

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 183rd Edition – November 26th, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Steller's Jay – Carcross, Yukon. 25 September 2006.
Photo courtesy Cameron D. Eckert yukonbirdclub@gmail.com

DIETING

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

My better half, in recent years,
Has scrutinized my figure,
And latterly expressed her fears
That I am growing bigger.
Then in truly female fashion
Although I was loath to buy it,
She reorganized our rations
And has put me on a diet.

Now in the morning when I rise,
The thing I love the most,
Is a double helping, he-man size,
Of peanut-buttered toast.
Then the little lady rose,
And, frowning slightly, said,
“You know the way this diet goes,
We’re eating no more bread.”

No more sugar in my coffee,
No more donuts, cake or pie,
No more chocolate bars or toffee,
That I’ve long been prone to buy.

Now, when I am on my walk,
Instead of calories,
I take along a withered stalk
Of week-old celery.

At dinner time my favorite,
Is mushrooms, spuds, and steak.
Deep fried cod another night,
French fries and chocolate cake.
But now the boss declares, you see,
I may have none of that.
No more of that red meat for me,
No starches, carbs or fat.

Now I may have my choice of dinners,
Listed in the diet book.
Some boiled fowl, or turkey wieners,
With carrot sticks, uncooked.
Or, maybe some juicy shavings
From a radish, or some greens.
(I'd give my whole life savings
For some home cooked pork and beans.)

Results I now begin to see,
I'm feeling slim and svelte,
Though no one knows the agonies,
In recent weeks, I've felt.
This diet is a monstrous pain,
I loathe it, I confess.
But still, I'd do it all again,
I'm weighing ten pounds less.

© 2003 Gus Barrett

In a note received recently from Gus Barrett -
"Book sales seem to have topped out at about 650. Still selling the odd one but it seems to be about over, however - It did far better than I ever dreamed it would. Support from Yukoners (and Ex Yukoners) particularly Moc/Tel group was tremendous."

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

Chapter 11 OVERFLOW

One sector of the northern population who really appreciated the advent of the airplane was the trappers. In pre-flying days they would have to start out with the dogs, gear and supplies early in the fall and go by boat up the rivers and across lakes to reach their traplines, some were so inaccessible that it was almost impossible for trappers to reach them. When the trapping season was over they would have to take a good part of the summer to get back to their home base.

It became a standing joke that I put the dog-teams out of business and I guess it was true. Flying trappers around was part of the charter business. About February 1st in 1944 we received a message that Bill Battrick and his partner Dave Hammond wanted to charter an aircraft to fly out to a small lake 40 miles north of the north end of Frances Lake, a distance of about 250 air miles from Carcross.

They came by truck from Whitehorse and said they wanted to stay out about 8 weeks to trap marten which they had heard, were plentiful around that particular lake.

We loaded the Fairchild 71 with two heavy men, all their food for two months, tent, stove, guns, two dogs, snowshoes and other winter gear - it was a full load.

We took off at daybreak because my plan was to fly into the lake, unload and return before dark. It took 2 hours and 30 minutes to reach the lake. I was surprised at the amount of snow that covered the surface, but I couldn't tell exactly how deep it was, outside of a few wolverine tracks crossing the lake, there wasn't a mark on it.

The first thing a pilot does when about to land on an unfamiliar snow covered lake is to determine if there is overflow present on the ice under the snow. The weight of the snow causes cracks in the ice, allowing water to seep up onto the surface where it spreads out under the snow. Insulated by the snow, the water doesn't freeze and lies there for long periods of time, hence overflow.

If the skis of an aircraft sink through the snow and into the water there is no way for it to take off. So I flew over it several times looking for any sign of overflow, but there was just that solid unmarred blanket of snow, so I came down and landed. There must have been 4 feet of soft snow, when we came to a stop we sank into the snow and could hardly get the doors open.

We all got onto our snowshoes, tramped the snow down around the aircraft, then snowshoed a trail out a distance, then we unloaded the aircraft and piled everything about 100 feet away.

Next I got out my shovel and dug a hole down beside one of the skis and sure enough they were resting in 10 to 12 inches of water, atop the ice. I shoveled the snow back into the hole and just stood there feeling sick - overflow can do that to a pilot.

I knew there was going to be a lot of hard work for the three of us if I were going to get the aircraft out of this mess. It was too late to get away that day, so I told Bill and Dave that we would get busy and make camp. We snowshoed out a trail about 1000 feet to where there were a few small trees for shelter. We packed the snow down and set up the tent, put plenty of spruce boughs down for a floor, set up the stove, cut some dry wood, made coffee then I told them what was ahead of us if we were going to get the aircraft out of the overflow and airborne again. It all totalled up to one helluva job and they weren't any happier about it than I was.

First of all we had to tramp out a runway 1000 feet long and 30 feet wide and that was a killer, 20 below zero, in 4 feet of snow, up and down, back and forth till our leg muscles ached. Rest a bit, stoke up the fire, have coffee, a bite to eat and back at it again.

Next we had to find 2 good size trees to make pry poles and more timber to make blocks so that we could pry up the skis and put the blocks under them. They would have to be blocked high enough so that I could work on the bottom of them to get all the ice cleaned off.

The Fairchild is a heavy aircraft and it took a lot of prying and lifting to get it raised high enough to clear the skis of the snow. It would have been a difficult feat if we had been on dry ground, but we were on snowshoes floundering in deep soft snow. Then we went over to where there were some spruce trees and cut armloads of boughs, and trip after trip carried them back to the aircraft and laid the boughs under, and in front of the skis, so that they would not sink into the snow again when we lowered the aircraft - at least that was the theory.

Then we started making the runway in earnest. We would tramp for an hour or so rest, back at it again, it had to be solid enough to hold the aircraft if and when I got it going. We worked half the night on it.

About 2 o'clock the next afternoon it looked as though we had done all we could and I was ready to try a takeoff. One thing in my favour was that the only load I had was about 60 gallons of fuel in the tanks - 450 pounds, plus my winter gear and tools, totalling another 200 pounds.

I knew that once I got the aircraft moving I would have to keep up the momentum or else the aircraft would sink into the overflow again. We were all too tired to even think about prying, lifting snowshoeing again - it had to work.

I warmed the engine thoroughly and then I instructed Dave and Bill to stand on each side of the aircraft grasp the wing struts, and when I got all ready to take off I would give them a signal and they were to rock the aircraft as hard as they could.

When I signaled them they rocked the aircraft like hell, I opened the throttle and with the rocking and all the power being poured on I got a quick start and started to pick up speed. That runway had been a long devil to snow shoe but it sure looked awfully short as I taxied full bore down its length. I was sweating rocks when I ran out of runway and got airborne all at the same time. I flew a circle over the lake and looked down at the two trappers standing there in the snow and debris of our 2 days efforts and I thought to myself, "I wouldn't land back on that lake right now if someone offered me a thousand bucks."

About 6 weeks later, March 5th, I flew back to pick up Battrick and Hammond and by that time the snow on the lake had settled quite a bit. Just the same I kept taxiing the aircraft back and forth on my tracks until I had a good solid runway beneath me.

On our flight back to Carcross the trappers told me that there had been a number of wolverine on their trapline and of the 75 marten they had caught in their traps, the wolverine had destroyed half of them.

They learned that wolverine can spoil the best trapping ground in the country and I hoped never to have to land an aircraft on skis in four feet of snow, covering a foot of water on the ice in 20 below zero temperatures. We were three wiser men.

To be continued

Reflections Fifty Years after My Yukon Childhood

Whitehorse kids in the 40's and 50's did not get the farm experience that Dawson kids did. This led to some interesting misconceptions that horrified the associated parents. I, having always been offered a choice of a back or front leg of a chicken, assumed a chicken was a four-footed animal. I had no idea that my favourite "Little Red Hen" was a chicken. I was nearly five when Dad realized this, chastised my grandfather for stringing me along, and took me out to the chicken ranch at McCrae to show me real chickens. Scared the daylights out of me! I have hated live chickens ever since.

A playmate was given a toy cow that gave "milk" out of its mouth when you pumped its tail - easier to believe that than the alternate explanation given by mere parents. Children of our era rarely saw a breast-feeding mother of any species but dog.

Milk came in a can with a yellow, brown and white label that spelled KLIM. We learned young how hard it was to mix a lump-free batch. I never met a kid who liked milk; we drank it because "Drink your milk; it's good for you!" When we went on a dairy tour in about 1955, it was to see powdered milk, water, and butter mixed back together to make milk which was bottled and sold as "fresh".

Infant formula was SMA powder (hard to mix, smelly, and expensive) or evaporated milk, corn syrup and water. Instructions on mixing evaporated milk baby formula persisted into the 1980's.

Cream was evaporated milk. Households tended to be brand-loyal: Pacific or Carnation. We were a Pacific household. Mom liked the rimmed cans because her favourite can opener needed the rim. Dad liked the picture of the cows on the front, his way of reminding us where our "cream" came from.

Evaporated milk was also the glue that enabled us to stick brown paper on the back of a completed jigsaw puzzle and hang it as a picture. It still works in place of an egg in poultry stuffing or meat loaf.

When families moved "outside", they either abandoned powdered and canned milk altogether, kept it around for specific purposes, or used it as if nothing had changed. After the first orgy of fresh milk drinking, Mom settled down to diluting fresh milk half and half with powdered skim; giving us 2% milk before the dairies did. Rice and bread pudding were still made with half-and-half Pacific milk and water. Guests who took cream in their coffee or tea got Pacific or nothing.

I still keep a back up supply of evaporated milk on hand for certain recipes and for my son's coffee. However, I find it no longer works as well to hold together unbaked cookies from the old recipes. Fresh whole milk works MUCH better than canned for custard-based bread and rice puddings. I use powdered skim in muffins and breads. I rejoice that I shall never have to face a glass of KLIM ever again and that my kids have actually milked cows, plucked chickens, and slopped pigs.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerm1@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Hi Maribeth

This is excellent. Amazing when you think of it. I keep canned milk around for making Pumpkin Pie filling and prefer Pacific brand. Before we went north in 1968 we used milk in our coffee and soon started drinking it black when the option was canned milk or milk made from powder. I too kept powdered milk around for years for those cases of emergency when I found myself needing some milk for baking. Lucky for me I was never a milk drinker so did not have to overcome that addiction when faced with the alternative of milk made from powder.

I do however recall my nephew coming to Whitehorse to visit and wanting to check the best before date before pouring any milk into his glass; then was upset by the white coating on the inside of his glass. That was the same day he used a straight pin in every one of my cigarettes. He perforated them near the filter and smoking was very difficult. The event was made even more memorable because we were at the cabin for the weekend. Not within range of replacement cigarettes. Glad I quit smoking not long after.

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca (In Yuma Arizona)



This is an onyx lamp I bought from a friend in Alaska while up there; I guess one could call it Northern art also. It is carved out of onyx but I don't know who did the carving. Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

ANOTHER TREASURE FROM HARVEY BURIAN

My apologies for not submitting much for the MocTel recently. I, too, miss the banter with Henry and Don which kept the memory juices stirred and brought back remembrances of yesteryear. I have a few days where I am not running off to meetings, etc. so I hope to put together some material that can be shared with the readers of the MocTel.

I am enclosing a photo with this message that will be of interest to those who lived in Mayo in the 1940's. It was apparently taken around the Spring of 1947. I don't know who the photographer was but the original print is owned by my cousin, Marjorie Profeit, and it is to her we need to offer thanks for being willing to share it.

The writing on the back of the photo says "Mayo hauling to Minto silver ore from United Keno Hill Mines, Elsa". I am not sure if the "Minto" referred to is Minto Bridge, located on the way to Elsa, where at that time there was a small community, or if it refers to Minto, located on the Yukon River between Carmacks and Ft. Selkirk. I suspect that is the former (Minto Bridge) that is being referred to, as my understanding is that all the ore was brought from Elsa to Mayo during the "freeze-up" period of the year (October to May) and then taken, during the "open" months (June to September), by British Yukon Navigation (BYN) steamboat to Stewart City at the mouth of the Stewart River (where it joins the Yukon) transferred to larger boats and then on to Whitehorse. From there the ore would go by White Pass & Yukon Route (WP&YR) railway to Skagway to be loaded onto ships to take it down the coast and eventually to a smelter.

The names of the men in the photo also appears on its back: from left to right - Jim "Spot Cash" Breaden, Charlie Profeit, Clifford E. "Kippy" Fisher Jr., Clifford. E. "Bud" Fisher, and Eric Benson. Bud Fisher was the owner of the Caterpillar tractors and sleigh. The others were his drivers. Kippy, who currently lives in Whitehorse, is Bud's son. Charlie Profeit was married to my cousin, Marjorie (Nagano) Profeit. Spot Cash Breaden, was Henry's and Vera's father. The photo was taken on Mayo's Front Street or First Avenue. The large building behind is the Northern Commercial Co. Ltd. (NC) Store.

Some of the readers will remember Bud Fisher in later years (1970s) as "Yukon Bud", working for the Yukon tourist association in promoting the territory. One of his daughters is Doris Miller, who, with her husband Herbert "Butch" Miller, currently reside in Merritt, BC. Charlie Profeit later worked for the construction company that built the highway between Whitehorse and Mayo and still later, for the Yukon Territorial Government (YTG) in highway maintenance both in Mayo and then in Dawson, before retiring to Whitehorse. His widowed wife, Marjorie, and other members of her family live in Whitehorse.

I remembered the sign on the corner of the NC store but could not for the life of me, remember what it said. It was Henry Breaden, who several years ago, reminded me that it said "Seiberling", an advertisement for Seiberling Tires. I presume that the NC Company was an agent or dealer for this brand of tires. I wish I had had the

opportunity to show Henry this photo as I am sure he would have been able to weave a story around it, including the model of the Caterpillar tractor (is it a D6?) and other bits of pertinent information that would have brought the picture much more to life than I am able to do.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net Parksville, BC



L to R Jim "Spot Cash" Breaden, Charlie Profeit, Clifford E. "Kippy" Fisher Jr., Clifford E. "Bud" Fisher, and Eric Benson. Photo apparently taken around the Spring of 1947. Background, N.C. Company store Mayo, Yukon.
Photo courtesy Harvey Burian with credit to Marjorie (Nagano) Profeit



This warning was up over the weekend. Two days later the ferry was gone.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson

The George Black Takes a Break

by Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

By October 29 the ice was in the river and the writing was quite literally on the sign by the ferry landing. The George Black was easing through frazzle ice floes and the end was in sight.

Least year the ferry was extracted on October 30, a Sunday, and attracted quite a few spectators. This year it was a day later, weeks after it has been at times in the past.

West Dawson residents could be seen stocking up on gasoline and groceries after the snow arrived to stay on the October 24 and the temperatures finally dropped below -10 during the daytime during the middle of the next week, both events hastening the formation of ice in the swiftly moving Yukon River.

This season, perhaps four to six weeks long, before the river freezes solidly enough to carry traffic can be an inconvenient one for West Dawsonites. Some prepare for and enjoy the isolation. Some stay with friends or housesit during the transition. Some own homes in town as well as across the river, and simply shift residences for a few weeks. Will the Yukon Party's five year mandate bring new talk of a Bridge? Only time will tell.



This cat is part of the heavy equipment lined up to haul the ferry out of the river.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)



A scene like this does give you some idea of why some folk would hate to see a bridge crossing the valley right here.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

UNCLE CHARLIE and Other thoughts

Just read Moctel 180 and just a bit of a correction on Sandy's story. "Uncle Charlie". None of the Eckervogts went into the military. Thomas and Martin have stayed in the Junction. I believe, unless things have changed recently that Thomas still owns and operates a gas station on the west side of town on the way out towards Kluane and that Martin is the town foreman.

The person that she is thinking of is Wade Istchenko. The son of Ed and Rhoda Istchenko. Wade went away to the military for several years and then returned and married in Haines Junction. I know that Ed and Rhoda still live there and I believe that Wade and his wife Donna still live there as well.

My wife Donna (Hotte) was working for Heinz and Katie at the Mountain View Motor Inn (formerly the Blue Mountain) when they found that Nugget. It was definitely something to see. I did not know Uncle Charlie (Ross I believe his last name was) but heard many a story about him. He was one of those "tuff old guys" that just seem to be around certain areas and/or industries, in this case, placer mining.

I look back and think of days gone by and the stories that a person hears over the years and the stories that have been told here on the Moctel and it becomes very interesting as that is history in the making. With growing up in the Yukon, I spent just a couple of years shy of 40 years in the North. I knew of a lot of the people that send in stories or pictures in the time that I have been with Moctel and have really enjoyed reading about them.

I looked at some of the hardships that different people of my age have gone through, and not to take anything away from them but we have it pretty good.

Sure we still have some rough times but compared to what went on back when the land was just opening up, we have it pretty soft. When old timers get together and tell stories, or in this case write it down for the Moctel it helps to put it into perspective as to what it takes to open up a land. I have spent many an hour on a modern cat which is all tarped in

or has closed in cab and have spent many an hour going up and down the highway in a modern truck (with all its power and AC and heat) and I cannot even begin to fathom what some of the old timers went through.

It is good to read stories from guys that actually spent time on the paddle wheelers and the old cat trains. We take it for granted when we jump into our vehicles and leave Whitehorse or Haines Junction and that evening we are in Dawson City or Watson Lake or beyond. I have made the trip several times myself and I am still in awe of what some of them went through. Back then if something needed to be done, some of the old timers went out and got it done and there was no whining or complaining, it just got done. I would think that sometimes we need to look back and take lessons as with all the engineering and architecture and hoops that have to be jumped through now and we sometimes still can't seem to get it right.

I have a tremendous amount of respect for, and my hat is off always when it comes to the old timers and what they went through to open up a land or fight for peace. I am not only talking about the guys, but the ladies too.

It takes a special person, man or woman, to do what has to be done to open up a new land or to fight for peace.

As for you Sherron, you enjoy your time in the warm south. You have over the years earned it and you do a tremendous service in putting together this Mockett newsletter. I do not contribute as much as I should, however I enjoy every minutes worth of reading that it gives me, no matter how long or short each edition is. Keep up the good work.

Later,

Tyrone Mogenson tydomn@hotmail.com (In Melville SK)

COMMENTS FROM SANDY CAMPBELL

Thank you for forwarding this...I stand corrected, and thank you, Ty, for clarifying that for us...I guess I presumed he was Katie and Hienz son as he spent a lot of time there, and as I did not grow up there in "The Junction", I got the families mixed up as to who belonged to who.

I am glad that Ty and Donna are still on the list and that it got him to write, and he is so true about the people that opened up the Yukon, our fathers being in that group...his a goldminer, trapper, lodge owner, husband, father, and neat guy, and my father a packer, wrangler, forest ranger, father, and a neat guy too. If only we could write all of their stories down, and get the young ones to appreciate all that they have today.

Our forefathers and mothers were a special breed, as I think of Miss Ellie and her husband that opened up the Johnson's Crossing, and the stories her daughter wrote about in the book "Cinnamon Mines".

Anyway, I am rambling, but thank you again Ty, for clarifying and correcting my error.

Until next time we stroll down memory lane.

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

MESSAGE FROM CAROL BUZZELL

Sherron: I don't know how often Rhoda (Watson) Istchenko gets into their e-mail files as they are, again, living in Mexico for the winter. I will pass you on Wade's e-mail address and he can fill in some of the information regarding his stint in the military. I believe most of his service was over-seas. At present, he is commanding our local Canadian Ranger Core here in Haines Junction, so will be full of information about them. They are very active in the North and Homeland Security is well taken care of. They also have the Junior Rangers, and this keeps the younger generation hopping and preparing them for the day that they, too, will be truly a 'Canadian Ranger'. Along with the VanBibbers, my daddy, Dave Hume, was part of the Ranger group. They have been very active for so many years; they also receive a lot of support from the government - Armed Forces. I have just recently joined the group from here, there is always a need for females as we have so many young women and at present, they need chaperones or they can't go out on the overniter trips on the land.

Enough, already.....have a great day and thank you for your quick response.

Hugs, Carol Buzzell buzzy.cj*northwestel.net (In Haines Junction)

WHO DOES A PHOTO OF A PHOTO BELONG TO ?

Dear Joyce and Sherron:

I have been reviewing some of the past Moc Tels. I notice that a photo taken by my wife Lyn is at the end of an article about Keno. We provided a 20 by 30 inch print of this photo to the Keno Museum and also published it as a postcard. As you can see by the photo of my computer screen, there is also a 20 by 30 inch print of this photo directly in front of my computer on the wall. As the cloud formations are identical in the Moc Tel to those of Lyn's photo, I am certain that the photo is Lyn's and should be credited to her.

We visit this cabin site almost every year and usually photograph it in the hopes of getting a better picture. It hasn't happened yet.

Sherron, keep up the good work on the Moc Tel.

And Joyce even though I've gotcha, we enjoy seeing your photos and work about the Yukon and northern BC. Keep it up.

Lowell Bleiler [vanyukoners*aol.com](mailto:vanyukoners@aol.com) (In Vancouver)

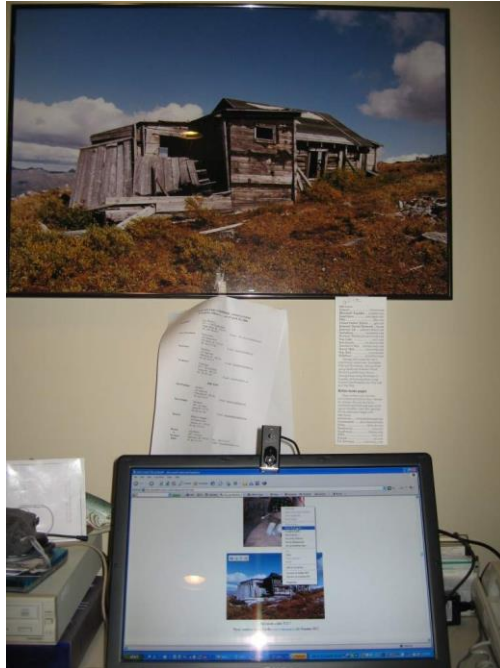


Photo of, *Lyn Bleiler's photo on the wall* and of *Joyce Yardley's photos on the computer screen*, courtesy of Lowell Bleiler.

My reply to Lowell and Lyn ..

So glad to discover the owner of that wonderful cabin picture! Of course I couldn't resist taking a picture of the picture! But now I hereby give credit to Lyn, congratulations!

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

STORY IDEA FOR MOCTEL FROM KATHY GATES

Please get permission from Whitehorse Star, if you think this a good story idea...to reprint their article...and maybe a photo...about the Historic Whitehorse Inn sign being refurbished and almost ready to be re-installed close to its original location. The article is in Friday, Nov. 10 2006 Star on page 5 under the heading "Historic Inn's sign to rise again"...Maybe some of your readers will have old photos of that old sign....

Phew...there you have it...Hope one or more of these items will inspire others to chat...I did not live here when that old sign was on the old Whitehorse Inn, but I know any mention of it in the Whitehorse Inn leads to at least one or two letters to the Editor

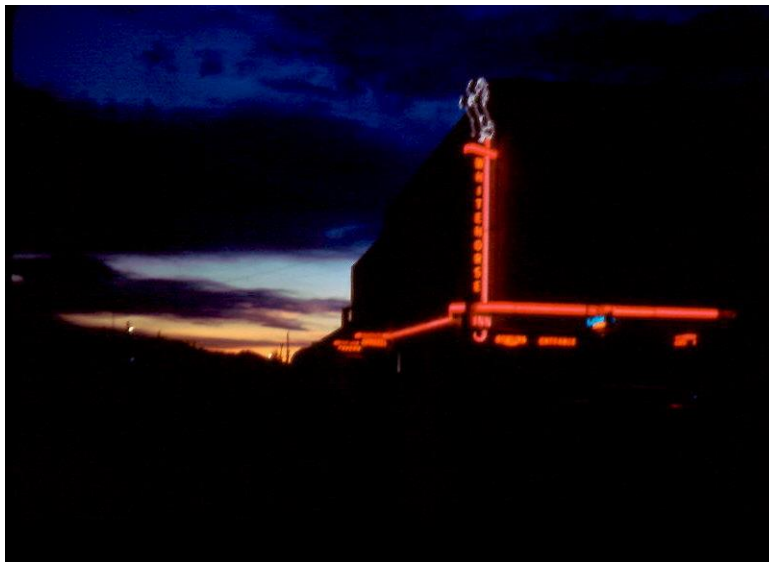
reminiscing...so maybe some of the readers to MocTel will be inspired to reminisce as well....you can never tell.

Stay Warm...leave some sun for us "cooled off Yukoners"

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

BOB HUGHES WHITEHORSE INN PHOTO

Hi Sherron: You are very welcome to use dad's slide. We arrived in Whitehorse, as a family, around June 1951 and moved into a green log (see-through) house right behind the Whitehorse Inn. We always ate at the Inn right in the kitchen with the owner who was Chinese. Dad and the owner were friends. I think we were at the log house for around 2 years and then moved down to Lot 19 in the E.M.Q's but still went over to the Inn all the time. So, I would put this slide at around 1952 or 53. Before that, dad had black & white photos. There are some photos of the log house but I haven't looked to see if there is any of the Inn. I will check and let you know. Good to hear from you. Love Gina Span



Whitehorse Inn at night – about 1950.

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)

Hi Sherron, My father designed a sign for the Whitehorse Inn when I was still a child. I don't remember what year that was, but it was certainly before we had any Neon lights in town, just a white wooden horse rearing up. I thought I had sent a picture of it to MocTel way back when. I definitely remember him designing the logo for the Whitehorse Star, which they used for many years, also.

I sent that to MocTel as well, I think. So the sign in your picture was not the first one to grace the Whitehorse Inn. Babe Richards can confirm that, I'm sure!

I'm still trying to find a picture of Dad's Whitehorse Inn sign, but the horse on it was very similar, if not the same as this one he did for the old "Whitehorse Star" (probably in the 1930's).

Cheers, Joyce Yardley Joyce*dataspan.ca (In Nanaimo)

Re: Photo below - No, this isn't the one my dad did.

Cheers, Joyce



LANDMARK TO RETURN - The Whitehorse Inn sign is seen in pieces during its sprucing-up. Whitehorse Star Photo

Submitted courtesy Jackie Pierce, Publisher, Whitehorse Star

Historic inn's sign to rise again

By Matthew Grant, for the Whitehorse Star - November 10, 2006

A historic city sign will be re-erected in a parking lot across from city hall, members of city council have heard.

At their weekly meeting last Monday evening, council learned the sign from the historic Whitehorse Inn will soon be placed in stall No. 16 in the parking lot across from city hall. According to city documents, the sign was originally attached to the hotel at the corner of

Main Street and Second Avenue, where the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce is currently located.

“When the Whitehorse Inn was demolished in the 1970s, the owner, Mr. Allen Lueck, saved the large neon sign that had hung on the building for years,” city documents state. The 30-foot-high, four-foot-wide sign was the subject of a fundraising initiative by the Main Street Society.

The work to place it in its soon-to-be new location was done by the Yukon government, the Rendezvous Rotary Club and the city.

NEWS OF STELLAR JAY’S FROM KATHY GATES

I note your request for more material, at least to stir up interest for future editions of the MocTel, so wondered if the attached document might be of interest to you. You will have to get permission from Cameron Eckert to use it, but I cannot see him refusing. He e-mailed me back, with this attachment, in response to my letter about spotting a Steller's Jay on our back deck and taking a photo of it....I was excited to see this rare bird visiting my Feeders....but as you can tell by the article, this bird seems to have been paying us all an unexpected visit of late....maybe this article might get other readers to share rare bird sightings as well.... Anyway Sherron, enjoy the article!!!!!!

E-mail Cameron at: yukonbirdclub@gmail.com

Kathy Gates kmgates@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

STELLAR JAYS IN YUKON

You are welcome to send out the Steller's Jay story via 'MocTel'. I've attached a pdf if that works for you - otherwise, let me know the format that works best. If any of your recipients want to receive regular Yukon birding news, it can be done by sending an email to yukonbirdclub@gmail.com.

Regards,
Cameron Eckert

Yukon Bird Club
Box 31054, Whitehorse, YT, Y1A 5P7
www.yukonweb.com/community/ybc/

Yukon Steller’s Jay Invasion – 2006

Cameron D. Eckert

The 2006 Steller's Jay invasion has proven to be a sensational birding phenomena! So far we have received 119 reports by 137 observers of birds at 62 different locations. The number of reports accompanied by photographs has been astounding. The photos have been very useful in tracking the invasion. The invasion began in the first week of September around Carcross and spread over the Whitehorse area north to Lake Laberge by September 16, east to the Atlin Road and Atlin by September 26, west to Haines Junction by September 28, and north to Ethel Lake (an amazing 430 km north of Skagway) by October 14. It seems likely that hundreds of birds are involved in this invasion.

Where did they come from? The fact that the highest numbers of jays have been seen in Carcross, and that the first recorded sighting was at Tutshi Lake indicates that the birds came over the White Pass from Skagway, Alaska where this species is common. This is consistent with the fact that all birds are of the Coastal subspecies.

Has this happened before? The only previous Yukon Steller's Jay invasion was in fall 1994 when jays were recorded at about 8 locations from Carcross to Lake Laberge. Prior to 1994, there had only been 9 reports in total for the Yukon. So this type of invasion is not unprecedented, but the scale of this year's event is well beyond what was recorded in 1994.

What is driving the invasion? That is a good question! Steller's Jays are known to stage periodic invasions out of their core range. It usually happens in fall, and the birds involved are usually hatch-year (i.e. born this past summer). Most of the jays showing up in the Yukon do appear to be hatch-year birds. Higher numbers of Steller's Jays have been recorded this fall in parts of southeast Alaska, but numbers in south-coastal Alaska (Anchorage-area) are apparently normal. Some of the theories offered to explain these periodic invasions include i) a lack of food supply in the home range; ii) a productive breeding year with an excess of hatch-year birds; iii) southern Yukon's climate has reverted to a southeast Alaska climate (i.e. moist and cool) due to La Nina-like conditions in 2006; as a result, Steller's Jay is not distinguishing political boundaries, only meteorological ones; or iv) a major wind event carries a large roving flock of jays over the mountains. None of these explanations seems entirely satisfactory. There is no evidence to suggest a fall food shortage on the coast this year. If there was a productive breeding season, it is not obvious what would compel flocks of young birds to fly north over the mountains. There have also been productive breeding years with no Yukon invasion. The La Nina theory may be robust, but only time will tell. And the great wind storm theory? Well, maybe.

Will the jays migrate back to the coast? It seems unlikely that the Steller's Jays that have arrived in the Yukon will turn around and head back to the coast. Many of the birds have now settled in at bird feeders and show no signs of leaving. They are spending their days stashing food and appear to be getting set for the winter.

Will they survive? There is no reason why these jays wouldn't survive a relatively mild Yukon winter with a steady food supply - as the magpies do. However, with their long bare legs and big feet, Steller's Jays do not appear to be "cold adapted" so a prolonged cold spell in the -40C range could be a problem for these birds.

Where exactly have Steller's Jays been seen? The list of major locations includes Atlin, Alaska Hwy (mile 928 & 930), Burma Rd, California Beach, Carcross, Carcross Rd (mile 9), Cowley on Carcross Rd, Cowley Creek subdivision, Crestview, Dezadeash Lake, Echo Valley Rd, Ethel Lake, Fish Lake, Gentian Lane, Goldenhorn, Granger, Haines Junction, Hidden Valley, Hillcrest, Horse Creek, Kookatsoon Lake, Lake Laberge (southeast), Lake Laberge (Fossil Point), Lake Laberge (northwest), Lewes Marsh (Sawmill Rd), Lewes Marsh (Yukon River bridge), Little Atlin Lake (Atlin Rd, km 6 & 19), Lobird trailer court, Marsh Lake (Army Beach), Marsh Lake (Mitchie Place) , Marsh Lake (M'Clintock Bay), Marsh Lake (Judas Creek subdivision), Marsh Lake (Old Constabulary), Marsh Lake (New Constabulary), Marsh Lake (Scout Bay), Marshall Creek, Mary Lake subdivision, Mayo Rd (5 mile Rd), Mayo Rd (Mile 6), Mayo Rd (10 Mile Rd), Mendenhall subdivision, Mount McIntyre, Old Alaska Highway, Pineridge subdivision, Policeman's Point Rd, Porter Creek, Riverdale, Robinson (Carcross Rd), Shallow Bay, Six Mile River (east side, at Tagish), Spruce Hill subdivision, Tagish, Takhini Hotsprings Rd, Takhini subdivision, Tatchun Creek, Teslin, Teslin Lake (cottage lots), Tutshi Lake, Whitehorse (downtown), Wolf Creek subdivision.

Please continue to report your Steller's Jay sightings including date, number seen, exact location (e.g. street or lot address), and send any digital photos. We are interested in all sightings, but especially if you have seen one at a new location (not listed above), or if you have seen more than one bird at a time. Email sightings to (yukonbirdclub AT gmail.com). Thanks to everyone who has reported sightings!



A flock of 5 Steller's Jays was attending this Carcross feeder on 25 September 2006.

Photo by Cameron Eckert

YUKON FOUNDATION

Hi Sherron, [Nov. 16, 2006]

This is a letter that was sent to the Whitehorse and Dawson newspapers last week. Thought it might also be appropriate for the Mockett.

Letter to the Editor

Yukon Foundation would like to express their appreciation to the people of the Yukon for their support of the Foundation over the past 26 years.

As a result of your generosity the Foundation was able to provide \$75,735.87 in scholarships to 101 Yukon students and \$24,155.54 to 13 Yukon-based projects in 2006. The Foundations also distributed \$50,125 in Alberta Centennial scholarships to 25 students from the territory.

In 26 years, the Foundation has distributed in excess of one million dollars to more than 1,000 students and projects. It currently administers three million dollars on behalf of Yukoners. Yukon Foundation was established in 1980 and is the only trust in the Yukon to be administered under its own legislation - The Yukon Foundation Act. Many recipients of funding from Yukon Foundation have returned to the territory to pursue their careers. Others have achieved a high level of success "outside." Yukoners have benefited locally from Foundation contributions to northern culture and history research and publishing, parks and trails being built, programs for the handicapped, children's programs, public art works and many other varied causes and projects.

Members of the general public can help to support the Foundation through bequests in their wills, life insurance policies and living gifts. There are currently 90 individual funds being administered by Yukon Foundation. Money from 10 new funds will be available for distribution in 2007.

You can also become annual individual or corporate patrons of the Foundation. Details on how to become a part of Yukon Foundation can be found by talking to board members, the executive director or by accessing the website at www.yukonfoundation.com.

John Firth Chair Yukon Foundation John.Firth@clarica.com (In Whitehorse)

CAPTIAN BLAKLEY

(Was Skipper in the Sternwheeler Keno to Dawson story in MocTel 182)

I knew Captain F. Blakley personally while living in Radium Hot Springs for so many years, listened to alot of his tales of living on the waters. His grandson, Frank Blakley, was our best man when Tom and I were married. (now 44 years ago.) Such a small world this is. Frank still lives in Invermere, BC and has alot of his Grandfathers collections, so many interesting artifacts. His Dad was a pilot and flew for the Forest Service, fire bombers etc for so many years.

Carol Buzzell buzzy.cj*northwestel.net (In Haines Junction)

ARTISTIC TALENT



Gulf Fritillary

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich*lohmann.ca (In Airdrie AB)

OBIT

HAHN, Eric Albert October 21, 1919 - November 14, 2006 Passed away at Canterbury Court retirement home (Edmonton) at the age of 87. Born in Wandaline, Poland. Husband of Gisela Hahn (Victoria). Predeceased by father Albert, mother Martha, brother Helmut (Marion) of Bentley, Alberta and survived by sister Lydia Baur (Hans) of

Edmonton. Father of Brenda Pratt (Brian) of Whitehorse, Yukon and Randy (Roberta) of Pleasanton, California; beloved grandfather of Crystal, Randall and Michael. Eric is also survived by many nieces and nephews. Eric was born in Poland but moved to Bielefeld, Germany with his family, while still an infant. In 1927 he traveled aboard the Canadian Pacific Line steamship Montnairn to the Atlantic Coast of Canada. From there the family journeyed by train across Canada to Edmonton. He attended H.A.Gray elementary school while also working on the family farm in the Lauderdale area of Edmonton. The family relocated to Onoway, Alberta where Eric continued to farm alongside his father and siblings. Over the next few years he worked in the gold fields in the NWT, the Burns packing plant in Edmonton, and also owned a farm near Leduc, Alberta. In 1950 Eric and his brother established Hahn Brothers Transport, a transport trucking company. His work took him all over North America. In 1958 Eric married another German immigrant, Gisela, who he met in an optometrists shop in Edmonton. **In 1972 Eric and his family moved to Whitehorse, Yukon where he first worked for the White Pass and Yukon company. Later he established Hahn Construction, a builder of fine custom homes.** In 1985, Eric and Gisela retired to Brentwood Bay on Vancouver Island where they enjoyed their golden years. A Memorial Service will be held on Monday, December 4 at 2:00 p.m. at Canterbury Court, 8403 142nd Street, Edmonton. In lieu of flowers please make a donation to the Canterbury Memorial Foundation at the above address. Published in the Edmonton Journal on 11/19/2006.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Here is my new e-mail address effective now. Please adjust your records.

Juanita Bell tutshi@telus.net

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

It is never too late to be what you might have been.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Breakfast/Brunch Casserole

(Some may recognize this recipe as “Christmas Morning Wife Saver”)

Make the day before and pop in the oven in the morning. Serves 8

16 slices white bread, crusts removed

Slices of Back Bacon or Ham
Slices of Sharp Cheddar Cheese
6 eggs
½ tsp salt
½ tsp pepper
½ to 1 tsp dry mustard
¼ cup minced onion
¼ cup green peppers, finely chopped
1 to 2 tsp Worcestershire sauce
3 cups **whole** milk (use only whole milk)
dash Tabasco
¼ lb butter
Special K or Crushed Corn Flakes

In a 9 x 13 buttered glass baking dish, put 8 pieces of bread.

Add pieces to cover dish entirely.

Cover bread with slices of bacon or ham sliced thin.

Lay slices of cheddar cheese on top of bacon
and then cover with slices of bread to make it like a sandwich.

In a bowl, beat eggs, salt & pepper.

To the egg mixture add dry mustard, onion, green peppers,
Worcestershire sauce, milk and Tabasco.

Pour over the sandwiches, cover and let stand in refrigerator overnight.

In morning, melt ¼ lb butter and pour over top.

Cover with Special K or Crushed Corn Flakes.

Bake, uncovered 1 hour at 350. Let sit 10 minutes before serving.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Just want to let Yukoners know that the reduced room fee at the **River Rock Resort** (\$149.00 plus tax) is available for the whole weekend relative to our annual banquet March 31, 2007. Nice of them we think!!

They are actually now taking reservations for those of you who like to plan ahead. We are looking for a good turnout this year. Carol Clarke will be on the internet with more reminders as time draws nearer. Christmas first of course. In the meantime, pass the word. For more information re email you can contact **Carol Clarke** at clclarke*shaw.ca or **Helen Munro** hmunro*shaw.ca

Oh yes, tickets are still \$55.00 each. Remember - the Resort offers lots to do before and after our soiree.

Hope to see you all in March. Helen Munro

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

CONTACT INFORMATION

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