

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 205th Edition – May 20th, 2007

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



George Black Ferry returns to service at Dawson.

Just 8 days after break-up. It's not a record, but it's pretty quick. - Dan
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

This little story is not from my own experience but was told to me by a young cat skinner I met in Dawson many years ago. (No names – no pack-drill.) In any event he has long since departed for what we hope is a better world. He swore it was true, and I could just imagine his reaction. - Gus

Growing up.

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

In my boyhood years in Dawson, my curiosity would stir,
Like all the other fellows that I knew.
As to what occurred each evening, where the pretty ladies were,
In those houses down on second avenue.
The mining crews would gather there, and dignitaries too,
Each evening they would gather without fail.
All tidied up and shining and with money in their jeans,
It was obvious that something was for sale.

And often when we're coming home from fishing at the creek,
Or on bicycles, just going for a ride,
We would creep around the building 'neath the windows for a peek,
To see just what was going on inside.
We were sure they're up to something underhanded, there inside,
It was wartime, and what else were we to think.
But whenever we could get a glimpse, no matter how we tried,
They're just sitting round the parlour with a drink.

When my friend turned seventeen (I was one year younger)
We thought we'd go along and check it out.
We figured that the houses wouldn't open too much longer,
As many of the crews were heading south.
As we entered we were greeted by the madam of the place,
Who didn't seem to care that we were teens.
Business was lagging, and we'd brighten up the pace,
We were working boys with money in our jeans.

She quickly took our money, with a twinkle in her eye,
Then we waited as we sipped a glass of wine.
I was getting rather nervous as the time went slowly by,
I looked around and I was next in line.
A ravishing young lady came tiptoeing through the room,
In an outfit that hid little of her wares.
My hands began to tremble, I was as nervous as a groom,
When she winked at me and pointed to the stairs.

Well, my knees had turned to rubber by the time I reached the top,
I was not convinced that this would be much fun.
I told myself to settle down, the quivering would stop,
While all I really wanted was to run.
As I turned the corner to the hall, my confidence was jolted,
And I realized I'm not grown up at all,
I left her standing all alone; I turned around and bolted,
When I saw my father coming down the hall.

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Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright

CHAPTER 31

NORTHERNERS – Part 1

It has always given me a great deal of satisfaction to have taken part, in a small way, in some of the biggest developments in the Yukon Territory -- The surveys for the Alaska Highway, the Canol Pipeline, the Dempster Highway, the oil discovery in the Peel Plateau country, and not the least, the discovery of the Faro Mine, about 200 miles north east of Whitehorse.

As early as 1960 I flew the prospectors, Dr. Aro Aho, Al Kulan and Gordon Davis in the area, although the community of Faro wasn't established until 9 years later. ‘

One of our Bell G2 helicopters was used to do a gravity survey of the area and the results indicated that there was justification for a large scale drilling program which was to become the largest producing mine, lead zinc silver, in the Yukon and support a community of 1,400 people.

I did considerable flying for Al Kulan who was a knowledgeable prospector as was Gordon Davis. Dr. Aho was a geologist and an excellent prospector and it was a just reward that these hard working men who had such unshakable faith in their find were to do so well financially from their years of roaming the hinterlands of the Yukon.

They should have lived out their lives in peace and comfort but Dr. Aho was accidentally killed on his farm on Vancouver Island; Al Kulan was shot in a bar at Ross River. Gordon Davis lives in Vancouver.

The Canadian North is a vast area yet it was surprising how often I would become acquainted with people scattered throughout northern B.C., Yukon and the N.W.T. and over the years meet them again under totally different circumstances.

In 1929, long before I ever gave a thought to becoming a pilot, I was carrying mail between Fort St. John and Hudson Hope and one day when I was at Hudson's Hope an aircraft on skis came in and landed on the Peace River.

In those days the arrival of an aircraft was a big event and everyone turned out to see the aircraft and the pilot. This particular time was no exception. The pilot was Punch Dickens and if I remember correctly he was flying a Junkers.

Over the years I heard about Punch Dickens but didn't meet him until 1950 when I went to the deHaviland factory in Toronto to take delivery of a new Beaver aircraft. Punch, who was the Sales Manager and had had a part in developing the Beaver, completed my deal in purchasing the aircraft.

He is a living legend in Canadian aviation and I admire him as a pilot and found him to be an interesting speaker at various aviation functions. He was awarded the Canada Medal for the role he had played in opening up the North and for the mercy flights he made in the early days, so it was with real pleasure that I received a congratulatory letter

from Punch when I received the Canada Medal in 1974. I am proud to have this in common with a man of Punch Dicken's calibre.

* * *

Another such association was Bill Strong who was my partner in my first flying endeavour.

During the 1920's Bill operated the Taku Trading Company, a river boat on the Taku River between Juneau, Alaska and the Polaris Taku Mine which was about 50 miles up the Taku River on the Canadian side of the B.C.-Alaska border.

The Taku is more than typical of the treacherous, fast moving rivers which come tumbling out of the Coast Mountains. It is no place for an amateur. Bill Strong, in my opinion, was one of the best riverboat captains who ever ran a successful transportation business on the Taku.

In the 30's Bill moved his Taku Trading Company operations to the Stikine River in northern B.C. and operated a passenger and freight boat between Wrangell Alaska and Telegraph B.C., and the Stikine was another nasty mountain river, full of white water, canyons, sweepers, just waiting to cause a disaster. Bill's business came to include a general store at Telegraph Creek and where he also traded in furs. He then expanded to operating a riverboat on the Dease River between Dease Lake and Lower Post, 150 miles distance on the Liard River where he operated a second trading post. It must be remembered that Bill did all this when conditions were primitive - no communications, no aircraft, few communities, in an area as big as a good many countries in other parts of the world.

The completion of the Alaska Highway in 1944 just about eliminated the need for river transportation, so shortly after that Bill closed out the Taku Trading Company and moved farther from civilization to Aklavik, N.W.T. where he continued to buy furs and trade with trappers and prospectors.

With Bill's death in 1955 an era of river men, traders and free enterprisers came to an end, and I lost a good friend.

* * *

Even forty years ago it was surprising at the number of services which were made available to people in remote communities in the North. I am thinking of the dentist Dr. Bill Joiner whom I flew about the country for several years while he did his "rounds", hundreds of miles apart.

Northerners were fortunate in having dedicated professional people to attend to their needs. Such a person was Bill Joiner, who, in having firmly decided he wanted to be a dentist, found he could not get the training in his native British Columbia, and the only option to get his degree in dentistry, was to join the U.S. Army. He did and practiced dentistry in the U.S. Armed Forces until the end of the war when he returned to Vancouver.

In 1947 he and his wife Fran moved to Dawson City where I came to know them and started flying Dr. Joiner to the outlying areas.

At least twice a year I would fly him and all his dental equipment to Old Crow, 250 miles

north of Dawson. I will always remember the wooden, folding dentist chair Bill had put together to fit into the aircraft. It was a masterpiece of ingenuity and if still at large should be in the Dawson Museum.

There were about 150 Indians at Old Crow, and about 10 white people which includes the R.C.M.P., Anglican clergyman, Catholic priest, and a couple of white trappers.

Bill would unload his equipment and set up shop and work steadily for about 10 days, clearing up all the dental problems and then I would fly back in and pick him up.

Mayo was another place he made regular visits. The United Keno Hill Mines was about 35 miles north of Mayo, employed about 400 men, plus families, so the dentist would be there about 2 weeks. This was the routine for the 5 years the Joiners spent in the Yukon and I always enjoyed my trips with Bill.

There was one trip which we both remember - probably Bill wishes I would forget it.

I was flying the Cessna Crane a twin engine aircraft, licensed to carry five people. My load consisted of dentist, Dr. Joiner, ophthalmologist, Dr. Wilson Knowlton who also made trips throughout the Territory, a Catholic priest who was building a church at Old Crow and Joe Netro an Old Crow native fur trader and owner of a trading post in the community. I was fully loaded.

We were getting ready for take off when I realized that something on the aircraft was not working properly, so I fiddled around for about an hour before I was satisfied that we were ready for the 2 hour flight to Old Crow.

Bill Joiner was sitting in the co-pilot's seat beside me and we were about an hour out, half way to Old Crow, when Bill told me that Nature was calling and he would have to do something about it. I told him the Crane was not equipped to accommodate passengers with small bladders and he would just have to hang on until we got to Old Crow.

He retorted that it was my fault for holding us up for an hour fixing the aircraft and he hadn't been able to find the men's room at the airport at Dawson.

He leaned toward me and said, "Pat, I just have to go." Next thing I knew he picked up a metal cake tin in which Fran had baked a big, beautiful cake for him to have while at Old Crow, dumped the cake out and put the tin to good use.

The Joiners left Dawson in 1952 went to Yellowknife for a year then moved to Vancouver where they, with their three sons and a daughter have lived ever since.

Many of Bill's patients are Yukoners like ourselves who appreciate him as an excellent dentist and a good friend.

To be continued

LEO PROCTOR – TRANSPORTATION HALL OF FAME

I was so pleased to see that Leo Proctor will be inducted into the Transportation Hall of Fame - Leo was a great guy. I thought for information's sake that I should expand on the comments made about Leo.

The winter road in question was built by Leo under contract to the White Pass - the purpose of that road was for the delivery of 7,000 tons of freight to Amerada Petroleum in the Bell River Area. White Pass had a contract with Amerada and all the freight was carried up from Vancouver on the 'Clifford J. Rogers' - as I recall it, 1959 was the year.

Once in Whitehorse the freight was all trucked to Mayo and stockpiled there awaiting completion of the road - Fred Taylor was sent to Mayo to co-ordinate the project.

Building the road was a great achievement for Leo - 385 miles of 'winter road' and for the first time in the north on an oil exploration project, standard highway tractors and trailers were used - White Pass purchased 8 Kenworth Tractors and Columbia trailers for the job. Previous operations of this sort had been handled by 'Cat Trains'.

There was a film produced of this whole operation 'Four Giant Steps' - the building of such a road today would probably be banned from an ecological point of view. This project was a great success from a transportation point of view, but alas the Amerada drilling only produced a 'dry' hole.

Cheers, 'Dick'

Dick Sladden dsladden@telus.net (In Vancouver)

PEARL HARBOUR HOTEL

Dear Sherron

I understand there is talk about the old Pearl Harbor Hotel. This is my bit of trivia.

On January 15, 1967 I leased the hotel from Sid and Hilda Carr. In order to get it up and running, I had to borrow money from Bert Humphrey for the first months rent.

The other loan I made was at the Bank of Montreal as I needed money to pay for the inventory. The manager who gave me the loan was none other than Edward Thompson, (who is now Gillian Campbell's husband). Ed loaned me \$500.00.

Business was good except I took it over in the dead of winter. The fire marshal closed down the top floor so therefore I could not make enough money on the rooms.

I can tell you that I was the last person to fully operate that hotel. Mrs. Titus, Hilda Carr's mother was my housekeeper and she did a great job of keeping the place clean. I managed the bar myself and had some great bar maids. We had a Hawaiian night in February and the word went out to the mine in Clinton Creek that everyone got a free lei. The place was packed. We also brought in baby orchids for the ladies. By the way the lei were plastic and very colorful.

The hotel grossed \$21,000.00 in the two months and 5 glorious days I ran it. Unfortunately the expenses came to \$26,000.00. Mike Comadina set up my books for me. And I was very lucky to have Tommy Nakachima run the restaurant. Lora Moi also worked in the restaurant.

The food was wonderful and the booze ran freely. All in all it was the best party I ever threw.

In those days you had to have cash because every one would come in with pay cheques. So Eleanor Millard loaned me \$1,000. As a kitty to cash cheques.

We put on a Robby Burns night and Lora made haggis and boiled it in plastic bags. It was so funny all the German guys came in and ate it up like it was the best thing since sliced bread. We did not have a piper so of course we improvised and had ex mayor Jimmy Mellor (a resident of the hotel) Pipe or should I say play it in on the piano.

When I could no longer make my expenses. Willy Crayford came and took out all the Appliances and improvements and gave me my money back. I paid every one back from my wages for the next year. By the way my silent partner is now my husband of 40 years. We called it quits for running the hotel on March 20, 1967 and were married in Dawson City on May 7th, 1967.

My name at that time was Doris Gibson and I started my barmaid career at the Occidental. There are some mementos of my days at the Pearl Harbor, better known as the Bonanza in the Museum.

I hope you enjoy my experiences at the old Pearl Harbor.

Doris Gates yukonbelle*bcwireless.com (In Clinton BC)

MURIEL'S SPIRIT

Anyone who knew Jack and Muriel Needham may be interested to know that Jack's son Jack and Muriel's daughter Donna McLean commissioned a Dragon Boat to be built in honor of their mother Muriel Needham who passed away in 2006. The boat will be used by the Breast Cancer Dragon Boat team in Kelowna. Donna and Jack will be in Kelowna soon for the official launch and blessing of the boat.

Donna also hopes to be at the Okanagan Picnic in June at Summerland, where last year she brought her mother along to see some old friends.



Muriel's Spirit launched in Kelowna – May 2, 2007
Photo courtesy Donna McLean keebird@shaw.ca (In Victoria BC) & Eugene & Sharon Leveque (In Kelowna)

MEMORIES OF DAWSON INSPIRED BY EMILY'S PHOTOS

How well I remember that terrible episode with Grace Haldenby and her 3 girls, when the ice went out that spring. I still correspond with her regularly and I bet she thinks of this every year at this time.

Good photo of Eric Blomberg and Ralph Mellor when they were young. When I arrived in March 1951, Dr. Barrie Duncan was the doctor, Allan's brother.

Sr. Mary Laurena was the nursing sister. She sure taught me how to "make 'doo' with what we had to work with" in the N.W.M.P. Barracks on front street. Sr. Mary Amie was our cook and Sr. Mary Albert was in charge of the Lab. and X-ray department. I remember her showing me her bright red hair under her head gear one day. It was beautiful, but had to be very short at all times. An elderly sister was Sr. Mary Prudentien (sp) was always in the hospital 7 nights a week. Around 8 p.m. she would come over and visit with all the elderly men downstairs and speak French with Tommy Herbert from Quebec. At this time, I could speak French fluently also, coming from Quebec, so he was kinda my favourite. Maggie Bremner would come up almost nightly to visit her dad, Mr. Redmond and I also remember Mr. Lelievre, and Mr. Korbo. Then at 9 p.m. she would come up stairs and say good night to all the patients. She was a wonderful lady. Then she

would sit in her old rocking chair in the hallway and rock, pray and sleep. One night, Pete arrived at the back door and I encouraged him to tip-toe up the back stairs and sit in the "chart room" with me. Almost immediately she wakened and down she came. He had to make a hasty retreat and I was told, "this is not done here". Never again did I try that trick. After awhile, they moved all of these elderly men to the Commissioner's Residence on the lower floor, to be looked after by the Sisters.

I believe that could have been Sr. Mary Prudentien on the left in the picture of the 3 Nuns. I once visited Sr. Mary Laurena in Victoria, she was quite old then but still very pretty. I will always have wonderful memories of my nursing days in Dawson City and to relive these memories with Dr. Allan Duncan at many of our Vancouver Yukoners' luncheons were the greatest!!!

I didn't mean for this to be so long, but it's hard to stop as one thing leads to another. This special edition brought back so many wonderful happenings.

Someday I would like to meet Emily Stillwell.

Lorna "Brownie" Foth lfoth@shaw.ca (In White Rock)

MORE MEMORIES – In reply to a couple of questions

Firstly, my maiden name was Lorna Brown, but still known as Miss Brown when I arrived, March 21/1951, but before Christmas 2 nurses followed me to Dawson and of course they had nursed with me in Vancouver and always called me Brownie, so today, here at the Carlton I am still known as Brownie and they don't even ask what my real name is. Funny how things like this happen. As we arrived here to sign up for residency, Gladys Murdock met us at the door and that was the start of Brownie around here. Gladys was George Murdock's wife in Dawson who owned our jewellery store. George and Pete were close mining friends in Dawson.

Secondly, Emily told the story about Grace Haldenby and her 3 girls walking on the river when the ice decided it was time for the break-up. Grace's husband was our Anglican minister and lived just feet away from the Yukon River where they were walking.

Now, she showed a picture of a large green log building that was our garage beside our house that Jack and Hazel Meloy bought from us when they moved into town from Coffee Creek. Some time later, Pete made a nice cabin out of this garage and also 2 little buildings on the other side of our house (8th and Harper) and we called them the "Debbie - Lynne Cabins" and I rented them out nightly to the tourists in the summer time. They were well known in Whitehorse because no matter how many kids you piled into these 3 cabins, my price was \$10.00 per night. Dr. Pugh, remember him? Well, he used to bring his whole family to Dawson and stay a week nearly every summer. He always liked the green log building as it was larger than the other 2 buildings. It is now torn down and Dr.

McCall and his son built a lovely 2 story home on that lot. As I sit here writing these lines, it seems like yesterday that all this happened. Time has gone far too quickly.

It's always good to hear from you, Sherron. I must keep looking for the picture of that large green building on 8th. Our house is still intact (even though) it had a fire in it when Meloy's lived there and it is out on the Bonanza road, I think.

Lorna (Brown) "Brownie" Foth lfth*shaw.ca (In White Rock)

REMEMBERING FIFTY YEARS AGO

Dear Brownie,

When you said in your message to Sherron that you would like to meet me I thought you might not remember me. I was telling Sherron that on one occasion, you asked if you could come as my mother to the piano recital that Elly or Ellie Berglund was having. And so you did. I was last on the program and played two numbers. Then we all had tea. It was in 1956, I'm thinking. I visited you in your home several times. I remember Lynne and Debbie and Pete of course.

None of the Sisters names you have mentioned rings a bell. I'm thinking Dr. Barry Duncan might have been ahead of me at Aklavik and Allan Duncan at Dawson. I'm not sure now which was the oldest of the brothers. I hope there will be more information coming re the Doctors Duncan.

It was interesting to learn more about the log building and how it was put to good use.

I hope you are keeping well and will have a good summer.

Emily Stillwell

Emily: I can't for the life of me remember you, I knew an Emily, but the surname doesn't ring a bell. Elly Berglund was my baby sitter for Lynne and Debbie. Lynne, born in January 54 and Debbie in Dec. 55. We lived on 8th Ave and Harper St. and Elly and Gus lived on 9th Ave, just above us in an adorable little house. Were you nursing then? What years were you in Dawson and then things might open up for me. I arrived in Dawson, March/51 and married back home in Quebec, February /52. When we drove back to Dawson after the wedding, we stayed at the **Pearl Harbour Hotel** until we flew out to Thistle Creek with Pat Callison in April/52. It must have been several months before I went back nursing, at St. Mary's (The Old NWMP Barracks on Front Street.) Anyhow, I want to write you about Dr. Allan Duncan.

Dr. Allan Duncan was born in Winnipeg in 1908 and graduated with an MD from the University of Manitoba in 1931. His two brothers are doctors. He did post-graduate work

at Winnipeg General Hospital until 1933 when he went to the Yukon. In 1947 he took his Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons examination in Edinburgh and began practice as a surgeon and family physician in Regina and then Vancouver. Dr. Duncan retired in 1988. His first wife died in 1962 and in 1970 he married Jean Field, widow of Ted Field, one of the founders of Canadian Pacific Airlines.

Brownie

BISON CROSSING

Ever wonder how a Bison crosses a river? Ever wonder who has the right of way?



Bison crossing Liard River Bridge, April 24 2007

The truck is stopped.

Photo courtesy Dan Boyd dboyd*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Hi Sherron

Well there is a little bit of Yukon history attached to the following article.

My dad has been inducted into the Canadian Amateur Boxing Association and by Boxing Ontario Hall of fame

He was a long time coach in Whitehorse and taught many of the kids the sport.

When he moved from Whitehorse in 1992 to Ontario he continued in this sport.

I remember being little and going to practice night which was Tuesday evenings at the Recreation centers, one is now the transportation museum. There was another location in Takhini but can not remember the name of the hall it was held at.

There is a piece of history here as he started with the boxing when he lived in the Yukon.

He has taken many teams (team Canada) to the Olympics the one that I remember was Zurich but he has traveled many places from one end of the world to another.

Might be worth putting something out there to see if anyone else has stories of the good old boxing tournaments that happened. I know that it was big in the 80's and early 90's. I believe it is still a strong sport up there as Team Yukon participated in the Winter Games. The article I am including from the Ontario paper does mention the one who is now a coach up there and was an official at the boxing events during the winter games

Jenny Roberts jiroberts@shaw.ca (In Chilliwack)

Long-time Pickering boxing coach honoured

Preston Roberts named to Canadian, Ontario hall of fames

Apr 27, 2007

By Al Rivett arivett@durhamregion.com

PICKERING -- Preston Roberts wasn't expecting the accolades that came his way from the national and provincial boxing communities last weekend.

But, the long-time boxing coach -- slowed by cancer over the past two years -- notes he was surprised to be honored by the Canadian Amateur Boxing Association and by Boxing Ontario at a special ceremony at the Ray McGibbon's Gloves boxing card in St. Catharines.

While there, it was announced Roberts, who's spent 30 years in the fight game helping young boxers reach their full potential, would be inducted into the Canadian Amateur Boxing Association Hall of Fame, as well as being inducted into Boxing Ontario's Legends' Ring of Fame as a coach.

"It was a total, total surprise, I wasn't expecting it," says Roberts, 67, whose voice has been tapered to a whisper, owing to the fact his throat has been affected by cancer, necessitating a breathing apparatus to be inserted. "I was shocked, really."

Roberts says he did receive a letter the week before the St. Catharines meet, inquiring if he would be there that weekend, but didn't suspect it would be to honour him with two of the most prestigious awards in amateur boxing.

Boxing became a way of life for Roberts while a resident of Yukon Territory, where he served as president of the Yukon Amateur Boxing Association for 19 years. For 15 of those years, he also served as a coach with the Whitehorse Boxing Club.

In 1992, he moved to Pickering and his intention was to take a break from boxing. That hiatus was short-lived, however. At the behest of long-time Ajax Boxing Club coach Don Ross, he got back into coaching.

"He got me hooked again and I ended up staying there for another six years," says Roberts of coaching in Ajax.

Most memorable of his time at the Ajax club was his association with light middleweight (71 kilogram) boxer Nicky Farrell, who fought his way onto the Canadian Olympic Boxing team and competed at the 1996 Olympic Summer Games in Atlanta. Farrell lost his first match to Kazakhstan's Yermakhan Ibraimov, the eventual bronze medallist in the weight class.

In 1999, he founded his own boxing club in Pickering, the Liverpool Boxing Club. But, after seven years at the helm, Roberts was forced to step back from his head coaching role to begin cancer treatment, which culminated in an operation. He turned over the reins in 2006 to head coach Tyler Buxton.

"Tyler has showed a lot of dedication and has showed a willingness to learn," says Roberts, who stepped down as head coach last March.

Both say the shift in head coaches at the Liverpool club has been virtually seamless, as both subscribe to the same principles in the sport.

"I hear myself saying what he used to say," laughs Buxton. "And, the same things Preston used to say to me I say to the assistant coaches now."

In terms of coaching philosophy, Roberts says it can be boiled down to one word: Patience.

"You've got to be like a social worker and you've got to be patient with them and bring them along slowly. You identify the ones who are going to be competitive. But, if they're not going to be a competitive boxer, there's always some kind of role for them to play as a coach or an official. They can take some role with the boxing club.

"The bottom line is to develop a sense of self-worth and self-respect for these individual kids. Through their training you have to point out the positives so they can learn self-worth and self-respect."

Looking back over his tenure as head coach at the Liverpool club, Roberts says he's most proud of helping four female boxers develop into national-calibre fighters.

Of late, Roberts was well enough to join the Boxing Ontario contingent at the Canada Winter Games in the Yukon last month, to help guide the young boxers on the provincial team. He notes it was a definite highlight in his long career.

"It was like going back home," he says.

While there, he caught up with Jess Staffen, an official with the Canadian Amateur Boxing Association, who served as a scorekeeper at the Games. Roberts had coached Staffen with the Whitehorse Boxing Club as a 10 year old.

"I was like a proud papa," he says of his protégé.

His health has improved to the point where he's now returned to the Liverpool club on a part-time basis. At the Ray McGibbon's Gloves event, he helped out in the corner of Mitchell Price, a 13-year-old boxer who returned home with the gold medal in the 46-kilogram weight class.

"I'll be out as much as I can," he says of returning to the Liverpool club.

The end.

If anyone of you have a story about Preston Roberts or have a story about Boxing in Yukon – we would love to hear it. – Sherron

KLONDIKE SUN ONLINE

Did I mention that the Klondike Sun is once again on-line, accessible from www.cityofdawson.com as PDF files?

The Sun began publishing in May 1989 as a monthly paper, and established a web presence in 1996. Our first website can be found at "http://www.yukonweb.com/community/dawson/klondike_sun/issues.html" and contains material from March 22, 1996 to December 9, 2003. The material was selected from the hard copy by me and posted by volunteer webmaster Richard Lawrence. Richard ran out of time then and we were absent from the web for several months.

During our most recent council crisis, John Steins took on the task of webmaster, designed a new site and began posting the material that I assembled for him. This second site (with a link to the first) can be found at <http://www.klondikesun.com/> and covers the period from January 27, 2004 to March 1, 2005. Then John began to get deeply involved in the committee to restore democracy to Dawson, eventually becoming our new mayor, and ran out of time to do the detail work necessary to maintain his complicated design.

Just recently, I worked out a way to create a simplified layout using AppleWorks and then save the results as Adobe PDF files. I was somewhat inspired by the MocTel

downloads, but preferred a two column design. I find that material organized with newspaper columns in mind (the every sentence is a paragraph format) looks a bit odd when it is placed in a full screen layout. The downloads for this version of the online Sun can be found at John's forum website at <http://cityofdawson.com/sun.html> . He posts them after I get them ready. So far I have worked through the back issues from March 15 - August 30, 2005, and have placed the current issues from March 28 - April 25, 2007. I post about two back issues a week and a new current issue each time that issue comes off the stands.

Our most recent issue (May 9, 2007) marks the beginning of our 19th volume year.

KATHY GATES 15 MINUTES OF FAME

This started out to be a personal message to a few of Kathy's friends. – Sherron

I'm taking a chance that all of you would not groan when I tell you to watch CBC TV tonight...[May 14, 2007], "The National" to be specific. I am unsure what time this news program is aired where you live, but they are doing a special within the program relating to the contest to find the "Seven Wonders of Canada".

How I managed to be swept up in this event relates to my innocently sending an e-mail to the CBC radio program "Sounds Like Canada". I nominated "The Dempster Highway" for a number of reasons, but included the event where friends and ourselves scattered my Mom's ashes at an incredible location on that particular highway in 1998.

To my absolute amazement, I got a call from the CBC TV. "The National Program" and apparently my description of scattering my Mom's ashes was very appealing to them. At the encouragement of my family, I agreed to be filmed and have been told that the results are to be aired tonight.

If you miss seeing the National, you can also, apparently see the same material on their "Newsworld" program later in the evening.

If you have any interest in reading my e-mail submission, do let me know....I'm still amazed at how one innocent e-mail catapulted me into that wondrous event " My 15 Minutes of Fame" ...Ha Ha!!!!

Here is a photo Megan took of myself during the interview here in Whitehorse.

Cheers

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Kathy Gates interviewed by CBC – for her 15 minutes of fame.
Photo courtesy Megan Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Go ahead and include this...and maybe get folks to nominate The Dempster Highway, regardless of what I had to say.....

Kathy

NEW MEANING GIVEN TO TOMBSTONE MOUNTAIN

I would like to nominate the Dempster Highway as one of the "7 Wonders of Canada". I believe this is the only place in the entire world where you can "Hear" Silence. My Mother thought so. Indeed, my Mother was so taken with this magical part of our great country. Mom, Sheila Jones, was a quintessential English woman, born and raised. She was also very Victorian and proper in her attitude and thought. At the age of 69, she agreed to leave her beloved England and emigrate to Canada to share our lives in Dawson City, Yukon. Initially, she was not happy with the dust, and the unpaved streets and wooden sidewalks. We were not sure that our invitation was going to work out successfully. That is, until the weekend we decided to go for a drive along the Dempster Highway, one end of which begins near Dawson City, in the Yukon. It was a magical trip in more ways than one, as we were soon to learn. Subsequently, Mom settled comfortably into Dawson City life and stopped grumbling about dust and gravel roads. Towards the end of her life, she announced that she wanted to be cremated, not buried in a coffin and she wanted her ashes scattered somewhere along the Dempster Highway, and not returned to England. She informed us that the incredibly scenic wonder that is The Dempster Highway had shown her just what Heaven was like and she wanted her ashes to be a part of that Heaven forever. She suggested that the mountain known as the "Tombstone Mountain", could indeed be her own personal tombstone and if we chose to, a marker could state..."Free at Last".

Mom passed away just short of her 84th birthday. In August of 1998, our friends Linda, Val and Richard, joined my husband Michael, our daughter Megan and my two brothers, David and Dennis, who had flown out from England just for this Ashes scattering event. We gathered on a hilltop overlooking the Tombstone Valley, and the Tombstone campground. Below us strutted the Dempster Highway, and across the valley, the source of the North Klondike river. At the back of the mountains, Tombstone itself was shrouded in mist that day, but we shared in the scattering of the ashes, and each said our unspoken farewells. One friend, Linda, picked Lingenberries and Mossberries from where Mom's ashes now lay snuggled, and made up a batch of Jam. Small jars were delivered to my brothers in the U.K. as well as to Yukon friends. Mom would have loved it.

Kathy Gates

A LEGACY OF YUKON FOX FARMS ?



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

This fox has been around for a few months now and is getting very comfortable around here. I took this last night [May 16, 2007] around supper time.... it was wandering around the cars and the fire pit area and then moved into the trees.

We live country residential in Whitehorse.. and we have lots of birds and stuff here... but apparently they have foxes all over... even downtown.

Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

DAWSON 1955-57 SPECIAL EDITION

I just finished reading your Special Edition on Dawson in 1955-57. What a thrill it was to read the text and see all the wonderful photos. Thank you so much for putting this all together. Wonderfully done!

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

Dear Emily,

It's incredible that you were in Dawson such a short time, yet your photos show you immersed yourself wholly in the fabric of the society to create these amazing references to this unique period in your life. When I scroll through my email and find all these photos of my hometown and her people, it feels like opening a family album and going through the pages slowly to remember the events and particularities that make each one a treasure.

Did you know George Mackie was one of the fastest runners in Dawson? Some school days at recess, the Sisters gave in to our pleadings and let him race with the grade eight boys. At the time, he may have been in grade four and about half their size, but he either tied or outdistanced them. We knew he could, but we wanted to watch his feet that moved so quickly they seemed almost a blur. Thank you for sharing more of your photos.

Sincerely,

Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary, AB)

That may be my uncle **Gerry Needham**. Know he was in Dawson for some years.

Family history said he and some fellow slid into a deep ditch en route to Whitehorse and spent a couple of days there before someone saw them.

Uncle Gerry passed away three months ago just after his wife Miriam. They had lived in Kitchener Ontario for some years and have one son Mark living in Yellowknife.

Donna (Needham) McLean keebird@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Just finished going through Emily's Dawson editions. What fantastic pictures. Brings back so many memories of the town as it was when I was there in 1953 - 54

There were so many of the old original buildings still standing at that time.

The **Old Pioneer Hall** shown in one of the pictures is where our wedding reception was held in 1955.

Jack Davidson, the Mountie shown with his new baby, went north with me on the same day in April, 1953. We were stationed together in Whitehorse until I was transferred to Dawson. Later, after I left Dawson, he was transferred in there.

Spent many happy evenings in the **Pearl Harbour**. It was later operated by Blanche's sister Marianne [Holbrook] for a couple of years in the late 50's/early 60's. Marianne's name at that time was Fuhre, her husband was Maynard.

Thanks, Emily, for bringing back some wonderful memories.

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

DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE SAILORS ?

Have really enjoyed Emily Stillwell's photos that is the Dawson I remember-- I also recall the ice going out when we were at school and the Bear Creek students were put on the bus and sent home in case the ice took the bridge out--everyone else got to go watch. Found this picture in my parents box of photos and wonder if anyone recognizes themselves as the "sailors" couldn't find any date on it anywhere but assume it would be in the early 40's.

Clara (Telep) Norila jnorila@telus.net (Born in Dawson, lived in Bear Creek 1946 –61) Vanderhoof, BC



High water in Dawson – 1940's?

Photo courtesy Clara (Telep) Norila jnorila@telus.net (In Vanderhoof, BC)



Who are the sailors? Tell us if you know !
Photo courtesy Clara (Telep) Norila jnorila*telus.net (In Vanderhoof, BC)

‘Make a difference’ in someone’s life -

I receive inspirational messages and wish to share this one with you. S.

<http://clicks.aweber.com/z/ct/?0krA7iv9DSSd4UDTyYrOcg>

THANK YOU

On behalf of my son, Billy Harvey, I want to thank all of you who took the time to send notes and cards following the sudden death of his father Rob Harvey in February. Your thoughts and prayers were really appreciated.

Sue Gleason gleason*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

OBIT

IRVINE, James Alexander - Husband of Heather Irvine, at the Northumberland Hills Hospital, Cobourg on April 28, 2007. Father of Richard Irvine, father-in-law of Laura Irvine, grandfather of Amanda and Michael Irvine. **He was born in Dawson City, Yukon**, June 11th, 1913. He was educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope, Cambridge University (Trinity College) and graduated in Law from Osgoode Hall in 1948. During World War II, he served with the Canadian Army in England and Europe achieving the rank of Major. Upon return, he practised Law in Cobourg and Millbrook until his sudden death. A Funeral Service will be held at St. Peter's Church (Corner of

College and King St. E. in Cobourg) on Wednesday, May 2nd at 11 am. In lieu of flowers, donations gratefully received by cheque to the Northumberland Hills Hospital Foundation, St. Peter's Church-Cobourg, or the charity of choice. Arrangements by MacCOUBREY FUNERAL HOME (905) 372-5132. Condolences received at [_www.MacCoubrey.com_](http://www.MacCoubrey.com)

WING, George Gilbert January 1, 1926 - March 26, 2007 **George died in Whitehorse, Yukon** on March 26th, 2007. After an amazing adventure through life George left those who thought of him with love, as our brother, brother-in-law, stepfather, grandfather, beloved uncle and friend. An imprint on our hearts forever. **Wing, Madsen and Cameron Families.** Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 5/16/2007.

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Thank you for all your hard work. We would however like to be removed from the list.

Thanks

Sincerely Noella Stirton

STIRTON, Stew & Noella stirtons@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1964-87) Red Deer

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Two can live as cheaply as one, for half as long.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

From the Whitehorse RCAF Women's Auxiliary Cookbook.

From some of the names I recognize it must be early 60's

Submitted by Florence Roberts yapper@klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

Chocolate Bread Squares

Cut day old unsliced bread into 2 inch squares.

Then in top of double boiler mix:

1/2 cup white sugar

1/2 cup water

3 tbsp cocoa

small piece of butter

Boil 3 to 4 minutes. Place pan over water. Then with a fork dip bread in sauce and roll in coconut. To be eaten same day.

May Berberich
Bloomingdale, Ontario

Yes that is my Mom. Just a side note, Mom passed away on the 13th of January 2007, in Toronto Ontario. She was 93 years young. Mother's Day was a little tough this year. Mom would have been 94 on 22 May 2007. I was in Toronto with Dad on Mother's Day.

Gordon Berberich gord.and.em*shaw.ca (In Okotoks AB)

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic

Summerland Ornamental Gardens June 24, 2007. 11 am to 3 pm, Pot luck lunch at 12 noon. Be sure and bring your own eating utensils. (Knives, forks, plates etc.) And lots of food !!

International Sourdough Reunion

Will be held at the Ramada Inn in Penticton from September 19 to 23, 2007

Rooms are \$99 per couple flat rate.

For reservations call :

Toll Free 1-800-665-4966 Code word is: Sourdough 3474

ISR Registration is \$70.00

Registration limited to 175 People

Contact person is:

Larry Chalmers PO Box 1095 Oliver, BC V0H 1T0

Phone: 250-498-6887 e-mail: aksala49*telus.net

Island Yukoners Picnic – Saturday, Aug 11, 2007 at 11 AM at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay. Bring your own picnic lunch & beverage, utensils and join in meeting old friends and acquaintances in an informal setting, which allows lots of time for chatting.

Turn off from highway 19 is at the PetroCan Station which is Northwest Bay Rd. Go about 1.2kms to Powder Road, turn right turn about 1/2km to the church on the right. Signs will be up thanks to Stan Hegstrom.

New committee this year are Carol Pearce, Sharon Redmond, Fay Ash and Harriett Butterworth.

For further information contact Harriett Butterworth at harriett*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

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
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive
Vernon BC V1B 1V8