

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 310th Edition – May 23rd, 2010

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Lake Bennett

Spring in Carcross: Lake Bennett is very low until the glaciers start to melt with the summer sun. Great walking! Eleanor

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

The Long Drive to the Yukon and Incidents at Field Creek

By Stan Barker Jr. sandlbarker@dccnet.com (Summers 1949-54 Mayo, Elsa, Whitehorse)
Madeira Park BC

Stan Jr. and two workers had set out in May 1952 from Vancouver with a heavy load of food and telephone supplies for the Yukon in the 'Big truck'. Following a major breakdown in Fernie BC, this old badly overloaded truck was traded in on a new Dodge. Final repairs were made in Edmonton and we were ready to proceed. In this account Dad is A. Stan Barker - managing director of Mayo Utilities which he later renamed Yukon Telephone Co. Stan Jr., (or I) is his son A. Stan Barker Jr. This excerpt from Stan Jr's forthcoming book "Executive Dad" begins in Edmonton.

We were now getting used to Dad's orders to save money enroute - so while repairs were carried out the three of us camped in a tent at one end of the garage's lot. During the day we all helped the mechanic with jacking up the truck box and replacing the rear springs. Within two days three more workers arrived with the Mayo Utilities 'Digger truck'. This truck had finally caught up with us while we were stopped in Edmonton, so three more 'campers' lived in a tent at the repair shop.



Summer worker and Stan Jr. (right) with first 'Big Truck' which broke down and was replaced with a new truck in Fernie B.C. while on the road to the Yukon

The following day the new stronger rear springs were installed on the frame of the Big Truck. Next two timbers were put in place and the loaded freight box was gently lowered back onto the frame. Long bolts were installed to secure the box to the frame and the wiring for lights was again reconnected. The truck with box installed grossed 14 tons, but still drove nicely and kept on an even keel on corners with the new stiffer springs.

Unnoticed by us in the large shed with its bright lighting was the gathering of storm clouds and the start of heavy rain. If I thought about it at all, the thought was probably that the rain would be a help in keeping the dust reduced. Little did I know that the 400 miles of road north from Edmonton through Slave Lake country, then east to the start of the Alcan Highway in British Columbia was beginning to turn to mud.

With the truck all fixed again we spent the morning packing our sleeping bags and cooking gear into the small access on top of the telephone equipment. We also did some repacking of the Digger Truck. The three men who had brought it from Vancouver had been helping us since they arrived. By noon both trucks were on the road northward with the rain and gray clouds cutting visibility to the point where headlights were necessary.

The rain seemed like a benefit bringing cooler temperatures and removing the dust. Abruptly we learned differently. A few miles out of Edmonton the pavement ended and

now we had mud and slippery roads. The land was flat with some tilled fields, but mostly low scrub brush filled the view right to the misty horizon. Lightning began striking the fields as we pressed on. On some of the curves I began to feel the truck skid a little and we now had to slow to a crawl when we met another vehicle as we became aware that the deep ditches on each side of the road were treacherous traps. Already we had edged too near a ditch and when even gentle power was applied the heavily laden rear dual wheels moved ahead but also slid sideways towards the ditch. With very gentle forward and reverse motions we got back onto the center of the road and continued.

Shortly afterwards we met the same situation again. This time as we squeezed over to let a truck pass we could not get back onto the road. The right rear dual wheels slid into the ditch. With the truck now tipped at a steep angle to the right, the men climbed out into the rain to report on progress as I rocked the truck back and forth. Soon the entire truck was in the ditch with mud part way up to the axles and we were truly stuck.

Now the lessons from many camping trips with Dad in the Cariboo on the 50 miles of often muddy road from the Cariboo Highway into Mahood Lake began to help. On one of those early trips in our overloaded half-ton pickup Dad had slid off the road. With I and my two younger brothers in the cab Dad was holding a thermos top filled with coffee in one hand and bouncing along taking each mud hole with a run, wheels skidding and the truck slithering side to side. We usually always got through to more solid ground, but this time the truck turned sideways and we toppled into a depression. Dad's grip on the coffee never faltered as we skidded to a stop.

We climbed out the door which was above our heads now and Dad, still holding the coffee surveyed the damage. To our childish complaints that we were stuck miles from anywhere, he merely gave us a verbal whack on the back and pointed out that we needed to get the truck battery upright so the acid wouldn't leak out.

He also got us busy unloading the big rope we carried, telling us we were going to make a Spanish windlass. Fastening the rope to the truck frame and over the top of the cab to the far side of the road we were able to tie the far end to a strong tree. Chopping a twelve foot long section from another tree we were taught how to insert the twelve foot 'pole' through the knot and walk around the tree windlass style. Dad even came up with a sea shanty for us all to sing and keep time to as we wound up the slack.

I remember little about finally righting the truck and getting it back on the road, but I do remember the attitude. The attitude has even been inscribed on his grave marker by common consent among the family- "Carry On". So now it was my turn to "Carry On". I could see no way out except to lighten the load. Untying the motorcycle and gas barrel at the rear, we removed them from the tailgate and opened the main doors. The Digger truck remained on the road and all six of us began the job of unloading the big truck. Luckily the large 8-man tent was near the doors so we carried it through the ditch and onto the muddy field of scrub brush. By now we were all wet and had sticky mud encasing our feet.

Forming a chain gang we began unloading cases of food, telephone insulators, and other supplies. All were in cardboard cartons so we put small poles inside the tent to partially support its roof and piled the cases under this cover. The spools of wire were dumped into the mud near the edge of the road to shorten the carrying as we knew we would have to reload all this gear.

After two hours work, the truck was much lighter. I started it up and began trying to climb out of the five foot deep ditch. The truck would not climb the side bank, it merely kept moving ahead with the left front wheel clawing at the side bank but not climbing.

Finally a large semitrailer rig with a winch came by and stopped to assess our trouble. The driver admitted he was having trouble staying on the road but he was willing to try to help. Taking his heavy cable and hook we attached it to the front axle of our truck. He inched to the far side of the road so that he was almost slipping into the far ditch, simultaneously tightening the cable. Experimenting we found that he could apply the most force if he went backwards while we went forwards. Abruptly our front wheels came out of the ditch and with more pulling we came entirely onto the road, but facing the wrong way, facing Edmonton. Thanking him two of us drove several miles southward while the rest crowded into the cab of the Digger to escape the rain. We finally found a cross road sufficiently flat and were able to safely turn around without coming too near either ditch. Driving back to our cargo dump and the other truck we stopped near the center of the road this time and began reloading.

By now all the cardboard cartons were beginning to crumble from exposure to the rain. Some were also coated with mud from our slipping and falling as we struggled down into, then up the other side of the ditch. Finally the entire load was in and the large cargo doors were forced shut. The muddy motorcycle and gas drum were wrestled onto the tail gate and tied in place.

By now it was about nine in the evening, still raining and we were all soaked through. Getting into the trucks after scraping some of the mud off our legs we began traveling again. With the heater on we were soon comfortable and some of the men began dozing. With the slippery conditions we crept along not wanting to get anywhere near the edge of the road. Other trucks and cars traveling south towards Edmonton were also aware of the dangers of slipping and were passing us very slowly.

At midnight the rain stopped and we were part of a long convoy of trucks and cars - glad of the company and all very content to stay in line with no passing. The country had now become hilly. At the top of each hill we could see the headlights ahead like a lighted snake slithering down the grade ahead then up the next grade and even sometimes beyond the next hill to a further hill. Some vehicles - cars and trucks - had difficulty getting up the hills and some ended up in the ditch as they applied too much power and slipped on the still very mushy road surface.

After two hours of this up hill and down dale slow travel the entire snake came to a halt. We were on a long upgrade steeper than previous hills. I walked forward and came on a

strange sight. At the crest of the hill, the drivers had all left their vehicles and were helping one truck at a time to get over the slippery top. Someone had started a fire at the edge of the road, beer was being consumed and lots of colourful remarks were shouted to the truck currently trying to move over this last obstacle.

The driver of this truck had borrowed chains from another truck and he was spinning the wheels and straining his motor trying to gain some speed. He made it. Then he came back with the chains to lend them to the next truck. I was invited to ride in the third truck and even took over the controls as the driver got out near the crest where he needed to throw his loose chains under the spinning wheels.

How I enjoyed being part of the cheering group and also trying out the double transmission of this semi trailer with its fifteen speeds ahead and three in reverse (our big truck had only 10 ahead and 2 reverse).

Getting this truck over the top, I thanked the driver and walked back to our crew. We began inching ahead as other trucks cleared the top. Finally both our trucks made it with much spinning of wheels and flinging of mud all over the undersides of our trucks and over the few spectators still watching and cheering at the crest of the hill.

We continued over some lesser hills proceeding slowly on a road that was getting easier to navigate. For some reason I kept driving and as daylight broke got a second wind. Finally we got to a town - Pouce Coupe just on the BC side of the Alberta - BC border. We had now been on the road 28 hours. Tired and caked with dried mud we found a bunk house with 24 cots in a large room. A bed plus use of a wash room was \$2.00 per person. Though it was called a 'flop house' it looked clean and we all turned in and most slept 15 hours. We had again disobeyed head office by not camping out (to save money). The long day had ended.

Work at Whitehorse and Incident at Fields Creek

We arrived in Whitehorse in mid-May with little further truck troubles. A cook soon joined us. Following the plan the crew and I worked for just a week in Whitehorse installing a 26 pair cable along Fourth Avenue and a second 52 pair cable down the alley way behind the telephone exchange. This alley ran parallel to main street so when the new cable was finally spliced into connector boxes, it gave extra service from the main connector box at the exchange to smaller connectors at every cross street - 2nd Avenue, 3rd Avenue and so on to 6th Avenue.

While we were doing this work, Dad found two more workers in Vancouver who were willing to work for the summer for the \$250 per month he offered plus room and board. One of the workers was a UBC student who I had a nodding acquaintance with who needed summer work.

During this first work week I ran into my first argument of the summer with Dad centered on: “how long was a work week?” Since most businesses in British Columbia had adopted the 40 hour week, I had begun laying out the work on this basis. I was glad to have all day Saturday and Sunday to plan work for the following week and to move hardware and heavy cable spools and especially telephone poles using a truck, and sometimes one helper to get these heavy items into position in alley ways or in the lot behind the telephone office. The rest of the crew used Saturday and Sunday to do laundry, write letters and relax. On the long distance phone Dad exploded - “why aren’t the men working all day Saturday?” I could never stand up to his arguments so we ended up getting the men (with much grumbling) to work most of Saturday for the rest of the summer.

When we had finished the Whitehorse work, we assembled a convoy to drive to Mayo to tackle the main summer work of rebuilding the Mayo to Elsa telephone line. The previous summer this work had started and many sections of wire had been brought out to the road’s edge. Also poles had been used to support the line rather than trees. In one instance a search in the bush for the old wire found a section torn away from the trees it had been hanging from and at the apex of a long loop of wire was the skull and antlers of a large moose. Apparently the animal had become tangled in the wire and died.

The job for 1952 consisted of bringing all the wire out of the bush to the road, adding new wire where needed and installing poles and tripods to hang the wire sufficiently high so that animals would not get entangled. Where the permafrost was three feet or more below the surface we could dig and install the poles. In many places however, especially where there was heavy moss on the forest floor, one could not dig. A foot below the surface, shovels and digging bars encountered impenetrable frozen ground.

Much the same conflict “what is a work day” came up when we moved on to the Mayo to Elsa line. For this work we set up camp in an abandoned mining building and later in two tents and a cookshack.

Since the work involved long drives to reach the place where we had stopped line building the day before, the question came up of when to start work. Two of the crew had worked in mines and felt work started as soon as one got in the truck to begin the drive to the work site. Dad soon set everyone straight. We began having very early breakfasts, often getting into the trucks at 6:30 or 7:00 AM so we could begin digging pole holes and stringing wire at 8:00 AM which was Dad’s measure of when work started.



Dad and Lim (cook) at our cookhouse. Dad visits our camp and takes over supervising some of the work



New Big truck driving in Fields Creek to get water for camp

After three weeks of camping near Mayo, we moved the camp to Field Creek. Here we were far from town but close to the current work. We set up the crew tent and a separate 1-man tent for me, as well as setting up the cook shack.

Every four or five days two or three of us would chain the water barrel to the back of our larger truck and drive into the creek along the old road below the bridge where there was a fording place. Using hand buckets we filled the 45 gallon open top drum with water, then drove very slowly back to camp trying to avoid too much sloshing and spilling. This barrel provided our cooking and washing water, and allowed us to each do our own laundry on Saturday evenings.

Light for evening work was provided by the sun as it didn't set until after 10 p.m. for most of July. Mosquitos and blackflies were a serious problem. Our camp was on an exposed knoll beside the road, so if a breeze was blowing there were few bugs; however on windless days work outside was almost impossible. The men would read sitting in the cab of a truck or using a lamp in their tent with the flaps closed. During the day, we were not bothered by bugs on the hot dusty road, but were bothered by the unforgiving sun beating down.

The weather turned while we were still at Field Creek and we entered a rainy spell. Now dust was replaced by mud, and it was difficult to decide which was worse. I moved back into the big tent with the rest of the crew since its heavy canvas kept out the rain much better. In addition it was pitched on slightly higher ground so water ran away from the sidewalls and doorway.

I was awakened one Sunday morning at about 4 a.m. by coughing just outside the tent. It went on for some time, so I opened the door flap and peered out. A Roman Catholic priest who was driving from Mayo to Keno Hill (Near Elsa) for early Mass was stuck; his car had quit and he had worn the battery down in attempting to restart it. The car was almost a mile away, and he had started to walk to Keno Hill through the mud, a distance of about 15 miles. Fortunately he had spotted our Camp after walking less than half an hour. We got him dried up, and towed his car to our camp. By spraying the ignition with some drying solution, and jump starting, the motor caught and ran smoothly. I was struck by his insistence that he needed to leave immediately, in spite of the bad cough which hadn't stopped, and in spite of the bad weather. He set off and we didn't see him again.

When the dry hot weather returned, I received a telegram from Dad telling me to come to Whitehorse and pick him up for a tour of the work to date. I left the most reliable man in charge and set off after supper and drove to Whitehorse. I chose that particular evening as the road would be cooler and there were no ore shipments going by road.

Ore shipments meant a convoy of 8 to 12 trucks traveling from Elsa to Whitehorse, which tied up the three ferries (Stewart River, Pelly River, and Yukon River). Since the ferries could carry only two loaded ore trucks, the evening of an ore shipment meant long waits at each ferry, as well as traveling continually in the dust plumes behind each truck.

I found on this night that the driving was easy, and there was no need for headlights for the entire drive because of the long bright twilight, then the rising of the sun at about 3 a.m. I had a nap in Whitehorse, and Dad and I set off at about 10 a.m. We soon found that there was lots of airborne dust signaling that there was at least one truck ahead, so we slowed down to allow sufficient time for most of the dust to settle. Suddenly we came upon a 80 pound coil of iron wire lying in the road. Dad told me to pick it up and throw it in the back of the pickup. Shortly afterwards we came upon a second coil of wire, then a third. It was obvious that the truck ahead had a poorly stacked load. Soon afterwards we came upon a large sack of galvanized plumbing fittings. This sack was clearly labelled 'United Keno Hill Mine- Elsa'. Dad had me drag it to the side of the road behind a tall stump, and told me to memorize the location. It was obvious that Dad was 'diverting' this material so it could be used for the Telephone Company.

At the next ferry we saw a flat bed truck belonging to UKH Mines with a poorly secured load of wire rolls and sacks of metal parts. We said nothing, and pushed on to the camp at Field Creek. Dad felt that the heavy iron wire we had found would be useful for securing the three-pole tripods we were erecting in some places - in place of the galvanized telephone wire we had been using. The coils were tossed onto the edge of the area where we parked our trucks, and where we stored our poles and other hardware.

Shortly after this we had an adventure with the digger truck. Dad took over part of the crew and with this truck began building line across a swampy area away from the road. It was a logical choice as the road made a loop around the area but if the telephone line cut straight across, it saved more than a mile of line building. I worked with two or three others on a section of line along the road leading up to this digression from the road.

After about three hours work, one of Dad's crew came panting and sweating up to us and told us to come to their assistance as they were stuck. We drove along their track, off the road and then when their tracks dipped into low ground that looked chancy we parked our truck and walked. The ground underfoot was moss covered and spongy. There was permafrost a foot or two down, but its top layer had thawed and turned to mud just under the moss.

Just over the next small rise we saw their predicament. The digger truck was settled in mud up to its running boards. They had tried to free themselves by using the winch, but had only succeeded in pulling over every tree within 200 feet - the reach of the winch cable. These trees that looked substantial all had shallow roots that spread out just under the moss and did not penetrate the permafrost.

Dad agreed with me that my truck could not get close enough to pull on the stuck truck. He and I drove back to the road and set off for the road building camp we had seen a few miles back towards Mayo. It consisted of several ramshackle buildings serving as machine shops and garages and a bunk house. The road work was being done by UKH Mines to improve the Elsa road for more frequent shipments of freight and ore concentrate to Mayo and Whitehorse.

We went into the shack that served as an office and asked for the manager but it turned out he was away. Dad emphasized his own close connection to Mr. Hicks and to UKH Mines and asserted that the road manager should certainly authorize the use of a Caterpillar tractor to get the telephone line construction back on track. There was a Cat and a low bed trailer on hand so by fast talking Dad managed to get the Cat loaded up and a Cat skinner activated to drive the low bed up the road to the spot where Dad had veered away into the bush.

The skinner was an expert; he quickly unloaded the Cat and walked it through the forest to the scene of our misadventure. Even the Cat with its broad caterpillar tracks did not venture down into the low flat area next to the digger. Using the Cat's winch cable and the cable from the digger both extended fully, the Cat easily pulled the truck back onto higher firmer ground. Dad gave the skinner a tip and we got back to work. This whole section of 'short-cut' was abandoned and the line got built along the road. Later the Road Camp manager stormed up and wanted to know who had authorized this use of his equipment - but Dad was able to sooth him down.



Land Rover bogged down in Muskeg near where Dad had gotten the digger truck stuck.

An interesting part of this story was told me by the man who had brought us the news of the digger being stuck. As Dad first left the road to follow a shortcut through the forest, he told this man to take the pruning pole and stand on top of the truck cab. The man was to lop off limbs and clear a swath of all branches for the proposed telephone wire as the truck proceeded. The man said that he did no cutting of branches, in fact he barely

managed to hang on and avoid being bumped off the cab roof as Dad lurched at rather high speed through the forest - until they bogged down in the swamp.

After two days of helping us build line towards Elsa, Dad took a flight from the Mayo airstrip where CP Air landed twice a week. He went back to Whitehorse and a day later on to Vancouver. I was happy to be free of the boss who tended to control everything. Now we received only the occasional directive by telegram or letter.

About two weeks after Dad left, when the two trucks and our crew rolled into camp, dusty and ready for supper, we saw an RCMP car and two officers walking around. They had rounded up the three coils of iron wire and were waiting to talk to me. The men proceeded to wash up and go into the cookhouse while I gave a statement. They needed to know how we had acquired the wire. I told the story pretty much as it had occurred, leaving out the finding of a sack of galvanized plumbing fittings. We had used only a few turns off one coil so they were able to retrieve the wire and return it to UKH Mines. I reported this by letter to Dad, who then went up one floor in his office building and talked to Hicks, the manager of UKH. I believe he offered to make good any wire that was used, and passed it off by saying "I may have mentioned to our driver, that he could throw the wire in the back to see if anyone claims it in Mayo." This story was accepted; however I was very nervous around the RCMP detachment in Mayo from then on, even though there were no further repercussions.

THE END

PHOTOS COURTESY TERI MCNAUGHTON

Teri (Millen)McNaughton terimc*xplornet.com (In Watson Lake)
Thanks Teri, for lots of 'Dawson faces'.



Rendezvous Queen – 2010 - Angela Fraser



Valerie (Osborn) Duckworth, Maureen (Schink) Buchholz, Vern Buchholz, Beatrice (Cook) Wyntinck



Bobby DeWolfe, Chuck Barber, Bonnie (DeWolfe) Barber



Molly (Barber) Browne, David Browne, Gwen McFadyen



Pat Brown, Brenda Caley, John Brown, Gordie Caley, Chuck Coell



Gordie Caley, Chuck Coell



Vern Parkin Therese (Dubois) Whelan Sheila (Coell) Parkin



Beatrice (Cook) Wyntinck, Valerie (Osborn) Duckworth



Harriett (Osborn) Butterworth, Sharon Redmond, Sheila Firth



Sherron Jones, Bill Jones



Gillian Campbell, Edward Thompson



Showshoe cancan girls



Snowshoe cancan girls



Geraldine (Kelly) VanBibber



Harvey Burian



Howie Gates



Geraldine (Kelly) VanBibber, Pat VanBibber



Chuck Barber, Heather (Berg) McGeachy, Doug Nagano, Marie (Comadina) Gylytiuk,
Sharon Redmond, Anita (Craig) Mayhew



Bobby DeWolfe, Chuck Barber



Heather (Berg) McGeachy, Marie (Comadina) Gylytiuk



Bill Weigand, Teri (Millen) McNaughton, Jeri Weigand



John & Pat Brown



Sylvia Burkhard



Sylvia Burkhard, Debbie, Ginny (Burkhard) Holl



Shirley (McDonald) Turton, Sheila Firth, Maureen (Schink) Buchholz, Vern Buchholz



Marie (Comadina) Gylytiuk, Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart, Arlene (Lelievre) Hayes



Gordie & Brenda Caley



Pat & John Brown



Bonnie (DeWolfe) Barber, Chuck Barber, Percy DeWolfe



Goodie (Erickson) Sparling



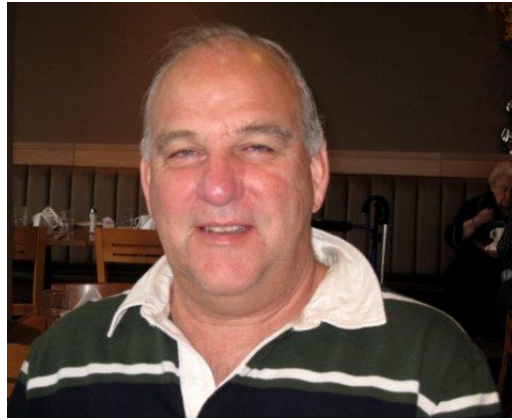
Sheila (Coell) Parkin, Vern Parkin, Chuck Coel, Therese (Dubois) Whelan, Lynn Lambert, Donna (Cusick) Lambert



Teri (Millen) McNaughton, Tina (Brasseur) Parsons



Therese (Dubois) Whelan



Paul McGrath and Donna DeWolfe (Percy DeWolfe's Daughter)

Above photos courtesy

Teri (Millen) McNaughton terimc*xplornet.com (In Watson Lake)



Spring in Carcross

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard*northwestel.net (In Carcross)

James Smith

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Courtesy Rolf & Marg Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

When Gordon Cameron resigned as the Yukon's very popular commissioner in May 1966, the hunt was on for a successor.

Unlike today, the office carried with it a lot of power back then. The elected Territorial Council had little clout and most often merely rubber-stamped decisions already made by the department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa.

The Liberals under Lester Pearson were the government of the day. Arthur Laing was the Minister responsible for everything so far as the Yukon was concerned.

Though it would be more than a decade before any substantial political redirection would occur, change was in the wind.

Meanwhile, the guessing about who would assume the number one political position in the Yukon was on everyone's mind. Guessing, betting, arguing, pleading - the job was important and Yukoners really cared who would get it.

The Whitehorse Star ran pictures of likely candidates under the heading "Guess Who?". One of those pictures was of Jimmy Smith, the well-liked manager of prosperous Tourist Services. He was born in New Westminster, educated in Burnaby, and moved to Atlin in 1940. In 1947, he and his wife, Dorothy Matson of Atlin, moved to Whitehorse.

Tourist Services was an all-in-one shopping and service stop which thrived under Jimmy Smith. He was a hands-on boss in the modern operation which included a supermarket, motel, restaurant, gas station, cocktail lounge and a wholesale grocery business.

Sort of a Walmart Plus of its day. Smith had attended the Banff School of advanced business in the late fifties and knew the details of running a complex business organization. On October 17, 1966, the all-powerful Minister of Indian and Northern Affairs, Arthur Laing arrived in Whitehorse carrying, in his briefcase, the name of the new commissioner.

The only surprise when he announced the name 'James Smith', was that the popular businessman would take the job. Many thought he was doing just fine where he was, but the appointment was a popular choice.

It had to be, because outgoing Commissioner Gordie Cameron had - to many - been the most popular leader the Yukon ever had.

In his introduction, Laing told Smith that "We all want the same things, to bring the Yukon into some degree of self-government as soon as possible."

Smith, who was President of the Whitehorse Chamber of Commerce, had served two years as city alderman and three years as a Territorial Councilman. He knew the frustrations that elected Yukoners felt in dealing with an appointed head of state - the Commissioner - dictated to by a federal government three thousand miles away.



A 2008 photo of former Commissioner James Smith with Yukon artist Ted Harrison.

During his term as Commissioner, from 1966 until 1976, the elected council was most often in a belligerent mood. Members of the Yukon legislature vigorously lobbied the Minister of Indian Affairs to form an executive council that would include elected members in the policy-making process. The Minister, Jean Chretien, eventually accepted the appointment of a five-member executive committee, a kind of cabinet, consisting of the commissioner, two deputy commissioners, and two elected members. Not good enough for council.

In the early 70s, they flew en masse to Ottawa to demand constitutional change. Though they were generally on friendly terms with Commissioner Smith, they wanted his position and powers abolished. Nothing personal, they often said to Smith. The council just doesn't agree that an appointed commissioner should have the power to dictate policy, power that is rightly held by elected representatives.

Chretien went some distance to appease the disgruntled council in a letter which required the commissioner to give "the advice of elected members fullest possible consideration in determining the course of action to be followed in any given situation."

Thus, the commissioner was to be guided by the advice of the committee, but was not required to follow it.

Commissioner Jimmy Smith was expected to be a leader, a mediator, and a messenger, in an increasingly complex and hostile environment of party politics and land claim negotiations.

When his term ended in 1976, the winds of change continued to roll across the Yukon, but the office of Commissioner was still a power to be reckoned with.

PHOTOS COURTESY GILLIAN CAMPBELL



Betty & Charlie (C.D.) Taylor – 50th Wedding Anniversary – 1985



Left Rev. Arthur Privett, Anglican Church Minister, Charlie and Betty Taylor cutting the Anniversary cake, Bea Firth behind them and Marg Hougen looking on from the right.



Charlie & Betty Taylor serving the cake.



Who can you recognize beside Charlie and Betty Taylor



Guests – Jim Whyard with camera, Flo Whyard behind --- Photo of Gillian Campbell by Jim Whyard



Gillian leading Auld Lang Syne
Photo by Jim Whyard



Martha Cameron & Gillian Campbell



Seated Martha Cameron, Standing behind Flo Whyard



John Storey, Charlie Taylor, Jan Koepke, Gillian Campbell, Tim Koepke, Olive Storey
Photo by Jim Whyard

Comments from Gillian

When I sang at the Lodge where Betty was, this last February...she was there in her wheel chair. I think I told you that and sent the picture. Also she came to the Tent to see me, I was thrilled. In her wheelchair how sweet was that... and it was so cold....but she was bundled up, nice and cozy.

I do think it was in the Church [hall], in fact I am sure of it, because now I remember, I was in Church with Martha, before the Tea, and her Daughter Ione was behind us,...and we were laughing and giggling and Ione kept saying to both us. Behave yourself. And read the Hymn book.. I of course ignored her..... She was treating us like kids and it was a very Happy event. It was a Celebration.

I think she was always a bit put off; of the friendship I had with Martha. I really felt that, as she was always very distant towards me, and when I asked my Friend Judy to fill Martha's front room with flowers on her 70th Birthday.. Judy had a flower Business... I think it was her 70th, and she did too. Ione walked in and wanted to know who had sent all the flowers. I think Martha was glad that I had done that, and she told me it was like walking into a Garden, well you know me Sherron I overdo everything... sigh !!!!!

Martha and Cam were down here many times after the Yukoners Banquet, and Martha would go to Victoria with me, as I was booked for a Convention over there in the Crystal Ballroom at the Empress Hotel. I would leave her in my room to have guests as I had a Gig often there.... and she would have a merry old time.

She would call me very early in the morning when she was really getting on, and say WELL I am still here....she was a really Great Lady.. I still miss her, she gave me a really pretty Sherry Decanter, crystal...also, all her cups and saucers, I still have her name on them.

Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

WE ARE PLANNING A TRIP TO DAWSON

Hi Sherron; you may be interested to know that all five of Barrie and Norah Duncan's kids are tentatively planning to return to Dawson next summer, 2011, the 60th (gasp of horror!) anniversary of when our family left the Yukon. We already have a third-generation Duncan developing ties to Dawson: Bruce's daughter and my niece, Shannon, has spent the last couple of summers there, and hopes to return this year.

We were planning a reunion in Dawson five years ago, but two family members – both brothers-in-law - got seriously ill a few weeks prior to our scheduled departure, so of course we postponed the trip. Both of them are just fine now, so we hope to get there this time.

Not sure if I told you, but I moved to Vancouver (where both my daughters live) two years ago. Am semi-retired, but still doing some writing. The weather is certainly better here than in Calgary!

Keep up the good work. I thoroughly enjoy Moc Tel!

Tricia (Duncan) Sirrs triciasirrs@shaw.ca (In Vancouver)



Lake Bennett in Spring

Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

BNA Bank damaged in Collision

By Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

May 12, 2010

Parks Canada carpenters were quickly on the site to repair the damage to the Bank of British North America building after a truck hit one of the pillars supporting the balcony over the main entrance. The pillar was split when a truck driver took the corner of Queen Street onto Second Avenue and misjudged the angle. Sources at Parks indicate that they know who did it and the person is very sorry. They promised to withhold the name of the driver so that person will not die of embarrassment.



Bank damaged.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Bank repair.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Send more tourists

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)
March 12, 2010

As Dawson City prepares itself to welcome a fresh bunch of tourists, this cartoon bear in the upper window at Maximilian's on Main seems to have his own ideas about what this might mean.



Send More Tourists

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

George Black Ferry Afloat

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

The George Black Ferry was in the Yukon River by early afternoon on May 12, a bit earlier than had been expected but none too soon for residents wanting to cross to their homes and places of business. At the monthly Chamber of Commerce meeting Peggy Amendola of the Visitor Information Centre informed the group that the Customs station at the border on the Top of the World Highway would be opening this Saturday, perhaps even sooner if the folks from Customs and YTG's Dept. of Highways can coordinate things.



Ferry is in the water again.

Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Snow Geese Visit Dawson

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Snow geese, a flock of about a dozen birds, were seen making the rounds in Dawson last week: marching across Minto Park, flying in formation along Front Street to land at Mary Hanulik Gardens, pecking away at the freshly growing green grass and settling down by the river for some fresh water.

According to local birder Tara Borin they are an unusual sight in Dawson as we are generally out of their migratory range.

"(This visit) could be attributed to a changing climate," she writes in her regular birding column for the Klondike Sun, "or even some bad weather that forced them off course in their migration."

While it is delightful to see the birds, it should also be noted that their exploding population (from 4 to 6 million) has caused them to be seen a major pest in parts of Canada and that where they gather in large numbers their feeding habits can do serious damage, leading to soil erosion and the destruction of salt marsh habitat.

"While it was once forbidden to hunt Snow Geese," Borin notes, "bans across the country are now being lifted in an attempt to bring some control to the population."



Snow Geese
Photo by Tara Borin



Snow Geese visit Dawson
Photo by Tara Borin

The Last Supper - For this year, anyway

By Dan Davidson uffish*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

May 19, 2010

The last of the seasonal Transients' Dinners was held on Tuesday night, May 19, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church. The tradition of a one-a-week welcoming meal for summer workers in the community began 16 years ago, according to Byrun Shandler.

The notion put forward by the St. Mary's congregation at the time was a kind of Good Samaritan idea, based on their knowledge that many **summerdoughs** arrive here with slender resources and often have to wait a month for their first paycheques.

The other churches, St. Paul's Anglican and the Community Gospel Chapel, pitched in as well and take turns organizing the weekly gatherings for one month. Local businesses also contribute food and supplies for the suppers.

Attendance was way down for the first two events this year, with a mere 14 people at each supper, but the third and fourth were into regular numbers, with between 50 and 60 people attending each dinner.

Aside from being a meet and greet event with a meal, the dinners also serve the purpose of helping to orient newcomers to the community. Speakers come in from a variety of organizations to assist with this. There is a Bear Aware talk and a general discussion of what to do and not to do when camping.

At the last supper there were presentations from several groups. Jenna Roebuck spoke on behalf of the the Klondike Institute of Art and Culture and the Dawson City Music Festival. Diane Schroeder spoke on behalf of the Dawson City Womens' Shelter along with the shelter's event coordinator Hannah Cheshire who is, herself, new to town.

Rachel Wieggers', who works at marketing for the Klondike Visitors Association, was also looking for volunteers for the KVA's many summer activities. Wieggers warned the summer workers that she had been one of them just a few short years ago, but that Dawson had grabbed her and she was still here.



There were close to 60 guests for the last of the annual Transients' Dinners at St. Mary's.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

YUKON WILDFLOWERS



Forget Me Knots – Northfork Pass – Dempster Highway
Photo courtesy Jim & June Austin jraustin929@yahoo.ca (In Vernon)

OBIT

Janice Mae Harper (Barrett), born in Whitehorse, Yukon, July 26, 1955, died in Maple Ridge, B.C. on May 15, 2010.

Janice is the eldest child of Gus and Blanche Barrett of Qualicum Beach, B.C. She succumbed to Cancer 14 months after diagnosis.

Our hearts are heavy but we are so blessed to have had this wonderful daughter in our lives.

She passed away very peacefully with family at her side.

Gus and Blanche want to thank their friends for the prayers and kindnesses shown during this trying time. It has given us the strength to carry on along with our family.

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

Can you please put the attachment on the next Moctel.
Thank you

Brian Langevin bdlangevin@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



“Yukon Joe”

October 5, 1911-May 12, 2010

In his 99th year, peacefully, under the loving and quality care of the staff at the Lodge at Broadmead, a Veterans Health Centre in Victoria, B.C.

Born to parents Oliver and Alzida, on a farm in Hill End, Alberta. His early years were spent in Alberta helping on the farm. His love of the outdoors took him to the Rocky Mountains working winters as a ski guide around Mt. Norquay and Mt. Sunshine with summers spent on the barges along the Athabasca River.

Langevin, Joseph

Joe enlisted in 1941, for WWII, with Canadian Armed Forces and served in England, as a cook, for the Electrical and Engineers division (REME). Discharged in 1946 decorated with the Defence Medal and Canadian Volunteer Service Medal.

Returning to Canada, and still with the REME, Joe ventured north where his first adventure involved helping to survey the road from Jakes Corner to Atlin, B.C. The following year he helped break ice on Lake LaBarge to survey the road from Whitehorse to Dawson City. Those first two years “North of 60” hooked Joe on the Yukon. Appointed as Game Guardian by the Commissioner of the Yukon his area was that of the Kluane Lake area. Shortly thereafter he became the Forest and Land Manager for the Federal Government of Canada with his base in Haines Junction, Yukon.

It was here, that Joe met and married, in 1956, his wife Marion (nee Mayowski), a school teacher. A family of two sons were soon to follow. Joe and family transferred to Dawson City in 1960, where his work expanded to mining inspections, land use, game warden and forest fire fighting - culminating with retirement from Federal Service in 1977.

Joe took up a hobby career of mining and jewellery making, actively pursuing this hobby well into his late 80’s. He was well known in the community for his “gift of the gab” and his culinary skills enhanced many community dinners and school graduation banquets. An active member of the Dawson Kiwanis Club, and honorary life member of the Dawson City Volunteer Fire Service. Joe was also an avid photographer, and was often called upon to take pictures of weddings. He collected Yukon artifacts, and ran a small museum in the Dawson Hardware building.

Joe and Marion retired to Parksville on Vancouver Island in 1979. Joe continued to be lured by the north, spending his summers on Bonanza Creek up to his 90th year. His winters were spent as an ambassador to the Yukon, called upon by numerous clubs and associations to share and show his fantastic slide presentation of the Klondike and surrounding areas.

Pre-deceased by his loving wife Marion.

Survived by sons Brian (Patti) of Whitehorse, Gerry of Dawson City.

Grandchildren, Ashley and Kelsey and great granddaughter Keely all of Alberta.

A life time Member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers, Dawson City Branch, Joe will be interned in a private ceremony in the Y.O.O.P graveyard, in Dawson City, next to Marion.

A memorial service will be held in Dawson City during the summer season of 2010, date to be announced.

In lieu of flowers donations can be made to:

The Broadmead Care Foundation- founded to support the Broadmead Care Society's aspiration to excellence in care- providing quality of life and services to Veterans and seniors.

Broadmead Care Foundation

4579 Chatterton Way

Victoria, BC V8X 4Y7

*"There's a land -- oh, it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back -- and I will
It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.
So me for the Yukon once more"*

Robert W. Service

**Rev. Arthur Privett
October 19, 1914 - May 29, 2009**



Funeral Service for the late Rev. Arthur Privett
will be held on Saturday, June 6 at 2:00 p.m.
at Christ Church Cathedral, 4th and Elliott Street,
Whitehorse, followed by interment at the
Grey Mountain Cemetery. A reception will follow
in Hellaby Hall, Christ Church

Found Rev Privett and a number of others obits at:

<http://www.heritagenorth.ca/obituaries.html>

You may wish to take a look to see if you knew any others.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

My e-mail address will be changing to: shesley2*telus.net as of May 21, 2010.

All the best.

Lyle Coleman

NEW ADDITIONS

Would like to receive a copy of the Moccasin Telegraph. Enjoyed meeting you and seeing folks I have not seen for many years when we attended the Yukoners banquet, and hope to be able to attend other events in the near future.

I [Lynda (Roach) Hudson] moved to Whitehorse with my mom Eileen, stepfather Ken Watts and sister Sandy in 1957. Went to Whitehorse Elementary High School until I moved to Kamloops to attend Business College in 1961 and returned to Whitehorse in 1963 to work for CN Telecommunications. Met Gord Hudson and we moved to Jasper when we married in 1964. Gord's job took us back to Whitehorse along with our two children Dawn and Darrin in 1970. We moved away again in 1973. We currently live in Creston BC where Gord worked until retiring in 1999.

Thanks Lynda (Roach) Hudson gordhudson*telus.net (In Creston)

LOST CONTACT

The following message to <gmkimpinski@mac.com> was undeliverable.

The reason for the problem:

5.1.0 - Unknown address error 550-'5.1.1 unknown or illegal alias:

KIMPINSKI, Garry gmkimpinski@mac.com (In Faro ;-) for the duration)

The following message to <lavagold@telus.net> was undeliverable.

The reason for the problem:

5.1.0 - Unknown address error 550-'<lavagold@telus.net>: Recipient address rejected: User unknown'

BLACK, Alex lavagold@telus.net (In Watson Lake since early 1950's) Penticton in winter

<mech634@telus.net>: host 192.168.80.12[192.168.80.12] said: 550 Invalid

recipient: <mech634@telus.net> (in reply to RCPT TO command)

HILDEBRAND, Dave mech634@telus.net (In Whitehorse 1963-77, Faro 1977-85) Nanaimo

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

I did send out Subscription reminder messages last week and asked for a reply if they were not interested in continuing to receive the MocTel. The following messages are a result. Only four of these had paid for 2009. Most had not been paying for several years; I only made periodic contact and sent editions occasionally. – Sherron

Thank you for all the great editions of the Moccasin Telegraph I have received over the last year or so. I am presently taking some University courses and will be returning to Whitehorse this fall to work. I am going to discontinue receiving them for now until I get resettled and a new email address.

Thanks again. Gwen Gosson

GOSSON, Gwen Gwengosson@shaw.ca (In Yukon 1979–2003) Victoria

Thank you for all your work pulling together such interesting information. At this time I will need to cancel my subscription. I hope to pick it up again in the future.

Debra Thibodeau

THIBODEAU, Debra (HOLWAY) thibodeau@northwestel.net (Born & raised in Whitehorse)

I have enjoyed getting the MocTel over the past several years, but find I do not know very many of the people and activities anymore, after 50 years of being away from the Yukon. Therefore regretfully I am asking you to take me off the subscription list.

Thanks for your efforts and good luck in the future.

Regards, Jim & Ruth Stewart

STEWART, Jim & Ruth (GAENSBAUER) jtastew*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse, Mayo & Watson Lake 1956-59) Westbank

Please understand that I have always appreciated and enjoyed the effort that you have expended keeping Yukoners in touch. I have said so frequently at our YVA meetings. I would, however, wish to be taken off your list without further adieu. Thank you as well Bill, for your great pictures. H.

FITCH, Helen (MUNRO) hmunro*shaw.ca (Born Atlin, Whse 1948 – 1975+) Port Moody

I think we will drop the Moc Tel for now. We don't seem to be reading it, what with our busy life and all. Will let you know if and when we want to get back to it. Thanks, Ron

BUTLER, Ron & Colleen ronb22*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1959-80) Parksville

Take my name off your list. Velma Berg

BERG, Velma velberg1*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1952 –73) Langley

Please delete my name- Hope you and Bill are fine- cheers Doug Dickie

DICKIE, Doug & Penny coadickie*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse) (250) 545-3608 Coldstream

Please remove me from your mailing list as of this date.

LeRoy George Mrlg1020*aol.com

I have very much admired what you have been doing. About 7 years ago I started to write a book on the history of the Yukon Government to tell the story about why it is the little government that never grew up. At that time the Moccasin Telegraph looked like it would be a phenomenal source for me, and I looked forward to every issue. Since then, however, my life has taken a different turn and I haven't even looked at the MT for at least 2 or 3 years. So ... the best thing is to discontinue my subscription. But ... thank you all the same! - Jim

ALMSTROM, Jim jimalm*yahoo.com (In Whitehorse since 1950, now part time)

Yes Sherron, please remove my name from your mailing list. Thanks.....Lloyd Romfo

ROMFO, Lloyd lloydromfo@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1954 – 65) Calgary

Hi Sherron. I think I will opt out of the Moctel for a while. I don't seem to have enough time to read everything, as interesting as it is. Thank you for all your work in keeping Yukoners in touch. Greg Hankins

HANKINS, Greg greg.hankins@xplornet.com (In Whitehorse) Salt Spring Island

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

The strength of a beaurocracy is measured by its ability to resist giving anyone special attention...Donald Sutherland in "Citizen X"

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Zucchini Relish

Teri (Millen) McNaughton terimc@xplornet.com (In Watson Lake)

10 c. zucchini minced (grated coarse)
1 c. pickling salt
5 c. onions, minced
1 c. celery, diced
3 green peppers, diced
2 sweet red peppers, diced
2 t. tumeric
1 T. dry mustard
1 T. celery seed
6 c. sugar
5 c. white vinegar
3 T. cornstarch

Prepare zucchini – soak overnight in water and pickling salt – drain in colander.
Rinse well – press bowl on top to squeeze out remaining water.
In a large enamel pot, combine remaining ingredients, add veggies.
Bring to a boil; reduce to a slow boil for 20 mins.
Put in hot sterilized jars.

Great relish, we don't use as much sugar.
Enjoy. Teri.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic

Okanagan Yukoners' Picnic - June 27, 2010 at Summerland Ornamental Gardens, Pacific Agri-Food Centre. 4200 Highway 97, from 11:00am till 3:00pm.

Pot - Luck Lunch at Noon.

Bring a friend, Come and enjoy!!

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

Island Yukoners Picnic

Aug 14th, 2010

(Saturday closest to Discovery Day Aug 17th)

11am-3pm

Bring your own lunch, coffee and tea provided.

St Mary's Church

2600 Powder Pt. Rd., Nanoose, B.C.

Hwy. 19 to Northwest Bay Road at the Petro Can station, turn east. Continue to Powder Point Road and turn right. Continue on Powder Point Rd until you see a church on the right. Just over the railway tracks turn right.

Contacts: Sharon Redmond 250-729-9773 or Harriett 250-714-2774

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 of (\$20 - \$25. your call) for the Moccasin Telegraph.

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

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron Jones

9205 Orchard Ridge Drive

Vernon, B C V1B 1V8 Phone: 250-549-2736

