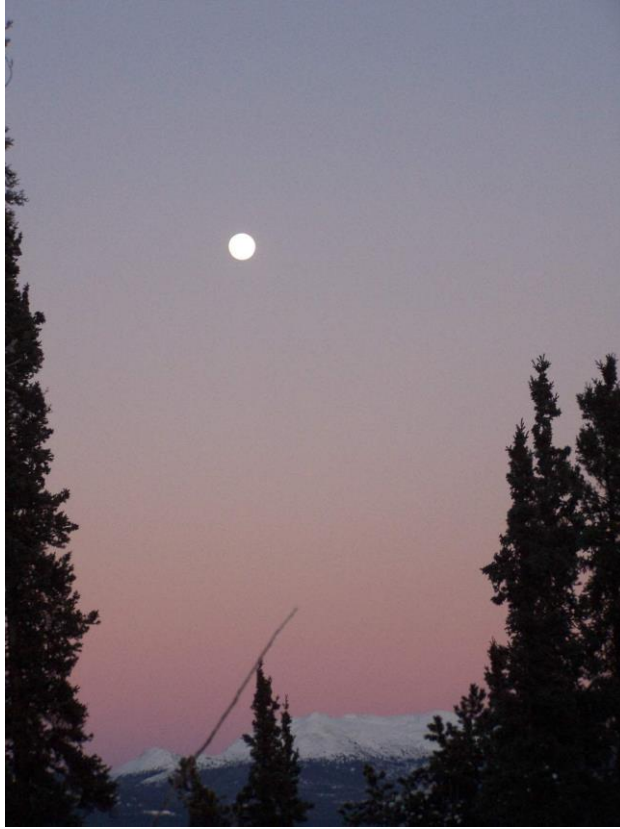


MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 192nd Edition – February 4th, 2007

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Rising Moon in Sunset colours - Whitehorse - Jan 31, 2007

Reminds one of what Ted Harrison saw in Yukon.

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

ON FREEZING MacGREGGOR'S BIRD

(Names have been changed for protection of the guilty parties.)

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

Of the old days in the Yukon there's been many stories told,
Of the hardships we've encountered while we battle snow and cold.

But here's a little story that you maybe haven't heard,
Of that bitter winter evening when MacGreggor froze his bird.

MacGreggor was our leader, and then coming next to him
Was the former air force pilot with the artificial limb,
We'd downed some light refreshments, as anyone could see,
As well as those I mentioned there's the Limy kid and me.

It was Christmas Eve in Whitehorse, and the office had been closed.
We had done last minute shopping, when a mighty thirst arose.
Mac had bought a real fresh turkey for tomorrows Christmas treat,
At that moment it's reposing in its glory on the seat.

While we stopped for some refreshments at the Taku cocktail bar,
MacGreggor locked his turkey quite securely in the car.
The temperature was dropping, and the forecast wasn't good,
But we'd only be a moment, (oh yes, of course we would.)

It was several hours later, when we stumbled through the snow,
The temperature had plummeted to forty-five below.
Returning to our vehicle, the wind as cold as sin,
We found the door locks frozen and, no way could we get in.

Looking through the frosty window, he could see his Christmas bird,
He knew that it was frozen but he didn't say a word.
We knew we'd have to get it out, and thaw it very soon,
Or MacGreggor would go hungry on this Christmas afternoon.

We tugged and pried and levered and we hammered on that car,
While breaking off occasionally to go back into the bar.
No matter how much we consumed, or just how hard we tried.
The door remained unopened with the turkey locked inside.

So there we were on Main Street, just outside the bar,
Four of us, inebriated, pounding on a car,
Trying hard to enter, in the middle of the night,
When a car pulls up behind us with a brightly flashing light.

When we had been identified and make our problem known,
The Mountie sat in judgment, like a king upon his throne,
He called us all Cheechakos, just as scornful as could be,
Then he reaches for his zippo and he heated up the key.

In a flash the door was open but before we could get in,
The Mountie pocketed our key and sagely scratched his chin,
He said, "Before you go, I think we all should have a talk"
"And to make the streets much safer, I suggest you four should walk".

Feeling justly chastened, we then started out for home,
Well knowing we'd be subject to harsh lectures yet to come,
Each carrying his grocery bag, MacGreggor with his bird,
While from a distant dancehall, Christmas music could be heard.

And thus we walked to Riverdale, arriving rather late,

Each with some explanation for his long-enduring mate.
We made it home for Christmas, but MacGreggor spread the word,
He was served hot tongue for dinner when she saw his frozen bird

© 2007 Gus Barrett

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 21 Cont'd

DAWSON CITY

The ebb and flow of life in Dawson depended upon the gold mining operations. In the spring the dredging and placer operations would be underway for the summer months then in the fall, about mid October, all would close down and the crews would be back in town. Many of the crew were married men and had their homes in Dawson but a good number were single men and lived in the hotels during the winter. With 6 months of indolence many drifted into card playing and drinking and before winter was half over they would be broke and soon owed the hotel for room and board and of course their bar bills. The same crews worked year after year so the hotels were assured of a steady winter business.

Before returning to the creeks in the spring most of them would have one good blowout before leaving so I carried my share of drunks and hangovers. On one occasion a crew was so rambunctious I thought they would wreck my aircraft. I sent word back to town that if the next load rolled out of the taxis at the airport in a similar condition I would send them back to town. I must have made my point, the next load was as stewed as the previous one, but it was funny to watch them trying to act cold sober, but at least they didn't give me any trouble.

Altogether they were generally good types, hard workers on their jobs and I got to know some quite well. One I particularly remember was a Texan - Tex Lucas. He was 6'2" weighing about 210 and appeared to be part Spanish. Sober, he was a nice enough fellow but miserable when he was drinking. After a usual wild session in town Tex was going back to camp and was sitting beside me in the co-pilot's seat telling me about his recent exploits in Dawson. "See this" he said and waved his ham size fist in front of me. On one finger was a ring with a nugget the size of half a large egg. He went on to tell me how he mashed up faces with this solid gold weapon. He was big and tough and strong, but six months heavy boozing every year got the best of him and he ended up in the hospital with a liver condition. I visited him a few times and he was in terrible shape and died soon afterward.

Whenever conversations get around to dredge crews and gold camps Tex's name will come up.

Besides crews, mail, and supplies into the camps I also carried the gold out.

Although nothing like the boom years (in 1902 when gold production reached \$11,000,000.00) Dawson's gold output remained fairly consistent. In 1947 it was \$2,082,010.00 with \$1,919,750.00 of that coming from the Dawson area.

The dredges would have a "clean up" every two weeks and the gold would be put into canvas bags for me to take to Dawson. Some- times it would be as loose nuggets or else retorted down to a solid lump. The gold could be worth \$100,000.00 a shipment, yet I never signed a receipt that I was taking the shipment, I'd toss it into the aircraft and if I got back to Dawson late, I would take the sack home and place it under our bed and in the morning I would take it down to the bank. I can imagine the paper work and security measures involved if I were doing it today.

When I think about the days I was flying in and out of the mining camps, the memories are good ones, and so were the men who operated the camps. Dr. Ernest Patty's name comes to mind. He was president of Clear Creek Placers who operated the dredge on the creek of that name and he was President of Yukon Gold Placers who operated the Henderson Creek and Thistle Creek dredges. I frequently flew him around the several operations and came to know him quite well. When he gave up active mining he became President of the University of Alaska, retaining this position until his retirement to Seattle several years later.

The success of Dr. Patty's operations was due in great part to his capable dredge masters, **Bud Holbrook, Johnny Hoggan, Ralph Troberg, Bill Scott and Peter Foth.**

The dredge at Sixty Mile was operated by Yukon Exploration and the men who made up the company, were **Glen Franklin, Harold Schmidt, Len Stampe and Chuck Herbert** who formed the company, and besides operating the conventional dredge they are credited with introducing the caterpillar tractor technique for extracting placer gold. Called "cat mining", it was so successful that before long it became one of the most popular operations all over the country.

* * *

All of us who were associated with dredge crews remember **Bud Holbrook**. Bud was sort of a trouble shooter for the three Yukon Gold Placer dredges. He was good at whatever he did. When I was getting my Dawson business started, Bud helped me in many ways and he loved flying, so often went on trips with me. He had taken flying lessons in California when he was younger and his great ambition was to have his own aircraft. He was married and had 3 daughters who went to school with our daughters. During the winter of 1948-49 he went out to Vancouver to get his private licence and to buy an aircraft.

He purchased a Fairchild Cornell, a nice enough aircraft for training during the war, not a workhorse. Bud was flying around to the three dredge camps, often someone with him, and carrying the heavy parts needed for the dredges. In other words he was usually carrying a load.

On Saturday, July 15, Bud, with a passenger, **Jack Drott**, took off from Thistle Creek, 70 miles south, headed for Dawson due to return Monday morning. When he didn't show up, Thistle Creek reported it to Dawson by radio. Dr. Patty came to me and asked me to go to search for Bud, and I left that evening.

As I was flying my float equipped Custom Waco out toward Thistle Creek I could almost reconstruct what had happened.

Bud had a passenger who was a good size man and he also had dredge parts weighing another 200 pounds. The temperature was about 85°F that day. While Bud knew a lot about aircraft he was not an experienced flier. When he got off he should have stayed in the Yukon River Valley and followed it to Dawson, instead he tried to fly a straight line to Dawson. About 10 miles from the Thistle Creek airstrip there was a 3,000 foot summit he had to clear. With high temperature and the load it was carrying the Cornell just wouldn't be able to do it, when he could not clear the summit he tried to turn back and stalled it in some tall trees.

During the summer evening hours in that area the sun was in the north and the area on the south slope was in the shade making it impossible to see the ground. I went back to Dawson, had a few hours sleep and started out again at 4 a.m., with friends, **Alec Hill** and **Dave Patrick**.

We made a couple of turns in the pass but couldn't see anything. I decided to go back for one more look. The pass was heavily timbered and the ground was barely visible, but just as I was turning Alec said he saw something. I turned again and that was when we saw the tail of the Cornell sticking up in the trees. Just as I had thought, Bud had stalled just before reaching the summit and plummeted in to the tall trees. There was no sign of life.

I flew down and landed on the Yukon River where there was a road running from the boat landing on the river to the airstrip, a distance of about 6 miles. When we got there, Bud's dredge foreman, **Pete Foth**, was waiting with a truck. We decided that Alec and Dave would go with Pete in his truck to the airstrip and would walk in to the wreck. I would fly to Dawson to pick up the doctor in case he was needed. We knew it would take at least 2 hours to reach the wreck, so the doctor and I would give them time to reach it and if the doctor were needed they would send up a smoke signal and the doctor and I would walk in.

When **Dr. Barry Duncan** and I returned we flew over the site but there was no smoke so Alec and Dave hadn't reached the wreck. We went back, landed on the river and waited a short time before flying over the wreck again. The second time there was smoke that meant there was someone alive. **Pete Foth** met us, drove us to the airstrip and we started our hike in. It was about 7 miles up a steep ravine, heavy underbrush and we had to keep crossing the creek. It took us 2 ½ hours to reach the wreck; Dave and Alec were waiting for us. The nose of the aircraft was smashed against a tall tree, Bud had been killed instantly, **Jack Drott** was lying on the ground. How he had managed to get out of the aircraft with his pelvis and an arm broken we'll never know. He was alive because he had been wearing a shoulder harness and had had a large bedroll in front of him which took the impact.

He had been lying there, helpless, for two nights and what the flies and mosquitoes had done to him was pretty awful.

He was semi conscious, and Dave and Alec had helped him to swallow some water. Dr. Duncan immediately administered a sedative to ease the pain. We cut some poles and made a stretcher, then started the trek through that jungle, trying not to jostle Jack, who weighed about 200 pounds. It took us until 1 o'clock in the morning to reach the truck at

the airstrip and even though we were young and husky, we were pretty well played out. We loaded him into the air- craft and got to Dawson about 4 a.m.

The townspeople knew Bud had crashed and that a doctor had gone in, but they didn't know if anyone had survived or not. So just about everyone in Dawson was on the beach to meet us.

Some of the dredge crew walked in to the crash site with a stretcher, carried Bud's body out to the airstrip, and I flew back that same day and brought the remains to Dawson.

Jack Drott spent several months in hospital but recovered completely from his ordeal.

Bud was buried in Dawson City and we made a headstone from one of my metal propellers. I thought Bud would have liked that.



My two new A/C 1947. L. to R.: Stinson Voyager, Fairchild 24, Bud Holbrook, Pat C. and friend.



L. to R.: My Cessna 185, AMPH, Pat C. and Herman Peterson. 1970

To be continued

OLD PHOTOS



Team Photo #1 – Men's Whitehorse Team



Team Photo #2 – Men's Whitehorse Team

These photos are from my Uncle Les and Aunt Shirley Middlebrook. I am not sure who anyone is but Whitehorse sure had a very competitive baseball league in the 1950's.

If anyone can name any of those in the photos, please indicate the photo number and the position in the photo. Send that information to me and I will keep track of the replies and pass them on to my aunt Shirley Middlebrook. If there are several named we can run these photos later along with the names.

Mike Paolera mpaolera@telus.net (In Osoyoos BC)

Remembering Steering Knobs

Good evening Sherron,

I have just gone over edition #191. Did the article under Fender Skirts and steering knobs ever bring back a few memories and chuckles of yesterday. I must say it was very well done, a real hoot. As a child I remember many cars and trucks with steering knobs! I can remember my dad was death on them! and would not have one. I can still remember dad's explanation as to why people should not use steering knobs! and this is quote

unquote" I have seen to many busted thumbs and fingers because people were not paying attention and driving with two hands". And never let your parents catch you hitching a ride on a running board or even worse, get caught doing while it riding a bicycle!! "You might never see daylight ever again.

So many items that were pointed out in the article were just priceless.

Cheers Sherron.

Ron Hiltz ronmarg*ns.sympatico.ca (In Berwick NS)

REMEMBERING HIGHWAY LODGES, PEOPLE AND OLD TIMES

Hello Sherron, Sandy asked me, to pass this on to you, so you can use it in the Moc-Tel if you choose.

Also for Moc-Tel.

While I was sitting here, thinking of "old times" I was wondering, how many-if any-people remember Archie Gillespie. He lived in our house and was a born and bred Yukoner and a very talented writer and newspaper man.

Anne M.Domes octavia13*Northwestel.net Faro-Yukon

Hi Sandy-- your article in the MocTel was great. I remember many of the lodges, most by name only. I knew Clyde Wann; he had several lodges and was forever on the way to and fro.

I was with Konrad over night at the White River Lodge, when Danny and Erika had it. I use to work with Erika at the Whitehorse Inn. At the time we stayed in White River, they had the wolf and he went berry picking with us and what we put in the pot, he tried to eat. Burwash Landing was special; the cow Susi would always come to the back kitchen window for her hamburger.

Good memories.

Sure must have taken lots of your time to write the article.

Thank you Sandy.

Cheers Anne Domes octavia13*Northwestel.net (In Faro)

Why thank you Anne, for your kind words. I did have a little help from Moge Mogenson, and of course Bill and Sherron Jones for proof reading.

I never knew that you were up at White River Lodge when Danny and Erika was there. That is really interesting. Plus I did not know that Erika worked at the Whitehorse Inn. Was it in the cafe? Tavern? Hotel? Lounge?

May I pass this onto Sherron to put in the MocTel? If it is ok, please pass this email onto her giving her the permission to use it....this way we can see the correspondence.

I hope that this finds you well, and I thank you once again for you wonderful comments. Thinking of you always.

*Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)*

HIGHWAY LODGES INSPIRED COMMENTS

Hi Sherron, Please pass on to Sandy my congratulations on the trip down memory lane that was well done. I've never met her but know of most of the lodges on the highway that she refers to. I do recall Mendenhall Lodge as this was where we would meet with the Whitehorse ambulance to transfer our patient from one ambulance to another. I think a Connie Yaklin was running it and possibly owned it, but I stand corrected. Also I do remember Krak-R-Krik , it was known by many spellings!!!. It was owned by a Ruth Banks who later became a Ruth Mutch. A Max and Pat Hubbard ran it for several years, they later moved down the Haines Road then back into Haines Junction. Pat worked at the Information center next to the Weigh scale and Max worked at Kluane National Park. I'm not sure of the years he worked at the Aishihik airport?

Bob and Emma MacKinnon ran Canyon Creek Lodge from 1959 to 1970, (As far as I know it was built by Harvey Parent) they then moved into Haines Junction. Emma worked at Bun's café (Beloud), later called Blue Mt., later called Mountain View Inn and at present it is called Glazier View.

When we moved to Haines Junction in 1971, I became a single mom with 5 kids to bring up, I knew the owners of Mother's Cozy Corner from Carmacks. They knew I was a nurse with absolutely no waitressing experience, but were willing to give me a badly needed job. I can honestly say I've never enjoyed a job so much. Their attitude toward their staff and tourists and the atmosphere of the restaurant made it a joy to work there. They had a strong English accent which sometimes made it difficult to understand orders, and of course Glad had some choice expressions which I treasure like "Jesus Wept" which was said in moments of complete exasperation... I still find it creeps into my vocabulary at the oddest times. My youngest son about 5 then loved to come in to Cozy and watch Gladys smoke, she had a very unique way of holding the cigarette in the corner of her mouth and letting the ash trail down in a perfect C shape and still talking out of the other side of her mouth. When June and I meet up we always hash over all the fun things that happened.

Another exceptional trait of Harold's was when I received a call from the Health center to help out. Harold always yelled at me to "Get out of here and Go Now.!" He would take over, it didn't matter how busy it was. I know I was never docked for those hours; my point here is all the other lodges would have done the same thing in similar situations as they really cared for the travelers.

This article of Sandy's will be placed in one of our albums at the DROP IN CENTER for SENIORS at Haines Junction. We are constantly collecting pictures and write ups to be placed in our albums. As long as it's about the people and buildings of the Kluane Area, now if I just had some pictures to go with those lodges!!!

I also had never met Moge although I knew her brother Tyrone and his wife Donna. In one of her articles I read about her close friend Joan Loutitt. I immediately emailed her and asked if Joan was any connection to my sister-in-law Joyce (Loutitt) Gelineau. Low and behold Moge knew Charlie and Joyce quite well in NWT, talk about the opportunity of connecting friends and relations. The Moc Tel does it all.

It's too bad you don't hear from the Military who traveled north and south constantly depending on those lodges especially in the winter.

Hopefully this letter will make it into one of the MocTels.

Thanks for all your effort you put into these pages. Don't know how you do it. Enjoy your warm winter.

Regards,

Joann Graham jograham*yknet.ca (In Haines Junction Y.T.)

PS. My memory can't take the credit for the info I sent. Emma MacKinnon's daughter Roberta Allison (MacKinnon) who lives here has a fantastic memory and I picked her brain for the info on Canyon Creek and Krak-R-Krik. Apparently Mrs. Mutch was married to a very distant relation of her dad's.

I should have given Roberta the credit for that info.

PPS. Cosy Corner was owned and operated by Gladys and Harold Patterson. The June I mentioned was their daughter, June and Lorne Raymond. There was an article in the last MocTel from June..... I think I need a secretary !!!!!

Thanks again Joann

Dear Sherron,

Thank you for forwarding the informative message from Joann Graham. It was most interesting and helped to relieve my mind. As well, I was glad to learn the lady's name. I'm assuming it was Ruth Mutch who served us, in 1955. It has crept into my mind that after we had been sufficiently safonsafied on the delicious bread and cheese, she came up to us and said "I've got pie." I'm thinking this came as a surprise. I may have had some but it was the bread and cheese that filled the bill.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw)

Hi Sherron and Joann

Well the mention of June brought to memory another place just out of the Junction it was the Stardust Motel and I believe it was run by John and June Moser, we knew them well a long time ago but, I need some help here Joann as memory fails me whether they built or just ran someone's else motel ??? I believe it was just north of the Junction or maybe the north end of town.

Mogey Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC)

COZY CORNER

Oh, Joann

What a tribute to one of the most favourite restaurants to all that traveled the Alaska Highway "North". I know that highway actually goes west, but we always called it North.....one of the eccentricities of the northern people.

When we would stop at the Cozy Corner in the early years, I do recall Harold, but not Gladys. Likely because she was in the kitchen whipping up the "groceries", and Harold was out front "taking care of the tourists". Though Dad and he were friends, once you were away from your home by fifty miles, you were considered a tourist.

June and Lorne carried on the traditions that Gladys and Harold set in motion, and though I do not know who runs the Corner now, or if it is even open now, this family, first and second generation, have left a unique foot print that will be remembered and admired for many years to come, as well as very big shoes to fill.

It was the only place I worked that they would wash my uniform, as I was adamant about wearing the proper uniform, but working two jobs, left me little time for anything. In fact I had two or three, as there were times it was so hot...I was sweating down my back, and I would go to the kitchen to get an order, and though June never said it in a mean way, "she would say, "There is another uniform hanging on the door", and that was my hint that I needed to change, as my back would be soaked, and so wrapped up in giving the best service I could, I never noticed".

The lodges did take a personal interest in the welfare of the highway visitors. It meant that it was likely that there would be repeat visits, and so cases for many years to come. But also, as our visitors stopped at other lodges and campgrounds along their way, they would exchange information, and if they had a bad experience, it could really put a huge dent in your summer revenue. That revenue had to get you through the winter and into the spring of the following year. So every customer, regardless of how surly, if you took the time to ease their pain, be it a flat tire, just plain tired or needing to vent, you were

assured that for years to come that your place would have made the indelible mark, and others would stop by and say, "My (Dad and Mom, cousin, grandparents, friends) stopped here (last year, 2 years ago, or back in ????) and they were treated so well, we decided that we had to stop and see you as well. "

I recall one time a bus load stopped in at the Info Center in Beaver Creek, and after giving them all coffee and cookies as well as the "The Honourary Sourdough Certificate" and then taking them all on a little flora and fauna walk around the info center, sent them on their way. It was two years later, I was working in Haines Junction, at the Info Center, and this Coach Commander came in, saw my jacket, and asked if I was the "lady" that used to be in Beaver Creek. I said I had worked there, and he said with a huge smile, "I will be right back"....He disappeared and came back a few minutes later with a little box. In it was a wee "bus bank", a ladies baseball cap, and several pins, and a man's baseball cap, as well as a little pompom guy. He said, " I have been carrying this for two years hoping one day I would be able to give it to you. You made such an impression on my busload, they collected all this stuff, as well as the addition of goodies from our office, to give to you to say thank you." I was overwhelmed that I had made this difference, as I was only doing my job to the best of my ability. I used to joke around and say I had the best job in the world, as "I told people where to go and how to get there" and they were never angry at me for it...LOL , and I never got into trouble.

As for Mendenhall and Canyon Creek Lodges, some of the names sound familiar to me. Bob and Emma McKinnon. I have heard their name around around the "coffee table", but I cannot say that I ever met them.

As for Blue Mountain Lodge, I did not realize that it had so many name changes... wow!!!, but then Mother's never changes...I guess, there are just some things that are best left as they are.

I remember the three years I spent in the Info Centers; (two in Beaver Creek and one in Haines Junction) were quite informative for me as well. It was really a sounding board as to how "tourists" were being treated by the highway lodges. The "Cupcake" at Haines Junction was always a topic of interest, but Mother's was usually one that came to the forefront, as well as others. If a visitor had a bad experience, or an exceptional treatment, and if they thought to get a name, I would encourage them to write a note. Then on my next trip to Whitehorse, I would stop in and drop it off at the named lodge. I never knew what was written, but I did get some feed back, and never once was it too bad. One other lodge that got a lot of notoriety was Burwash Lodge. Ollie and Helen, loved seeing the "tourists".

Likely it was because he would get the "men" out for an hour of Lake Trout Fishing, and this allowed the "womenfolk", to settle their nerves...and of course, have a very relaxing afternoon with Helen.

I want to thank you, Joanne, for putting my article in "the Book". I feel very honoured and privileged. I wish, too, that I had pictures of all the Lodges as well. I do have one of

the White River Lodge, but Lord only knows where those pictures are at the moment. When I do find it, I will have it copied and I will forward it to you....

Anyway, it looks like I have written yet another tome, so I will close for now.

Do take care, and I will love to see more of your input to the MocTel as well.

Warmest Regards to you and everyone in "The Junction"

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

Hi Sandy

Great letter but to be honest I had to smile as you mentioned the flat tire thing, as this is one you missed LOL. We were all sitting down to supper and as usual that is the time a car pulls up to the pumps, guess it was my turn to get them, anyway I went out and they had a flat tire, so I told them we were eating supper and my Dad would be out in a few minutes to fix it. His comment was "Tell your Dad to hump his ass right out here and fix it." I went in and told Dad that and his comment was to tell him to "Hump his ass right down the road". which he did, as Dad refused to fix his tire, we then phoned all the other lodges north of us and told them what had happened, like I said before, we lodges stuck together when need be, that fellow was told to "hump his ass down the road" all the way to Beaver Creek before he got his tire fixed. When we had to be we were a tight lot. I have pictures of Pine Valley, White River and Mountain View for sure and possibly Burwash Lodge also the Quonset hut churches at Burwash and Haines Junction if your looking for pictures let me know ok. Looking forward to more stories Sandy.

Mogey Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

MRS MELOY'S DOG

Just a quick note in reply to the latest Moc Tel. I recall that Mrs. Meloy's little black dog was called Picka-ninny. I worked in the Dawson post office in the late 1970s when Allen Gould was postmaster, just after Frank Lidstone retired.

She and Picka-ninny used to come down to the post office every mail day. Picka ninny's leash was a long yellow ribbon. Mrs. Meloy would come in on Saturdays to pay her bills by money orders, and we would give her a hand writing out the money orders for her. I remember she would start her sentences with "Well, honey, .." I sure appreciated the opportunity to visit with her; her stories were so interesting to me, a newcomer to the north.

Barbara Hogan Barbara.Hogan*gov.yk.ca
Historic Sites Registrar www.yukonheritage.com

THE NORTH'S GO NORTH

In late 1954 our Dad was hired on with Yukon Telephone Co. to operate the Telephone office in Whitehorse. Dad drove one of the line trucks up the Alcan Highway with the family following in our little 1949 Meteor. Both my Mom and brother Ted (who'd just turned 16) - took turns driving the car, on a road that often seemed no better than a goat trail by today's standards. The Fraser Canyon was something else... the road hugged the side of the mountains with one-way traffic in many parts. Some of the streams actually ran across the surface of the road. Rockslides often made the roadway very narrow and difficult.

I always wonder how we made that trip safely, for both my mom and brother had just learned to drive! Neither of them had been able to qualify for a drivers license and when we got to Prince George the Mounties were stopping every other vehicle, mostly checking for unlicensed moose hunters. Of course they always first asked for drivers license and registration....so here we go! By sheer chance they checked Dad immediately ahead of us and waved us on through!

When I look back on this part of our life, I realize this was the beginning of a real adventure. Dad and Mom to packed seven kids and all our belongings into these two vehicles and headed off into the wilds of the Yukon in the late autumn, apparently with no fear at all of what might lie ahead. None of us had the faintest idea about life in the Yukon - but it all sounded romantic and a bit mysterious.

When we did finally reach Whitehorse the whole gang landed at the Telephone Office only to discover that the owner of the Telephone Co. had other plans in store. We were really slated to head farther north to the village of Mayo - with Mom running the phone office and Dad keeping the open copper-wire lines to the Keno and Elsa Mines open.

I remember the day in October when we left Whitehorse for Mayo. As we approached the last ferry on the Stewart River the crew had just finished hauling the ferryboat up onto the banks for the winter. Heavy ice was forming and it was time to let the river freeze over and wait for ice thick enough to make the ice-bridge for the winter. This could sometimes take quite awhile depending on the temperatures and so we could be stuck at Stewart Crossing for a rather long time. Seeing our situation and not wanting to be stuck for a month or so with a large family - the ferry operators put the ferry back in the river (with much muttering and grumbling) and off we went the last few miles to Mayo.

It's more than a half-century ago now but I remember that day like it was yesterday. It was Oct. 12th - my brother Fred's 8th birthday. What a dreary overcast day it was as we drove into town. The streets were deserted with only one lone dog trotting down the middle of the road, (why that picture remains in my memory I really don't know). I think we all felt more than a little let down that this was where we'd ended up - it seemed like the end of the world after moving from Vancouver. It began to snow and then, to a child

of twelve, this was really the end of the world. Happily, this was a short-lived feeling for us, as we soon became part of the community and no wonder....the population immediately grew by nine, with us taking up residence. At that time I think just barely three hundred people lived in Mayo.

The following is a list of my brothers and sisters "just for the record":
These are the members of my family who lived in the Yukon between 1954 - 1964.

Parents....Wilfred & Alberta North (both passed away Sept/Oct. 1995 in Victoria)

Children.....

Ted North (wife Trudy DeWolfe)....now Edmonton, AB
Penny Donald (widow).....now Nakusp, BC
Karren Crowley (husband Bob).....now Sidney, BC
Sonia Ross (widow).....now Carson City, Nevada
Fred North (wife Sherolyn)..... now Regina, SK
Jim North (wife Barb).....now Camrose, AB
Holly McKay (husband Dale).....now Olds, AB

The main branch of the North family remained in Mayo until 1959 and gradually the older children began to drift away south - Penny and Karren in the early 1960's..Mom and Dad left for Rocky Mountain House, AB in 1962.

Ted was the last North to leave the Yukon, in September 1964 - but with three boys born in Whitehorse and a wife from the DeWolfe dynasty in Dawson City, may also have the strongest 'ongoing connection' to the place.

It really was a most interesting place to be in those early years of one's life....and as all your readers know, you always come away with a lifetime of memories.

Till we chat again....Karren (North) Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sydney BC)
(With a little help from her brother Ted North.)

HIGHWAY LODGES

Sandy, I have just read your article on Highway Lodges. I know I am late sending this to you but I must admit that I have been lax lately reading the Moccasin Telegraphs. What an interesting article. While living in Haines Junction I never realized how much was going on around me – I must have had blinders on or maybe it was because of my young age (11 & 12 years old). I missed so much but with this special it certainly has brought me up-to-speed.

I was speaking to my sister, Elaine Hutton (nee Caplette, husband Ross) who worked at Koidern Lodge in the mid 1950's. Elaine left in 1957 and the village of Beaver Creek

held a huge going away party for Ross & Elaine. They gave them a set of cups and saucers with Beaver Creek, Clyde Wann on them. Elaine told me about them but I haven't actually seen them yet. I will be getting a photo of the set in the next two weeks. Elaine enjoyed her time working in the north and is currently living in Edmonton. She promised me a bit of a story when I will be visiting her in two weeks.

Again, thank you for a thrilling trip down the highway and down memory lane. I had forgotten so many names that you mentioned. On my next trip to visit Obie & Scully I will be viewing the highway through different eyes.

Cheers,
Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan)

PLEASE SHARE PHOTOS AND COMMENTS - ARCTIC WINTER GAMES, RENDEZVOUS or ANY OTHER EVENT

Sherron, just a thought. Have you asked anyone to report back for the MocTel on the Winter Games? They start on Feb. 23. I understand the Sourdough Rendezvous has been pushed back to Feb. 16 and is only 3 days instead of the entire week like in the past. The reason for this is that there are not enough volunteers for both events. Apparently volunteers are still required for the Winter Games. The city is expecting 5000 people of which 1800 are competitors. If you want more info I can ask Ken Jones. He's the one that filled me in on this info.

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)

I would welcome any photos, comments or stories on any topic. So if you attend either of these events or any others and get something you would be willing to share with us, please send it to sherronjones@shaw.ca - Sherron

CAN YOU HELP IDENTIFY THESE LADIES ???

Can anyone help identify the women in the following two photos please?

Both photos are in the David McCormick collection in the Yukon Archives. McCormick made a trip to the north in 1957. The group shot (David McCormick collection 2002/5# 116,) is of the old "Nutty Club" who were the ladies who put together the old Klondike Korner newsletter in Dawson City. My husband Michael Gates, and myself offered to try to identify those wonderful 'Nuts' as they called themselves.

We have already identified: Far right, standing up - Pretoria Butterworth; beside her using the Gestetner is Adele Comadina. On the left, you can see the partial face of Athol Retallack, sitting down, and she is wearing a black tie; beside her and also seated is Lil

Munroe; and also seated and in the middle of the photo is Margretta Gaundroue. The remaining ladies and the site location are not known.

In the 2nd photo, (David McCormick collection 2002/5 #123) we believe the background is that of the first Dawson Museum in the old fire Hall that was on Front Street.... Who is that woman? She may also be in the group shot of the Nutty Club.

Any help is appreciated and names can be sent to myself at my home e-mail address. All information will be sent to the Archives with the names of all who contributed.

While readers are thinking of all those women in the Nutty Club photo, maybe some of you helped put the Klondike Korner to bed, so perhaps you have stories of the wonderful and wild times had with the Gestetner and stapling and addressing all those issues over the years. And if you are interested, the Yukon Archives has almost the entire collection of the Klondike Korner on microfilm for anyone to read. They also have the collection of the 'Klondike Korner' minus one or two newsletters. They are a fascinating read about life in Dawson City, particularly at the middle of the last century.



Can you identify others in this photo?
Yukon Archives Photo



Can you identify this lady ?
Yukon Archives Photo

Kathy Gates kmgates@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Hi Kathy

Beside those you have identified, Blanche figures the first person on the left, sitting is Alice Ravenhill, next to Mrs. Gaundreau, sitting is Ginny Redmond.

Can not help with the second picture.

Gus & Blanche Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

ALL BUT ONE IDENTIFIED !

Sherron; If I had any hesitation about the power of the MocTel...it has been completely erased. That group photo of the Nutty Club from 1957, is now.. one -lady-short-of-a-full -house!!!! I received replies from a few people including Sharon Redmond. Sharon agreed with the Barrett's over one name and she completed the naming with the exception of the woman with the large bone who also appears to be the same woman behind Lil Munroe in the group shot! So I just want you to know that the MocTel really came to the rescue...no kidding.

I know this identifying of faces is really up to the Yukon Archives staff....but because of my connection as a Nutty club member in the 1970's through 1980's I was delighted to dig in an assist Mike with research on their behalf. When we give them the list of names, we will be sure to identify all those who helped. I have been so excited about identifying the names...

Identity of Group photo of the Nutty Club, Yukon Archives photo, taken by David McCormick in 1957:

Front row: L to R:

Alice Ravenhill, Athol Retallack, Lil Munroe, Margretta Gaundroue
Ginny Redmond, Adele Comadina, Pretoria Butterworth.

Back row: L to R

Unknown, Ida Jensen, Anne McCullum, Ethel Callison

I have to thank the following Dawsonites past and present, for their help with identification:

- Sharon Redmond
- Madeleine Gould,
- Blanche and Gus Barrett
- Brownie Foth
- Irene Crayford
- Iris Warner
- And not forgetting the MocTel under the Editorship of Sherron Jones

ALSO HELP FROM JOE REDMOND

Hi Sherron,

All is well with us. Hope you aren't too sunburned in Arizona! I agree with Blanche and Gus on the names. Comadina is spelled with a "C". The lady behind Lil Munroe is Ida Jensen, wife of John, who owned the Downtown Hotel in the early 50's. The lady behind Mom is Ethyl Callison. Sorry I don't recognize the person behind Athol or Margretta.

The lady in the second picture seems vaguely familiar but not able to come up with a name either.

All the best. Keep up the good work.

Joe Redmond [yukon43*telusplanet.net](mailto:yukon43@telusplanet.net) (In Sylvan Lake AB)

*My guess would be that the mystery lady would be the wife of the photographer. -
Sherron*

JIM and ANNE McCALLUM

One of the people I sent the photos to is Anne McCullum. She lives with her hubby Rev. Jim McCullum in the Lower Mainland of B.C.. Jim McCullum is an Anglican Minister and was the Dawson minister around the time of this Nutty Club photo. She is, of course, in the photo. However, Jim wrote me to indicate that Anne fell on ice near their home on Nov. 29th and fractured her skull. She spent time in both the ICU and Neurology ward at VGH. She has had some rehab and is now back home. She spends a lot of time resting, and can walk with the aid of a walker or stick. I don't know if anyone reading the MocTel will remember Anne from her days in Dawson City, but if anyone would like to reconnect, if only via her husband and e-mail or sending a note I will ask Jim if I can share her address etc.

When Megan suffered her brain injury and was in B.C.'s Children's hospital 11 years ago, Anne McCullum was a Pastor..(I think that was her title) and came to visit the children and was a very comfy presence. She used a hand puppet that was a Skunk....of all things...and hysterical !!! Megan had a problem with name retrieval and always referred to Anne as the " Skunk Lady". Anne and I connected very quickly upon our first meeting...over Megan's bed in ICU. I looked at Anne when she introduced herself and I said "Your name is very familiar...did you by any chance ever live in Dawson City"? She lit up like a Christmas tree and confirmed she had lived there. I looked at her again and asked if by chance, she had helped write the Klondike Korner...and if a face could get any brighter, hers sure did...and we looked at each other and said simultaneously "You're a NUT"...I thought Megan's nurse would collapse under the strain of two grown women calling each other NUTS...Ha Ha.

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

TRAIL OF 98

Thanks Sherron

Sorry to be such a nuisance, but I enjoy the telegraph so much that when I can't get it, I feel like I've missed something important.

It's a tremendous source of information about the north from people who have some piece of personal history to leave with us that might otherwise be lost.

I have one request. Does anyone have or know where there is a copy of the 1927 MGM silent film '**Trail of 98**'. I am attempting to locate a copy for my personal collection.

John Firth John.Firth*clarica.com (In Whitehorse)

(John had been experiencing difficulty opening 190 & 191 so in the end I attached a copy to an e-mail and sent them to him. So if anyone else ever has trouble getting to their copy, after a couple of tries, I would be happy to send one along attached to an e-mail.

And thank you John for reminding us how important or interesting these tidbits of Yukon history are to most of us. This thought reminds me that we owe a big thank you to all who do send us their material. THANK YOU to all who share, you make a big difference to our lives. – Sherron)

ELK CROSSING



Elk crossing the highway at Banff!

For all of you that may not know it, this is the actual turnoff from Banff to the # 1 highway to Calgary.

E-mail photo shared by Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

HAPPY 50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY FRED & BARB AYLWIN

Received: Thursday, February 01, 2007 10:16 PM

Hi Sherron,

Thanks so much for keeping the MocTel going. There is some interesting reading. Unfortunately, my foolish computer will not open the file for the addresses of the Ex-Yukoners and Sourdoughs. Is there any other way you could get it to me please?!!!

I have just hung up from talking to Fred and Barb Aylwin in Vernon. To-day was their 50th wedding anniversary. I had the good fortune of attending their wedding in Victoria in 1957. Fred and I go back a long way, I think he knew me before I really knew myself back in Mayo in the late late 30's. Barb and I are great friends, too. Anyhow, I just thought the Yukon connection should know of this celebration. Good news is always good to hear.

Take care and keep up the good work.

Barbara (Taylor) Conway barbaraac@shaw.ca (In Prince George)

*I did copy and paste a copy of the list into an e-mail for Barb Conway.
Happy Anniversary Fred & Barb... may there be many more. - Sherron*

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH STARTS 5TH YEAR

Who would have thought in early February 2003 that there would be enough to say to keep the Moccasin Telegraph going all this time. Well many of you have been receiving the newsletter for most of that time and can attest to the variety of topics we have covered and the amount we have all learned about Yukon and its former, and to a lesser degree, current residents.

Since there are many new subscribers in the last year it is time to cover a few topics once again.

- All editions of the Moccasin Telegraph are being archived by Yukon Archives. This provides each of you with an opportunity to have your treasured photos, poems, stories and even family connections preserved for future generations to read in your own words.

- A CD is made available each year and now contains all four years. It can be searched by using a 'Keyword' which enables you to find topics easily. This year the CD is available for the price of \$22.50 which includes mailing.

- The 'MocTel' is provided to you by e-mail as a labour of love and in fact is material shared by many of you. I do appreciate a donation from you to help me with the ongoing costs and for spending hours each week producing it.

- The Moccasin Telegraph winter address is #483 – 5707 32nd Street, Yuma, Arizona, 85365

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I went over the list you just sent out and noticed that our email address has since changed.

Was jrhscott@bigfoot.com, and now is jrhscott@shaw.ca

Thanks.
Jim & Frona Scott

ARTISTIC TALENT



Evening Flight

Photo of his oil painting courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

OBIT

Just a note to pass on some sad news.

We have lost two more Yukoners as of yesterday.

Wolf Kemna passed away in Sundre, Alberta, with his family by his side. He suffered for some time with heart problems.

Also, **Harvey Atkinson** passed away yesterday in Nanaimo, BC. He succumbed to cancer, and was surrounded by his family. He will be flown back to Whitehorse for the funeral, and buried there.

I am sure that these will be caught by Bill Maylor as he peruses the obits to be sent to the MocTel, but I thought I would give a heads up.

Anyway, I thought I would pass this along to you.

There is a correction in Harvey's name....it should have been Acheson...he worked at the scales for several years, and I believe that he drove for White Pass as well, but I am sure there are others that will now better than I.

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

DIXON, Claire Elizabeth Claire was born September 29, 1979, in Whitehorse, Yukon and died January 4, 2007 on the Wapta Traverse Icefield along with her soul mate, Cornelius (Kees) Brenninkmeyer of Toronto. . . .

Claire is survived by her mother and father Susan and Mark Dixon, her brother Paul (Jill) Dixon of Salmon Arm. . .

For details see - The Province on 1/25/2007.

WELSH, George Alexander Age 79 Born: May 31, 1927, Edmonton, Alberta
Died: January 25, 2007, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory Survived by three children, Rob (and Nancy), Apple Valley, Minnesota, Martie (and Don), Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, and Doug (and Ines), Calgary, Alberta; sister Ruth, Colwood, BC, brother Gordon (and Mikki), Lake Cowichan, BC, sister-in-law Hazel, Leduc, Alberta; three grandchildren; Elissa, High Point, North Carolina, Scott and Lon, both of St. Paul, Minnesota. Predeceased by wife Kay in 2002 after 53 years of marriage. Attended school in Edmonton and later at the University of Calgary. Served in the Canadian Army in Edmonton in 1944-45. George worked in the family construction business after the war then started in the oil industry in 1947 in Leduc. He was married on October 22, 1949 in Edmonton to Kathleen Mabel Garbe, of Jasper Place. He was a very successful sales and management executive in the Canadian oil industry for Dowell, Vanir Engineering and Johnson Controls, moving over 20 times in the early years before settling down in Calgary in 1959. Later, he and wife Kay spent 10 years in Africa, the Middle East and Scotland as a Dowell/Schlumberger senior management executive. As part of his industry involvement he was a past chairman/president of the CIME/AIME Canadian oil industry group. George was well liked and respected wherever he worked and lived. In 1982, George and Kay retired to Cobble Hill and built a home on Allen Road, which became the site of many dinners, barbeques, get-togethers and reunions as relatives and friends from around the world stopped by regularly. They moved to Duncan in 2001. After Kay's

death in 2002, he moved to Parkwood Place in Victoria in September 2004, then to Copper Ridge Place in Whitehorse in December 2005. George was a good father, husband, leader and neighbor. He always treated people with respect and was respected and loved in return. Services will be held at Duncan United Church, Duncan, BC, Thursday, February 1st, 1:00 p.m.
Published in the Edmonton Journal on 1/31/2007.

BURNETT, David Michael (Barney) Barney passed from this life on January 25/07 in Whitehorse, Yukon. Born to the late Bill & Muriel Burnett on November 25/47 in Vancouver. Greatly missed by daughter, Stephanie (Leo), brother, Jim, sisters Megan (Doug), Pat (Bob), Katie (Peter), stepmother Catherine, numerous nieces, nephews, cousins. Special thanks to Dr. Anne Williams, Bob King and Rob Draeseke. Barney fought emphysema with courage. He was bright, loving, stubborn and did it his way. Memorials later in Vancouver and Whitehorse after Spring breakup. 335659
Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 1/31/2007.

NEW ADDITIONS

We would like to receive the Moccasin Telegraph, my e mail is bmcgeach*telus.net

I was in Mayo from about 1948 or so. Mom and dad (Dunc and Ruth McGeachy) moved from Whitehorse to Mayo .I went to school in Mayo, Elsa and Whitehorse. Worked for UKHM and NCPC, married Faye in 1970 and we moved to Cloverdale in1978. We moved to Penticton in 1989.

[After asking a couple of questions – Sherron]

Sherron - this is Faye 'talking' - Brian knows the Burians, the Norths, the Curries (both the young ones and the old good-looking one!) – he also worked for Henry Breaden at NCPC - I am from Gull Lake. Saskatchewan - maiden name Nesbitt - taught junior high school in Mayo 1968 -1978 - how can we get Henry Breaden' stories that you put in your newsletter - are back issues available - how is the subscription for the newsletter paid?

Thank you. Brian/Faye McGeachy
Penticton B C

Hi Sherron. We've enjoyed Dad's stories of the Moccasin Telegraph and he has encouraged us to sign up for ourselves. So here we are!

My name is Sandra Wohlfarth and parents are Don and Muriel Frizzell. We met you briefly last summer when you stayed at my folks'. You also stopped in at The Deli, which my husband and myself own. My husband's family is what I wanted to add to the

historic files:

Ernst and Ilse Wohlfarth immigrated from Germany to Canada in 1958, coming directly to Whitehorse. They had relatives here already. Ernst's sister, Martha Dendorfer and her husband Joe had previously arrived from Germany. Ernst and Ilse lived on Wheeler Street, along with their baby daughter Ulrike. In 1959 daughter Elke arrived, followed by sister Karin in 1960. The family of 5 moved to a larger house at 203 Hanson Street in 1961. Son Ralph came along in 1962, followed by daughter Doris in 1963. Ernst worked for Cassiar Asbestos at P10 (warehouse). In 1966 Ernst went to work at Burns Meats on Main Street. Ernst was a sausage maker by trade in Germany. Ernst remained with Burns until early 1969, but in 1968 opened The Delicatessen Center in a quonset hut in the back alley of their home. The Delicatessen was only open from 1-4, as Ilse ran a boarding house in their main home and was busy with household chores in the mornings. Ernst cut meat and made sausage in the evenings and early mornings, then off to work at Burns for the day. It was also in 1969 they decided that the Delicatessen Center had outgrown the quonset hut. Ernst quit his job at Burns and began construction on what is the present day Yukon Meat & Sausage building. For the first year or two, only the basement section was completed and the business ran out of there. Then in December 1972 the next two stories were completed, with the Wohlfarth family of 7 taking up residence in the top floor. This has remained a family run business ever since. Ernst and Ilse Wohlfarth retired in 1996 and continue to make Whitehorse their home. They are both very well and love to travel and spend time at their Lake Labarge cabin. Ralph and his wife Yvonne purchased the business at that time. Ralph had been working as Manager for several years. Ralph and Yvonne had two sons, Conrad born August 3, 1993 and Stephen born February 15, 1996. Yvonne ran the store (The Deli) and Ralph concentrated on the meat cutting and sausage making, and also the administration. Yvonne passed away from kidney cancer on September 26, 1998.

I (Sandra Frizzell) had been friends with Ralph since 1980 and had been living in Toronto at the time. I relocated to Whitehorse in December 1998 and began dating Ralph. We were married February 26, 2000. We continue to run the business together, with both the kids helping out after school and in the summer months.

Regards,

Sandra and Ralph Wohlfarth ykmeat@polarcom.com (In Whitehorse)

Please add to the list
August and Olive Pociwuschek
Calumet from 1951 – 1964
Whitehorse (Igloo Sporting Goods) 1964 -1980
Now South Surrey
augustp@telus.net

Hi Sherron,

I am sorry to say I do not remember you either but Olive does as she was on City council.

Yes, it was Rolf Hougen that phoned me and gave me your address. It is ironic because I just herd about Yukon Nugget a few days ago and had intended to find out more.

How do I go about it if I want to send anything do I just send it to you via this address? For instance, there was a short note in the last edition that mentions Horst Scheffen. I worked with him for a short while in the Calumet Mine in 1951. He was not there very long but soon moved to Mayo got married and did have several children, no idea how many. There was a funny story about him. One day talking to the shift boss he told him that he was a gardener by trade. Then a few days later he did something that did not please the shift boss and he told him to smarten up this was not mining this was gardening. It then became a standing joke in the mine that when someone was criticized they would say this is not mining this is gardening. It was an expression that lasted for several years even after everyone had forgotten about Horst. Unfortunately he died quite young.

I am usually reluctant to join in something like this because it often results in a jam packed Mail box, however you seem to have this well organized and should work out. Too good to pass up.

I also know all about the ski hill development in Whitehorse as I get there quite often. I fly my own aeroplane back and forth.

Keep up the good work,
Best Regards August.

Hi Sherron, I received your e-mail addy from Tish Reeder, she was telling me about your web site etc. Could you put me on your list and can I get a mailing address from you to send a donation. I was born, raised, married and had my children in the Yukon. My dad came up during the construction of the Alaska Highway in 1942, my mom and brother came up in 1945 and I was born in 1947. Married in 1964 and still here, we will be wintering in Arizona, but have no plans on leaving the Yukon on a permanent basis, any information that you could give me, I would very much appreciate. There are a lot of (army brats) that were here in the late 50 and early 60's before they pulled out of Whitehorse, that I would love to get in touch with. Thanks again and my hot mail e-mail is yukonprevost@gmail.com. Thanks again Rhea Trerice, maiden name (Parent).

Sherron:

Lonnie Laroque gave us your e mail address and we would like to be on the distribution list for the "Moccasin Telegraph". Esther, my wife was born here in Yukon as well as her mother and we may have some contributions for you to consider.

Esther's maiden name is WALIN. We live in Whitehorse Yukon. Her dad, Gunar Walin,(deceased) was an immigrant at age 15 or 16 from Finland and her mother(deceased), who's maiden name is Macpherson, was named Frances Grace- called Frances. Sandy Macpherson, Frances' father, was a Scotsman who came to the Yukon in 1898 during the Gold Rush up over the Chilkoot pass. He, like most others who came, did not make it big in the gold fields and eventually brought his bride, Isabella nee Cameron , from Scotland and settled in Whitehorse working as a blacksmith for White Pass & Yukon Route. More stuff is available and Esther has a big extended family here. The other two siblings in her family- her brothers are both dead now.

John L Wright johnlwright@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)



Sunset Jan 28, 2007 Yuma Arizona

Photo courtesy Bill Jones ve7yi@adelphia.net (In Yuma)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

“There is only one success – to be able to spend your life in your own way.”
Christopher Morley

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From the 1942 Eastern Star Cookbook:

Submitted by Maribeth Mainer mainerm1@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Chess Cakes - Thora Bratsberg

Cream together 1/2 cup butter and 1 cup sugar.
3 eggs, well beaten
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup raisins

Place rich pastry in muffin tins and use one good tablespoon of above mixture for each cake.

(Margin note adds: 350 F for 25 min.)

DATES TO REMEMBER

2007 Yukon Quest, begins Saturday February 10th in Whitehorse.

<http://www.yukonquest.org/servlet/viewnewslit?null&resolution=1024&referer=>

Canada Winter Games, February 23 – March 10, 2007.

<http://www.2007canadagames.ca/>

The Vancouver Yukoner's Association plans for March 31st banquet are in full swing now and the response has been most gratifying, thanks, in large part, to the power of the MocTel and our own Carol Clarke's blitzkrieg email tactics!! There is a large group, led by Gus and Blanche Barrett coming from Vancouver Island, and we expect a good turnout from the interior as well.

Know that quite a number of present day Yukoners have made reservations at the River Rock, marking that weekend for a well deserved break from the cold weather of late. Larry Bidlake from Manitoba is even making the trip west for a good time with old school friends and his sister Diane King. Special guests are Commissioner Geraldine Van Bibber and her husband Pat along with this year's Mr. & Mrs. Yukon, Rudy and Janet Couture.

Time now to remind readers that if you can join us, send ticket monies - cheques please (\$55 a person) to:

Mary MacDonald,
Apt.309 - 5166 Halifax St.,
Burnaby, B.C., V5B 2N6

PREPAID tickets can be picked up at the door the night of the event. We need to have numbers early in March for the hotel catering staff. If you wish to stay at the River Rock Resort where the banquet is being held you can call them toll free at 1.866.748.3718 and

remember to ask for the Yukoner's rate!! For more information you can email clclarke*shaw.ca or hmunro*shaw.ca

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

Moccasin Telegraph

c/o Sherron Jones
483 – 5707 – E 32nd Street
Yuma, Arizona, USA 85365
928-341-0690