

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 348th Edition – December 11th, 2011

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Santa, his reindeer and Mrs. C.

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

The Highway Lodges

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

In 1946, when the Alaska Highway was opened to the general public and taken over by the Canadian Army, there were really few commercial establishments catering to the travelling public along the Highway, except in the pre-highway settlements of Fort St John, Fort Nelson, Teslin, Whitehorse, Haines Junction, and Burwash Landing. Except for major population centres like Whitehorse and Fort St John, even most of these were of a rudimentary nature, perhaps a trading post and a limited-storage filling station. People who ran them were more used to filling trappers' outboard motor gas tanks, and selling baking powder and dehydrated vegetables to prospectors, than trying to meet the needs of a family travelling in a private automobile, who had run out of baby food. When the highway was opened to general traffic, this became a problem, as more and more travellers, tourists and truckers journeyed the Trail.

But there were a few, fledgling coffee shop-cum-motels scattered along the Road, virtually all of them converted construction buildings purchased from War Assets, the Crown Corporation formed to dispose of the abandoned equipment, vehicles and plant left behind from the construction days. Often these were more or less primitive operations, with wood burning barrel heaters in winter, unskilled cooks and waitresses trying to provide meals and service to a bemused travelling public. They almost always had gas for sale; some sold diesel fuel as well, albeit from 45 gallon barrels. The petroleum products were sometimes installed by a major Company like Chevron or Esso, who also provided storage tanks and dispensing pumps but more often during these early years, they were purchased from bulk stations in towns like Whitehorse or Fort Nelson and pumped by hand from barrels, and the fuel quality sometimes was poor, with water and other contaminants common in these old, sometimes rusty drums. Quantity was also a problem at some of these outlets, either because cash flow (or lack of it) would preclude an owner from having a large quantity on hand at any given time, or plain lack of storage capacity. Thus it was incumbent on the traveller to tank up at every opportunity since the next station could be temporarily out. The truckers had the most need of these commercial coffee shops/service stations, their vehicles being slower and more prone to mishap and breakdown. A most important requirement was a telephone, a service which was sadly lacking in most of these establishments.

Often cold, draughty, and uncomfortable, these early lodges served more or less adequately until their proprietors had accumulated enough money to build a more permanent structure with modern amenities. Early stations more often than not had outdoor plumbing, most didn't even have running water or electricity. They were really little more than an emergency facility at best.

My fathers' early efforts at serving the "road folks" was typical of most: he bought a bridge construction camp at Johnson's Crossing, some eighty-three miles south of Whitehorse. It was, and is, a beautiful location on the west bank of Teslin River, with a great view up and down the valley, seven-thousand foot mountains in sight north and east. A 1770-foot long high decked steel bridge dominates the scene, the east approach cut deeply through the white silt bluffs forming the river banks.

The camp was almost intact, comprising about forty buildings of various designs, most of them "National" or "Texas" huts, plywood prefabricated building used mainly as bunkhouses. One large mess hall/kitchen unit stood in the middle of the camp, while near the highway were located about a dozen "Nissen" huts, similar to Quonsets but somewhat smaller, and made from wood and insulation board instead of metal. These were much better suited to the climate, being well-insulated. The camp also contained a few lesser buildings and a large treasure trove of stockpiled timbers, both bridge material and general building lumber, mostly of structural British Columbia Douglas fir.

Dad installed three dormer windows in the side of one of the Nissens, cleaned up and painted the interior, and put four small dining tables in it. A partition with a serving counter and doorway separated the inner third of the building into the kitchen area, where Mother held sway over a large black wood-burning range.

She used to say, "If it's good enough for Dad, it's good enough for anyone," referring to her lack of formal cooking instruction. After all, she'd kept him, along with us four kids alive and well-fed for some seventeen years.

It was in fact good enough for anyone: her hearty home-made soups were known up and down the Road as the best truckers' meal around, and her general home-cooked meals were legendary.

At first we lit the Nissen with Coleman lanterns, also with kerosene glass-chimney lamps. We did have a small electrical generator but it was used only for powering the filling station pumps. Even the pumps could be operated manually, and sometimes we didn't even bother to start the often balky generator, preferring the exercise of cranking the fuelling pump rather than endlessly pulling the rope starter on the generator. Later, of course we had a better system, but virtually all the time the coffee shop was in the Nissen hut the Colemans were used. I can still remember one of my jobs was to service these lamps and lanterns every day, making sure the tanks were full and the glasses cleaned. A major problem in those days was procuring a reliable lighting plant, and few were available in the sizes needed by these commercial lodges; most were either too small or far too large. My father didn't obtain dependable electricity until almost five years later, after going through several used, War surplus generators.

Water was hauled from the river and stored in 45 gallon oil drums with their tops cut off and the interior painted. Dad, with help from me sometimes, filled these barrels with pails: we would load an empty one on the old 5-ton White, drive down under the bridge, and fill the barrel with buckets; in winter a hole had to be chopped in the ice. Back at the kitchen, we'd siphon the water from the barrel on the truck to the barrel just inside the door. It was transferred to kettle and pot with a large long-handled dipper.

We were fortunate during the winter of 1947-8 that a large crew of men were established across the river at the terminus camp of the Canol Road, also abandoned by the US Army in 1944. This crew was salvaging pipe and equipment from the Canol, and comprised some sixty men. They hauled their water from our side of the river, since the road access was much better, and the driver often would fill our kitchen barrel on his way up to the highway; he made several trips a day, so ninety gallons was not missed from his thousand gallon tank. This really helped us out during the winter since the old White's engine would not always be too enthusiastic about starting.

Our temporary restaurant served for over a year and a half, from the autumn of 1947 until Dad finished building the main 30 by 60 foot two storey lodge, which we opened on the Saturday after Good Friday, 1949. He built the structure almost single-handedly, using materials salvaged from the existing buildings in the campsite. All he had to buy was siding for the exterior, and a few interior items like light fixtures, doorknobs, floor covering and wallpaper. Of course he had help, sometimes reluctant, from us kids, who spent the interminable summer of 1948 pulling and straightening nails for re-use. (One respite was the river; fishing for lake trout was excellent. We had two somewhat simple rowboats with square sterns, two small Johnson outboard motors, and both Dad and I would take people trolling in the river, and up to the lake mouth, three miles upstream. I sometimes think the lodge would have been finished a month earlier if the fishing, which both he and I enjoyed, whether doing it ourselves or watching others do it, had been less fruitful. In addition, it certainly was a source of some welcome, extra revenue.

That first winter, Dad tore down and sold many of the National huts, which contained little material that was usable in the new Lodge. He sold around twenty of these prefabs to people in Whitehorse, in most cases also hauling them, in pieces, on his White flatbed truck. He also started to demolish the mess hall, which contained much lumber subsequently used in the new building.

Many pieces of the fir timber from the stockpile he also disposed of, at a good profit, and in fact the entire camp had only cost him only a thousand dollars! The land was not available to purchase at this time, since the bridge and its environs was considered a strategic area for military purposes; therefore Dad initially only leased the ten acres the camp sat on.

Potable water at most of these lodges was not usually a problem, except in the hauling and storing of it; virtually all the rivers and creeks in the country contained safe water. Again, like the generator situation, small gas engine driven water pumps were not easily available, and sometimes tanks on the backs of trucks were filled from holes in the ice with buckets, as we did at Johnson's Crossing. All one had to do was to put it into tanks and try to keep it from freezing at fifty below. It was amazing, though, what water-saving practices came to the fore, when it was realized that all the water has to be handled by pails, outside, in forty below weather! Since most lodges were wood heated, and wood was plentiful, keeping it from freezing was not too large a problem once it was indoors. Pressure systems were rare, and most places dealt with water in pails and barrels as we did while some had hand operated pumps to the sink. There were no health inspectors in those early days, one just tried to keep everything reasonably clean.

Disposing of the waste was another matter. Septic tanks were unheard of in those early days, and mostly the waste water was just discarded willy-nilly, wherever it was out of the way. In these days of environmentalism, of course, it would draw health inspectors from far and wide to close down an establishment doing these things, but in the late 40's this was more or less the norm. In any case, there were not many people to complain about pollution; few lived very far away from the Highway corridor.

By 1952 or so, most of these primitive establishments were getting scarce, being gradually replaced by newly constructed modern lodges. Virtually all had self-contained electric power, unless they were lucky enough to be located near commercial power grids, themselves rare in those times. Engine-driven generators were expensive items to purchase and most "lodges" had inadequate units; in some cases all the lights had to be turned off in order that the fuelling pump could operate, and vice versa. Pressure systems were now the standard, with wells or piped water to most facilities, while septic systems were also becoming more prevalent. Independent fuel vendors gave way to familiar names at most of these locations: Shell, Esso, Pacific 66, and British-American signs dominated the lodges in the southern sections. North of Watson Lake, the ubiquitous Chevron advertising signs were almost the only ones seen, the result of the White Pass Company's ownership of the fuel pipeline from the Standard of California's tank farm facility at Skagway; White Pass was a Chevron agent and distributor and represented the only oil company in the Yukon at the time.

All these improved amenities, as well as an increase in their numbers, made the trip up the Highway much less a rigorous adventure by the mid-fifties, and moreover a decidedly safer one during winter, even though a few stations chose to shut down for the coldest months. Gasoline and diesel fuel in particular were much more reliable commodities in terms of quality; quantity was also no longer a problem, most stations having a sufficient capacity to preclude running out during the busy season.

More comfortable also were the accommodations, the lodge guest no longer having to brave the cold night air or mosquitoes to use the sanitary facilities in the middle of the night. Also mostly gone and unlamented were unblockable rooms furnished with surplus army cots and

blankets, plywood benches painted olive drab, and an enamelled wash basin and pitcher. Now they boasted carpets on the floor, a lamp on the night stand and a bathroom down the hall. Progress was slow but sure, and the gainers were the truckers and general travellers using these lodges.

In my family' instance, we used the Nissen hut coffee shop, and an adjacent Nissen roughly partitioned into four-bed rooms as a motel/lodge, for about twenty months while the main lodge was being built. When it opened in the spring of 1949, and had a large airy kitchen, lobby and dining room on the main floor, and ten upstairs rooms. Running water of course from a pressure system and tank in the partial basement, which also housed the two wood burning furnaces. Dad dug and installed a septic system, but there were still outside toilets near the gas pumps, and these were where we directed the general (non overnight) public, mainly so people wouldn't have to traipse into the lodge and upstairs.

Electric power was usually available for the pumps as well as for the water system but, as noted earlier, generators were a problem to procure, and during 1949 to 1952 Dad had a variety of power plants, a few verging on total uselessness, until he finally purchased a new fifteen kilowatt Witte unit, which gave dependable service for almost twenty years until the Lodge was connected to the Yukon power grid.

Over the years it has been a success story, and became a favourite with locals as well as "repeat" tourists. My parents ran it until 1965, whereupon my sister Ellen and her family operated it another 27 years, the last fifteen or so in which they closed it for winters, but lived there year-round and raised five children in it! Ellen became famous for her cinnamon buns and other home baking, and they gradually closed the upstairs rooms, developing instead an RV campground, the lodge being used only as a tea room and store. It was sold in 1992 and operated much like before for a couple of years before being torn down and replaced by a more modern building which is still in operation. The old building by then was almost fifty years old, a tribute both to Dad's expertise in construction, and the used materials from the old construction camp.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Elijah Smith

It was an historic day for native people in the Yukon. In February, 1973, representatives for the Yukon Native Brotherhood were in Ottawa to present their Yukon land claim.

Led by Chief Elijah Smith, they delivered a document called 'Together Today for Our Children Tomorrow' to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. The meeting is often heralded as the turning point for settlements of aboriginal rights in Canada. I was there that day, and well recall that they impressed the Prime Minister with the presentation, and with the ad-libbed words of wisdom from Elijah Smith.

Later that year, the Yukon Native Brotherhood and the Yukon Association of Non-Status Indians joined forces to form the Council for Yukon Indians to further the land claim process that had just begun.

Edward Elijah Smith, the son of Annie Ned, had a lot to do with that. He was born on July 12, 1912, in Champagne, and lived in the Yukon all his life except the six years he spent with the Canadian Army overseas during WW II. However, it was in the Yukon that Elijah Smith became a fighter.

By the mid-1960s the Yukon First Nations, fearful of losing their cultural identity, began to organize. During hearings on the federal white paper at Whitehorse in 1968, Smith spoke of being treated like squatters in their own country. He said that Yukon Indians wanted the government of Canada to see that we get a fair settlement for the use of the land.

Elijah Smith was the founding president of the Yukon Native Brotherhood and was also a founding Chairperson of the Council for Yukon Indians, since renamed the Council of Yukon First Nations. He encouraged Yukon native people to stay in school. Many of these students would eventually play instrumental roles in land claims and self-government negotiations.


He served as Chief of the Kwanlin Band, Founding President of the Yukon Native Brotherhood, Founding Chairman of the Council for Yukon Indians, and Yukon representatives to the National Indian Brotherhood.

He spoke persuasively of the need for unity among First Nations people long before his vision was widely accepted. Twenty years after Elijah Smith led a group of Yukon native people to Ottawa, they signed the umbrella final land claim agreement, setting the stage for the completion of modern-day treaties for each of the Yukon's fourteen First Nations.

Smith held an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws and was named to the Order of Canada. He remained a prominent figure throughout the land claims process until his death in a tragic accident in October, 1991. To honour his memory, the federal building in Whitehorse is named for him, as well is the Elijah Smith elementary school in Whitehorse opened on September 8, 1992.

OLD BUSINESS CARDS – do they bring back memories to you? Submitted by Sandy Campbell northernlyght*shaw.ca (In Langley BC)

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Re MOCTEL 343 PHOTO – RCMP WHITEHORSE DETACHMENT 1946

This is regarding MocTel 343rd Edition of Oct 2, 2011 and the photo posted of Whitehorse Detachment 1946.

I thought the second person from the left might be Supt Larsen.

I contacted Supt Larsen's daughter Doreen, who has done much research on her father, and she tells me he is not in the photo.

I also contacted the RCMP Historian and was provided the following:

Quote:

Members who were assigned to the Whitehorse, N.W.T. Detachment in 1946.

The following names were taken from the **January 1946 Nominal Roll:**

- Insp. Cronkhite, H.H. (# O.322) – I/C Whitehorse Sub/Division
- Sgt. Wallace, D. (# 10783) – Sub/Division Clerk
- A/Sgt. Kerr, J. (# 11471) – I/C Detachment
- Cst. Rogers, J. (# 13586)
- Cst. Dennison, W.N.F. (# 13328)
- Cst. Lawrence, A.G. (# 13871)
- Cst. Shaw, R.C. (# 14056)
- Cst. Palmer, W.L. (# 14165)
- Cst. Peck, T.J. (# 14237)
- Cst. Bradford, R.H. (# 14473)
- Cst. Johnson, K.W. (# 14477)
- Cst. Lee, W.M. (# 14464)
- Cst. Lawrence, G.S. (# 14478)

The following names were **transferred to the Detachment during the summer of 1946:**

- Cst. Brabant, H.D.A. (# 11204)
- Cst. Harrison, B.E. (# 13800)
- Cst. Spohr, G.U. (# 14094) – Attached from “K” Division (Alberta)
- Cst. Johnston, G.R. (# 14306) – Attached from “K” Division (Alberta)

Unquote:

Photo and comments from MocTel 343 below ---

“Can you identify anyone in this photo ?



Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen vcr*hougen.com (In Whitehorse)

The line up of RCMP was at their Whitehorse headquarters that was across from the Regina Hotel where the MacBride Museum is today. They had an army barrack building that served as both an office and a jail. The photo was taken by me in 1946 when Chief Supt. Larson visited. He was the person who sailed across northern Canada in the St Roche.

Rolf Hougen vcr*hougen.com (In Whitehorse)”

Remainder of current message from G. Bliss:

The two men on the left are both commissioned officers (they have braid on the brim of their caps), so if I had to guess, I would suggest the man on the left is Insp. Cronkhite and the man second from left may be the Commanding Officer of "G" Division (then N.W.T. and Y.T. and headquartered in Ottawa) during his annual inspection.

Below is a further list from: The RCMP Historical Section

Whitehorse Detachment Nominal Rolls

The Whitehorse Detachment was a part of the Yukon Sub-Division until 1944.

January 1942 Nominal Roll:

- A/Cpl. Allan, B. (# 11928)
- Cst. Handford, R.M. (# 13126)
- Cst. MacDonald, H.J. (# 13161)

January 1943 Nominal Roll:

- Cpl. Allan, B. (# 11928)
- Cst. Hobbs, M.A. (# 12714)
- Cst. Handford, R.M. (# 13126)
- Cst. Fergusson, G.R. (# 13348)
- Cst. Salt, D.J.P. (# 13608)
- Cst. Cameron, G.L.M. (# 13240)
- Cst. Turcotte, J.H.N. (# 13515)
- Cst. Rogers, J. (# 13568)
- Cst. Peck, T.J. (# 14237)

January 1944 Nominal Roll:

- Insp. Cronkhite, H.H. (# O.322) – I/C Whitehorse Sub/Division
- Sgt. Wallace, D. (# 10783) – Sub/Division Clerk
- A/Sgt. Allan, B. (# 11928) – G. Duty
- D/Cpl. Nolan, M.V. (# 11159) – I/C C.I.B.
- Cpl. Hanna, W.H.A. (# 11347)
- Cst. Hobbs, M.A. (# 12714) – C.I.B. Clerk
- Cst. Cunnings, G.F. (# 13388)
- Cst. Turcotte, J.H.N. (# 13515)
- Van Gastel, F. (# 13544) – Discharged 18-Jan-1944
- Cst. Rogers, J. (# 13568)
- Cst. MacWhirter, H.S. (# 13587) – Discharged 19-Jan-1944
- Cst. Romain, J.P. (# 13684)
- Cst. Wake, J.H. (# 14084)
- Cst. Daoust, J.A.L. (# 14180)
- Cst. Johnson, R.R. (# 14215)
- Cst. Peck, T.J. (# 14237)
- Cst. Joyce, W.M.V. (# 13153) – Discharged 30-Dec-1943

January 1945 Nominal Roll:

- Insp. Cronkhite, H.H. (# O.322) – I/C Whitehorse Sub/Division
- Sgt. Wallace, D. (# 10783) – Sub/Division Clerk
- Cpl. Kerr, J. (# 11471) – I/C Detachment
- D/Cpl. Nolan, M.V. (# 11159) – I/C C.I.B.

Whitehorse Detachment Nominal Rolls

- Cst. Waring, J.D. (# 11083) – Detachment Office Work
- Cst. Widdis, H.M. (# 12778) – I/C Motor Transport
- Cst. Coulson, T.C. (# 13297) – Plain Clothes Duty
- Cst. Dennison, W.N.F. (# 13328)
- Cst. Turcotte, J.H.N. (# 13515)
- Cst. Rogers, J. (# 13568) – C.I.B. Clerk
- Cst. Lawrence, A.G. (# 13871)
- Cst. Wake, J.H. (# 14084) – Orderly Room
- Cst. Palmer, W.D. (# 14165)
- Cst. Peck, T.J. (# 14237)
- Cst. Martin, R.H. (# 14072)
- Cst. Gordon, W.R. (# 14213)
- Cst. Bradford, R.H. (# 14473)
- Cst. Johnson, K.W. (# 14477)

January 1946 Nominal Roll:

- Insp. Cronkhite, H.H. (# O.322) – I/C Whitehorse Sub/Division
- Sgt. Wallace, D. (# 10783) – Sub/Division Clerk
- A/Sgt. Kerr, J. (# 11471) – I/C Detachment
- Cst. Rogers, J. (# 13586)
- Cst. Dennison, W.N.F. (# 13328)
- Cst. Lawrence, A.G. (# 13871)
- Cst. Shaw, R.C. (# 14056)
- Cst. Palmer, W.L. (# 14165)
- Cst. Peck, T.J. (# 14237)
- Cst. Bradford, R.H. (# 14473)
- Cst. Johnson, K.W. (# 14477)
- Cst. Lee, W.M. (# 14464)
- Cst. Lawrence, G.S. (# 14478)

July 1946:

- Cst. Brabant, H.D.A. (# 11204)
- Cst. Harrison, B.E. (# 13800)
- Cst. Spohr, G.U. (# 14094) – Attached from “K” Division
- Cst. Johnston, G.R. (# 14306) – Attached from “K” Division

January 1947 Nominal Roll:

- Insp. Cronkhite, H.H. (# O.322) – I/C Whitehorse Sub/Division
- Sgt. Kerr, J. (# 11471) – I/C Detachment
- Cst. Brabant, H.D.A. (# 11204) – C.I.B. Clerk
- Cst. Harrison, B.E. (# 13800) – O.R. Clerk
- Cst. Hayes, E.J. (# 12686)

Whitehorse Detachment Nominal Rolls

- Cst. Webster, A.A.G. (# 14001) – Sub/Division Clerk
- Cst. Lawrence, A.G. (# 13871)

- Cst. Spohr, G.U. (# 14094)
- Cst. Palmer, W.L. (# 14165)
- Cst. Thompson, W.W. (# 14166)
- Cst. Johnston, G.R. (# 14306)
- Cst. Nolan, E. (# 14427)
- Cst. Bradford, R.H. (# 14473)
- Cst. Campbell, W.D. (# 14525)
- Cst, Thurber, W.G. (# 14538)
- S/Cst. Buyck, D.A. (# 9270) – Guard
- S/Cst. Rosie, J. (# 9271) – Guard
- S/Cst. Worbets, A. (# 9272) – Guard
- S/Cst. Bell, J.A. (# 9273) – Guard

January 1948 Nominal Roll:

- Insp. Cronkhite, H.H. (# O.322) – I/C Whitehorse Sub/Division
- Cpl. Kent, R.J. (# 10464) – I/C Detachment
- Cpl. Harrington, M.A. (# 10754) – I/C Provost
- A/Cpl. Brabant, H.D.A. (# 11204) – C.I.B. Clerk
- Cst. Harrison, B.E. (# 13800) – O.R. Clerk
- Cst. Spohr, G.U. (# 14094)
- Cst. Thompson, W.W. (# 14166)
- Cst. Johnston, G.R. (# 14306)
- Cst. Jones, G.P. (# 14436)
- Cst. Bradford, R.H. (# 14473)
- Cst. Lawrence, A.G. (# 13871)
- Cst. Campbell, W.D. (# 14525)
- Cst, Thurber, W.G. (# 14538) – Sub/Division Clerk
- Cst. Vickerman, D.J. (# 14868)
- Cst. Oleinek, L.M. (# 14894)
- R/S/Cst. Preece, K.O. (# 9395)
- S/Cst. Rosie, J. (# 9271) – Guard
- S/Cst. Parent, J.M. (# 9070) – Guard

January 1949 Nominal Roll:

- S/Insp. Spanton, H.J. (# O.383) – O/C Whitehorse Sub/Division
- Cpl. Kent, R.J. (# 10464) – I/C Detachment
- Cpl. Harrington, M.A. (# 10754) – I/C Provost
- Cpl. Brabant, H.D.A. (# 11204) – C.I.B. Clerk
- Cpl. Bolger, D. (# 12053)
- Cst. Harrison, B.E. (# 13800) – O.R. Clerk

Whitehorse Detachment Nominal Rolls

- Cst. Spohr, G.U. (# 14094)
- Cst. Thompson, W.W. (# 14166)
- Cst. Johnston, G.R. (# 14306)
- Cst. Jones, G.P. (# 14436)
- Cst. Bradford, R.H. (# 14473)
- Cst. Lawrence, A.G. (# 13871)

- Cst, Thurber, W.G. (# 14538) – Sub/Division Clerk
- Cst. McCutcheon, R.J. (# 14680)
- Cst. Hall, T.L. (# 14940)
- Cst. Carroll, T.P. (# 15044)
- Cst. Preece, K.O. (# 15237)
- Cst. Martin, W.M. (# 15344)

January 1950 Nominal Roll:

- S/Insp. Steinhauer, J.R. (# O.390) – Attached from “Depot” 24-Jan-1950
- S/Insp. Spanton, H.J. (# O.383) – O/C Sub/Division On Command “Depot”
- A/Sgt. Kent, R.J. (# 10464) – I/C Detachment
- A/Cpl. Harrison, B.E. (# 13800) – O.R. Clerk
- Cst. Thompson, W.W. (# 14166)
- Cst. Johnston, G.R. (# 14306)
- Cst. Jones, G.P. (# 14436) – C.I.B. Clerk
- Cst. Bradford, R.H. (# 14473)
- Cst, Thurber, W.G. (# 14538) – Sub/Division Clerk
- Cst. Bates, S.W. (# 14807)
- Cst. Downey, R.H. (# 14862)
- Cst. Engstrom, L.F. (# 14864)
- Cst. Bakewell, R. (# 14870)
- Cst. MacKinnon, M. (# 14994) – I/C Provost
- Cst. Nordstrom, L.E. (# 15104)
- Cst. Gordon, G.R. (# 15284)
- Cst. Klub, H. (# 15376)
- Cst. Neufeld, H. (# 15560)
- Cst. MacDonald, W.W. (# 15567)



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

Christmas Shopping Season Begins in Dawson

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

November 23, 2011

The annual Dawson Daycare Bazaar, held in the Robert Service School, marks the beginning of the Christmas shopping season in Dawson.

The school gym was packed with display tables and shoppers from 11 to 3 on November 12.

There was artwork, photographs, baked goods, catalogue sales, tables to promote local non-profit and sports organizations and all manner of pottery and handicrafts.

Santa was on hand to sit for a photo with youngsters (and some mummies) for a couple of hours on big stage, while the Ancillary Room next door buzzed with the sounds of conversation while people had lunch from the canteen.

Fifth Avenue was lined with vehicles from the late morning until mid-afternoon, as the school became the mercantile center of town.



Fabric art flowers are a favorite design
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



I got a stuffie!
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Lunch in the Ancillary Room

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



Fluffing the pillows and quilts

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



Rose Gassner shows off her hats Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Kids and mommies pose with Santa.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)



Painted gold pans remain a seasonal favorite.
Photo courtesy Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

POST OP REPORT AND MERRY CHRISTMAS

Please let us use this means of wishing a very Merry and healthy Christmas season to all our wonderful Yukon friends. We have been a little out of touch lately because, as you know, we have been rather busy at other things.

At the summer picnic in August, some of you will remember that I was being treated for pneumonia. Well as it turned out that was not the problem and after some months of scans, X-rays, tests it was discovered that I had cancer in the upper lobe of the right lung. I had surgery at the Royal Jubilee hospital in Victoria on Nov. 28th, and after seven days in hospital am now home recovering under the expert care of my private nurse, Blanche. As a comment on our Medical system, I would have to say that among the dozens of personnel that I came in contact with during those months all were, positive, knowledgeable, kind and caring. My surgeon was excellent and the care at the Royal Jubilee everything that I could ask. I will be having an appointment on Dec. 21 to determine what, if any, follow-up will be necessary.

Meantime my goal is to be back on the golf course in April.

Since this was my first real hospital visit in about 41 years and my second in my 81, I can only say that it was an adventure. Hopefully future reflection will bring some lines of verse to mind.

Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.

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

ARTISTIC TALENT



Fog over Dawson
Photo courtesy Warren Gammel of Fairbanks Alaska

YUKON FLOWERS, Bush & Trees



New Pine cones in Spring.

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

ANNIVERSARY

Martha & Bill Kerr

~ Married November 25, 1961 ~

Happy 50th Anniversary

Love from:

*Colleen, Matt, Brian and Danica and
Richard, Dina and William*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

As most of you are well aware, we are moving back to the Lower Mainland in a few weeks. As a result, our TELUS email address will discontinue. Our new email address is:

mike_jenn@me.com - please be aware there is an underscore between mike and jenn!!!

This address is up and running right now! Thank you!!!

Jenn & Mike Paolera

Hello everyone, My new email address is sagleason55@gmail.com

I'm trying to switch over from Northwestel as I am usually on my ipad and rarely check the northwestel email haha.

Take care and Merry Christmas!

Sue Gleason

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

My reading of history convinces me that most bad government results from too much government. - Thomas Jefferson

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Karen Shaw karen.shaw60@yahoo.ca (In White Rock)

When my friend served her "Butterscotch Cookies" at our November writing group I was surprised to learn about their mysterious ingredient. She promised to bring the recipe to the next meeting. When I discovered that she calls them Mayo Cookies I just had to pass the recipe along.

My friend prefers the Butterscotch chips to the Chocolate chips. Try them both ways and see which you prefer.

Mayo Cookies

1 cup sugar

2 cups flour

1 tsp. baking powder

Pinch of salt

1 tsp. vanilla

1 cup Hellman's mayonnaise

1 cup chocolate chips or butterscotch chips

Mix all ingredients together. The mixture may seem dry or crumbly so pinch each spoonful into a ball before dropping on to a baking sheet. Bake at 350 for 12-15 minutes. Watch as they brown fast.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Island Christmas Party

Thursday, Dec 15, 2011 at 12:00 P.M.

ABC Restaurant
6671 Mary Ellen Dr.
Nanaimo, B.C.

Social and lunch

(Choice of 3 items, all priced under \$20.00)

Entertainment by Liam, grandson of Trudy and Ted North

Please RSVP by Dec 8th; e-mail or phone:

Harriett harriett3@shaw.ca 250-751-1194

Sharon dawson1@shaw.ca 250-729-9773

Vancouver Yukoners' Association 84th Annual Banquet

April 14, 2012

River Rock Casino/Resort – Whistler Ballroom

Address: 8811 River Rd, Richmond BC

Free Parking in Casino Parkade

Hotel reservations:

Telephone: 604-247-8900 or toll free 1-866-748-3718

Ask for Vancouver Yukoners' rate

Book before Feb. 1, 2012 to get the "early bird" rate

One bedroom suite April 13-15 \$147 until Jan. 31; \$167 from Feb. 1

Comparable discount on two bedroom suites;
Special rates extend 3 days pre- and post-banquet,
based on availability

Banquet Tickets:
\$58.00 per person with cheque payable in advance to
Vancouver Yukoners' Association

Banquet Reception: Ballroom Foyer 4pm – 6pm
Dinner: 6:30 pm

Hospitality Room: Open Friday from 4pm and Saturday from noon
Note: Pick up tickets in Hospitality Room

Check www.vancouver-yukoners.com for updates

FOR TICKETS CONTACT VIVIAN STUART:

Email: lornellis*shaw.ca

Address: #217 – 3255 Cook St, Victoria BC V8X 1A4

Phone: 250-383-1349

(Maiden names too please – Helps to find friends of years ago)

IN WHITEHORSE CONTACT GOODY SPARLING: 867 668-3958

We encourage Yukon residents to fly Air North;
Convention Code available from Goody or Vivian

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: motel and press "Send". It's that easy. Then please send me an email to confirm your payment.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Sherron Jones
483 - 5707 E 32nd Street
Yuma Arizona 85365 USA