

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 378th Edition – August 25th, 2013

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Bombay Peggy's in Dawson looking beautiful.

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

HARRY GLEAVES

By Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

I hope this bit leads to other stories about Harry Gleaves.

Harry Gleaves as many of you know owned and operated the Orpheum Theatre, the Royal Alex Hotel, and the Arcade Café. He was a bit of a character as many were in Dawson City in those days. He was likely a good manager because his businesses seemed to be quite successful but it was the more public role he took on his self that distinguished him as a unique character. My memories of Harry Gleaves were from the mid to late 40s.

He always acted as barker, host, porter, and sometimes waiter; moving around in his establishments when the need arose depending on hours of operation and what might be happening at the time.

I can't remember Harry wearing a suit although many men still did who worked in a place of business, or when they were out on the town. He usually wore oxfords, dark dress pants, a white shirt, a bowtie, and arm bands. He likely wore a coat when it was chilly but I don't remember seeing him that way.

In summer Harry would be outside the theatre in the evening greeting everyone who came along. Then he would run through his spiel on the nights entertainment, always starting with; "good show tonight", followed by naming the lead actors and actresses, and then giving a brief rundown of the story/action/plot etc. If he was talking to kids he would also talk-up the current movie serial for example; "The Phantom Rider 1946", giving the ending of the last week's episode and what could be expected that night.

When it wasn't busy out-front he would sometimes walk down the sidewalk to the corner of King Street where a few people usually gathered; those without the price of admission, hoping someone would come along who would pay their way or loan them admission price. Harry would run through his spiel with them thinking even if they couldn't get in they could tell others. In winter he would simply move inside but still be the host and barker.

Harry really got busy with the few tourists who came to Dawson in those days or when out-of-town business people arrived. Before the Casca or another steamboat was tied up he would be by the gang plank at the docks with a luggage cart and someone to push it. He would greet them and if possible accompany them across the street to "Dawson's finest hotel". Then he would be in the restaurant to personally make sure these people got special service. He likely kept close tabs on their comings and goings particularly at meal times for this same reason.

Hank DuBois told me a comical story about Harry Gleaves in his role as host and waiter some time back. I will try to tell it as he did later.

There was another side to Harry as there often is with people.

One summer my mother was going to re-stake placer claims my parents had on Barker Creek and my brother Roy and I were going with her. Barker Creek is about 26 miles up the Stewart River from Stewart City at the confluence of the Stewart with the Yukon. We then had about a 9-mile walk up Barker to the claims. Hugh Charters from Stewart City had a big river boat and did freighting on the river in summer. As he was in Dawson and had freight to go for Harry Skelton at the Maisy May Ranch a couple of miles above Barker Creek, mother had arranged for us to go with him.

Harry Gleaves had urgent business in Whitehorse so he also arranged to go with Hugh as far as Stewart City where he would catch a steamer to Whitehorse.

We were still some distance below Stewart City when we came upon a moose swimming across and down river. Moose will do this, sometime swimming downstream for several miles before landing. Hugh needed this moose so decided to herd it to a small beach along the bluff on the left. The moose wouldn't go where Hugh wanted it too and instead kept trying to swim away from the boat. More persuasion was needed to get the moose where Hugh wanted it so he would run up and bump the moose along. We were sitting up front on a seat about 5 feet back from the covered bow. I was on the left, mother in the center and Roy on the right. Hugh had to bump the moose with the

boat to the left of the bow to keep it going in the right direction. At times that creature had its head in the boat. I sat there forcing myself to be still and say nothing but I bet my eyes were bigger than the moose's.

Anyway it worked the moose saw the beach and swam to it but it had no place to go so Hugh had no trouble getting it with one shot.

I guess Hugh had sized up how Harry was dressed and figured he would also be inexperienced for the task at hand. So Hugh suggested to Harry, he could run him across the river where Harry could get a fire going and start preparing something to eat. This seemed to be a welcoming suggestion to Harry and the rest of us because we were all hungry. Hugh headed across the river and put Harry off along with a pail of water we picked up at a creek earlier, and Hugh's grub box.

Roy and I got busy with the tasks we were accustomed too. We cut poplar and willows to lay the meat on and then held the legs out of the way while mother and Hugh skinned and cut up the moose. We then loaded it in the boat and headed over where Harry was.

We climbed up the bank and were quite disappointed with what there was to see. Harry's fire was a lot of smoke but no flames. Instead of going back in the bush for nice dry wood he had picked up small pieces of soggy drift wood along the beach and made his fire with it and some half green willows. He did have a pot of water sitting directly on top of the fire that looked more like tea than clean water. Leaves, ashes and other debris had found its way in from the sputtering smudge.

Harry Gleaves was right out of his element when it came to outdoor living. Roy and I took on the wood and fire detail and the task of something to eat fell to mother. We all had wrongly assumed the task would have been simple routine for a restaurant owner.

Now to Hank DuBois' story:

One day in the Arcade Café, Harry had ushered several groups of tourists to the best seating; a row of booths in the back. He was dressed as he usually was and like always had a clean white towel hanging over his right forearm when serving special customers. He was serving several tables at various stages of their breakfast. He had persuaded most to go for the "full Klondike breakfast" of bacon, eggs, fried potatoes, toast and coffee. He was bringing another round of coffee when a lady called him over. She said sir I found a piece of egg shell fried into my eggs.

Harry just chuckled and assured her all was okay. He said; "I will let you in on a local secret". He told her: most eggs come into Dawson on the boat and sometime are not that fresh. And sometimes after the boats stop running in the fall people had to switch to using powdered eggs. He told her, but recently an airline has started scheduled runs into Dawson and we are able to get eggs brought in by plane. So when we get these fresh eggs we always put a little piece of shell in so our quests know they are eating plane eggs.

The tourist was pleased with this answer to her concern. Not only was she assured her eggs were being handled properly, she also had a story to tell those back home.

Harry Gleaves had a number of buildings on front street that housed the Orpheum Theatre, The Arcade Café and the Royal (Alex) Alexandra. They are all gone except for the Annex to the Royal Alex it was further south. I don't think it is in use right now. The old Monty Carlo bldg. that I think he also owned but didn't use may be buried in the newer builds there now.



These picture are taken from Dawson Blast from the Past. They are much clearer and can be enlarged from there. Anyway in the first picture the building with the power pole directly in front is the Annex which is still there today. This picture was likely taken in 1944 during the flood. The Royal Alex and Arcade are further north and the Orpheum is further yet; a white building with an old car directly in front.



In the second picture is a frontal view of the Royal Alex and the Arcade. I think there was an even better picture in Dawson Blast from the Past but I couldn't find it.

Alan

The Orpheum is gone. It was ruined in the 79 flood and knocked down about two decades later. The other buildings don't exist under those names but I'll see if I can find any references.

Dan



Landahl's Emporium, Dawson City

Monday, 14 January, 2013

Some additional Albertype postcards from Landahl's Emporium, Dawson, Y.T., have been added to the site, along with several other Yukon postcards. The card above, postally used from Dawson City on June 27, 1908, shows Front Street, Dawson, looking towards the Orpheum Theatre.



The Royal Alexandra Hotel on front Street in Dawson City. In one of her letters Mary makes reference to the hotel.
Yukon Archives: #7765



Amphibious bistort



Amphibious bistort - August 18, 2013 - Taken at Ear Lake in Whitehorse.

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.com (In Whitehorse)

Amphibious bistort (also known as water smartweed) is a perennial that can grow both in water and on dry land. It reproduces chiefly vegetatively, and often forms extensive pure stands when growing in water. Terrestrial and aquatic shoots differ in habit even if they grow from the same rootstock. In water, amphibious bistort can grow at a depth of 2.5 metres (8 ft.). In Russia and Central Asia amphibious bistort has been used as fodder and medicine.

YUKON NUGGET

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin

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

Gold Figures

"Just the facts, ma'am". That's a line Joe Friday frequently used in the 1950s radio drama, *Dragnet*. But when it comes to gold in the Yukon, sometimes "just the figures" tell a more interesting story.

Figures for gold production in the Klondike date back to at least 1885. That year, just over 4800 ounces were declared, fetching \$100,000. Not bad considering a dollar would buy a lot of grub back then ... at least in the city.

The amount of gold found in the next twelve years fluctuated, reaching 12,000 ounces in 1897, a year after the big strike on Bonanza Creek. Then came the deluge. By the end of 1898, the year of the big rush, over 48 thousand ounces were declared, carrying a total value of 10 million dollars.

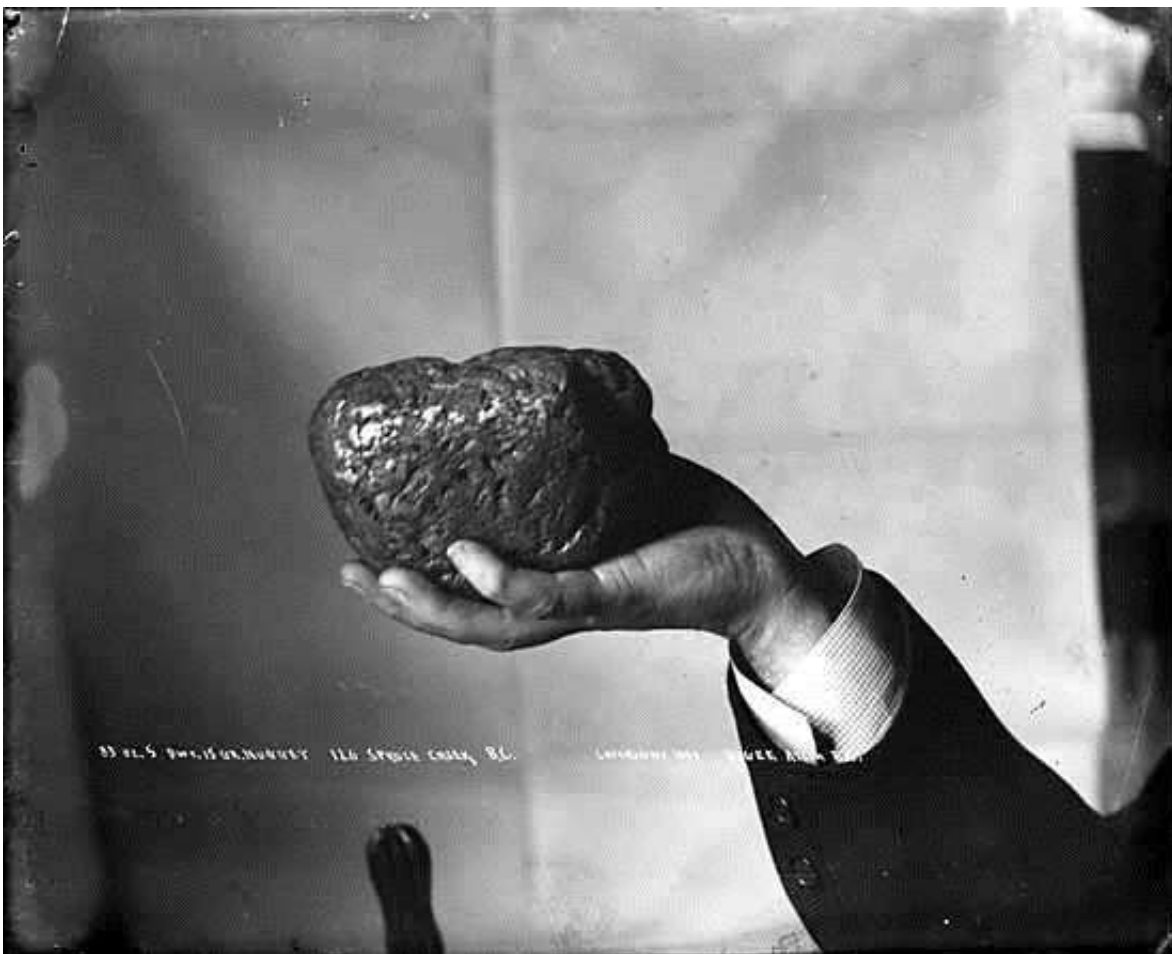
But the best was yet to come. In 1899, as big companies bought up large tracks of paying ground, 77 thousand ounces were found for a total of 16 million dollars. But it was in 1900, the turn of a new century, that the motherlode was declared. That year, over one million 70 thousand (1,070,000) ounces turned up in the pans and dredges working the Klondike valley...the largest single year of gold production, yielding over 22 million dollars at a time when gold was \$16.00 an ounce.

Production dwindled from then on until 1972, when just over 4,000 ounces were found with a value of \$254,000 dollars. After that, there was a steady rise in production as placer miners began going over the old ground with new methods making significant cleanups.

The biggest dollar value in Klondike gold occurred in 1988 when nearly 130,000 ounces resulted in a payout of 68 million dollars.

In the 110 years between 1886 and 1996, over 12 million ounces have been officially declared for a total dollar value of just over one billion. Just the figures, ma'am, just the figures.

A CKRW Yukon Nugget by Les McLaughlin



Nugget 83 oz. 5 dwt. 15 grs. Nugget found on #126 Spruce Creek, B.C. (Atlin Mining District).
The largest gold nugget ever discovered in British Columbia.
Date: 1899. Yukon Archives. Anton Vogee fonds, #119.



Nugget A miner holding a gold nugget over a rocker.
Date: July 1938. Yukon Archives. Claude & Mary Tidd fonds, #8062.



Nugget Miners standing in front of sluice displaying gold nuggets.
Date: 1899. Yukon Archives. Anton Vogee fonds, #15

During a recent trip to Dawson, Gillian and her family took a walk around town.

Gillian and her son first came to Dawson in 1967 when Gillian performed at the Gaslight Follies in the Palace Grand. She would later meet her husband Edward who then worked at the Bank of Montreal in Dawson.

Dawson has a lot of fond memories for this family.



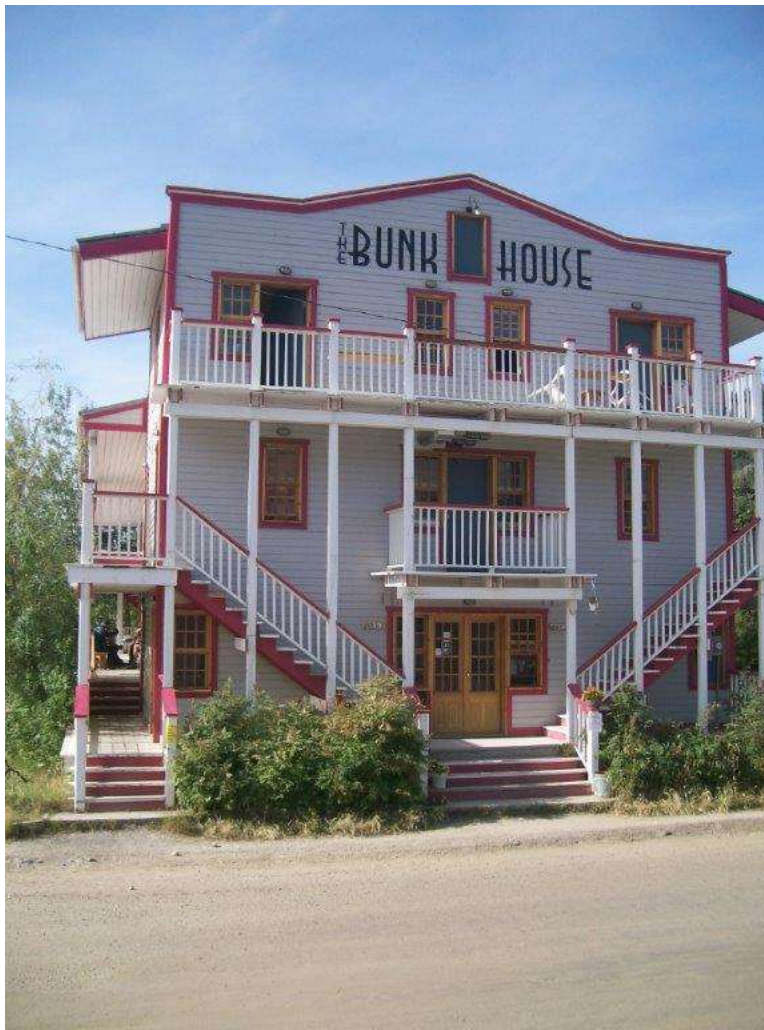
Edward Thompson visiting the site of the old Bank of Montreal that he worked at when he lived in Dawson. Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



Old Bank of Commerce on the river bank in Dawson Aug 2013
Gillian's Son Richard Campbell and husband Edward Thompson
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



The old Post Office.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)



The Bunk House – Dawson – Aug 2013
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

This building looks like it has a story so asked Dan Davidson.

His reply:

It was built sometime on the 1990s -prior to the centennials, if memory serves. It's owned by a German Dawsonophile and artist named Reinold Nohal. It's bare bones accommodation with shared washroom facilities. I don't think there's any heat, which was why it opened late this year. May was chilly here. Nohal originally intended it for high end European hostel folk, but it's evolved into a residence for summer workers. He also offers free space to avant garde artists each summer.

If you recall the Subway to Nowhere art installation, it was located beside the building for about ten years.

Dan Davidson uffish@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

CP FLIGHT 21 – MONUMENT UNVEILING – AUGUST 31st

We will be doing the unveiling of the monument on Saturday August 31st at 1:00. I hope you may have an opportunity to pass the word on for us. I believe Didi may be having someone live streaming and posting on “C.P. Air Flight 21” Facebook page but I have yet to confirm that with her.

Thanks,
Ruth Peterson brpeters@telus.net (In 100 Mile House BC)

Repeat of Message from April 1, 2013:

Please allow me to introduce myself; my name is Didi Henderson, and Ruth Peterson has forwarded me your contact info so that we might hopefully connect about the ill fated C.P. Flight 21.

I lost my father on that flight, (I was 5 at the time), and have now been living in 100 Mile House for over 30 years. I have been collecting info and stories over the years, and collaborated with Carmen Lott in 1995 to host a 30 year memorial at the crash site. It was an opportunity for many to visit the site for the first time, and pay respects to their loved ones, a very moving time for all that attended.

I am keenly interested in others stories and viewpoint in relationship to the crash, as to this day there are so many unanswered questions about a tragedy that affected so many families and friends. To this end, I have been working on a book that will compile these stories.

Ruth Peterson, a local 100 Miler has been working on a memorial near town to commemorate those lost, and I have once again been working with Carmen to have a 50 year memorial event in 2015.

We would love to keep you posted if you're interested, and I would personally love to connect with anyone who would like to talk about the crash.

To this end I have created a Facebook page (CP Flight 21), which is good for brief info sharing and communication, but am also working on a permanent website where more specific information can be shared.

Thank you for taking the time to read this email,
I hope to hear from you,

Sincerely
Didi Henderson didikh@gmail.com (In 100 Mile House, BC)



Cairn finished and waiting for the plaque.

Ken Greenall has graciously donated his time for the base and Nigel Pearce the same for the cairn.

The monument is located just a short distance behind the tourist information center, here in 100 Mile House, (where the big skiis are) on airport road.....thanks!

Ruth Peterson brpeters@telus.net (In 100 Mile House BC)

Jim & June Austin stopped by for a visit yesterday afternoon [August 21, 2013]. During our visit I asked where their next trip was taking them; it is to attend this memorial in 100 Mile House. Jim had been on this aircraft for its morning run up to Terrace and back to Vancouver where he disembarked. This leg was to take passengers and crew to Prince George, Ft Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse. June knew all of the crew on this flight and is still visibly affected by their misfortune that day 48 years ago. – Sherron Jones

YUKON SPORTS FEDERATION – HISTORY OF SPORT IN YUKON

I am working with the Yukon Sports Federation to publish a book on the history of sport in the Yukon.

I am looking for history of sports - both the common ones (hockey, softball etc.) and the uncommon (lacrosse, rugby, roller derby etc.) - and for personal stories of experience either participating or watching sports activities (along with approximate dates so I can fit them in to the correct time frame).

Facts, drama (whether successful or not), the importance of sport in the community and humour are my major themes, also any photos you may have would also be welcome.

Any articles or manuscripts, papers and studies of Yukon sport you may have in your possession (published or unpublished) that you think would contribute to the body of this story would also be helpful.

Or simply recommending that I contact another individual who could help (along with a means of reaching them) - all of this would be much appreciated.

Any hard copy articles or photos sent to me will be returned once I have made digital copies of them.

All contributions will be recognized in the book unless otherwise stated by the contributor - even if the material is not actually used.

If a contributor has a story, but doesn't want his or her name to be used - that can also be done.

The intended release date is Nov., 2014, so I need to complete my research phase by the end of Oct., 2013.

I can be reached at:
johnfirth@hotmail.ca
(867) 334-9895

Mailing address is:
131 Alsek Rd
Whitehorse, Yukon
Y1A 3K7

Thanking all of you in advance for your assistance in this project.

John Firth johnfirth@hotmail.ca (In Whitehorse)

Yukoners made a return visit to the Yukon over the weekend of June 28th



LtoR: C/Supt Harry Nixon and Hazel: Niki and Dr. Bill Buchan: Rolf & Marg Hougen: Dr. Aubrey Tanner: Bob & Joyce Choate: Mrs. Tait from Haines Jctn: Doris and Dr. Gordon Harris. They were guests at the Hougen Cabin on a remote lake and later at the Nielsen Farm. Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)



There was time for some fishing: Jim Bell: Aubrey Tanner: Bill Buchan: Harry Nixon: Bob Choate. Photo courtesy Rolf Hougen marg*hougens.com (In Whitehorse)

I posted the written page below in the Yukon News after seeing the obituary back in 2008. Following the ceremony in Dawson I got a phone call from a fellow I know there. He said the family wanted me to know they appreciated my posting the story.

It is strange that I can remember that day so long ago and the detail of the conversation we had. I got that last part wrong - I should say the details of what the girl had to say to me that day. It still bugs me that I don't remember who the girl was. [Can anyone help Alan.]

My reason for thinking of putting it in MocTel is to ask Blanche Barrett if she or her sister Donna remember who may have been a particular close friend of Bobbie Daily back then; and, may have been the girl I can't remember. The Holbrook family lived close by then.

Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

Memories of Someone I Never Met: a Historical Link to a Fellow Yukoner from the Old Days

I was looking through the Wednesday May 14, 2008 issue of the Yukon News and a name in the Obituaries caught my attention. It took me back 65 years to a swing in a neighbouring backyard. I was close to five at the time; we had just moved down river to Dawson and into a house across Fifth Avenue from the school. The house to the south beside ours was a well-kept 2-story log home. I think Macleod White and his family lived there then.

One day I went out our backdoor and turned south down the alley. A tall swing in the neighbouring backyard drew me several hesitant paces onto the property. I was gazing at the swing when an older girl came up beside me. She said, "Get on and I will push you". I said nothing but climbed on. After a time the girl switched to pushing from the front and stated, "This is not my swing it belongs to Roberta Daily; we called her Bobbie, she use to live in this house". From the tone of her voice and wistful look on her face I got the impression that this girl she was talking about, the one with a boy's first name and funny last name was someone special. It was obvious this self-appointed keeper of the swing thought so. I learned something about friendship and loyalty that day.

The girl suddenly said, "I have to go now, you can't play on the swing, someone else lives here now". I said nothing, I was still thinking of the girl who owned the swing. I can't remember who the girl pushing me was.

I did however often wonder about the girl who owned the swing. In time I had created an image of a mystical long-haired long-legged attractive older girl. For a long time I often thought I would like to see her one day just to see if the image I held was anywhere close.

I am looking at her name and picture in the paper now but the image of her that I created so long ago will not return; it has faded over time.

Alan McDiarmid amcdiar02@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

I did check with Blanche Barrett, Myrna Butterworth and Tina Parsons, but so far we do not have the name of the girl who pushed Alan on the swing that day. – Sherron

Obituaries



Roberta D. Speer

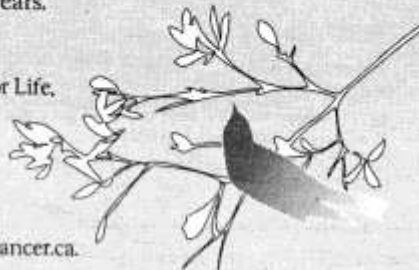
BURIAL SERVICES will take place for Bobbie Speer on Saturday, May 17, 2008, at St. Paul's Anglican Church, in Dawson City, at 2:00 pm, the Reverend Lee Titterington officiating. A graveside service at Dawson City Cemetery is also planned, followed by a reception at Antoinette's, on 3rd Avenue. Bobbie grew up in the Yukon, and her family would be honored by your attendance.

Roberta Henrietta Louise Dally Speer - Bobbie - was born in Fairbanks, Alaska, on January 3, 1930, to Helen Elizabeth Romig and Arthur Ford Dally. She grew up along the Yukon, in Alaska and Dawson City, where her heart has ever remained. She died at her daughter's home in Colorado on March 5, 2008, and will be buried in Dawson, where she carefully selected her grave and danced upon it.

As a child, Bobbie moved to Dawson when her father Art took the position of assistant manager at the Yukon Consolidated Gold Company. Later, the family moved to the San Francisco Bay area, where Bobbie graduated from high school and the University of California. In 1955, she married Ross Boyd Speer, Jr. He preceded her in death in 1977. Surviving Bobbie are her daughter Julia Elizabeth Speer Christiansen, and her son Ross Arthur "Oz" Speer. Julia's children are Ross Sullivan Hanson, John Speer Christiansen, and Cecelia Elizabeth Ann Christiansen. Oz's are Katherine Anne "Katie" and Charles Ross Speer. Bobbie's surviving siblings are Mrs. Elizabeth Ervin Dally Bradshaw, of Santa Monica, California, Dr. William Joseph Romig "Joe" Dally, of Phoenix, Arizona, and Dr. Arthur David Dally, of Portsmouth, Rhode Island. Her sister Carol Kathleen Dally Allison precedes her in death.

Bobbie taught anthropology, archeology, geology and earth sciences at West Texas A&M University for many years. She was active in research and professional organizations and was lauded for outstanding contributions to Texas archaeology and to WTAMU as a faculty member. She was also actively engaged in Yukon and Alaska history and research. Bobbie was a member of Saint Andrews Episcopal Church and volunteered with Hospice for 20 years.

Contributions in memory of Roberta D. Speer may be made to Dawson City Cancer Walk, Relay for Life, which takes place on May 24-25, 2008. Find it on the web at www.bc.cancer.ca, then choose Relay For Life, select Dawson City, then Sponsor a Participant, then type Joy Taylor. The Cancer Society may also be reached at 1-888-939-3333 or email at cisvan@bc.cancer.ca.



Journey to Carcross - July 6, 2013

By Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

All photos in this article belong to Donna Clayson

Bryan and I, along with daughter, Verena & granddaughter, Jayden and friend Davina drove to Carcross on July 6. It was a lovely warm day.

We'd heard about the first Annual Car Cruise to Carcross scheduled for July 6 in support of the Yukon Imagination Library BBQ for family literacy in the territory. Carcross was busy with lots of folks and tourist buses coming in from Skagway. We drove our 1967 Cougar (Dave Grant owned a white one here in Whitehorse but the motor is seized). There was a nice array of vehicles, 20 in total. After restoring numerous vehicles and missing the car shows in Alberta since moving here, Bryan enjoyed chatting with the proud owners of these vehicles. Mike Stockstill took first place winning a \$100 gift certificate at a tire shop. Way to go Mike. Below are some of my favorites:



Our 1967 Cougar



Hot Rod



1950 GMC 1 Ton
Owner: John Talsma



Model T Kit Car
305 with Chev Engine



1969 Chevelle Malibu



1968 Mustang



1969 Cadillac 4 door Hardtop from Alberta



Dodge Kit Car with Chev Engine
Owner: Mike Stockstill - Winner



Shelby Kit Car
Owner: Mike Stockstill



1968 Shelby GTO350 Mustang



Hot Rod

The Rotary Club put on a BBQ that we enjoyed on the deck at the new Carcross Commons. For \$5.00 you got a burger or hotdog and all the fixings as well as potato salad and a beverage as well as a chance to win a children's book.

The Commons was officially opened on May 17, 2013 which included the unveiling of two new totem poles in front of the historic Skookum Jim House. We enjoyed delicious coffee from the bakery. The BBQ was too filling for desert but on my next visit I'll taste the delicious deserts in the bakery. We took a tour of the new Visitor Information Centre and had a quick look at some of the binders full of old photos of the region. We all had a laugh at one of the signs in the window of the still closed art gallery that read:

Hours of Operation

Tuesday – 10-6

Wednesday – 10-6

Thursday – 10-6

Friday – 10-6

Saturday – Probable

Sunday – Possible

Monday – Doubtful

Wolf House

Mostly Art with a bit of Howling







One of the stores we visited was www.bearpawmusicandgifts.ca
Upon entering the store I felt a feeling of calmness and peace. Perhaps this feeling was due to the fact that Laura, who was behind the counter, is a descendant of Angela Sidney or that parts of the building belonged to Skookum Jim and was moved there. Local musicians' music was playing softly and I had a chuckle when 3 year old Jayden walked up to a traditionally clad mannequin and asked her mother to make her come alive. The store has everything displayed nicely and I made a mental note to come back before they close for the season and do some early Christmas shopping.



Inside look at Bearpaw Music & Gifts

Another local store we visited close to the Commons was *Motherlode Jewellery*.
<http://motherlodejewellery.ca/>

All the jewellery is made by the owner. I find that most jewellery is rather large and clunky but the jewellery in Motherlode Jewellery is delicate. Very beautiful and worth another visit before she closes in September.



Motherlode Jewellery

We looked into one more store close to the Commons. *Yukon Unique Arts and Crafts*, run by Ronald J. Berg. It was interesting due to the fact that every time someone walked in you would hear, “Wow!” Ronald Berg is the artist that creates everything out of metal. His artwork changes color, depending how you view it and many pieces are 3-D. Like the other establishments in Carcross it is open until September but he does commissioned work. I have never witnessed anything like the work Ronald does. Spectacular to say the least.

e-mail: sculpron@gmail.com







Ron Berg displaying a commissioned piece

The Commons is a fun place and very interesting. Kudos to those that had a vision that *'if you build it they will come'* is certainly true.

Carcross is a tiny village surrounded by mountains with lots going on for not only tourists but for locals as well.

After we had fun at the Commons we strolled around Carcross. Just as we stepped onto the White Pass boardwalk we heard the familiar sound of the White Pass locomotive whistle announcing its arrival from Bennett. Excited tourists disembarked from the old gold rush cars and quickly distributed themselves amongst the shops while many headed for one of Carcross' infamous ice cream cones at *Matthew Watson store*.



White Pass bringing in its load of tourists

While I was watching the train come in, Jayden was enjoying her 'ride' in the White Pass 'Royal Mail' wagon situated on the deck at the White Pass train station.



Jayden enjoying her 'ride'

It was a very warm day and the ice cream that we saw the tourists indulging in looked good so we headed to the Matthew Watson Store to get our own. What a neat place inside and the smells from all the goodies caught our attention. As I waited to get my goodie I toured all the treasures in the two adjoining rooms. Should I win the lottery I'm determined I was coming back to load up my shopping bag.



There are 24 different flavors of ice cream to choose from

Before leaving Carcross we decided to go for a walk along the shores of Bennett Lake. The water was cold but that didn't stop lots of children from taking a quick (very quick) dip. We spent a couple of hours enjoying the warm sand and the scenery was difficult to look away from; perfect weather, perfect company, and a perfect day in a perfect locale.



Walking bridge



Verena & Jayden

Verena could not remember being in Carcross before (she was very young) and didn't want to leave. We visited Polly the Parrot's grave in the Carcross Cemetery and as I recited the story

behind Polly for both Verena and Davina they both laid coins along with many other coins already on Polly's gravemarker. I even noticed someone had written a private message to Polly and placed it inside a sealed jar. Wonder what it says?



Carcross Cemetery – so peaceful and beautiful

((A post script to this from Sherron Jones) – Ken and Maureen Jones visited here in Vernon about a week ago and as normal they were telling us stories and we were reminiscing other remembrances. Ken enlightened us that the grave for Polly was not originally allowed to be within the Cemetery so the parrot was buried immediately next to the Cemetery. Now the fence has been run to include Polly's grave and it appears to now lie within the boundaries of the Cemetery.)



Carcross Desert

We headed out of town and stopped in at the Carcross Desert which is often considered the smallest desert in the world. The Carcross Desert measures approximately 1 square mile (2.6km²), or 640 acres. The Carcross Desert is commonly referred to as a desert, but is actually a series of northern sand dunes. The area's climate is too humid to be considered a true desert. The sand was formed during the last ice age when large glacial lakes formed and deposited silt. When the lakes dried, the dunes were left behind. Today, sand comes mainly from nearby Bennett Lake, carried by the wind. The dunes contain a wide variety of plants, including unusual varieties.

The Desert is significantly drier than the surrounding region, receiving less than 50cm of rain per year. This is due mainly in part to a rain shadow effect caused by surrounding mountains. As a result, several rare species of plant life have taken hold in the comparatively arid conditions. Baikal sedge, is only known to exist in four other sites in North America, mainly existing in Asia. Yukon Lupine, also unusual for the surroundings, 'grows like a weed.' While the vegetation in the area currently locks much of the dune system in place, a large event such as a forest fire could easily clear out the vegetation and return the dunes to an active state.

The sand dunes are home to many varieties of plants, some of which are listed below:

<i>Abies lasiocarpa</i>	Subalpine fir
<i>Achillea millefolium</i> var. <i>borealis</i>	Northern Yarrow
<i>Androsace septentrionalis</i>	Northern Fairy-candelabra
<i>Anemone multifida</i>	Cut-leaf Anemone
<i>Antennaria rosea</i>	Rosy Pussytoes
<i>Arabis holboellii</i>	Holboell's Rockcress
<i>Arctostaphylos uva-ursi</i>	Kinnikinnick
<i>Artemisia campestris</i>	Pacific Wormwood
<i>Artemisia frigidus</i>	Pasture Sage
<i>Aster sibiricus</i>	Arctic Aster
<i>Bromus pumpellianus</i> ssp. <i>pumpellianus</i>	Pumpelly Brome
<i>Calamagrostis purpurascens</i>	Purple Reedgrass
<i>Carex foenea</i>	Northern Elegant Sedge
<i>Carex obtusata</i>	Blunt Sedge
<i>Carex praticola</i>	Pasture Sedge
<i>Carex sabulosa</i> ssp. <i>leiophylla</i>	Baikal Sedge
<i>Carex stenophylla</i> <i>eleocharis</i>	Spike-rush Sedge
<i>Carex supina</i>	Weak Arctic Sedge
<i>Cerastium arvense</i>	Field Chickweed
<i>Chamaigrhodos erecta</i> <i>nuttallii</i>	American Chamaerhodos

<i>Collinsia parviflora</i>	Blue-eyed Mary
<i>Elymus alaskanus borealis</i>	Alaskan Wild Rye
<i>Elymus calderi</i>	Calder's Wild Rye
<i>Elymus trachycaulus subsecundus</i>	Slender Wheatgrass
<i>Epilobium angustifolium</i>	Fireweed
<i>Equisetum arvense</i>	Common Horsetail
<i>Erigeron caespitosa</i>	Tufted Fleabane
<i>Erigeron compositus</i>	Cut-leaf Fleabane
<i>Festuca saximontana</i>	Rocky Mountain Fescue
<i>Geocaulon lividum</i>	Orange-berry Bastard Toadflax
<i>Hierochloe hirta arctica</i>	Common Sweetgrass
<i>Juniperus communis</i>	Common Juniper
<i>Juniperus horizontalis</i>	Creeping Juniper
<i>Lappula squarrosa</i>	Bristly Stickseed
<i>Lupinus arcticus</i>	Arctic Lupine
<i>Lupinus kuschei</i>	Yukon Lupine
<i>Minuartia rubella</i>	Red Sandwort
<i>Oxytropis campestris varians</i>	Alaskan Locoweed
<i>Oxytropis splendens</i>	Showy Locoweed
<i>Penstemon gormanii</i>	Yukon Penstemon, Gorman's Beardtongue
<i>Penstemon procerus</i>	Shrubby Penstemon
<i>Picea glauca</i>	White Spruce
<i>Pinus contorta ssp. laterifolia</i>	Lodgepole Pine
<i>Poa cusickii</i>	Mutton Grass
<i>Poa glauca</i>	Glaucous Bluegrass
<i>Poa pratensis</i>	Kentucky Bluegrass
<i>Poa secunda</i>	Curly Blue Grass
<i>Polemonium pulcherrimum</i>	Showy Jacob's-ladder
<i>Populus balsamifera</i>	Balsam Poplar
<i>Populus tremuloides</i>	Trembling Aspen
<i>Potentilla hookeriana</i>	Hooker's Cinquefoil
<i>Potentilla pensylvanica</i>	Pennsylvania Cinquefoil
<i>Pulsatilla patens</i>	Prairie Crocus
<i>Rosa acicularis</i>	Prickly Rose

<i>Salix alaxensis</i> ssp. <i>longistylis</i>	Felt-leaf Willow
<i>Salix barclayi</i>	Barclay's Willow
<i>Salix glauca</i>	Grey-leaved Willow
<i>Salix niphoclada</i>	Barren-ground Willow
<i>Salix planifolia</i>	Tea-leaf Willow
<i>Salix pseudomyrsinites</i>	Tall Blueberry Willow
<i>Salix scouleriana</i>	Scouler's Willow
<i>Saxifraga triscuspidata</i>	Three-toothed Saxifrage
<i>Sedum lanceolatum</i>	Lance-leaved Stonecrop
<i>Silene taimyrensis</i>	Taimyrensis Catchfly
<i>Solidago simplex</i>	Spikelike Goldenrod
<i>Stellaria longipes</i>	Long-stalked Starwort
<i>Stipa nelsonii</i> ssp. <i>dorei</i>	Nelson's Needle-grass
<i>Taraxacum</i> sp.	Dandelion
<i>Viburnum edule</i>	American Highbush-cranberry
<i>Zygadenus elegans</i>	Death Camas

I am saddened by the news that the Carcross-Tagish First Nation plans a commercial and residential development in the area for 70 lots. The future of the sand dunes surrounding the community is in jeopardy. According to the Whitehorse Star, Friday, July 5, page 2 “Though a 70-lot development may not entirely change the sand dunes on its own it could be the start of more development in the Carcross area as stated by Daphne Mennell. Daphne said, “I see this as signaling the end of the dunes.

All I can say is, “how very sad that the all-mighty dollar takes precedence over common sense and I was always led to believe that the First Nation peoples put the land first, not greed.”





Plants in the Carcross Desert (sand dunes)



We spent quite some time enjoying the plants, sand and scenery in this special place and as we were leaving I was secretly saying to myself, “I hope it is here for granddaughter Jayden to enjoy as she gets older.” Verena wants to come back with Jayden and with a backpack and water for a day hike. Good idea, while its still here.

We headed in the direction of home and on the way made a snap decision to stop at Robinson Roadhouse. Again, those we were with had never been here before. I mentally rubbed my hands together thinking, ‘Boy do I have a story to tell them’. Another Yukon treasure and with excellent signage at the entrance. As we carefully stepped over the White Pass & Yukon tracks leading from Skagway to Whitehorse, the buildings of this long ago roadhouse came into view. You’d

think I had just handed candy to Jayden as she played on the tracks and her mother stood and voiced, “Wow”.



Jayden playing on the WP&YR tracks

Robinson was the flag station on the White Pass and Yukon Route railway (WP&YR). The railway was built in the days of the gold rush to connect with Skagway, on the Alaskan coast, with Whitehorse, at the head of navigation on the Yukon River. This section of the railway, from Carcross to Whitehorse, was built in the winter of 1899-1900.

The Wheaten River district, approximately 30 km west of here, was the site of many mineral claims, most staked in the rush of 1906.



Robinson Roadhouse buildings



Robinson Roadhouse buildings

*(As a postscript again – when Ken Jones visited recently we talked about Robinson Roadhouse and I had recalled reading in the book “White Pass – Gateway to the Klondike” by Roy Minter, that this roadhouse was named after **William Robinson** aka “Stikine Bill” who was the work foreman during the building of the portion of the railway from Carcross to Whitehorse. The Roadhouse was used as housing for the workers during the construction of the railway.)*



Beautiful flowers at Robinson



Mountain View at Robinson



Original washer at Robinson



Original stove at Robinson

I found lots of small broken pieces of dishes used when the roadhouse was in operation but left it there for others that will come behind me to enjoy.

It was a long, enjoyable day spent on the South Klondike Highway (only 54 miles, 90 km) and we saw so much, creating special memories with those that enjoyed it. Jayden was a trooper and at 3 years of age (4 at the end of July) she was like a sponge, wanting to know everything and enjoying the journey, not just the destination.

To cap the day and evening off we stopped at the Wolf Den for a bite to eat. Located at Mile 904 (km 1403) on the Alaska Highway at the Caribou RV Park, it has a great Swiss/German menu. Imagine how excited Jayden was when the waitress asked her to color a picture from the coloring book and said she would place it inside the menu. Jayden was so excited and appreciative when

her picture was placed inside the cover of the menu that she gave the waitress a huge hug upon leaving.

As I looked at the clock to see what time it was I was too tired to figure it out as it was on ‘Yukon Time’.



All photos in the article above are courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)
The end.

Photo of Gillian and her troupe with Yukon friends – during a recent trip to Dawson where she performed two days at the Palace Grand.



Jim Robb and Gillian Campbell at Whitehorse Airport
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Airport rendezvous – Ian Stallabrass, Gillian Campbell, Jim Robb, Snowshoe Mary, Vicky Stallabrass. Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian, Edward, Bill Costin and Richard Campbell stop for a bite to eat at the Triple J Hotel in Dawson - with local Realtor Alice Thompson and partner Hector Renee. Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Margaret Van Dusen, Gordon & Brenda Caley
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Judy (Whyard) Nadon, Gillian Campbell – Dawson – Aug 2013
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Barb Hanulik, Joyce Caley

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



Myrna Butterworth, Barb Hanulik

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



Marion Dale, Palma Berger & Gillian Campbell
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian was in Dawson, at the Palace Grand, for a “Gold Rush Revue”, August 9 & 10, 2013
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



The old Post Office

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



Gillian's husband Edward Thompson – looking very dapper.

Photo courtesy Alice Thompson aliceindawsoncity*gmail.com (In Dawson)



Edward Thompson posing with Kit Hepburn, wearing Gillians' hat. Kit is front of house manager for the Live at the Palace Grand season. Kit is short for Kathryn. So she's Kit or Kathryn Hepburn!
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian in red – choosing her prey. Dan Davidson trying to look inconspicuous.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian with Dan Davidson

Photo courtesy Alice Thompson aliceindawsoncity@gmail.com (In Dawson)



Gillian in gold - including the audience.

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



A very large stage at the Palace Grand in Dawson.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian in backstage in black
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Ralph Nordling & Gillian Campbell

Photo courtesy Alice Thompson aliceindawsoncity@gmail.com (In Dawson)



Marion Dale, Gillian in a white gown. Gillian felt very warm after her performances.

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



Mark & June Mather with Gillian Campbell
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Richard Campbell, Ralph Nordling, Gillian, Debbie Winston, Elaine Rohatensky and Bill Costin
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Gillian backstage with stage manager Emily.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)



Backstage at the Palace Grand – a timeline of the previous entertainers – including Gillian; her performances dating back to 1967 with the Gaslight Follies.
Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby BC)

HANK KARR PERFORMS

Yesterday, [August 15, 2013] Hank Karr performed at the MacBride Museum's Thursday concert.

Cheers,

Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Hank Karr, Chuck Charlebois on guitar, Wayne
Smith on drums and Ed Isaak on bass.

Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Hank Karr, Wayne Smith on drums and Ed Isaak on bass.
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Hank Karr
Photo courtesy Tim Kinvig kinvig*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

And some photos from Donna Clayson from the same event.



Chuck Charlebois

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Ed Isaak

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Hank Karr

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)



Tim Kinvig

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson bdclayson*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

This was in the Regina Leader-Post today.

As well, here's the link

<http://www.leaderpost.com/news/Mountie+Saskatchewan/8817267/story.html>

George Bliss georgebliss*live.ca (In Regina)



New top Mountie for Saskatchewan

By Barb Pacholik, Leader-Post

There's been a change at the top for mounties in Saskatchewan.

As announced by the RCMP Twitter account, Brenda Butterworth-Carr was named the new commanding officer for Saskatchewan's "F" Division on Wednesday. She replaces Assistant Commissioner Russ Mirasty, who is retiring after a 36-year career with Canada's national force.

A news conference regarding the change of command is expected Thursday.

Mirasty, who hails from LaRonge, took over the top spot in late 2010, becoming the first person of First Nations ancestry to head an RCMP division in Canada.

Butterworth-Carr moves from her post as chief superintendent in charge of criminal operations for the RCMP in Saskatchewan. A member of the Tr'ondek Hwech'in Han Nation in the Yukon, Butterworth-Carr, with 25 years of policing experience, also has a string of firsts on her resume as she ascended through the ranks. She will be the first aboriginal woman to head F Division.

In an interview with the Leader-Post last year after she assumed her new post in criminal operations, Butterworth-Carr, then 45, said she never realized she had become a role model for young women until a few years ago when she heard about a teenage girl, struggling with addiction, who felt inspired by the senior Mountie.

Butterworth-Carr, a teenage mom at 16, graduated in 1988 from the RCMP Academy's native special constable program. Three years later after extra training, she became a full-fledged member and quickly rose through the ranks.

"I have a huge amount of drive to get things done. Sometimes, it drives people crazy," she said during the interview last fall.

Asked Myrna Butterworth for help with how Brenda fits in the Butterworth family. – Sherron

Brenda is my great niece by marriage. John (JB) Butterworth is her Dad who is Les' nephew. Brenda is the daughter of JB and Corina. JB is son of Jack and Pretoria Butterworth and Corina is the daughter of Jack and Rowena Flynn; all more or less brought up in Dawson. Must say that all Dawsonites are very Proud of Brenda and all she has accomplished in her life.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab*northwestel.net (In Dawson)

Whitehorse Fish Ladder Camera

Lots of fish heading up stream at the Whitehorse Fishladder. Take a look at this link provided by Yukon Energy:

<http://www.yukonenergy.ca/community/multimedia/fishcam/>

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Just a quick note to let you know that my new e-mail address is chezshaw2013@gmail.com

Thanks. Karen Shaw (In Whiterock)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Thanks for the Moccasin Telegraph. I'm moving to London on August 16th. Please, take our name off on your list. Thanks.

Best regards, Zoli ruthzoli@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

KOVACS, Zoli ruthandzoli@shaw.ca (In Elsa) Vernon

We have enjoyed the Moc Tel but would like to cancel our subscription. We may re-sign at a later date. Thank you

Trudy Bressmer katze@telus.net (In Edmonton)

BRESSMER, Karl daug Trudy katze@telus.net (In Calumet 1950's) Edmonton

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Learn from yesterday, live for today, hope for tomorrow. – Einstein

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Harvest Vegetable Soup

1 medium onion, chopped
3 tablespoons olive oil
4 cups chicken stock (you can use vegetable stock if you prefer to keep it vegetarian)
5 – 6 medium red potatoes, cubed vegetables of choice
1/2 cube of butter (1/4 cup)
1/2 cup of flour
4 cups milk

4 – 8 ounces cream cheese
2 cups cheddar cheese salt and pepper to taste
1 shot of Tabasco (optional)

In a large stock pot, pour in 1 tablespoon of olive oil and sauté onion until translucent.
Pour in chicken stock and chopped potatoes.
Bring to a boil and reduce to a simmer. Cover with a lid.
Prepare remaining vegetables into bite sized pieces.
In a large pan, sauté vegetables until starting to soften and golden.
Remove to a plate and set aside. Add butter and allow to melt.
Slowly whisk in the flour and allow to cook for 1 minute while stirring to make a roux. Whisk in the milk and allow to thicken. Pour thickened milk into the stock pot with stock.
Add the remaining vegetables.
Add cream cheese by pinching into smaller pieces. Add grated cheddar cheese. Allow cheeses to melt.
Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve immediately.

If you do make this soup ahead, don't cook it all day. You don't want overcooked vegetables. Refrigerate and heat before serving. You may need to add some chicken stock to get a good consistency.

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

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

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