also bumped into Dave Hennings on that flight. I now know there were others at the funeral that we knew but we just were not sure we recognized each other. 23 years has changed so many of us. (moi !) - Sherron

DAWSON CITY ELECTION RESULTS

Don't know when you are going to press.....but got the new Dawson City election results hot off the 'Dawson forum' website tonight [June 16, 2006]....today was election day in Dawson....finally!!!!!! This forum is very lively at times...and results come from Dan Davidson...so should be accurate....**John Steins** was acclaimed as the new Mayor.

<http://cityofdawson.com/forum/board.php>

New Dawson City Council results (Municipal Elections)

Percy Henry - 63

*** Ed Kormendy - 183 (elected)**

*** Adam Morrison - 204 (elected)**

Cam Sinclair - 89

James Roberts - 33

Guy Chan - 108

Gary Wilson - 39

Torben Larson - 120

*** Ashley Doiron - 216 (elected)**

*** Diana Andrews - 188 (elected)**

Frank Narozny - 67

Helmut Schoener - 131

Byrun Shandler - 61

398 people voted

2 ballots were rejected as improperly marked

396 were counted

By comparison, 494 people voted in October 2003.

Cheers, Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

A TIDBIT SENT IN BY GILLIAN CAMPBELL

1898

On this date -

Dawson Yukon - First issue of the Klondike Nugget published;

- 50¢ an Issue.

COMMISSIONERS' BALL – SPECIAL EDITION

I loved it all, I felt that Pete and I were right there, me dressed in my last mauve outfit with black lace, and Pete with his tux and beautiful gold nugget watch chain with my grandmother's, lovely little gold Waltham Watch that I inherited. Thank you for sending all this in advance. Congratulations, Sherron on receiving your award.

Pete and Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

Great write up and pictures Sherron. Sounds like you had a wonderful time.

All the best,

Ron and Colleen Butler ronb11@telus.net (In Parksville)

Our Cinderella arrives at the Ball

Many congratulations Sherron, what a wonderful trip it must have been for you. To be able to meet so many of your contributors for the first time must have been so exhilarating, magic moments to be treasured.

I have met (briefly) Heather Jones, and of course my dear friend and mentor Don Frizzell, but not realizing that you had not met Donna Clayson, your Aide de Camp so to speak, was a lovely surprise for you.

Your reward was not only from the Commissioner but also from your MocTel supporters.

So many distinguished Yukoners with so much pride and history to share, a rare breed indeed.

Kindest regards,

Dennis Eve Denmeve@aol.com (Newcastle on Tyne, England)

TEA AND DAWSON NEWS

Hi Sherron, It was great meeting you at the Tea, what a wonderful Day. The hot weather lasted until this Thursday and then we had thunder and lightening and a downpour of rain; just what we needed. Last evening saw the arrival of about 50 Military Attaches on their annual visit to the North. They were entertained by the Canadian Rangers and the City of Dawson at a Wildgame BBQ, the food was delicious and lots of it. The sun came out about 4:00 pm; everyone enjoyed the good food, and conversation at the Northend of town on the banks of the Yukon River under the Moosehide Slide, Dawson's distinctive landmark.

Almost forgot to tell you about the Two Bears of Bear Creek, I call them Bonnie and Clyde, who held the residents captive for about 4 days this past week. They could be seen ambling up and down the road in the early morning hours checking out the yards along the way, looking for the best garbage, the local game branch put out a Bear Trap, to no avail, these bears were not afraid of people, or dogs or vehicles. These bears were destroyed as it was felt it was a matter of time before they would attack. We don't know where they came from as we haven't had Bears in this area for sometime.

All the Best Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

UPDATE ON HENRY BREADEN

Just phoned Alice Breaden for an update on Henry; he will be coming home from hospital on Monday, June 19, and health care workers will monitor his ability to cope with living at home. Alice said Henry is looking forward to coming home and she is planning on trying to make it on their own, with out help.

We all wish you well Henry and hope you will soon be sending e-mail messages.
- Sherron

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have changed my email address to ugottutshi*shaw.ca I missed the May 27th and June 3rd editions and would appreciate if you could forward them to this address. Hope you have a great time up north and the weather is good to you.

Regards, Juanita Bell

Please note our new personal email address.

pdbastien*northwestel.net use provdo*northwestel.net for film and video business.

Cheers! Phil & Debbie Bastien

NEW ADDITION

Why isn't the MocTel a website? Or at least available as a PDF e-mail? I know it's well known, but I confess I'd never heard of it until you contacted me last winter. At any rate, I'd appreciate getting a copy. It's nice to keep track of where my material appears.

Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

I asked Dan if he would share the material he sent to the Whitehorse Star about the weekend events in Dawson. He has sent same and wishes to join us. I was able to meet Dan when he overheard me asking where I might find John & Madeliene Gould as we were in the Dawson Museum Friday evening. So he said so you are Sherron Jones and we shook hands. – Sherron

My mom, Jackie Pierce was showing me the Moccasin Telegraph and I found it quite interesting. Please include me as a subscriber. Mom said there is a fee by donation which I can send to you.

Thank you

Melanie Pierce jimanmel@hotmail.com

Box 11128

Whitehorse YT Y1A 6M1

Hi Sherron, Please sign us up for the Moccasin Telegraph also. Great article from Dan Davidson on the Commissioner's Tea and Ball which we thoroughly enjoyed. We did not know about your project until you were presented with the Commissioner's Award at the Tea. It was fun to send your article on last weekend to our sons who were born and raised in the Yukon but now live in Eastern Canada with their wives. They didn't know about my winning the Princess Cruise until I sent them this article.

Thanks for all your work on keeping Yukoners engaged.

Ron and Kip Veale

273 Alsek Road

Whitehorse, YT Y1A 4T1

e-mail: veale@yknet.ca

Catherine (Kip) Veale

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

If anyone speaks badly of you, live so none will believe it.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

MOOSEHIDE-DAWSON PUNCH

Submitted by Kathy (Warville) Wedge kawedge@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Half the ingredients can be gotten in Moosehide and the other half in Dawson.

1c. low bush cranberries Dash salt
1 c. ripe incho (rose hips) ½ c. sugar ½ c. water 2 c. apple juice
1 c. raspberries ½ tsp. cinnamon

Cook cranberries and incho in water until berries are soft. Add raspberries and cook until they are also soft. Drain through a wet jelly bag and squeeze to get all possible juice. Drain again to clarify the juice but do not squeeze the bag this time around.

Add the sugar and salt; swirl briefly until all the sugar is dissolved. Add apple juice and cinnamon. Heat thoroughly. Remove from stove and cool.

Pour over cracked ice in tall glasses and garnish with thin orange or lemon slices.

DATES TO REMEMBER

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

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