

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 169th Edition – July 30th, 2006**

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

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



Our new neighbour – Fat Cheeks

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [dougbell@ykn.net](mailto:dougbell@ykn.net) (In Whitehorse)

### **THE DRUNK**

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

I saw him sitting on the sand,  
Brush and pallet in his hand.  
I marveled at the skill he had,  
And wondered why he looked so sad,  
As upon a driftwood slab he traced,  
The image of a woman's face.  
An image of beauty, grace and pride,  
Then he sketched his likeness at her side.

He smiled as he gazed at the face he'd drawn,  
Then all of a sudden, the smile was gone.  
With angry strokes of his brush, I found,  
He'd clothed her in a scarlet gown,  
He swore and shouted angrily,  
And tossed his painting in the sea.  
As it floated away on the ebbing tide  
I watched as he sat alone, and cried.

# Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

## CHAPTER 2

### ETHEL

At a dance in the spring of 1931, I met the prettiest blue eyed girl who had come to Fort St. John from Vancouver in 1928 and lived on her father's homestead. Her name was Ethel Farrell and I had no doubts that this was the person with whom I wanted to spend the rest of my life, so I set about convincing her that I would like her to become Mrs. Callison.

Ethel was a pioneer in that country too. When she came from Vancouver she travelled by train as far as Peace River Crossing and then by sternwheeler, the *D. A. Thomas* on the Peace River to old Fort St. John. The boat was woodfired and every so many miles it would pull ashore and the deckhands would trundle cords of wood aboard ready to be fed into the firebox to fire the boilers which generated steam to turn the paddle wheel.

In the fall of 1931 my brother John and I went out on the trapline and returned before Christmas and on January 16th Ethel and I were married at Ft. St. John.

The honeymoon was brief - if the groom were going to make; money for that new cabin on our homestead, he would have to trap like he had never trapped before. Ethel stayed with friends until I returned in May.

Most of the furniture for our 20 x 25 foot 2 room log cabin was homemade - "Early Callison and Friends". Ethel has since told me that interior decorators dictate that a living room should have a focal point - a marble fireplace or a Chagall print - well our living room had a focal point - a "Renfrew", a shiny brand new, cast iron, chrome trimmed kitchen stove. It was Ethel's pride, how much joy, I won't say. Woodstoves have to be stoked at least every hour all day long. When we let the fire go out at night in the winter everything froze solid, but there was no harm done because we had no plumbing or supply of canned goods to freeze so it just meant a chilly start to the day until I got the fire started in the stove and warmed up the house.

The summer of the second year Ethel and I were married we decided we would put on our own stampede and picnic so sent word around our 10 mile neighbourhood and started to get things ready.

When the big day arrived, between 75 and 100 men, women and children came on horseback, and by horse and buggy, bringing their lunches and food for the pot luck supper and my sister Norma and a friend set up a stand to sell sandwiches and coffee to the bachelors in the district who didn't bring their own. Ethel's big brand new, copper wash boiler was on the stove heating up water for the coffee.

I had rounded up some loose, range horses, some of the other fellows brought horses and steers for us to ride and these were all in our corral waiting for the main event of the day to begin.

We had competitions - a baseball game, tug of war, nail driving, egg and spoon races, sack races, everyone joining in good innocent fun, then of course the bronco and steer riding.

At a gathering like this there was always someone who could play the fiddle and another a banjo and usually a mouth organ and as many of them who could get inside our little cabin, danced until it was time to round up the children, hitch up the buggies and head home. Our first effort at hosting a social event had been a real success.

There had been no liquor to make the party go - no one could afford it, but there was much laughter and chatter and general good fellowship among a crowd of people, all working hard to make a living and raise families.

We look back on those days as the good old times, well worth remembering.

One of our neighbours on the homestead was a good soul named Ben Draper and Ethel and I liked him. For some reason he had become the target of pranks by the local kids, including my young brothers and sister. They did silly things like going into the barn and putting harnesses on the cows or turning the horses loose.

As Hallowe'en was approaching Ethel and I knew that the youngsters were planning some devilry. Mr. Draper was worried about it.

Ethel and I talked about it and included young Earl who worked for me and decided we too would have some fun on Hallowe'en.

As soon as it was dark on Hallowe'en, Ethel and I walked over to Draper's place, I carrying a 30-30 rifle and told Mr. Draper about our plan which pleased him.

The three of us got up in the hayloft over the barn door and before long we could hear the kids trying to sneak up the road toward the barn. Earl had gathered up 30 or 40 of them of all ages, all raring to have some fun at Draper's expense.

Just as some of them got inside the barn door I let go with a couple of blasts from the 30.30 in the air, just 10 or 15 feet above them.

You never heard such a commotion, kids stampeding helter skelter down the road and on the bare frozen ground they sounded like a herd of horses. When they got about 50 feet down the road I shot into the air again, then they really made tracks while Ethel, Ben Draper and I laughed our heads off.

Earl told me that the kids told him there had been bullets whistling right around their ears, and my sister Doris who was with the gang said that Mr. Draper was a dangerous man and should be put in jail.

When I told her what had really happened was she ever mad at me, but the kids never took a chance on bothering Mr. Draper again. Ben who is now over 90 years old still laughs about our Hallowe'en night on the homestead.

\* \* \*



*Church where Ethel and I were married. 1932*

*Ethel and I with new baby. 1933*

*Pat holding baby Joan. 1933*



*Callison brothers in N.D. 1918.  
L. to R.: Dan, Lynch, John, Pat, Lash.*



*Ethel and Pat on homestead. 1932*



*Railway construction near Wembley, Alberta. 1927. This elevating grader was powered by 18 horses, 12 pulling and 6 pushing. Brother John driving and myself standing at left on grader.*

We had 160 acres of land which had to be broken and I worked as hard as the horses, clearing and plowing, doing "improvement" so that we could keep the land. We built fences and barns, cultivated a big garden, Ethel had a flock of chickens and some geese

of which she was very proud. One morning we heard a great commotion in our barnyard and when we got there we found that a mink had polished off the geese. My mild mannered Ethel said some unkind words about mink in general.

Within two years we had 60 acres of land cleared, and 30 acres in the most beautiful crop of oats a rancher could have wished for - four feet high, laden with grain, a bumper crop.

September 10, 1933. A typical equinoctial storm laid down 6 inches of heavy wet snow, flattened the crop, and to add insult to injury, the temperature dropped sharply and the whole damn mess froze solid making our horse feed almost unsalvageable.

Were we discouraged? We sure as hell were. Maybe that was part of the reason we decided to leave the Peace River country and head for Vancouver, Ethel's birthplace and all new country to me. !

To be continued....

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH CD'S

Anyone wishing a copy of 2003, 2004 and 2005 MocTels on CD mailed out to you. Or anyone wishing a copy to be brought to the Vancouver Island Yukoners Picnic where you can pick it up --- please let me know.

The price is \$15.00 for the three years on one CD and an additional \$5. for shipping and mailing.

It is not going to be so convenient making OR mailing them from Yuma Arizona this winter.

Sherron Jones [sherronjones\\*shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Rolf & Marg Hougén with their international liqueur collection, June 2006. They were kind enough to have us over for wine and cheese and a tour of their gorgeous home.

Their collection of liqueurs and wines, as well as a wall of photos is evidence of a fascinating life of travel and family.

Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi\\*shaw.ca](mailto:ve7yi*shaw.ca) (In Vernon)



Sherron & Bill Jones enjoying a glass of wine and a tour of Rolf & Marg Hougens' wine cellar, June 2006. This cellar is a work of art. If you look closely above Bill's head you will see three depths of sliding shelves on the back wall. Once home in Vernon we learned that our good friend Brian Warner was one of the rock masons who did the rock work on the floor and around the arched wine cellar door.

Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)



Cathy & Ron McFadyen – Whitehorse, Yukon  
Happy after entertaining the Jones' with a wonderful dinner – June, 2006.  
Photo courtesy Bill Jones [ve7yi\\*shaw.ca](http://ve7yi*shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

## **Matthew Keeps Eye on Things The Old Days live on in Yukon Store**

By Sun Staff Reporter

Newspaper article from 1973 saved and submitted by Joyce (Richards) Yardley

[Joyce\\*dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce*dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)

**Carcross, Yukon Territory – Old Matthew Watson** may have died two years ago, but he's still keeping an eye on things in his general store.

The young Matthew Watson, Glasgow, Scotland, circa 1890, still smiles down from his photograph over the back door of Matthew Watson's General Store here, directly across the main street from the White Pass and Yukon railway station.

Matthew at four years of age was the picture of turn of the century decadence, in silk breeches, huge bow tie, leaning slightly to the left on a handy table, right hand on hip, the future boy capitalist of the Klondike Gold Rush.

"He was the goer of the family," Hazel McLaren, Matthew's widow.

Business is still "good enough," said Nellie Watson, who married Matthew's son Bob, and wears a toque in the store to combat the cold.

"It used to be thriving," she says. "But with the Klondike Highway to Whitehorse now, people go there."

Carcross, 50 miles south of Whitehorse, was once a principal stop along the route to untold riches during the gold rush of '98.

After a night of whooping it up in the Malmute Saloon in Skagway, gold-crazed fortune-seekers would trek to Dyea, Alaska, climb the 45 degree wall known as the Chilkoot Pass, and rest at Bennett and Carcross.

Over the years, Carcross became famous for the 125 year old parrot who lived in the Cariboo Hotel next door. Polly was the property of Captain Alexander, who went down with the CPR steamship Princess Alexandra off Skagway in the winter of 1918.

The parrot was known as a formidable bird with a beer, but got religion a few years ago, swore off booze and swearing, and was found stone cold and drumsticks up last year.

Though the parrot may be gone, Matthew Watson's store lives on, exactly as it was when he took it over in 1911 at the peak of his mercantile career.

"Except for the Coke machine, of course," says Nellie.

Even if you couldn't tell the machine is new by the bright colours – the only truly dazzling red in the store – you could tell by the coin slot. It takes quarters only.

A few cans of motor oil in the red, white and blue by the cheddar cheese cutter are the only other indications that 1973 has arrived at Carcross.

A 1936 Bank of Montreal calendar, open at June, hangs on the back wall under a jumble of game law bulletins and a yellowed copy of amendments to the migratory birds Convention dated 1920.

Drawings of Franklin Delanor Roosevelt and Winston Churchill are tacked above the calendar. A blue card, torn at the corners, accredits the store as a retailer under the wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Indians drop in from time to time to warm their hands over the big iron wood stove.

Some are cute post card-faced children, some lean trappers, some old women wearing

most of a century in the Yukon on their crocheted faces. The store smells pleasantly of wood smoke.

The kids buy jawbreakers, arranging piles of pennies on the glass candy showcase, which carries this small chrome plate on its wooden frame: American Show Case works engraved in extravagant curlicued script, L.G. Hansen, 27 Lake St. Chicago.

A lithographed metal dispenser holds promotional folders on behalf of the Pacific Steamship Co./

One advertises "Lockheed Elecra :Luxury," boosting the type of plane Amelia Earhart was flying when she disappeared over the Pacific in 1937. A return flight from Whitehorse to Vancouver cost \$180 then, the same as now.

A telegraph key hangs on the wall next to the two-bell wood cabinet crank telephone. Matthew Watson was the telegraph operator at Carcross. And notary public. Also the ??? (torn paper).

His regular trade was tinsmith, like his father.

"He'd done a lot of things, I do declare," Matthew's widowed says; occasionally undertaker, fur rancher.

In 1929, his biggest year, Matthew Watson had 1,000 mink and silver, red and platinum foxes. Then the fur market vanished with the Depression.

He worked in the general store until 1959, when Bob and Nellie took over.

Matthew's commercial career, spanned borders starting when he was 14, selling copies of the Seattle Post Intelligencer in Bennett to sourdoughs for \$1 a piece.

With his dog team, Matthew hauled supplies up the Chilkoot Pass for a handsome fee at the height of the gold rush.

Nellie remembers her father-in-law doing business:

"I can see them now. Indians would come here with dog teams and sleds, piled up with furs. The dog teams would lodge overnight in the barn.

"They would bring the sleigh right in here with the furs to trade. Mr. Watson would have his grub list ready and tie everything onto the sled and make it secure. Then, after spending the night here, they'd get the dogs loosed up again and harness them and away they'd go.

"It was impressive, with pompoms on the dogs' heads and all. They'd be maybe three days going back to Teslin."

Hazel Watson, who now lives in Vancouver, credits her late husband's business success to "Scotch persistence."

"He knew the Yukon so well. He prospected with a dog team. I said to Pierre Berton..." Hazel is not name-dropping here, let it be understood. She taught school, as Berton's mother did in Dawson from 1900. "During its heyday, when the dance halls were going full swing, although I didn't see much of that element." "... I said to Pierre Berton 'I don't think there was any man who knew the Yukon as well as Matthew'..." "He was up and down the hill (the Chilkoot Pass) twice the day of the big slide." probably the April 3, 1898 tragedy which took 60 lives- "He helped dig out bodies." Hazel came to Carcross from Dawson in 1913 to earn money teaching to study at the University of Toronto "and I guess I changed my mind." She married Matthew the next year. "Gold pans?" says her son Bob Watson. "Oh yeah. Two sizes, small ones and big ones.

Webbing for dog harness over here. Here's your horse-shoes. Sometimes people ask for them." Shelves of Pride of the West workshirts, which used to be manufactured on

Hastings Street Vancouver. And row on row of Stanfield's underwear in pale blue boxes. Kerosene lamp chimneys. Pipe elbows. Chewing tobacco, Copenhagen snuff: "It's a pleasure," complete with quotation marks, under the trademark on the can. The gas pump outside reminds Bob of the days when Matthew Watson sold aviation gasoline to Grant McConachie, the bush pilot founder of CP Air, and Joe Crossan, who founded Pan American. Nellie turns around to ring in the sale of a pack of cigarettes to Margaret, an Indian, on the ancient silver "National Cash Register"-the model with a clock build-in on the side. Bob wraps a package with string unwinding from a spool above; a lost art. "It's all Super-Value stuff now, you know," says Bob.



**Spirit Houses on hill across the river from Whitehorse**

Photo courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright [bonruby\\*telus.net](mailto:bonruby*telus.net) (In Port Hardy)

*This photo from Bonnie came in before I went to Yukon and was so very surprised when I looked out the window from the room Moe Grant is in at the Hospital to find these grave sites standing proud on the hill near his window.*

*When we visited Rolf and Marg Hougen I mentioned this very interesting photo and Rolf commented that at one time the graves had been vandalized and he 'merely' provided the necessary lumber and materials and two 'highly regarded' native elders George Dawson and Fred Boss rebuilt the site. Rolf has since sent a photo of a grave decoration which was destroyed by vandals and although he inquired about having it replaced, he did not. The price was very high for a marble or granite replacement. Perhaps if this item could be reproduced in concrete it may last for some time, but a Marble replacement would be expensive and perhaps subject to further vandalism. - Sherron*



**Wolf Statue** broken beyond repair, formerly at Hospital Road site.  
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen [marg@hougens.com](mailto:marg@hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

## **EDMONTON STEALS THE KLONDIKE NO MORE**

With all of the talk about ‘Home of the Klondike’ and ‘Canada's True North’ etc. I thought you may enjoy this. My preference being ‘Home of the Klondike’, it says it all - it can only be one place and that is the Yukon.

Fred Aylwin [fbaylwin@shaw.ca](mailto:fbaylwin@shaw.ca) (In Vernon)

We won! Finally, we won! Edmonton has finally dropped “Klondyke Days” and today opened the ‘Edmonton Exhibition’. Ah, sweet victory. Wonder if they’re celebrating in Dawson? Even after all these years away from it, I admit, I said “yaaaass!” when I heard the news this morning.

Anonymous former Yukoner.

## **MEMORIES OF CARCROSS (and younger years in Whitehorse)**

By Donna (Needham) Mclean [dj\\_mclean@shaw.ca](mailto:dj_mclean@shaw.ca) (In Kelowna)

Considering the week it has been this will no doubt be all jumbled up. Carcross....great little place. I drove thru it last November and just about cried at the disrepair of the old Carcross hotel.

First off, someone mentioned Agnes MacDonald. Saw her not long ago and she is well. Had a hip replacement, was slim and trim and same old Agnes. She is in Rimbey Alberta. The hotel, oh dear. Mary Tobacco and Dorothy Hopcott had it when I was out there.

Jens Olson, who had a bad leg from a trapping accident lived across the bridge and came daily to visit the girls. History, maybe incorrectly so says he broke the knee trapping and nailed it together to limp out. Quite possibly

No one loved Polly.

The hotel had a nice old round table that we used to sit and to play cards and sip a few.

Lorne Scholler was the summer Mountie. Lord he was tall.

When I went into the service, I came out at 21 and first thing I did is buy a car and go to Carcross....I walked into the bar and Mary kicked me out. Had a heck of a time convincing her I was of age.

Mary was a fantastic catcher for the town team and had had a nice little cafe on Main Street. Named in her customary sensibleness MARYS.

I rented a cabin from the Katlers who were at the eating house on the WP and Yukon Route. Can't remember the name just now.

A fellow named Cash was with the railway and the summer Gerri Peardon and I did the Chilcoot he had fits and tried to keep track of us with a small hand car.

John Klien married June...and they had their reception in the hotel. Some fun for all.

Jens died upstairs.. Mary moved him into a room when she felt he was too ill to be on his own.

June Fitchener had a cabin next to Jens as did Jackie Curry. Both gals were awesome softball players. We all played on the town team sponsored by Bernie Burnet who had Bernie's Toggery. Snazzy black and white uniforms.

I was bat girl, for a while till I got to play first base. So many sore hands from so many good hard throws.

No wonder Mary thought I was too young, she remembered me as a kid.....lord that was a long time ago.

The RCMP cabin is now a gift shop and the old hotel is a sin to see.

This is pretty mixed, but if you can make sense of any of it. feel free

Hugs Donna

*Donna – was the eating place Bennet? - Sherron*

That's the place. At one time June Fitch, June Klien and Carl and Georgina Kattler all worked there and John Klien and Cash worked at Carcross/Bennet for White Pass. There was a native lady Inor about Carcross named Angela Sidney and she and I got to be quite good friends though there was a considerable diff in age. She once did a lovely carving of a kneeling native lady. I had a copy in plaster but don't know where the original went. Hopefully to a good home. Such workmanship and Clara excuse me. Mrs. Tyzia and a lady named Lily did such exquisite bead work. I expect but hope it isn't a lost art.

I remember things in bits and pieces.

Do remember one year at the end of soft ball season we had a party at Bea and Ross Craig's house. There were two punch bowls as Helen Munro, Rosalee Tyzia and someone else were under age. Somehow the signs got switched and by the time the adults knew it we young'uns were a pretty sick bunch of puppies.

Bernie Burnett, now there was a true Yukon character. When she had the apparel and sponsored us she of course would come and sit right behind the umpire and yell "your

blind you farmer”, full volume in her rather distinctive voice. She later married Jack Bell and they were our neighbours at one time. Was funny to see the old location as a French immersion place...dad would have not been too happy. lol

As you know baseball was one of moms’ passions. Once here I took her to a kid’s game, well more than once but we were right behind the ump and mom was being quite vocal about his calls. Finally he turned around and came to the fence/backstop and began to explain to mom the difference in strike zones for kids from major leagues. Mom was properly chastised and it was the only time I saw or heard her incorrect on anything to do with sports.

Just doing this to keep my mind busy.

Take care Donna Mclean



Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich\\*lohmann.ca](http://heinrich*lohmann.ca) (In Airdrie AB)

## CARCROSS AND YUKON TIDBITS

July 24, 2006 from Joyce Yardley [Joyce\\*dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce*dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)

Hi Sherron, just came across this old letter (1993) from Tom Watson (now deceased, not sure of the date he passed away, but I’m sure Goody would know.) He was no relation to Matthew Watson’s family... I had a visit with him, as he mentions in the letter, at the school reunion, in Whitehorse (1992). I remember what a very nice, likable person he was.

I’m sending it on to you, as it is just a little more history about Carcross and the Yukon. (My apologies to Pierre Berton, “grin.”)

Oh, and I had a phone call from Babe Richards, and she told me that Goody was going to visit Phyllis Hinds in N. Vancouver, and they were coming to the Yukoner’s picnic in August here on the island.

Luv, Joyce

(Letter from Tom Watson)

1566 Winterhaven Road,  
Mississauga, Ontario  
L5E 3B1

(1993)

Dear Joyce:

Our mutual friend, Goody Sparling, sent me your book “Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners”, in which you had penned a note saying, “Happy Reading.” You were so right, it is a happy book, the best one I have ever read about the Yukon, and I enjoyed every word in it. You should send a copy to Pierre Berton and let him read how a book on the Yukon should be written. Your personal experiences and those of your husband and family are fantastic, and in no time you make your reader become part of your family. Although I have never met your husband, Gordon, a lump came in my throat when I read of his stroke.

I know so well most of the places about which you wrote. Of course Whitehorse was my home, where I was born 12 years before you. My mother came to Carcross from Montreal in 1905 as an Anglican Missionary School teacher to the Indians, and lived there for at least three years. She had a real love for the place, and she often took me there during the summer months. I believe Johnny Johns was one of her pupils, as well as George Simmons, as he had no where else to go to school. When I was going to high school, Jack Weise and I camped by a little creek about 2 miles south of Carcross, on the shore of Lake Bennet. It rained so hard that Gilbert Skelly came around in his boat and made us move in with him in his cabin, which would have been in the area where you built.

About once a year for 3 or 4 years we used to camp at the old post at Tagish. My Dad would hire George Simmons to take us there in his boat, and pick us up a week or two later. Incidentally, George’s mother introduced my parents to each other. Across the river from our campsite in Tagish, a family whose name, I believe was Dixon [Dickson?] had one of the early mink farms in the Yukon. As Dad worked for White Pass, mother and I often went to Atlin, and stayed at the (by Yukon standards,) the luxurious Atlin Inn.

I was 17 when I graduated from High School, and joined the bank of Commerce in Dawson City. While there, I had the use of the Holbrook Mining Co.’s dogteam. The company was based in the “60 mile” area, and used to winter in Dawson. With that dogteam, I spent many week ends visiting the placer miners on the creeks. I loved my 3 years in Dawson. Then it was back to Whitehorse, for three more years, before being transferred “Outside”. For a young man I knew your father well, and your brother Ted. He and I both ended up in the RCAF. I was a bit luckier than he, but I was so glad to learn that a mountain has been named in his honour.

The book you wrote, Joyce, was a very worth-while effort, and I know, like me, that there are now and will be many more people who will be enjoying it. You have put a lot of work into it, and it must be a real satisfaction for you. When you told me at the school re-union that you were writing a book, I got the impression that it was to be a children’s

book, well, it could be because, like me at 80 years of age, we are all children, particularly when we read a book like yours, about our heritage. But none of us ever had your fantastic experiences.

If you are ever this way, please let us know. My wife and I would be most happy to see you.

With warm regards to you and your family,

Sincerely,

Tom Watson

### Remember This ?

## Whitehorse Inn Cafe

<p><b>STEAKS and CHOPS</b></p> <p>Porterhouse Steak ..... \$3.50          Top Sirloin ..... \$2.75          T-Bone ..... \$2.75          Beef Tenderloin ..... \$3.25          Sirloin ..... \$2.35          Rib ..... \$2.00          Small Steak ..... \$1.65          Lamb Chops ..... \$1.50          Pork Chops ..... \$1.50          Veal Chops ..... \$1.50          Breaded Veal or Pork Cutlets ..... \$1.25          Veal Steak ..... \$1.50          Hamburg Steak and Onions ..... \$1.10          Liver and Bacon or Onions ..... \$1.10          Fried ¼ Spring Chicken ..... \$2.00          Side of Onions ..... .35          Side of Mushrooms ..... \$1.00</p> <p><small>(Toast, Potatoes Included.)</small></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>POTATOES— —VEGETABLES</b></p> <p>French Fried ..... 35c.          Home Fried ..... 35c.          Cottage Fried ..... 45c.          Lyonnaise Fried ..... 35c.          Hash Brown ..... 35c.</p> <p>Corn ..... 35c.          Peas ..... 35c.          Beans ..... 35c.</p> <p>Lettuce ..... 40c.          Sliced Tomatoes ..... 50c.          Dill Pickles ..... 35c.          Celery ..... 50c.          Olives ..... 50c.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>FISH</b></p> <p>Salmon ..... \$1.25          Halibut ..... \$1.25          Black Alaska Cod ..... \$1.25          ¼ Doz. Fried Oysters ..... \$1.50          Oysters Stewed in Milk ..... \$1.00          Filet of Sole ..... \$1.00</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>MISCELLANEOUS</b></p> <p>Kidney and Bacon on Toast ..... \$1.00          Chili Con Carne with crackers ..... .50          Weiners and Beans ..... .75          Ham Steak ..... \$2.00</p>
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**SIZZLER STEAK** FRENCH FRIED **\$1.50**  
 TEA — COFFEE

### Breakfast A La Carte

<p>White or Brown Toast ..... 15c.          Cinnamon Toast ..... 20c.          Milk Toast ..... 25c.          Bran Muffins—2 for ..... 15c.          Cinnamon Bun ..... 10c.          Jam ..... 10c.          French Toast—Jelly ..... 50c.          Hot Cakes—Maple Syrup ..... 40c.          Buckwheat Cakes ..... 40c.          Ham, Bacon or Sausages ..... 30c.</p>	<p>Ham, Bacon or Sausage and 2 Eggs ..... 20c.          Ham, Bacon or Sausage and 1 Egg ..... 75c.          Two Eggs (Any Style) ..... 60c.          One Egg (Any Style) ..... 45c.          Plain Omelette, 3 Eggs ..... 30c.          Cheese Omelette ..... 90c.          Minced Ham Omelette ..... 90c.          Spanish Omelette ..... 90c.          Bacon Omelette ..... 90c.          Breakfast Steak ..... \$1.25</p> <p><small>(Toast—Potatoes Included)</small></p>
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**SIDE ORDERS—** Ham, Bacon or Sausage 25c. 1 Egg 20c. 2 Eggs 40c

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>APPETIZERS</b></p> <p>Tomato Juice ..... 50c.          Apple Juice ..... 30c.          Grape Fruit Juice ..... 30c.          Small ..... 15c.</p> <p><b>OYSTER COCKTAIL</b> ..... 50c.  <b>FRUIT COCKTAIL</b> ..... 35c</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CEREALS</b></p> <p>Hot ..... 25c.          Corn Flakes ..... 25c.          Shredded Wheat ..... 25c.          Bran Flakes ..... 25c.          Rice Krispies ..... 25c.</p>
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## A La Carte Menu

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>SANDWICHES</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>COLD</b></p> <p>Peanut Butter ..... 25c.          Salmon ..... 35c.          Devilled Eggs ..... 35c.          Cold Tongue ..... 25c.          Cheese ..... 35c.          Minced Ham and Relish ..... 35c.          Pork ..... 40c.          Beef ..... 40c.          Cold Ham ..... 40c.          Sardine ..... 40c.          Tomato ..... 50c.          Lettuce and Tomato ..... 60c.          Tuna Fish ..... 60c.          Chicken or Turkey ..... 75c.          Chicken with          Potato Salad ..... \$1.25          (Toasted 5c. extra.)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SANDWICHES</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>HOT</b></p> <p>Hamburg on Bun ..... 35c.          Fried Egg ..... 35c.          Grilled Cheese ..... 45c.          Fried Bacon or Ham ..... 50c.          Denver ..... 50c.          Cheeseburger ..... 60c.          Grilled Cheese and Bacon ..... 60c.          Fried Ham or Bacon and Egg ..... 60c.          Bacon and Tomato ..... 60c.          Hot Beef or Pork ..... 85c.          Hot Chicken or Turkey ..... \$1.00          (Toasted 5c. extra.)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>FOUNTAIN MENU</b></p> <p>Milk Shakes—any flavor 25c.          Ice Cream—per dish . . . 25c.          Coke Float . . . . . 25c</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SUNDAES</b></p> <p>Chocolate . . . . . 35c.          Strawberry . . . . . 35c.          Pineapple . . . . . 35c.          Marshmallow . . . . . 35c.          Maple Walnut . . . . . 35c.          Chocolate Marshmallow 40c.          Chocolate Nut . . . . . 40c.          Fruit Salad . . . . . 35c.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SOFT DRINKS</b></p> <p>Coca Cola . . . . . 15c.          Orange Crush . . . . . 15c.          Other Soft Drinks . . . . . 25c.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SOUPS</b></p> <p>Dinner Soup ..... 15c.          Chicken Noodle ..... 35c.          Cream of Tomato ..... 35c.          Cream of Mushroom ..... 35c.          Clam Chowder ..... 35c.          Vegetable ..... 35c.          Roll and Butter ..... 10c.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>SALADS AND COLD PLATES</b></p> <p>Chicken Salad ..... \$1.75          Shrimp, Crab or Lobster ... \$1.75          Tunafish ..... \$1.50          Combination ..... \$1.50          Lettuce and Tomato ..... \$1.25          Fruit Salad ..... \$1.00          Cold Sliced Turkey          and Fruit Salad ..... \$2.00          Assorted Cold Cuts          with Sweet Pickles ..... \$1.50          Cold Sliced Ham or Beef          with Relish ..... \$1.25          All above orders served with          Buttered Toast.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>DESSERT</b></p> <p>Layer Cake ..... 20¢          Assorted Pies ..... 15c.          Cup Cakes—2 for ..... 15c.          Preserved Fruit ..... 35c.          Prunes or Figs ..... 15c.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>BEVERAGES</b></p> <p>Tea ..... 10c.          Coffee ..... 10c.          Milk ..... 15c.          Hot Chocolate ..... 15c.          Iced Tea ..... 30c.          Chocolate Milk ..... 15c.</p>
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<p><b>60c</b></p> <p><b>HAMBURGER DE LUXE</b></p> <p>With all the Trimmings</p> <p>TEA — COFFEE</p>	<p>— \$1.25 —</p> <p><b>STEAK SANDWICH</b></p> <p>FRENCH FRIED POTATOES</p> <p>TEA — COFFEE</p>	<p><b>40c.</b></p> <p><b>STRAWBERRY, PEACH RASPBERRY, BANANA, SHORTCAKE</b></p> <p>WITH SOFT ICE CREAM.</p>
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### Whitehorse Inn Café - 1951

On the front cover is a picture of Miles Canyon and a note that Kiwanis meets every Tuesday at 6:30 pm. On the back cover, a map of Yukon and BC, and parts of Alberta, NWT and Alaska. Also a note that it was 1951 and the personal stamp of Bill Coughlan. Bill lives in Vernon and is a friend of Fred Aylwin's who submitted them to share in the

MocTel with Bill's permission. [Fbaylwin\\*shaw.ca](mailto:Fbaylwin*shaw.ca)

## MURIEL MARY JANE NEEDHAM AND E. F. TED PINCHIN

Good day to you sir. [A reply to Don Machan]

Yes I am the last living son of E. F. (Ted) & Rosina (Dode) Pinchin. My younger brother Dennis was taken by cancer some years ago.

There is a bit of history re the Bank of Montreal, my dads building, and the Lee family next door.

This was the KKKKKEE bird store that Jack & Muriel Needham bought from Gordon Lee. Many a Saturday night Jack & Muriel played bridge in our front room. I still have the fold up table they used.

There is a good story re the bank, our building, and the basements of both buildings when the bank was being built. IF you were there at the time and knew my dad you might remember the problem.

Just for your info. Macs Newsstand is now on the same spot as was my dads building, it was also where the CAKE BOX, his bakery was at the time.

If you have a story or two to share with me and the MocTel I would like to hear them. In 1956 I was in Victoria.

Now that my computer man is back from a year in Sri Lanka I hope to have a story and some money for Sherron soon.

My news today is the fire on Galiano Island. [July 24, 2006]

It is my worst fear on an Island. All our water comes from wells. The power line from the mainland crosses over Galiano for Mayne, Saturna, North & South Pender & Salt Spring No power NO water. They have had the marten mars water bombers on it plus a lot more. I have said too much so take good care.

Weldon Pinchin [pinchin\\*gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com) (On Mayne Island)

God bless you Sherron & Bill

I am very glad to know you both.

Take good care.

Weldon

## **A REPLY FROM DON MACHAN**

Weldon:

I was employed at Porky's Menswear from July 1955 to the Spring of 1956. I had taken a years sabbatical from teaching (I had been Principal of Mayo School from 1953 to 1955) If I'm not mistaken, your father owned the building in which Porky's was located, or at least was adjacent and your parents lived upstairs .. I seem to recall that your father was also a Freemason, as I was and am. I recall your father as a very big man and a very amiable and personable fellow and a person of character who would qualify for the "Fascinating 5%" Whitehorse in the 50's had many interesting personalities, and it was an exciting place to be. I remember your father as one of those interesting characters. My memory is not that reliable anymore, but that is a bit of my recollections of your father. I would be interested in seeing a photo of him.

We were living in a house on Hawkins Street, and as I recall, the people who lived next door were the Scotts. I think he had a dairy products business, and had inherited or had purchased (I can't recall the exact circumstances) a baronial estate in England. They went back to England but I seem to recall that I had heard that he later returned to Whitehorse..

Alec and Nancy Smith, our wedding attendants when we were married in Whitehorse in 1951, lived at the corner of Fifth and Wood. They were our very good friends and mentors.

Alec worked at the BYN petroleum tank farm. He had previously worked in the water delivery business for the Ryder family and had many interesting stories to tell about his experiences when he was employed in that business, especially in the extremely cold weather and during the Christmas season, when many of the clients were generous with the spirits of the season. He would arrive home in exceptionally good humour.

What age would you have been in 1955?

I hope that you will be able to attend the Vancouver Island Yukoners Picnic on August 12th., in order that we may become acquainted and do some more reminiscing.

Sincerely,

Don Machan, [demachan@telus.net](mailto:demachan@telus.net) Qualicum Beach, B.C. (Watson Lake Airport 1951-53; 1956-58; Mayo 1953-55; 1958-61)

## **1959 MILEPOST**

I have acquired a 1959 Milepost with map and mailing envelope in A-1 condition. Very interesting as it lists some owners of businesses and gives a dictionary of some terms.

For example:

Businesses:

The Kee Bird Store - Owners: Jack & Muriel Needham. On display: The original gold nugget chain displayed here - once owned by "Skookum Jim" co-discoverer of Klondike gold with Carmacks. (I remember seeing it - Donna)

Yukon Drug Co. Ltd - The Rexall Store - owned by Mr. & Mrs. Robert Lynn

Northern Services, Ltd. - "We wash your windshield". Proprietors - N.A. "Scotty" Munro & N.B. "Bucky" Keobke

Yellow Cab Y.T. Ltd. - Located in Taku Hotel Bldg - Ted Myles, Sup't

Whitehorse: Made capital in 1951. Elevation 2,085 ft. and reached by a side road one mile in length, which descends to the river level from the high bluffs. In 1958 population was 4,000. Government building was completed in 1954 at a cost of \$2,000,000. Whitehorse Hospital erected in 1957 - cost - \$4,000,000.

There is an excellent photo titled: Mural of Prospector of 1898, from Yukon River Steamboat "Yukoner" now an abandoned hulk at Whitehorse - Hougen Photo.

Whitehorse Rapids - The name of the rapids, and of the original gold rush camp to the east bank opposite Whitehorse is said to have originated in the fact that a huge white

draught horse was used by an enterprising pioneer for hauling the freight & duffel of gold stampedeers around the rapids. (I hadn't heard this version before - Donna)

Dictionary:

Mush - the northland equivalent of "giddap" a command used in dog team driving, and derived from the French-Canadian "Marche" - scam, start walking, go. (I hadn't heard this explanation before - Donna)

Cheechahko - Indian name for a newcomer or "tenderfoot," & supposedly a corruption of "Chicago" as Indians of gold rush days thought all white men came from Chicago or Boston. (I had heard part of this before but not the reference about Chicago or Boston - Donna)

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

## WORD VIEWER

Just wondering if it would be a good idea to publish the "word viewer" message from Fred (below) again since we have quite a few new recruits to MocTel since this was sent out.

Cheers, Joyce Yardley [Joyce@dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce@dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)

**Not everyone uses Microsoft Word. Perhaps you could make Microsoft Word Viewer 2003 readily available. It can be downloaded from the address at the bottom of this page**

### Overview

Word Viewer 2003 lets you open Word 2003 documents and documents created with all previous versions of Microsoft Word for Windows® and Microsoft Word for Macintosh. In addition to Word document files (.doc), you can also open files saved in the following formats:

Rich Text Format (.rtf)

Text (.txt)

Web Page formats (.htm, .html, .mht, .mhtml)

WordPerfect 5.x (.wpd)

WordPerfect 6.x (.doc, .wpd)

Works 6.0 (.wps)

Works 7.0 (.wps)

XML (.xml)

With Word Viewer 2003, you can view, print, and copy document contents to another program. However, you cannot edit an open document, save a document, or create a new document. This download is a replacement for Word 97 Viewer and all previous Word Viewer versions.

Click on the address below:

<http://www.microsoft.com/downloads/details.aspx?FamilyID=95e24c87-8732-48d5-8689-ab826e7b8fdf&displaylang=en>

## OBIT

**Leslie Nakrayko** passed away in St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, BC on July 4, 2006 following open heart surgery on June 22<sup>nd</sup>.

A celebration of life service was held from the chapel of Bowers Funeral Home, Salmon Arm, on Monday morning, July 10<sup>th</sup> at 10:00 a.m. with Jack Bowers presiding.

A reception followed in the Mountainside room, allowing time for the family and friends to share personal memories.

Born in Wadena, Saskatchewan on April 9, 1933, **Les worked in the Yukon for many years with C.N. Telecommunications**, later changing jobs and began a long career with B.C. Telephone. During his work in northern BC., he joined the Masonic Lodge 126 in Dawson Creek and was an elder of the United Church. He is well remembered for his love of curling, travel, meeting new friends and compassion for his fellow man. Les and Joyce moved to Grindrod in 1981 and then into Ravenscroft at Salmon Arm in 1992. He leaves his loving wife of 47 years, Joyce; brother, Stanley (Kathy) of Sakatoon; and niece, Gerri of Regina.

Email condolences may be sent to [sympathy@bowersfuneralservice.com](mailto:sympathy@bowersfuneralservice.com)

Funeral arrangements with cremation were in the care of Bowers Funeral Home and Crematorium, Salmon Arm.

NAKRAYKO, Joyce [nakrayko\\*sunlite.ca](mailto:nakrayko*sunlite.ca) (1957-65 Whitehorse, ----Les - Koidern `53 & `55, Destruction Bay `56) Salmon Arm

**MORRISON, Edward Angus "Ed"** passed away on Thursday, June 29, 2006 at Chilliwack, BC, at age 83 years. **He was born December 3, 1922 in Lac La Barge, Yukon.** Ed is survived by his son Bill, daughter Susan, 4 grandsons, 2 granddaughters, 3 great-grandsons, 4 great-granddaughters. Ed was predeceased by his wife Dorothy (Dot). Born on the shores of Lac La Barge, Yukon Territories, Ed grew up to work in the West Coast Merchant Marine. He proudly served in the Royal Canadian Navy for the duration of WWII. Following his release from service, Ed moved to Montreal where he worked for Bell Canada for 30 plus years before retiring to Agassiz, BC. Ed died as a result of injuries sustained in a pedestrian accident June 1, 2006. He will be greatly missed by his family and friends. Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 7/29/2006.

## Recipes

*Vivian Stuart has sent along 5 recipes and I've also received 5 others so far. [July 23<sup>rd</sup>].*

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Note change of address to [wgutowski@klondiker.com](mailto:wgutowski@klondiker.com)

Thanx [Walter Gutowski]

Please note I have changed to eastlink [rcscrivens@eastlink.ca](mailto:rcscrivens@eastlink.ca)  
Rose Scrivens

## NEW ADDITIONS

My name is **Jennifer Magnuson** and I would like to be added to your moccasin telegraph mailing list. I would also like to have my grand parents **Bobbie and Ray Magnuson** added to the mailing list as well. Please let me know if you have a mailing list available for every issue.

If so my email is [jmagnuson@klondiker.com](mailto:jmagnuson@klondiker.com)  
[randrmagnuson@northwestel.net](mailto:randrmagnuson@northwestel.net)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day, but teach a man to fish and he will eat for the rest of his life.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

### Barley Side Dish

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

From Company's Coming Diabetic Cookbook

Sauté in large frying pan till soft

- ½ cup onion
- ½ cup chopped celery
- 2 cloves diced garlic
- 2 teaspoons canola oil

Add 1 cup pearl barley. Sauté for about 10 minutes until barley is roasted. Turn into medium saucepan.

Stir in 3 1/2 cups of boiling water  
1 tablespoon beef or chicken bouillon powder  
2 medium carrots, grated or julienne

Bring to a boil, reduce heat, cover, simmer for 30 to 35 minutes until liquid is absorbed. Stir in 2 tablespoons green onion.

Makes 4 cups.

Tried July 21, 2006                      EXCELLENT taste

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Island Yukoners Picnic Aug 12<sup>th</sup> at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay.  
For further information contact Blanche & Gus Barrett at [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

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(250) 549-2736 (phone or fax)