

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 239<sup>th</sup> Edition – February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2008**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

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



This is on the road into Bear Creek, with a frozen dredge pond behind the tree, they use this one for skating. Fred

Photo courtesy Fred Berger [fpbrgr@northwestel.net](mailto:fpbrgr@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

### **Sunburst**

By Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

The sun burst on Queen Street today  
and a lone, parka'd man  
bounded across the street in the beam,  
flung himself at a snow bank,  
flipped over,  
and bared his face to the sky,  
delight in his upturned smile,  
expectation flashing in his eyes,  
spreading in the light.  
All this beside the boardwalk  
at the Midnight Sun.  
Even at 20 below, it was  
like a promise of things to come.

Jan. 26/08

## **‘GROUNDHOG DAY – FEBRUARY 2<sup>nd</sup>’.**

I was reading about it in our Whitehorse Star newspaper. For one thing they stated that don’t for one minute think that “ground” means that the groundhog cannot climb trees. Some man’s dog chased a groundhog to a tree and within seconds, that ‘chuck’ was 20 feet up a tree.

The groundhog is actually a very lazy critter. It sleeps for about half its lifetime. Throughout the summer, it gorges itself, doubling its weight by October. As the warm summer climates change to much cooler days, the groundhog climbs down in its amazing underground burrow and goes to sleep for five to six months.

Why they say ‘amazing’ is that the tunnel could extend for about 50 feet before it actually comes to its den and sleeping quarters. It has a separate bathroom, separate storage from its sleeping quarters.

It is not uncommon for a snake or skunk to crawl down there and cuddle up some extra heat while the groundhog remains in hibernation. The groundhog remains as one of the very few animals in the world that actually hibernates.

The writer of the article says, “Don’t be fooled by those who say the bear hibernates, as it does not. The bear actually goes into a deep sleep. If you want to challenge that, you climb into a bears den and give it three sharp jabs with a sharp stick. If you come out of the den at the same slow pace you crawled into it, he will hand you a \$100-bill as you pass under from his hiding place up the sharp cliff above.

As the weather temperatures drop, the groundhog will lower his normal body temperatures down into the low 40s F. Its heartbeat, which normally is around 400 beats to a minute, will slow down to about five beats per minute. Its breathing will be reduced to about two breaths per minute.

Actually, the woodchuck (groundhog) is very edible, as with all the squirrel family. Now, to the nitty-gritty of Groundhog Day, February 2<sup>nd</sup>.

As the folk-lore goes, if the groundhog sees his shadow on Feb. 2, that means there remains six more weeks of winter and cold temperatures.

If he does not see his shadow, put away the skis, the snowshoes and the dog team, as summer is here, except here in Whitehorse. Now if you see a groundhog on the surface come Feb 2<sup>nd</sup>, it has nothing to do with predicting the winter. The fact is he simply had to ‘P’ and we old-timers know what that’s about.

When Chuck finally decides its warm enough, he arouses himself out of this unique state of hibernation and truly, he is aroused. He is as thin as a rail and hungry, but his appetite

is not on the thought of food. He casts aside his thought of food and dedicates his whole objective to finding a female to further his kind (God bless his little soul). His sacrifice and dedication to furthering his kind can only be understood by man himself – say no more.

Rusty Reid [rustyreid\\*northwestel.net](mailto:rustyreid*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Rusty 'Googled' 'Groundhog' and found this guy.



**Dick North**

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **Dick North to Receive Order of Canada**

By Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

With extracts from CBC North and the Whitehorse Star

Dawsonites awoke on December 28 to discover that one of their own, Dick North, had been appointed to be a Member of the Order of Canada.

As reported in the CBC North Story that day:

“Yukon writer Dick North has been honoured for his commitment to the preservation and promotion of the territory's history.

“North, who lives in Dawson City, is well known for his books about Albert Johnson, known as the Mad Trapper of Rat River, and American author, Jack London, who spent a winter in the Klondike during the gold rush.”

North was one of three Northerners appointed, including Patricia O'Connor of Yellowknife and Larry Audlaluk of Grise Fiord. All three will receive their awards at a ceremony, the date of which will be announced later.

On the last day of 2007 the *Whitehorse Star* ran a story about North by staff reporter Sarah Niman titled “Author Never expected an Order of Canada honour”

“Oh, that’s nice, that description pretty much hits the nail on the head,” North told the Star in an interview, reacting to his citation, which reads as follows.

*Richard P. (Dick) North, C.M. Dawson City, Yukon, Member of the Order of Canada. For his ongoing commitment to the preservation and promotion of the history of the Yukon Territory, as an author, journalist and historian.*

North said he received a letter in the mail about a month previously, informing him about his impending membership to the Order of Canada, but he thought he had to keep mum until the past Saturday.

“Jeez, I never really thought I’d get an award like that,” the 78-year-old told Niman.

“It’s a great compliment, and I thank all the people who had something to do with it.” North has been puzzling over who might have nominated him and would appreciate learning the answer so he can properly thank them.

North has written four major books depicting pieces of Yukon history: *Arctic Exodus*, *The Mad Trapper of Rat River*, *Trackdown* (these two reissued in a combined edition under the first title) and *The Lost Patrol*, as well as a novelistic treatment of the Mad Trapper legend called *The Man Who Didn’t Fit In*, and a memoir.

Beyond his literary accomplishments, North is also an aficionado of all things related to Jack London, the famed author who spent time in the Yukon during the Gold Rush. North discovered London’s hideaway cabin in the 1960s, moved it to Dawson and, working with the Klondike Visitors Association, established the Jack London Interpretive Centre, where he has worked at least part of every summer since then.

His most recent book was the memoir, *Sailor on Snowshoes: Tracking Jack London's Northern Trail*, which has also been published in an Italian translation.

North has been honoured several times in Dawson in recent years, including a Commissioner's Award for Public Service, local awards from the KVA and the Dawson City Museum and having a street in the Dome subdivision named after him.

## **Emil Forrest and the SS Keno**

A Yukon Nugget – By Les McLaughlin [leslorn\\*rogers.com](http://leslorn*rogers.com) (In Ottawa) and Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen [marg\\*hougens.com](http://marg*hougens.com) (In Whitehorse)

Emil Forrest, like all Yukoners of his day, was a jack of all trades and a master of some. He came to the Yukon from Alberta with his family in 1901, at the age of twelve, and went to school at Dawson City.

In 1910, at age twenty-one, he began his career on the Yukon River as an assistant pilot on a motor launch charting the tricky river channels between Circle and Fort Yukon. He prospected in the Carmacks area and had mining interests around Mayo. Then he worked as an airplane mechanic from 1929 to 1937 at Mayo.



Photo courtesy Henry Breaden

By 1941, he was back on the river as an engineer on the Neecheah and later skipper of the Loon, a BYN motor launch, used to make soundings on the river to make it safe for the paddle wheelers to follow without ending up on a sandbar. When the Loon was put

into drydock in Whitehorse in 1947, Emil stayed on with White Pass as a night watchman.

It was a sad day for riverboat men like Emil Forrest when the SS Klondike made her last river run in 1955. But it wasn't quite over. In August, 1960, he was hired as the pilot when the Keno was being prepared for its historic voyage to Dawson City. It was to be Emil's first time piloting a boat as large as the Keno, and the last voyage the paddle wheelers would make on the Yukon River. Seventy-one year old Frank Blakely of British Columbia had been hired as the ship's captain.

(The Keno was built in 1922. At 160 feet long and 30 feet at the beam, she was one of the smaller of the big river boats. To sail under the new Carmacks bridge, the old wheelhouse had to be temporarily removed.)

August 20th was the big day - the day they would launch the Keno at the shipyards in Whitehorse. As the boat slid into the water, Emil Forrest suffered a heart attack and died later in the Whitehorse General Hospital.

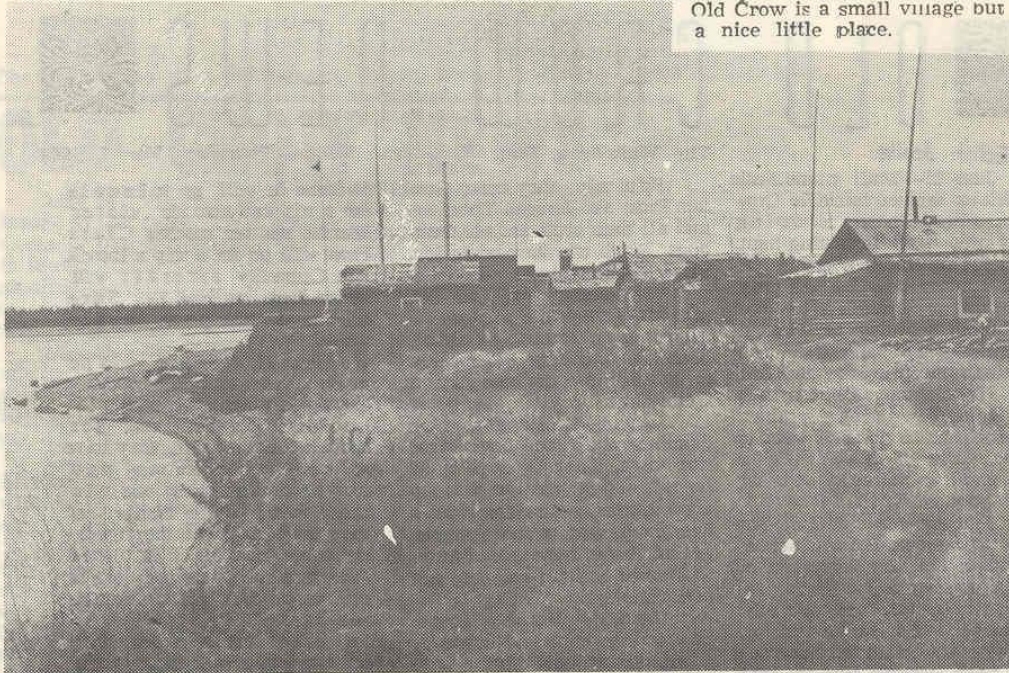
With the death of Emil Forrest, Frank Slim of Whitehorse went aboard as pilot. Henry Breaden was signed on as first mate. As the SS Keno began her historic voyage, funeral services were being held at the Old Log Church for longtime Yukon riverboat man, Emil Forrest.



**Grosbeak**

Photo courtesy Betty Sutton [elizabethsutton@yahoo.com](mailto:elizabethsutton@yahoo.com) (In Whitehorse)

## EDITH JOSIE COLUMN - WHITEHORSE STAR 1963



Old Crow is a small village but a nice little place.

August 1, Continued.

June 19 -- RCMP aircraft arrived Old Crow and Mr. Jim Lambert and Mrs. took a trip to Whitehorse for a few days holiday. They came back on June 24. One of Connelly aircraft arrived here. It is one of the oil camp and went to Inuvik so Mr. Steven Frost took a trip to Inuvik. He was back June 22 and after he came back said Ben Thomas pass away it is very sad news for everybody in Old Crow. Her mother and he got five brothers. They really miss him but too bad.

June 21 -- Little girl Karen Abel she's two years old and she broke her arm so they took her to hospital at Inuvik. She came back and same aircraft Mr. Albert Frost and Robert Linklator went Inuvik for work.

June 25 -- Connelly aircraft land at Old Crow and Mrs. and her kids was back from holiday and everybody glad to see them back.

June 26 -- At 1:30 p.m. he start the school for summer. All the kids are glad for making school.

On June 15, Philip, Old Crow trader had gone to White

horse to get stuff and he came back on June 26. He just bring little stuff and few mail come. After he came back, he said Brainstorm boat will leave Dawson on June 27.

June 27 -- Connelly aircraft arrived Old Crow and going back the passenger was Miss Youngs and Mr. Charlie Abel went to Dawson for a trip. While Miss Youngs is away from nurse station, Mrs. Lambert will look after the medicine if any one sick.

Today is June 28. The people expect plane from Fort Mcpherson with the school kids be back six boys and eight girls will be glad to see them again and this morning June 28, CQG just pass Old Crow to one of the camps up river.

Nice to see plane every day cause Old Crow is just little village and no car and nothing to see and sure glad for plane flying around.

June 27 -- Those Socony Mobil oil Co. make a nice picture show for Old Crow people. They really nice people and

happy with everyone around here. Also everybody like them and they always come across the Slude with small canoe. They also had show on June 28. Their helicopter are busy flying every day and nice to see it.

June 29 -- The expected plane from Dawson or either Inuvik didn't come because weather is bad. Same night around 6:30 p.m. two men come down Crow River with canoe and arrived at Old Crow. After they land they want to go down river to the camp so one of the aircraft CQG came up to get them. They also tied their canoe to airplane and they went down to the camp.

June 30 -- One of aircraft arrived Old Crow PWA with some of the school kids and going back is passenger are Myla Kay, Mary Thomas, Abraham Thomas, Pharsi Thomas and Issac Thomas. These five passengers went to Inuvik. They really lucky -- free trip going over.



Elk River - driving from Cranbrook to Fernie BC - Jan 2008  
Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca) (In Cranbrook BC)

### **NEWT WEBSTER'S PICTURE ON THE WINDOW OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE IN DAWSON**

I can shed some light on who the artist was that painted Newt. I took the picture and Jacqueline Boily from Whitehorse did the painting.

There is quite a little story behind why this picture is there. When we were in the process of restoring the building all the windows had plywood placed over them in the 80's because of vandalism. During the restoration process we determined that we would try to have windows again. In doing so when we uncovered one window (where Newt now is) we found it was a false window.

When the Masonic Lodge purchased this building in 1934 they made some renovations as to where the stairway to the second floor went and as this window happened to be in the way, they just boarded it up. You couldn't tell from outside and we were quite surprised when we uncovered it and found it was a false window.

What to do now? Then the light bulb went off. Why not put a picture of Newt Webster in it? Things went very well from then on as one of our members, Jacque Boily, had an artistic daughter and we cajoled her into doing the painting. We then took it to the local glass shop and had it placed in a sealed window.

When we were installing it we thought that this might become quite a target for the young people in town so we purchased a piece of plexi-glass and placed it on the outside to protect it. Although vandals did not attack it the original glass did crack with the shifting of the building but it is still well protected.

It was quite amusing after it went up as the picture was dated and it might look to some that it was put there in honor of Newt's passing. Such was not the case as many a visitor admired the picture and then looked over to see Newt where he spent the evenings sitting on the steps of the building.

Tom Mickey [tmickey@northwestel.net](mailto:tmickey@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

*Was there any significance to why it was Newt who's picture was chosen to 'fill the hole'? Was he instrumental in refurbishing the building? Or was he a leader at the time? Is Newt still alive today? (I believe he is.) - Sherron*

The only significance was the fact that he is our oldest member and has been a member some 63 years (joined in 1945) and has spent the majority of his lifetime in Dawson City. During all these years he holds the position of best attender to our meetings and I can't ever remember him missing a meeting in the last 40 years.

He is also a "character about town" so to speak. Probably one of the best "goodwill" ambassadors that Dawson and Masonry has.

He will be 95 years of age on July 1, 2008. Due to his age his only part in refurbishing the Lodge was to keep the younger members in line giving advice and being a "sidewalk superintendent".

In all this time he has never occupied the position of Master of the Lodge but for at least the last 30 years that I can remember he has been our "Tyler" the person who sits outside the Lodge door during our meetings.

Arthritis has plagued him in recent years and some of the members chipped in and bought him an electric scooter 3 years ago and he is now a prominent sight (in the summer) about town on the scooter.

He still plants and harvests a garden with a large potato crop every year. There is really a story here but unfortunately I really don't have the competence to write it so this will have to do. He still lives on his own in a mobile home at Dawson with his daughter Pat who works for the CIBC.

Tom Mickey

Hi Sherron

Looks like we have something started. I will attach a number of pictures taken (including the artist) when this occurred in 2002. The ones taken when the window was in place pick up a reflection from the hills which distorts things a little bit but feel free to use any or all of the pictures. As another thought as this seems to be a developing story you may want to contact Pat Webster (Newt's daughter) who is on the Moc Tel and maybe get more of a history on him. I know that he worked at the North Fork Power Plant (located on what is now the Dempster Highway about 10 miles from the Dempster cutoff) for many years which was a power plant set up for getting electricity for the dredges and it had a very long flume (If I recall it was over 4 miles long) made out of redwood from California trees but don't take all of this as gospel. This flume supplied water to some of the ditches that traveled for miles along the ridges of Bonanza Creek and others. Certainly over the years I have always wanted to sit down with Newt and put something on paper but as usual procrastinated and the next thing we know he will be gone and his story forever.



In progress with the artist Jacqueline Boily  
Photo courtesy Tom Mickey [tmickey\\*northwestel.net](mailto:tmickey*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



In place on the building with Newt standing below.  
Photo courtesy Tom Mickey [tmickey\\*northwestel.net](mailto:tmickey*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

### **Elder Mason Honoured in Dawson**

By Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](mailto:uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)  
Klondike Sun September 13, 2002 edition

The oldest member of Yukon Lodge #45 of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons got a bit of a surprise on August 10. Eighty-nine year old Newt Webster has been invited to the Masonic Temple at Queen Street and 4th Avenue for what he thought was a simple get together and a lunch to discuss the continuing renovations to the interior of the building. That wasn't quite it.

"We're declaring it Newt Webster Day," said Tom Mickey to the surprised elder brother of his order. "Is that okay?"

"Well, I can't stop you," said the bewhiskered Brother Webster. "You're bigger and younger than I am."

"Being that you're our senior member," said Mickey, "a 57 year member ... that you're famous for sitting out on this step, that you're the backbone of this Lodge and you're

giving us hell all the time when we don't do things right ... we've probably done something today that's gonna irk you a little bit."

Outside the former Carnegie Library the impromptu ceremony continued as Mickey pried a large sheet of cardboard out of one of the window frames on the front of the building, revealing a several times life sized portrait of Newt wearing his favourite Yukon Transportation Maintenance ball cap and bearing the legend Brother Newton E. Webster, along with the day's date.



Newt Webster's larger than life portrait looks down on him from the window of the Masonic Temple. *Photo by Dan Davidson*

It was fitting tribute for the elder Freemason, who winds his way to the steps of the lodge from his home on King Street on each of his daily walks, in all manner of weather, whenever he can possibly make it. He's the guardian of the temple and speaks to anyone who happens by to share his perch in the evenings. Lately, he's fastened a piece of masking tape with his name on it just under the logo on the cap so people will know his name, but with Big Brother Newt looking down on him, name plate and all, that will no longer be necessary.

Mickey explained that the painting was done by Jacqueline Boily, a university art student, based on a photograph that was taken just over a year ago during the cornerstone ceremony for the building.

The location for the painting was prompted by the fact that one of the windows the organization has set out to replace with proper historical looking panes turned out to be a fake.

When the Carnegie Library was first built, there were 35 real windows, but sometime after the Masons took over in 1934, the central staircase was relocated to one side of the building to make a larger room upstairs, and one window was blocked off. Instead of a sectioned window like the other 34 will be, this one is now a gigantic poster with Newt embedded between the panes of glass.

"Well, now I won't have to tell anyone who I am," said the pleased Webster.

Inside the building most of the tin covered, embossed walls have been sandblasted to get the old, unsightly, peeling paint off them so the interior can be restored. It's a job that Mickey expects will take awhile yet, but he's certain Newt will be around to see that they do it right. One way or another, Big Brother will be watching.

2008 update: Newt's not walking so much these days, but has one of those motorized scooters that he uses to navigate his route from the time the snow leaves in early May until it returns in the fall.

## **NEWTON E. WEBSTER**

Submitted by request by 'Newt' and  
his daughter Pat Webster [pwebster\\*northwestel.net](mailto:pwebster*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

Newton E. Webster was born July 1, 1913 in a settlement called Haney, B.C. He grew up at Webster's Corner, which was named after his Grandfather James Webster, one of the first settlers in the area in 1873. His Grandfather opened up the first Post Office in their home in 1891.

Newt spent his youth working at the local sawmill and trapped with his Dad. Back then it would be an all day trip to travel from Haney to Vancouver.

In 1936 he left Haney to come North arriving in Dawson in March of 1936. He had various jobs around town- planting garden, doing dishes, he even worked one day at the sawmill. He then went out to Bear Creek and got a job with YCGC (Yukon Consolidated Gold Company) hauling wire for the power line.

In 1940 his boss, Chris Gloslie, said to him "Newt get down off that horse, I can't get anybody to work out at the power house at North Fork. Are you interested?" That is when he started his stint of working out at the North Fork Power Plant to when it closed down in 1967. From there he went to work for NCPC (Northern Canada Power Commission) the power plant in Dawson, until he retired in 1981.

After he retired, he would do metal lathe work for the miners or anyone else who needed lathe work done. One of the things he did with the lathe was make what we call the cow punch (sharp tool for opening Pacific can milk) made out of the valves from autos. If he

took a shinning to you and you used can milk you would end up with a cow punch! At the age of 94 he still goes out to the shop and makes them.

Over the years he made many friends and also helped put a lot to rest. If there was a need for a pallbearer, Newt was always willing to help out. One of the most memorable funerals was for Black Mike. Dad was saying that he wished he could have seen Black Mike one more time before they buried him. Well a person should be careful on what they wish for, because sometimes wishes come true. When they were lowering the coffin into the grave one of the planks broke and down went coffin, Black Mike and Dad. Lid flew off and up sat Black Mike as if to say goodbye to Dad. That story even made it to Readers Digest. We still have a chuckle or two to this day over that one.



Newt with Turbine at North Fork

Photo courtesy Newt and Pat Webster [pwebster@northwestel.net](mailto:pwebster@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

*Newt & Pat have sent in more photos of North Fork days and those photos will be shared in future editions of the Moccasin Telegraph. – Sherron*

## **YUKON GOLD**

The pictures are from 1953. #4 Dredge at Bonanza and the Gold Room at Bear Creek.

The handling of gold back in those days was just a wee bit casual.

The gold would be removed from the sluices on the dredges, as I recall it there were four working dredges in 1953, #4 being the largest. The raw gold was then moved to Bear Creek where it was processed into bricks.

The bricks were moved to the Post Office in Dawson where they awaited pick by Fred Cook in his taxi or me in the CPA pick up. We would carry it to the airport where it was thrown into the forward luggage compartment of a DC3 for transport to Whitehorse.

The plane more often than not would have been flown by Capt. Phil (Pappy) Iverson. Roger Durand was our Airport Maintenance Man. He and his family lived at the airport. Roger probably would have placed the shipment on the plane.

All this was done with hardly any security or even a thought that the gold might be at risk. The price of gold in those days was fixed at \$35.00 and ounce. The average shipment, as I recall was between seventy and eighty thousand dollars which was a goodly amount considering the average wage was probably less than two hundred a month.

I don't think we were any more honest in those days. Maybe the fact that the only way in or out of the area was by paddle wheeler, plane or on foot might have inhibited the imagination and kept us safe.

Tom Tait [ttait@telus.net](mailto:ttait@telus.net) (In Coquitlam BC)



Gold Room at Bear Creek – 1953

Note man pounding information into the gold bricks.  
Photo courtesy Tom Tait [ttait@telus.net](mailto:ttait@telus.net) (In Coquitlam BC)

Yes the dredges were still operating big time in 52 - 53 when we were there.  
My wife Sheila worked in the YCGC office as a Secretary and she thinks the number still  
in operation was four which is my recollection as well.

The Chap marking the gold bricks was Harry something or other and he was punching  
numbers into them.

Tom Tait

*Does anyone happen to recognize the man in the photo? – Sherron*



#4 Dredge at Bonanza – 1953

Looks like a man sluicing at a barrel on the bottom deck.  
Photo courtesy Tom Tait [ttait@telus.net](mailto:ttait@telus.net) (In Coquitlam BC)

## HAPPY ANNIVERSARY MOCTEL

As one who has been around pretty well since day one of the Moc/Tel, congratulations on the big 5th anniversary. I know that many times in our e-mails over those years we have wondered just how long it could survive. Hopefully it will go on for many more editions, but whether it does or not, you can be very proud of the job you have done.

We have all reconnected with many old friends and acquaintances, relived a lot of past events, and had many a chuckle from rehashing many oft told stories of our experiences in the north when life really was a whole lot simpler than it seems to be now.

Thanks for a great effort, and thanks also to all who have been (and will be) contributing to the enjoyment of the Moc/Tel.

Gus and Blanche Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca) (In Qualicum Beach BC)



St. Mary's Hospital- Dawson - Erected in 1901, now owned by Parks Canada. Sisters of St. Ann use to run this. In the early 60's, the Senior Home that was in the Commissioner's Residence transferred the seniors to the first floor of the hospital. Senior's home was on the first floor of St. Mary's and the hospital was on the second floor. But on the first floor they had the administrator's office, emergency and an x-ray room. Len & Rhoda Miller ran the building after the Sisters of St. Ann had left.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus@northwestel.net](mailto:janus@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## MOCTEL

Wow!!! What a great edition.

I really liked the photography of the birds. People who know the different species truly amaze me. But, to take the pictures that show such depth, well, that is truly a talent. Kudos to Betty.

I especially loved the one of "Honey, what's for dinner?"

Who are the folks standing on the Miles Canyon Bridge? Was this before they built the dam and created Schwatka Lake?

I look at these pictures of the buildings in Dawson, and I wonder how many other buildings that are still standing, and their stories may never be told.

It would be especially fascinating if anyone has the history of the buildings that Kris (Haydon) Janus took. What "beautiful" buildings. They have such exquisite architecture that today's structures lack. It is all steel and glass, and no character. These buildings may be small in today's standard, but they have stood the test of time, and if their walls could talk, well, I would love to be in the audience when their stories were finally aired. I look forward to hearing from those people that know their stories and share them with the rest of us.

Unfortunately, I do not know the history of these buildings, their "people", or their purpose, so I for one look forward to learning them. So, I beg of those that think that they have nothing really to talk about, but know the history, tell someone who can get it down, and pass the stories on to us.

I have truly been enjoying the (Here Are The News) by Edith Josie. I remember that it was the first article that I would seek out in the Whitehorse Star after the horoscopes, that is.....which we all know is required reading, don't you know...LOL. It gives us not only a small bit of insight into the life in a small northern community, but also how close knit they all were. From living off the land to finding ways to make do with very little (i.e. the recycling of the canoe) to encompassing the modern form of transportation and making contact with family and the "outside" on a much more regular basis, with the introduction of the plane. I never realized just how important the church was in the communities, as we did not have that in Beaver Creek.

I would like to thank Tricia for such a beautiful Christmas story. I had tears in my eyes as it brings memories back as to what wonderful things can happen when everyone pitches in and makes things happen, and to such a wonderful conclusion. My hat is off to all those that made such a special Christmas happen, and make believers out of all of us. It keeps that special magic alive, and that it does not have to happen just at Christmas

time, but all through the year. Christmas is a special time, as we all know, and that much more special for children, regardless of their ages. Because we all know that there is a little bit of that child in each and every one of us.

It amazes me how small our world really is. I am so happy to hear that you have met other Yukoners so close to you. The MocTel has reached more people than you would have ever thought, eh?. I personally like to welcome the new "converts" to our "Yukon Family". I hope that they will be able to share their stories of the Tagish area as there is a lot of history there as well, though very little been written about.

Keep up the great work to all of you that are striving to help preserve the history and love of the Yukon, that is so wide spread. It brings home the old adage "You can take the person out of the Yukon, but you can't take the Yukon out of the person".....  
YeeeeHawww!!!!

Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca) (In Langley)

## **YUKON RIVERBOAT DAYS**

An excerpt from my book "Yukon Riverboat Days."  
Joyce Yardley [Joyce@dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce@dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo BC)

My brother Ray had the job of mess boy on one of the Steamers when he was in his teens. The Skipper on that boat used to take it on himself to sell the kitchen scraps for dog food, when they made a 'wood stop.' The mess boy would have to save it all for him in a big bucket that was kept on the lower deck.

The weather had been extremely hot for a couple of days and these scraps were getting pretty high. "You could have smelled them a mile away," Ray said. He finally got fed up with this, "I'm going to throw it overboard," he thought. He looked all around to make sure nobody was around, then, being a fairly strong fellow, he picked up the pail by the handle and gave it a mighty swing over his head. But just as he was going to let go of the handle, he heard the Skipper's voice right behind him, "HOLD IT !"

Instinctively his fingers tightened around the handle of the pail which was in midair - and the momentum of all that weight just pulled him right over the edge of the boat and into the river. The crew quickly threw him a lifeline, and a very bedraggled young man was hauled back up on the boat, with lettuce leaves clinging to his hair.

The only refrigeration they had on these boats at the time were blocks of ice, which were taken on at Whitehorse. Each boat had several ice boxes, and a meat cooler, or 'meat-house,' as they were called. The lack of sufficient refrigeration was one of the main concerns of the chef. Most of the meat came from Vancouver, B.C. The beef, pork, lamb, and bacon was all frozen, when it was put on the boats. They picked it up from the 'cold storage' in Whitehorse. The White Pass maintained a huge commissary there, for the

purpose of storing food supplies, when they arrived from Skagway by train. They would be held there until they were loaded onto the Steamboats.

## **2007 Vancouver Yukoners' Scholarship winner.**

MocTel use by permission from Heather Milligan [heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca)

*From her recommendation letter from Yukon Education, 8 Nov.2007:* Heather is currently enrolled in the 2nd year of her Masters Degree in Natural Resource Science at McGill University. She had received an overall average of 99% in her 1st year of her Masters program at McGill University. Heather was born in Whitehorse and has completed all her high school education in Yukon. She graduated from F.H. Collins in 1998 and completed her undergraduate degree at University of Victoria in 2004. Upon completion of her studies, she returned to Yukon to work in her chosen field as well as travel abroad working as a researcher and technician. She still maintains her Yukon residency.

*As submitted to Vancouver Yukoners' Newsletter Editor by Heather Milligan herself:*  
Biography:

My parents, Pat and Karen met at a Vancouver youth hostel while travelling across Canada in the late seventies. From Vancouver, they hitchhiked to the Yukon, loved it, and never left. They raised my little sister, Marina, and I in Whitehorse.

When we were young our dad, a fisheries biologist, would take us to release salmon fry in the creek behind our house with the hopes of re-establishing a chinook population. Since then, I developed an interest in becoming a wildlife biologist. For the past 12 years, I had the privilege to study wildlife and conservation in amazing places around Canada and abroad.

I landed my first field job studying peregrine falcons along the Yukon River. I loved spending my whole summer camping along the river and watching birds. I was hooked. I continued to study the ecology of many species of animals in the Yukon and British Columbia. I recently began to guide people to photograph grizzly bears in the Great Bear Rainforest. Guiding allows me to share the wonders of wildlife and natural spaces with people.

My current research ties back to my northern roots by working with Cree in northern Quebec. I study the ecology of beavers in James Bay. I work with Wemindji Cree hunters in the creation of a protected area that will protect the cultural and ecological integrity of their traditional territory. I was fortunate to have my sister Marina, also a biologist, work along my side. Together, we worked with our Cree partners to paddle lakes and rivers in search of beaver colonies. I am grateful for all that I learned from elders and youth and I hope to share those teachings as an educator and conservation biologist.



Beaver Research Team (Jason Samson, Hugo Kitching, Heather and Marina Milligan, Kimberly Matches, and Brianna Linklater-Georgekish  
Photo courtesy Heather Milligan [heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca) (James Bay)



Black bear on hill in eastern James Bay.  
Photo courtesy Heather Milligan [heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca) (James Bay)



Grizzly Bear Cub

Photo courtesy Heather Milligan [heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca) (James Bay)



Heather studying plants on beaver dam in Wemindji territory

Photo courtesy Heather Milligan [heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca) (James Bay)



Heather surveying aquatic plants on Maatuskaau River, James Bay.  
Photo courtesy Heather Milligan [heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca) (James Bay)



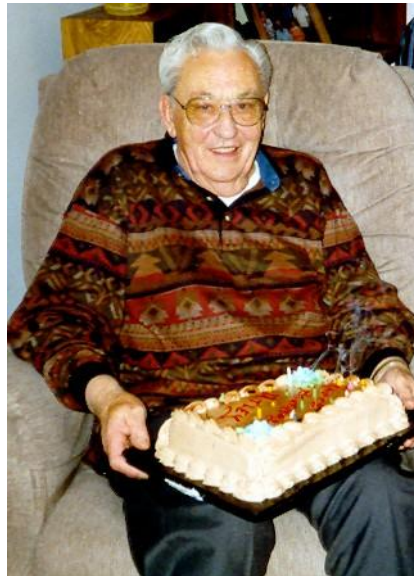
Wemindji Community Gathering on Paakumshumwaa Island, James Bay.  
Photo courtesy Heather Milligan [heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:heather.milligan@mail.mcgill.ca) (James Bay)

## **RECENTLY NEW TO THE MOCTEL – JOE TRERICE**

Hi Sherron ..... a little slow in responding to your email.

I had forgotten your visit to my shop in Salmon Arm, it seems a life time ago. I guess in one sense it was a life time ago as I left Salmon Arm in 1992 and headed back north except I made a 5 year detour to Hay River, NWT before coming Home to Whitehorse.

Dad (Utley Trerice) spoke a lot about his days with White Pass and all the sales trips he had taken. I specifically remember him mentioning Bill fondly in his reminiscing. Mind you, Dad never had too many bad things to say about anyone. I think his days of working for White Pass and being on the road were some of his favorite times. As you are probably aware, Dad passed away on June 12, 2004 at the age of 87 years and 7 months. My sister Marlene, my brother Don and myself took his ashes back to Nova Scotia and buried them with his parents on what would have been his 88<sup>th</sup> birthday, November 5, 2004.



Utley Trerice - photo taken about a year or so before he died.

You asked about a bio as related to the Yukon so I will try and make it as short as possible. My father moved to Whitehorse from Nova Scotia in the winter of 1957 and the rest of the family, myself included, followed in July 1958. One of my memories of travelling up the Alaska Highway at that time was all the forest fires. Dad hitched a ride with Norm King, who would be remembered by some of your readers. He worked first for DPW and then with White Pass until his retirement in the 80's.

I received all my schooling in Whitehorse and when I was in my final year of High School at FH Collins, started working at Murdoch's Gem Shop and that is where I learned the jewellery trade under the guidance of Mike Scott and Bill Weigand. I remember those days very fondly and enjoyed working for these fine gentlemen. I worked there for 8 years got married moved away to Salmon Arm, made jewellery,

opened a store, got divorced, moved to the NWT and then back to Whitehorse in 1997. Doesn't seem like a lot but took 20 years to accomplish.

In 1994 I changed professions and got my life insurance licence and hung up my shingle. Upon moving back to Whitehorse, I met and started working with Stirling Young, again some of your readers would probably know Stirling. In 2000, Stirling retired and I bought his business. It has been onward and upwards since that time.

Moving back to Whitehorse has been the best thing I have ever done for myself. It gave me the opportunity to be closer to both my father and mother. I was able to be with dad for the last 7 years of his life and my mother Margaret is still with us and will celebrate her 89<sup>th</sup> birthday on March 2<sup>nd</sup>. Some would remember my mother from her years working at Jamieson's in the early days and at the liquor store until her retirement in the 80's.

Since I have signed up to your Telegraph, it has brought me back a number of memories. Just recently I was reading an article about the old CBC and names I haven't heard of in years were mentioned. Wee Willie Anderson and Joe Craig. Joe used to be our neighbor when we lived on Alexander St, where All-West Glass is now located. He worked the morning show at CBC and before he moved south, had, I believe, the first bicycle repair shop in Whitehorse.

Joe Trerice [jutrerice\\*northwestel.net](mailto:jutrerice*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)  
Toll Free: 1-866-700-5433

Sherron: Bill [Jones] would remember Helen and of course there is a little story that goes with that.

Mom and Dad divorced after about 30 years of marriage. Dad remarried and Helen was the wife that Bill probably knew. When Dad retired from White Pass, he and Helen retired back to Nova Scotia. Meanwhile my mother had moved to Vancouver Island and had married Stan Wilcox, another gentlemen a number of your readers may remember. Stan passed away in about 1993 and Mom moved back to the Yukon. In 1995, we had a family reunion of sorts and Dad flew out from Nova Scotia for the event. That would have been about July of the year. After the reunion Dad returned to Nova Scotia, but wasn't happy and before the year was out, he had moved back to Whitehorse and for the remainder of his life, he and my mother lived together.

So that was married for 30 years, about 25 years apart and then the last 7 or 8 years together. Kind of a corny story, but that is how it happened. Mom and Dad never remarried and my mother currently goes by Wilcox and lives independently at Closleigh Manor in Whitehorse.

Joe Trerice [jutrerice\\*northwestel.net](mailto:jutrerice*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Utley & Margaret Trerice

Photo taken about 10 years ago.

Photo courtesy Joe Trerice [jutrerice\\*northwestel.net](mailto:jutrerice*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

## **KRIS' PHOTOS IN MOCTEL 238**

I loved Kris' photos of Dawson, especially the Commissioner's Residence. It brought back so many memories of my living in that building. On March 22/51 Adolphe, the Sisters of St. Ann's 'handy man' met me at the Dawson Airport at 31 degrees below zero and took me to the Nurse's Residence, which was the third floor of the Commissioner's Residence. As we entered the front entrance there were about 15 elderly men sitting around. They were the seniors of Dawson, cared for by these Sisters. Several sisters were there to welcome me and show me to my room. The second floor, I was told was being occupied by the Sisters and then we arrived, on the third floor, which had several small bedrooms. The first one was allocated for me, 'Miss Brown', directly across from St. Paul's Anglican Church. I loved the quaintness of this little room. I was then taken to the Nurse's Living Room in the front of the building with the 3 big windows overlooking the Yukon River. It looked very comfortable with heavy black leather furniture and several small tables. We three nurses loved this room for the next 7 months. We had all nursed together in Vancouver Grace Hospital and Miss Doull and Miss Manners arrived shortly after my arrival. In October we were asked to move to The George Black House, next to the swimming pool on 5th Avenue. This building was a two story building and we

three nurses lived on the top floor, but had our living room on the main floor. Our first Christmas was celebrated here and it was wonderful! I had given my notice to leave in January as Pete and I were to be married at my home in Quebec in early February. The temperature went as low as -45 and stayed there for 2 weeks, no one travels on the Dawson - Whitehorse highway in that cold weather. The ice bridges had not frozen until later, so everything was postponed. It was a great trip across Canada and a wonderful small town wedding, February 17, 1952.

Kris Janus works with Debbie at the Lodge in Dawson. When she found out that I had lived there, she asked Debbie why I didn't write something to go with her picture, so Deb thought it would be a good idea. I actually loved writing this cause it brought back so many memories. Vivienne Doull married, John Boyce who worked in the Dawson Grocery Store, then they went to Mayo and she had 2 children and they also ran the Tim-O-Lou Motel. These two children's names were, Timothy and Louella. They retired here in Maple Ridge and John died many years ago and Vivienne died a few years ago. Vivienne and I stayed friends until her death and the daughter, Louella still lives in Maple Ridge and we chat back and forth now and again. (She actually is a Moc Tel member, now, I believe.) Actually, Vivienne was my boss in Vancouver Grace Hospital, which was the very first job I had after graduating from Nurse's Training in Montreal in 1950. I roomed with her in Vancouver for a year before coming to Dawson. As for Manners, well she left Dawson for a larger city, back to Vancouver. Unfortunately I never kept up with her whereabouts.

Well Sherron, I wish I lived closer to you, I could tell you so many stories from my Dawson Days, that you would be sick and tired of them. I truly am counting the days 'till I travel back to Dawson again this summer. I love my little cabin and thank Hans so often for suggesting to make it for Pete and I, if we would only sell our big log home to them. He did such a wonderful job on it and will never know how much pleasure we both had in it before Pete's passing. I got a nice e-mail from Hans last night telling us all, where he's been and is even taking Spanish lessons as he is still in Ecuador.

Cheerio to both

Lorna (Brownie) Foth [lfoth@shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca) (In White Rock BC)

Submitted by Bill Maylor [b.maylor@sasktel.net](mailto:b.maylor@sasktel.net) (In Neilburg SK)

I'll just send this winter recipe to those who might actually try it, or have kids around that might like to try it.

**\*Yellow Snow Dessert\***

Put a metal cake pan outside when it's snowing.

When your pan is full, bring it in and quickly mix in a package of lemon Jello powder.

Stir lightly with a cold fork. Spoon into cold dishes or eat it right out of the pan.

Now when someone advises you "don't eat yellow snow," you can respond with "why not? It's delicious!"

## ARTISTIC TALENT

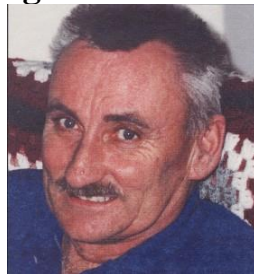


**The Pit**

Image copyright Barb Forsyth [blackbarb7@hotmail.com](mailto:blackbarb7@hotmail.com) (In Victoria)

## OBIT

### Douglas Fearon Steele



Born Atlin BC, October 22, 1940  
Deceased Whitehorse Yukon, January 23, 2008

Doug Steele passed away quietly in his sleep in his long-time family home, on the morning of January 23, 2008 after a spirited, five-year battle with cancer.

He left this life with the same quiet dignity with which he lived it, amidst the loving care of his wife and family.

Born in Atlin on October 22, 1940 to Frank and Evelyn Steele, Doug was the eldest son of a pioneer family.

He spent his youth in various road houses in Swift River and Watson Lake and at a wood camp on Fish Lake, just outside of Whitehorse.

The family finally settled permanently in Whitehorse in 1957.

Doug went on to become an active and valued contributor to his community.

He spent many years with Whitehorse's 551 Air Cadet Squadron, progressing from warrant officer to commanding officer through to 1988.

Doug was also a key player in the evolution of the Mountainview golf course. He was a member of the executive of the board, and together with some fellow volunteer enthusiasts, quite literally built the course's front nine holes.

An accomplished and enthusiastic curler and golfer, Doug also had a particular passion for camping, and passed many an idyllic summer evening on the shore of many a Yukon lake with his wife, Joan, and their daughters and their families.

Doug's chief interest in life was his family. He and his wife, Joan, whom he married in March of 1967, had three daughters – Maureen, Kelly and Erin – all of whom went on to marry and have children.

Doug is survived by his immediate family: Wife Joan (nee Joan Marie Strang); daughter Maureen (husband Konn Caron, son Kevin, daughter Teneil); daughter Kelly (husband Andy Paizen, son Cameron, daughter Ashley); daughter Erin (husband Scott McCarthy, son Matthew, daughter Tijana).

His surviving extended family members include: Father, Frank Steele; brother Gordon Steele (wife Anita, sons Fearon, Grant and Clifford); sister Mary Beth Steele; brother Richard Steele (wife Alline).

There will be a celebration of Doug's life held at the Sacred Heart Cathedral 5:00 pm, Friday, February 1, 2008 followed by a reception at the C.Y.O. Hall.

In lieu of flowers, the family asks that you make donations to The Yukon Hospital Foundation or The Masonic Lodge's Cancer Car Project. Make cheques or money orders

payable to The Masonic Community Charities Fund with a notation on the cheque that it is for the Cancer Car Project.

Cancer Car Project c/o The Masonic Community Charities Fund  
1495 West Eighth Avenue Vancouver, British Columbia V6H 1C9

**WALKER, Mark Meins** With great sadness we announce the passing of our husband, father, grandfather on January 25, 2008. Mark was born in Duns, Scotland in 1928 and came to Canada with his lovely wife, Jean in 1951. After spending 30 years in the Yukon, Mark and Jean made Victoria home in 1981. Mark will be greatly missed and lovingly remembered by his wife of 55 years, Jean; their son, Mark (Carla); and grandson, Breton of Yellowknife, NT. A memorial service will be held at KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 2964 Richmond Street on Wednesday, January 31, 2008 at 1:30 pm. Condolences may be offered to the family at [www.mccallbros.com](http://www.mccallbros.com) 440874  
Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 1/29/2008.

### **ARTHUR EDWARD KNUTSON**

Arthur Edward Knutson died of natural causes in Vancouver, WA on Saturday, Jan.12, 2008. He was born in Interior, SD on Sept. 23, 1916. Art grew up on ranches in the Sand Hills of Nebraska. He attended the one-room school in Cherry County, traveling to and from school with his siblings by horse and wagon. His schooling ended after eighth grade when his family lost their ranch in the depression and he went to work on another ranch.

At age 19 Art went west with a friend to Edmonds, WA. He worked as a casual laborer in Snohomish County, WA. during the winter for five years. He accepted a job on the sternwheeler "Yukon" on the Yukon River in Canada and Alaska and spent the summers from 1935 through 1939 on the boat. With an ethic of working hard at his job, Art earned promotions on the "Yukon" from deckhand to second mate.

On November 11, 1940, he married Claire Marie Brand of Seattle. They moved to Bremerton, WA where he worked at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard until 1958, when he resigned from the shipyard. Art's education continued with night classes to earn his high school diploma and an AA degree in engineering from Olympic Junior College in Bremerton. Art was a volunteer fireman and also served as chief of the North Perry Fire Department. After leaving the shipyard, he accepted a job with the North Perry Water District in his neighborhood. It was a two-person operation in which Art did the manual labor.

In 1959 he became the Public Works director for the city of Mountlake Terrace, WA. In 1967, he moved to Kirkland, WA to be Public Services director for that city. While working in Kirkland, he received two national awards, "Public Works Man of the Year"

from the American Public Works Association and the “George Warren Fuller Award” from the American Water Works Association. He retired in 1981.

Art had a life-long love of history. He published four books about Yukon River sternwheelers, his experiences on the “Yukon,” and his life in Public Works. He also wrote a training manual for water department employees, that was used in several cities in Washington state.

In November, 2005, Art and Claire moved to a retirement community in Vancouver, WA, near their daughter and her family. He and Claire were married for sixty-five years before her death on April 13, 2006. He is survived by his daughter Kay McMurry (husband, Dan) of Vancouver, WA and his son Douglas (wife, Terri) of Fair Oaks, CA, three grandchildren and their spouses, three great-grandchildren, and numerous nieces and nephews. A memorial Mass will be celebrated at 2:00 PM on Sat., Jan. 26, at St. John the Evangelist Catholic church, 8701 NE 119th Street, Vancouver, Washington (98662). Prayers at the parish cemetery and a social gathering will follow the Mass.

Recognizing Art's concerns and interests, we suggest that memorial contributions be given to the Vancouver Yukoners or to St. Vincent de Paul Council at St. John the Evangelist parish in Vancouver, Washington (address above), or to a charity of your choice.

**Alexander J. Storey** age 76 of Sarnia passed away on Sunday, January 27, 2008 at Bluewater Health Palliative Care with his family by his side. Survived by his loving wife Joan of 53 years. Loved father of daughter Marnie (Brad) Lynn; son Joe (Anne) and their children Laura, Kate, Joel and daughter-in-law Jennifer; son Mark (Heidi) and their children Jason (Laura), Amanda (Al) (great-grandsons Zach and Michael), Ryan, Jill (great-grandchildren) Aidan and Emily; daughter Sharon (Dwain) Wilson and their children Chelsa and Katie. **Dear brother of John (Olive), White Horse;** Ray (Bev), Regina. Brother-in-law to Jim (Betty) Ott, Vancouver; Jane Storey, Regina. Loved son-in-law of Laura Junior, Kelowna. Brothers-in-law Dennis (Betty) Junior, Harold Junior, Bill Junior and sister-in-law Sharon (Randy) Rodrique, B.C. Survived by many cousins, nieces and nephews. Predeceased by his father and mother Jared (1972) and Jeanie (1991), a brother Robert (Bob) (2005), a sister Marnie Ott (1971), father-in-law Joe Junior and sister-in-law Bea Duke. Alex retired in 1986 from Imperial Oil serving 11 years in Regina and 25 years in Sarnia. He had great love for his family, wife, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Curling was one of his many passions. He spent a lot of time volunteering with The Red Cross, Meals on Wheels, the Inn of the Good Shepherd, and the Diabetes Association. Cremation has taken place. A Celebration of Alex's life will be held at the Sarnia Golf and Curling Club Dining Room, 500 Errol Rd. W., Sarnia on Friday, February 1, 2008 afternoon from 2 to 5 p.m. Memorial donations may be made in lieu of flowers to the Diabetes Association. SMITH FUNERAL HOME, 1576 London Line, Sarnia 519-542-5541 entrusted with

arrangements. Memories and condolences may be sent on line at [www.smithfuneralhome.ca](http://www.smithfuneralhome.ca) Published in the Regina Leader-Post on 1/30/2008.

**FLADEBOE, Allen S.** 92, of Pierre died Monday, January 28, 2008 at St. Marys Hospital. Allen was born on September 14, 1915 in Willmar, MN to Martin and Anna (Skre) Fladeboe. He attended school in Kandiyohi County and graduated from Willmar High School. He went on to graduate from Dunwoody Technical Institute and finished his civil engineering education through extensions schools. During WWII, he served as a civilian engineer in the Army Corps of Engineers. **He spent two years working on the ALCAN Highway in Alaska, British Columbia, Alberta and the Yukon Territory. One of the bridges that he helped design and construct was the Teslin River Bridge, the second longest bridge on the Highway.** He also worked for a year on the Inter-American Highway in Guatemala and El Salvador. Allen was united in marriage to Gertrude Heimdahl in Willmar, MN on July 7, 1941. He was a Licensed Professional Engineer and **worked as a civil engineer for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers** and then for the State of South Dakota Highway Department. Allen was a member of the Kiwanis Club, Toastmasters International, Lutheran Memorial Church, the Sons of Norway and the South Dakota Engineering Society. **He was also an ALCAN Highway Alumni.** He was a sportsman, and particularly enjoyed hunting and golfing. He took a keen interest in his Norwegian heritage and visited his family homestead in Hardangar Fjord several times. He is survived by two sons: Jan Peter Fladeboe of Charlottesville, VA and Jason Allen Fladeboe of Vermillion, SD and three grandchildren, Johann Keith Fladeboe, and Hayley Elizabeth Fladeboe of Charlottesville and Andrew Michael Fladeboe of Boston, MA. He was preceded in death by his wife Gertrude and one son Jeffrey Martin Fladeboe. A Gathering will take place Friday, February 1, 6:00 p.m. at Isburg Funeral Chapel with Prayer Service to follow at 7:00 p.m. at the chapel. Memorial Service will take place Saturday, February 2, 10:30 a.m. at Lutheran Memorial Church, Pierre, SD with Reverend Diane Jackson officiating. Inurnment at Riverside Cemetery, Pierre, SD. Isburg Funeral Chapel of Pierre has been placed in care of arrangements. Online condolences may be sent at [www.isburgfuneralchapels.com](http://www.isburgfuneralchapels.com) Published in the Edmonton Journal on 2/1/2008.

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Please send the Moccasin Telegraph to the new address, [kleby@navigonet.com](mailto:kleby@navigonet.com)  
Thank-you, Lisa Erickson

We have changed our E mail address to [jnlortie@uniserve.com](mailto:jnlortie@uniserve.com)  
Norm & Janet Lortie

## NEW ADDITIONS

Could you please include us on your distribution list for the Moccasin Telegraph. My wife and I are long time Yukon residents.

I first moved to the Yukon in 1963, but left in 64 when my Dad was posted back South. I returned to the Yukon in 1971, finished high school here, and came back again after finishing University studies. My wife Julie (Nordmann) was born and raised in Whitehorse.

My Dad Ron Smyth, was with the Army Service Corps until 1966. He left the army to come back North. We lived in Ft. Smith and Yellowknife until 1971, when we came back to the Yukon. My Dad was the Records Manager for YTG until 1981, when he and my mother (Evelyn) retired. My mother worked in Purchasing for YTG. They moved to Gabriola Island in 1981, but now live in Nanaimo.

Julie's Dad worked for Elvin's Equipment. He died a few years ago. Her mother, Agnes, worked at Yukon Hall. She lives with us here in Whitehorse.

I look forward to future editions of MT!

Steve and Julie Smyth [ssmyth\\*internorth.com](mailto:ssmyth@internorth.com) (In Whitehorse)

Meant to ask if I would be able to be put on your mailing list, as a relative has been sending me the newsletter.

Well Sherron yes, I live here in Dawson City. I had worked at Whitehorse General Hospital as a Practical Nurse from 1978 to 1994, when I returned to Dawson to live. I am now working at McDonald Lodge, senior citizen's home. I had worked at St. Mary's Hospital when they had the seniors living on the first floor there. That is when Len Miller and his wife were running it. Len took care of the administrative part and his wife looked after the hospital on the second floor.

My grandparents lived in Moosehide, Rev. Richard Martin & his wife Mary. My grandmother passed away in 1957. My grandfather continued to live at Moosehide until he moved into the Senior Home at St. Mary's Hospital. Then they build Alexander McDonald Lodge and the seniors moved there. My grandfather stayed there until he passed away in 1975. I had left Dawson a year later to pursue a career in Nursing. I had met my husband here in Dawson City. We had two children, Ecka (Monica) & Mark. Some of your readers may know Ecka from her singing! My son, Mark, is with the RCMP stationed in Whitehorse. My husband had passed away in Whitehorse in 1990 from cancer. I now live here near my daughter, her husband, Tobias (who is originally from Switzerland) and my only grandson, Logan, who is five years old and attending Dawson Elementary, kindergarten.

My cousin is Alice Laursen (nee: Martin) who now lives in Penticton, B.C. She was the rendezvous Queen in Whitehorse in 1962. She was raised by our grandparents. I lived in Dawson and during the summers would spend time at Moosehide. I went to the Dawson Public school here, in the old school that burned down. So do remember some of the folks that are mentioned in the newsletter and enjoy reading the stories. I can remember when there was a Drug Store and photo shop across the street from the Palace Grand, the old Bonanza Hotel, and the old Pioneer hall which also burned down. There was a thermometer on the wall, outside of the old Pioneer Hall and I took a picture of it as the temperature was so cold. Something like 60 below, before metric!! Also remember the NC store which was on front street, that also burned down. Course I was quite young at the time but vaguely remember some of these old buildings around Dawson and some which are not there now.

I hope this helps to let you know I'm an oldie!

Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus\\*northwestel.net](mailto:janus*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*Aspire to inspire before you expire.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Florence Roberts [yapper\\*klondiker.com](mailto:yapper*klondiker.com) (In Whitehorse)

### SHIPWRECK

Salt and pepper to taste  
1 medium sized onion  
4 raw potatoes  
1 lb ground beef  
½ cup rice  
1 cup diced celery  
1 tin tomato soup  
1 ½ cups boiling water

Into the bottom of a buttered baking dish, slice on good sized onion. Over this, arrange thin slices of raw potato. Then a layer of ground beef. Season with the salt and pepper as you go. Sprinkle about ½ cup rice over the meat, then the diced celery. Pour tomato soup and boiling water over all. Cover and bake in medium oven for about 1 ½ hours.

Bernice L. Swanstrom

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

Vancouver Yukoners' Annual Banquet April 5th, 2008

Tickets can be purchased from:

Vivian Stuart 217 - 3255 Cook St., Victoria, B.C., V8X 1A4.

email: [lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca) phone: 250.383.1349

Cheques payable to: Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Reception/Visiting: 5:00 p.m.

Dinner: 6:30 p.m.

Plated dinner \$55.00 per person.

Special Yukoners' rates at River Rock

Example: One bedroom suite \$159.00 plus tax

To make a reservation at the River Rock:

toll free phone: 1.866.748.3718 fax: 604.207.2641 phone: 604.247.8900

Location: 8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C., V6X 3P8.

[www.riverrock.com](http://www.riverrock.com)

FREE PARKING

For more information contact:

Carol Clarke [clclarke\\*shaw.ca](mailto:clclarke*shaw.ca) phone: 604.325.4774 or

Helen Munro [hmunro\\*shaw.ca](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones*shaw).

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

Winter Address –

483 – 5707 East 32<sup>nd</sup> St.

Yuma, Arizona 85365

Phone 928-341-0690