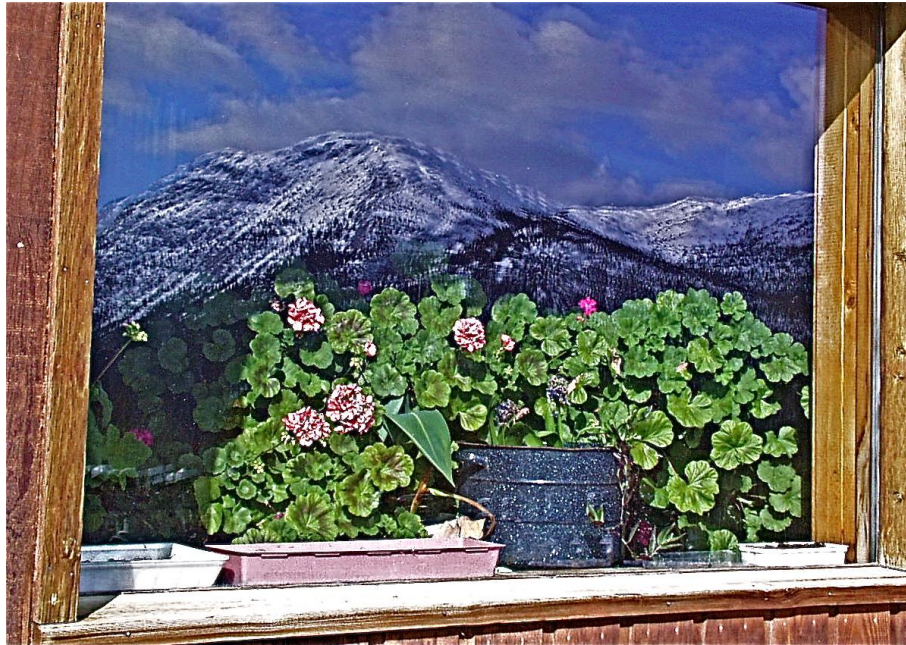


MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 252nd Edition – May 25th, 2008

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Reflection & Flowers in the Window

Photo courtesy Doug Bell cheechako46@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Whitehorse – 1962

Emily Stillwell ©



Constable William (Bill) and Evelyn (Ev) Dawson are posing with little Duncan and baby David, at their home in Whitehorse. [Lewes Blvd in Riverdale.]

Photo courtesy Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (Moose Jaw SK)



A Whitehorse subdivision [Riverdale]. I believe these were the first homes built across the Yukon River. Sod was hauled in to make the lawns.
Photo courtesy Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (Moose Jaw SK)



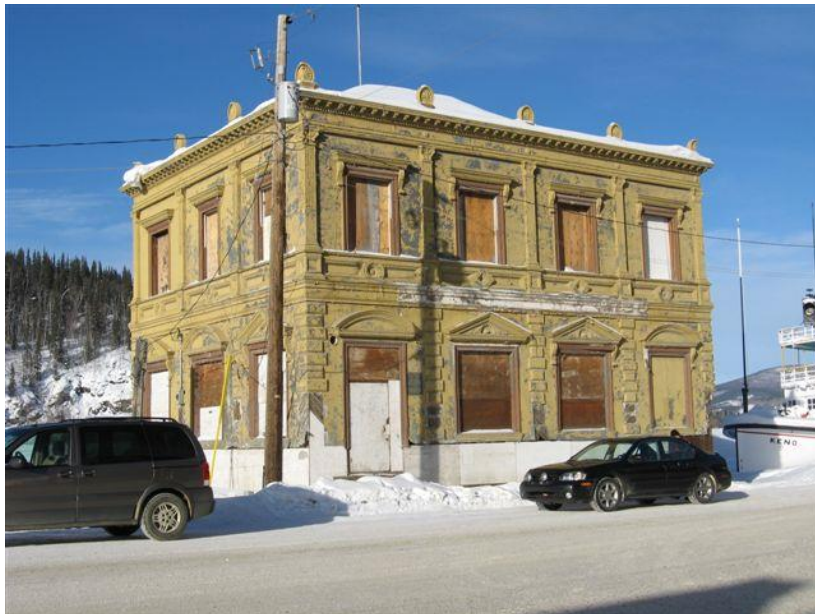
Miles Canyon
Photo courtesy Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (Moose Jaw SK)



The Whitehorse power dam Note the fish ladder.
Photo courtesy Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (Moose Jaw SK)

2008 PHOTOS OF DAWSON BUILDINGS – Part 3

Courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus* northwestel.net](http://janus*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Old CIBC building on Front St. This is where Robert Service worked.
Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus* northwestel.net](http://janus*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Old mortuary- 2nd Ave.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus janus@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Mme. Tremblay's Store.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus janus@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Red Feather Saloon - (not in use).

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



Sourdough Sue's old place, built in 1900 using bleached riverboat lumber.

Sue Ward was called "Sourdough Sue", she came up with the Frantic Follies in the 60's & lived here.

Some of these old buildings will hopefully bring memories back for some people and I'm hoping the readers don't hesitate to write in.

I think Gillian Campbell will remember Sue ! - Kris

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



Old store sitting on 2nd Ave.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus* northwestel.net](http://janus*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Part of the Anglican Church, named after my grandfather, Rev. Richard Martin.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus* northwestel.net](http://janus*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Anglican Church on Front Street.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus* northwestel.net](http://janus*.northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Old log home.

Photo courtesy Kris (Haydon) Janus [janus* northwestel.net](http://janus*.northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

Many thanks to Kris for taking the time to photograph and caption these photos for you to enjoy. Do hope you will send us some comments on any that bring back some memories to you. – Sherron sherronjones@shaw.ca

GROWING UP IN DAWSON PHOTOS

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



Faye Callison, Louiza Millen, and Harriet Osborn, I think, probably taken about 1954.



Valerie Osborn and me on our swing at Rock Creek about 1954



The place Les inherited from Fulton's at Rock Creek on the Klondyke River. Never completely finished, covered in tar paper, I think. I'm standing on the driveway about 1950 or 1951.



Interior of this place. Louiza, Teri (Leslie), me, Clara Telip, I think, and Jackie [Millen] (Mom).



Auntie Fulton and Uncle Gid with George [Millen] in 1950.



From left to right – Bonnie DeWolfe, Norma Nielsen, Norma Flynn, and Teri (Leslie) Millen at the Millen House about 1961 or 1962. Gosh when did they start wearing lipstick?



Teri (Leslie) Millen, Norma Flynn, I think, and Jackie (Mom) skiing at Rock Creek about 1961 or 1962.



Les and Teri (Leslie) at the Dawson Skating Rink probably the same day as Faye, Louiza, and Harriet were there about 1954 before Customs and our skating rink. Photos courtesy Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

ROCK CREEK – Stories are out there – do you have one?

Sherron, I'm running out the door, almost, but wanted you to have a list of families who had lovely places at Rock Creek, so maybe you can contact them. I asked Valerie Duckworth to email you. She's got a wonderful sense of humor.

The Strachans were not directly on the river, but they had a place there. The rest of the families had places along the Klondyke River. Fred and Jean Cook and daughter, Beatrice, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and their daughters Harriet and Valerie, Millens, Mr. and Mrs. Firth with Catherine, Sheila, Tommie, Howie, and Nancy Lou, Redmonds, I think, with children Sharon and Joey, and then I'm not sure if it was the Lelievres or who. This list is from east to west towards Dawson.

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

I did not get a chance to follow up on this lead so if you are on this list or lived at Rock Creek, please send us some of your memories. I heard someone made a humorous remark about the sound of the rain on the tin roof. Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

ROCK CREEK - Memories

Most of the summer places at Rock Creek were along the Klondyke River, set in from the bank by perhaps 50 to 80 feet. Running parallel to the river, between it and the front doors of these houses was a path that connected all the owners of these premises. The neighbors that I remember had one or more children, and, as in town, everyone was friendly.

Our place, inherited from the Fulton's, was the only one with a 'tar paper' finish, so it seemed somewhat idiosyncratic compared to the other houses that had a standard and completed look about them. My parents must have been content with ours' as it remained that way. I think all the roofs were made of tin.

In the summer, we spent weekends there. Everyone, I think, had a fishing rod as my parents and the neighbors loved to fish. Many times, my parents left around 5:00am to catch the fish by surprise, I suppose, but even then they ran into Mr. Osborn who lived with his family immediately east of us or Mr. Cook who lived with his family east of the Osborns. One of my parents' favorite spots was a half hour walk away.

At times, they noticed bear scat on their return and determined that it may have been only an hour old and that seemed to hurry them along a little faster than usual. They'd open the back door, talking in huge whispers about their near run in, and then settle down to cook breakfast while chatting about the fish they caught and the ones that cleverly got away.

I had heard them leave, even though they had done so quietly, and in the space of time before they returned, I listened to the quietness all about, broken only by the sound of the river rushing by. It was deep, full, and steady, as if indicating it was here forever, and I liked that.

There was a rope swing in our yard and in most other yards too, and we often used them, swinging singly or doubled with a friend. As well we played hide and go seek, kick the can, skipped pebbles in the river, collected special rocks, or walked to the lagoon, a sheltered spot with a sandy beach and a couple of large dead trees that floated in the water and that were ideal to ride on.

Sometimes though, the days were just plain quiet with hardly anyone around. On one such day when I was about four years old, I found an unusual stick caught in the scrub brush by our house. It was proportioned and shaped to be almost anything I'd like it to be, and I was admiring its symmetry when Tommie Firth, who lived with his family on our west side, came by. He was about two years older than me, and his wide eyed interest brought out my cautious side.

When he approached too quickly, I put the stick in my other hand, then when he darted to my other side; I changed hands again, and began walking. And he walked. Seeming to be at an impasse, he offered me the use of one of his toys for half a day, then more of his toys for a whole day, if I would give him the stick, but I realized at the end of the borrowing time, I'd have to return his toys, and he'd still have my stick, so I didn't accept his offers.

All the while we were negotiating for ownership of the stick, we continued walking away from Rock Creek without realizing it until all of a sudden, we felt tired, and by then we saw that we were almost at the airport. We turned around and looked back, surprised to see the seemingly endless straight stretch of gravel that we'd walked, and I wondered how many steps it would take to return this long way that we'd come.

The stick took second place now as Tommie encouraged me by saying we weren't all that tired, we could do it, and though it was a huge challenge, I believed him. Then, amazingly, Mr. Cook, who was returning to Rock Creek, stopped his truck beside us. He opened the passenger door and asked what we were doing on this road that belonged to the bears and hadn't we seen the signs indicating it was the bears' highway and then he commented that the bears would have been angry with us had they known, and we were fortunate that they may have been taking a nap or walking out of the area not to have seen us.

I looked around for the signs he was talking about, but then I remembered, even if I saw them, I couldn't read; however, the bears couldn't read either. As Mr. Cook had said they were there, it occurred to me that the signs must have pictures on them, so children and bears could understand their meaning, and yet it didn't seem plausible that bears could understand pictures either.

And the signs were nowhere to be seen. It may simply have meant that being more familiar with the highway than me; Mr. Cook knew on which trees they were posted so could easily spot them. On the other hand, being that they were so important, they should have been in view, I thought, so everyone would see them at a glance.

After his worries about us subsided, and he became calm, he asked if we'd like a ride home and why we were so far away. Tommie explained about the stick, and they both agreed I'd been strong, especially for a girl, not to have given in to his entreaties. That night Tommie's mother, Mrs. Firth, had a bonfire and invited the neighbors to come and celebrate our safe return, but my parents kept me home for having broken the rule about not wandering away.

At Rock Creek, there was no power, so no telephones, electricity, or running water; but there were wood burning stoves for cooking and baking, kerosene lanterns for light, pails for fetching water, and music to listen to on the wind up gramophones. Some of the titles on the old 78's were odd such as Jailor Bring Me Water and You'll Get Pie in the Sky when You Die and struck us as funny. We often played these records on rainy days while playing pick up sticks or coloring. Sometimes Jackie (Mom) read us a story or we made up our own. And occasionally one of our friends, always another girl, as my younger brother, George, was terribly outnumbered, came for the weekend, and we enjoyed this extra company immensely.

In the winter, we often spent Sundays skiing at Rock Creek, and sometimes we met up with the man who lived across the river as he was returning home from work, his sled piled high with logs and pulled by horses. We'd take off our skis and ride back with him. I don't remember his name.

From our place going west, as already mentioned, was the Firth's place and then after that was the Redmond's, I think, and then maybe the Lelievre's. And there were still many more Dawsonites who had houses on the banks of the Klondyke, no doubt because it was such a welcoming and happy place to be.

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

I did send the above message on in the direction of Tom Firth in hopes of some comments, but nothing yet. – Sherron

I received the Rock Creek pictures, but only spent a short time at the Millen's at Rock Creek (formerly Mr. & Mrs. Fulton's cabin). I also attended a couple of gatherings at the Firth's summer home with Catherine (Firth) Small, (who lives in Victoria now during the summer months and was one of my school mates in Dawson City.)

Tina (Brasseur) Parson artinap@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS COUPLE IS IN HAINES IN 1958 ???

You have heard the saying that the memory is the second thing to go as one ages? Well, I have a picture or two of a couple that I took on a trip to Haines, Alaska for the Strawberry festival - probably in 1958, and I can't, for the life of me remember who they are. Perhaps someone on your trapline could help me !!! I will attach a couple of pictures for reference.

Ira Saunders sandisaunders@rogers.com (In Ottawa ON)



Do you know this couple – photo taken in 1958.
Photo courtesy Ira Saunders sandisaunders@rogers.com (In Ottawa ON)



Do you know this couple – photo taken 1958?
Photo courtesy Ira Saunders sandisaunders*rogers.com (In Ottawa ON)

ANCIENT ICE MAN

Forwarded by Donna Clayson yukonlady*albertacom.com (In Ardrossan AB)

CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS and NAHANNI RIVER ADVENTURES story

GENETIC SECRETS OF TATSHENSHINI ICEMAN DISCOVERED

You may recall from the 1999 Northern Currents, the story of the ancient person found in a receding Tatshenshini / Alsek glacier, the traditional area of the Champagne and Aishihik First Nations. Carbon dating indicated he died 500 years ago. He was named Kwaday Dan Ts'inch'i (Long Ago Person Found) by the local First Nations people to whom he was thought to be related and who put his remains to rest in 2000.

The discovery was of global significance and since then, scientists have been studying all facets of the man: clothes, tools, migratory patterns, even the contents of his stomach. But it's the DNA link to living people that has created the biggest stir. 17 living descendants gave their DNA for testing and this week the results revealed a positive direct link.

"The connection to the people," said Al Mackie, an archaeologist on the project, "how they know his clan, how they know who his relatives are, that's amazing. You just don't get that in archaeology. It never happens."

Chief Diane Strand of Champagne Aishihik First Nations says the findings confirm the oral history that these people moved frequently between the coast of Alaska and the Yukon interior. But she is frustrated that the oral history was in doubt until proven by modern science.

We have noted since 1999 that our guests are more vigilant during glacier hikes!

Glacier Yields 500 Year Old Body of Ancient Person in Tatshenshini/Alsek Region
From : <http://nahanni.com/newsletter/archive/?page=1>

In the traditional lands of the Champagne and Aishihik First Nation a spectacular archaeological find was made in August. It is yet another example of the many and diverse treasures to be found in the north. An age old secret of the highly glaciated Coast Range was recently revealed. In August three modern day hunters spotted some unusual pieces of wood on the toe of a glacier in Tatshenshini Alsek Park, south of the Yukon/BC border. Upon closer examination they viewed what appeared to be a mitten and then distinguished part of an actual body beneath the surface of the ice.

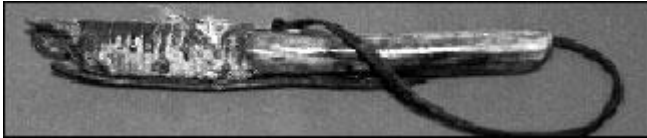
The discoverers were 3 teachers from Nelson B.C.. Bill Hanlon, Warren Ward, and Mike Roch. Ward, reports that a skeletal pelvis structure was "lying on it's front in the ice and covered with tattered dark brown leather clothing and what appeared to be a backpack". They could see that there was skin and muscle tissue intact. Realizing they had stumbled upon something remarkable, the three carefully recorded the location of the find and made the two day hike out to civilization to report the body. It was immediately apparent to authorities that this was an archaeological find of global significance.

Dr. Owen Beattie, who became known for his work on the remains found of the doomed sailors from the Franklin Expedition, was quickly involved. Lying in the traditional area of the Champagne and Aishihik First Nations, the first response was from the native band who helicoptered into the site and invited the Park and Territorial representatives to participate. So fast was the melting of the ice that by the time they arrived more artifacts were surfacing. A light object blowing in the "prop wash" of the aircraft proved to be an ancient woven hat! - recently melted free.

The body was clearly from an age preceding European contact. Sarah Gaunt, CAFN Heritage Planner, ensured that the elders were consulted immediately for permission to further explore the find. The elders stated that they wished to learn as much about the body as possible but that they wanted it returned by December 2000 to be respectfully put to rest.



"Toe" of glacier in Tatshenshini/Alsek Park where the body was found.



"Knife Like" implement found with the body.

According to Dianne Strand, Heritage Officer, the "find" of the ancient person was given a name: "Kwaday Dan Sinchi" - Long Ago Person Found. Strand points out that the name refers to the "find", not the person. The lower torso was found first, further melting yielded the cedar bark or spruce root hat, a gopher skin robe, an unidentified tool in a pouch, sticks and what appears to be cordage (binding a "pony tail"). The sticks were first thought to be a spear throwing apparatus known as an Atlatl. The device provides a mechanical advantage for hunters to throw a spear with greater distance and power. Further input from elders indicates that it may also be a device used for snaring gophers. A CAFN management team including band chief Bob Charlie work closely with the specialists. They are aware that recent climatic changes are causing glaciers to melt and may continue to yield remarkable finds.

The body was carefully preserved and flown south with a First nations escort. He now rests within a double freezer system at the Victoria Royal British Columbia Museum. The cause of death is unknown.

Beatty says the find is "unbelievably lucky" and that "it was down to a matter of days before the remains would have been rendered useless to researchers". A number of other significant items were found in the ice near the site including a moose. Al Mackie, a biologist with the BC government says this poses further questions. It is more recent than the body, dated back to the 1960's. It remains puzzling what a moose was doing at 6,000 - 7,000' (unusual for moose)?

All of the items found will be analysed to piece together the story. Plant leaves in the ice and pollen trapped in the hunters animal skin clothing will be tested. Paleobotanists will learn more about the world in which he lived.

DNA sampling, biology, forensic anthropology, and cryobiology will all help to provide answers. The area was traditionally used by both interior Southern Tutchone and Coastal Tlingit people over the years. They had a dynamic trading relationship and intermarried. Perhaps the discovery was most poignantly described by Ward who said "We were profoundly hit by the significance of the human presence". "I had a real sense, when I looked at the clothing and stitching, that someone loved this person enough to make this beautiful clothing".

On September 29th the test results revealed that the body is approximately 500 years old.

We work closely with the Champagne Aishihik people and have passed the old village sites on the Alsek and Tatshenshini many times. For this ancient traveller, the beautiful river country was home. Unknowingly, he is providing an introduction to science for the modern young people and elders in the CAFN community - much needed cultural revitalization for a generation that has lost ties with it's



Packaging remains for transport.

past. The ongoing investigation of cultural matters in the area will enrich the community and hopefully lead to resources such as a Cultural Centre and hopefully a foundation for further study.

One other thing is certain now: we will never again view the spectacular Alsek and Tatshenshini glaciers in quite the same way.

We will keep you updated as this story continues to unfold. You can discover more details by visiting the Champagne Aishihik First Nations web site at www.cafn.yk.net.

MOCTEL 251

The Yukoner's picture taken by Dave Perks, Diane Paton-Peel, Omar Peel, ?? The person in question is Hans Gloslee Jr.

Harry Miller ee.miller@shaw.ca (In Coombs BC)

Just wanted to comment on another great edition. Thanks for doing such a nice job of the comments and pictures that I sent in to you. What fun it is to reminisce! Have a good holiday weekend.....it is finally warmer in Vic!

Love, Tina (Brasseur) Parsons artinap@shaw.ca (In Victoria)

Sherron I enjoy so much receiving the Moccasin Telegraph what a great job you do of bringing my beloved Yukon to me. We go back about every second year so stay pretty close I grew up with Rolf Hougen. Rolf and Marg are true Yukoners, they have given and continue to give so much to the Yukon The list of things started when Rolf was a young man and too numerous list Hope you write a book one day Rolf and Marg. As you know my brother Les McLaughlin writes and records stories of the Yukon for Rolf. Sherron I wish to become a member so please let me know what the fees are.

Maggie (McLaughlin) Heath mheath2@telus.net I now live in Grande Prairie, Alta. My address is 10061-80th Ave T8V 4G2

Another excellent MocTel, I really enjoy them. The Bush pilot memories of Bob Harrison are so interesting he has sure led an interesting life. And the new Art gallery sponsored by the Hougens' is great too. It is quite an inheritance for the people of the Yukon. We are getting our summer this weekend it is just lovely to get out in the yard. Hope you are getting some of this weather up there. Hope all is well with you two.

Cheerio for now. ...Alice Breaden ambreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

I've finally read, almost a week late but thoroughly MocTel 251 and wanted to say how much I enjoyed seeing Ted Harrison's work. Sometimes, I go on line to browse through his site.

As well, Tina Brasseur Parson's photos and comments touched me deeply. The one with her, Louiza, and Frosty is incredibly beautiful. Frosty was our constant companion. He even came tobogganing with us. But there were times when he was overly vigilant in keeping us safe from dogs that came too near and to prevent a dog fight, Jackie (Mom) locked him in the house one summer day that she'd decided to take us downtown. I think Frosty must have been quite alarmed at being left alone and/or still concerned about us, so he jumped through the dining room window, right through the glass, and came running after us. There was nowhere else he wanted to be.

Kris Janus's photo of the New Westminster Hotel reminded me of another dog episode that happened many years later, and it concerns a dog owned by Gordie Caley named Ruff. Also left behind, Ruff found a way out, and seeing a shiny black car parked in front of the New Westminster Hotel that looked similar to Gordie's, he leaped onto its trunk and waited. However, this new vehicle belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Salois, the owners of the New Westminster Hotel. When Gordie drove by, he was surprised to find Ruff curled up on this car, and coax as he did, Ruff was not persuaded of his error. Gordie had to lift him off to retrieve him from the trunk and carry him to his pick up.

My sister, Louiza, worked many years as a waitress at the New Westminster and enjoyed the people and the place.

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

MOCTEL 251 BRINGS LOTS OF MEMORIES

Boy, lots of memories popping up from this weeks issue, especially from Emily's pictures of 1955 Whitehorse. The picture of the "Old Federal Bldg" is interesting as I was on duty in red serge at the official opening of that building the previous fall. After I got out of the Force, I worked in the building for about twelve years. As a matter of fact I have a suspicion that I was at work in the Post Office when that picture was taken as that looks like it my little coupe parked in front. (Third car from the right.)

The new, at that time, police station had opened shortly before I arrived there in 1953. The building housed the Sub Division office, jail, kitchen, and mess hall. The barracks where a dozen or so of we single members lived was on the second floor. That building brings back a lot of pleasant and some not so pleasant memories. Later, the Sub Division moved into the new Federal Building and the Detachment Office moved from the old Signals office on First Avenue to the bottom floor of the Police building.

Then there's the picture of the old Hospital, which was one of our favorite coffee stops while on foot patrol. The building behind the trees was the Nurses Residence which was a sort of second home to a number of the single Police members. I don't remember why, but something seemed to draw us in that direction.

Anyway thanks, Emily. We really enjoyed trip back in memory.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach BC)

IDENTIFYING EMILY STILLWELL PHOTO IN MOC TEL 251

This is identifying picture one of three Teachers attending a conference in Whitehorse, Y.T.

The centre lady is Marion Langevin, {Nee Marion Mayowski...B.Ed. of Nampa AB.} source 1952, evergreen and gold U. of A. yearbook.

Sincerely, Brian Kates brimart@telus.net (In Edmonton AB)

I believe Brian is referring to my photo. I was thinking that the Marion was on the left but guess I got it wrong. The name Mayowski seems familiar.

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

Hi Sherron, Yes that is Marion Langevin is the one in the middle of the photo. I believe she met Joe in Beaver Creek or somewhere up the Hiway She taught school here in Dawson, while Joe was with Forestry. The 2 boys, Brian and Gary went to school here in Dawson, Brian I believe is in Whitehorse. Gary is still here in Dawson, Joe is in Parksville, Marion passed away quite a few years ago.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Sherron: Two items –

1 - I note from the MocTel that there is a subscription fee for the paper. Far be it from me to be a free-loader !!! Can you let me know what the going rate is, and I will forward the required funds ASAP..and

2 - The stern wheelers shown in the photo, if they are the same ones that were there in 1958 when I took my picture of them, are: Closest one on right - SS Klondike - still on display in Whitehorse, and in a row of four behind SS Aksala, SS Casca, SS Whitehorse, and the SS Keno (which is currently on display in Dawson City). I sent some pictures of them to the Dawson City Parks Canada office for their archives and you may be able to access them through them. I also sent them a picture of the Robert Service cabin taken in '58 or '59.

By the way, the e-mail address I had for you was @roadrunner.com. I note the @shaw.ca address now on the MocTel. Which one is the best one to use ???

Ira Saunders sandisaunders*rogers.com (In Ottawa Ont)

From my reply to Ira –

1. Most send \$20. -- some send less, some send more and many send nothing. Those who indicate they can not afford to send anything are placed in a separate mailing group and still receive the editions. All amounts are appreciated and each receives a thank you message. (Someone told me on the phone yesterday that for what they get it would be a bargain at a dollar a week. I certainly do not expect that, but do appreciate something/anything. For those who think I may be receiving too much - please know that we are supplementing our living with our savings.)

Not a penny in donations/subscriptions was received this week and many hours were spent on MocTel. Would hate to calculate my hourly rate, I would get depressed.

2. Both e-mail addresses work for me year round.

I do ask that you use the SHAW address while I am on the road heading back and forth to Yuma as ROADRUNNER does not have near the level of storage of e-mails and soon begins to return the mail to the sender.

Once I hook up in Yuma I leave the computer on so it does not become over quota. And at that time I have SHAW forward my e-mail to the ROADRUNNER address. So unfortunately I need to have both addresses – ‘BUT’- MocTel readers can ALWAYS reach me using the SHAW address.

*Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)*

I gave Harold Davenport a heads up that the Emily Stillwell photo of the Whitehorse hospital and the Old Log Church would be in MocTel 251. I was thinking that he could see where his parents were married and thought perhaps he was born in the hospital. Below is his reply. – Sherron

My parents were married Christmas eve 1938 in the Whitehorse Robert Service Church, my father was flying out of Whitehorse and mother was an RN at the hospital (see photo). I was born in 1940 and we left for Edmonton in 1945. I have hundreds of feet of color film of Whitehorse in the late 30's and early 40's. Mom was a nurse trained at the Vancouver General and was responsible for the saving of many Indian children that came to the hospital, they in turn gave her gifts, one was the picture of a chief I think. Also the menu from Dawson in 1938, what a bang for a buck, and pure Robert Service. Your group looks like a good place to revisit times gone by.

Though my mother worked at the hospital [in Whitehorse] when she was pregnant with myself, she was hesitant to have me there, her sister had died a few years earlier in child birth on Vancouver Island. Dad saw to it that she was flown out to Vancouver to her old training hospital, the Vancouver General, where I was born. She had graduated as an RN a few years earlier, and of course she was known well and got preferred treatment. She had graduated with a dietetic specialty diploma, which meant that I and my sister were one of the first to be consciously brought up as health food users. Could be why Dad nearly got to near 100 years, Mom got to 86 even with her terrible diabetes she had for 30 years prior. Another Northern view--we could not get fresh milk in Whitehorse at the time so they used canned milk which is not the same, so I did not acquire a taste for cows milk, and to this day have never had a glass of it, I would be ill if I tried, dad never drank milk either.

OK, here is one more quickie vignette of living history, when one of the airplanes was in for service in 1944, I think a Lockheed 10, a mechanic dropped a screw driver in the fuel tank, apparently the opening in the tank was just large enough for a 4 year old to get thru, so dad hung me by my heels thru the opening in the wing tank to get the screw driver out,-- this had to be true because Mom told me the story. Today if you hung a kid upside down in a fuel tank, the state would take the kid away from abusive parents.

You really do put a lot of work into the Moc Tel. Its very interesting and well done, when we went up to Whitehorse as a family of four, in the 37 Packard, in the fall of 42, the highway was under construction by the US Army. I was 2 and my sister was 6

months, can you imagine driving from Edmonton to Whitehorse in 1942. The Packard was pulled thru many soggy miles by CAT train; my mother must have been close to cardiac arrest. To Dad it was a days work, he took a case of scotch whiskey which he used to extract fuel and repairs from the US Army at the outposts along the way.

Your photo of the old hospital are very interesting, I think we have a photo of the operating room—I will look.

You are doing a very valuable service.

Harold Davenport Jr. hport2@shaw.ca (In High River AB)



Arcade Cafe

Harry Cleaves, Prop.
Damon, Yukon Territory, Canada

Friday, 1938

SPECIAL CHEECHACO MENU

\$1.00—Lunch and Dinner Menu—\$1.00

SOUP

Yukon Clam Chowder Consomme

FISH

Finnan Haddie

BOILED

Pelly River Chicken, Bonanza Nuggets

ENTREES

Macaroni, Cheese and Fried Ham, Sourdough Style

Baby Moose Steak, Whisky Hill Grill

Eldorado Caribou Cutlets, Last Chance Jelly

Pork Sausage and Mashed Potatoes, Nigger Jim's Favorite

Combination Cold Lunch, Iceworm Salad

Sirloin Steak, Cheechaco's Delight

Lamb Chops, a la Bob Service Grill

ROASTS

Leg of Pork, Diamond Tooth Gertie Apple Sauce

Prime Ribs of Beef, Klondike Kate's Delight

Leg of Cub Bear, Trail of Ninety-Eight

COLD MEATS

Young Chicken and Pure Gold Salad

Beef, Mutton, Pork

VEGETABLES

Yukon-Grown Steamed and Mashed Potatoes

Garden Island Combination Vegetables

DESSERT

Ridgetop Pumpkin Pie Fresh Glacier Apple Pie

Ice Cream, Pick-and-Shovel Flavor

Northern Lights Tea—Bear Creek Ice Water—Midnight Dome Coffee

A LA CARTE

Asparagus Tips, with Skookum Jim Mayonnaise, \$1.00

Combination Salad, Matanuska Dressing, \$1.00

Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers, with Dressing, 75c

Hot Moose Sandwich and Vegetables, 75c

Fresh Cow's Milk, 25c

THE LAND OF PURE GOLD AND SUNSHINE



General Hospital, Whitehorse Yukon
Image courtesy Harold Davenport Jr. hport2@shaw.ca (In High River AB)

Re: EAGLE – SWAN PHOTOS IN MOCTEL 251

Hi Sherron, Below you will find the original captions from the picture 'Eagle and Swan', it does not state the name of the photographer, but gives the location in B.C. Maybe you can use it to inform your readers.

Cheers, Fred Berger fpbrgr@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Subject: May 1st Eagle and Swan at Lake 'lse' Lake Near Terrace, B. C.

On May 1st, the pictures of this Eagle and Swan were taken at Lake 'lse' Lake Near Terrace, British Columbia, CANADA, and were taken by a friend from his boat launch at his cottage. He has sent them out to numerous friends of his and to myself.

As he said in the e-mail "this is a once in a lifetime opportunity and to top it all off I had my camera by me. Double luck".

I live not far from there in British Columbia. My friend lives on the shore of Lake 'lse' Lake just outside of Terrace.

The Water Lily Bay Resort owner feeds the swans on the lake. Eagles are very common in our area. These are amazing photos! Enjoy!

P.S. I am sure these are now going to circulate on the Internet and belong to a hundred or more.

What a beautiful bird, so graceful and majestic.

You can see the feathers flying here.

This one is so amazing to see the eagle wing span beside the swan. Poor thing must be scared to death.

The eagle is losing his grip on the swan here.

Has just lost his grip on the swan.

The swan starts falling straight down.

The swan falls into the water, swims away and the eagle just looks on. I am amazed the eagle would tackle something so big in mid air.

Your e-mail friend Earl from British Columbia, Canada

FIRST 5 YEARS OF MOC TEL'S ON 1 CD – NOW AVAILABLE

Have had some enquires about the availability of the Moccasin Telegraph back issues. There is a CD now available which contains the first 5 years of Moccasin Telegraphs – 2003 – 2007. It includes all regular and special editions on one disc.

You can search the five years using a 'keyword'; the instructions are included. ie. If you wanted to find every article written by a particular person you could use their name in the search and you would get a list of each edition where that persons name appears. Then you would open each edition in turn; and perform a second keyword search to go precisely to the point in the edition where that name appears.

This same search feature would also work to take you to any topic that has been included in a previous edition; simply by using a unique word or series of words that would appear in what you are looking for.

For example to find this article in this edition you would only need to use the keywords "5 Years". To reveal the drop down window in which to type the keywords 5 years you only need to hold down the **CTRL key** and type the letter **F** .

The control '**CTRL**' key is on the lower left hand corner of your keyboard.

Upper and lower case letters is not important but placing a space between words is. You need to be precise in that regard. ie Dawson Museum can not be typed in as DawsonMuseum but can be typed in as dawson museum.

To order this CD, send a cheque for \$25.00 (which includes shipping and handling) to Sherron Jones, 9205 Orchard Ridge Driver, Vernon BC V1B 1V8

JIMMY SMITH'S KINDNESS

I was downtown in Vernon today shopping and went into a store where Alister McGregor now works. When he was in Whitehorse in the 1969 – 72 era he was with the Hudson's Bay. I saw Alister in the store and we had a nice chat. Alister mentioned this weeks MocTel, the generosity of Rolf Hougen and the photo of Jim Smith and how good Jim is looking. I mentioned some of this to Gillian and she replied with this memory. Not sure if she was at the Bay or Woolworths or just where but she has shared this really neat story.
Sherron Jones

Hi Sherron, I will never forget the kindness shown to me by Jimmy Smith. Years ago I arrived in Whitehorse to be in the "Frantic Follies" show, as Leading Lady. I needed some summer clothes for my two little boys.

I went to the store... in the Mall. Walked all that way with them too. Hot day... anyway .. I chose what I was going to buy... quite a lot of things for my Sons. Went to pay for them and the girl would not accept my cheque. In those days I had plenty of ID and told her what I was going to be doing there all summer etc. NO, can't accept the cheque and I was so ticked off. Ah well, we started walking back home. A house that I was renting for the summer via Frantic Follies. They found it for me each year. All of a sudden this beautiful black car stopped and it was Jimmy Smith and he asked me if we wanted a ride home. I was thrilled.. long walk for the boys. When we got in the car I told him what had happened. He turned the car around and we went back into the Store... and he went and said we would pick up the Goods... that I had chosen. Well they were all put away again, so Jimmy said go and get them all Gillian and I will pay for them. Which he duly did and I was grateful to him. Such a kind deed and I did pay him back too, in cash. Such a long time ago but I never ever forgot dear Jimmy Smith's kindness. Love Gillian.

Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

I sent the above draft to Gillian and received this reply – Sherron

JOLLY GOOD...SHERRON. THANK YOU....THAT MAKES ME VERY HAPPY
...ALSO ANOTHER TIDBIT YOU CAN ADD IF YOU LIKE...WHEN EVER WE
WERE WITH JIMMY SMITH NO MATTER WHERE..AS HE WAS A GREAT
SUPORTER OF THE FOLLIES AS WAS DOROTHY...JIM KNEW EVERYBODY'S
NAME ..EVEN ALL THE CHILDREN..AMAZING AND THE NATIVE CHILDREN
AS WELL.....A WONDERFUL MAN

LOVE GILLIAN

BOB JACOBS RETIREMENT FROM FIRE DEPARTMENT – WHITEHORSE 2008

Bob Jacobs was a firefighter for the City of Whitehorse Fire Hall. They held a Retirement Party for him at the Westmark Whitehorse and about 100 people attended.

I have attached Fire Chief Clive Sparks 'Presentation speech'.

I just wish I had Bob Jacob's speech as it was very nice. I have asked him if he could remember enough of what he said to put something down on paper and email it to me. However it is the long week end now and I haven't had anything back from him yet. I will jog his memory one more time after the long week end. I did tell him it was for the Moccasin Telegraph.

I will select a few pictures from the ones that were taken at the banquet and attach them.

I looked through some old newspapers to see if I could find the write up but I no longer have it. Bob's picture made the front page and then there were more pictures inside. So if that party was April 25th which was a Friday evening, it would be in the newspapers shortly after that.

Rusty Reid rustyreid*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

These photos were taken by Jack Boily and Rusty Reid on Jack Boily's camera. Some have been edited and forwarded to the MocTel by Rusty. So thank you Jack and Rusty for 'capturing the moment'. – Sherron



Bob Jacobs with his fire hat on.

Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Clive Sparks right presenting Bob Jacobs with his Fire Hat.
Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Bob Jacobs and wife Angie.
Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Plaque presented by Fire Chief Clive Sparks reads –
Bob Jacobs, Platoon Chief – Upon His Retirement after 42 years in The Whitehorse Fire
Department.

Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Clive Sparks Presentation Speech:



Fire Chief Clive Sparks giving his speech. Hank Karr in the background.

Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Firefighters Group Picture - APRIL 25, 2008
Photo courtesy Rusty Reid rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

ROBERT (Bob) JACOBS

RETIREMENT PARTY

Held

Friday, April 25, 2008 at the Westmark Whitehorse

(About 100 people attended & pictures were taken by Jack Boily)

We are celebrating Bob Jacob's retirement tonight. Bob has spent the last 42 years involved with the Whitehorse Fire Department where he has held the position of Volunteer Firefighter, Captain of the Volunteers, Training Officer for the Volunteers, Full-time Firefighter, Captain and Platoon Chief. It has been a long and I am sure a rewarding career for Bob.

My first connection with Bob was through his family business of Jacobs Industries. Bob, while working for his Dad, was involved with a number of projects for Yukon Electrical. This was where we first met.

I also met Bob a number of times in the late 1960s when he was active racing motorcycles particularly at the Chadburn Lake Track where he was always competitive and often won the races.

We met up again when Bob had been a Volunteer for about five years and I moved from the Porter Creek Volunteer Fire Department to the City. We spent the next ten years attending most of the calls in Whitehorse. I am sure that between us all we could spend the next 40 years telling stories about Bob and the incidents we were all involved in. Some of the more memorable for me were the River Boats, the Stephens Hotel, various airport hangers, and more house fires than I can count. We have laid many miles of 2 ½ inch hose to fight these fires.

As we both lived downtown we were usually the first to the hall and able to take the second truck to the call. I used to try to get to the hall as fast as I could, but I never seemed to be able to get there ahead of Bob. That meant that I had to ride the right hand seat in the second Pumper for the call – today that would mean that you would be in charge of the crew of that Pumper, but back then it meant that I had to make the hydrant connection and then go to the fire. We have fought many fires together over Bob's career and I have enjoyed working with him. He and I have been in some weird and interesting situations and in the 1970's we always had to be on our toes as Fred Blaker was the Fire Chief. Fred had a policy (although not written, it was carved in stone) and that was "If you are going to pump water – pump water. If the throttle is not wide open, you are not pumping fast enough". With this in mind you had to make sure that you were in a safe and solid position to fight the fire if Fred had not arrived on the scene. One day Bob and I forgot about this rule. It was at the old Coke Plant at the end of Ray Street next door to the Coke warehouse is today. We were around the back of the building on top of a bunch of pallets with a 2 ½ inch hose when Fred arrived. There were a few busy moments when we were trying to keep the hose under control and stay on top of the pallets and not hurt ourselves.

Bob Joined the Whitehorse Fire Department in August 1966 as a Volunteer Firefighter. At that time, there were 12 Full-time members and 12 Volunteers. Although the boundaries for the City were near Jacobs Industries building and somewhere around end of Sixth Avenue at the South Access and included Riverdale and the Hospital, there were times when this was a small crew. There was an agreement with the DPW Fire Department for assistance; however it could still take some time to get everyone there. As the City grew, the size of the Department also grew to Department of 20 Full-time members and 20 Volunteers. There had been a change in Chiefs and Chief Doug Row recognized Bob's abilities and promoted him to the rank of Captain of the Volunteers and also made him the Training Officer for the Volunteers. Bob carried on with this role for a few years and was responsible for all the training that the Volunteers received.

In 1986 Bob took a position as a Casual Firefighter with the Whitehorse Fire Department which transformed into a Full-time position in 1988. Bob worked on "B" "C" and finally "A" shifts throughout his career. Bob continued in the position of Firefighter for ten years until he was successful in obtaining the rank of Captain on June 01, 1998. On April 25, 2000 Bob was again promoted this time to the position of Platoon Chief. He has held this rank until his retirement this month. Bob received his 20 year Exemplary Service Medal in 1986 and his first bar to the medal in 1996 and his second bar to the medal in

2006. Bob has also received his long service medal from the Association of Yukon Fire Chiefs for 40 years of service in the Yukon Fire Service.

Bob is one of those people who loves to “debate” (short term for argue about everything) on any and all subjects. He can always be counted on to have a strong opinion on everything. He used the word “why” until he almost wore it out. If a change was suggested his usual response was “Why?” You had better have a good answer or else you can be scrambling for a response.

Now that Bob is retiring there will be a lot less time spent discussing things on “A” shift. I am sure that the crew will miss some of the back and forth that occurred. I know that many times certain members of the crew would do something just to see if they could get Bob to start the debate and then see how long it could be kept going. It should take a lot less time to get the chores done at the station now that the debates are shorter. Bob always tried every angle he could to get his way. He asked me when he turned 60 if he could quit for a month so that he could start collecting Canada Pension but then I had to hire him back so he could work to 65. That was one debate I did win as I told him that if he quit and was over 60 I could not hire him back so he just stayed on so while I won the battle, I am not sure who won the war.

I know that I am going to miss not having Bob on the Department. We have been to many calls some of which were not pleasant, some of which were just plain hard work, and a few where we came away from the incident knowing that we had made a difference and that somebody was alive or had at least part of their property still intact due to the efforts of the Department.

Bob has always put all his energy into doing the absolute best he can in the Department. His leaving will be noticed. Not for the lack of a debating partner, but for the service he has provided to the citizens of Whitehorse for the past 42 years.

Bob, be proud of your achievements with the Department. Carry forward with your retirement knowing that you made a difference in many ways and that you had a hand in shaping the Department into what it is today and into the future. Congratulations on a long and exemplary career stop by for coffee now and then, but most of all enjoy your retirement.

Re: Yukoners Night on June 14th at Waterfront Theatre in Vancouver for the play, “So Many Doors” by Yukoner, Celia McBride

I had heard about the Moccasin Telegraph from a few people and asked Jan Koepke how to find it online and enjoyed it very much. I especially enjoyed the article about Whiskey Flats. I have lived in the Yukon with my family since 1993, having moved here from Vancouver (but am a Cape Bretoner by birth) and can honestly say it is the best place I have ever lived.

Some of your readers will remember the McBride's [Terry and Eve] who lived here in Whitehorse with their family in the seventies. One of their daughters, Celia, is a very talented playwright who has come back to live in Whitehorse and has recently written a play set in the Yukon called "So Many Doors". Celia is one-half of a local Yukon Theatre Company called Sour Brides Theatre (the theatre company's name is a play on Celia's last name and her theatre partner's last name, Moira Sauer). The play is first-rate [I have seen it here at the Yukon Arts Centre] and it has been picked up by "Magnetic North" for a four-night run in Vancouver from June 11-14 at the Waterfront Theatre by Magnetic North, which is very exciting. Some local people are planning to go down for it and I was thinking that Yukoners in the Lower Mainland and Valley (and even the B.C. Interior or the Island) might be interested in coming in to see it and making it an informal Yukoners' night. I think it could be fun and would be a great way to support Celia and Moira, when they take their play on the road.

The play is running at the Waterfront Theatre on Granville Island in Vancouver from June 11, 12, 13 to 14 – Wednesday to Saturday, as part of the festival of Canadian theatre that Magnetic North is staging this year in Vancouver.

I think it would be fun to make Saturday, June 14th, closing night, "Yukoners' night" – with as many Yukoners, past and present, as can come joining Celia McBride (actor and playwright) and the Sour Brides' cast for the play. There are references in the play (just a few) that only Yukoners would fully appreciate – but the play is universal in its themes and exploration of grief and healing.

I think tickets will sell out, so if anyone is interested they can go to the website set out in the press release below for Magnetic North to find out how to order tickets. Sooner the better, as Waterfront Theatre is a fairly small theatre, and the play is less than a month away.

Sincerely,

Heather MacFadgen heather_macFadgen*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

P.S. Here is the press release about the play coming into Vancouver –

Sour Brides Puts the 'North' in Magnetic North Festival Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, March 31, 2008

Sour Brides Theatre, a professional theatre company based in Whitehorse, Yukon, has been invited to the 2008 Magnetic North Theatre Festival, Canada's national festival of contemporary Canadian theatre in English, which takes place in Vancouver this year from June 4-14. Sour Brides' production of So Many Doors, a new play by Celia McBride, "marks the first time Magnetic North has presented the work of a company from the North," says Ken Cameron, Magnetic North's new Artistic Director.

Moira Sauer and Celia McBride, Co-Artistic Directors of Sour Brides, are both award-winning, internationally recognized theatre artists who have chosen to create and develop their artistic practice in the Far North. Together they merged their surnames and founded the company in 2004 for the purpose of taking critically successful, original plays to theatres across North America and the world. "We're over the moon about playing the festival," says Sauer, "Magnetic North is going to provide us with a national audience, which is something we crave being so isolated from the rest of the country."

So Many Doors is directed by Kelly Thornton, Artistic Director of Nightwood Theatre in Toronto and the 2008 YWCA Toronto Woman of Distinction. The play will star Vancouver actors Derek Metz and Corey Turner as well as Sour Brides' own McBride and Sauer. The play tells the story of two Yukon couples that have each lost their infant children in a tragic accident. "But it's not just about grieving parents," says McBride, "It's about healing."

The play received its world premiere at the Yukon Arts Centre in October 2007, co-produced by Nakai Theatre, Sour Brides and the Yukon Arts Centre, and went on to deliver a successful showcase at the annual conference of the Canadian Arts Presenting Association (CAPACOA) in Ottawa. The showcase led to a number of dates for Sour Brides' upcoming national tour of So Many Doors. L. Peter Feldman, CAPACOA's outgoing Executive Director, says the play "is deserving of a wider audience."

"It takes courage to tackle a grief so profound...McBride manages these challenges with a [wonderful] grace...Brave and true...uplifting." – Yukon News

For more information visit www.magneticnorthfestival.ca or www.sourbrides.com

Thank you to our Sponsors: Canada Council for the Arts, Yukon Touring Arts Fund

CONTACT: Celia McBride at 867-456-7830 or celia@sourbrides.com

Clothes Lines

Got this email from my cousin on the Island, and it brought back so many memories of the clotheslines in the "neighbourhood".

The poem really hits "home" as well.

It kind of brought the flour sacks to mind, as both of these traditions are rare...but there was really something about seeing clothes hanging on a line. It was like that apple pie smell or fresh bread baking when you walked in the house. Climbing into a freshly made

bed when the blankets, sheets and pillowcases have just come off the line...oh there is nothing like it. I always found I always had my best sleep.

I can remember that hanging your clothes on the line was a given, and dryers were a LUXURY.

So I hope you enjoy it, and if you choose to, perhaps placing them in the Moc Tel will inspire someone to write in; maybe some funny stories will come out of it.

Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley)

The Clothes Line

The clothes line... a dead give away. Do the kids today even know what a clothes line is?

I am sure a lot of you are too young to remember the clothes line, but for all of us who are older, this will bring back the memories... at least it did for me.

THE BASIC RULES

1. You had to wash the clothes line before hanging any clothes. Walk the length of each line with a damp cloth around the line.
2. You had to hang the clothes in a certain order and always hang whites with whites and hang them first.
3. You never hung a shirt by the shoulders, always by the tail. What would the neighbors think?
4. Wash day on a Monday... never hang clothes on the weekend or Sunday for heaven's sake!
5. Hang the sheets and towels on the outside lines so you could hide your 'unmentionables' in the middle.
6. It didn't matter if it was sub zero weather... clothes would 'freeze dry.'
7. Always gather the clothes pins when taking down dry clothes. Pins left on the line was 'tacky'.
8. If you were efficient, you would line the clothes up so that each item did not need two clothes pins, but shared one of the clothes pins with the next washed item.
9. Clothes off of the line before dinner time, neatly folded in the clothes basket and ready to be ironed.
10. IRONED?????????? Well, that's a whole other subject.

A POEM

A clothes line was a news forecast
To neighbors passing by.
There were no secrets you could keep
When clothes were hung to dry.

It also was a friendly link
For neighbors always knew
If company had stopped on by
To spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the 'fancy sheets'
And towels upon the line;
You'd see the 'company table cloths'
With intricate design.

The line announced a baby's birth
To folks who lived inside
As brand new infant clothes were hung
So carefully with pride.

The ages of the children could
So readily be known
By watching how the sizes changed
You'd know how much they'd grown.

It also told when illness struck,
As extra sheets were hung;
Then nightclothes, and a bathrobe, too,
Haphazardly were strung.

It said, 'Gone on vacation now'
When lines hung limp and bare.
It told, 'We're back!' when full lines sagged
With not an inch to spare.

New folks in town were scorned upon
If wash was dingy gray,
As neighbors carefully raised their brows,
And looked the other way..

But clotheslines now are of the past
For dryers make work less.
Now what goes on inside a home
Is anybody's guess.

I really miss that way of life.
It was a friendly sign
When neighbors knew each other best
By what hung on the line!

ARTISTIC TALENT



Snowfall on New Street.

Photo of her artwork courtesy Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield mwakefield@shaw.ca (In Calgary)

OBIT

It is with sadness that I have to tell you that my good friend Helga Germain passed away this morning. She had been doing well in the nursing home (MacAuley) had gained weight and was doing fairly well when I saw her a couple of weeks ago... we sat outside in the warm sunshine and had a good visit. We used to play crib and she could still beat me. She was still very sharp although her memory was going.

She went into Hospital on Monday evening ...May 19th. was quiet all day Tuesday and passed peacefully this morning around 11 am.

I didn't know she was in hospital and only found out at supper time tonight that she had passed so it's been quite a shock for me.

This is all I know for now.

Betty Sutton elizabethsutton@yahoo.com (In Whitehorse)

*I asked and received this reply, yes Helga worked on the front desk of the Travelodge.-
Sherron*

NEW ADDITIONS

I just received a copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend who is living in Whitehorse. I was particularly pleased to see the photos of Whitehorse from 1955—the year before I arrived in Whitehorse with my parents. My father was with the military and we had to leave in 1959. I had always wanted to go back and finally after 48 years my husband and I returned last June for a wonderful 2 week holiday. The highlight was meeting my long lost friend. Please include me on your list of recipients of the Moccasin Telegraph. Thank you very much.

Elizabeth Nye thenyes*rogers.com (In Ottawa ON)

Hi Sherron, not sure if we know each other from another life but I am Bea Wytinck, nee Cook, daughter of Fred and Jean Cook of Dawson City. Ruth Klee and Valerie (best friend from Dawson) have been forwarding me the telegraph and I have enjoyed them, especially the growing up in Rock Creek and Dawson one. Lots of stories and maybe a few pictures in my archives.

Anyway I would like to sign up for a subscription to receive the Moccasin Telegraph directly. Please let me know how to sign up and of course the cost.

Hi Sherron

Sounds like we have not met. I taught school in Whitehorse at Christ the King Elementary school for the 68/69 term. Married in Whse in the spring of 69 and we moved to Edmonton at the end of the term and we have lived in Alberta ever since.

There were two Fred Cooks in Dawson when I was growing up. Both had wives named Jean and both had sons named Jim. They both had daughter's whose names started with B. I think that the other B was Beverly but am really unsure; my mom would know that one. My dad was Digger Cook, he was in the transportation business but for quite awhile he also ran the mortuary, Lowe's Mortuary on Second Ave. I don't think he dug many graves himself but had lots of stories about the experiences of his grave diggers. Anyway the other Fred Cook worked for YCGC on the dredges so he became Dredger Cook and Dad Digger Cook.

Mom and Dad moved to Whitehorse in 1970 and Dad continued in the transportation business. Mom and Dad are featured in the Yukon Transportation Museum in Whitehorse. Dad has a small book in print called "The Life and Times of Digger Cook" as told to Henry Legel. It was printed in 2002 and I think it can still be purchased at Mac's Fireweed Bookstore.

The name of the lane in Marsh Lake that Mom and Dad lived on is Digger. Dad passed away in 2004 and Mom moved into Whitehorse last fall. My brother Jim is currently in Whitehorse.

I am currently busy getting the spring clean up going in our yard but will dig through some pictures to see if I have anything that might be applicable to the Moccasin Telegraph in a week or two.

I do remember the Colbourne's lived Kitty Corner down the alley from us. They were on 3rd Avenue one house south of Mme. Tremblay's. I recall that John, the son, used to tease our dog Bonnie. The Butterworth's were friends of Mom and Dad (everyone knew everyone; you couldn't sneeze without your mom finding out). Dad and Jack Butterworth were hunting partners.

Out at Rock Creek we were the Cook's, up river from the Osborn's, Millen's and Firth's, down river from the Redmond's. Crayford's also had a Cabin out there and there was an old Road House just across from us. In your Telegraph about Rock Creek my dad was the Mr. Cook that Madeline Wakefield was talking about with his tale about the road being for Bears. He did love telling stories!

Rock Creek was our water supply, we all had trails to it and carried, at least the Cooks carried, water from the creek on yokes. About a mile from our place the road crossed the creek and there was a swimming hole that we often used for a very cold dip! The other swimming hole was just up the Klondyke between our place the Redmonds. It was formed by a sand/gravel bar that created a little back water that we could splash in out of the current.

Anyway I should go for now. Let me know your address and I will send you the subscription fee.

Bea (Cook) Wytinck wytinck*telusplanet.net (In Edmonton)

Hi Sherron- I've been calling friends of my father's to let them know the news and had a bit of a chat today with Grant Luck. He flew with Dad [Bob Harrison] in the Yukon in the 1960's and I told him that qualified him as a "Yukoner" and he was interested in having a look at the Moccasin Telegraph. Could you forward the latest link to him at: luckgrant@gmail.com. Thank you, Sandra (Harrison) Walters

Hi Sherron

First I was sorry to hear of my old friend Bob Harrison passing away, we had worked together in the 1960s.

Yes I would like to be on your mailing list for your newsletter. And yes my Father was Sheldon Luck. He passed away May 9 2004 at 93 yrs.

I am a pilot myself, as well as my son, and now grandsons. I have worked in the Yukon as a part owner of BC Yukon, and Frontier Helicopters at Watson Lake in the 1960s &

70s. I have been flying for 50yrs. I have just sold my Helicopter Co. Interior Helicopters in Fort ST. James, where we make our home.

Regards;
Grant Luck.

I had remembered this photo included Mr. Luck so went looking for it when I heard from Sandra (Harrison) Walters and ultimately asked Grant Luck if he was related to Sheldon Luck. Wonderful to hear it is his father. – Sherron



Sheldon Luck and Robert Service
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle (In Vernon)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

No man is happy who does not think himself so. - Publilius Syrus

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Moge Mogenson elgolfo*shaw.ca (In Cranbrook BC) and
typed by Donna Clayson yukonlady*albertacom.com (In Ardrossan AB)
From - Yukon Cookbook, A selection of recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs.

BEAN SALAD

2 cups kidney beans	1	medium sized sweet onion, sliced
2 cups cut green beans	1	bell pepper sliced
2 cups cut yellow beans		French dressing
2 cups garbanzo beans (optional)		

Combine the beans which have been pre-cooked or canned, with onion and bell pepper.
Coat with French dressing to taste and sprinkle with additional vinegar and brown sugar
if desired.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Spring Picnic to be held as usual at the Summerland Ornamental Gardens on
Sunday June, 22nd at noon.

Vancouver Island Picnic at St Mary's Hall, Nanoose BC, August 16th.
Time is 11am-4pm - Held rain or shine. There is indoor accommodation.
Bring your own lunch. Coffee and tea provided.
For further info contact:

Harriett Butterworth: 250 751-1194
harriette3*shaw.ca OR

Sharon Redmond: 250-390-1840
smredmond*yahoo.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.
There is an annual subscription fee for the Moccasin Telegraph.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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