

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – ELEVENTH EDITION –** April 27, 2003  
Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

Thankyou very much to everyone who contributed stories and comments for this week's Moccasin Telegraph. Without your input we would not have a newsletter. I think you will find this week's MocTel diversified and interesting.

Bill and I are planning to be away camping next Friday to Sunday so I am not sure just when the next MocTel will be mailed. Thursday seems a little early and I will be working on Monday. So will do my best to squeeze it in on Sunday night, but that will depend on how much input there is to deal with first. If you have a choice, please send your input in early in the week.

I have checked the file size of this MocTel, which is 2.95 MB up from 2.18 MB for edition 9. I hope the file size is not creating a problem for any of you.

Since I haven't told many of you much about myself I included some mail I sent to Carol Clarke in this edition, which will give some insight into the life of the Jones' in the 1970's. I have also included a photo of myself, which is self-explanatory. – Sherron

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**STORY SECTION** from Donna Clayson – Story Editor [ykdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ykdogteam@telus.net)

*I would like to make a correction in a story I wrote in Edition Ten. In the story regarding the Moose Take-Down I said I was on the Yukon River in Teslin. This was incorrect (that was another story). I was actually on Teslin Lake. – Donna Clayson, Story Editor*

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Permission to use by Dan Davidson - Published April 21, 2003

**BETTORS PREPARING AS RIVER BREAK-UP TIME APPROACHES**

By Dan Davidson

DAWSON CITY – Once the sign goes up closing the ice-bridge across the Yukon River here, it can't be too long until the river breaks up.

Some West Dawsonites could be seen loading up their trucks for one last supply run before the ice goes out entirely, which will leave them stranded until the George Black ferry goes in the water.

Meanwhile, locals and others are still placing their bets on one of two ways to win money by guessing the right time for the ice to go.

The IODE organizes the annual ice pool, for which break-up is measured according to the time when a moving tripod jerks a cable which stops a clock mounted on the Dändja Zho Cultural Centre. You have to pick the correct day, hour and minute to win.

You can still buy tickets for the event until Friday at many places across the territory. The proceeds, after the winnings, go to support charitable causes supported by the IODE.

Last year, the cash-strapped Dawson City Museum reactivated the long-dormant minute pool as a fundraiser.

This one is a little easier. All you have to do is pick the right minute, irrespective of day, hour or time of day. It's a 50/50 type draw with the profit going to the museum.



Crossing the Ice Bridge at Dawson City just before breakup.



Let's just wait for the ferry.



Tripod on the ice, waiting for breakup.

Permission to use by Henry Breaden

## **ICE POOLS**

By Henry Breaden

They had an ice pool in Mayo and Dawson. Dawson was the BIGEE! Around three thousand bucks, and in the 1930's that was a lot of money.

Whitehorse ice did not move out like Mayo and Dawson. The ice usually just started cutting in front of White Pass so it was hard to rig. There was a tripod on the ice and a wire from there to White Pass, but the ice did not start to move out like Mayo and Dawson. I remember it being tried one year but not too successful as the water cut the ice from under the tripod. In Mayo and Dawson the shore ice would melt first, and finally the whole ice sheet would start to move down river. The sheet would break up and end up as smaller cakes from bank to bank, all moving downstream. I remember at Coffee Creek seeing ice 6 feet thick about 1/4 mile from the shore. It meant that there was an ice jam that raised the river level and put the ice well back in the bush. Ice going out can get pretty wild at times and there is no stopping it. That is what accounts for several Dawson floods, down from Dawson the ice jammed and raised the water level. These jams are not just small, but can be bank full for at least a mile upstream and maybe further. Finally the key will let go and all the ice moves out.

Mayo had an Ice Pool. The wire was connected from the top of the pole tripod well out on the ice, over the top of the White Pass warehouse and across to the Northern Commercial store. This was a thin steel wire that was held below the clock pendulum with a string that broke when the wire tightened up. It was not electrical at all, but a thin steel wire. After the string broke, the wire would stop the pendulum and that was the time. You may hear of the ice making booming noises but it is only in the minds of folks that have never seen it. The only sound you may hear from the candled ice would be a tinkle from pieces breaking up or the "Sh!Ah!Sh!Sh!" of the moving ice against the shore ice. Whoever had the nearest time was the winner.

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Permission to use by Henry Breaden

## **HUMOUR ON THE STERNWHEELERS**

By Henry Breaden

I was thinking of some of the humor we encountered on the boats. Normally we used to start out with a southern crew, mostly from Mount Leman out of Mission. But by mid season they would have gone on to better paying jobs, and we would end up with a complete local crew. But 1949 was different, that we had the same crew right through the season. They were the most humorous crew I ever had, and working with them was a joy! There was a big fellow with blond hair that used to sing when we were loading wood that was picked up by the rest of the crew. "Hi Ho, Hi Ho, and off to work we go, with an old wood truck and we don't give a #### ! Hi Ho, Hi Ho-Hi Ho- Hi Ho !

Another was a slight short fellow with a handlebar mustache, which the crew named "Stache". We went into the slough at the head of Lake Lebarge where boats sometimes wintered if their hull did not require repairs. We took a crew in and supplies for them to refit the boat for service, and being the latter May there were dandelions all over the place. As we were backing out, we were alongside a mud island covered with dandelions, and as the skipper swung the stern out, the bow swung over the island and flowers. Out of the blue came this deep voice of Stache, "Please do not pick flowers while the boat is in motion!" Darndest crew I ever had.

Another time in late evening, we were steaming upstream and I brought my accordion down onto the main deck. The fellows were singing the Beer Barrel Polka and many of the older songs, when the main freight door opened and in came the Chief Officer, (pilot). As it was getting late he said, "Well boys, you maybe better go to bed as it could be a long day tomorrow." < So much for the sing-song!

Another time in the evening, the guys were whooping and hollering on the main freight deck, just having a lot of fun. Our first Mate, "Shortie" Dodds, opened the main freight door and just said, "What the hell," as far as he got before one chasing another went through the door and Shortie ended up flat on his back on the foredeck. Had an awful lot of fun that year.

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Permission to use by Aksel Porsild

## **STEAMBOAT**

### **By Aksel Porsild**

The deep-throated whistle could be heard all over town, and meant that the boat would be here within the hour. My dad, when he heard, would lower his voice two or three octaves and intone, "Steamb-o-o-o-at," mimicking the sound. Some people, mostly 12-year old boys like myself could identify the Casca, Whitehorse Klondike, Aksala or Keno, steamers owned by British Yukon Navigation, by the sound of the whistle. The rest of the townsfolk would know which one it was by deducing which one was due to arrive, and we were seldom wrong. The boats would sound one long blast when still below the Island, although sometimes on a windless day a steamer could be heard from "Whistle Bend", several miles downstream.

It was here, on an oxbow bend in the Yukon that boats both northbound and southbound would sound their whistles to alert one another when approaching this narrow reach of the river, where they could not pass each other safely. In either case, one had lots of time to prepare for her arrival, since her headway against the current would be only around 4 knots or less, especially if she were pushing a barge.

In addition, the barges would have to be dropped, either just above the Laundry or at the lower dock area, before tying up at the main disembarkation area at the foot of Main Street, behind the WP&YR depot. Everyone in town who was not working at some essential chore, or in school, would make his or her way down to the dock to be there for

the grand arrival. And it was an arrival; the sight of these magnificent steamers with their “gingerbread” decorations around the eaves of the main deckhouses and the pilothouse, easing into the wharf was truly a stirring spectacle. If it was the first upstream-returning boat of the season, we kids were often let out of school to go down to join the crowds meeting it, for it was always a highlight of the week. Then all gathered at dockside, curious as to who might be standing at the rail, waiting to disembark.

The steamers would not always reach Whitehorse during daytime, so when they arrived late at night or when the weather was inclement, only those folk who were meeting passengers or had particular business would be at the dock. It was not unusual in mid-summer for the steamers to dock at any time of day, given almost twenty-four hour daylight, but when the nights were dark, later in the season, and especially when pushing barges, they would often tie up along the river for the darkest hours on the narrow winding sections of the upper river.

But it was the departures, which usually took place at eight in the evening that really drew out the townspeople. It was not unusual to see the dock area so crowded that one could not move around easily, and we kids usually could be found halfway up one of the loading crane’s legs, or on top of a piling at the edge of the wharf. The ship’s whistle would sound three short toots one hour before sailing time, two toots a half hour before’ and a long one, which always startled everyone because of its nearness when all was in readiness for sailing. Often the longshoremen could be seen still loading the boat right up to the scheduled sailing time; sometimes she sailed late to allow loading to be completed.

When all the freight was loaded and steam up, the deckhands would move about the decks casting off lines one at a time, and the huge red paddle wheel would start turning. Then the gangway would be hauled in and laid athwart the foredeck and slowly she would edge away from the dock and drift out into the current. Since all riverboats must dock or tie up facing upstream, a turnaround must be made before proceeding, and this was done just upstream, in front of Whisky Flats. The river widens a bit at this point and is deep from bank to bank. Some of the boats were not much shorter than the width of the Yukon, and the process was quite a tricky one, particularly for the **Klondike**, which is 210 feet long. I can remember watching this boat make three tries before the maneuver was completed, and she almost rammed her wheel into the willows on the town side bank. I never saw the Alaska Railroad sternwheeler **Nenana** turn around there (she made several trips up to Whitehorse during the Alaska Highway's construction), but it must have been a neat trick, because she was 47 feet longer than the **Klondike**, BYN’s longest sternwheeler at the time.

When the turn around was accomplished she would line up facing downstream, and if no barges were to be hitched up, sweep majestically past the waving, cheering crowd, gray smoke belching from her tall yellow stack and all lights blazing. With the current behind and full steam on, she quickly disappeared behind the island, the miniature mountains of wake waves behind her paddle wheel diminishing slowly as she became lost to sight, and we all made our way slowly home. The **Whitehorse** had sailed, on time. We’d see her again in about ten days’ time.

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## **PAT BARKER'S MEMORIES**

Pat (Kaye) Barker, now in Grimsby, ON [patlbarker@sympatico.ca](mailto:patlbarker@sympatico.ca)

How nice to read the reports of Donna (Garneau) Salter and Mike Robertson! I too was in Whitehorse and living in Camp Takhini from Aug 56-Aug 59 at ages 13 - 15, and like fellow-cheerleader, Donna, (Hi, Donna!) found life very much in tune with that age group! Mike, in those days you were known as "Pat's older brother;" she and I were very close, and thanks to Classmates, have recently renewed acquaintance!

My memories of those years are less specifically detailed in some ways, but I do recall that long haul up that Highway, from Dawson Creek to Mile 918! My father was a major in the Pay Corps, and my English mother, appalled at the thought of living in the Wilds of the Yukon, was determined to Maintain Appearances!! So up we crawled at no more than 30 mph for fear of a flat tire, along that incredibly long, winding, dusty, washboard, gravel road--with my mother primly (and grimly) riding shotgun in her grey two-piece flannel suit, white gloves, and black velvet hat! With veil... At one point, we stopped for a meal, and the poor, flustered owner insisted on serving us tea in his finest teapot and teacups.

(You'll be relieved to know, and I'm relieved to tell you, that on the Way Out, mother was in chino's, tee-shirt, windbreaker, and peaked cap like everybody else! Nothing like life in the Yukon to get down to earth!)

And what earth! Another memory of that first arrival is similar to Mike Robertson's. (Perhaps we arrived on the same day, Mike!) Even though we'd last been living in Regina, Saskatchewan with its infamous gumbo, we hadn't seen any roads like this! Mud, thick, oozing, squishy, wonderful mud up to the middle of the hubcaps. Rain lashing down, we three kids just stared dumbly out the windows, and my mother--in that hat, remember--stoically glared. But off we drove up the hill to Camp Takhini.... and three years of great fun and magic memories!

Just a few of those memories, hastily cobbled together:

Girl Guide camp with the Girl Scouts in Alaska (Glacier National Park /Mud Bay)

Meeting the Air Cadets after Girl Guides...

Long hikes along Miles Canyon (when it \*was\* a canyon!); the swing bridge.

Long hours spent at the Taku Hotel, and the Camp Takhini Snack Bar.  
(That chocolate cake was sheer heaven!)

The very special three cabin high "skyscraper"...

The riverboats...



*\* (Aksala, Casca & Whitehorse) - Sherron*

Strange burial platforms (?) among the lodge pole pines...

High school bonspiels in Dawson City...

Trips mid-winter to the Takhini Hot Springs, watching eyelashes and hair instantly turn to ice amid the steam; long, dark, cosy...romantic....bus rides home....

Tormenting the beleaguered bus provosts, who did their best not to become exasperated with us--true army brats that we were!

A character named Big Mike and his many dogs...(those old fellows were remnants of the Gold Rush, and I had no idea how truly close to history we were!)

Watching a performance of *The Mikado*, with Bishop Greenwood stealing the show!

Mr. Campbell arriving to class dressed for curling, writing 'stuff' on the board, and telling us he'd see us later at the curling rink! We stayed, did the work, and then --off to the curling club where we gorged ourselves. An amazing spread of food! (Certainly appealed to us kids who, if I'm anyone to judge by, were constantly hungry.) Many happy hours revolved about curling!

Ms Farley (?) the Art teacher, who introduced us to art, and to the work of Frederick Varley, bless her! Miss Church, the PE teacher, who managed to make gym class fun, even though we were wearing those embarrassing one-piece blue outfits--bloomers with a blouse. (And having to learn folk dances!) Heel-toe, ladies...

Later, Teenaire's dances/parties in a Quonset hut provided by the military for us kids to decorate and enjoy. But we'd also had downtown movies every Friday, followed by YPA dances, where John Plamondon was the favourite jiving partner! And where romance flourished among a wonderful group of kids, with every look across "the crowded room!" And sometimes, we'd attend the CYO dances too, and polka with the priest, Father Bob Kelly, (whose niece I befriended down here in southern Ontario.)

And of course those house parties, where 30 kids or so would gather about once a month!

And baby-sitting--for .25/hr and .35/hr after midnight...one summer I earned over \$200, so calculate the hours...!

Driving back from a family holiday in Alaska, in the last car allowed on the highway after the forest fires had begun to rage. Trees burning eerily and dangerously close alongside; air so thick it was if I were looking through extra dark sunglasses. And like Donna, I too remember that earthquake. I was Home Alone--and when the shaking began, dashed outside (the right thing to do, but who knew?)

Reading was another preoccupation: often three or four books over a Saturday evening! And whereas we desperately 'missed' not having a television, we possibly gained infinitely more by its absence. As others have said, everybody led an extremely active social life as a result of the various forms of isolation. Parents

had a wonderful time, and we kids bettered them!

Remember the beach at Marsh Lake on those surprisingly hot May days...?

The Spring Prom of '59? We went to Ear Lake afterwards, the June night turning merely to dusk for two hours...then, sunrise. So many names bubble up that it's pointless to list them; kids of that age would know them all—and undoubtedly recall a good story or two!

Walking silently with a friend along the escarpment and coming across an eagle, scant feet way.... powerful moment.

Stunningly blue and pink winter mornings...

The sound of howling dogs and wolves on winter nights...

And the aurora borealis so close you could hear them...

**Pat (Kaye) Barker,**

(Below is a picture of me in B. C., April 2001,)



*\*\* The Aksala was in the beginning stages of dismantle as the stack is off in this photo. It was dismantled in an attempt to take it to Paddlewheel Village just south of the South Access Road on the Alaska Highway at Whitehorse. The effort was not successful and the Paddlewheel from the Aksala ended up a landmark at that site. – Info thanks to Henry Breaden*

**QUESTION: Does anyone have any stories about the Canol Oil Project they would like to share? If so send them to Donna at [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net)**

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And More Stories from the group – Sherron

### **THE STORY BEHIND “SPOT CASH”, “JOHNNIE VINEGAR” AND OTHERS**

Hi Sherron,

I will give you a smartening up on Spot Cash. When my dad was in Dawson as a young man, in 1915 he started what they called a jitney business, (passengers and baggage) to Grand Forks from Dawson City with a Model "T" ford truck. Grand Forks was at the fork of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. All was going well until some of his fares, after getting to Grand Forks, could not pay. So he established a ruling that you pay first and then you ride. As nic-names were very common in those days, he became known as the "Spot Cash Kid!" Many of the old fellows thought that his given name was "Spot" and surname "Cash", and in most cases they did not know his correct name, so he became Spot Cash to all Yukoners. In the fall of 1916 he joined up with the Yukoners under Captain George Black and went overseas till the end of the war. Even

when he was in France he was known as, Spot Cash to all the Yukoners in the 17th machine gun brigade. When he returned with his new bride, my mother, he was still Spot Cash to all Yukoners and it followed him all of his days till he passed away in the military hospital in Vancouver in 1971. His correct name was James Theodore Breaden, but Spot Cash did him well to all Yukoners.

Be happy for you to use my explanation of my dad's name. With regards to Johnnie Vinegar, Johnnie was an Italian fellow who had a vegetable farm in his later years, but in earlier years used to work in the Treadwell Yukon mines. His name being Italian was, Vinegarte, pronounced Vee-nay-gar-tee with the "V" being pronounced a combination between a "B" and "V" the same as Spanish which I speak. The John would be pronounced "Juan". Being that the old-timers could not pronounce it, he achieved a nic-name of Johnnie Vinegar which they could. As I have said, there were many nic-names in those days. Johnnie's farm was 1-1/2 miles out on the Elsa road.

Nic-names were very common in my growing up days, and I will try to recall a few for you. Johnnie Vinegar, which you have. "Bullcon Joe" was Joe Chanderol, as I recall, but it was not in polite terms at that, lived 2 miles out on the Elsa road. Hotstove Douglas, in Dawson had a confectionary store and one cold night stoked up his stove for overnight. Either it warmed up during the night or his stove got away, but it melted all the chocolate that he had in stock. Hotstove retired to Mayo. Whispering Jimmy McKinnon had a very soft voice more like a whisper and was a teamster on the overland stage when horses were used by White Pass. Tom Burns was not named, but being a trapper, the colder it got the more rabbit fur you could see sticking out of his collar. Jesse Waters, a miner became "Kit Waters", but I don't have an answer on this one. We had "Pop Miller" and "Pop Bellerby", both great men. So many familiar old names of people we grew up with in Mayo, and I think we were lucky to have been surrounded with such great people.

Cheers, Henry [breaden@shaw.ca](mailto:breaden@shaw.ca)

### **CANDLED ICE**

You may wonder what was meant when I referred to "Candled Ice?" If we start where the ice is covered with snow and in the spring the snow melts which leaves a layer of water on the ice. The ice at this point is white and safe, but as the water percolates downwards through the ice it will turn black. At this point it is unsafe to walk on even though it may be a couple of feet thick. The native people were wise to this and if they were crossing always carried a light dry pole so that if they went through they could save themselves. When the ice went out in the river, it was common to see some ice shoved up on the shore which may be a couple of feet thick. If you examined it, you would find that the ice was formed into crystals about the size of wax candles. Just a kick on the ice would shatter it and it would break with a tinkle. It did not matter if it was the river or a lake, for the same would apply. If wind in a lake drove the ice ashore, it would shove up on the beach and you would see the same thing. It might be a couple of feet thick but would break up if you kicked it. What we called the candles extended from the top of the ice to the bottom. It was great for making ice cream with one of the old hand turned freezers as you did not have to break up the ice. So here are the news about candled ice!

Henry Breaden [breaden@shaw.ca](mailto:breaden@shaw.ca)

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### **HAINES ROAD RESCUE**

*Some time back, **George Howell** sent forward the following information in the form of a challenge to my research abilities. George was thinking I was in Whitehorse at that time.*

*Well I must confess, I kept asking questions until the answers did come forth, but I have a whole lot of other people to thank for bringing these stories to you.*

*Mainly **Tim Kinvig** who researched and typed in the stories and forwarded them to us, **Heather Jones** for finding the headlines back that far, **Donna Clayson** for chasing down the story and those in the media who approved sharing the stories with you.*

*Many, many thanks to **Cal Waddington** for documenting the ordeal so very well in his article written back in January 1975 for the Yukon News and for permitting us to share it with this group.*

“The year was (approximately) '78 or '79 (I think) the month February or March (I think) the location, 75 mile on the Haines Highway (this I know for sure). The event I need verification of. The rescue of 24 (or so) stranded tourists, truckers and YTG equipment operators in 19 (or so) vehicles, graders and snowplows, snowbound @ 62 mile for 3 days in a raging blizzard. They had all managed to survive by cramming themselves (including a 6 month old baby) into a Linden Transport propane heated truck dome box, which was very close to running out of fuel). I was conscripted to venture there in 60-70 mph winds and near zero ground visibility with my Jet Ranger helicopter (Trans North's) to transport these people to the maintenance camp @ 75 mile. It was a blast, literally! “ - **George Howell**

April 15, 2003

Hi George,

As **Heather Jones** may have told you she found the newspaper stories of the event you are researching. The time actually goes back to January of 1975.

Following is the text from the **Thursday January 9<sup>th</sup> edition of the Yukon News**. Its interesting to see the story is written by **Cal Waddington** – He told me about **Terry Brown** covering the story for the CBC – but Cal seems to have forgotten he also covered the story for the Yukon News.

Anyway here it goes – will follow with another email with text from the Whitehorse Star.

Cheers, Tim Kinvig

**Subject:** Re: Article in Yukon News

Sorry about the delay in replying about this article. I see you had to go without it this issue, but there's lot's more to come from the interest you've generated.

Go for it. Use it with our compliments. - Doug Bell (Yukon News)

## **High Winds, Low Temperatures Strand Haines Road Travellers**

**BY CAL WADDINGTON, YUKON NEWS HAINES JCT.  
CORRESPONDANT**

Actually, you could say that the whole ordeal began on Christmas Eve when high winds along the Haines Highway caused white-out and drifting conditions along the entire route from Haines Jct. to the Canadian border at Pleasant Camp. However, the major weather system, which was to bring the New Year in like a rampaging lion, began on December 30th, and continued until January 2nd. Then, the high winds and snow gave way to the most recent, and first real cold snap of the winter.

On Wednesday evening, January 1st, the highway was closed, but YTG crews from Glacier Camp at mile 75 managed to convoy the ferry traffic through from Canadian Customs to the maintenance camp at 75 mile. From there, this convoy proceeded unassisted to Haines Jct. and their respective destinations. The Highway continued closed on Thursday, January 2nd. That same evening, the road was plowed open from 75 mile to Dezadeash, and thence to the Junction. On Thursday evening, a group of travellers heading towards Haines, Alaska converged upon Dezadeash Lodge to await the road's reopening. Friday morning, they continued south in convoy, with the 75-mile maintenance camp as their immediate goal.

At this point, a decision was made to continue the convoy of about a dozen private vehicles, 5 transport trucks, and accompanying graders and blowers towards Alaska. This convoy was stopped cold at mile 64 by extreme winds, very heavy drifts, and white-out snow conditions. Reports have it that some of the drifts in the area reached as **high as 25 feet**. The entire convoy, which included 34 adults, one 6 month old baby, and two young children, remained in the vehicles from Saturday afternoon (Jan 4th) until Sunday evening, when they were finally brought back to the 75 mile camp by TNTA helicopter, under Emergency Measures Organization charter, and piloted by **George Howell**. This helicopter arrived at Dezadeash Lodge on Sunday morning, accompanied by EMO coordinator **Tom Nairn**. It then left for 75 mile, and commenced evacuation of people from 64 mile back to the maintenance camp.

During the time the convoy was stranded at 64 mile, temperatures dropped to near 30 below zero, and winds reached 80 to 90 miles per hour, developing a wind chill factor of some 105 degrees below zero. Visibility at the time was nil. The private vehicles eventually had to be abandoned, out of gas, and left to freeze. The occupants were relocated in the transport trucks and road maintenance vehicles, and survived in the cabs of these vehicles from 9 pm Saturday night, until they, too, froze up, out of fuel, and had to be abandoned, one by one. Finally, only one truck was left with fuel, an L.T.I. transport with van. Most of the 34 people were forced to pack into this van, and make do with one small heater, until rescue came. At last, at about 2 pm on Sunday, Jan 5th, that all important helicopter arrived, and began the shuttle from the frozen perch at 64 mile to the warmth of the 75 mile maintenance camp.

At one point on Saturday, during the extreme weather conditions, one traveller took it upon himself to attempt the highway, running the drifts and winds, and

pushing on through to Haines. This, after being informed of the conditions and road closure, and after stating that he would return to Haines Junction.

Fortunately, he was seen to head south from Dezadeash Lodge, towards Alaska. RCMP authorities were notified, and **Cst. Rod O'Brien** and **Jack Christianson** of National Parks set out to find him, and turn him back. After being turned back by weather on their first attempt, they re-outfitted with vehicles and clothing, and set out once again at 5 pm Saturday, from Dezadeash Lodge. Before heading south into the weather, they left instructions with **Chuck Hume** of the parks department, that if they did not return by 9 or 10 pm, they had run into trouble. The instructions were for Hume to head south to the first drifting, and wait for **O'Brien** and **Christianson** to walkout. By 9:30 the pair had not returned, so **Hume**, accompanied by this reporter, set out.

Fortunately, our aid was not needed, as we met the **Constable** and his **partner** returning, with the wayward traveller in hand. When their vehicle had travelled as far as was possible, **Cst. O'Brien** set out on foot, becoming lost, and returning to his own vehicle to reorient himself, and set out once again. After an hour and a half, the constable returned with the young traveller. All this while **Christianson** had remained with the vehicle, rocking it back and forth, so that it would not become drifted in. After taking an hour to simply turn their vehicle around, they returned to Dezadeash Lodge. If it had not been for this action, that young traveller would have suffered a much more severe fate than mere frostbite.

Plans on Monday included the clearing of the road from 87 mile to the camp at 75, and then thru to Haines. On Sunday evening, though, the Y.T.G. equipment, which came from Haines Junction and Beaver Creek, was able to clear only two miles of road in a period of 12 hours, as it pushed through high winds and rock-hard drifts. The private vehicles, transport trucks, and maintenance equipment which had to be left at 64 mile, out of fuel, drifted in, and frozen solid, will be removed if and when they can be uncovered and started. As of Monday the people, who had spent more hours than they cared to, **under extremely dangerous conditions**, were flown by helicopter from 75 mile to the border at Pleasant Camp, and then shuttled the forty miles to Haines by road. Y.T.G. crews have been working around the clock since Tuesday - New Year's Day - and it was only through their efforts that a happy ending to a long ordeal can be reported. As for the reopening of the Haines Highway - no solid estimate could be made as of Monday afternoon.

Throughout the road closure, another group of travellers was stranded, but in more comfortable conditions at Dezadeash Lodge. These people had wisely chosen to wait out the weather, and spent their time enjoying the hospitality of the Lodge, and amusing themselves as much as possible with cards, crafts, billiards, and eavesdropping on Y.T.G. radio conversations concerning the fate of the stranded travellers, and conditions of the road.

In all, the past few days on the Haines Highway have been an experience that will not be forgotten by any who were present; the road crews, who gave their all; the travellers, who remained in relatively good humour throughout; the Dezadeash Lodge people, who put in long, hard hours; the National Parks people, who gave their assistance; the RCMP constable, who made that hazardous but successful walk; and this reporter, who assisted where he could, and made an honest attempt to get the facts straight.

From the Yukon News Thursday January 9<sup>th</sup>, 1975

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Permission to reprint the following articles granted. Thanks Jackie! – Sherron

From: "Jackie Pierce" <[jackie@whitehorsestar.com](mailto:jackie@whitehorsestar.com)>

To: <[ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net)>

Sent: Wednesday, April 16, 2003 2:09 PM

Subject: Haines Article

Hi Donna,

Yes, you most definitely have the Whitehorse Star's permission to reprint the January 1975 articles - "34 Air-Lifted Out...", "Crews Still....", "Haines Road...".

I enjoy reading the Moccasin Telegraph very much as it brings back a lot of memories for me. Don't hesitate to ask when you want to reprint an article from the Star. I rather like reading Star reports from way back when. The only articles that we can't grant permission to use for reprint are articles written by free-lancers (like yourself). Those articles are not owned by the Whitehorse Star but by the free-lance person.

Regards,

Jackie

April 15, 2003 (Tim Kinvig also forwarded these articles to George Howell)

Hi again,

Following is the text of 3 stories the Whitehorse Star carried in January 1975 about the incident on the Haines Highway.

Tim Kinvig

### **34 Air-Lifted out of Chilkat**

Yukon's Emergency Measures Organization airlifted to safety yesterday 34 persons who were stranded at the summit of the Haines Road.

A spokesman said 22 vehicles became stuck at mile 61 (from Haines), yesterday morning after they set out in a snow blower escorted convoy from Dezadeash Lodge at mile 125 in an attempt to reach Haines.

But the convoy came to a halt because of bad weather at the summit of the highway, near The Chilkat Pass, and was forced to stop. The stranded weathered out a few hours of waiting in a Lyndon Transport truck - until help arrived

EMO co-ordinator, Yukon fire marshal **Tom Nairn**, flew in by helicopter and had the stranded air-lifted to a territorial highway crew camp at mile 75, where they spent the night.

YTG highways and public works highways superintendent **Ches Champion** said this morning that the road is clear from mile 75 to Dezadeash Lodge and Haines Junction and that most of the 20 or so Canadians who are stuck are expected to make it back to either of those points and wait out the weather.

**Champion** said Russell Transport is using its trucks to help the stranded return.

About 15 Americans are being air-lifted to the U.S. border crossing, and from there by ground vehicle to Haines. The road from the summit to Haines is still impassable.

Whitehorse Star – Monday January 6<sup>th</sup>

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### **Crews Still Clearing Buried Haines Highway**

The Yukon government's senior highway superintendent -- **Ches Champion** said this morning, "With the weather being with us, we could have it open in one or two days."

He said crews are working from both ends to clear the area of road between miles 53 and 66. He said that when a worker flew over the closed area Monday, 16-foot high markers were all but covered on the road by snow.

Alaska has two snowblowers heading north on the highway and were at mile 53 at 10 a.m. today. Two Yukon bulldozers and two snowblowers heading south had worked their way to mile 66 shortly before noon this morning.

A crew travelled the as yet impassable area to the stranded vehicles at mile 61 - 62 by snowmobile with heating, equipment to try and start the three stranded snowblowers there.

The 22 vehicles in the convoy that were stranded will be started and removed once the road is clear.

Temperatures have risen to 15 and 20 below (as of this morning) in the area and winds have died down to about 20 m.p.h.

Emergency measures co-ordinator and Yukon fire Marshall **Tom Nairn** declared the Haines Road emergency at an end Monday afternoon.

By 2:30 p.m., all of the 34 stranded travellers who became stuck Sunday at mile 61 near the Chilkat Pass had been safely returned to either the Canadian Customs crossing at mile 40 or to the Dezadeash Lodge at mile 125 or to Haines Junction.

They had been cared for overnight Sunday at a territorial road maintenance crew camp at mile 75 after they were airlifted by helicopter from the pass.

**Nairn** said that ten men, seven women and three children were flown by helicopter from the camp Monday to the border crossing, where they were met by vehicles that transported them to Haines. He said they will return to mile 61 to reclaim their vehicles once the road is cleared.

**Nairn** said there were no serious injuries, though several government grader and snow removal equipment operators suffered cases of frostbite.

"She's rough country, I tell you," **Nairn** said of the pass. He said when 50 to 60 m.p.h, winds that created a chill factor of 120 below zero hit them when they left the helicopter "it was like throwing a bucket of scalding water at you."

He flew In Sunday after a convoy had become stuck by bad weather on the road. The trucks and civilian vehicles left in good weather and expected to be able to plough their way through the closed road, but were, caught in a storm

He said the only person who really suffered because of the stranding was the cook at the crew camp. **Nairn** said he had a "helluva job" feeding all the stranded.

The Whitehorse Star – Wednesday January 8<sup>th</sup>, 1975.

Copyright – The Whitehorse Star.

### **Haines Road Now Open**

A spokesman for the Department of Public Works said this afternoon that the Haines Road is now open to one-way traffic. However, the department is warning that all vehicles driving the road should be equipped with chains.

Crews worked through Thursday night to open the one lane to traffic and once the vehicles stranded there since last weekend are removed, a second lane will be plowed, weather allowing.

The Whitehorse Star – Friday, January 10, 1975.

Copyright – Whitehorse Star

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**VANCOUVER YUKONERS BANQUET PHOTOS**

Thanks! to Lyn Blieler, she is sharing a set of 24 photos taken at the recent Vancouver Yukoners Banquet. It is nice to put a face to some of the names. Click on this URL to view the photos.

<http://community.webshots.com/album/69666939etoWLn>

**GILLIAN HAS A NEWLY UPDATED WEBSITE**

Hi Sherron

Here is our web page, if anyone is interested. Thank you Love

Gillian xoxo THE YUKON IS ALSO MENTIONED in it.. As it should be. xo

The main site is available for all to see [www.gilliancampbellshow.com](http://www.gilliancampbellshow.com)

**SAMSON HAS PLACED PHOTOS ON THE WEB FOR ALL TO ENJOY**

I have recently completed a photo album of a man's journey in the construction of the Alaska Highway. Thought it might be of interest to your viewers.

There are plenty of unidentified people in photos that I'd love to hear more about, if anyone knows anything.

I am also currently working on more photo albums which will come in due time.

The link is <http://www.imagestation.com/album/?id=4290309867>

All that it takes to view the album is a simple and very quick one-time registration.

Please feel free to include the link in an upcoming issue of the Moccasin Telegraph.

Thank you for this consideration.

Hope all is well on your end!

Cheers Samson

Sorry to bother you again. Thought I'd let you know that I've started and almost completed another album titled Pictorial Gold Rush of the Yukon.

Images that I have collected which fall within a certain category in my collection (c1905-1908).

Here is the link <http://www.imagestation.com/album/?id=4290302507>

I thought I'd also mention that it's nice to finally put a face to the names. My neighbour is **Florence Roberts**, and she showed me her pictures that her daughter took when

visiting in Vernon. It sure was a pleasure to see you gals (Sherron & Sandy).

Until next time! Take care. Cheers **Samson**

**L to R - JENNY, SHERRON & SANDY**

**Sandy Campbell** came to Vernon last weekend to visit her friend **Jenny Roberts** and the two of them along with Sandy's two 'children' Beaux James and Sadie Lynn came to my house for a visit. This is the group of us on our front deck overlooking Kalamalka Lake. – Sherron



Hi Sherron and Bill

Thank you once again for the opportunity to meet the person at the other end of the screen, if you know what I mean.

The puppies and I thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. It was so wonderful to have been able to let the puppies in the house. That was truly a surprise.

I have to say that the welcome that Jenny-Lynn, the puppies and I received was truly a Yukon welcome. That was truly refreshing. Brought back so many fantastic memories of the "old" days.

Thank you very much for passing on the photos.

I will close for now, and again I say thank you for having us in your home, and for the photos. Until next time Sandy

Hi Sherron

The picture looks great though, and I am glad I got to meet you and your husband the other night as well.

Thanks again for the warm Yukon Visit.

Jenny Roberts - Vernon, BC

### **WHO HAS THE WORDS TO** – Ode to an Outhouse Mouse

I remember, back in the 50's and early 60's, at the banquet during the Whitehorse International Curling Bonspiel, a favorite poem that someone used to quote was the "Ode to the Outhouse Mouse". There were quite a few verses, but I can't remember any of them. Do you think you could include in your next issue of the MT a request for anyone who knows any of these verses to send them to you for publication? Thanks. Ed Ard [ejard@shaw.ca](mailto:ejard@shaw.ca)

## NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Hi Sherron I am interested in being on your Yukoner's e-mail list and getting a copy of the total list as mentioned in the recent Vancouver Yukoners' Association newsletter. I spent 20 years in Whitehorse from 1954 to 1974 and since moving have lost track of a lot of the Yukoners that I knew.

My name is **Dave Perks** Email Address [birdsivu@telusplanet.net](mailto:birdsivu@telusplanet.net) I live in Grande Prairie, Alberta. **Tina** is my daughter and her name is **Tina Chambers** now. She lived in Whitehorse for a time period. Her maiden name was **Simpson** and her Grand Parents ran Jim's Toy and Gift Shop in Whitehorse. (**The Howatts**) Tina and I traveled to the Yukon last summer and had many strange encounters with people we either new or new Tina's mother and things like that. It was a great trip and we would like to do it again sometime. Good Luck with your venture. Thanks for taking it on. This sort of thing always needs a spark plug and you seem to be doing a great job at it. – **Dave Perks**

Hi Sherron, You sure are doing a great job! Many friends have sent me your email list and the Telegraph and I have been slow at responding to your list. Your efforts were discussed in detail at the recent Yukoners Assoc. dinner this month and it is great to see how many people are excited about what you are doing. Which leads me into 'why didn't you come on down"? Having said that, please add me to the list:

Carol Clarke [cclarke@shaw.ca](mailto:cclarke@shaw.ca) Whse. 1954-63 604.325.4774.....Vancouver, B.C.

You may have done this already, but could tell me what prompted you to put this together. The diversity of the north population is so varied, so together and close, but so far apart as in area, it is wonderful that we have a platform to communicate.....Carol

Hi Carol

Welcome and thankyou for signing on. Are you the Carol Clarke daughter of Al & Jo Clarke? I had another Carol Clark sign on that I thought was going to be Al & Jo's daughter and I wrote a long message and never heard back. Guess I was wrong on that one. So this time I will ask first.

You ask why I didn't come to Vancouver for the banquet. I would have really liked to and was tempted to jump in the car on Friday morning when I saw sunshine. As it was it had snowed on Thursday and travelling in new fallen snow at just freezing temperatures, as you know is pretty dangerous on the mountain passes. I did have to work on Friday so I begrudgingly went off to work. Even at that I hadn't bought a ticket ahead as I should have. It is also a pretty expensive experience so all things added together I stayed home. Maybe another time I will make it to the coast.

As for what prompted me to create this project.

I had received a forwarded joke from Fred Aylwin who also lives here in Vernon and on the list of addresses that had not been stripped was one for Henry Breaden. I hadn't met Henry in the north, but his son Roy and my son Wes had played together when they were at school. Wes did all his school years in Whitehorse. So after checking with Fred to see if Henry would be Roy's father I wrote to Henry to tell him where Wes was so he could bring Roy up to date. Wes is in Red Deer, and Roy is in Nanaimo. When I wrote to Henry he forwarded a small list of names and addresses of ex-Yukoners that he had collected, some of which had an e-mail address. I didn't know any of them well but thought, I too have a list of e-mail address of a bunch of ex-Yukoners, wouldn't it be neat if we put the two together in hopes of re-uniting some lost friends. So I wrote to Henry with my idea and while I was waiting for his reply I consolidated his list and mine and so I had a starting point to create a list. Henry agreed with the idea and he wrote to the group he had addresses for and I

wrote to the group I had. The rest as they say is history. Those folks have spread the word true Moccasin Telegraph style.

So my sole intent was to reunite people who had lost touch and then when the registrations started coming in there were some interesting comments about where they lived in the north and what they had done there and since I began to ask if I could share the information with the group. I started out by placing the information on the bottom of the e-mail list and quickly realized I couldn't leave it there when I wanted to send an updated list out to the group. Hence the Moccasin Telegraph was born. I thought it was a good name, for what it was in content. Then a couple of the people who had signed on asked about including stories. I think it was Joyce Yardley and Donna Clayson. So although it was not my intent I thought why not if someone is prepared to help gather and research and format the material for mailing. I mentioned this to Donna and Henry and Donna jumped at the idea of being Story Editor. I found for a period of time I was spending all my spare time at the Computer and knew I couldn't keep that up.

Then I realized it was becoming a lot of work to address all the earlier Editions of the MocTel and when Sandy Campbell came bubbling forth with her keen appreciation of someone taking on a project like this that she had thought of but never done anything with. I thought OK here is potential for a helper and asked her if she would take the job of handing out copies upon request. She loves it and is happy to be part of the project.

So now I have told my story and I would love to hear from you. If you are Al's daughter I have a story for you.

I will leave it up to you to tell me which copies of the MocTel you already have and/or which ones you may wish to have. Sandy is currently handing out the first seven. I am sending out the four special editions and the last three regular editions. (8-10) I will send out the four special editions to all those who signed on this week, likely tomorrow. - Sherron

Hi Sherron, my goodness, what a project!

Yes, I am the daughter of Al & Jo Clarke. Think it's safe to say there are lots of stories out there about my dad so would love to hear yours.

As for the Moc Tel I will just wait for what you now send out.

Keep up the good work.....Carol

Hi Carol

Bill and I moved to Whitehorse as a result of a transfer with Niagara Finance in 1968. After a short time Bill was not happy with the work and the expectations of the company even though he had managed the Victoria branch for a year before moving to Whitehorse. He knew your dad from Kiwanis and I don't know the details, but he came to me in City Hall one day and told me he had quit his job and was going to work at Yukon Motors.

From then on I was always hearing stories about "Pappy" Clarke and the "Red Cross" parties on Friday night after work. Scotch for medicine, really.

Then a Kiwanis convention came up in Anchorage and your dad wanted to go and your mom didn't, so Bill and I joined him for the trip, in his car. We shared the driving. We were into Alaska on those awful frost heaves and Bill and your dad had done their driving for the day and I was conscripted. Well it began to get dark the snow was like a blizzard and my eyeballs felt like they were on the front fenders and those two were complaining that they were spilling their scotch because I was going over the frost heaves too fast. Needless to

say we spent the night at a hotel in Palmer, Alaska, next to the train yard. Your dad joked about hopping a train for the rest of the trip.

Then when your folks moved to Victoria and were living in the Apartment we visited them a couple of times on trips out to visit our folks who all lived in Victoria. We usually flew down but in 1974 in April we drove down and after I had put a brand new car in the ditch while slowing for a corner, which showed signs of snow that had not yet melted because it was in the shade. The car was a 1974 Chrysler and the back end was heavy and it just started slipping toward the low side of the road on the inside of the corner. Bill was sleeping at the time and when he woke up he saw what was happening and started yelling hit it, hit it. But I am sure I had all force on the brakes by then. It coasted slowly into the ditch and then the wheels started riding the snow bank until we stopped lying on our side. We were lucky there was no damage and tourist heading back to Alaska with a 4-wheel drive pulled us out.

Anyway the purpose of the trip to Victoria was to visit my mother who had written that she was not well and not expected to make it through her breast cancer ordeal. She was only 56. So we arrived in Victoria and visited her and she went into a coma that night. So after the funeral etc., we went to visit your folks we were talking about not having much of a holiday for the year and then the topic of Reno came up. Not sure how the story developed, but we both phoned back to Whitehorse for a few more days off, compassionate leave, and the four of us headed for Reno. It was a hoot, your dad was such a giggler and they both thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

I will always remember them fondly and hope we made a little difference in their life. We were sorry to hear not long after that your dad took quite sick although we knew he had stomach trouble before that. But he was not prepared to give up the scotch only to switch and drink it with milk.

Hope you enjoyed the story.

I remember them talking about you Carol, so was hoping I would meet you some day. - Sherron

Hi Sherron, thank you so much in sharing your memories of my parents.

I have no memory of them telling me about you & your husband but will look thru some of their old photos and see if I can find some of the Reno trip, as it is ringing a bell. Then maybe I can put a face to you guys!!!

I remember those 'Red Cross' meetings, oh so well when we lived in the apartment above Yukon Motors and after we moved to the 'Penthouse'. Dad & I would have macaroni & cheese casserole (pre made by Mom, who always worked Fri. night) fry up some bacon & when I was older, continue with the 'meeting'!

It certainly is a small world! Thanks again for your stories and use what you want for the Moc.Tel.

Hope we meet soon.....Carol

Sherron, A very good friend was over for dinner the other night and, since she lived in Teslin as a kid, I told her about your efforts and the Moccasin Telegraph. Then I had to promise to get her on the e-mail list, so here I am.

**Ruth MacCallum** lives in Fruitvale (near Trail) BC, and lived in Teslin from 1951 to 1954 (grades 4 to 6 for her). Her Dad was **Sgt. Gerald (Jerry) MacCallum**, her mom **Thena**, and her older

brother **Larry. Gerald** was OIC of the RCAF Station at the Teslin Airport, and worked there with Len Usher. **Ruth** would love to hear from anyone who lived in Teslin at the time - and she keeps promising to finally return to the Yukon for a visit soon. Her e-mail address is [bestoptions@telus.net](mailto:bestoptions@telus.net)

Keep up the great work - I look forward to hearing from you each Sunday! - **Dave Gairns**

Thank you for including my name on the list. I have already found one family name that I recognize from my time in the Yukon. I have very fond memories of that time of being in a one-room school, participating in the Christmas play, a bonfire on the ice.... It is only amazing that I have not found my way back. I look forward to reading the editions of the Moccasin Telegraph. –  
**Ruth MacCallum**

Sherron

My sister Ruth just registered with you and I would like to do the same.

E Mail [immac@telusplanet.net](mailto:immac@telusplanet.net) Lawrence & Margaret MacCallum

21,2300 Oakmoor Dr. SW Calgary, AB, T2V 4N7

I lived in Teslin 1952/55. My father was the last military NCO in charge of Teslin Detachment R.C.A.F.

Thanks, **Lawrence**

Hi Sherron, I would like you to add my name to the list if possible. I got the info from **Ralph Lortie**.

**Jim Perry** --(1954 - 1974) Whitehorse, Currently Abbotsford, British Columbia.

Just a bit of bio for you. **Perry family Jim Sr., Lil, Bert and Jim** moved from Belfast, N/Ireland in 1954. Father **Jim Perry Sr.** drove for Cassiar Asbestos for 25 years 2.5 million miles on Yukon roads. Jim graduated from F. H. Collins High School. Went to University of Alaska - First to come back and teach at F. H. from 1971-1974. I am currently an Administrative Officer, (Principal) in School District #34 Abbotsford. Living with wife **Lorraine** who taught in Whitehorse with Ted Harrison at one stage. We have two boys, **Ryan** - Currently working on his Master's Degree in Environmental Design (Planning) at U. of Calgary. **Michael** currently in fourth year at U. of Victoria - plans on entering the teaching profession. Brother **Bert Perry** still lives in Whitehorse with wife **Pat** and son **Hunter**. **Lil Perry**, (87 years young) lives in Abbotsford and still treks North to visit son and long time Yukon friends such as **Dot and Leo Wood** and family and **Betty and Ed Schiffkorn**, and daughter **Tania** and son-in-law **Geoff Leuhman** and **Carson Schiffkorn**.

I have rambled on far too long but this is just a snippet of info on the Perry Clan.

Keep up the great work Sherron. Wonderful to keep the chain alive. Please try to send info to **John Rowan** (sorry don't know his e-mail) as he is a resident historian and would love to read the Telegraph. Cheers for now **Jim Perry**

*(If anyone knows how to contact **John Rowan** and can get his e-mail address, I would be happy to contact him.) – Sherron*

We have recently received a copy of your Moccasin Telegraph from **Harry & Elaine Miller**. Martin & I still live in the Yukon and know a number of the people on your list. We would like to add our name to the still Yukoners list if possible.

**Martin & Glenis Allen** 29 Tutshi Rd. Whitehorse, YT Y1A 3R4

e-mail address: [l-t@yt.sympatico.ca](mailto:l-t@yt.sympatico.ca) Phone # 867-667-4960 Fax 867-668-3023

We have lived in the Yukon for about 36 years.

Thanks - **Glenis Allen**

Thanks Sharon - it sounds like a big project. Good for you.

Yes I worked at Whitehorse Copper for a good number of years, when they shut down I went to YTG (PSC for a couple years) and then to the City of Whitehorse as the Director of HR. I left there in 1997 and have been doing some part time consulting work out of my house. It is much more pleasant than working full time.

I will pass this on to a few people we still keep in touch with both in and out of the Yukon. - **Glenis**

### **SAM McGEE AT HIS CABIN IN WHITEHORSE**

Last week I inserted the URL for an article about Sam McGee that had run in the Calgary Herald. I will insert it again now along with a photo that Les McLaughlin kindly forwarded to share with you. Just for your information I did write to obtain permission to reprint the story that ran in the Calgary Herald and have just today received a reply that indicates that they want me sign a contract and pay \$250.00. I have no intention of doing that so I suggest you look at it yourself, at:

<http://www.canada.com/calgary/calgaryherald/archives/story.asp?id=BC1B8161-8AF6-4857-AC5B-01618108D962>



SAM McGEE "AT HOME", WHITEHORSE, YUKON.

Attached is a photo of Sam McGee taken in front of his cabin when it was between Third and Fourth Avenue.

Les

### **TAKE FIVE MINUTES OUT AND HAVE A DANCE WITH YOUR LOVED ONE TO THE MUSIC AT THIS URL**

It is night scenes from around the world, in a slide show format, to the instrumental music of George Strait playing "I just want to dance with you".

<http://www.wtv-zone.com/cal555/asil/framespg.html>

## TRIVIA

The Webshots website where I have the Riverboat Photos, and other miscellaneous Yukon Photos now shows this stat. - Sherron

*Your 67 photos have been viewed 4,199 times and downloaded 123 times.*

## FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

To date **ten previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **four special editions**. One titled Sternwheelers on the Yukon River, one Basketball in the 50's, Fifty-six years ago the world looked at Snag and Camp Takhini. For the time being I will send out copies of the Special Editions after each dozen or so new people sign on.

**Sandy Campbell** has kindly agreed to send out copies of the earlier editions of the regular Moccasin Telegraph upon request. Please be specific as to which editions you are requesting.

Sandy is a working girl and will get to the requests at her earliest convenience.

**Contact Sandy at** [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

## DATES TO REMEMBER

Mayo 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebrations – June 3 – July 1 -

[http://www.yukonweb.com/community/mayo100/calendar\\_of\\_events.html](http://www.yukonweb.com/community/mayo100/calendar_of_events.html)

Okangan Yukoners' Picnic – June 22, 2003 - Summerland Orn. Gardens - Larry Chalmers

[larryjoanchalmers@telus.net](mailto:larryjoanchalmers@telus.net) (Edition 6)

Island Yukoners' Picnic - August 16 – Nanoose, St. Mary's Hall - contact Stan Hegstrom

[seaair@bcsupernet.com](mailto:seaair@bcsupernet.com) (details to come)

YXYCP Reunion - September 26 – 28 – Parksville, Bayside – contact Pat Besier [jpbesier@seaside.net](mailto:jpbesier@seaside.net)

(see edition 5)