

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 286<sup>th</sup> Edition – June 21<sup>st</sup>, 2009**

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



### **Five Finger Rapids**

Note the slabs of ice still on the banks of the river.

Photo courtesy Bill Maylor [maylw@telus.net](mailto:maylw@telus.net) (In Lloydminster AB)

### **23rd Gold Show Lives Up to Expectations**

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

June 2, 2009

The 23rd edition of the Dawson City International Gold Show seems to have attracted about the same number of visitors as last year's event in spite of the economic slump.

Gold Show Coordinator Cheryl Thompson reports that there were 57 exhibitors indoors and out, including nine in the Home Business, Craft and Antique tables category.

Other exhibitors included a number of government departments, companies involved in supplying the placer mining industry, and community groups looking to promote their activities.

Since information sessions and special speakers on technical topics have not been well attended in the past, it was decided to discontinue that part of the program this year. The one session that was held had a disappointing turnout once again.

Thompson said that one of the highlights of the weekend was the Meet 'n' Greet BBQ at the Palace Grand on the Friday night. On the same day the Klondike Placer Miners' Association held its annual spring meeting.

Thompson indicated that the Gold Show is a go for next year, which will be its 24th year.



The Frye Arena was the main venue for the Gold Show.

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



Placer Mining is a big focus of the show.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



The Craft and Antique fair is a popular addition.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Gertie's parking lot and a portion of 4th Avenue were pressed into service for the larger exhibits and plant sales.

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



Placer mining often unearths fossil remains.

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



Plant sales are always a popular feature of this event.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](http://uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## **John Gould Remembers D-Day and After**

by Dan Davidson [uffish\\*northwestel.net](http://uffish*northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

John Gould recalls just where he was on June 6, 1944, at the beginning of the D-Day Invasion, celebrated extensively on television over the weekend.

The then 26 year old Dawsonite had just arrived in England, where he would spend much of the rest of the war.

“I was in southern England. I had just got there about a week before. We were out one night - a group of us - and when we came back to our site there were airplanes going over. Those DC3s, you know, the ones that used to fly in here. Each of them was pulling three gliders.

“We stood there and we counted 600 - and that was in just one part of England.”

What Gould didn't know at the time, what very few people knew, was that the gliders were full of soldiers and equipment destined for Normandy and the European mainland, part of a combined air and naval force that would land 195,000 troops on and beyond the beaches as the opening assault on Hitler's Fortress Europe.

He also didn't know that his brother, Bill, was in the English Channel, in one of the more than 5,000 ships that were ferrying troops to the beaches of Normandy. Surviving the assault on the beach, Bill, part of the Winnipeg Rifles, would be cut off from the rest of his unit along with 36 other men as they moved inland, and would spend the rest

of the war as a German prisoner.

John, who was in the Air Force, was en route to a training camp in central England where he would learn to fly larger aircraft such as Hawker Hurricane and the Vengeance dive bomber. At 26, John was considered too old for the front line fighter planes.

“They wanted the 19 and 20 year olds for those,” he said.

After a stint in Scotland he was transferred to Hornchurch, and it was there, as the war drew to a close, that he managed to get news of his brother.

“Word was going around that the war was nearly over and I knew that Bill was a prisoner, so I phoned the Canadian Army and I asked them, ‘When my brother is brought to England, would you let me know?’

“Sometime that April (1945) Bill was brought to England. I went down to Aldershot. They told me which bunkhouse he was in. I went in and looked at all those people there and I thought, ‘Hell, I don’t see Bill here.’

“So I called his name and this man, this skinny, skinny man, got up and it’s no wonder I didn’t recognize him.”



Photo supplied by John Gould

John and Bill Gould are seen just outside St.

Paul’s Anglican Church in 2000, on the occasion of Alan Gould’s funeral.

Bill got a three day pass and the brothers went to London with some other mates. Bill was desperate for food, and they couldn’t pass any of the street vendors without Bill stopping to buy something.

John says that Bill would only seldom talk about what happened during his time in combat and as a prisoner but he did learn a few things over the years.

“They went too far in when they landed and were captured by the Germans. He said that when they were marching along some allied aircraft came along and shot at them, thinking they were Germans.”

Bill was in the center of a group of five men. All four of those around him were killed during the strafing.

“Another time one of the German sergeants took them out to the edge of a deep ditch and he thought ‘Well, I guess this is it’ but an officer came along and stopped it. They were going to shoot them and dump them in there.”

Bill has only spoken about his experiences a few times, and continues to be troubled by that part of his life all these years later.

“I’ll bet you dollars to donuts that he’s not watching (the coverage) today ‘cause he’ll have nightmares for the next week if he does.”

Bill had watched the media coverage of the 60th anniversary in 2004, and it did leave him with a week of nightmares, so he avoids it when he can.

John could never understand how 22 year old Bill and the others could manage to make themselves get off those amphibious landing craft and move out into the living hell that was Juno Beach.

“He told me that they got such a pep talk, including drinks, that they were so worked up by the time they got ready to disembark that ‘we would have killed the whole damn German Army.’”

Bill told John that when he and the other prisoners landed at Aldershot after their liberation, the first thing they did on getting off the planes was to get down and kiss the ground.

“There was a girl there to meet every one of them, to give them a hug.”

Bill was transferred home shortly after and John didn’t see him for a while. Back in Canada he refused to talk to anyone about what had happened to him. His mother kept wanting to know.

“Finally he said, ‘Okay. I’ll tell you, and then I never want to talk about it again.’”

Eventually Bill told John about some of the things he did as a prisoner. At one point he and his mates were sent out to farms to pick potatoes, and he smuggled some of them back to the camp inside his fatigues. Back at the prison camp they had a feast of potatoes.

Another time he was in a factory where the guards, all veterans of the First World War, used to come round to count them regularly. Bill said he would wait to be counted in one part of the factory and then he would sneak around to another part and get counted again.

“One place he was stationed, his bed was three stories up, and the washrooms and that were down on the bottom floor. He said he could get down there all right, but when he returned to his bunk he had to crawl up the steps he was so weak.

Four Gould brothers, John, Bill, Bob and Allan, all served in the Second World War, and all managed to come through it alive. John puts it down to the power of prayer, for he knows that his mother prayed at her church in Burnaby almost daily and that his future wife, Madeleine, was doing the same thing in her home town of Greenfield, Ontario.

Bob Gould served in North Africa and Italy and only ever told John a little bit about that.

Allan, who went into France about a month after Bill, recalled the macabre day that he almost died. He was standing with two other men when he bent down to tie his shoelace.

While he was down there the man on one side of him yawned, and a bullet went through both his cheeks, missing his teeth, and entered the ear of the man standing on the other side of him.

“Alan said, ‘If I’d’ve been standing up, I wouldn’t be telling you this story’.”

## **WHO ELSE WORKED ON THE CANOL PIPELINE REMOVAL PROJECT**

As a new subscriber to MocTel I can't tell you how much I enjoy reading about the life of the Yukoner.

I am interested to know if there is anyone around still that worked on the Canol pipe line salvage in the winter of '47-48? How well I remember this, and the cold.

The camp I worked out of was 280 and I went as far east as the Plains of Abraham, this was one of the most challenging projects I ever worked on.

I don't want to bore you with details but if there is anyone out there, please contact me.

Hal Tetz [mznipg@shaw.ca](mailto:mznipg@shaw.ca) (In Whitehorse 1947 and later) Calgary

## **CARCROSS IN THE GLOBE AND MAIL**

I thought you'd enjoy these clippings from the “Globe and Mail” if you haven't seen them before. I tried flipping them, but gave up. I'm sure you can do that anyway. Just thought it was neat that little old Carcross is finally getting the publicity it deserves. Norma and Cal are so fortunate to live there ..right next door to where she was brought up and went to school. And they are getting even warmer weather than we are right now. (it's a perfect 23 degrees today.)

More very soon,

Hope you are both well and happy as usual.

Love, Joyce Yardley [Joyce@dataspan.ca](mailto:Joyce@dataspan.ca) (In Nanaimo)

## **The great sandy North**

Yukon's tiny Carcross Desert offers a chance to play explorer without even having to bring a water bottle

LARRY FROLICK

CARCROSS, YUKON — Special to The Globe and Mail, Friday, Mar. 13, 2009

A geological anomaly in a territory loaded with oddities, the tiny Carcross Desert looks like a mistake, a piece of the Sahara dropped into Yukon's boreal forest. Just 74 kilometres south of Whitehorse, the 250-hectare tract of pale sand - often called the world's smallest desert - is home to wandering moose, not camels.

A sharp, unyielding line divides pine woods from the desert. On one side of the line is a Yukon bog-meadow of aspens, twisted lodge pole pines, fireweed and wild roses, all rolling off into lavender mountains; on the other side is glittering sand, odd animal tracks and an eerie silence. Gwich'in lore says a six-sided whirlwind lives here.

Last July, unseasonably heavy rains inundated the village of Carcross and caused Lake Bennett to rise more than a metre. Arctic grayling and horse suckers swam across green lawns. But the desert stayed desert throughout the deluge.

It is the perfect desert to trek solo - if you have less than an hour and forgot to bring your water bottle.

Even so, the tour buses that take Alaskan cruise passengers into Yukon's interior stop on the shoulder and let them out for only a quick look.

An admiring murmur rises from the Japanese tourists as I head out. Expensive binoculars follow my progress. My equipment consists of sunglasses and a baseball cap.

I tramp across the dunes, heading east, and discover the sand is cooler than it looks: Ice-age permafrost sits half a metre below. I am comforted by the fact I can see the far edge. It appears to be just 500 metres away - if it isn't a mirage.

It's a slog. Up the dune. Down the dune. And again.

Not much to look at but the blue sky over Nares Mountain and your own shadow. Chickadees twitter from the forest.

Somebody has left behind a perfectly good trowel. A lost archeologist?

I am thirsty, but I have been hiking for only 4½ minutes.

The official explanation for the dunes' existence is posted at the highway. The sign says the desert was part of an ice-age lake bed and that strong prevailing winds from Lake Bennett simply prevented plant life from gaining a foothold in the millennia since. In other words, it's a perpetual-erosion machine - a prosaic explanation for this astonishing heap.

Under a magnifying glass, the Carcross sand appears to be a mix of brownish quartzite, black mica, volcanic tuff and ice-clear crystals - giving it the look of old honey from a distance and the texture of pepper from the Bulk Bin up close. In this case, the cheap pepper is five metres thick.

Apart from the tracks of ATV drivers who race up the biggest dunes for their near-vertical thrills, the interior is pristine.

Fresh animal tracks skirt the shadows - lynx, mule deer and red squirrels apparently agree that the desert sun is just for humans. Sage, dwarf aspens and kinnikinnik (*Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*) root in the deeper hollows. But on the wind-swept dunes, few things grow.

"The Carcross is an active dune system, what we call a disjunct habitat," says Carolyn Parker, a research botanist at the University of Alaska. "There are sleepy dunes and dead dunes, but the Carcross is geologically young, less than a hundred thousand years old. These active dunes are a mystery - we don't really understand them. They are important because you find flora taxa that only grow in such unique conditions."

Among the rarest of its 70 indigenous species are blue-eyed Mary, Baikal sedge and Yukon lupine. This rare periglacial flora is hardier than the boreal forest; improbably, the desert may be mother to the green areas around it.

No breeze now. Absolute silence. Aspen leaves fall around me. The peace of the desert arrives in big light. Why have the little birds stopped twittering? There's a strong odour of animal dung - maybe a grizzly.

The ice patches on the north slope of Nares Mountain flash like signal mirrors.

Here we are - the end of the sand. I clamber up the final slope and survey the edge from a dune five metres high. It faces a dark green wall.

Time to traverse the Carcross: 26 minutes.

### ***How to get there***

The town of Carcross (population: 437) is one hour's drive south of Whitehorse on the Klondike Highway, near Yukon's boundary with British Columbia. The nearby mini-desert is visible from the highway into town. In the 24-hour summer, the sand is bright enough that you should consider wearing sunglasses.

The town itself is worth exploring for a day. Not only is it the final resting place of Skookum Jim and other celebrated Gold Rush characters, the clear waters of Lake Bennett hold an abundance of grayling and bigger game fish, which locals happily hook from two wonky suspension bridges.

The original hotel in the centre of town is being lovingly renovated by an entrepreneurial couple.



Photos from a recent trip to the Desert by Bill Maylor [maylw\\*telus.net](http://maylw*telus.net) (In Lloydminster AB) – These ones were taken by his wife Ruth.





## **Whitehorse surprise - FROM THE WESTERN INVESTOR**

Forget everything you thought you knew about the steady, cosmopolitan capital of the Yukon



**Michael Gau, Whitehorse manager of planning: permit values are "way, way up" this year.**

When a "southerner" thinks of Whitehorse, the capital of the Yukon and the largest Canadian city north of Edmonton, the immediate images are likely of roughneck miners, frigid weather and a rough-hewn frontier town shaking in its collective boots over the global meltdown in mining values.

Think again.

Whitehorse boasts a rock-steady economy with average incomes that are well above the national average and are anchored in apparently plentiful government jobs; a climate rated as one of the most pleasant and driest in the country; and a place where there is not one but two thriving Starbucks cafés. A house will cost you about the same as in Airdrie or Surrey, but you will likely have to buy from the city if you want to purchase a building lot.

The first item to understand is that Whitehorse is a government town, top to bottom.

About 75 per cent of the employment income is from government, not counting transfer payments to First Nations, who comprise 20 per cent of the city's population of 24,000.

The Yukon government owns all of the vacant land in Whitehorse, and it is doled out to the private sector in scheduled lot sales, sometimes through a lottery draw system when there is high demand.

The land sales have not been without controversy, according to Michael Gau, Whitehorse manager of planning. "We had developments fail because the city and the Yukon government couldn't agree," he said.

That largely changed in 2006, when the Territorial government agreed to allow the city to set up its own land use plan, he said, which has removed one level of bureaucracy.

The result has been dramatic, he said, pointing to a recent residential subdivision that was zoned and fully serviced, including pavement, sewers and water hook-ups, within 11 months.

The lots range in price from \$70,000 to \$95,000. "We don't make much money on the sale of the lots; we do it for long term taxation," Gau said. Builders are charged development cost charges, which are \$2,500 for a single-family lot and \$4,000 for a duplex lot. Multiple-family builders pay \$2,000 per dwelling.

There is apparently strong demand. In 2008, Whitehorse issued \$46 million in building permit values, \$30 million of which was for residential projects.

In the first four months of this year, the city approved \$7.6 million in building permit values, up from \$3.2 million in the same period last year. "We are way, way up," Gau said.

This year, about a third of the permits relate to government construction, including a new correctional centre and an airport expansion.

The second biggest sector is commercial buildings, accounting for \$9.3 million in permits in 2008, and mostly related to the expansion of the local Canadian Tire and other retailers.

## **Retail**

The Canadian Tire relocated to be next to the existing Walmart, Gau explained, adding there is not much rush to develop more retail in the city. A Super-Valu store closed last year, and there is plenty of privately owned commercial land in the downtown area, he noted.

Downtown Whitehorse, which can be viewed online with a live webcam offered by the city, is Highway 1A, which accesses the Alaska Highway. As the webcam shows, the downtown retains the historic architecture that echoes Whitehorse's often boisterous past.

"We are seeing more business relocating to the downtown, which is a good sign," said Sheila Dodd, economic development manager for the city.

The city currently has what Dodd considers a prize real estate opportunity: eight to 10 commercial lots on or near the Yukon River waterfront in the centre of the city. They are being readied next to a \$10 million First Nations cultural centre. No lot prices have been set yet, but Gau expects them to sell in the \$500,000 range.

## **Industrial**

The industrial market is well serviced with land, perhaps too much so. A private industrial park in the city's Marwell area has 27 smaller lots available, but only one has sold since it was serviced a year ago. The city released seven larger industrial lots in a separate development, and sold them out at around \$23,000 per acre.

"When we tour industrial clients around, they are looking for large parcels with room for big trucks," Dodd explained.

## **Housing**

While mining has played an important part in the Whitehorse economy - the city was founded in the 1890s during the Klondike gold rush - Dodd said the reliance on government paycheques has paved down the boom-and-bust periods that once characterized the northern capital. The average family income in Whitehorse is \$60,000 per year, well above the national average.

"About three-quarters of us work for one level of government or another," Dodd said. The rest of the employment relates to tourism, which is the largest private industry, followed by retail, and the service sector.

Whitehorse housing prices are surprisingly high. New condominium prices start at \$380,000, with older condos in the \$225,000 range, and it would be hard to find a new detached house for under \$500,000, since construction costs are higher than in the south.

The Whitehorse rental vacancy rate is 2.1 per cent, and the average rent for a two-bedroom apartment is \$780.

As for the future, Dodd said it will be like the recent past: a "stable economy" anchored by government employment that appears virtually immune to global economic pressures.

–Frank O'Brien

*(The above article was forwarded by a realtor friend of my husband. I read it and thought there were some interesting facts that some might enjoy learning. – Sherron)*

## **Captain Dick ‘Sourtoe’ Stevenson**

We were asked by **Captain Dick ‘Sourtoe’ Stevenson** to accompany him to Dawson City May 27 – 30 to promote his new book, ***Captain Dick’s Au’toe’biography, One Toe of a Tale***. Bryan and I were only too happy to do so.

We stayed at the Downtown Hotel Friday and Saturday night. As we were registering I could hear a piano from the bar. Honestly, it was truly the most powerful music I have heard in a very long time, if ever. I had to investigate. Dwayne Kelly was tinkling the ivories on the antique piano. The hair on my body stood on end and little tingles brought the nerves to the surface. He plays 3 days a week at the Downtown and, in my opinion, the hotel would do well having Dwayne play every single day. I would recommend any visit to Dawson should include a visit to hear Dwayne play. I was thrilled when he agreed to be on my website. Look for this very fine musician’s music in the stores and on my site.



Dwayne Kelly, on the piano

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson\\*northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Dwayne Kelly, pianist

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Tourist Information girls and Dick Stevenson

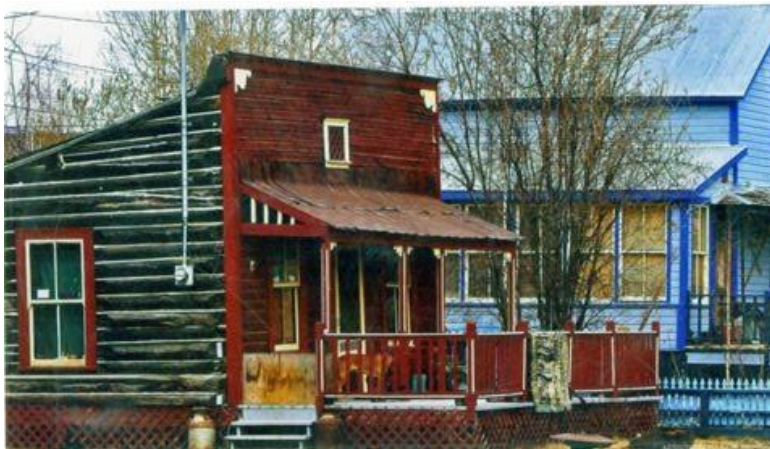
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

Another very fine fellow we met was Igor Plenicar, a photographer that kicks serious butt. His photos adorn the walls at the Casino and local stores. Again I was thrilled when I asked Igor to be part of my website and he accepted. When everyone sees the work Igor produces I'm sure he'll be desperate keeping up with orders.



Igor Plenicar, photographer

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Igor's photography

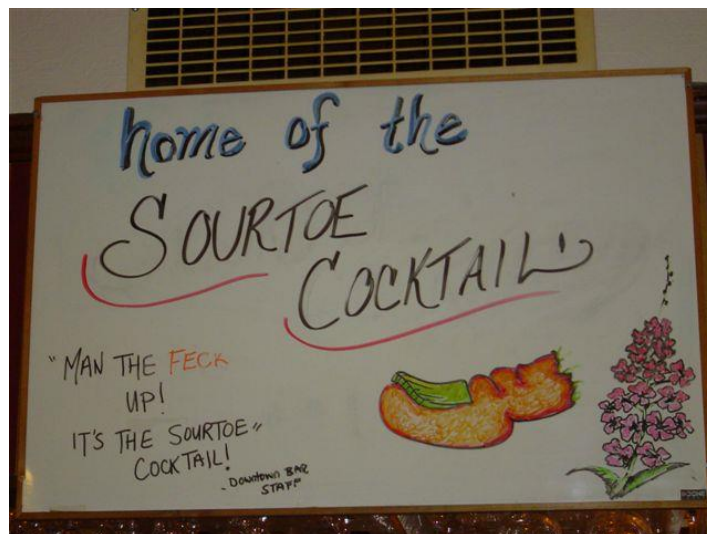
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

Accompanying Dick around his former home town made one feel like a VIP. No matter where we went the local residents were excited to shake Dick's hand and welcome him back. As Dick beamed with his toothy smile and twinkling eyes we felt in the company of Yukon royalty. Thanks to Dick we made many new acquaintances.

The first night in the bar we waited for the Holland American West buses to roll in for the 9:00 p.m. Sourtoe Cocktail event. Before the big crowds arrived Bryan and I bought our Yukon Jack and proceeded in joining the club. I joined twice – once on Friday night and again Saturday night.



Dick Stevenson, Donna Clayson holding her Sourtoe Cocktail Certificate, Al Sider  
Photos courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson\\*northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson*northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)





The infamous toe.

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



The infamous toe.

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

We expected a large crowd at 9:00 and Dick was not disappointed. As Dick beamed with pride watching Al Sider perform his magic I introduced the book we came to promote. Some visitors wanted only the original Captain Dick to present the toe in the clear glass and the Captain couldn't have been more honored.



Dick Stevenson and Al Sider  
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



John Wells from Mississippi doing the Cocktail.  
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)



Dick performing the Sourtoe Cocktail for a tourist.

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson [bdclayson@northwestel.net](mailto:bdclayson@northwestel.net) (In Whitehorse)

Saturday was spent visiting the local stores to see if they would carry Dick's book. Most were thrilled to do so as they happily shook this flamboyant character's hand and welcomed him home. That night was a repeat of the previous display. More buses with their full load congregated at the Downtown. I'm sure the new owner, Heather Schmitt was thrilled as well. Thanks to Dick's presence the Downtown did a roaring business I'm sure. There was ear-splitting screeching when the ugly appendage made its appearance. They showed their appreciation by refusing payment for Dick's stay.

At lunch time on Saturday we were met for lunch by Dan Davidson, local correspondent. Dan is very busy covering the events in Dawson. We all enjoyed chatting with this very fine gentleman. We had to laugh when a member of the local constabulary walked in for lunch and sat at a nearby table. Dick quickly withdrew one of his books and presented a signed copy to the RCMP. The member was thrilled to have her photo taken with Dick.

I think Dawson was blindsided by the visit and truly couldn't appreciate fully what hit the town when Captain Dick arrived.

### **'The Captain' tells one toe of a tale**

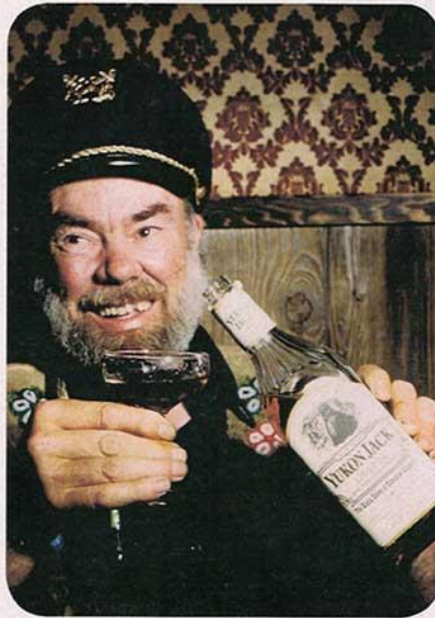
DAWSON CITY - Capt. Dick Stevenson, 79 years old and not in the best of health, was nevertheless in fine fettle during his recent visit to Dawson.

By [Dan Davidson](#) on June 10, 2009



Captain Dick's Au'toe'biography

One  of a Tale



*Written by Captain Dick Stevenson*

Image courtesy Dan Davidson

**THE TALENT'S STILL THERE** - At 79, Capt. Dick Stevenson still has an eye for the ladies. He got Dawson City RCMP Cpl. Karina Watson to pose for this photo after giving her a copy of his book. (top) I'LL DRINK TO THAT - There may be snow on the roof and frost on the chin, but Capt. Dick Stevenson still has a twinkle in his eye, as seen on the cover of his book.

DAWSON CITY - Capt. Dick Stevenson, 79 years old and not in the best of health, was nevertheless in fine fettle during his recent visit to Dawson.

The captain was on the road, chauffeured by his friends Donna and Bryan Clayson, to promote and distribute his self-published autobiography, Captain Dick's Au 'toe' biography, along the Klondike Highway.

"My brain is having so much fun I wish my body could keep up to it," he joked, sitting down to lunch on the house at the Downtown Hotel, current home of the sourtoe cocktail.

An earlier booklet, The Saga of the Sourtoe, was used as a promotional tool for a number of years, and is currently included in a more substantial book of the same name, along with a collection of Stevenson's press clippings and publicity material, edited by Deiter Reinmuth and published in 2006.

But there's more to the Captain than just the sourtoe cocktail, and Stevenson finally decided to begin work on the larger story.

His health was the driving force behind his decision to put pen to paper once again. "I went and had a mild heart attack and went in the hospital and they give me some oxygen. That was two years ago and I come out of there and decide to write it."

It's a homemade production, written by Stevenson, laid out by his daughter, Dixie, printed and bound at Arctic Star. He's currently at work on an even more extensive memoir, so the present book, at 52 pages, can almost be considered a teaser.

Even before the 1973 bar room conversation with Dennis Bell and the late Yukon journalist Don Sawatsky that ultimately led to the creation of the sourtoe cocktail, Stevenson was a character. Then, as now, he took pleasure in making himself look as much of a reprobate as possible.

His new book opens with these words: "I was born December 15th, 1929. I started out right for my future style of life, a little bastard."

By the age of 18, he had headed west, working on farms in Manitoba and Alberta, learning how to be a cowboy, working in mines in B.C., joining the military, getting discharged and sent to jail for selling some parachutes to finance his drinking.

One way or another, he ended up in Whitehorse in 1956 and spent much of the next several decades moving back and forth between the capital city and Dawson City.

He cleaned campgrounds, felled trees and worked as a predator control officer and federal Fisheries guardian. Eventually, he came up with a sideline as a tourism operator, first on a small boat and finally on the larger Yukon Lou, which he retrofitted into a miniature facsimile of a sternwheel riverboat.

He promoted the first and only Nude Beauty Contest North of 60, ran a salmon barbecue on Pleasure Island, and tried to cash in on the pet rock craze with wild rocks. He's certainly one of what Jim Robb has long since called the Colourful Five Percent.

He retired to Whitehorse some years back and was most recently in Dawson three years ago, but this return trip has been a triumph.

"I'm happily elated," said Donna Clayson. "Dick's come back here and the town has just literally opened their arms to him. People are so excited to see him. They fall over themselves."

"I was really surprised at the way I'd become a celebrity," Stevenson said. "Usually you got to die before you become a legend. I'm lucky; I get it before I die, so I can enjoy it for a few more years."

"We were in Moose Creek and two tour buses came in," Clayson said. "The tour guides were quite excited to see Dick. Of course nobody on the bus knew who Dick was then." But they did by the time they got to Dawson. Their guides filled them in on the legend and 35 of them showed up that night at the Downtown Hotel, demanding that the Captain himself do the honours.

"They made my day," the Captain said.

Not that Stevenson has ever shied away from self-promotion. He still plans to find a way to be remembered after he's gone.

He used to claim that he'd have himself stuffed and mounted in full regalia in whatever hotel he happened to be working the sourtoe out of, but that's an expensive process and maybe not entirely legal in Canada, so these days he's decided he'd settle for a Madame Tussaud's approach and be commemorated as a mannequin.

If he can find someone to take him up on the offer, he says he'll put it in his will.

## A MESSAGE FROM ALICE BREADEN



Alice Breadens' back yard view, from her enclosed porch.

The pictures [above the windows] were from a White Pass calendar we had and Henry framed them and put them on the porch.

Photo courtesy Alice Braden [ambreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:ambreaden@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

Hi Sherron, how are you ? Just wanted to drop you a note (let you know I haven't forgotten you !) how is your lovely garden? You are doing great with the MocTel, I sure enjoy it. I wanted to pass on something I found interesting. Yesterday I was weeding in my "lost garden" (lost to the weeds) and I got three hornet stings on my hand. They really stung ! I sprayed them with Windex! I don't know where I heard about Windex but hey it worked, they quit stinging right away, just thought I would pass it on.....cheerio

Alice Braden [ambreaden@shaw.ca](mailto:ambreaden@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

### **A Bevy of Bentleys Bivouacs in the Klondike**

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

June 14, 2009

Early Saturday morning a dozen vintage Bentleys pulled up to the ferry landing and proceeded to block any hope of people from West Dawson getting off the George Black Ferry when it arrived on the Dawson side. So eager were the members of the Bentley Drivers' Club to experience the Top of the World Highway in the morning mist and

make their deadline for getting to the US Border that, as one Bentley driver put it, they got a little too focussed and forgot there were other people in the world.

The morning had gotten off to a slower start than the organizers had intended. The trailer carrying the Smart Car used as a penalty ride for anyone who broke down on the road got stuck coming out of the Art and Margaret Frye Arena, where many of the cars had sheltered from the thunder and lightning storm of the night before. It took some inventive levering to get its tow rig out of the dirt.

Once that was sorted out the group submitted to the direction of the local photographer known mainly as Igor (Igor N. Nikishin) and allowed themselves to be herded to a couple of good photo locations, much to the delight and confusion of patrons at the Westmark Dawson and anyone trying to drive past the Leaning Buildings on 3rd Avenue.

There was a limit to what the vintage cars, built anywhere from 1925 to 1969 could take in terms of short jaunts around town and idling without overheating, so by 8:30 they were off to the ferry landing, where it was up to locals to explain just why the way they had parked themselves in anticipation of their ferry ride wasn't going to work.

Quick to understand, they backed up and unblocked the exit lane. Their error was born of anticipation, not arrogance.

The evening before, David Cohen, the Vancouver based club member who was the organizer for this 8,400 kilometre trek, explained that the the tour has so far made its way through Whistler, Salmon Arm, Jasper, up the Alaska Highway to Whitehorse and up the Klondike Highway to Dawson.

They had managed to avoid being held up by any of the temporary road closures, but had experienced a fair amount of smoke in the southern part of the territory. Since most of the cars were open roadsters and were required by the rules of the rally to travel with their tops down, either a lot of smoke or a lot of rain made the trip more challenging.

“We travel in a sort of loose convoy,” he said, “though we don't encourage convoys.”

Once past Dawson their route will take them to Anchorage and then back down the Alcan to Whitehorse, where they plan to arrive on June 18. After that they will make the Yukon and BC trip in reverse until they reach the lower mainland, when they will divert to Vancouver Island and finish in Victoria.

“There are cars from all over the world,” Cohen said. “There are a number from the UK, from Australia and New Zealand, one from Belgium, and a few from Switzerland. It's pretty international.”

Of the range of cars in the tour, over half are pre-1930 in origin.

“We travel with a support vehicle, a mechanic and a baggage vehicle. It's quite an

undertaking, but it's going very well."

Where they can, they like to have everyone stay in the same hotel, but in Dawson City and Watson Lake the members were spread around more. Here the Downtown and Eldorado hotels got the nod.

Cohen is quite aware of how rare an event this is for the territory.

"This is probably the only time a collection of Bentleys like this will ever be seen in the Pacific Northwest."

The Bentley Drivers Club organizes rallies and events around the world and Cohen has been on a few in the past.

"It fell on me to organize the international rally for this part of the world. It's been approximately two years in planning and doing and I have to say I'm very pleasantly surprised. It's come together well.

"People are having an absolutely wonderful time. They just can't get over the natural beauty of the area and the wildlife. We've seen a lot of wildlife and the people have been very friendly towards us. It's just been so far, a great experience for them and hopefully a good advert for Canada." The roads are a challenge.

"It's a tough ride for an old car. Some of these old ladies are over 80 years old. But these guys are motorists and they're up to the challenge."

The youngest member of the group is 20 and travelling with his father, while the oldest is 83 and travelling with her son. She's actually one year older than the oldest car in the convoy. Most though, are well heeled retirees in that broad territory known as middle age with leisure time to spare and the money to indulge a fancy.



Vancouver's David Cohen was the organizer for this trip.



Many of the Bentleys spent a stormy Friday night inside the Art and Margaret Frye Recreation Centre.

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



The Bentleys assemble in the Westmark bus parking lot.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Posing for photos outside the Third Avenue Complex of leaning buildings.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)



Waiting for the George Black Ferry.  
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson [uffish@northwestel.net](mailto:uffish@northwestel.net) (In Dawson)

## ARTISTIC TALENT



**Merit**

Created by Madeleine (Millen) Wakefield

Image courtesy Madeleine Wakefield [mwakefield@shaw.ca](mailto:mwakefield@shaw.ca) (In Calgary)

Their skeletal structure is made with pipe cleaners and sometimes floral wire added to the pipe cleaners for strength. Only Cherish doesn't have this wire. The faces are made of rocks found along the river and covered with a sheer fabric.

Madeleine

## OBIT

I have an important Dawson City Lady's OBIT and I think you will put it in the Moc Tel. (FROM THE PEACE ARCH NEWS ) - TODAY'S PAPER [June 17, 2009].

## LUNDE, MARY MARGARET

Passed away June 10, 2009 in White Rock, B.C. Predeceased by her husband, Ole. Survived by her brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews. Funeral Mass will be held Friday,

June 19, 2009 at 1:00 p.m. from the Star of the Sea Parish, 1153 Fir St. White Rock, B.C.  
If friends so desire donations appreciated to the Peace Arch Hospital  
Foundation. (HAMILTON HARRON FUNERAL HOME. ) (604) 325-7441

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Mary nursed in St. Mary's Hospital, before marrying Ole, a prosperous miner. They both mined on Hunker cr. all their married life. Mary and Ole and Pete and I all retired a few blocks away in White Rock. Ole and Pete worked together in the Yukon long before I ever came on the scene. Like 12 years before I went to Dawson. Then they both started mining, Ole on his own and Pete on the dredges. Mary was a very clever nurse. Both were extremely well liked in Dawson. She was many years in the Evergreen care facility. I'm sorry they didn't put her age in the Obit. Am sure she was in her 90's.

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

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

I would like to pass on my new e-mail address and phone number to you replacing [chuck@anchorsaway.ca](mailto:chuck@anchorsaway.ca) and phone 604 885 5639.

The new e-mail address is [chuck\\_halliday@dccnet.com](mailto:chuck_halliday@dccnet.com) and the new phone is 604 885 7237.

The street address remains the same.

Regards

Chuck Halliday  
4832 Eagleview Road  
Sechelt, BC, V0N 3A2  
604 885 7237

Hi make note of new email address [d2harder@gmail.com](mailto:d2harder@gmail.com)

Dave Harder

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Hi Sherron - I got your email address from some old friends, Pat & Keith Simpson. I tried to find your publication- Moccasin Telegraph on the web- but was not able to find anything current.

If you have a mailing list or News Letter I would love to be on it. My husband was born in Yukon and so was my son, I arrived at 6 mo. old and we lived there most of our lives-moving to Calgary in 1989, so it is fun to hear about all the people I have known all my life.

My Mom Clara Gordon-Cooper passed away this last winter so we will likely not get up there as often as we did before. Besides it has changed drastically from the "good old days, I hardly know the place anymore!  
Looking forward to hearing from you,

Carol Mackin [cpmackin@shaw.ca](mailto:cpmackin@shaw.ca) (In Calgary)

Hi again Sherron. Vern Mackin was my father-in-law. Both he and my mother-in-law Nettie have passed on, and are at rest in Victoria. Vern owned Yukon Tire for many years.

My Dad was Harry Gordon-Cooper. Both he and my Mom have passed on also. Husband David was born in Whitehorse and so was our son Chance. I went up when I was 6 mo. old and we lived there until moving to Calgary 20 yr. ago.

After many years away, (we brought Mom out every year, so didn't go up for some considerable time) we had to start going back when Mom was no longer able to travel. I really look forward to our association with the Moccasin Telegraph, as we get older our memories become fonder.

Thanks for your time, Carol

Dear Sherron; I got your name from Maribeth Mainer, my cousin. I was born in Dawson, as was my mother Marjorie. [Marjorie V. Stevenson, Bergstrand (nee Hoggan)]

I heard via emails that you published my mother's obit - submitted by Maribeth. Thanks! I would like to subscribe so please let me know the cost and etc.

Thanks again Joann Robertson [joannr6@shaw.ca](mailto:joannr6@shaw.ca) (In Vancouver)

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Dear Sherron - I am going to ask that you take my name off the MocTel list. It is a great newsletter and I commend you for your work, but I have been away from the north so long that I am sort of out of the loop.

Sincerely Nancy Moulton

MOULTON, Nancy [Nancy.Moulton@telus.net](mailto:Nancy.Moulton@telus.net) (Born in Mayo, left Yukon more than 50 years ago)  
604-943-6101 In Tsawwassen

## **SUBSCRIPTION FEES**

Recently I sent out some reminders to those whose Subscription Fees were due or overdue. Unfortunately that reminder note was not successful as I only received on payment.

If you are behind on your Subscription, please bring it up to date by paying for 2009.

The mailing address is at the bottom of every edition. – Sherron Jones

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*My mother taught me ANTICIPATION.  
"Just wait until we get home."*

## **RECIPE OF THE WEEK**

### **Graham Lemon Squares (no baking)**

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

1 tin Eagle brand sweetened milk  
2 or 3 lemons  
Graham wafers

Line a 13 ½ X 9 ½" pan with wafers (DO NOT CRUSH). Add lemon juice to milk. Pour over wafers. Add another layer of wafers then ice with thin white icing made with icing sugar. Keep refrigerated.

Jean Watters  
Cornwall, Ontario  
From a Whitehorse RCAF Womens' Auxiliary cookbook

## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

### **OKANAGAN YUKONERS PICNIC**

The Picnic is set up for Sunday June 21 at the Summerland Gardens. We have the Spot from 11am till 3pm. It will be Pot Luck as usual, with lunch scheduled for noon.

Larry Chalmers [aksala49@telus.net](mailto:aksala49@telus.net) (In Oliver)

## **VANCOUVER ISLAND YUKONERS PICNIC**

Saturday, August 15<sup>th</sup>  
11am-3pm  
St Mary's Church  
2600 Powder Pt. Rd., Nanoose, B.C.

Hwy. 19 to Northwest Bay Rd. turn at the Petro Can station to Powder Pt Rd. right turn and just over the tracks St. Mary's Church is on your right.

Contacts: Sharon Redmond 250-713-6509 or Harriett 250-714-2774

Harriett Butterworth [harriett3@shaw.ca](mailto:harriett3@shaw.ca) (In Nanaimo)

## **SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner**.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

There is an annual subscription fee for the Moccasin Telegraph.

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

### **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

c/o Sherron Jones  
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Vernon, B C  
V1B 1V8

Phone: 205-549-2736