

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 172nd Edition – August 27th, 2006

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



### *What The Sourdough Knows*

by Alf Bilton

From crinkled up crags on Her frozen peaks  
To moldy ol' muskeg below;  
From twinkling leap of crystal cascade  
To serpentine creek flowing slow;  
From high barren plain to bristle thick bush  
Where Her moose an' Her caribou roam;  
She's a land of extreme, a primordial Queen,  
An' she's callin' Her sourdoughs home.

Those who first knew the North, even those sallied forth  
To settle in gentler climes,  
Were as one with the land that tested each band  
In those myth-shrouded primitive times.  
They learned Man had a place if he kept to the pace  
That Nature prescribed for his kind;  
Not just kill or be killed, but the spirit and will  
To be taught, to be changed, an' refined.

To keep all he might need, Man must cherish each breed,  
Be a steward, a midwife, an' friend;  
While yet ready to cull, an' to never let dull  
His awareness of Nature's own trend.  
Man's predator, prey, an' a steward the day  
He is worthy of his assigned role;  
As the one with the smarts, an' the toys, an' the arts  
To tinker with balance control.

There's a balance to keep an' the slope mighty steep  
If we stray either side of the path,  
So our killing should heed mostly Nature's own need,  
An' not just some populist math.  
Should an ungulent herd need its culling deferred  
An' some previous number restored,  
Depredation must cease by carnivorous beasts,  
For imbalance we cannot afford.

For a time even bears an' wolves an' their share  
Must be cut an' their own number culled;  
Or they'll starve later on with the ungulents gone,  
The balance undone an' annulled.  
Overfishin' with nets can mean nobody gets  
To keep fishin' an' catchin' for long;  
To then blame a miner, or fishin' one-liner  
Will distract from the things really wrong.

When a standin' dead tree is taken for free  
As firewood close to a town;  
Come forest fire season, it stands to good reason,  
It's one that we needn't hose down.  
An' beetle-killed wood we'd 've saved if we could,  
We'd better cut quick as we can;  
Else bugs'll just spread an' more trees be dead,  
That might've been saved by Man.

Those don't live on the land never quite understand  
There's need both to grow an' to kill;  
If we don't play our role, She will take her own toll,  
She has her own quota to fill.  
Her mutations are seeds, always tryin' new breeds  
To replace what she's lettin' die out;  
Evolution's her tool, an' she has a harsh rule  
For decidin' what that's all about.

Those that don't play a role an' respect her own goal  
Risk the all too uncommon distinction,  
Of our Queen's bitter wrath, bein' swept from the path  
In another mass species extinction.  
When those posing as friend are shown in the end  
To be bad as some corporate foes,  
Then it's time to call back those who did know the track,  
An' share what the sourdough knows.

She is under attack by the activist packs  
So seldom know raven from crow,  
That were spawned on cement many miles from the tent  
An' the wilderness sourdoughs know.  
That barbarian lot can't learn what they ought  
An' contempt what the sourdough knows,  
'Cause indoctrination an' TV persuasion  
Endanger how any mind grows.

Preaching what they don't know, they are sure they can show  
Granny Nature just how to suck eggs.  
They are toddlers talk like they knew how to walk,  
An' like sourdoughs didn't have legs.  
Such cannot be taught, but are easily bought  
By foundations with ready cash;  
They worship Her trees an' contempt Her decrees  
While livelihoods turn into ash.

Now the Feds want to say we must do it their way,  
That regions don't have a right  
To real local control, an' some national poll  
Indicates that we'll never fight.  
Having mismanaged fish an' forests they wish  
To choke the whole wilderness now,  
To freeze evolution at time of their choosin',  
To corral it like some errant cow.

With arrogant vermin the whole bush is squirmin',  
They're out there to study they say,  
Harassin' all things that misfortune brings  
In the way of their devious play.  
But for years we have seen them besiegin' our Queen  
An' it's time for the vermin to go,  
To protect her mystique from the Outsider cliques,  
The foundations, an' D.F.O.\*

If our primitive Queen, in her hour of need,  
Is to stave off her ignorant foes,  
We MUST reinforce all attempted discourse  
An' share what the sourdough knows.

From crinkled up crags on Her frozen peaks  
To moldy ol' muskeg below;  
From twinkling leap of crystal cascade  
To serpentine creek flowing slow;  
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\*Department of Fisheries and Oceans

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[Alf Bilton](#)

Whitehorse, Yukon

## **Pack Dogs to Helicopters**

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

### **CHAPTER 3**

#### **WEST COAST HERE WE COME (cont'd)**

The nearest liquor store to Telegraph Creek was at Prince Rupert about 400 miles away by boat and road and only available during the summer when there was transportation on the river. Needless to say beer making was a very popular and essential activity. It takes a lot of practice and patience to make good beer but a rank amateur with the right ingredients and ingenuity can make a sort of potable brew.

During the brewing stage it had to be kept warm which wasn't easy in a house without central heating and allowed to chill off at night. It smells up a house like you wouldn't believe - yeast, hops and whatever. After all the mixing and brewing and bottle washing the big event was bottling time. The brew had to be siphoned from the barrel, crock or container, into bottles. The siphon used to be started by sucking up the beer from the main crock. It was no wonder that there would be social events which wouldn't have been mentioned in the society column, but were a lot more fun, and that was a bottling party. During the summer one of the handymen around the ranch was Black Jack Williams who called himself an Arkansas hillbilly. He could sense where the next bottling would take place and he would arrive, complete with banjo, to offer his services as siphon starter and entertainer. How that man could sing and play that banjo after he had siphoned off a few bottles of beer.

No one knew much about Black Jack - the north country had many men who came from nowhere, never talked about their past, and if he fitted into a community, no questions were asked.

The next fall Black Jack wasn't around - he'd gone moose hunting, taken off his shoes and sox to wade through a creek and when he leaned over to put them back on his gun had accidentally fired and killed him.

During the winter months our three year old Joan had no children for companionship so of course she was included in all adult activities and conversations. When I worked over the wolf and coyote pelts I had trapped she was right beside me helping out, when we made beer she would have her nose in the crock watching the yeast making bubbles and sniffing the malty scent. She loved company and was a born chatterbox. We will always remember her carrying on the most serious conversation with an old timer, Joe Hicks who had a cabin on the property. He'd be out there sawing away on a piece of stove wood and Joan would be sitting on a stump talking for all she was worth, old Joe participating in the discussion, equally as serious.

One of our overnight guests was a member of the B.C. Police force from Telegraph Creek doing his patrol. He was a pleasant young fellow and we enjoyed having him visit and so did Joan.

I was in the kitchen for a few minutes with Ethel, and Joan, in her usual manner, was talking up a storm and entertaining our guest in the living room. All at once Ethel and I stopped in our tracks, we could hear Joan saying quite distinctly "You know, my Daddy is a very good trapper and we have lots and lots of wolf and coyote's skins". Then "He also makes very good beer and we have lots of bottles of beer and some whiskey too in the cupboard".

There was a long silence. I didn't have the required permits to trap or to make beer... both omissions were considered serious offences.

We went back into the living room, nothing was said. Our police friend understood what living in isolation was all about and didn't consider us criminals because we had neglected to obtain a couple of permits.

We still tease Joan about trying to get her parents arrested when she was 3 years old.

We spent two winters and a summer at Ball's Ranch then decided that we should find something else to do, so returned to Vancouver for the winter.

About that time I met a placer gold operator, Percy Peacock who had a mine at Boulder Creek, about 50 miles east of Dease Lake and intended to have a crew of about 40 men working the property and would require a fair amount of supplies taken in to the camp. Getting my hands on a sufficient number of horses and equipment was a problem, but through the grapevine I heard that an older fellow at Telegraph Creek, called Bill Elder had some good packhorses but didn't feel up to going out on the trail any more, so I made a deal with Bill and had myself in business. Then I needed a partner. I thought of a friend, Charlie Raine who was still splashing around at Port Alberni and I asked him if he would come north with me as a partner in a packtrain operation. Charlie had been around horses while he was growing up on a farm in Saskatchewan, but pointed out that he didn't know anything about packhorses and we wouldn't have all summer for him to learn. However, I

assured him that my Dad had taught me all the tricks of the trade and it wouldn't take long for me to teach him.

The arrangement I had made with Bill Elder was that he would bring the horses from Hyland Ranch, 50 miles southeast of Telegraph Creek where I would meet him, and take over the packtrain on April 20th.

It was a great arrangement except the boats wouldn't be running up the Stikine River from Wrangell to Telegraph Creek until the river opened up sometime in May.

I had an idea of how I would go about keeping this date, but didn't think it was a good idea to go into detail with Charlie at this point.

On March 20th Charlie and I left Vancouver on one of the Princess boats bound for Skagway Alaska. There we boarded the White Pass narrow gauge railway and went as far as Carcross, Yukon, about 50 miles south of Whitehorse. From Carcross we flew to Atlin by Northern Airways, but there the first class travel came to an end. We couldn't afford to charter an aircraft for the remaining 200 miles to Telegraph Creek, so the time had come to tell Charlie that we were going to walk.

On April 6th we put on our 40 pound packs, tied on the snowshoes and headed south east over the old Yukon telegraph line pack trail.

The first 20 miles out of Atlin weren't too bad, the trail had been used and was packed down, and about 10 miles out of Atlin there was a hot spring bubbling away, so we sat down and soaked our feet, nothing wrong with this hike.

Another 10 miles and we reached O'Donald Creek and there we stayed in Neil Forbes' cabin overnight. Neil was a prospector whom I would come to know as a friend over the years. We had a good meal, a good night's sleep and were all set for the remaining 180 miles.

Snowshoeing is never an easy way to travel and in this end the trail had not been broken out and there was plenty of loose snow.

Besides, April was no time to be snowshoeing in northern B.C. The sun was getting high in the sky, the days were warm and the snow was beginning to thaw. To say it was heavy going was to put it mildly. The trail was filled in with deep snow.

I had done a lot of snowshoeing when I was on the trapline in my teens, but I knew that I was soft from spending the winter in Vancouver. Poor Charlie wasn't only out of shape for an expedition as strenuous as this one, but he had never been on snowshoes before, and that, along with having laced the harness too tightly, he developed a dreadful crop of blisters on his feet. He winced with every step.

Because of Charlie's condition I had to break trail for a couple of days which meant no rest periods. The outcome, due to my snowshoes scooping up snow over my toes, putting too much strain on the tendons up the front of my legs, was a painful condition we knew as "snowshoe sickness". What with Charlie's blisters and my strained muscles we weren't making much time, but we still had to be in Telegraph Creek by April 20th. After a few days my muscles were getting in shape and Charlie padded his blisters and learned how to adjust his harness on his snowshoes and it looked as though we would make it.

Because of the poor snow conditions, we would start out at 3 o'clock in the morning while the snow was frozen and dry and we would walk until just before noon when the sun started to affect the snow, then we would make camp and sleep until the night frost made it possible for us to walk on the snow.

We did that for 11 days and I shall never forget the great feeling of relief when we got over the summit and it was just 10 miles all downhill to Telegraph Creek. I had known it was not going to be a pleasant jaunt on snowshoes but it had been a whole lot worse than I had expected, Charlie, bless his old heart had hung right in there. He always swore that he didn't know what he was getting in to ...

So once again I was on the trail with a packtrain. It was no easy pack job. We would try to keep the loads to 200 pounds per horse, but once in awhile there would be a piece of equipment, such as the stationary engine for the winch, that would weigh 200 pounds in itself, so we would have to balance that 200 pounds on the pack saddle with some weight on the other side. When this couldn't be helped we would use a strong young horse and take it very easy, letting him rest as often as he needed.

We made 13 round trips between Dease Lake and Boulder Creek, two of us on saddle horses and 14 horses with packs and it wasn't much more than a moose and rabbit trail. The first 20 miles out of Dease was through timber country and limbs and small growth caught the packs and scratched our hands as we rode through. Heading out of the timber we climbed up about 4,000 feet to Caribou Pass then dropped down to Boulder Creek. It was only 50 miles but we would take 3 days to go in. Being in the mountains the weather was unstable, we had days of rain, heavy fog, then winds would blow the fog away, and go down to the freezing point every night at that altitude. At the lower levels we and the horses were fair game for mosquitos and black flies and as usual we were making camp and sleeping in a pup tent every night.

We arrived at the camp on what was our last trip for the season, the snow was on the mountain peaks and it was getting colder. During the previous trip we had noticed that the men were getting eager to get out after 4 months of mining in the bush, so we were surprised to be greeted by the news that they were going to stay on longer and we were invited to join them.

To be continued....

## **KLONDIKE SPIRIT ARRIVES IN DAWSON**

Hi Sherron,

Unless I have missed an issue, I did not see any pictures of the Klondike Spirit as she arrived in Dawson on July 19. Thought I would forward these on to you should you wish to include any or all in one of your future editions. There was a large turnout for her arrival and I had taken a picture of the crowd; however, I must have deleted it inadvertently.



Photos courtesy Margaret (Burian) Underwood [yukon180@hotmail.com](mailto:yukon180@hotmail.com) (San Jacinto CA)



I was in Dawson from June 26 until July 28 and, at the time of my departure; the Klondike Spirit had been parked where she docked. I heard several reasons for her not operating; one was that the person who was to captain her did not have the appropriate papers and the other was that she was waiting to be certified in Canadian waters; I don't know which, if any, is the true reason.

I took a tour of the ship and the tour guide told us they were going to offer one to two hour trips up and down the river from Dawson. The day of the tour, I did not have my camera with me so, regrettably, was unable to take pictures of the inside; however, we

were told she will hold 100 passengers and the owners plan to have entertainment and drinks on board. It is my understanding that she travels very slow; from 1.5 km. to 3.5 km. per hour. I suppose time will tell if she becomes a success.

Margaret (Burian) Underwood [yukon180@hotmail.com](mailto:yukon180@hotmail.com) (San Jacinto CA)



Photos courtesy Margaret (Burian) Underwood [yukon180@hotmail.com](mailto:yukon180@hotmail.com) (San Jacinto CA)





Photos courtesy Margaret (Burian) Underwood [yukonl80@hotmail.com](mailto:yukonl80@hotmail.com) (San Jacinto CA)

## **A MESSAGE FROM JEAN TURNER IN EAGLE ALASKA**

Hi, Sherron! What a treat! We haven't yet received many photos taken from shore. Most were the ones we took from the boat, or some taken from one of the escort boats. When do you publish something, please make a special point to thank Margaret from us!

I run the answers by "the boss" (my hubby, Nick). We want to make sure folks hear the truth about everything. There have been a number of rumors floating around since we returned to Eagle.

I'm guessing that the date on Margaret's camera was off by one day -- we actually arrived on Tuesday, July 18.....not that it matters a whole lot!

Margaret managed to catch me in one of the photos - #063. I'm below the wheelhouse door, at the far right of the group, in the blue dress and hat. I remember standing there to get a good view for pictures.

It was a fantastic trip, and the people of Dawson were as warm as can be. Simply an incredible welcome!

If anyone wants to see more pictures of the arrival, we've posted a slideshow at <http://www.klondikespirit.com>.

Much appreciated! We'll get back to you.

Jean Turner (In Eagle, Alaska)

*For those who do not know, Jean is the wife of Nick Turner one of the owners/builders of the Klondike Spirit. Jean has been a MocTel recipient and contributor for most of its life.*

*Do check out the Website above. Great photos of the Klondike Spirit arriving in Dawson. They were greeted by the Fire Engine spraying water, dignitaries and many Dawson residents and visitors.*

*Margaret agrees her photo date may be off by a day. She says her new camera came with instructions in all languages except English. – Sherron*

Hi Sherron - Many thanks to you and Margaret for the photos -- especially nice since we don't have many taken from shore in Dawson. We do have a number taken from the boat, including the crowd. It was a very warm reception, and we sincerely thank everyone for making us feel at home. (If anyone is interested, there is a slideshow of the arrival on the website, [www.klondikespirit.com](http://www.klondikespirit.com).)

The Klondike Spirit was in Dawson from July 18 through August 4. We were not able to operate with paying passengers because we have yet to do our US Coast Guard safety drills, which we had hoped would be completed before leaving Eagle. Due to scheduled commitments in Dawson, the maiden voyage could not be postponed any longer. The stay in Dawson was for promotional purposes only, and we look forward to tour operations next season.

Since we were not carrying paying passengers, we did not need a licensed captain on board at that time. We are currently considering applicants for the position.

Klondike Spirit will offer 2- to 3-hour trips up and down the river in the Dawson vicinity, with guided interpretation of cultural and historic sites. Tours will be primarily educational in nature, but select tours will feature entertainment as well. Food and beverages (alcoholic and non) will be available.

It is true that the Klondike Spirit is not a high-speed vessel, and was not intended to be. Since the maiden voyage was the first trip upriver for this new vessel, builders made a determination to keep the engine RPM low, at 1200 RPM, to make sure everything in the paddle drive chain was properly aligned and adequately broken in. Running time upriver was approximately 47 hours from Eagle to Dawson, and 8.25 hours downriver from Dawson to Eagle. This fall, the crew is conducting full-speed trials to determine an accurate top speed.

Just as a matter of historical info, the Klondike Spirit was not built by a large shipyard or international corporation. It was planned, designed and constructed by two individuals in Eagle, Alaska, with the support of family and many friends over a period of eight years ..... an exercise in patience .....

Nick Turner

Co-owner, Klondike Spirit [njturner@aptalaska.net](mailto:njturner@aptalaska.net) (In Eagle, Alaska)

## **A MESSAGE FROM MYRNA BUTTERWORTH IN DAWSON**

Sherron, so great to get all those pictures from the Yukoner's picnic, lots of faces there I hadn't seen for along time, Warren Rongve, Claude Campbell teachers at Dawson, Art Nakano, Jim McCausland, Mary Stewart (Mellor), former Dawson residents. And of course the Barrett's, Kerr's, Marianne Holbrook, Helen Fitch and Sharon Redmond, Fay, Molly, Harriet, Valerie, Carol and George. All those faces from the past.

We had a great Discovery Days weekend, great Parade this year, at the Pioneers Open House visited with Lucy Fulton (VanBibber), Ann Marie Telep, Bob Munroe, Bud and Gary Powell, Joe and Tony Hanulik, Al Close. After a miserable week the sun came out and we had a beautiful afternoon, but with the sun came those pesky Black Flies, so I guess one can say that Fall is officially here. John Gould and Dick North were at a Book signing at Maxmillians Book store. John's book Frozen Gold and Dicks book Sailor on Snowshoes. Softball tournament is still going on, Art exhibition on the Dike and the Mudbog at the north end of town is on this afternoon (Sunday).

Sister Marg brought me a 4 litre bucket of Saskatoon's so I have to get busy and make some pies and jam; I also have a 4 litre bucket of blackcurrants in the freezer to make into jelly. Thank you once again for all those pictures, wish I had been there.

Myrna Butterworth [myrnab\\*northwestel.net](mailto:myrnab*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

### **Jean Boyle – A Compassionate Woman**

Compiled by Harvey Burian [hburian\\*telus.net](mailto:hburian*telus.net) (In Parksville)

For those of us who lived in the Mayo – Keno area of the Yukon, it is difficult to think of a person who we remember that had greater compassion for children, teenagers and needy people than Jean Boyle.

Jean Nixon was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba and spent her teenage years in Vancouver, BC. In 1922, shortly after the death of her father, Jean first came to the Mayo area to visit with her Uncle Louis Bouvette, an early prospector who had discovered silver-lead ore on a mountain called Sheep Mountain, later renamed Keno Hill. Jean Nixon Woolsey with her son, William Charles, and her brother, Charles Nixon, later rejoined Bouvette in the Keno area during the early 1930s. Her six-year-old son Bill died of pneumonia in 1936.

It was in Keno that Jean met and married Donald Morrison, another early prospector, who along with a partner was an original staker of the very rich Calumet claim. To this couple was born a daughter, Mary Jean, who remembers her mother often expressing that

her time spent with her husband, Don, in Keno provided many wonderful experiences. One such experience was to be able to sit at the top of Keno Hill and look around at the beautiful surrounding landscape. Jean and Don skied above the Calumet and spent summers fishing on Mayo Lake. Another experience was to be able to prospect by dog team during the winter. The dogs were always slow and Don would say, "The poor dogs; it is a heavy load." However, when the dogs smelled a rabbit they could run very fast and inevitably overturn the sled. Don would then say, "It is their natural instincts and we just have to upright the sled and carry on." Jean learned to be patient at these times!

Henry Breaden remembers Don Morrison and Jean. He says, "...I worked with her (Mary Jean's) father who was from Keno. At that time the Yukon Territorial Government maintained the streets of Whitehorse long before it became a city and Don was a nice person to work with. What we were doing was putting sand on the street corner ice in the fall. She (Mary Jean) must have been born in October or November as Don and I were working street ice. Her mother Jean moved back to Mayo I think when she lost Don, her husband to cancer. This is where it gets a bit weird, for when Jean moved back to Mayo, eventually she re-married to my God Father, Billy Boyle who had given me a Five Dollar Gold Coin when I was baptised. Billy was from the Overland Trail and the Northwest Mounted Police of earlier years, and served overseas in WW1. In photos of Mayo you will find her (Jean's) log cabin the best in colour and paint. It is on 4th Avenue just a few to the right of the Catholic Church. Jean may be gone, but her old home will never suffer from a lack of paint for many years as she was always wielding a brush and paint."



**Jean Morrison and daughter Mary-Jean in Whitehorse c.1946**  
Photo courtesy of Mary Jean Morrison (Mill Bay, BC)

As Henry notes, Don Morrison passed away at the young age of 46. For a time, Jean continued to live in Whitehorse but moved to Mayo, where she spent the next significant portion of her life.

It was in Mayo that I knew Jean. By this time she had married William (Billy) Boyle and so, to me and the other young people of Mayo, she was Mrs. Boyle. I remember her working at Ruth's (McIntyre nee Batty) Dress Shop. Although she worked at the store, she also found time to see to the needs of many of the children in the town. Many a needy child received dolls and toys and clothes from Mrs. Boyle, always with a smile and a friendly gesture. It was not unusual to see Jean with a couple of children in tow as she walked from her home to the dress shop or to the grocery store. This compassion and grace was not only extended to the younger children but to those who were a bit older as well. By this time Jean's daughter, Mary Jean was a teenager and her friends were always welcome in the Boyle home.

Karen (North) Crowley, who was a teenager living in Mayo remembers, "...I also wanted to add my two cents worth....as I knew both Mary Jean and her Mother for many years. In fact my teen years in Mayo were spent mostly at Mary Jean's house so I think you could safely say I know her quite well. Her Mother was an absolutely fabulous lady. She opened her home up to our 'gang' any day of the week, providing many wonderful snacks and hospitality as only a woman from the North country could. Mrs. Boyle as we knew her was one of my favourite people and even in later years when we took a nostalgic trip back up Mayo way, she opened her home to us as if we had never been away. I shall never forget how kind she was to my own children, taking them in with cookies and stories and baby sitting while Bob and I visited with old Mayo friends. My last memory of Jean is how lovely she looked with her beautiful long hair cascading down her back in a braid. Over the years we kept in touch only at Christmas with letters and cards."



**Jean Boyle about 1960 in Mayo**

Photo courtesy of Mary Jean Morrison (Mill Bay, BC)

I remember Jean Boyle's home. As Henry has noted, she lived in a small but comfortable log home on 4<sup>th</sup> Avenue in the Northeast end of Mayo. Her home was always cheerfully decorated and each Spring it received a new coat of paint. Jean was a good friend to my mother, Mary Burian and they would often get together to chat over a cup of tea, sometimes at our home and sometimes at Jean's. I remember Jean had, what to a young boy, appeared to be a very large dog. The breed now escapes me but I was more than a bit fearful of it. Jean, however, knew that and would always ensure that her dog, Lobo, was secured so that I could pass by with out having to be afraid that he might come after me.



**Jean and Mary Jean taken at the 1979 Vancouver Yukoners' Association Annual Banquet by Harvey Burian**

Photo courtesy of Mary Jean Morrison (Mill Bay, BC)

In the late 1970s, when Jean could no longer manage her home in Mayo, she sold it and moved to a seniors' apartment in Whitehorse. It was the same apartment building where my folks had moved a few years earlier. The friendship between my mother and Jean continued right up to the time of her death 1983.

Henry and Alice Breaden and many of her Yukon friends visited Jean in the hospital while she lay ill from heart and vascular disease. As Henry has put it, "Jean was an outstanding lady...". She is remembered and cherished by all who had the privilege of knowing her.

*Information for this account was obtained from **Gold and Galena: A History of the Mayo Area**, from an exchange of messages between Henry Breaden and Karren (North) Crowley, a conversation and exchange of messages with Mary Jean Morrison and recollections of the author.*

*Mary Jean Morrison, Jean's daughter, lives with her husband Casey Rippon in Mill Bay, BC on Vancouver Island. She works for the Ministry of Health in Victoria and attends the Vancouver Yukoners' Association dinners and the Vancouver Island Yukoners' Picnic each year.*



**Jason Campbell, Bill Weigand & Richard Campbell.**

Bill standing on his tip toes with Gillian Campbell's boys – 1982.

Photo courtesy of Bill Weigand and Gillian Campbell.

## **MESSAGE FROM LOIS TREMBLEY**

Dear Sherron, I must apologize to everyone for not making the Picnic this year. I fully planned on coming. But, was just getting over the Norovirus and didn't feel I should come in case it exposed anyone. Man! What a "trip" that was... Haven't been so sick since I was a little girl. Wasn't sure if I was still contagious or not. I am o.k. now though and just had my 72nd Birthday..Wow! Made it another year...

Thank you so much for the latest Moc-Tel and all the pictures. Much appreciated.

And you Henry...Sure hope you are feeling better by now....

Cherio, Lois Trembley [granny9t@shaw.ca](mailto:granny9t@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

## ISLAND YUKONERS PICNIC

Meant to drop a line to you sooner, but got busy. Just wanted to let you know how much Carter, I & Meryl [Hipperson] enjoyed the Islanders Yukoners Picnic on August 12<sup>th</sup>. It was great to see you & Bill and others who have moved to the Island, whom we knew "way back when" in the north. It was also very interesting to hear the stories from some of the real old timers who were there long before we were. The weather was great, the food was great and the company was great. Can't ask for much more than that.

Linda & Carter Kelly [stoneboys\\*shaw.ca](mailto:stoneboys*shaw.ca) Qualicum Beach

## MOCTEL 171 BRINGS BACK MEMORIES

Good evening Sherron, I was reading the 171 edition and came across some thing which caught my eye. Donna Clayson included an artifact which I recognized, "the Cook Book-General Recipes". I remember the book because my Mom Nora [Hiltz] had one identical to it and it never registered with me as to where it originated from. After seeing the photo I remembered our moms gathering recipes back during our childhood years for the book. Funny how you can see some thing countless times all these years and it does not register as to its significance and origins. Now I wonder if my mom, "Nora" contributed recipes to the publication. When I think back I can still see the smile as she opened the book before preceding to whip some thing up for us to eat. Mom used to collect cook books and most times she never had to look at one before starting out to prepare a meal. When I look back it use to be phenomenal how quickly she could make a meal from seemingly thin air.

My regards to all the readers and those who contributed to the MocTel, It is a good place to go to when one is tired and needs to refresh ones spirits.

Most of the time I only get to read it a bit at a time, as that is all the time I have at times, even though I only recognize a few people from time to time I do enjoy it.

I will send you a sum for a copy on CD soon.

Cheers to you till later.

Ron Hiltz [ronmarg\\*ns.sympatico.ca](mailto:ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca) (In Berwick NS)

More of the **names of contributors** in the **General Recipes, A Book of Favorite Recipes** or How to Please the Family; St. Christopher's W.A. Haines Junction, Yukon, 1963

Mrs. Jack Palmer

Emma MacKinnon

Mrs. Norrine McLaughlin

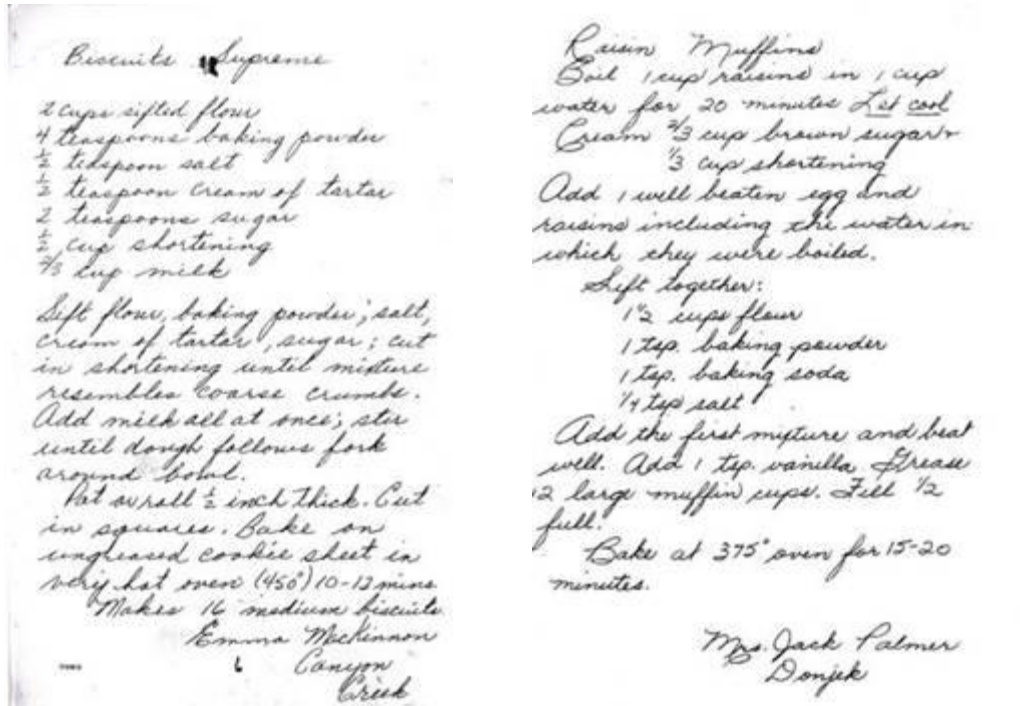
Betty Karman

Marg Baltimore

Mrs. B. Beloud

Nancy Pope  
Andy Nygren  
Mrs. B. Henderson  
Mrs. Jack Brewster  
Mrs. A. Storing (my mother)  
Betty Stalberg (my sister)  
Mrs. Cook  
Marguerite Lambert  
Trish Tomlin  
Freda D. Livesey  
Shirley Mattson  
Mrs. Reg Cook  
M. Kettley  
Marge Berard  
Mrs. Elsa Schumann  
Mrs. Ellen Harris  
Lillian Hortie  
Mary Ashe  
Sally Backe  
Elizabeth Flack  
Sadie Buckway  
Jean Bakke  
Ricky Brewster  
Edna Bothe  
Gloria Allison  
Mrs. W.D. Murray  
Jessive Marvin  
W. Thompson  
Doreen Schaubl.... (can't read the rest. hopefully someone will know this last name)  
Mrs. Cynthia Olam (mile 1019. again I'm not sure of the last name, very hard to read)  
Olive Bastien  
Mrs. Margaret Schilling  
Ruby Clennett  
Mrs. Dan Bakke  
Mrs. E. Swenson  
Mrs. P. Van der Veen  
Mrs. Nancy LBoe (Mile 1080. Again not sure of the last name, it was cut off when  
cookbook printed)  
Grace Desjardins  
Pat Plementos  
Jerry Kennedy

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



## ARTISTIC TALENT



**Inside a Crocus**

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

## DAWSON SCHOOL FIRE

Dear Sherron,

I'm not sure if I already mentioned that I was on duty [at the hospital] the night (about 4 a.m. in the morning actually) of the Dawson School fire. Mary Turchinsky, night

watchwoman and who also prepared vegetables for the daytime called out something. I ran outside and saw flames encircling the roof of the school. I quickly ran, picked up the phone and as I did this the siren went off.

I later heard a rumor that one of the children had been afraid of the exam to come and had set the fire. I heard nothing further. In my estimation, the cause of the fire was not broadcast. I believe the date would have been in late June of either 1956 or 1957. I'm thinking 1957.

Hope this is of interest.

Emily Stillwell [eistillwell@hotmail.com](mailto:eistillwell@hotmail.com) (In Moose Jaw)

*Warren Rongve has confirmed the date was June 21, 1957. – Sherron*

## **OBIT**

Another "Bay" man passes - **Gordon MacDonnell** passed away in Langley, BC February this year. He was my manager in Whitehorse 1969 to 1971.

He managed Uranium City, Peace River, Whitehorse, 100 Mile House, Lloydminster and Dawson Creek.

Sherron you might have known Gordon MacDonnell, he was the Hudson's Bay Manager in Whitehorse, 1968 to 1971.

Fran (Keith) Belliveau worked with him in Uranium City and Whitehorse.

Regards,

Alastair McGregor [mmac1952@telus.net](mailto:mmac1952@telus.net) (In Vernon)

**MACDONNELL, Gordon A.** passed away peacefully in Langley Hospital on February 27, 2006. He is predeceased by his wife Margaret in 1992 and is survived by his loving family, his daughter: Catherine MacDonnell of Nanaimo, BC; sons: Argus MacDonnell of Langley, BC and Stuart MacDonnell of London, England. Grandchildren: Malorie-Michelle, Mitchell and Kai MacDonnell. His brothers Jim, John, Pat, Don and Rod. One sister: Anna. Numerous nieces and nephews. Mass of the Christian Burial will be held on Tuesday, March 14, 2006 at 11:00 a.m. from St. Peters Roman Catholic Church, Nanaimo, B.C. with Father Darek Zarebski celebrant. Flowers gratefully declined. Donations in memory of Gordon may be made to the Parkinsons Society of British Columbia, 600-890 West Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6C 19J.

Langley Times Langley, BC

**Phyllis Lucy Giesbrecht** (nee Garbet) in the Vernon Jubilee Hospital on Tuesday, August 15<sup>th</sup>, 2006 at the age of 85 years, after a valiant fight with diabetes. She leaves to cherish her memory, her children; Ileen, Fern, Jody, **Sandy**, Ian, Lorraine and Deana and many grandchildren. She was predeceased by her husband, Mel, her children; Arthur, Alfred, Louise and Linda. Cremation preceded a Graveside Service which will be held at the Chase Cemetery, Chase, B.C. on Monday, August, 21<sup>st</sup>, 2006 at 11:00 A.M.

Cremation arrangements were made with Bethel Funeral Chapel Ltd., Vernon, B.C.

*This is **Sandy Campbell's mother.** – Sherron*

### **A note from Sandy Campbell -**

I would like to add a little something as not many people will know Mom as Giersbrecht, but as Campbell or McCrank.

Phyllis Lucy Giesbrecht (nee Garbet) was known as Phyllis Campbell, having married Glen Campbell in 1964. They lived in Mayo and Whitehorse, and had four children together.

Sandra (Sandy), Ian, Lorraine, and Deana.

Mother and Dad divorced and in 1970, Mother married Jock McCrank. They lived at 5th and Black in Whitehorse, and later in the Baronoff Trailer Park in Porter Creek, shortly after returning from Edmonton in 1971.

Mother had a few businesses as well. She started the Reliable Janitors business holding several contracts around Whitehorse, and upon selling that, she ran the McRae Restaurant, and then moved onto the "Long Dog Mobile Eatery", and finally ran the kiosk at the Whitehorse Rec Center, which is now the Transportation Museum.

In 1974, she with Jock, my sisters Lorraine and Deana, left the Yukon for good. She and Jock moved to Enderby, and then divorcing in 1982. She settled in the Okanagan Valley living in Pritchard, just outside of Kamloops where she met and married Mel Geisbrecht in 1986. Mel predeceased her in 1989, and she then moved to Vernon, where she had been living since 1990.

Mom had an extremely amazing life, and for those that she knew or knew her, knew that her spirit was restless, but always looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow,

Mom is at her final resting place in Chase, BC, beside her true love, Mel Giesbrecht.

Sandy



I would like to know if anyone knows this man with my mother Phyllis (nee Garbet). It is possible it was someone from Whitehorse or Mayo.

Sandy Campbell [northernlyght\\*shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght*shaw.ca) (In Langley)

## **NEW ADDITION LAST MOCTEL**

*Ralph Lortie contacted me to be put in touch with Daryl Gallan who was new to the group last week. Ralph thought the name was familiar and perhaps from sports in Whitehorse; also wondered if Daryl would remember Les McLaughlin. – Sherron*

Hi Sherron:

Thanks for all the great information; I'll reply to Ralph separately after I've had a chance to sort out the dates. To tell you a little about me, I moved from Ottawa to Whitehorse in 1955. I met my wife Betty there and we had 2 children. After working at various jobs over the years, I opened my own business - Canamet Sales which I operated for 25 years. In 1996 I sold the business to Mike Mickey. We moved to Sechelt, B.C. which is on the Sunshine Coast.

Hi Ralph & Les:

I do remember you and so nice to hear from you too! Over the years from 1955 to 1970 I played basketball, mostly for the Legion. I also played hockey for the Merchants; and then fast ball for the Legion (I think). I pretty well gave up sports after 1970 and took up fishing and hunting. I have photos of various sports teams if you're interested. I don't

have my own e-mail address but my friend Connie handles this sort of thing for me as I am computer challenged!

Great to hear from you and keep in touch.

Regards, Daryl Gallan [concon\\_69@hotmail.com](mailto:concon_69@hotmail.com) (In Sechelt)

## **NEW ADDITION & CORRECTION TO ISLAND PICNIC SPECIAL**



Bryan Hilton & Gayle (Hilton) Graham  
formerly of Bear Creek.

Hi Sherron, you gave us your card at the Nanoose Yukoners picnic and said to write you and you would send us newsletters, etc. Lee Rogers sent us the pictures and noticed that you had Bryan's name wrong. The picture above is Bryan Hilton of Bear Creek and his sister Gayle (Hilton) Graham who grew up there too. He was labelled as Bruce Hilton. Just thought you might like to know as there are probably old friends from school who wouldn't recognize him, especially with his new name, haha.

I enjoyed meeting old Yukoners, especially talking with some I had met when Bryan and I went to the Reunion in 1997 in Dawson. It was my first trip North and I can't wait to go back up and spend some time as we both love the wide open spaces up there. Looking forward to anything you forward.

Ken and Daisy Hilton and 5 year old Bryan moved to Bear Creek in 1950. Ken worked for YCGC, starting on the dredge, winding up Paymaster/Bullcook. Gayle and later Bill were born in Whitehorse and the family moved to Ladysmith, B.C. in 1966. Ken died November 7, 2005 and Daisy followed on May 18, 2006. Bryan still lives outside Ladysmith and Gayle in Lantzville. Bill lives in Victoria.

Look forward to more photos and information on the Yukon.

Sanda Hilton (Bryan's wife) [willowjay@shaw.ca](mailto:willowjay@shaw.ca)

## CHANGES TO UPDATED LIST

Just a quick note to update. On the Yukoners list you still have us in Peachland but we are now in Summerland as of March 1st.

Really enjoying Moctel.

Thankyou,

Ed & Jane McKay [jemckay\\*shaw.ca](mailto:jemckay*shaw.ca)

Our new phone # is 250-497-6239 and we now live at St. Andrews by the Lake (Kaleden). We moved here last December and have been involved in home renos and enjoying the lovely weather here – we can do without the smoke though.

Cheers,

Karl Crosby [fore65\\*telus.net](mailto:fore65*telus.net)

## REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: [info@jamesmurdochband.com](mailto:info@jamesmurdochband.com)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

MURDOCH, James Alex [info\\*jamesmurdochband.com](mailto:info*jamesmurdochband.com) (Born in Yukon) Edmonton

## NEW ADDITIONS

Dear Sherron,

We met you at the Yukoners picnic this year and I am wondering if you have an electronic newsletter that I could access. We used to belong to the Yukoners association but because we travel so much we have not kept up. We are continuing to travel and have e-mail access but not mail. It would be great to be able to keep up with the Yukon news tho.

Thanks

Best Regards

Val Hedstrom

Val Hedstrom

[hedstromv\\*yahoo.com](mailto:hedstromv*yahoo.com)

Would you add to your list Mrs. Meryl Hipperson (husband Larry passed away a year ago, he was Fire Marshal in Yukon) and they lived in Whitehorse for 25+ years. She

now resides in Parksville, B.C. E-Mail: [me4yl\\*shaw.ca](mailto:me4yl*shaw.ca). Also my two daughters, Dahn, still living in Whitehorse as a Probation Officer and Kathie in Peace River who works for Atco. Ok their e-mail address' are: Dahn [dahn.casselmann@govt.yk.ca](mailto:dahn.casselmann@govt.yk.ca) & Kathie [kathie.harrop@atcoelectric.com](mailto:kathie.harrop@atcoelectric.com)

Thank-you very much. You sure put in a lot of work and I so appreciate it.

Connie Castleman [caselman\\*telus.net](mailto:caselman*telus.net) (In Calgary)

The Yukoners' picnic was lots of fun. Enjoyed visiting and catching up - although I didn't know very many people there. I would like to receive the 'Telegraph' but would prefer not to have my e-mail address on the list.

Yes, please, add me to the list. Casselman's and Kelly's and Larry and I were all neighbours on Balsam Street in Porter Creek. Enjoyed the picnic pictures.

Thanks again,

Meryl Hipperson [me4yl\\*shaw.ca](mailto:me4yl*shaw.ca) (In Parksville)

We have been year-round and/or summer residents in Dawson and Whitehorse since 1962. Our friend, John Gould just forwarded to us your e-mail regarding the "the updated list of all those who have joined the project." Would you tell us about the project and Moccasin Telegraph?

Ed and Star Jones [Ogilvie2\\*att.net](mailto:Ogilvie2*att.net)  
7 Casa del Oro Court  
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87508-8718  
505-466-1021

#### **NEW ADDITION – E-MAIL ADDRESS LIST ONLY (not MocTel)**

*I have had this request before and resisted it, but we now have a number of the former MocTel recipients that have now been converted to mailing groups who receive solely the 'Ex-Yukoners & Sourdoughs E-mail address list'. It became apparent when they no longer replied to any message I sent, that they were not reading the messages. – Sherron*

Hi Sherron. Sure, I'd love to be on the Yukoners addy list. I went thru it yesterday seeing if I remember anyone. I remembered a few, but not many. To be honest, I probably wouldn't read the Moccasin Telegraph as I don't even have a moment to read our own tiny newspaper from Peace River.

I'm now married to Brad Harrop and live in Peace River, AB. As you can see, my initials are still KC for Kathie Casselman (I've had the nickname so long and don't want to get rid of it).

We were just up in Whitehorse last week visiting Dahn and her hubby Mike as they bought a new acreage in Macpherson. Lovely trip, as usual. Brought back a lot of memories.

Have a great rest of the week.

KC

Kathie (Castleman) Harrop [Kathie.Harrop\\*atcoelectric.com](mailto:Kathie.Harrop@atcoelectric.com) (In Peace River)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Experiences is the name everyone gives their mistakes.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Lynne Macara [lmacara@yahoo.com](mailto:lmacara@yahoo.com) (In Campbell River)

*From the YOOP Cookbook, 1984.*

### **Pineapple Rhubarb Jam – Gloria Kohler**

5 c diced rhubarb                      1 pkg strawberry Jello  
1 c drained crushed pineapple   6 c sugar

Combine washed diced rhubarb and sugar in kettle. Bring to a boil and boil 15 minutes. Add pineapple and Jello and bring to boil. Pour into jam jars and seal. Yield about 4 pints.

## 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

### **Moccasin Telegraph**

c/o Sherron Jones 9205 Orchard Ridge Drive Vernon, BC V1B 1V8  
(250) 549-2736 (phone or fax)