

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 344th Edition – October 16th, 2011

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



Reflection - Lewes Lake – Sept 11, 2011

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

CAMP LIFE I: THE LIFE

By Aksel Porsild yukoner1*shaw.ca (In Courtenay BC)

“Good shot, George,” I said, as the rifle shot’s echo reverberated around us. We stood on the shoulder of the highway peering down at our moose. It lay dead some forty feet below us in tangled willow and alder bushes on the river bank. It was a medium sized bull, perhaps 700 pounds, with a small rack, probably a two year old. It was unlucky enough to have crossed the road a few hundred yards ahead of us, probably heading for a drink in the Swift River. I’d quickly stopped the pickup and George had got his rifle out from behind the seat, pushed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, and fired once, as the animal stood on the road’s shoulder above the river, facing us. It immediately dropped and rolled down the embankment.

“I think we can safely leave him overnight,” George said, as we cut the moose’s neck arteries to bleed it, “there’s only a few small animals and birds to disturb it.” Often a bear would claim a killed animal, preventing the hunter from retrieving it, but this particular area was virtually bear-free, at least this particular fall.

Our vehicle, a highway-yellow Army half-ton truck, was quietly idling behind us and we had not seen another vehicle since we shot the moose, fifteen minutes earlier. It was late afternoon, and at the 60th parallel, darkness comes early this time of year; even now the light was fading. But we were only ten miles from our homes at Swift River maintenance camp; tomorrow was Sunday and we'd drive out early to finish the job. One of the perks of living near your work site was that you were surrounded by the wilderness' beauty as well as its harvests. Moose, caribou, and Dall sheep were not difficult to find in the area that we worked in, since Swift River Section runs through the northern spur of the Cassiar Mountains with some peaks as rising to eight thousand feet above sea level. At an elevation of almost 3500 feet, the pass through the continental divide is crossed at Mile 721, twelve miles east of camp. Near here is an emergency airstrip, maintained by our crew, with the Rancheria River, which flows into the Liard/Mackenzie system running beside it. On the other side of the strip runs Swift River, really only a small creek draining Pine Lake, but eventually its water empties into the Yukon River and the Bering Sea.

In our maintenance camps, located as they were in wilderness areas, we had the best of all worlds, if outdoor activity was our recreational preference. Frequently one of us would stop on our way back to camp at the end of a day of grader work, to drop a line in any of the many streams that the Highway crossed. More often than not we'd bring back a few grayling or rainbows for supper. It was also possible to stop for a refreshing swim in some of the smaller lakes, even river backwaters, at the end of a hot, dry, dusty day of road maintenance. A few miles west of our camp is Swan Lake, a widening of the Swift, large enough for boating. The lake and river drains into Teslin Lake and is resident to a few medium sized migrating lake trout, as well as any number of grayling and northern pike.

Fall moose season was usually fruitful in most regions of the Highway, and caribou, mountain sheep and goats were plentiful in some of the mountain sections such as Muncho, Summit and our own, Swift River; other more flatland areas were predominately home to deer and moose. Since we worked six days a week, and all extra time had to be pre-approved by Area Headquarters at Watson Lake, Fort Nelson or Destruction Bay (depending on the Area) unauthorised or spontaneous overtime was hard to justify. But if, for example, you worked late to finish a job, or did extra work on an evening or Sunday, sanctioned of course by the Camp Foreman, unofficial time off (compensatory or "comp time") could be taken without bothering Area Headquarters. It worked very well and the superintendents knew about it. But so long as it was not abused and did not disrupt any routines, we got few complaints from Headquarters.

So it was, that if one had some "comp time" coming, and if the section's work load was not too great, one could ask for say, a Saturday afternoon off to go moose hunting. Since we never strayed far from the Road, we would often down one within a short carry from our vehicle; it was often possible, as George and I had just done, to get one on our way home from a job. Usually we didn't use an Army vehicle for personal purposes like hunting or bringing in the meat, but this was sometimes done, even to the extent of utilising the camp's wrecker to winch up a heavy animal. This risky activity was exercised occasionally by crews in the more remote camps, but only when the whereabouts of the Area Superintendent and his informers were known!

George and I returned to our moose early the next morning and dressed it out, hauling the meat up to the road and the bright yellow pickup parked there. George was foreman, it was a Sunday, and the Superintendent was home at Headquarters so we had the butchered moose into

camp by early afternoon. We considered it as just another one of the compensations of living in isolation.

These often unofficial benefits of working for the Army on the Highway were just some of the perks that made up for living in isolation. The men found living and working in these remote communities easier than the wives did, probably because they could get away from camp during the course of their work. Often they could interact with others using the Road, like workers from other Army units, truckers and lodge owners.

However, a great majority of the camp wives were outdoors-loving women; after all, they married these kinds of men. Quite often they would enthusiastically accompany their husbands hunting and fishing, and of course in winter, snowmobiling was a particularly unisex type of sport, as was curling. Every camp had at least one sheet of curling ice in a government building, built or altered by ourselves from salvaged or unused camp buildings mostly on our own time. These camp curling rinks had of course natural ice, and were not heated or cooled in any way. Sometimes this became a problem, since they were seldom insulated, either. If the weather had been particularly cold, the inside of the building would become almost as cold, and the curling rocks were difficult to slide. This could occur even at a bonspiel, and some camps could take some of the chill out of the curling rinks by running portable gas-powered space heaters (Herman Nelsons) for some hours before the events were to take place. Conversely, the weather could also warm up suddenly, and this also made for "heavy" ice, as the surface sweated and started to melt. Another problem during early spring was frost falling off the ceilings and onto the ice, during warm sunny days, making play difficult, slow and somewhat unpredictable, especially during a bonspiel.

Curling was a big part of winter life in these sometimes remote settlements, where, as noted above, there was no television, often poor radio reception, and no other off-duty activities in cold weather. The sport was encouraged by the Army as a morale-booster to combat "cabin fever" during the long dark winters, and each camp had its own weekend bonspiel, often with valuable prizes. These prizes were donated for the most part by trucking firms, lodge operators, grocery and meat suppliers and petroleum companies. They usually were in the form of merchandise of various sorts: car blankets, glassware sets, and so on. The host club normally also purchased one or two prizes, depending on the wealth of the club. It also of course provided the Main Event trophy, with miniatures for each team member. These small bonspiels were well attended, and one had to get one's name in early for entry into the more desirable ones.

As well, the larger settlements and towns like Fort Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse had large bonspiels and often maintenance camps entered teams in these events. Our calendars were marked with all the bonspiels within driving distance of our homes, and some of the more ardent curlers (or bonspielers) of us tried to attend as they could, even taking time off without pay when necessary. Keeping a team together and entering several bonspiels was sometimes a problem, and the norm was two couples, since virtually all the Highway 'spiels were open to mixed rinks. "Driving distance" was anything up to three hundred miles; I remember attending the Coal River 'spiel from Brooks Brook on at least two occasions, and this was at least a six-hour drive; once we had to take two cars because my Second wanted to take his wife along, and my Third's husband, who came along, didn't curl; in those days we didn't travel those long distances with six in a car!

One of the best bonspiels in the central part of the Highway was the one held at Cassiar, B.C., a company town a hundred miles south of Watson Lake. The hospitality at this 'spiel was second to none and the prizes, which were donated by the company, Cassiar Asbestos Corp.,

were excellent. Accommodation, meals, and often one bottle of “bonspieling fluid” per rink were all free, and the banquets were legendary. A wonderful corporate citizen, Cassiar also hosted badminton and softball tournaments during other seasons of the year, all free of charge that were well attended by Highway personnel.



Another Beautiful Reflection on Lewes Lake – Sept 11, 2011
Photo courtesy Eleanor Millard emillard@northwestel.net (In Carcross)

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Father Jean Mouchet

The lot in life for Oblate Priests who made the long journey from France to the Canadian north was to provide spiritual guidance in very isolated communities. It was no different for Father Jean Mouchet who arrived in Canada from France in 1946 to serve at Telegraph Creek.

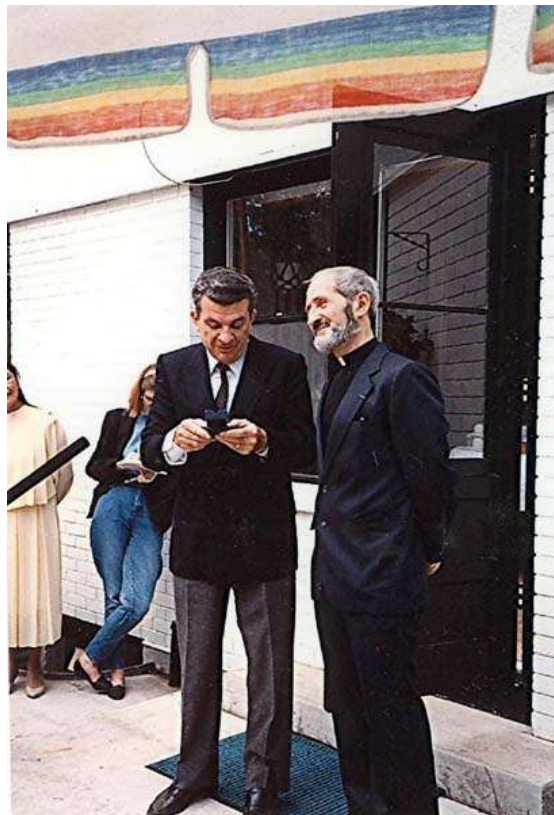
Ten years later, he was posted to Old Crow. By 1982, when he left the community, he had become the driving force in a special program that made world class skiers out of an unlikely group of people.

Father Mouchet had developed a love for cross-country skiing while serving with the French Ski Corps during the Second World War.

In Old Crow, the physical fitness of the people astonished him. He realized that breaking trail on snowshoes all day with a dog team is an activity that develops strength and endurance.

In 1959, a team of Norwegian physiologists visited Old Crow and discovered what Mouchet already knew. Many people in Old Crow had the physique and endurance of Olympic athletes. Throughout the 1960s, however, the lifestyle changed. Snow mobiles replaced the dog sled and modern amenities meant they spent less time on the trap lines.

Because of these changes, he could see their self-esteem drop, and so he decided to use cross-country skiing to see if he could reverse the trend among the young people.



In July 1987, Consul General of France, René Delille, presented the Order of National Merit to Father Mouchet.

By 1967, with the support of the Yukon Territorial Government, he founded something called T.E.S.T., the Territorial experimental ski training program.

He later travelled to Whitehorse and Inuvik to set up the same program. The benefits of the T.E.S.T. program were quick and dramatic. Two skiers from Old Crow, and two from Inuvik, qualified for the Canadian National Cross Country Ski Team.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

Incidents in the Alleys of Whitehorse - Oct.7, 2011

By Stan Barker Jr.sandlbarker@dccnet.com (In Sechelt)

In 1949 A. Stan Barker, the managing director of Mayo Utilities began considering an upgrade of the Whitehorse Phone system. Some readers may remember that Mayo Utilities had a name change some years later to Yukon Telephone Company. Since Stan was a business man with interests in Whitehorse which started at the beginning of WW2, he had seized an opportunity to buy Mayo Utilities because it had the franchise to provide telephone service in Mayo and in Whitehorse. The Whitehorse operation before the war was considered a minor part of the Mayo Utilities operation since the Mayo Mining district was the real center of activity - especially during the 1920s. But the Whitehorse franchise was the company's one valuable asset in 1941. The opportunity to buy the phone system came with the proviso that any buyer must upgrade the Whitehorse magneto phone system to a dial system to satisfy the U.S. Army interests which were expanding the Whitehorse Airport in preparation for the Alaska Highway construction and for the Lend Lease flights of aircraft and supplies via the Yukon and Alaska to the Russian allies. As a fifteen year old in the midst of high school I was thrust into this telephone job in the summer of 1949. Stan decided that I was to be removed from my usual summer job of painting and repairing apartments in a building he owned in Vancouver, and that I should learn line maintenance, upgrading, and phone installation. I actually looked forward to this new summer job, because Stan was not an ideal boss, and I longed to get away from being ordered about each day. Among my brothers, Stan (our Dad) had the name "The Director", but we didn't dare use it in his presence.

Thus in late June of 1949 I flew to Whitehorse and met my new boss, Arthur Farley, the manager of the Whitehorse Exchange. He taught me a lot and two summers later I was leading a construction crew of six men and a cook, installing cable along the alleyways of Whitehorse and also building and restoring lines in Mayo, Elsa and Keno where there was renewed activity in the mines.

My interest in this period was recently rekindled by Alan McDiarmid who called my attention to the story by Jim Robb "The Colourful Five Percent Scrapbook - Bob Cameron identifies location of back-alley photograph." The article appeared in the Yukon News of August 31, 2011. Bob had correctly identified the picture of the shed plus living quarters of the Yukon Telephone Company. My own picture of this shed (taken about 1957) appears below.

When I lived in this log building in 1949 and in later summers had a construction crew living there, I was told the following colourful story by Mr. Farley. I considered Art Farley as old - and considered him as a Yukon old-timer since he knew lots of characters around Whitehorse. Below is a picture of Art in about 1943 on the top deck of a powerboat at Bowen island. He is in the center of the snapshot crouched next to an unidentified young women - and now of course he looks young to me.



Log shed behind Telephone Office - Sam McGees original cabin
Photo courtesy Stan Barker Jr. sandlbarker@dccnet.com (In Sechelt)



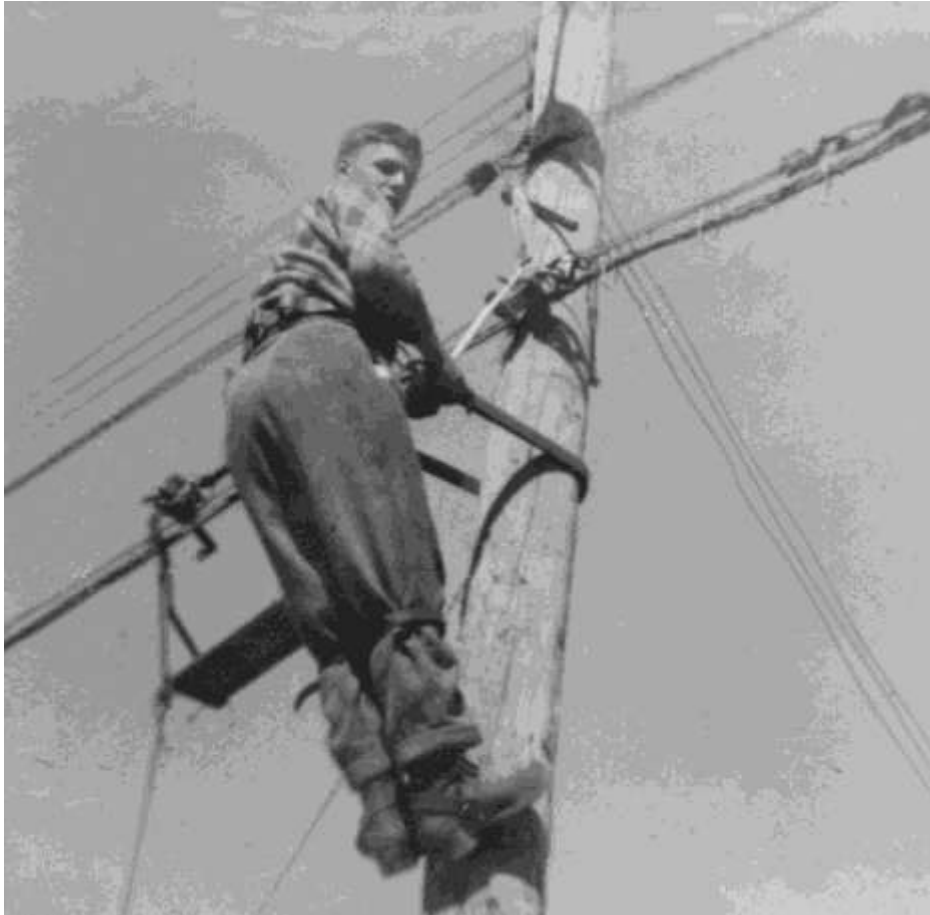
Art Farley on upper deck of power boat about 1943.
Photo courtesy Stan Barker Jr. sandlbarker*dccnet.com (In Sechelt)

The event pictured above was a picnic cruise from Vancouver to Bowen Island which Stan put on every summer for the employees of the Roller Bowl (a Vancouver roller skating rink) and of Mayo Utilities.

The story Art told me about the shed is that it was the first home of Sam McGee who was made famous in Robert Service's poem. After one or two years living in the shed, Sam next rented a cabin further west - and this latter residence was the one the town fathers decided to make into a

museum. There were no reminders of Sam McGees residence in the telephone shed by 1949 - but there were old newspapers mostly dating from the period leading up to the first World War - they were pasted to the walls for insulation and made interesting reading.

There was a lot of work for me in the Alleys of Whitehorse in 1949 and later. I often hung above an Alley in the cable 'chair' pictured below. The chair hung below the steel support cable on two large wheels and could be moved along the cable by hand. My job in the chair was to inspect telephone cable and to install two-conductor rubber insulated telephone lines beside the cable if the cable was filled to capacity and more lines were needed.



Stan Jr. ready to climb into the cable chair which is hanging to his left.
Photo courtesy Stan Barker Jr. sandlbarker@dccnet.com (In Sechelt)



An awkward moment - foot caught while climbing into the cable chair.
Photo courtesy Stan Barker Jr. sandlbarker*dcnet.com (In Sechelt)

From the vantage point of this cable chair I observed many glass 5-gallon carboys scattered and abandoned in the alleys.



Glass carboy- the ones in Whitehorse were always built into a wood crate with the neck accessible through an opening in the top.

Photo courtesy Stan Barker Jr. sandlbarker@dccnet.com (In Sechelt)

Art Farley told me that they were all that remained of a law gone wrong. Apparently there was a demand for over-proof Rum in the Territory. Since this rum was causing a problem, the Legislature passed a law - each adult may import one bottle of over-proof rum into the Yukon. Clever rum drinkers immediately realized the immense loophole in this law and began using the carboys as their “one bottle.” The law after the usual delays that political bodies run into, was soon changed, and the carboys were abandoned, often in the alleyways.

A story I heard first hand from my Dad (Stan), had to do with the two 6X6 army trucks in the vacant lot across the alley from the log shed where Bob Cameron tells us that he played in the 1950s. Bob may remember these trucks - they sat there missing essential parts in 1949 and were finally sold about 1951.



Two 6X6 army trucks on vacant lot across alley from The log shed. In the background are houses along Elliott St.

Photo courtesy Stan Barker Jr. sandlbarker@dccnet.com (In Sechelt)

Art Farley was supposed to find the required truck parts and get them going, though he seemed to always be busy with other matters. These trucks were auctioned off by the U.S. Army in 1945 when the war ended. The Army lined a street and alleyway with vehicles and generators and other parts that were to be auctioned. Stan bid on the two trucks (one bid lot) and got them. He

always regretted that he bid only \$35 each for 50 jeeps. They were sold to a higher bidder for \$50 each. Art told me that Ed Jacobs (of Ed. Jacobs Motors - Hawkins St.) cleverly bid on the mountain of truck and jeep parts - axles, transfer cases, motors, and transmissions. There was even some suspicion that parts disappeared from some vehicles and reappeared in Ed's pile before the bidding ended. In the years that followed many vehicles could only be repaired by going to Ed Jacob Motors.

When we had a six man crew in Whitehorse - all living in the log shed, which we called Sam McGees Cabin, there were two incidents of note. The first was connected with our installation of cable down some alleyways near 5th Ave. The steel cable which supported the telephone cable was being pulled taut by a pickup truck. This truck then paused with the cable under considerable tension while linemen on two or more poles tightened cable clamps so that the truck could loosen the tension and move ahead two more poles unspooling the steel cable as it went.

The incident took place as we left one alley and crossed the street to the next alley. With the cable under tension and stretching across the street from 16 feet high down to 1 foot high at the hitch of the truck, another truck appeared driving at high speed along 5th Avenue. The driver didn't see the cable or the two men waving for him to stop. The men jumped out of the way and he hit the cable where it was 3 feet off the ground and like a swing his momentum swung the front end of his pickup off the ground and arrested his forward motion. The swing then returned and gently put his truck back in the ground. No damage was done and all heaved a sigh of relief. After that we didn't rely on men waving at cross streets, we parked another truck across the street when the cable needed to be tightened.

The second incident occurred when we hired a local man as cook for the crew. Cooking took place in the telephone building which fronted on Main Street, while the crew bunked in the log shed behind. Stan approved me hiring a local man who said he could cook and that he was also a heavy duty mechanic. Perhaps Stan thought this cook could work on the 6X6 trucks between meals. The food was fine for a week, then after the first pay period the cook began to drink and to disappear for long periods. I had never fired anyone but that's what was needed. I had to prepare breakfast for the men myself, then found the cook staggering in the back alley. He was belligerent and demanded more pay. Said he couldn't work under such conditions. I told him to leave, and finally had to call the RCMP to enforce this edict. But then had to work much longer hours because of laying out work each evening, then taking time off to cook in the mornings and prepare sandwiches for lunch. Also had to leave the work crew and head to the office at 3:00pm to peel potatoes, prepare a roast and make gravy and always a dessert. I was only rescued from this double work by Stan sending a Chinese cook from Vancouver. Lim turned out to be an excellent cook - but he insisted on his own knives. He brought two sharp, long bladed knives on the Canadian Pacific flight to Whitehorse - unheard of today with all the safety inspections. The rest of his luggage consisted of a few clothes and aprons rolled in a bundle and tied up in a coat. Finally, by April 1954 I had had enough of working for my Dad. Having finished third year Math and Physics at UBC I had found a summer job related to Science and was ready to tell Stan (Dad) about my decision. Art Farley had retired from Yukon Telephone and a new manager had been hired a year earlier - who seemed to be working well. The sudden suicide of this Whitehorse Manager that Bob Cameron mentions occurred in early May 1954, and the Whitehorse lineman could not cope with the line outages and problems with the exchange.



Yukon Telephone Exchange building on Main St. about 1954. The Phelps house is to the right and Murdochs Gems store to the left. Sam McGees log cabin is directly behind on the alley.
Photo courtesy Stan Barker Jr. sandlbarker*dcnet.com (In Sechelt)

Stan begged me to go to the Yukon once more. I did agree to go and luckily the RCMP had removed the body - but left me to clean up the blood. It took about two weeks to get the exchange working smoothly again. A crew of 4 men drove to Whitehorse later and joined me, and an experienced new manager Mr. Hill was hired who quickly took over the Whitehorse Plant. My job then was to move to Mayo and complete the lines and switchboard there. That work also involved sawing a large house in two, moving it in two pieces to the end of Front street in Mayo and rejoining it, then welcoming Wilf North to Mayo to become the new Manager of the Mayo-Elsa-Keno lines. But that is another story.

END

JIM ROBB'S COLOURFUL 5 PERCENT COLUMN OF AUGUST 31, 2011

<http://www.yukon-news.com/opinions/columns/24578/>

Since Bob Cameron was mentioned in the article above and does not receive the MocTel, I sent him a copy of this article in advance. Here is Bob's reply.

REPLY RE YUKON TELEPHONE BUILDING - FROM BOB CAMERON

Hello, Sherron and Stan Barker! The history of Mayo Utilities and Yukon Telephone provided here by Stan is fabulous - it brought back some memories to me that I had forgotten. Like you guys riding along on the wire, high above the alley, in that trolley seat. Us kids use to envy you guys being able to do that! I remember the two Barker brothers, one named Julian and I can't remember the other brother's name (was it Stanley?) Julian built a beautiful balsa model of a Spitfire in the shop below the living quarters, and gave it to me. How I treasured it! The other thing that intrigued us about your "high-wire" antics was when you would build a tent up there - was that so you could melt solder out of the wind?

One puzzlement about that log building - what was the purpose or reason of the mandoor above the double doors? If it had previously had an outside stairway, it would have infringed on the alleyway. I wonder if it had once been a one-story log cabin, later raised to accommodate the lower workshop???? I mentioned the Tuton family moving in upstairs there in the late 1950's, but I also recall two earlier families living there: the Valance's and the Coventry's.

I do remember those old army trucks next to our fence, and have often wished that I had a photo of them, as I have described them to people, but have no photo to illustrate. That is our fence, that dark wall, on the right of the picture. The houses in the background on the south side of Elliott Street belonged to Mr. Seeley Sr. He later divided the properties up between his sons Alex and Lawrence, the latter who used his to build the Dairy Queen. Yes we used to play in those old trucks, plus some later model (1950?) 3-ton trucks that showed up there for a few years, before it became a car lot for Whitehorse Motors. Fred Koch was the salesman I think. I would sure like to get a copy of that photo of those old army trucks!

Although I didn't want to mention it in the Yukon News, I thought that the suicide that occurred in May of 1954 was a man we knew as Mr. Hill. (???)

I remember Art Farley and his sister Liliias (Miss Farley to us kids) - she was our art teacher at school. In the photo of Art Farley on the upper deck of the boat, I think that is Miss Farley in the lower left of the photo.

In the photo of the front of the Telephone Office, Murdoch's Gem Shop today is where the Phelps house stands in the 1954 photo.

All very interesting! Thank you, Sherron, for passing that along to me! My computer doesn't seem to accept sandlbarker*dccnet.com as a valid e-mail. Could you please forward this message to Stan Barker Jr. for me, and/or give me another e-mail for him? Stan, is Julian your brother?

Best regards – Bob Cameron yukoncamerons*klondiker.com (In Whitehorse)

THE LOG CABIN

Hi Bob and Sherron;

Thanks for the replies. We are traveling now to Salmon Arm as the panic call has gone out to all family to help pick grapes at our daughter's small vineyard. So I am typing in a motel in Kamloops.

When I get home I will be glad to send Bob a copy of the army truck picture. Glad to hear that someone besides myself got some playtime in those trucks.

I (Stan Jr) am the oldest, Julian is next, Hugh John is next. I came to the Yukon for 6 summers, Julian and Hugh John each for one summer. They were kept busy in our dad's other enterprise - a fishing and hunting lodge east of 100 mile house in the Cariboo on Mahood Lake.

The man door on the 2nd floor of the log shed had no purpose all the time I was there. It was nailed shut from the inside. I had assumed that it was for an outside stair - which would probably have been OK in the period before 1910 when there were few cars and few official streets or alleys. There was an inner stairway while I used the shed.

The cable tent was used whenever the lead cable (containing 26 or 52 or in one case 102 pairs) was opened for splicing. It was to be soldered shut but if rain threatened or if it had to be left open overnight to keep the paper insulated copper wires dry - then the tent was needed. The Man who committed suicide was Ed McCarney (Manager), I was briefly manager until Mr. Hill was hired in mid-summer of 1954, then I went on to construction.

My brother Julian who lives in Courtenay, will be glad to hear about the balsa plane Bob. He has no email, so I will mail him your comments.

Stan Barker

MOCTEL 343

Another excellent issue - particularly enjoyed the Alaska Highway story probably because I travelled it so many times in the early 50s and on into the 60s. Great pictures of Lewes Lake, too, by Eleanor Millard. I can remember spending many long days out there in the 50s.

I can't imagine why folks would find your MocTel uninteresting, even after years of being away from the Yukon - I thoroughly enjoy each issue and also forward it on to friends in NS.

Am still with bone cancer and also got hit with a minor stroke a few days ago. However, other than feeling tired and lagged out I'm doing okay.

Thanks again for your efforts.

73 Earle - VE6NM [t16ru672*telusplanet.net](mailto:t16ru672@telusplanet.net)

Whitehorse 1954 - 1961

with many return trips since then!

OLD BUSINESS CARDS – do they bring back memories to you? Submitted by Sandy Campbell [northernlyght*shaw.com](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.com) (In Langley BC)



YUKON TELEPHONE COMPANY - 1956 Phone Book etc.

Hi Karren;

I have just found the 1956 Yukon Tel phone book. It is mostly for Whitehorse - but has page 34 devoted to Mayo, Elsa and Keno.

You must be familiar with these ring codes and names. Inn cabs and also Collins & Collins have banner ads on the top and bottom of most pages in the directory - so I included them. The Mayo listings are in double column format - but unfortunately in copying to an eMail, the columns got displaced.

Stan Barker sandlbarker*dccnet.com (In Whitehorse)

34 [page number in the 1956 Yukon Telephone Book]

INN CABS-Dial-3333

MAYO EXCHANGE

Connecting with Elsa and Keno.

Resident Engineer: W. North Operator: Mrs. A. North

| | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|------|
| Airport 26R3 | Lussier, Jean 31R4 | |
| Andison, George 44R3 | McGeachy, D. | 20 |
| Blindheim, John 26R2 | McIntyre, G. --- 24R4 | |
| Boyle, Jean 2R4 | Mining Recorder's Office | 9 |
| B.Y.N. Office 17 | Northern Commercial Co. | 36 |
| Canadian Pacific Airlines | 7 North, W. 45 | |
| Chapman, C. H. 2R5 | Oliver Taxi | 13 |
| Chapman's Service 23 | Power Commission (NWT) | |
| Chateau Mayo Hotel 4 (Hydro) | 18 | |
| Chateau Mayo Pay Phone. | 19 Royal Bank of Canada | |
| Chateau Mayo Taxi 20 | R.C.C. Signals | 8 |
| Clark, J. V. Dr. 10 | R.C.M. Police | 14 |
| Cole, Jim 32R3 | Scheffen, Horst | 26R5 |
| Curling Rink 38 | School, Mayo | 2R3 |
| Ewing, Harry 44R2 | Silver Inn Hotel | 16 |
| Fire Hall 29 | Silver Inn Cafe (Pay Phone) | 1 |
| Hospital 27 | St. Mary's Rectory | 15 |
| Hutton, O. 13 | Taylor & Drury | 41 |
| Jurovich, M. 2R2 | | |

ELSA and KENO

Rings

Mayo Exchange 1 long

Elsa Office short long short

Cathro, Wm. (Keno) 3 short 1 long

Cole Brothers (Keno) 2 long 1 short

Dobbin, Dr. (Elsa) 2 long
Ford, Geo. (Keno) 1 long 1 short 1 long
McKeno Mill Office 3 short
McKeno Mine Dry Portal 4 short
McKeno Mine Office 2 short
McQuarrie, W. R. 1 short 1 long
Mollard, Jim (Keno) 1 short 2 long 1 short
R.C.M. Police (Keno) 3 long 1 short
Silver City Taxi (Keno) 2 short 1 long
Silver Queen Hotel (Keno) 1 long 2 short 1 long
Williams, J. R. (Keno) 5 short
Toll rates on page 35

COLLINS & COLLINS CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS [Advertisement in Telephone Book]
470 Granville Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Phone: 2041

Re: 1956 phone book
Dear Stan

This is just priceless....what a neat thing for you to find. It took me back immediately to those many hours spent sitting by the switchboard. We all had to take our turn in the office, and so recalling those short and long rings just is too funny.

Do you mind if I forward your note on to my brother Ted? He would have been about 18 years old in 1956 I think. He did leave to join the Air force but I'm not sure if he would have left by that time. I was hoping he would find a story in this and hopefully write something for MocTel.

Speaking of MocTel, are you thinking of sending this to Sherron Jones? It would make for good reading for the newsletter.

I recognize almost all the names from Mayo and Keno. But don't recall the Collins and Collins you mentioned. They might strike a cord with some other readers.

Thank you so much for sending this on to me. It stirred up many old memories for me. We are planning a trip back north this next summer if our health allows. I know things are not at all the same, but we need to go back just one more time.

Great to hear from you once again.

Karren (North) Crowley kcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney BC)

Adventures at the Mayo switchboard

Memories stirred up by the 1956 Yukon Telephone Company phonebook

Reading the 1956 Whitehorse phonebook with the page of Mayo/Keno/Elsa phone numbers I immediately recognized many old familiar names. All of these names were part of our history growing up in Mayo those 55 years ago. Yikes, that's just too hard a reality to swallow when one looks back at how long ago that was.

Nevertheless, the names bring a smile to my face. How surprising when we think how advanced our communications have become. Our parents would never believe that everywhere you look today, someone has a cell-phone held up to their ear. Technology certainly has run away with itself. The days of the old "party-line" are certainly gone. Darn, no more listening in on your neighbours' phone calls! What an innocent time that was.

As part of the large North family living in the Telephone Office, it was our job to take turns to 'man' the switchboard. Mostly the switchboard was run by our mother [Alberta North] and her daughters. Dad [Wilfred North] was always out on the road between the mines (Calumet/Elsa/Keno) checking on broken lines or re-doing the tripods that held the open copper lines.

The switchboard was always open for business, so anyone could make a call at any hour. Not too much happened during the wee hours of the morning, but if an emergency came along the familiar buzz from the board had to be immediately taken care of. Usually our connection to Whitehorse was only possible in daylight hours, as radio reception was poor after dark. Whitehorse office would have to call back in order for us to put a long distance call through. There were many days when contact with the world "Outside" was simply not possible.

One name that stands out in my memory was a Mr. Proctor who had a camp somewhere up past Lookout Mountain (I think). His call name was "Pine tree" and it was difficult to make connection with them unless conditions were just perfect.

A lot of funny stories spring to mind about those early days. One local hotel owner would call frantically every weekend when the "Camp-guys" were whooping it up too much...or fighting it out... in the local beer parlor. The proprietor would call with a frantic tone to his voice and say.... "quick, Royal Canadian Mountie Police". Another funny one for us was Horst Scheffen's way of answering the phone. He would always answer with his German accent "Horsts Potato Farm"I didn't know he grew potatoes. He experimented with a lot of things, but I didn't know the potato was one of them.

Life wasn't all work for our family at the phone office. Our Mom was famous for throwing a party for friends. Whenever anyone had a party there was no need to send out invitations. Living in a small town, the word was out and everyone came. One year we planned a toboggan party outside the phone office. As the office was built right on the banks of the Stewart River we had our own toboggan trail built right outside our front door. It ran out onto the ice and was great fun. For one party we had, Mom spread the word around for all the kids in town to come. She

made a huge roast-pan of spaghetti and meatballs and it was great. That was the time that Betty Gordon was wounded while doing the hill. She caught her leg on a piece of wire from some debris poking out of the snow and really cut her leg badly. I don't know if this warranted a trip to our local doctor (Dr. Clark) or not. But that was the end of our sledding for that night.

When we first moved to Mayo the phone office was in another building on Main Street. That office was a neat old log cabin between Taylor and Drury's and the Northern Commercial Store. It was taken care of by a lady named Ruth McDonald. She was a very nice lady who had to be the cleanest person I knew in those days. Her house and the office were clean as a whistle at all times. I think she had a gang of kids too, so it makes you wonder how she did it!

The new telephone office was in our home at the end of Main Street. It had a loft on the second floor for extra bedrooms. This is where the kids slept. In order to get to bed at night, we had to go out through the garage -attached to the house, and climb a ladder up to our rooms. During the winter this was usually done very quickly, as the place was not insulated. I remember that it seemed almost as cold in that unheated garage, as it was outdoors, where it could sometimes hit -70 Fahrenheit [the old temperature scale that we were using at that time].

The chimney pipe ran up through our bedroom which gave us some warmth but if the fire in the downstairs stove went out in the middle of the night, things got pretty chilly. It was not uncommon to have thick frost on the inside of our bedroom walls.

My older brother Ted tells me how he and dad dug out a space under the house to install a furnace. They dug by hand, and somehow brought in a big furnace to heat the house. At that time all the houses were heated with wood, which meant you needed to cut your own wood or buy a load from the local wood cutter. I don't think we ever actually bought wood, as that was just not something you did in those days. Mom would do her cooking the modern way, on a propane stove, until the Yukon winter froze the propane...then it was back to woodstove.

No running water in those days – our drinking water was kept in a large steel barrel in the garage so it wouldn't freeze. Although many mornings we needed to break the ice on the top. Hauling water in winter was not a pleasant thing. My brother and Dad would go down to the Mayo bridge and chop a hole in the ice and using metal buckets would fill up the water barrel. At -50 or -60 degrees this was never an easy chore. Any spilled water froze instantly on clothing and even in the barrel it quickly began to freeze.

Thinking back and recalling these early days I am so thankful our lives have improved. But I would not change the memory of our early days growing up in the north for anything. I somehow think people who live and work in the north are a special breed; they certainly learn how to eke out a living in all kinds of conditions. Being an old Yukoner, I think that gives me the right to spin a good yarn...the trouble is these stories are all true.

And all this was brought back to life for me by one page in an old phone book.

Karren (North) Crowley kcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney BC)

Hi Sherron

Funny you should ask about our parent's names; I was thinking that yesterday. Knowing I hadn't added it where it should be. Dads name was Wilfred and Mom's name was Alberta (yes, she was named after her dad whose name was Albert). I guess they were expecting a boy....who knows. They had fun with their names all their lives. Mom used to sign their name as A&W North.

Karren

DAWSON – 1930'S – 1940'S

These pictures were taken in Dawson City around the 30's or 40's. Barrie Ravenhills mother is in both of them and my mother is in the one taken outdoors as is my sister. I believe the Hadleys are also in the one at the dinner party. Would love to know for sure who all these people are.

Joy (Fraser) Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)



Hi Sherron, This picture was taken at my Mom and Dads wedding - Dec 19th 1938, in Vancouver. From left to right ?-? , Charley and Alice Ravenhill, Marion and Jim Hadley (my Mom and Dad) ?-?, the last couple I, think their name was George and Mabel Hill. The second picture the faces are sort of in the back of my mind, but am not sure.

Hope this helps a bit Myrna (Hadley) Butterworth (In Dawson)



Was very interested in the old unidentified pictures so I thought I would send some of mine. I may have already sent these but hope maybe someone will know who some of these people are.

I think the two girls at the back of the YPA picture in [MocTel 343] are probably Madeline Perchy & Vimy Yeulet.

Joy (Fraser) Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)



This picture was taken in Dawson City around 1938-1940. The little girl in the center is my sister Marjorie [Fraser] Farr (Martin) I have no idea as to who the other children are - would love to hear from anyone who does. [Joann (Stevenson) Robertson lower right]
Photo courtesy Joy (Fraser) Denton joydenton@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

The little blonde girl reminded me of Joann (Stevenson) Robertson so sent the photo to her and voila received this reply. – Sherron

Hi Sherron –Joy’s mother, Ardie Harbottle, was my mother’s bridesmaid. [Joy’s sister} Marjorie was named for her [my mother] and my sister’s middle name is Ardie [named for Joy’s mother]. Marjorie is about my age so your instincts were good!

Joann (Stevenson) Robertson joannr6*shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

MOCTEL 343 – PHOTO CANADIAN AIRLINES

Regarding a photo submitted by Rolf Hougen: Taken in 1958 with a Canadian Airlines airplane in background. My father, Pat Callison, is second from left in the front row beside Rolf. I don’t recognise any of the other men.

Best Regards,

Joan (Callison) Rodschat northerner2*hotmail.com (In Penticton)

CBC Radio oldtimers

From: Ted North

I’m sending along more archives stuff for Moctel. Tim Kinvig of Whitehorse has found these somewhere in the archives and with his permission I’d like to share them with you. Some older Moctel readers might even remember one or two of us CBC Radio oldtimers.

This is CBC's 75th Anniversary year - and as a part of the celebration many old programs and many old personalities are being dusted off and remembered once more. Attached are a couple of group pictures of CBC Northern service staffers at CFWH....from almost 50 years ago.

Old pictures are priceless because they capture a moment in time ...that sometimes we cannot even recall. Such is the case with these two pictures....I have absolutely no recollection of being there for either of them...but we know the camera doesn't lie - there I am in both photographs! My "recall mechanism" is running out of electricity.



Picture was taken in 1961 or 1962, ..Standing in back row from left to right: Ed Kerry - Technician; Terry Delaney - Announcer; Sheldon O'Connell - Station Manager;
Seated from left to right: Ted North - Announcer; Cal Waddington - Announcer; Jack Graham - Announcer; Anne Ross - Secretary; Tom Horney - Announcer; Unknown Young lady in glasses - may be a part-time clerk -- can anyone identify her?and seated on far right is Bill [Wee Willy] Anderson - Announcer



Picture was taken in 1963 or early 1964, from left to right Ted North - Announcer; Jack Graham - Announcer; holding plaque Ann Ross - secretary; Standing in centre back is Les McLaughlin - Announcer; holding big trophy Terry Delaney - Announcer; swarthy face in back is Hans Konow - Station Manager; far right is Cal Waddington. Bandaged chap seated in front is unknown - can anyone identify him? [he may have won the trophy for Cross - Country skiing?

I guess some of us must be getting old - by my calculation, exactly half of those in the pictures aren't with us anymore!

Ted North tntnorth@telus.net [in sunny Nanaimo and loving it]

YUKON FLOWERS



Miniture Lupin

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

OBIT



Gone down the trail Marjorie Alison (Marnie) Drury (nee Thompson) died peacefully on June 2, 2011 in Gibson's, BC.

Marnie met Bill while nursing at Whitehorse General; they married in 1947. Marnie sang with the Choral Society in the '50s and '60s, worked on the Altar Guild at Christ Church Cathedral for many years, was an avid bridge player, and enjoyed a good game of five card draw, Scrabble and Uno. She was an accomplished water-colourist and dabbled in pottery using clays from around Whitehorse. Marnie and Bill enjoyed freighter travel, wintered in California for 35 years, returning to Yukon and Alaska each summer to visit friends and family, explore and pick berries. About 10 years ago, they moved to Sechelt, BC. In 2006, Marnie's advancing Alzheimer's disease required her being moved to Cedar Cottage for care. Bill died in 2009. Marnie is survived by two sisters, daughter Shirley and son-in-law Richard Odsather; son Bill and daughter-in-law Barbara and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

ARTISTIC TALENT



View from Keno Hill

Photo courtesy Warren Gammel of Fairbanks Alaska

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Please cancel our subscription, as Fred's eyesight is such that he can't read most of the articles, and we know so few of the people anymore.

Thanks for a great job.

Barb Alywin fbaylwin*shaw.ca (In Vernon)

AYLWIN, Fred & Barb fbaylwin*shaw.ca (In Mayo, Whitehorse) (250) 542-3535 Vernon

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

What one person receives without working for, another person must work for without receiving.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Noelle (Cyr) Misko sourdoughyt@hotmail.com (In Edmonton)

Hot Beans

2 Cans Pork and Beans
2 Cans Red Kidney Beans
2 Cans Chili Con Carne (Mild)
1 Can Pineapple (buy rings and cut up, chunks are too big)
1 PB HP Sauce
1 shot Tabasco Sauce

Let simmer approx. 1 hour. Stirring occasionally, thickens up as it cooks.

Great with ham !

DATES TO REMEMBER

Mark your calendar - Vancouver Yukoners Banquet 2012 – April 14 at the River Rock Casino.

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.

An easy way to send a money transfer is via your internet banking. Log into you bank's website, find "Money Transfers" or "Email Money Transfers" or however your bank may list it, enter the amount, my email address of sherronjones@shaw.ca and enter a password ie: moctel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca or sherronjones@roadrunner.com

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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