

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 179th Edition – October 15th, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Alaska Highway – Approaching Johnson's Crossing – Sept 25, 2006
Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)

The Elder's Advice

by Alf Bilton

We've bark off a birch for lightweight canoes,
flexible willow for making snowshoes,
flesh from a moose in steaming hot broth,
roast in the fire from woolly mammoth.

We've robes for our backs, hides we can use,
grouse and some ptarmigan; soon there'll be goose,
salmon and greyling, pike if you'd like,
berries, some bear meat, bright Northern Lights.

We're wanting for nothing and need no more wood;
We've done all the work now as well as we could.
Pull up a stump son, throw back your hood.
Why must you nag me what could and why should?

Leave for tomorrow what then you must eat.
Don't rush in cold weather or blister your feet,
Don't crave a dim future unlikely as sweet
As this precious moment. Please, have a seat.

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So, where did it come from?

In the span between ice age and tomorrow, we can see many changes in humanity's toys and preoccupations, but very few in human nature itself. One high school I attended had a huge foyer with a wall featuring a quotation regarding old men, young men, visions, and dreams. It made no mention of the enduring conflict between impatient youth and their more cautious elders.

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

[Alf Bilton](#)

Whitehorse, Yukon

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 7

CARCROSS AND ATLIN DAYS

The Simmons family, were considered old timers. The father had come into the Yukon in the early 1900's and was a Canadian Customs officer for all his working years. A brother, Aubrey was in Customs too for many years then became a Liberal member of Parliament representing the Yukon until the late 1950's. George had a pilot's licence and did some charter work and formed Northern Airways in 1934, with his sister, Gladys keeping books for the business. But "Ma" Simmons, mother of the family was the dominant member, when the Simmons's were in their late forties and fifties; she called them "the kids". Everyone, including the daughters-in-law respected Ma's opinion.

They were great people to be associated with and Ethel and I had many happy times in their company.

The war years, bringing the construction of the airports along the staging route and the Alaska Highway changed the peaceful way of life of the Simmons family and by 1942 George had a full blown air service on his hands, the largest bush operation in the Yukon Territory.

One day when the weather looked as though it was going to be down for a day or two George said, "Pat, let's go into Whitehorse for a break." So we drove in the 40 miles to the bright lights of Whitehorse.

During the war years there were hundreds of men based in Whitehorse, army and construction, and it followed that there were some big gambling games going on. George seemed to know exactly where to go, so before long we were doing our best with the dice in an Ace Away game.

Our luck came and went, finally stayed went, but the drinks just kept coming. As dawn was breaking George and I thought we'd had enough recreation and headed for home. It took both of us to navigate and drive but about half way I stopped the car and headed for a big log to lean over, and man, was I sick. When I came up for air George was also leaning over the log keeping me company. It was a pale, tired shaky pair who arrived back at Carcross. I don't know how George made out, but that outing took care of the drinking and gambling for me for a long time.

At times there were 5 pilots working for Northern Airways, usually none staying long. We flew long hours in bad weather, cold temperatures and in mountainous terrain.

On one occasion George heard that two pilots who had flown for the Ontario Forestry were available, so he hired them and on December 1st I flew into Whitehorse to pick them up. They had never flown in the mountains and dodging around piles of rock 5,000 feet high often with clouds below and above, proved too much so they got very few hours flying time in and left after a couple of months. The search was on for more pilots.

Herman Peterson, who is still flying and living in Atlin, B.C. and I stayed with George Simmons for the duration of the war.

George knew that the best pilot in the business couldn't produce if his aircraft weren't properly maintained and Northern Airways had a well known air engineer, Len Bateman in charge of maintenance, and working on the aircraft were Bob Dellert and Ethel's cousin, Rae Farrell, both excellent maintenance men. We couldn't have had better men taking care of our aircraft.

One of our scheduled runs was between Carcross and Atlin, B.C.

Atlin is a beautiful spot, a clear, deep lake surrounded by mountains, even a peak rising out of the centre of the lake. In the southern end the Llewellyn Glacier can be seen from the shore of the lake. It is rightfully called the Switzerland of the North.

Between 1942 and 1947 when I was flying in and out of Atlin there were placer gold mines producing a fair amount of gold, the town had a population of 300 and was a pretty lively place.

During the summer a stern wheel boat carried freight from Carcross to Graham Inlet then a tiny train took it 2 ½ miles across an isthmus to Atlin Lake from where another boat, the Tarahne took it to the settlement of Atlin on the east shore of the lake. During the winter months they were entirely dependent upon aircraft and even in the summer we carried mail, express and passengers.

It was 65 miles between Carcross and Atlin and I made as many as 4 round trips a day, especially during the winter months carrying mail, freight and passengers.

Most of the time I flew an old Fairchild 71 with a 450 horsepower engine and capable of carrying a heavy load but it should have had a larger cabin. It was a 6 passenger aircraft but when we had a full load of mail it was always crowded. Mail is the worst cargo to put in an aircraft. It is bulky and odd shaped. I found one way to make it smaller - stand on it.

That seemed to work alright until one day a lady came up to me and said, "Pat, I got a parcel from the Post Office and the hat it contained wasn't the shape it was in the catalogue."

George would be tossing the parcels to me to load and say, "That Mr. Frageel sure gets a lot of parcels, doesn't he?" We had decided that Mr. Frageel's parcels didn't require as much attention as those marked "Fragile".

On one trip I was flying a Custom Waco on floats, loaded with 3 passengers and miscellaneous cargo. I had started my run for takeoff and was about 1000 feet out from shore when I smelled smoke. If there is one thing that can cause stark terror in a pilot that is a fire on board.

I throttled back and looked to the rear of the aircraft. Smoke was coming from the right hand side of the aircraft and a young lady passenger was sitting on top of it. I snapped off the switches and grabbed the fire extinguisher all in one motion.

The lady's version of the story was "I was settled in the seat quite comfortably, all ready to fly back to my home in Atlin. I thought I could smell smoke but didn't give it a thought. All at once Pat looked back at me, rolled his eyes, cut off the power and came flying back to where I was sitting, grabbed me off the seat and plunked me down onto the lap of another passenger and started to rip up my seat."

I did move in a hurry and when I lifted the cushion off I saw that the lead from the battery was shorting on the frame of the aircraft and a couple of the wood fairings were burning. The fire extinguisher took care of the fire, but the fire had burned off the battery lead, so there was no way I could start the engine.

However, the people who had come to the dock to see us off saw we were in trouble and came out with a boat and towed us back to the dock. It became a funny story about how I had lifted Sheila off her seat, but the frightening part was that I had a full load of gas and no part of a small aircraft is far from the fuel tanks.

To be continued....

CANOL ROAD TRIP

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

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

.....

And on to Keno



Arriving in Keno City

Photo's courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)



In Mike's cozy Snack Bar [Museum?]





More of Mike's cosy Snack Bar [Museum?]



Photo's courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)





Photo's courtesy Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo BC)



Proprietor Mike Mancini himself,
Also Manager of Klondike Spirit Inc. Website: www.klondikespirit.com



Joyce Yardley and Mike (Fred and I can certainly vouch for Mike's delicious
breakfasts, which he prepared for us himself!)

To be continued.....



The disastrous day on Friday June 21, 1974,
when the Casca and the Whitehorse went up in flames.
Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

A Gold Digger's Lost Prize

By John Steeves johns*nbnet.nb.ca (In Sussex, NB) – *Written for Uphere Magazine*
Submitted by Joyce Yardley and Gus Barrett

My uncle's happiest days were spent in a tumbledown shack in the southern Yukon, digging the same creek for a nugget he would never find.

In July 1983 a miner named Heinz Eckervogt pulled a two-pound, fist sized gold nugget from a thin tributary called Squaw Creek, near the BC-Yukon border. The Whitehorse Star's front-page photo showed the yellow hunk above the headline "All that glitters really is gold." I picked up the phone and called my wife, "They found Uncle Charlie's nugget."

A half-century earlier, in the spring of 1933, my uncle Charles Ethelbert Ross came north from the Prairies, having discovered that, in his words, "I wuzn't really cut out to be a farmer." His first stop was Skagway, Alaska, where he heard men were needed at a gold-mining operation at Squaw Creek. Charlie would spend the next eight years in the Yukon, running a trapline in winter, and, in summer, seeking his fortune in the mines. I don't know much about his Yukon life, except for what few stories – prone to exaggeration – he told me. He left his beloved Yukon in 1941 to serve in the war, afterwards ending up in Vancouver, where he married and started a family. But his heart remained up north; and his mind stayed fixed on that dazzling yellow metal.

Charlie didn't return to the Yukon until the mid-1970s, arriving in Whitehorse en route to Squaw Creek to re-stake the old claims he had helped mine 40 years earlier. He was convinced gold prices would go up, and that he'd find his nugget still lodged in the ground.

There isn't much to Squaw Creek; a tiny stream, a precarious bridge made of weather-beaten planks, a couple of decaying log cabins, scattered bits of rusting machinery surrounded by alders and tall brown grass. On the day my wife Barbara and I visited Charlie there, an almost-cloudless sky graced the grey mountain peaks, which were rippled with the white veins of distant glaciers. "Squaw Creek," Charlie whispered in his hoarse way, waving his arms expansively to include the entire scene, "And I'm the mayor."

That summer Charlie lived in a ramshackle cabin and his mine was a one-man pick-and-shovel operation. He was probably happier than he had ever been. He was living in the backcountry he loved. He was finding enough gold to cover his expenses. And he would wander out occasionally for supplies and, invariably, too much beer at either Dezadeash Lodge on the Haines Highway or Taku Arms in Whitehorse.

Lucky for Charlie, gold prices were skyrocketing and investors were suddenly interested in his gold. By 1979, when gold prices hit the dizzying height of around US \$800 an ounce, Charlie secured some partners who brought in front-end loaders, bulldozers to work his claims. There was more gold coming out of the creek than the inefficient machinery of the 1930s had been able to find. And Charlie was collecting 10 percent of the take, plus whatever he still managed to pull out with his pick and shovel. But Charlie had a bad case of gold fever. He believed he was a "millionaire" and went through partners like tissues. By the time his rasping voice had turned into throat cancer in 1981, his various partners had gone to court to settle the Squaw Creek ownership claims. Charlie died in Vancouver in December 1982, eight months before Heinz Eckervogt discovered his nugget, the one he had dreamed of for most of his life. A few days later, Charlie's daughter, son-in-law, brother, a distant cousin and I headed back to Squaw Creek to bury his ashes in the land he loved.

John Steeve's was CBC Yukon's senior editor from 1978 – 1983. He's now a freelance writer based in Sussex, New Brunswick.

Follow up – Tracked down John Steeve's, thanks to Tim Kinvig. - Sherron

Of course, you can use the story about my uncle (unless UpHere has some copyright I don't know about). You can also probably find a longer story about Charlie in the Whitehorse Star archives on (if I remember correctly, May 1 and 3, 2006). Once again, I 'think' the Star only purchased 'one time publication' rights. So unless the Star has a legal problem, you have my consent.

Will get back to you later in the week about whether I want to join the 'telegraph'.
Probably will.

John Steeves johns@nbnet.nb.ca (In Sussex, NB)

Dear Joyce

Did you know Uncle Charlie from Dezadeash Lodge? Where is Squaw Creek? Initially I thought it was in Atlin but the story refers to Yukon.

Will try and contact John Steeve's and see if I can use the story. Les McLaughlin may have an address for him.

Sherron Jones

No, Sherron, I didn't know Uncle Charlie. I remember hearing his name, though. Squaw Creek is in Kluane National Park, (but of course wasn't at that time) and a short distance from Dezadeash Lodge. There was a jeep trail up to it at the time we were there. I remember an old fellow.

Heinz Eckervogt, of course was the man who bought the lodge from Norma and Cal, in 1968 I think it was.

Joyce Yardley

Hi, Sherron.

Norma gave me your note for reply. Yes, Norma and I sold Dezadeash Lodge to Heinz Eckervogt and his partners and family in 1970, which was well before the big nugget was unearthed in '83 at Squaw Creek. Sadly, Heinz passed away a short time ago. Much of the family - I believe Heinz's wife Katie, their two sons Thomas and Martin and families still make the Yukon their home, and are known and respected in the Haines Junction/Dezadeash area.

The minesite was only a few miles from the lodge if I remember correctly - south on the Haines Highway to Dalton Post, then across the Tatshenshini River, and from there up the trail Joyce spoke of. (I suppose a map would help here?) I remember interviewing Charlie Ross back in the early 70s about the area as it related to the history of the Dalton Trail. We sat around the table in our little cabin next to the lodge at Dezadeash and listened to Charlie's animated and sometimes hilarious stories of his life and time up there. A definite candidate for Jim Robb's 'colorful 5 percent'!! When Charlie's nephew, John Steeves, became the news guy at CBC in '78 or so, we worked together for a time, and got to know one another well enough to share some tales. We once made up two thirds of a team that covered the advent of the Skagway road for CBC radio and TV. Norma's brother Ted Yardley completed the team as film cameraman. We had to take the WPYR train out of Carcross, as the road was not yet completed. The three of us stayed over a couple of days in Skagway to gather local impressions of the impacts which might accompany the impending road link - and there lies another story! Perhaps John might tell it. Perhaps not. I'm sure that no matter which of the team members foolishly agreed to spin the tale, the other two would quiver in anticipation. How do you like THAT for a

teaser??

Regarding the Northern Lights video. Yes, it is available on DVD - and can be obtained at Mac's Fireweed, the Whitehorse General Store etc. Website for the latter is www.yukonqueststore.com - - Mac's is www.yukonbooks.com

Cheers,

Cal Waddington norma*coldwellbanker.ca

AV Action Yukon Ltd. 204E Strickland Street Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 2J8
(867) 667- 6222 (867) 393 -1388 Cell

FALL COLOURS ON THE ALASKA HIGHWAY – Courtesy of Doug & Pearl Bell – Belated Happy Anniversary

Pearl and I drove home to Whitehorse from Ft McMurray on the 25 Sept. The colours were magnificent. Far more magnificent than anyone can show, but here's some glimpses, and not necessarily in order.

There was a lot of rain, but even it couldn't dampen the beauty of it.

It was our wedding anniversary that day so what better present could we have than the wonder of it around us all the way?

Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)



Doe and Fawns near the Racing River Bridge.
Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)



Enroute to Fort Nelson.
Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)



Toad River Lodge with some rain.
Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)



Teslin

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)



More rain but colours still awesome.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)



Caribou Near Muncho

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



Just out of Teslin. (New postal trucks heading north.)

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

On the job training, Northern Commercial Company style:

Courtesy Gordon Tubman and recorded by Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer
mainerm1*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

I hadn't been with NC for long when I was asked if I would like to go on a delivery to Sixty Mile. There was a load of parts to be delivered and I might as well go along. The fellow who was to drive the tractor was out on the town the night before. Come morning he was either too hung over or too drunk to drive, so he gave me a quick course in how to run the tractor. I had never been on one, let alone driven one. One of his instructions worried me more than the other: if I was going down hill and the load started to push the tractor, I was to throw the tractor into reverse.

Once we were off the ferry, the driver moved back to the trailer, curled up, and went to sleep. After a few miles of driving, I said to Hell with this. Stopped, went back and woke him up, and told him he was on his own. "What are you going to do?" he asked. "Walk back," I replied, and proceeded to do so.

By the time I got back to the ferry, it was shut down for the night. I bedded down for the night. When the ferry came over in the morning, I was informed I should have just fired my gun and he would have come across for me. I figured that was not necessary, under the circumstances, which got me on the good side of the operator right then and there.

Another time, a scraper came in on the boat for one of the mining concerns. Once the thing was unloaded, the cat and the scraper had to be connected. There I was, with the book in one hand and a cable in the other, connecting them, with Ed Schwartz shaking his head. I must have done it right because it worked. They got someone from town to load it on the ferry and drive it to the camp. Eventually, the NC would send me to Caterpillar school but it was just the book, the cables, and me that day.

'DESIGNER GUYS' – Coming to DAWSON

I listened to a local CBC Whitehorse, radio interview this morning with Elsa Franklin, in Toronto. She is/was the long-time manager of Pierre Berton, and is also one of a number of people who organises the annual Pierre Berton dinner there (this year she says it will be held on November 30th), to raise funds for the Pierre Berton Writer-in Residence program at his old Dawson home.

Anyway, in the interview she indicated that the apparently very successful show "The Designer Guys" will be going to Dawson to refurbish the old home and will then feature that work in one of their shows. At the moment, I have not been able to locate any dates for when they might be doing this....I checked a number of websites about the show but cannot locate anything yet.

She did indicate it was not going to be a historic exterior and a perfectly "Modern" interior, but they were planning to add insulation to the floor, and refurbish the kitchen, living room, bedroom etc.....and were in need of a new Washer and Dryer! She also says that The Bay is backing this particular shoot...so imagine they will be bringing in the material from The Bay.....

Here is one of the websites about the show.....but there are others...For the life of me, I don't know if this shows airs on CBC, CTV or affiliates or the Discovery Channel.....up here at any rate....so perhaps you or someone else might know that.....I have watched two shows and they do a great job.....generally what I have seen is on location around the Toronto area...so this would definitely be a huge change for them. I see from the one website that the "Guys" are all new to the show.

Sorry if this is a bit vague, but perhaps we can keep in touch when anyone hears more of an update...Elsa was not definite on when they were going to be in Dawson.

<http://designerguys.com/>

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

('Designer guys' airs on HGTV on Shaw and on Satellite TV.)

HENRY BREADEN

Was truly saddened to hear Henry has passed away. I will send Donna a message soon. He will be missed. He was a wealth of Yukon information. It is so good that your Moc Tel is going into the Yukon Archives and all the stories from Henry and others are preserved for Yukon History.

Jeri & I are on Air North to Whitehorse on the 12th.....Going Home.....It's been a year!

Regards,

Bill & Jeri Weigand bweigand*shaw.ca (In Steveston)

A MESSAGE FROM LYNN BLIELER

We have been greatly saddened by the news of Henry Breaden's passing and Don Machan's condition after his accident. How fortunate we have all been to share in their knowledge and stories through the MocTel.

We have been in Europe the last two months, so now getting caught up. This was dated Aug. 30, 2006. If you haven't seen it already, thought you might be able to use it in the Moc Tel.

Lyn Blieler mayohistoricalsoc*yahoo.ca (In Vancouver)

MAYO LEGION HALL DESIGNATED AS YUKON HISTORIC SITE

WHITEHORSE - Tourism and Culture Minister Elaine Taylor is pleased to announce that the Mayo Legion Hall has been designated as a Yukon Historic Site, under the Yukon Historic Resources Act.

"I would like to commend the First Nation of Na-Cho Nyak Dun, and all the citizens of Mayo, for their commitment to preserving Yukon's built heritage," Taylor said. "The Legion Hall is an important part of the community's social fabric, and its designation as a Yukon Historic Site is a key step in ensuring its future."

The heritage values of the Mayo Legion Hall lie in its architecture and social history. The structure demonstrates strong craftsmanship, is a prominent waterfront landmark, and is the only Red River Frame-style building remaining in the Mayo area.

The Legion Hall was built in 1936 by Alex Nicol, one of Mayo's founders. He constructed the building as a speculative venture during a mining boom, at a time when the Mayo Mining District was the economic engine of the Yukon. For much of its history, it served as a meeting place and learning centre. From 1972 to 2003 it was a Royal Canadian Legion Branch, and it is the only remaining historic structure in Yukon to have served that purpose.

The building also has a strong connection with the First Nation of Na-Cho Nyak Dun. Early land claims meetings were held there. These helped spark the process for settlement of Yukon First Nation land claims, which strongly affected every Yukon community and shaped one of the most significant eras of Yukon history.

The Mayo Legion Hall is the fourth place to be designated as a Yukon Historic Site. The Mabel McIntyre House in Mayo was the first to be designated, in October 2003.

The Mayo Legion Hall was nominated for designation as a historic site by its owner, the First Nation of Na-Cho Nyak Dun. This nomination was evaluated and recommended by the Yukon Heritage Resources Board and is supported by the Department of Tourism and Culture.

A NOTE FROM MARGARET (BURIAN) UNDERWOOD

I was able to bring up the website www.moctel.ca and also to read and save it from the second link you sent. This worked great and I was able to save it with pictures and all.

I was very saddened to hear of Henry Breaden's passing; although I never knew him personally, my parents knew him when he worked on the steamboats and so he was a

familiar name from my childhood. I so appreciated all his great stories in the Moc Tel. My condolences go out to all his family.

I was also saddened to learn of Ruby Van Bibber's death; another person I did not know personally, but through her aunt, Kathleen Thorpe.

Sincerely,

Margaret Underwood yukon180@hotmail.com (In California)

Finally an answer for the 'hotmail' account users. - Sherron

CERTIFIED NURSING ASSISTANT PROGRAMME

Yes, Marian Bakica was the instructor for the Certified Nursing Assistant programme and I was Asst. instructor, working with the students in Whitehorse General Hospital. Marian's position was full-time, mine part-time and casual. Marian continued dispensing some of her considerable wisdom for some years to the classes of "yellow birds", so called because of their yellow dresses and white starched aprons (some changes in dress since then!). Marian then moved from nursing to real estate until retirement. She still lives in Whitehorse and is a good friend.

I found I had to return to full-time employment following my husband's death in 1971, nine months after a diagnosis of leukemia, in order to earn a living for our 20 month old daughter and myself, so I was not with more than 2 classes of students. I enjoyed being with them. I worked at W.G.H. until retirement and I'm still here too! I still have contact with some colleagues there seeing them and familiar Whitehorse residents and friends as I take the Women's Auxiliary 'Tuck Cart' around the units but have to now leave answering call bells and adjusting I.V.'s to staff.

If only I had done a better job of organizing my photographs. I have one of a class of 6 graduates somewhere in my boxes. Names I remember are of Eileen Labar, Dot Madsen and I think a young lady called Robinson, and I remember Sandie who was later also very active in Watson Lake's civic life.

It's good to hear that their C.N.A. experience was useful to them, and no doubt, others. All the best, Dorothy Sorensen redshoes@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

OBIT

Breaden, Henry James

Passed away peacefully in Nanaimo, BC on October 2, 2006. Born in Mayo, Yukon

Territory on December 7, 1927. He was a man who touched the hearts of all that were fortunate to know him. Loved and sadly missed by his wife Alice, who was his soul mate and partner for 58 years; also by his sister Vera Watkins, son Roy (Lynn), daughter Lura (Richard), grandsons Kory and Kenton, all respective family and friends. We will greatly miss "Uncle Henry", a Yukoner through and through and "An example to follow" (quote from Harry Miller Sr.) As per his final wishes, Henry has been cremated, his ashes interred at Cedar Valley Memorial Gardens. A ceremony honouring Henry will be held at the Freemasons Hall, 620 Morpeth Ave., Nanaimo, BC, on Sunday October 15, 2006 at 2:00 PM with a repast to follow. In lieu of flowers, a donation to the C.F. Foundation would be graciously appreciated.
"Adios Amigo - Salud!!"

Much more information about Henry in a special edition of the Moccasin Telegraph due out Monday October 16th. (Likely in the evening.)

RETURNED MAIL

The MocTel e-mails to Ted Harrison winart@shaw.ca and Cami Yaremicio camiwalt@shaw.ca have been returned for a few weeks now showing their accounts over quota. Does anyone know why? - Sherron Jones

ARTISTIC TALENT



Ogopogo Pipe – When lit, smoke comes out his nostrils.
Wood carving by Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

NEW ADDITIONS

My name is Rand Stephens and I am interested in a membership in the Moccasin Telegraph. Your name was given to me by Gina Span, who thought I might be interested in becoming a member. If the requirement for membership is to have resided in the Yukon for a certain number of years, then I must be qualified. The last time I was actually in Whitehorse was in 2001, in July and in September. In July I travelled to Whitehorse, Dawson City and to Skagway, Alaska.

My years in the Yukon were spent predominately in Whitehorse from the early 1950's until 1967; and then off and on in the summers for a number of years. July 2001 was my first time in the Yukon since 1974 and I enjoyed that experience immensely, so much so, that I returned in September to run in the Klondike relay from Skagway to Whitehorse to add to another wonderful memory I have of the Yukon.

The schools I attended were Whitehorse Elementary, Selkirk Street School, and FH Collins. My school years were grades were 1 through 10, with the exception of grade 3. I lived on 205 Rogers Street, near the infamous Whiskey Flats and still vividly recall the sounds and sights of that area and I'm not sure which flats, Moccasin or Whiskey that had the greater reputation. One of my great memories took place along the Yukon River near Moccasin Flats during the summer of 1960 when the last paddle wheeler was sent down the Yukon River to Dawson City. I would be 9 years old at that time and often wondered as the Canadian National Film Board photographed that historical moment and to my understanding the particular photographer employed for the occasion had a technique of also capturing the crowds in black and white. Someday I may come across a photo of myself there on the river at that time. My first job as a young lad was serving gas on the Alaska Highway at mile 1202, The Alaskan Border Lodge in 1965, I was 14 years old. My father, who drove freight truck for White Pass, procured this job for me and simply dropped me off at the Lodge.

We all have our unique history; please email me as to your requirements, thank you.

Regards, Rand Stephens

Thank you for responding so quickly and here is the information you requested. Currently I am living in Stony Plain, Alberta. My fathers name was John Samuel Osbourne, better known as "Ossie" and I have a sister Cynthia and brother Richard, both are in Vancouver. I am most interested in donating \$20 and of course to have access to the archives. During my brief stay at Beaver Creek, the most notable character I met was an old trapper prospector by the name of Bill Blair and I think his age at that time would be in the mid 80's. Bill lived near the lodge with his 1/2 dozen huskies and after finding the courage to go and meet him his little presence coming out of his cabin and all the dogs barking with excitement.. well I can almost hear his voice.. "I wonder where he came from".

During 1965, on weekends I would, on occasion, go with a friend to his parents lodge on Desdash Lake. My friends name was Ted Yardley and although I haven't been in touch with him since we were very young I believe his mother lives in Nanaimo, BC. Her name is Joyce and has written several stories about her experiences in the Yukon.

I think it will be fun to explore your archives and reacquaint myself with some past memories. I am not sure how it all works but am excited to find out. Hope to hear from you soon.

Regards, Rand Stephens randest@hotmail.com (In Stony Plain AB)

* * *

I would like to be added to list to receive the Moccasin Telegraph. My name is Rhona White, my great uncle was Henry Breaden.

My mother is Aileen Dobrovitz (Miller) and her mother Vera is Henry's sister. I was born in Whitehorse and lived there for 10 years. I then moved to Nanaimo with my parents where I still reside. Thank you for adding me to the list.

Rhona (Dobrovitz) White whitehouse88@shaw.ca (In Nanimo)

* * *

Hi - Bill & Jeri Weigand passed on your E-mail address and mentioned about the Yukoners Group & newsletter etc.

I moved to Whitehorse in June 1964 as Betty Meredith and married Ronald Atkinson in Nov 1964. We both worked for Public Works until 1969. Then went into the motel/hotel business in Dawson City until 1980. Two children Pamela born in May 1969 and Douglas 1971 – both at Whitehorse General Hospital. I moved to Kelowna, B.C. in 1983 and am semi-retired. Ron moved to Vancouver and is deceased now (Jan 2004-Age 66).

Betty (Meredith) Atkinson batkinson@telus.net (In Kelowna)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Imagination is the highest kite one can fly.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

4 Bean Salad (this recipe is from my mom – Gwen Macara, and it is, without doubt, the BEST bean salad recipe in the world!)

1 can green beans, drained 1 can wax beans, drained
1 can kidney beans, drained 1 can black-eyed peas, drained
1 green pepper, chopped 1 onion, chopped

Mix all vegetables together in a bowl

½ c sugar ½ c vinegar
½ c oil 1 t salt
½ t dry mustard ½ t dried tarragon
½ t dried basil ½ t dried parsley

Mix, pour over beans and let marinate overnight.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoner AGM, Sunday Oct 15th, *at the Seniors' Centre on Water St. in Kelowna*. Secretary Larry Chalmers can be reached either by e-mail at aksala49@telus.net or by phone at 250-498-6887 in Oliver.

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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**CONTACT INFORMATION for the winter
(Please mail donations to this address during the period Oct 15 to April 15)**

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