

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 170th Edition – August 6th, 2006

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

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



This photo is for those former Yukoners who may have forgotten how tall and slender the forests in Yukon can be. This photo was taken on the Dempster Highway just off the Klondike Highway. Work was being done on both highways to clear road right of ways.

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

### *The Swimming Lesson or Cowboy Vacation or Out Of His Depth*

by Alf Bilton

That Hawaiian heat proved Northern meat can quickly get well done,  
When we camped there, most naive pair e'er braved the tropic sun.  
It was tough on me though I could flee the worst, for I could swim;  
My friend could not, or so he thought, so it was worse for him.

"My friend," said I, "You're gonna fry. You're turning black as sin.  
Just you trust me ... let go that tree! Today, you'll learn to swim."  
He ignored my tsks and cited risks, spoke loud and long on each.  
I squelched his doubts, muffled his shouts, dragged him down the beach.

Among his fears was what one hears of sharks, octapi, and their kin.  
I talked those aside, insisted he try ... said, "We'll both come ashore at first fin."  
Then for nearly an hour, though still looking sour, in the shallows he paddled about.  
His competence grew until he just knew, he could swim to the reef without doubt.

Now, it wasn't that far, maybe here to the car, about fifty feet, maybe less.  
But in new swimmers' eyes a distance that size looks longer, or so I would guess.  
The courage I saw in him left me in awe of this man I'd so long called a friend,  
And I shared in the pride that he just couldn't hide when he swam to the reef in the end.

The sea on the reef was only waist deep, so we wandered about peering in  
At the strangers lived there without breathing air in the realm of the gill and the fin.  
Other folks too had come out to view the sea life and wandered around.  
A young native lad, with a wave of his hand, called to us, "Look what I've found!"

When we got to his side, he said, "These'll hide in the cracks until humans pass."  
With that he reached down, groped about with a frown, then hauled up a tentacled mass.  
Like snakes on a limb, it twined around him, wrapping him shoulder to thumb.  
My friend and I froze, turning white I suppose, both of us stricken quite dumb.

Then we're off in a blink ... but my friend didn't sink any deeper than ankles ... I know,  
For everyone there saw him rise in the air and sprint for the beach on his toes!  
Missionaries today don't know quite what to say, for one lady's teenage daughter  
Went home from that beach with a new faith to preach, the cult of Man Running On  
Water.

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So, where did it come from?

*Okay, this one may have been stretched just a little here and there, but for the most part our afternoon was spent pretty much as described. And if the student-swimmer didn't exactly run on water, he certainly upgraded from the dog-paddle that got him to the reef. I know, because I could hardly keep up in the rooster-tail behind a swimming effort that would have awed an Olympic competitor.*

*His name is being with-held here because he keeps track of where I live.*

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## **Pack Dogs to Helicopters**

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

### **CHAPTER 3**

## **WEST COAST HERE WE COME**

Whenever Ethel and I talk about our move from Fort St. John to the West Coast in 1934 we wonder about our sanity at that time.

We had a 6 month old baby girl, a 1927 model Chev car which had done its duty on rough roads, a friend, Rene Dhenin who said he too would like to see the ocean, so in June 1934 we loaded all our transportable belongings into the car and set out.

The road was an obstacle course of pot holes and stretches of gumbo. What traffic there was on the road travelled in convoy so that we could push and pull one another along the way. We were 4 days going from Fort St. John to Edmonton via Slave Lake, 450 miles. There were no hotels along the road so we put up our tents at night and cooked our meals over a campfire. Little Joan thrived on all the activity.

About 25 miles out of Edmonton we saw notices about a rodeo at Cooking Lake, so Rene and I decided it could be a good chance to ride broncos and pick up some prize money. We entered various contests and were doing just fine until the last event when Rene's horse ran straight in to a fence, resulting in Rene having a broken ankle. So we had to add his great heavy cast to our already overcrowded car. Rene was the next thing to being useless, so Ethel announced that he could be the official baby sitter while she attended to other chores. We would spread a blanket out at every stop, sit Joan upon it and Rene would get down as best he could on hands and knees and entertain her. A bronco busted Nanny.

Fifty years ago the route to Vancouver meant going south from Edmonton to Crow's Nest Pass, down to Spokane, Washington, west to the coast at Everett, Washington, then north to Vancouver, B.C.

There was no work to be had in Vancouver in 1934 so we went to Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. There was no work there either and we were getting short of money so when we heard there was some hiring at Port Alberni we went there and rented a small house.

"Applying for work" meant going down to the time clock at a mill at 7 o'clock in the morning and lining up with dozens of other job-seekers, hoping a foreman would come along and say "We can use you."

With rain pouring down my neck I went from line up to line up for a week before I was hired by A.P.L. - Alberni Pacific Lumber Company.

I worked as a construction worker around the mill for a few months at 35 cents an hour. From construction I went with the millwrights and got a pay raise to 37 ½ cents an hour. Things were funny in those days - you got paid more only if you produced more - 2 ½ cents per/hour.

I learned a lot from the millwrights and even today, I think of millwrights as being the smartest tradesmen in the workforce, they know so much about so many facets of mechanics and construction. As soon as I could afford it, the weather of Port Alberni forced me to buy rain gear, piece by piece, so that finally I was at last dressed to keep dry from head to toe; the next day I slipped and fell into the canal and was wet all over again. Ah, Port Alberni . . . a great place for ducks and tall timber but it did provide me with my first job in B.C.

In the spring of 1936 my 16 year old brother Dennis and I heard of a prospecting company going to the Finlayson River in the Yukon Territory. When we enquired about the job and were told the pay would be \$5.00 a day and our food, we jumped at the chance. That would be the most money either of us had ever earned - 5 bucks a day and board.

We caught the next boat out of Vancouver for Wrangell, Alaska and from there we went by riverboat up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek, B.C. and then 75 miles by truck to Dease Lake at which point we were flown by Ernie Kubicek in a Fairchild 71 float plane to the mouth of the Finlayson River at Frances Lake.

That was my first airplane ride and as I looked down on the mountains, rivers, and acres of heavy timber slipping past beneath us, all I could think was "This sure as hell beats walking" and a pretty far out spark of ambition came to life.

There were 6 or 8 men waiting for us as part of the crew. The first thing we had to do was build a boat and when the boss said "build a boat" he meant start out with a live tree.

If anything ever put a friendship, or in my case brotherhood, to test it is whipsawing lumber. We built a platform about 8 feet off the ground, laid a log along it, then with a great heavy whip saw, one man standing straddle the log on the platform pulling up on the saw and his partner on the ground pulling the blade down, to cut slices off the length of the log - result, a rough plank.

The fellow on top is sure the guy on the ground has gone to sleep hanging onto the saw handle while the man on the ground, covered with, and spitting, sawdust is certain that the chap on top is admiring the scenery and forgotten that he is supposed to push the saw down and help pull it up. It has been said that if all the partnerships had survived the whipsawing and boat building at Lake Bennett during the Klondike Stampede there would have been another 10,000 men reached the goldfields. The whipsawing caused that many to decide against the river trip to Dawson City.

The only good stand of timber suitable for boat building was at Frances Lake but there were falls and a canyon near the mouth of the Finlayson River so there was no use building the boat at the site of the timber because we wouldn't have been able to get the boat upstream. So we put the lumber on the airplane and had it flown over to McEvoy Lake where we built the boat. The food and supplies we had left after building the boat we put in to a cache which we had built in a tree out of the reach of any marauding animals.

About 2 weeks later, Dennis, two other crew members and I were camping about 15 miles below the mouth of McEvoy Creek on the Finlayson River and thought it would be a good idea if we took the boat up to the mouth of the McEvoy then hike in the 9 miles to the cache and pack the food out to the boat and bring it back to the camp.

Those were the longest 9 miles - we climbed over windfalls, ducked under trees, made detours around brush, and scrambled over rocks. The weather was hot and it didn't take long for the mosquitos to find us. It was one helluva hike and we were really working up an appetite.

By evening we only had a few miles to go and all we could think about was getting in to that food cache and putting a meal together.

The tree we had built the cache on was there, but the cache was bare. We just couldn't believe our eyes - nothing! We were tired out, mosquito bitten and ravenous, and there we stood, dumbfounded.

We couldn't chance trying to walk through that heavy brush at night, so we lit a fire, drank water from the lake and tried to sleep, without bedrolls or shelter, until daybreak. If we had thought it had been a long hike the previous day, it was murder going out, and we were half starved to boot. It was hard enough on us twenty year olds but it was really rough for my brother Dennis who was only 16, husky enough, but still growing and with no reserve energy.

By the time we got back to the boat and gone back downstream to the camp it was evening and we had been without food for 36 hours and burning energy most of that time. We learned that Mr. Mitchell, the boss of the outfit had landed at McEvoy Lake a day or so previously, had seen the food and equipment and decided that it would be easier to take the food out by airplane to Frances Lake rather than backpack it, but had neglected to tell us. I don't recall ever having any thought of becoming overweight in those early days.

Anyway, Dennis and I, making a fortune of \$5.00 a day, kept at it with no trouble and soon the lumber was ready to build the flat bottom, 30 foot riverboat. I was told that I had been hired as the experienced riverboat man from the Peace River. I just hoped that I was an experienced riverboat man from the Peace River.

All that summer we moved men, supplies and the churntype prospect drill along the Finlayson River prospecting for gold. We would assemble the drill parts, some weighing 400 pounds each, drill a section, take the drill apart, break camp and move on.

We picked up a fair amount of gold that summer but not enough to make a mine. When the snowline started to creep down the mountains we packed up and flew back to Dease Lake. Dennis went back to Vancouver and I went down the Stikine River 12 miles below Telegraph Creek to Balls Ranch to work for the big game outfitter, George Ball.

When I met George Ball he was a very settled family and business man but stories about northerners never die, they just improve with the telling over the years. When George first came into the Dease country he was a trapper, then he got a contract carrying mail between Telegraph Creek and Atlin by dog team. It was a gruelling run and a lonely one, so whenever some of the fellows got together at Telegraph Creek a party usually resulted and George would party with the best of them. One such session was a winner and George took on a capacity load. However, he had a mail contract and the mail was scheduled to leave at dawn and as far as George was concerned the schedule would be kept. Nursing the granddaddy of all headaches he conscientiously hitched up his dogs, loaded the mail and took off. The start of the Atlin Trail reaches the Telegraph Summit about 9 miles from Telegraph. George had been making good time and was feeling as though he was going to survive his hangover, stopped to rest the dogs at the summit, looked down and discovered that he was in his stocking feet - and it was 20 below zero. He turned around and went back to Telegraph Creek, slipped into town, got his moccasins on and slipped out again, but someone must have been up and about - and the story was never denied by George.

Now George was a successful big game outfitter and during the winter months he would take his family out to Vancouver for his children to attend school and he would line up

hunters for the coming year and attend to all the necessary business arrangements involved in an expensive outing for well-to-do hunters, from many parts of the world, the majority from the U.S. and Germany.

During a conversation I had with George he told me that he would like to hire someone to take care of his ranch while he was away during the winter months. I really hadn't been looking forward to proving that a man could live in Port Alberni and not develop webbed feet, so the upshot was that I wrote to Ethel and said it looked as though we would be living at Ball's Ranch for the winter.

I was surprised at the size of the investment in a successful big game outfitting business. Ball had about 100 head of horses for riding and packing, all the gear to supply a hunt; tents, bedrolls, stoves, cooking utensils, riding and pack saddles, food, medical supplies, everything to rough it in comfort while on a hunt.

There were 4 well built, well furnished, individual log cabins, a two storey main lodge with dining room, comfortable lounge with big fireplace and bar. Ball's house was spacious and there was a nice house for the caretaker.

There would be 30 day hunts during the season extending from July 15 to November 15 with often only two hunters. It was quite a cortege moving out from the ranch, 30 or more horses, the hunters, each with a guide, 3 horse wranglers, 2 packers, a cook and a flunky and the hunt boss, usually George Ball. They would head out for the high country to shoot trophy mountain goats, grizzly bears, moose caribou and some sheep. It was obviously an outing only the very wealthy could afford.

I was to attend to the feeding of the horses and be general caretaker of the property for the winter.

To be continued....

## **LOOKING FOR INFORMATION AND PHOTOS - DREDGE # 4**

Research is looking for information about dredges

I'm a Whitehorse-based researcher and writer, currently working on a structural history of Dredge No. 4 for Parks Canada. Essentially, the research involves anything to do with the structure and working of the dredge itself, any modifications that were made to adapt it to Yukon conditions, and information and photographs related to the internal lay-out and functioning of the dredge.

The latter – information about the interior – is particularly hard to come by and particularly important. Parks Canada wants eventually to restore areas of the interior of Dredge No. 4 to the condition they were in during its last working period on Bonanza Creek, 1941-59. I haven't found many photographs of the interior, particularly showing things like work benches and interior operations, other than a couple of shots of a winch operator at work.

I'd very much like to hear from anyone who can tell me more about work aboard the dredges or who might have photographs of dredge interiors – not just No. 4, but any

dredges in the Yukon. I'd also like to hear about any structural modifications – inside or outside – that would have been made to Dredge No. 4. Or any other photographs or information, for that matter!

You can contact me directly or through the Moccasin Telegraph.

Claire Eamer [claire\\*northwestel.net](mailto:claire*northwestel.net)

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37 Alsek Road, Whitehorse, YT, Y1A 3K3

## DAWSON SCHOOLS

With regard to Claude Campbell's note in [Moccasin Telegraph] 167, I should note that there is just one school in Dawson City now, and it has been thus since the mid-60s, when St. Mary's Catholic Church closed down. The Dawson Indian Band School in Moosehide had closed in 1957. Claude's school, the Dawson Public School, burned down in 1959 and was replaced by an architecturally inappropriate southern style building which was the template for at least two other schools in the territory (Selkirk Street, Takhini). It was called the Dawson Elementary-High School for a time, but eventually became known as the Robert Service School. Poorly maintained, this building was declared a fire hazard shortly after I arrived here in 1985, and the present school was planned beginning in 1987 and opened in May 1989.

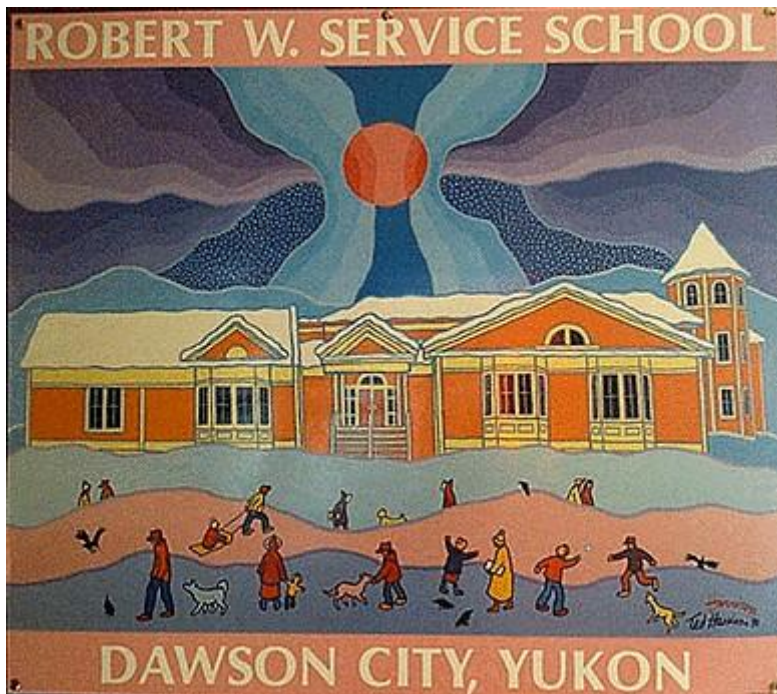
The new building was originally grey in colour, replicating the colour scheme on the major historic buildings (Old Post Office, Old Territorial Building) in which it was modeled,



but was repainted as you see here last summer, in an effort to moderate the temperature inside the building and have the paint last longer. It seems to be working.



I'm sure we'll never be as colourful as this 1989 print by Ted Harrison, which he prepared to mark the school's opening.



The public library was moved into the school in 1989 and the joint facility is now called the Dawson Community Library (the extension on the front of the building, next to the tower). It is the school's library (run by my wife, Betty) in the morning, a joint facility from noon to 3:20 and a public library from then until about 7 p.m.

Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

(For anyone interested, the school's website can be found at <http://www.yesnet.yk.ca/schools/robertservice/school.html>

The site is out of date. I planned it, wrote the text and took the pictures some ten years ago now. )

## A MESSAGE FROM ALF BILTON

There's a cowboy poetry message board where I and a number of others post fairly regularly at <http://www.b2g4.com/boards/board.cgi?user=cowboy42> on Rod Nichols' website. He has a really fine tribute to Robert Service up there just now called *R.W.S.*

Alf [abilton@polarcom.com](mailto:abilton@polarcom.com) (In Whitehorse)

*I have obtained permission from Rod Nichols to share his poem with the Moccasin Telegraph readers. – Sherron*

**R.W.S.**

IP: 65.54.154.13

Posted on July 27, 2006 at 07:07:30 AM by Rod Nichols

I'll have to give Alf [Bilton] credit for stirring up thoughts of Robert Service's poetry. His work is a major influence on a lot of us. I wrote this a while back, but it may be new to some of our pards.

**R.W.S.**

He struck up a match, lifted the glass  
lit up a wick soaked in oil,  
adjusted a pot to help it get hot  
then waited for coffee to boil.

The same old routine, the usual things  
each night as the winter wore on,  
a pot-bellied stove to ward off the cold,  
my God, what a place for a home.

The wind blowing so, outside in the snow  
had almost completed a drift,  
weren't nothin' to view, and little to do  
but wait for the blizzard to lift.

With time on his hands, this plain-spoken man  
found paper and pencil that night,  
by glow of a lamp, his fingers now cramped,  
he coughed once then started to write.

"There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
By the men who moil for gold,  
The Artic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold."

He stopped for awhile, a satisfied smile,  
the coffee still burned at his tongue,  
a soft-muttered curse, then back to the verse,  
a labor of love when he'd done.

He leaned back the chair and tossed it in there,  
a drawer where he'd pitched all the rest,  
another one done and still more to come  
but why, to what end, who could guess.

He blew out the light, turned in for the night,  
pulling his blanket up flush,  
as though on a sled, his frozen friend dead,  
and urging his huskies to mush.

"A verse man" he laughed, rememb'ring his draft,  
not what the purists would praise,  
maybe not them, but we're all readin' him,  
a thousand new readers each day.

I guess you could say he'd like it that way  
he wrote for the joy, not the fame,  
and there's not a man who won't understand  
the homage we pay to his name.

\*Stanza 5: From the poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee"  
by Robert W. Service

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## Newsham Photos of Mayo Children and Others Early 1950s

By Harvey Burian [hburian@telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville)

Gerald and Beulah Newsham lived in Mayo from 1952 to 1962. When they first came they drove up the Alaska Highway from Alberta in a FARGO pickup truck. They held a Sunday School and Children's Club first in their home and then later in the old Treadwell Yukon Office Building on the corner of 2<sup>nd</sup> Avenue and Congdon Street. Gerald served as the Fire Chief of the Mayo Volunteer Fire Department, managed the Taylor & Drury Store and worked as the hospital bookkeeper at various times during their stay in Mayo.

The following black and white prints were provided by the Newshams. They were taken in the early 1950's, probably around 1954, as you can see from the license plates being held in one of the photos.



Photo courtesy of Gerald & Beulah Newsham [gnewsham@silk.net](mailto:gnewsham@silk.net) (In Westbank)

The boys in this photo are, from left to right, Allan Miller, Dwight Smith, Warren Smith and Harvey Burian. Allan Miller was the son of Herbert "Butch" and Doris Miller and a grandson of "Yukon" Bud Fisher. Allan passed away several years ago. Dwight and Warren Smith are sons of Alex and Alice "Babe" Smith and nephews of Betty Taylor. They currently live in the Kootenays. The FARGO pickup truck belonged to the Newshams. We were just returning from gathering sticks to build birdhouses, if memory serves me correctly. It is wintertime, judging by the way we have our ears covered! I believe that is the Smith's home in the background.



Photo courtesy of Gerald & Beulah Newsham [gbnewsham\\*silk.net](http://gbnewsham*silk.net) (In Westbank)

This is Allan Miller, Dwight Smith and Warren Smith, probably taken before we went on the excursion to find the sticks.



Photo courtesy of Gerald & Beulah Newsham [gbnewsham\\*silk.net](http://gbnewsham*silk.net) (In Westbank)

The two boys in this photo are (left) Harvey Burian and Ralph Zaccarelli Jr. Ralph is the son of Ralph and Marion Zaccarelli who lived in Dawson City and then Mayo. The

FARGO pick up is the Newshams and this appears to have been taken in early 1954 just after Gerald had bought his new Yukon license plates.

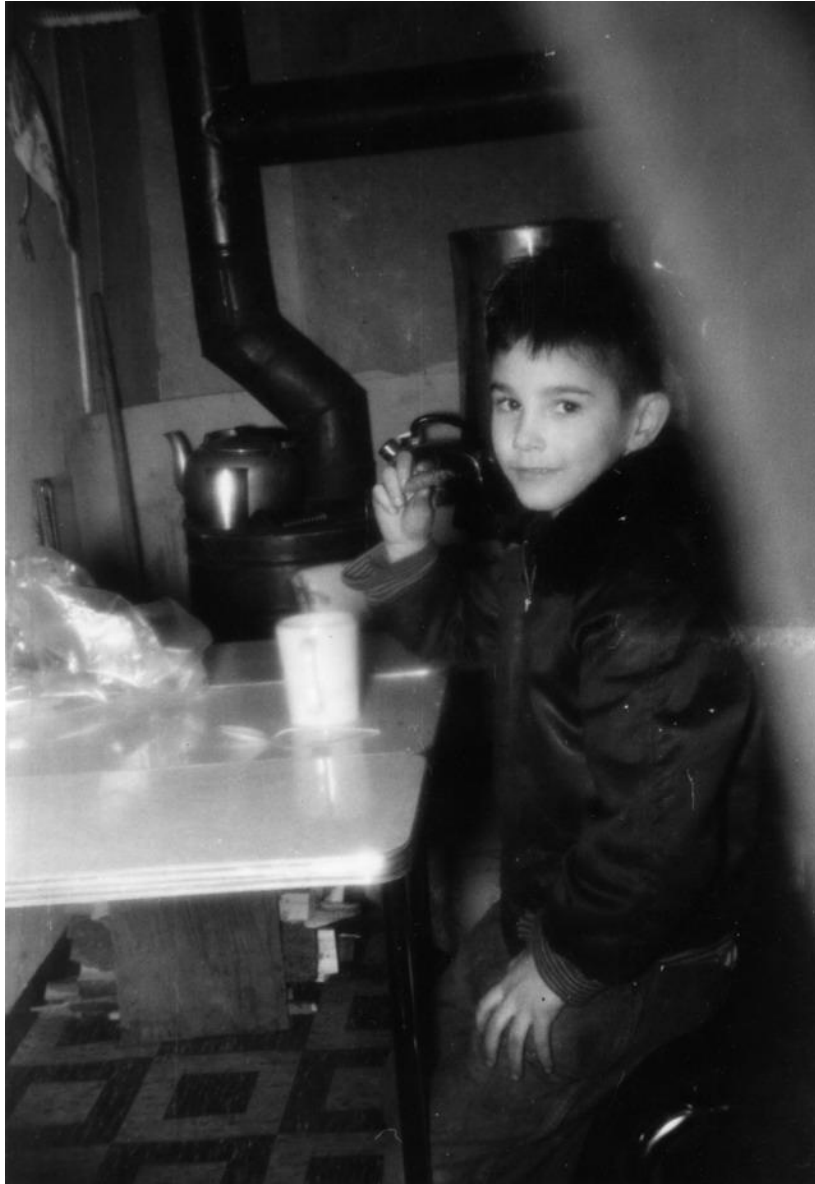


Photo courtesy of Gerald & Beulah Newsham [gbnewsham\\*silk.net](http://gbnewsham*silk.net) (In Westbank)

This is Conwell Douglas sitting in the Newsham home. Conwell is the son of Jack and Vivian Douglas and has a sister Jackie, as well as some other siblings. He is sitting in the Newsham home enjoying some hot chocolate and cookies. Note the stovepipe chimney from the wood heater at the back of the room.



Photo courtesy of Gerald & Beulah Newsham [gbnewsham@silk.net](mailto:gbnewsham@silk.net) (In Westbank)

This is Suzanne or “Sue” (Ewing) LeBerge with her dog “Beau Chien”. Sue is the daughter of Harry and Elizabeth Ewing. She is a sister to Jo Fisher. Sue and her husband Rick currently live in Whitehorse.



Photo courtesy of Gerald & Beulah Newsham [gbnewsham@silk.net](mailto:gbnewsham@silk.net) (In Westbank)

The two men in this photo are (left) George Andison and Arthur Johanson, both well known in the Keno-Mayo area. This scene is somewhere along the Duncan Creek Road between Mayo and Keno. Many will recognize the typical conditions of what is called a “glacier” where the culvert under the road has frozen so that the water is running over the roadway and has frozen in layers creating a very slippery and potentially hazardous surface. The wood piled to the left is for the drum heater that will be down in the ice at one end of the culvert where a fire is lit to keep the culvert thawed so the water will go through it instead of over the roadway. The drum may be just peeking out behind George and the culvert probably crosses the road where the stick is showing behind Arthur. The Newsham’s pickup truck is showing heading down the hill.



Photo courtesy of Gerald & Beulah Newsham [gnewsham\\*silk.net](mailto:gnewsham@silk.net) (In Westbank)

This is Gerald and Beulah Newsham taken inside their small first Yukon home in Mayo in early 1954. The fold down desk showing on the right of the photos currently resides in my home here in Parksville. When the Newshams left Mayo in 1962 I bought it from them and have kept it since that time. This photo had some damage to it and I have attempted to repair it as best I could, hence the reason for its slightly lower quality.



Photo courtesy of Harvey Burian [hburian\\*telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville)

This photo of Gerald and Beulah was taken in April 2005 when we visited them at their current home in Westbank, BC near Kelowna. There is just over 50 years between the previous photo and this one.

Thanks Gerald and Beulah for sharing your photos from your early Mayo days with the readers of the *Moccasin Telegraph*.

## CARCROSS – NELLIE WATSON – MATHEW WATSON STORE

Hi Sherron, just reading the latest MocTel and was surprised to see that the picture of Nellie Watson cutting the cheese was missing! Such a shame ...

Cheers, [Joyce Yardley joyce\\*dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce.Yardley@dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo) [www.dataspan.ca](http://www.dataspan.ca)



NELLIE WATSON . . . cuts cheese the old way

*I had typed in the text from a newspaper clipping and thought the copy of the newsprint photo wasn't good enough, but on second thought it is still a worthwhile image to share.*  
– Sherron

## THIS STORY RELATES TO THE FIRST PHOTO IN THE NEXT STORY

Hi Harvey & Henry

I've enjoyed your reminiscing regarding the "Legion etc." of Mayo. Sure do appreciate the memory that both of you have. Thanks for sharing all those details with us.

Harvey....that photo of you and your parents in front of the Silver Inn is a real treasure. I remember your parents looking just like that and especially enjoyed the bottle of pop you have in your hand. Only a true Yukoner would remember that's how we used to get our soft drinks in those days. It used to amaze anyone from "outside" that discovered this little detail about living in the North. Getting back to the picture of your family, I hope you have that photo blown up and hanging on a wall in your house. It's absolutely priceless and conjures up all kinds of memories for old Yukoner days. Just seeing that photo brought me right back to days of long ago. What a prize possession for you to have. I must be showing my age, for memories such as these make we wish for those long ago days. We sure didn't know then that they would become our fondest memories.

Just one more thought on that picture, Bob would love to have that truck your parents owned today. It would be not only a real collector to car buff's but a real wonderful vintage vehicle to own.

On that note I hope each day is a better one "health wise" for you two fella's.

Karren (North) Crowley [kbcrowley\\*telus.net](mailto:kbcrowley@telus.net) (In Sidney)

Hi Karren and Henry,

The story behind that photo is an interesting one in itself. About 10 years ago Vera and I began to attend Maple Ridge Baptist Church while still living in New Westminster. When we started attending the church we became acquainted with a very nice older lady, Grace Robinson, (I had met her before but only briefly) who we discovered knew my mother as a young girl, since my mom lived in Haney (now Maple Ridge) up to when she was a teenager. Grace told me that my mother used to baby-sit her and her older sister, Ruth. Turns out that my mother kept in touch with Grace's mother, Mrs. Haynes, over the years and had sent that picture to her back in 1953. The only writing on the back of the photo was "Harvey". When Grace's mother passed away, Grace acquired her photo collection and she was going through it one day after we had become acquainted when she came across this photo. Realizing I was from the Yukon and that my mother and her mother had been friends, Grace thought, "I wonder if this "Harvey" might not be Harvey Burian." So she brought the photo to church and asked me. Once she discovered that it was indeed my parents and me she gave me the photo. So, kind of a neat way that I came into possession of that photo!

You can tell Bob that the pickup truck is an 'Advanced Design' 1949 Chevrolet, Series 3100, 6 volt, 6 cylinder (216 cu. in., 90 bhp), 1/2 ton with DeLuxe package (hence the little corner windows and chrome grill) that dad bought 2nd hand in Whitehorse in 1951 (from Taylor & Drury Motors, I believe). It had the gearshift lever on the steering column (3 speed and reverse), which was a "new" feature in those days. Back when we first got the pickup, dad hardly ever removed the keys from the ignition and one day when he did so, upon returning to the vehicle he inadvertently stuck a different key into

the ignition and discovered that it would work with any key! That was the truck we travelled with down to Vancouver and which dad drove back to the Yukon in the story I previously shared with MocTel readers. I later learned to drive in this truck and had it to use as a teenager. It hauled many a load of firewood and all the lumber (2" x 6" shiplap), from the old pipe boxes that were being dismantled in Elsa in the 1960s, that dad used to build a two car-garage on our property in Mayo (still standing today). My dad finally sold the old truck in the mid 1970s and I believe it met its demise in an accident near Mayo. Every time I see a similar one today I wish I still had that old Chev.

These photos do bring lots of memories to mind.

Harvey Burian

## MAYO BUILDINGS



Harvey and parents, Renny and Mary (Yoshida) Burian - Mayo 1953

Photo courtesy Harvey Burian [hburian@telus.net](mailto:hburian@telus.net) (In Parksville)

I think I have solved the mystery of the Mayo Legion Hall/Liquor store warehouse and the Mayo Menswear buildings. I was pretty certain that they were two different buildings and I am enclosing a photo of our family taken in June 1953 from in front of the Silver Inn Hotel, which appears to confirm my memory. If you look closely at the upper left corner you will see three buildings with a part of a fourth showing. Starting from the far left, the partial building is the Royal Bank building. Next building, with the awnings and windows is the Mayo Menswear building where Don Machan indicated he worked. The

next log structure, without windows, is the former liquor store warehouse, and what is the current "old Legion building" described in previous correspondence. The last building, creamed coloured, shown on the left at the back of the box on our pickup truck, was the Government Liquor Store. While the Mayo Menswear building, owned by Alex Arthur, has a similar look to the liquor store warehouse building after it was made into the Legion, (and windows inserted) you can see that they were two distinct buildings. My memory is that the menswear building was not constructed of logs but was a frame construction with imitation brick siding.

Harvey J. Burian [hburian\\*telus.net](mailto:hburian*telus.net) Parksville, BC

## **HENRY VIEWS THE PHOTO**

I see something different in this photo: on the left edge is the east side of the Chateau Mayo Hotel. This was Binet's store till 1937 when he sold the hotel to Jim Mervyn. Jim, being a trader from Lansing ran the store till his death, or did Dick Wallingham run it with the rest of the hotel? What at one time was a store, became a dress shop, a cafe and who knows what over the years.

The original Bank of Montreal of logs just east of the alley to Archie Close's was so damaged in the 1936 flood that it became of no use. It was torn down and a new frame building was built on the slight rise just east of the hotel. It was in operation till the camp shut down in the fall of 1941. When the camp reopened in 1946, the Royal Bank came in and used the same building. The building with the awning has to be the Royal Bank.

In the middle is the log building built by Alex Nicol in the latter 30s for Govt. liquor storage. Beer used to be shipped in barrels of 144 bottles (one gross). Hard liquor was shipped in kegs and bottled by the Liquor Vendor. I used to get 75 cents per dozen for liquor bottles without any chips out and had to be perfect. Harvey's photo of 1953 shows the old liquor store as I remember it. It was always painted white on the front, even when I was scrounging bottles!

The large building on the right would be the RCMP at that time, and Ivor Mast in charge. It was built by Jim Mervyn new about the time that he bought the hotel. It was not used that much by the Mervyn family before Jim bought the Bill Hare home about 3/4 of a mile out on the Keno road, just beyond where the main highway enters. Bill had moved his family to Dawson, worked in the YCGC garage as mechanic and they lived in YCGC quarters in Bear Creek. Bill later moved to Whitehorse and worked for the Army as mechanic just beyond the top of the Two Mile Hill and retired in the Canoe area of Okanagan.

Henry Breaden [hjbreaden\\*shaw.ca](mailto:hjbreaden*shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)



1940's



1964

Hi Henry et al,

Your memory and observation is usually impeccable, Henry but I think you may be mistaken in this case. I believe the building on the far left of the 1953 photos is definitely the Royal Bank Building. The building with the awning does not look to me to be the Royal Bank because it had (and still has) different windows. The other reason I am pretty sure it is not the Royal Bank building is because of it's proximity to the liquor store warehouse. If you look at any of the other photos we have been looking at you will see that there is a fairly significant space between the Royal Bank Building and the old log liquor store warehouse. I am enclosing a couple of photos I sent earlier that shows the buildings at an earlier time (before the Mayo Menswear building was built. One photo was taken in the 1940's and shows the Chateau Mayo Hotel, the bank and the warehouse spaced quite far apart. The second photos was taken in 1964 and the angle makes it a little more difficult to see that space between the buildings, but you can still see that there is at least one lot between each of the 3 buildings. Hence, I conclude that the building with the awning is the Mayo Menswear Building and not the Royal Bank Building.

Of course, I could be incorrect as well, but feel pretty confident that my original observation is correct, in this case.

Harvey Burian

Hi Harvey,

Am I ever puzzled now! I am OK on the 1940s photo, but in the 1964 photo there is a building that I am not familiar with. It seems to be just beyond the old liquor store warehouse. Both hotels were intact, where today they have both been destroyed by fire. I don't think I would ever want to visit my old home town.

Henry Breaden

Hi Henry,

That building that you do not recognize in the 1964 photo is the metal Yukon Territorial Garage built to maintain the road maintenance equipment. It was constructed sometime in the late 50's early 60's after you had moved to Whitehorse. You will recall that for a number of years the government used the old Treadwell garage at the corner of Congdon and 1st Ave. but I guess it got too small and so they built the new garage and moved their maintenance operations into it. I think there used to be an old log building on the corner beyond the liquor store, sort of in from the street and facing the road leading to town, if I remember correctly. They tore it and the old liquor store down and constructed the garage.

Harvey

Hi Harvey,

Now we are getting somewhere, for in the 1964 photo I was stumped at what the building was just beyond the old liquor warehouse. Yes, there were two adjoining log buildings that were taken out. Originally there was a space from the original old liquor store to the first one where Henry Bell had a barber shop. Next was Lesparance who was the undertaker, and also a bootlegger. There was a space between the undertaker and the road leading out to Elsa and Keno. To the north of the corner was an old barn belonging to Binet, then to Mervyn when he bought the hotel in 1937. Lost track of Lesparance after 1942, and wonder if he prepared himself for burial?

On the way out, I think that Klippert had the old Bud Fisher home? On the way out on the right was the old Middlecoff home. Flora Middlecoff married Ed Bleiler, and was a fantastic person. We visited them at Hyatt Creek in 1967. Ed placer mined Hyatt for many years. Somewhere in the mid 1930s Elmer Middlecoff, Flora's brother was using a high pressure monitor and got caught in a cave in of gravel.

Henry.

## ARTISTIC TALENT



Heinrich captured with his camera what some folks paint.  
So neat to see the depth and distance appear in different shades.  
Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich\\*lohmann.ca](http://heinrich*lohmann.ca) (In Airdrie AB)

## NEW ADDITION – ‘Midnight Mary’

It doesn't matter where we are in the world, we can run, we can hide, but sooner or later someone knows where we are and knows how to bring us back into the fold. Bill Weigand gave me a sampler of Moccasin Telegraph and so it's official.....sign me up!!!

Out here in Saskatchewan, I am known as 'Prairie Mary', but back in the 70's and 80's, it was 'Midnight Mary'. My first two years in Whitehorse, I was Supervisor of Finance and Administration at Department of Indian and Northern Affairs. I'll always remember driving up the Alaska Highway on November 30, 1974, my memories of following a semi forever because of the whiteout behind this 'Road Warrior'. In June 1975, I visited Dawson City as a tourist one weekend. I was hooked! That moment when I parked beside the Downtown Hotel is still etched in my consciousness. I could hardly wait to complete

my two year commitment with the Feds, get out of Whitehorse and get up to the Klondike. That was also when I made the big career move from Administration to Tourism.

Whether at the desk of Gold City Motor Inn (owned by Ron & Betty Atkinson), driving the tours up to the Midnight Dome, Bonanza Creek to Poverty Bar or Dempster Highway, Hostess at the Palace Grande, working in the Gift Shop at the Westmark Hotel, selling tickets for the Salmon BBQ and tour to Pleasure Island or driving the Crew Bus to Viceroy Mine, I had FUN!! When I first started this amazing time in my life, Captain Dick Stevenson started calling me 'Midnight Mary' because of all the tours I did to the Midnight Dome. The last tour finished just before 1am.....yes, there was a 1am show in those days at Diamond Tooth Gertie's, and so all of us young and restless types would start to party after midnight. Now.....I can't even stay awake till midnight!!!

I left Dawson City (the first time) in 1982. My life was still FUN! Being the Manager of Regina Convention and Tourism Bureau, Tourism Officer in the Arctic and then Western Canada Sales Manager for Trafalgar Tours kept me travelling. My motto was 'when my ship comes in, I'll be at the airport'!!!! Life changed in the tourism field during the Gulf war, and there I was.....Gone. A few more moves, Chemainus Theatre on Vancouver Island and then cooking at Ross Mining for a summer. Here I was back in the Klondike.

My last year in Dawson City was 1998 and I remember heading south on the now paved Alaska Highway meeting all the traffic heading north. My dream was to have a Bed and Breakfast, and so my summer was spent painting, papering, clearing junk, killing mice, etc. and in October that year, 'Prairie Mary's' opened just one mile east of Balcarres, Saskatchewan. Still single and enjoying hosting many special events in my Eatery and B & B, (I do believe I was slowing up a bit.....at least I was in one spot!!!), a man named Scotty Carr, a mining professional entered my life, and that was it!!! My name changed from Mary Stueck to Mary Carr on August 19, 2000.



Scotty & Mary (Stueck) Carr

Photo courtesy Mary Carr [dermarcarr\\*sasktel.net](mailto:dermarcarr@sasktel.net) (In Rostern, SK)

This is my first summer of 'semi retirement' here in Rosthern, Saskatchewan. Scotty is just finishing a two month contract in Thailand and who knows, we may be off on another international jaunt together very soon. Our email address is [dermarcarr\\*sasktel.net](mailto:dermarcarr@sasktel.net) I know there are some names I recognized in the two issues of Moc Tel which Bill Weigand sent me, Doug Bell and Myrna Butterworth. We'll be communicating soon. Remember the time we?????????

Cheers Dears, Mary out on the Prairie.

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: [ghastant@shaw.ca](mailto:ghastant@shaw.ca)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

AUCOIN, Duane [ghastant\\*shaw.ca](mailto:ghastant@shaw.ca) (604) 764-6041 Vancouver

Recipient address: [morrison\\_adam@hotmail.com](mailto:morrison_adam@hotmail.com)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

MORRISON, Adam [morrison\\_adam\\*hotmail.com](mailto:morrison_adam@hotmail.com) (Arrv. Whse 1966, Dawson last 20 yrs)  
Trans North, Dawson

## NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron, I'd like to join your list for Moccasin Telegraph. I'll send the required donation by mail.

I've lived in the Yukon since 1984, apart from a couple of years when we tried (and rejected) Edmonton. I'm currently an independent contractor, doing quite a bit of historical research and writing.

Part of my interest in the Moccasin Telegraph is your amazing range of contacts with people who know the Yukon's history. Part is purely personal - my friends who are already on your mailing list keep telling me of the great stories you distribute.

I have a request for information that I'd like to insert in your next issue. Let me know how best to do that, and I'll deliver.

Thanks,

Claire Eamer

Researcher/Writer, Daley Networks

37 Alsek Road, Whitehorse, YT Y1A 3K3, Canada

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[claire\\*northwestel.net](mailto:claire@northwestel.net)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*If you want to make beautiful music, you have to play the black and white keys together.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

**Fresh Raspberry Jam** (makes 3 cups)

Submitted by Karen Shaw [kshaw\\*interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:kshaw*interchange.ubc.ca) (In White Rock)

2 pounds ripe raspberries  
4 cups granulated sugar

Place the raspberries in a large open jam pot (a Dutch oven will work fine). Lightly crush the berries with a potato masher. Place the pot over low heat and cook just until the fruit begins to bubble. Stir in the sugar and let the mixture boil for about 10 minutes. It should be thick and ready to set. Pour jam into clean sterilized jars and freeze for up to 6 months. Makes 3 cups.

## 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)

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