

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 176th Edition – September 24th, 2006

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



Pelly Fish Camp

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

Home To The Yukon Again

by Alf Bilton

I'm impressed with that Robert Service,
As a cowboy, a poet, a man;
I admire his vivid descriptions
Of life in this wilderness land.
And the way that he studied to know it
As only a sourdough can.

The gold rush was over, he'd missed it,
But that was just sauce for his tales;
He recorded the life of those made it,
Their hardship, and how they prevailed.
Then, no faker, he went South of Sixty,
And tackled the deadliest trail.

He wasn't content just to hear it,
From others had conquered the strife;
Nor willing to shirk, having missed it,
As he took up a real writer's life.
When Rob Service got back to the Klondike,
He'd been tempered like steel in a knife.

The Edmonton Trail was a snow job,
Just the plot of some mercantile men,
Who were seeking to bilk, for profit,
The stampedeers were passing through then.
Their trail to the North had been charted;
But, unfinished, was still a dead end.

That route had improved when Rob saw it,
Though infamous now and disdained.
Yet Service endured all the hardship;
Dense forests, wild rivers, and pain;
Won through to go down the Mackenzie;
And home to the Yukon again.

His fame as a writer kept growing;
Half a world seemed in love with his pen.
That world pulled away Robert Service,
From his cabin and sourdough friends.
But it's said when he died, his spirit,
Headed home to the Yukon again.

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[Alf Bilton](#)

Whitehorse, Yukon

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 4

DEASE LAKE (cont'd)

As soon as I arrived Ethel informed me that we were going to enlarge our family in the spring so we purchased a small house on Fremlin Street. Before I left Dease Lake I knew there was going to be plenty of work for the aircraft the coming year and I was eager to get back north and get a piece of the action. Once again in retrospect, I wonder how I could have left Ethel at that particular time, but maybe young people aren't so thoughtful, at least I couldn't have been. When I arrived at Takla on May 29th, two days after leaving Vancouver, there was a message for me via HBC radio that our second daughter, Fay, had been born. The next day I flew to Dease Lake and flew out of there during June and July.



Gassing Fairchild 71 at Dease Lake, 1936. Ernie Kubicek, pilot, on top.

Jim Eastman fueling his Eastman Flying Boat at Dease. Chas. Raine on float. Daughter Joan watching.

One job I had was flying supplies from Dease Lake to Scoop Lake on the Big Muddy River, about 100 miles east north east, for the U.S. Army Survey, part of a railway survey from Prince George to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Another pilot, Russ Baker was on the same survey, flying a Junkers for Canadian Airways. That airways was taken over by CP Air shortly after that and Russ started his own Central B.C. Airways out of Fort St. James, B.C. Even then he talked about eventually owning an air- line second only to Air Canada and CP Air. He did too - his airline became Canada's third largest, Pacific Western Airlines.

My own flying service at Dease Lake, called Cassiar Airways, consisted of the Fairchild CF ATG built in 1927 and powered by a J5 Wright engine, rated at 225 h.p. It was actually under powered for a float aircraft, under good conditions I could carry a 600 pound payload.

At that time the Department of Transport was operating several boats to push scows on the Dease River, carrying material for the construction of the airport at Watson Lake. Often the boats would break down enroute and I would be called on to fly parts to them, landing on the Dease River as near as possible to the disabled boat.

One particular time there was a breakdown on the Dease River about 20 miles below McDames Creek. The problem was a broken propellor. I picked up the 40 pound replacement at the south end of Dease Lake, and flew down river until I spotted the boat tied up at a crooked stretch of the river (that seemed to be the only places on the river where boats ever did break down).

It was obvious that I wouldn't have a sufficient straight stretch of water to land on so I flew on about another mile where I could land, taxied to shore and tied up the aircraft. I

lugged the 40 pound prop along the shore to the boat where the crew was impatiently waiting to install it and get back on the river. While I was having lunch with the crew one of them asked me if I would fly him to Watson Lake. I didn't really like the idea of any extra weight on take off. When I landed I knew that I would be taking off empty so there would be no problem, but the man who wanted to go to Watson Lake weighed at least 200 pounds which was one third of my maximum load capacity under good conditions. I finally agreed to take him and we walked back to the aircraft.

I took the aircraft down river to the very end of the straight stretch of water. The Dease is a small river with few places suitable for take off with any kind of load. To add to the difficulties there was a cross wind on the Dease River. I also noted there was a hill about 200 feet high rising from the river's edge. I started the take off run and made a good clean takeoff. Just up river from the hill the river made an abrupt turn which meant I was out of runway. There was a cut bank at least 30 feet high straight across my flight path that I would have to clear. All was going well; I then had about 100 feet of altitude and even throttled back a bit. When I came alongside the hill a wind was blowing over it and dropping down onto the river. Just as I got level with the hill the wind caught me and the aircraft started down fast. My controls went sloppy. Just a short distance ahead was the cutbank and we were heading straight for it. I pushed the nose down and gave it all the power it had, trying to gain enough speed to climb over the cut bank. I was still heading straight for it hoping to pick up that extra bit of speed. By then I was physically trying to lift the aircraft over the cut bank. At that moment the passenger, frightened out of his wits, jumped out of the seat behind me and grabbed my shoulders. I managed to hang onto the controls, fly the aircraft at full throttle straight to the cutbank and about 50 feet from it I pulled back on the controls and just had enough speed to clear the cutbank by about 10 feet. This was a lesson I learned early in my flying career. It showed me what a wind can do blowing over a hill and setting up a dangerous down draft. If, when the aircraft started to go down, I had reacted to a natural instinct to pull it up I would have stalled it and no doubt would have gone straight into the cutbank. Big Boy yanking on my shoulders was one hazard which hadn't been in the book.



*Winter scene
of Dease Lake.*

There was plenty of work for my aircraft at Dease Lake, the problem was that unless I was directly involved in a wartime project I wouldn't be issued a priority number which meant I couldn't get parts or repairs for my aircraft. Early in August 1942 I had a trip to, Carcross in the Yukon and while there talked to the owner of Northern Airways, George

Simmons. He told me that he had a lot of work to do for the Public Roads Administration, an American agency involved in the construction of the Alaska Highway, but he was short of personnel and would I consider selling him my aircraft and coming to work for Northern Airways.
To be continued....

THE VEINS OF VENUS – Continued

Submitted by Maureen Jones k29j32*shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)
By Dixie Read as told to her by Jack Stewart

The spring of 1901 found them in Carcross, where they worked their claims. The Crown requested that each claim be worked \$100.00 worth each year to be retained. They also staked two more claims, Uranus No. 1 & 2. Then with Petty and Pooley, Jack struck some gold ore which was free gold. This claim they called the Eros. They took this ore to town to have it assayed and found it was worth \$3,000.00 a ton.

The fall and winter of 1901 was spent mining. They blasted a large hole in the rock face of the mountain, put poles up to face it, and a window, and lived there that winter. Jack had another harrowing experience that winter. They needed dynamite to blast the mines, so Jack went into Carcross to get dynamite from Skagway. When he got to Carcross, he found that it couldn't be sent on passenger trains, so he had to wait for it to come by other transportation. It didn't come and it didn't come, and he was getting worried, because it was getting closer and closer to thawing time, and he had to take the powder back by dogsled on ice. It finally did come, though, and he started back the thirteen miles to the mine with the dynamite and other supplies. At Carcross two Mounties told him it wasn't safe, as the thaws were coming, but he explained his situation and how badly the dynamite was needed at the mine, so they let him go on. They gave him a pole and told him to keep testing the ice on the lake as he went along to be sure it was solid enough. He had no trouble at all for so long, that, just as he got within 200 yards of his destination he got careless with his testing. There seemed to be no water coming on the ice, but suddenly he saw the sled sinking and water coming on the ice. He quickly got his stick in position, leaving the dogs and sled, and attempted to get to shore. The ice kept breaking through, but with the stick straddling the broken ice he was able to make progress until he finally got to solid ground. He then got another sled and canoe, and using the sled as a runner he was able to push this combination out over the weakened ice to where he had left the four dogs and supplies. He was able to get the supplies out of the sinking sled and into the canoe but had a hard time getting the canoe back to the solid ice. The canoe started leaking, and he felt like he was about frozen through. He had plenty of trouble covering that 200 yards, but the powder had to be saved, and it was.

They blasted with dynamite, sorted the ore by hand, pulled it out of the shaft with a windlass and put the ore in 100 pound sacks and took it down the 2,600 feet to the lakeshore laced in bull hides. From there it was taken to Carcross and shipped to Tacoma for smelting. They took out fifteen tons, and a man in Tacoma became interested in the mine. Jack Stewart turned over his power of attorney to Pooley, who was going out to Seattle to see if he could sell their claims.

The summer of 1902 Petty, Pooley and Stewart moved into Carcross. They built a cabin next door to the church. Bishop Bompas, mentioned earlier, resided there in Carcross with his wife--that is, while he was "at home". Most of his forty years spent in the north, however, were spent not at home, but out in the wilderness with the Indians. On a return trip to England he had married a cousin, who was rather frail, and he disliked leaving her alone so much of the time in Carcross. His wife had a young relative, a school teacher, living in Quebec; he sent for her to come and live with her and be a companion. This young woman, Nellie Brown, with the same spirit of adventure that had brought Jack Stewart from his home in New Brunswick, not far from Quebec, to this same wild land, gave up her teaching profession, left her home, and came to live with Mrs. Bompas in Carcross, in order that the Bishop might continue his teaching of Christianity to the Indians out in the wilderness, and feel secure in the knowledge that someone was at home with his wife. Indeed it was a good thing she did have that spirit of adventure, for she was certainly going to need it.

When Miss Nellie Brown alighted from the train in Carcross, young Jack Stewart saw her for the first time. Of course he did not get to meet her at that time, but he knew, somehow, that he would. As it has been stated before, he had built himself a cabin next door to the church, and he was occupying his time and also earning wages by cutting wood for the church for the coming winter. Of course then, he knew the Bishop and Mrs. Bompas. One day he managed to be outside conveniently when Mrs. Bompas and Miss Brown went for their walk. He spoke to Mrs. Bompas, and she introduced Miss Nellie Brown to him, and the courtship began. Not, however, too smoothly, as the old Bishop wasn't at all sure that this young penniless prospector was the man for Nellie. However, being away from home a great deal, he couldn't keep a watchful eye on the couple that they didn't see each other and soon fell in love.

About this time (by now late fall of 1902) while Pooley was in Seattle trying to make a deal, a man from Dawson City came down to see Jack Stewart about buying his claim in the Venus. He offered him \$5,000.00 in cash, but Jack didn't want to make a deal without his partner, Pooley. So the man from Dawson suggested to Jack that they both go out to Seattle and meet Pooley and he told Stewart that if Pooley did not close the deal he was out working on, and if they would not deal with anyone else, that he would pay each of them \$1,000.00 in Seattle, whether they closed with him or not. In other words, he guaranteed them \$1,000.00 a piece to get back to Carcross on, whether they sold to him or not, if they wouldn't try to sell to anyone else, except the people Pooley was already dealing with, just to have the exclusive opportunity of bidding. Well, this sounded like a good deal to Jack Stewart, and he told the man from Dawson that he would go out with him. His next problem, however, was where to get the money to go out to Seattle with him in the first place. He was broke.

There was a lady who ran a hotel there in Carcross whom Jack knew very well. He went over to see her and to ask her if she would lend him the money. He told her exactly what the whole deal was, and that he would reimburse her as soon as he returned. She had known Jack for a long time and she knew that he was trustworthy. When he told her his story, without hesitation she reached down, unrolled her stocking (the only bank she believed in) took out \$500.00 and handed it to him. They went out to Seattle and found Jack Pooley. He had not completed his deal with the other people as they couldn't make a satisfactory offer. When the three of them got together they couldn't close the deal with

the man from Dawson City that Stewart had come out with either, so they decided not to sell at all. The Dawson City man, seeing that he had no competition with Pooley's deal since it was unsatisfactory, and seeing that they were not going to sell to him either, and also seeing that they were stuck in Seattle without funds for returning to Carcross, pulled the same old squeeze play that crooked dealers still pull. He welched on his guarantee of giving them the \$1,000.00 a piece he had promised. So, because they had to get back to Carcross, they were forced to sell him a very small interest in the Venus for \$1,000.00 a piece, which they did.

Meantime, while they were in Seattle, Jack Stewart met Jack Miller, who was by that time a well-known mining man. This was the same Jack Miller whose famous daughter, Nancy, later married an Indian Rajah and became an international figure in society. Miller made a deal with Jack to go back to Alaska and stake some claims for him. Jack agreed to do this as soon as he could get back to Carcross, marry his sweetheart, and get over to Valdez, Alaska.

He went back to Carcross and paid his debt to the lady who had loaned him the \$500.00. Then he and Nellie Brown began to make arrangements for their marriage. By this time the Bishop and Mrs. Bompas had consented to the marriage. They were to be married in the church in Skagway, so Mrs. Bompas and Miss Brown made the trip over by train, but Jack had to take his dogs and sled because he would need them in Alaska.

It was **seventy miles from Carcross to Skagway**, and in between there was the Summit, which was fifty miles from Carcross. Early in the morning of **February 13, 1903**, Jack started out by sled for Skagway. He reached the Summit, fifty miles away, by nightfall. He was following the tracks of the snow plow, but he had to be very careful, because the snow plow came through ever so often, and the driver had no vision of his path, as it was a big rotary plow that threw the snow over the bank. Jack came upon one of the snowsheds, which were built to catch the snow slides from the mountain and run it off, in order that it didn't fall in the tracks. **He tried the door of the shed**, as he wanted to go through it. He was pushing a sled pulled by dogs and he almost had to go through the shed, but he found **he could not open the door**. There was nothing to do but direct the dogs up the side of the snow bank (approximately ten feet almost straight up), and to do this, **he must cut steps out to get the dogs and sled up**. Once on top, he had to go **over the roof** of the shed and back down again into the tracks. On the top, he had to be **extremely cautious**, as one slip would have started him, sled, and dogs, hurtling down the mountain which dropped several thousand feet very abruptly. It was a harrowing night for Jack. **He had to do this several times** when he came to the closed doors of the sheds along the way. When he **finally made it into Skagway, he was told that the doors were not locked at all, but probably frozen**, and it would have been much easier to have thawed them than to risk his life going over the top.

The next day, **February 14, 1903, Miss Nellie Brown became Mrs. J.M. Stewart in a little Church of England in Skagway**. The couple took a boat to Juneau, where they spent a ten day honeymoon. Then, with dogs and sled aboard, they took a steamer to the little village of Valdez, Alaska. There the Stewarts started their married life in a little cabin eleven feet square, which Jack purchased for \$50.00.

Since Jack Stewart had made a deal with Jack Miller to prospect for him, as soon as they were comfortably settled in the little cabin, he started out because a party was already assembled to go over the glacier. Jack started out without snowshoes because he wasn't

able to buy them any place in the village, and he didn't have time to wait to order them if he wanted to go with the party. When they reached the first bench, a terrible storm blew up, and they knew they would have to return to Valdez. Jack couldn't go with them, for to try to cover ground without snowshoes in that storm would have been impossible. He told the others to go on back, and he would pitch a tent there and remain until the storm blew over. They all hoped it would be a short one, as they hated to leave him up there alone, but they went back to Valdez and reported to Mrs. Stewart that Jack had remained on the bench.

To be continued

The 1930's and Food

During the 1930s expenses had to be watched at Mayo because of the on and off of the silver camps. It all depended on silver prices when the concentrate was shipped to the smelter. As I have said in the past, we grew a certain amount of our own vegetables that were stored for winter. But there were still some foods that had to be bought. Mom had a system of preserving most of what we grew, but that would only go so far.

We had three main stores in Mayo; Taylor and Drury, N.C. Co. and Binet store. All my young years I heard Binet say, "The boom she's on !", and Mayo was never the same after he sold out the hotel and sawmill. I just happened to find that Binet sold his share of the sawmill to Bob Palmer in 1938 about the time Bob built the Silver Inn hotel on 1st Avenue. It was the first time that Mayo had Ice Cream Sundaes or Milk Shakes.

One that I should not miss was Lavek who had his store out the south end towards the Sam Wood home. (Later I found it to be Mason-Wood). To preserve his eggs he used to turn every case weekly 180 degrees. Where the other stores used to have bad eggs towards the end of the season, I never knew of Lavek to ever have bad ones. In those days you NEVER broke an egg into the pan, it first had to be cracked into a saucer or small bowl just in case it was bad. All the eggs and everything was on the "First Boat", and what did we have? A barge loaded with fuel and a deck load of beer!

Bob Palmer had a nose for business, and by early 1942 had a pool hall and soft drink and shakes in Whitehorse on 1st Avenue across from the old Yukon Electric power plant. Bill Carr was also one from Elsa who started a short order cafe on 1st not far from Bob that was a success. I still remember that Bacon or Ham and Eggs with 2 slices of toast was 75 cents. Just try to find a price like that today!

At that time in the 1930s we were able to ship Parcel Post from Woodward's in Vancouver that was quite a saving. I still remember the Empress Strawberry Jam that the lid was soldered at 4 points so that it could not spill. That was real jam with lots of whole berries. Later, my mother in law said that she would not touch that jam as she had worked in the cannery, but I still say it was excellent jam. Butter was in cans, and of course all vegetables and fruits.

Fruits like dried apples, pears, peaches or prunes were available in cellophane bags for storage. (I guess that was the forerunner of plastic bags.) That used to be a real treat when an order came in and all of this canned food was available. During the summer months we had plenty of fresh fruit like bananas, grapefruit, water melon and other fruits in season. Up north the bananas did not taste right unless they had some black on them, and even today I don't care for green bananas as I find them hard and lacking taste. Later in the season we were able to get cases of apples and oranges that could be saved in a cool location for several months. So between it all we fared not too badly.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Canada Senior Games - Portage la Prairie, Manitoba

We did have the games over the Labour Day weekend. We had a great time and the weather was absolutely perfect - sunshine and in the high twenties.

The Yukon did the best we've ever done and brought home a bundle of medals, but medals aren't really the reason for the games - it's fun; meeting new friends, seeing new country; camaraderie, sportsmanship, etc.

We had a team of 93 participants and 8 non-participants. We did bring home 15 Gold medals, 14 Silver and 6 Bronze. We also won the coveted "Spirit of the Games" award - they certainly knew we were there!

We didn't all come home together so since my camera was being used I'll have to wait to send you some pictures.

Portage la Prairie was a great host. The next games will be in 2008 in Dieppe, New Brunswick.

We did have a few B.C.er's, but can't seem to get B.C. to join the rest of us. The ones that do come along have a great time.

Cookie Morgan cookie*whtvcable.com (In Whitehorse)

REPKA'S DRIVE TO GAMES

We decided to drive to the Canada Senior Games in Portage La Prairie, Manitoba as we were out visiting family and friends around the same time. We stopped in Rimbey, Alberta to visit Agnes MacDonald. Great to see her and how well she is doing after her operations. Had to meet her four legged feline friends.

Being from the prairies - enjoyed seeing all the harvesting operations across Alberta, Sask and Manitoba. We had nothing but hot sunny days so the farmers were happy. The games in Portage were excellent - well organized and good facilities. Both Corky & I were ice curling and couldn't use the ice as an excuse for not winning any curling

medals. Corky did win a silver medal in the craft department with a wood model of the White Pass snowplow.

Headed home right after the games. It was a beautiful drive with the leaves in their fall colours coming back up the highway. Home looked good after being away for six weeks. Flowers were still blooming with no frost yet in mid-September.

Arla Repka orca.klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)



- Yukon group with Stan Fuller being the flag bearer and Sheila Frank (Watson Lake) and June Raymond (Whse.) the sign carriers with our contingent behind.



- Marty Stange (friend from Oregon visiting us) Two dignitaries, Corky and a fellow representing Grey Owl. The dignitaries and Grey Owl were always at the Headquarters Venue greeting people.



Corky Repka receiving his silver medal for his craft entry (replica of the White Pass snowplow).



The 'Spirit of the Games' award.

Four photos courtesy Arla Repka orca*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

SPECIAL EDITION – MARTHA COLLIN'S AND FAMILY

SherronThank you.....That was just wonderful..great photos.. and what a Dear Lady.. 90 Years young..... loved the T Shirt also I was so very pleased to see Penny and Her hubby Don... looking so well. They are such Dear Friends that I used to see every time I was singing up in the Yukon they always used to come into the” Stern Wheeler Lounge” and join in the Fun we used to have every Rendezvous... also their Daughter was a friend of my Sons...ah well Time Marches on...Big Hugs to all the Sippels.....Love Gillian Richard and Jason...

Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

CANOL ROAD TRIP

By Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Another section of Joyce Yardley and Fred Horn's trip – August 2006.



We were most impressed with Quiet Lake. It is **so** beautiful, with a campground at the south end. This sign is about half way up the lake and a great place to start a paddling trip down to the Yukon River.



Photos courtesy Joyce Yardley & Fred Horn (In Nanaimo)



Lappie River Canyon
Upstream and Downstream from the Bailey Bridge
Photos courtesy Joyce Yardley & Fred Horn (In Nanaimo)



Downstream from the Bailey Bridge
Photos courtesy Joyce Yardley & Fred Horn (In Nanaimo)



Lappie River



View of the Lappie from hilltop going north



Welcome to Ross River

Photos courtesy Joyce Yardley & Fred Horn (In Nanaimo)



Suspension footbridge over the Pelly River, with the vehicle ferry.

To be continued . . .

VIC FOLEY

Long time no chat. I haven't added much to my Vic Foley biography in a long time, although I did recently acquire on eBay two very nice photos of him in his boxing days. I also left messages for two grandnephews, the only relatives I have been able to track down, but neither phoned me back. And I learned Vic's ex-wife was still alive as of about 2001, but must have died that year. No idea what became of their son, who was living in Vancouver until 1992.

The reason that I'm writing, however, is that I want to re-nominate Vic for the B.C. Sports Hall of Fame. He was nominated in 1976 by the Vancouver Athletic Commission, but never inducted. It's a bit of a longshot, since they don't select more than five athletes per year from the 40 to 80 nominees, but I think it's still worth a try.

I was wondering if I might be able to get the word out thru the Moccasin Telegraph that I am looking for letters of support from anyone who knew him. They can be e-mailed or snail mailed to me, and I will include them with the application. The deadline for this year is Nov. 1, so I'm hoping to have any and all letters by Oct. 15.

I have asked Slocan Village Council, Boxing BC, and the Yukon Amateur Boxing Association for letters, and am optimistic I will get all three.

Regards, Greg Nesteroff gregnesteroff@yahoo.ca (In Castlegar)
My mailing address is 3-306 11th Ave., Castlegar, V1N 1J3.

Canada Senior Games

We've been away since the end of July and I'm catching up with 'stuff' on the computer and of course the Moc Tels. We attended the Canada Senior Games in Portage LaPrairie - had a great time and the Yukon contingent won the 'Spirit of the Games' award. Corky also won a silver medal for a model of the White Pass snowplow he made out of wood. It was a lot of miles sitting - 8100 or so but did find good warm weather Outside.

Arla Repka orca@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

MOCTEL 175 & MARTHA COLLINS SPECIAL ENJOYED

Was great to receive the special on Martha Collins. She is a wonderful lady and so glad to see her still looking so terrific. I have known her for some time but have not had the pleasure of seeing her in the past 3 yrs. With my job change. Will mention this to Pat Webster the next time I am in the bank. These pictures will be cherished. Also enjoyed #175 with the wonderful pictures taken by Lorraine Butterworth.

Cheers

Audrey Vigneau vigneau@yknet.ca (In Dawson)

HAINES JUNCTION MEMORIES

I can't really keep up with the Telegraph right now, but would you please announce that the Haines Jct. memoir/story book is almost ready for printing. We hope to have it out by November. If anyone wants to order one, he/she can contact me. Elaine Hurlburt (867) 634-2688 or Box 5403 Haines Junction Y0B1L0 No e-mails, please. And payment by cheque to Yukon College. The book is 145 pages of short stories/memories from 55 writers (from 1942-2007) Also, it contains 60 photographs, mostly colored. It will sell for approx. \$25 plus \$10 shipping. Copies will be limited and 55 copies may be reserved at first for the writers (who will also pay for their copies).

Haines Junction Campus is celebrating its 20th birthday this fall. Also, Public Library has a huge craft sale in November. We're aiming for those.

Elaine Hurlburt ehurlburt@yukoncollege.yk.ca (In Haines Junction)

DAWSON CITY LADIES SOFTBALL – Can you name any of the ladies?



Dawson City – Ladies Softball – circa late 1930's – early 1940's
Photo courtesy Roberta (Close) Johansen robertaj@bcgroup.net (In Prince George)

Here is a picture of my mother, Arline Close, left front.
I do not know who the other ladies are but maybe some of your readers do. The picture was taken in Dawson City in the late thirties or early forties.
Regards,
Roberta Johansen

BROOKS BROOK – 1954 or 1955



Brooks Brook – 1954 or 1955
Photo courtesy Ken Jones (In Chilliwack)

After reading Barbara (Prouty) Harris' recollections of living at Brooks Brook I was finally able to locate the attached picture. The picture is made from two of my father's (Don Jones) slides that were taken in 1954 or 1955. We may have lived at Brooks at the same time as Barbara but I don't recall her being there. Also, I was four or five at the time. Also when Denise (Holmes) replied to Barbara's article more memories were recalled. Some of the families that lived in Brooks Brook that I recall were: at the CNT compound John and Mickey Lammers and their sons Hans and Bill, Louie Blouin- son Graham , daughters Diane, Delores and ??, Ray Kilsby, the Halls with daughters Karen and Diane; and on the Army Maintenance side were: Garth and Leslie Holmes, daughter Denise, Harry George was the Superintendent, Don Fraser with son Bruce and a daughter, Bob Dolan and their son was Paul, I think, the Cole family and, of course there was the bunkhouse where the single men lived. Axel Porsild told me that he was living in Brooks in the single quarters at that time. As Barbara had mentioned I do remember going to Johnson's Crossing for a Christmas Party.

There was also a time when an older fellow walked into camp. I believe that his 'name' was "Walking John". He had walked up the Alaska Highway and was on his way to Alaska. In my father's slide collection is a couple of pictures of him; however, they are all with my sister Heather in Whitehorse.

Dad was a civilian employed by the Army as a mechanic. I remember when the Paymaster came around and gave the employees their envelopes with cash. I remember because I got any pennies if there were any!!

This picture may bring back some memories for the Moctel subscribers.

Just a little aside.....There was a little shop that sells fish (I think) which is now located about where the CNT Repeater station was.

I promise that there will be more to come.
Ken Jones k29j32*shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)

BRUCE HARDER MEMORIAL – CARCROSS

Submitted by Dave Harder d2harder*dccnet.com (In Delta)

Our Heartfelt Thank-You to All

The families of Bruce Harder would like to express our deepest gratitude to all who reached out to, help, comfort, accommodate, love and support our family during our time of loss. The honour and respect in celebration of his life was beyond words.

We would like to acknowledge the Tlinglit Wolf Clan for arranging the traditional funeral and potlatch. The honorary escort which included members of the Whitehorse and Carcross RCMP M Division, the Firefighting representatives from Carcross, Tagish, Marsh Lake, Golden Horn, Mount Lorne, Dawson City, Hootalinqua, Whitehorse, Ibex Valley, Mendenhall, Skagway and

Juneau. Emergency Medical Services from Dawson, Tagish, Marsh Lake, Whitehorse and the Carcross and Area Rescue Team.

A special thank you to ?????????????? who beautifully piped the procession.
Thank you to Kevin Barr (MC and vocalist), Phil Ford (Minister) Lana Rae (Vocalist) John and Dorothy Talsma (Eulogy and readings)

Thank you to the Pall Bearers: Kevin Taylor, Shaun McDougall, David Jacobs, Lee Jacobs, Ivan Campen, David Welin and Honorary Pall Bearer, Doug Eby.

Thank you to Air North, AFD Yukon, CBC Radio, CHON FM, CKRW, Carcross Elementary School, Heritage North Funeral Homes, Inkspirationz Graphics, Marsh Lake Tents and Events, MacPherson Rentals, Norcan Leasing, Unitech, White Pass & Yukon Railway and Willow Printers.

We would also like to say a big thank you to our many friends and extended families who warmed our hearts with uplifting and comforting words, phone calls, cards and letters, food, flowers, donations and warm hugs.

To further assist in the Development and Operations of the Emergency Services founded by Bruce

C.A.R.T.A. (Carcross and Area Rescue Team Association)
donations can be made to at the Whitehorse Branch of C.I.B.C.

Or

C.A.R.T.A., Box 128, Carcross, YT YOB 1B0

TESLIN & WHITEHORSE RE-VISITED

Hi Sherron, recently I have encountered a man whose mother lived in a log cabin in Keno Hill during the 40's and 50's. His mother is 81yrs. old and has been recalling some of the memories of her life during that time. Do you have the Moccasin Telegraph's cataloged that I could send a copy of the info or pictures to send him. He is hoping to do the trip to the Yukon.

My 6000 mi. return trip to the Yukon was fabulous. It has been 50yrs since I was last there in Teslin and Whitehorse. I met up with Marion Horne who was my childhood friend and her brother. Amazingly Marion introduced me to Johnny Johnson who remembered me (holding his hand up to just above his knee) and your sister with blonde hair. He also remembered my father Malcolm Brown, stating that he was such a kind man to everyone. (We only lived there in Teslin 3 years. !)

It was very emotional for me touring the Heritage Center in Teslin and seeing the lake. It was so incredible and the feelings are too hard to describe. A few tears I might add. Marion was so kind in showing me the one room school room there, and where we used to skate and where we used to live. It was a trip back in time, and making connections with my roots.

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

MESSAGE FROM SHEILA BECKER

In June had an accident (did a stupid thing - called an accident) broke my left foot and smashed my right ankle (have seven pins in it). Spent the summer the past three months in wheel chair, walker, and hopefully a cane soon.

Continue to really enjoy the news that I pick up on the Moc Tel and really want to thank you for your regular updates each week and the interesting editions.

The Whitehorse Rifle and Pistol Club caught my eye. It was started the same year Norman arrived in Whitehorse....1952 and these are my recollections:

“The Whitehorse Rifle and Pistol Club was started in 1952 by the Military and was established in the Whitehorse Elementary School. There were lockers that held Anchutz's and two Winchester 69's rifles and semi automatic Smith and Wesson hand guns. There were targets that went back and forth on a "clothesline" and you could go in anytime to practice shooting - after school hours of course.

All qualifying shoot offs were held at the Rifle & Pistol Club such as for the Canadian National Shoots held in Sudbury, Ontario each year, for the Nabob Trophy, the one everyone shot for every year, supplied of course by Nabob, for the Arctic Winter Games when they were inaugurated. One year the Takhini Club made available a range for the Arctic Winter Games but that was only used once. The most popular Rifle Shoot was of course the one everyone remembers and that was the Sourdough Rifle Shoot. Hougen's used to put all the Sourdough Rifles in their window on display and one with no name on it. Such winners were Kit Squirechuk, Joe Bakica, Harry Sorenson, in '68 Ruben Huber, '69 Cal Scouten (only one to shoot a perfect score), '70 Bill Maylor and many that I cannot remember. They hosted on occasion the Fairbanks Club, led by Joe Nova. There were many members who kept this club going and devoted a lot of time in keeping the young people interested in learning how to handle firearms and shooting".

Our son Norman Becker Jr. went to the National Shooting Federation of Canada Shoot twice and was in three Arctic Winter Games; and Mr. Pearson, John Bryant, and Cal Scouten were excellent shots. Many other names I cannot remember contributed much to the education of the young people.

Sheila Becker snbecker@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

MOC TEL SPECIAL EDITION

What a great edition.....our elders are most definitely a national treasure.

Thank you Harvey for putting this together, and thank you Sherron for putting it out to us.

Hope this finds all of you well.

Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca (In Langley)

DON MACHAN UPDATE

Just had an update on Don Machan. Still in intensive care, just underwent a 7 to 8 hour spinal fusion operation. Has movement in his left arm and some feeling in his feet. Recognizes his sons, is presently being treated for pneumonia.

Don obviously has a long way to come back, so let's all keep pulling for him.

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

This is a message we just received from a teachers group that Don Machan and Jean and I belong. You probably have the hospital name.

We continue to pray for Don!

Warren Rongve jwrongve@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Re Don Machan

Hello Folks --

We have just learned today that Don Machan was very seriously injured in a motor vehicle accident on September 11; apparently the spinal cord is involved, and he is still in Intensive Care at Vancouver General Hospital.

As we know, hopeful thoughts and good wishes play such an important part in recovery. If you would like to send a card or note, the address is:

Mr. Don Machan
Intensive Care Unit
Vancouver General Hospital
855 West 12th Avenue
Vancouver, BC
V5Z 1M9

His family continue to visit, and will keep us posted from time to time. If you are acquainted with any of our members who may not be on email, please give them a call.

Thank you.

Barb



Quail in the front yard of Bill & Sherron Jones
Photo taken fall of 2005 by Ron Hiltz ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Glacier Bay
Courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

REMOVED FROM LIST

I have appreciated the Moccasin Telegraph over the past few months but am finding I do not have time to read it. Would you please take my name off the mailing list.

Thank you
Allen Schink
SCHINK, Al alschink*shaw.ca (In Dawson 1951-56) Calgary

Recipient address: oppenbill@hotmail.com
Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

OPPEN, Bill oppenbill@hotmail.com (In Whse. 1977-1989, 1994-02) Dawson Creek

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I have just moved and have had to change ISP and now my email address is kinvig*northwestel.net. Please make appropriate changes so I continue to get the moctel, I did get your latest edition as my yknet is still up for a couple of weeks.
Tim Kinvig

NEW ADDITIONS

My husband Don would like to sign up to receive the MocTel on line. He was born and raised in the Yukon - son of Don and Cecile Curry of Mayo, grandson of Mary and Gilbert Rich of Mayo Lake and great grandson to Lena and John Ross of Duncan Creek. We live in Elkford, B.C.
I left the Yukon in 1979. Just a bit extra.... I return every year and have kept a small cabin outside of Mayo.

His email address is aribal*telus.net

We hope to hear from you soon!

Jane Curry

REMEMBERING DON CURRY AND FAMILY

Bud Rich was a co-worker of mine at YTG and we over-nighted at Mary and Gilbert Rich's home in Elsa. It is the only time that I slept in a complete feather bed, and a complete new experience. Life is full of surprises, because I knew the whole family. The

Ross and Rich families both worked the Duncan Creek area and that information was available originally from the two families in the early days. Gilbert and Mary also had a cabin at Mayo Lake that was only available by boat, so when Bud and I ended up at Mayo Lake one evening, we rowed over to the cabin and spent the night there. They were a great family, and nothing ever seemed to be too much trouble any time that we were at their place. Mary was a great cook and I enjoyed her cooking many times. But would expect that by now that Mary must have gone down the long trail. Mary was soft spoken and a very nice person, and I consider it an honour to have known her.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

* * * * *

Hi Sherron, I know Don Curry Jr. I know his parents, Don and Cecile Curry and knew his grandparents, Gilbert and Mary Rich. "Donny", as I knew him then, was just a youngster when I left Mayo but I have met him several times since then and he always recognizes me and speaks to me.

My most recent meeting with Don was on my trip to Whitehorse a week and a bit ago. I was in MAC's Fireweed Bookstore looking for Joyce Yardley's newest book (since I hadn't bought one from her at the Island Picnic) when a voice behind me said, "You're Harvey Burian, aren't you? Remember me? I'm Don Curry." He then advised me that the book "Hills of Silver - The Yukon's Mighty Keno Hill Mine" written by Dr Aaro Aho (and published posthumously by The Keno Community Club) was available in the store. I promptly bought the book and am enjoying reading it. (Incidentally, the store was sold out of Joyce's book so I will have to get one directly from her.)

Good to Have Don join the Moccasin Telegraph family. As his wife Jane mentioned he does come from a long line of Yukoners who were in the Mayo-Keno area. His great-grandmother Cora Rich and grandfather, Gilbert Rich are referred to a number of times in the Aho book mentioned above.

One bit of related history trivia. I'm not sure if it still exists, but in Mayo there was a Saskatoon berry bush growing on a lot behind the old post office building (where the current NorthWest Tel building now sits). My understanding is that Mrs. Cora Rich planted that bush there many years prior to when I was a boy, who enjoyed eating it's berries.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville BC)

* * * * *

Harvey, is Cecile & Don Curry the same people that lived close to Mary Jean & Mrs. Boyle? By close, I mean next door or two houses down on the same side of the street, near the Jurovich's. If they are, I remember them well, I just remember Cecile as being so pretty. Maybe I am mixing her up with someone else....for some reason my memory is really fuzzy on placing the two of them. I think Don worked with Louie Kuzinski (sp) driving a fuel truck ... I don't know if I remember them having kids, but they must have!

What a coincidence that you should run into "Donny" in Whitehorse! Sorry for rambling on like this, but your much younger memory always seems to put me back on the correct track. So, I do appreciate any light you can shed on this.

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

* * * * *

Karren, Your memory is perhaps not as faulty as you suggest. Cecile and Don Curry did live for a time in a house that was between Mary Jean and Mrs. Boyle's home and the Jurovich's home in Mayo. And I believe that Don did work with Louis Kazinsky as a driver. You are also correct in remembering that Cecile was a very attractive woman (and may still be!) with long blond hair. I remember that Don Jr had at least one sister named Mary Anne. I can't recall if he had other brothers and sisters. I'm sure he will respond and tell us once he sees our messages.

Besides spending most of the time with my Aunt Martha's family while I was in Whitehorse, I also visited with Gordon & Ruth McIntyre. I had the privilege of sharing a delicious bowl of clam chowder with the McIntyre's and their son, Norman and Rhonda and two of Gordon's and Ruth's grandsons. I had a chance to visit with my cousin George Nagano and his daughter Gina and with cousin Marjorie Profeit, at her home. I had lunch with Jim Profeit's wife Linda and Marj. I also visited with Betty Taylor in her home. I called in and chatted with Duane Brandvold and Kevin Nickel from Car Care Motors and the staff at Yukon News as all these people were friends of my dad. At Aunt Martha's party, I had brief chats with Babe Richards, Jim Robb and Howard Ryder. I had a chat with Mike and Heather McGeachy and was invited to visit them at their home in Tagish but didn't make it that far. There were others I would have liked to chat with or visit but ran out of time. Maybe next year.....!

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville BC)

* * * * *

As a youngster, she would have been Mary Ross of Duncan Creek, and a very nice person. Gilbert and Mary had their home about 1/4 mile on the town side of Elsa for many years. Remember the feather bed that I mentioned in a mail when I slept at their place at Elsa many years ago.

When Mayo flooded in 1936, Mrs. Rich senior had a log home at the intersection of Centre Street and 3rd Avenue. Being that it was in a very low area it floated northwards, and left at an angle between 3rd and 4th. It was made use of for many years as a Post Office with Mabel McIntyre as Post Mistress. Eventually from there, the Post Office was moved into the Chateau Mayo Hotel lobby.

I was very interested in the Curry name, for there was more than one up there. There was Archie Curry who was originally RCMP in Keno, and was with "Vi" at many house

parties at our place in the 1930s. He had run into that old bug-a-boo of marriage in the force and had quit to allow him to marry. The other Curry came to Mayo during the time that UKHM was in operation. I agree that Cecile if she has not changed, is a beautiful woman. I understand that her mom is now in Horsefly, B.C., and so is Mary's niece, Betty. Cheers,

Henry Breaden hjbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

OBIT

BRIGGS, William (Bill) (1925 2006) Passed away peacefully (Sept. 18th) in his 80th year at his home in Victoria. Predeceased by his daughter Laurie (1982). Fondly remembered by Nancy, sons, Ken (Liesel) Whitehorse, Geoff (Carol) Vanc., daughter Wanda (Lew) Victoria, grandchildren, Bonnie (Doug), Casey (Tanna) Bernard and Rosemarie, four greatgrandchildren, and his scootering buddy Ed. "I've been here I've been there I've been scootering everywhere! Now I'm waving a fond good-bye From that scooter highway in the sky. I wouldn't have missed it What a ride! " No service, by request. Special thanks to Vic Hospice Palliative Care Nurses. 296234
Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 9/22/2006.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

You may be disappointed if you fail, but you are doomed if you don't try.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Lynne Macara lmacara*yahoo.com (In Campbell River)

Honey Curried Chicken

1 chicken, cut up 1/3 c honey
1/3 c butter 1/4 c. prepared mustard
4 t curry powder

Place chicken in casserole, and bake at 375 for 45 minutes. While cooking, melt honey and butter together, mix in mustard and curry. Brush on chicken 15 minutes before done.

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

— Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

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