

Where are the old buildings that tilted and turned,
In tune with the permafrost's will?
Restored, fallen down, hauled away or burned.
But the memories are living there still.

And where has my barracks with the old canons gone,
Where I once proudly served as a lad,
Replaced by new buildings, with flowers and lawn,
It's restricted, it's secure, and it's sad.

I gaze up the valley, see the tailings still there,
All barren deserted and grim.
And I think of the days when the dredges were here,
And our cup runeth full to the brim.

When old timers lived in their shacks on the creeks,
Independent, with shovel and pan.
Each with his own private dream as he seeks
For gold where the clear waters ran.

Now there are great caterpillars and such
All ripping up acres of ground.
The creeks are all muddy, and there is very much
Desolation and wreckage around.

It is progress I know, and we're going to be
So much better off in the end.
Yet I gaze at the river, and I wish I could see
A sternwheeler rounding the bend.

© 2000 (Gus Barrett)



Dawson – Photo Courtesy Mike Paolera

Dawson City-as it looks today. Population is at the time of this photo in the 1970's around 900 compared to over 35,000 during the gold rush. Dawson City is now a historian's delight as remnants of the Gold Rush still linger in the building and valleys. – Mike Paolera

peasinapod@shaw.ca

'The Big Dipper Route'

By Danny Bereza danbereza@hotmail.com

Chapter 9

Dawson City

DC-3 CF-CPY -- Whitehorse to Mayo to Dawson -- 2.1hrs.

The countryside around Dawson City in autumn looked like an afghan rug. Bright splotches of reds, yellows and greens dotted the rolling landscape. Most river valleys were plugged by the caterpillar-like gravel tailings, the gold extracted excrement from rusted dredges, visual evidence from a time when ecology was a word known only to intellectuals.

The town of Dawson itself looked like any other small northern village from the air. It was situated on the Yukon River at the mouth of the Klondike, surrounded by protective, peaceful mountains. A restored paddle wheeler, now a museum, lay next to the town's only remaining wharf. There were a few fairly large hotel-like wooden buildings and smaller family-sized homes nestled in among the trees. A cool autumn wind whirled wisps of smoke upward and dogs played happily in the streets. A fairly average small town you might say, right?

Wrong.

Dawson City was not average. It was not even normal. Most of those buildings were empty. It was a ghost, a phantom of history, from a time lost forever.

Dawson was deserted with weed-grown gravel streets and warped wooden sidewalks. Dangerously leaning buildings with creaky stairs ushered you into stale, silent rooms where the wind sighed through shredded drapes. Long shadows lay across shards of boot-crunching broken glass lying in the dust like rhinestones. I defy anyone to stand quietly in one of those rooms without calendars, where time is frozen like a Yukon winter, and not hear the laughter of dance hall girls mingled with the clink of glasses and the strains of a long forgotten melody from a player piano.

Dawson was a faded photograph of a riverboat crew staring silently into the camera. Their boat, the Yukoner was being unloaded, its giant paddle still. Its cargo, 150 'cheechakos' lured to the heart of the Klondike by gold fever. Their only possessions were a packsack, a small shovel and a gold pan each.

Dawson was once alive and vibrant, coursing with life-blood, raucous, raunchy and robust; bursting with bars and booze and mobs of men and women madly rushing around, hacking away with picks and shovels, pushing and cursing and killing for a small stake of ground. They came hoping to strike it rich. Some did and some died but most left heartbroken and penniless. When they left Dawson died. There wasn't much left to live for with all the excitement gone so it dried up like an old skeleton bleached in the sun.

There were still a few of the old-timers left. Black Mike for one (he was about eighty-five years old in the late sixties). He came to Dawson over the trail of '98 with his dad, 'moiling' for gold like thousands of others. He was one of the few who were left. He made his living chopping wood and selling it to the locals. I'm not sure why they called him Black Mike. Maybe it was the colour of his underwear.

When we lived in Dawson, my mother was friends with an old lady named Zhune. Zhune, a concert pianist from France and a fantastic seamstress, came over the trail too and

became a dance-hall girl. She fell in with Black Mike and a guy named Corbett. Apparently they shared her favours for years until she finally put her foot down and demanded that one of them marry her. It seems that Mike and Corbett rolled the dice and she became Mrs. Corbett just before the Great War. Corbett died in the war but Mike took care of her until she was sent out to die in Vancouver in the early 50's. I still remember her sitting in her rocking chair, humming and knitting, an elegant old lady, now just another ghost.

Joe Redmond, another Dawsonite, and I, flying the schedule to Dawson City from Whitehorse and Mayo, came swinging around the corner where the Klondike River makes a sharp turn to the West. Because there was a wind from the north-east we flew downwind toward the Yukon River before lining up with the runway. Redmond was flying so I gawked out the window looking for an old wrecked WW2 fighter plane that supposedly had crashed in the area. We flew over the spot where my mother, brother and I had picked blueberries when we lived at Archie Fornier's ranch just west of the airport. The buildings on the ranch were just burned out piles of rubble now, not far from the end of the runway. Apparently the government had bought the land and bulldozed the buildings into a pile and burned them. The plane I hadn't been able to find was probably grown over with weeds and maybe even blueberries.

Just before turning onto our final approach we flew over the old settlement of Granville. During the gold rush it was a bustling community and was still going strong with gold dredging operations well into the fifties. According to my mother there were thirty families living in Granville in the early forties. My grandfather worked as an accountant and cook in 1940 at Taddy's Roadhouse, near Granville. Everyone visited Taddy's Roadhouse at one time or another. It was a place to pop into for a beer after a long day on the dredges. You could buy your groceries there and for a two-year-old kid there was always someone to bum a candy from. My Uncle Jim Murray, worked on the Middle Dominion dredge after the war, trying to forget. He and his brother, Bob, were in the Seaforth Highlanders and fought together in the same platoon. They both came back scarred mentally and physically. Uncle Jim came back as a Regimental Sergeant Major with one eye and a finger or so missing. Bob was a bad little bugger and never got above Corporal. He was busted so many times that he never bothered to sew the stripes up when he got them. "It was bullshit anyway," he would say. When the war ended he was twenty-one years old. He had lost part of his hand, had shrapnel in his belly and just after his discharge, lost both his legs in a train accident.

Our crew stayed in town overnight. There was Joe and I, a stewardess and an engineer named Walter. Walter was probably the most dishevelled, slovenly excuse for a human that I had ever seen. He was a big man with wildly disordered hair and dirty fingernails. He lived in Squaw Flats in Whitehorse and drank regularly in the Whitehorse Inn, which was a bar only one step up in quality from the Zoo in Inuvik. To add insult to injury he was a lousy mechanic seemingly with no incentive to work. I often wondered what went on inside the head of a guy like that. Got the picture? Well, you can't always tell a book by its cover.

After we settled into our rooms Joe, Walter and I decided to have a few drinks at the Westminster Hotel. I had played the guitar there once just before I got my first flying job; one hundred bucks for the weekend and all I could drink. It was a hot August 17th, Discovery Day, and the place was packed. We played all day and all night. The piano was literally packed with booze -- hootch, as the Yukon poet, Robert Service would have called it -- and when it was all over about four in the morning I went to a party up on the Midnight

Dome and afterwards fell asleep in the bed in Robert Service's restored cabin. It was a small log structure chinked with moss, typical of those built during the gold rush. It had a nice plaque out front inscribed with a sample of one of his poems. Inside they -- the government I suppose -- had furnished it with Robert Service memorabilia. I had a very nice booze-induced sleep and in the late morning hightailed out of there before I got caught.

The hotel was owned by Fabian and Ilene Salois who greeted us warmly, treating Joe and I like long lost children and ignoring Walter who didn't seem to give a damn anyway. He just sat down, smelling of smoky leather and sweat and began to toss back the booze, oblivious to everything around him. After buying us a drink at the bar Fabian and Ilene went about their business while Joe and I sat down with Walter. I told the story of my weekend playing the guitar there.

"I play the piano." Walter's heavy hands were wrapped around a beer glass.

I looked at Joe. "Ah, sure Walter."

"Want me to play you something?"

"That's ok, Walter. It might disturb the customers."

His big hands uncoiled from the glass. He could have wrung my neck like a chicken if he had wanted.

Redmond, knowing the tolerance of the northerners said, "Go ahead Walter; Let's hear you play."

Walter rose slowly and slouched over to the piano as I rolled my eyes back in my head. He sat down and paused for a moment as if to gather his thoughts and then began to play. He played slowly at first, his big hands with the cracked fingernails gliding easily over the keys as he warmed up. I turned to Joe. "Hey, he's actually playing the bloody thing!"

After a few moments of practice he hunched over and seriously began to play. He played classical music with the ease of a professional musician performing at Carnegie Hall. Everyone in the bar watched and listened in total shock as the music increased in tempo and his wild hair whirled at every crescendo. He played Beethoven with destructive force and then with his eyes closed and frowning deeply caressed the keys like an anguished Mozart reincarnated. The North is full of paradoxes but this one would make Robert Service sit up and take notice.

Suddenly he stopped and sat staring straight ahead for a time then abruptly stood up, trounced back to his seat and wordlessly began to suck on his beer, moodily absorbed in his own private hell. We sat in total silence. Nobody clapped for fear of angering him, but his ringing music delighted us as much as we were disturbed by his presence. I finally leaned over to him, oblivious of his smell. "That was magnificent, Walter. Thanks a lot."

He lowered his head, shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Canadian Pacific Air Lines Office Dawson City 1948

Anne Dowds, Kay ?, Helen Laurin, Jean Horton



Photo Courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway

A note on the back of the photo says, “Dawson, picked raspberries here right beside the road.”

When I asked Dan Bereza and Jim Johnson if they recognized this photo. – Sherron

I don't recognize the building in the picture but it probably was at the airport because the sign behind the ladies reads, "Air Charters" on the bottom of the sign (I think, but it could just be my imagination).

Just for your info, I flew a DC-3 (including CF-CPY, the weathervane at YXY) on the Dawson run from June, 1969 to around March, 1972. I later ended up with Canadian Airlines International flying the B737 to Whitehorse on the occasion. I always felt that I was coming home. Danny Bereza danbereza@shaw.ca

I never got past Whitehorse on what Dan calls ‘The Big Dipper Route’. That run was DC-3 country and I was in either the middle or right seat of a DC-6 in 1966-67.

I returned to the Yukon with a 737 in 1973 and flew my last trip up there in 1989. I flew to Fairbanks and Yellowknife out of Whitehorse a time or two but alas never to Dawson City. I've been to Dawson Creek, but that's at the other end of the road.

My other venture past White Horse was in your camper; when Maureen and I did the Haines Junction, Haines, Skagway, Whitehorse loop.

Other trips in the Yukon were down Bennett Lake into BC with the Bruce's and short trips to Marsh Lake, Carcross, Tagish, Braeburn and Grey Mt.

Yes CP had an office in the White Pass Depot when I first started flying to Whitehorse. It made sense I guess, the airline was owned by a railway so you had your office at a railway depot. Cheers, Jim Johnson jimesj@prcn.org



Rainmaker at Henderson Creek 1953

Photo Courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

The people in the picture are my grandparents, Gladys and John Hoggan, and my brother, Skip.

I sent the rainmaker picture because you had a run story on a rainmaker, or I had read about a rainmaker recently. My grandfather was then superintendent at Henderson Creek for Mr. Patty's Yukon Placers. He definitely did not invent the contraption, got it from someone else, and had just set it up and invited us to see it. (We were waiting out the polio epidemic of 1953 at his cabin.) The dredge wasn't running that summer; they were just stripping with hydraulics and needed water. I don't know if the rainmaker ever worked but it certainly didn't while we were there.

The picture would rightly go with the Dawson stuff. Or Stewart City because we got to Henderson off the steamboat, onto Rudy Burian's boat, to the landing where my grandfather's pickup waited for the hair-raising ride to the camp.

That same summer, there was a bear that liked to race my grandfather's pickup. It was a huge, reddish-brown bear, which looked like it had grizzly in it. It would be eating blueberries by the bluff, spot the truck, cross the road, and lope along parallel to the truck. – Maribeth

Callison and Donald at Ballarat 1952

Photo Courtesy Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

I am told the red plane was a Stinson. With it are Mr. Donald and Mr. Callison at Ballarat 1952 picture. (I have no recollection of who Mr. Donald might be.)



The Ballarat picture would also go with the Dawson stuff, the Ballarat placer operation being "just over the hill" from Henderson.

Does anyone remember "Stampy" Smith who also flew his own plane? He flew into Henderson once that summer, too. I think he operated out of Ballarat but I could be wrong. Colorful character! - Maribeth Mainer

Sherron, I am sorry that I did not get back to you - but I did look at the picture and the man on the left is my dad, Pat Callison. I really have no idea who the other fellow could be. The Stinson, EZQ, I remember well because it is the airplane that our family flew in from Carcross to Dawson City in September of 1947. The experience was pretty exciting for us: moving to a new town and the beginning of "Callison's Flying Service". We fell in love with our new home, especially since it was the first time we had electric lights and indoor plumbing. Those were the days!!

Hope this is of some help.

Joan (Callison) Rodschat jrodschat@direct.ca

On the other hand, Sherron - after thinking about it awhile - Mr. Donald could be John Donald who was manager of the NC Store in Dawson, but I cannot be too sure. Hope someone else can verify this.

Joan Rodschat

The photo in question (CF-EZQ) is certainly Pat's Stinson 108-2, which was either a "Flying Stationwagon" or a "Voyager". Both looked identical outwardly, the difference being in the interior.

Regards – Bob Cameron

ON TOP OF THE WORLD



Photo forwarded by Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

The Yukon Rail photo was taken up at 40 Mile (across the river at Dawson). It is real. My dad took me there as a young teen and I walked the rail. The spoilage was dumped over the edge of the mountain and when I walked the rail there was more of it over the edge. I can't remember the exact location as I was young and dad was driving. I wonder if anyone could shine a light on the photo to jog my memory.

I got this photo off the net. Wanted to make sure you realized my dad didn't take the photo, although we spent many hours searching around the area. I was thrilled when I found this photo of the area on the net.

Sure hope someone knows some history on the area.

Donna Clayson



Dawson Ferry – Photo Courtesy Mike Paolera peasinapod@shaw.ca
It crosses the Yukon River at Dawson. 1970's photo.

KENO RE-CHRISTENED IN DAWSON

By Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca



Mrs. Goulter on the SS Keno at Dawson 1962

Photo Courtesy Ralph Lortie

Standing by the Keno is an elegant lady, Mrs. Goulter (pronounced Golter, I don't recall her first name). She lived on the NE corner of 4th & Hawkins. Mrs. Goulter was the mother of Mrs. Earl Brooks and Ann Stephenson. Earl Brooks was a Whitehorse businessman and, I think, owned a sawmill. Ann was the wife of Earl Stephenson, who was with Customs. Mrs. Goulter spent years in Whitehorse, while her husband remained on their homestead somewhere near Carmacks. Being a neighbour, she and my mother became close friends.

DAWSON ACTUALLY REVISITED

Mary Lou (Foster) Christensen louken@magma.ca

I am going to send the Dawson pictures - will send them in separate files in order to avoid one huge one. Hope they come out o.k.

I would love to attend one of the Yukoners banquet held in the spring - perhaps one day. I am from the '50's era and have managed to contact several old friends (thanks to the Moc Tel). Last month three of us had a mini reunion - myself, Gail Kolkind (she and her husband were visiting us in Ottawa) and Mike Robertson (he and his wife were visiting his sister Pat in Ottawa) - it was fun 'remembering when'...

Thanks for new listings - if the Shirley MacDonald is the one I remember - we were in Grade nine together back in '55-'56. I will drop her a note. I am still trying to locate Barb Underwood - have you come across that name?

Keep up the good work. You are bringing so much pleasure to us old Yukoners. Hope the pictures come through o.k. Let me know.

Mary Lou Christensen (Foster)



2003 – Palace Grand

Photo Courtesy Mary Lou (Foster) Christensen



1955 – Mme Tremblay's Store



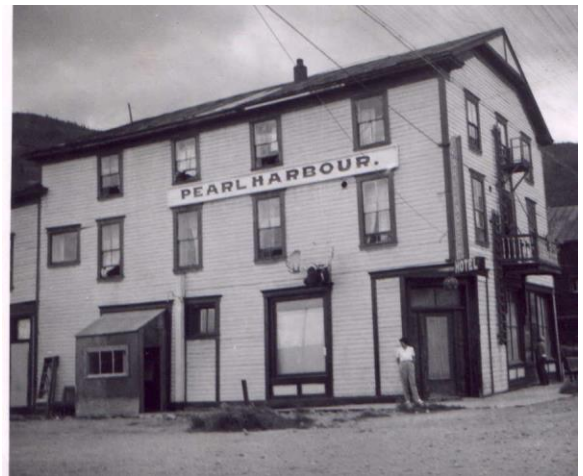
Photo's Courtesy Mary Lou (Foster) Christensen
2003 - Diamond Tooth Gerties



1955 – Palace Grand Hotel



2003 - Mme Tremblay's Store



1955 – Pearl Harbour Hotel



2003 – Robert Service’s Cabin



1955 - C.I.B.C.

Photo's Courtesy Mary Lou (Foster) Christensen



1955 – Robert Service’s Cabin



1955 - Alexander Hotel

(MaryLou had wondered if the Alexander Hotel photo was Elk’s Building and Fran Hakonson was able to tell us it was the Alexander Hotel building. See below.)

The photo of a building is the Alexandra Hotel. Front Street in Dawson City.
Bill and I ran the hotel from 1947 until the early 50's and we have a large pencil drawing of the hotel hanging in our home. Albert Fuhre was the artist that drew it.
Fran. Hakonson fhakon@cityofdawson.ca



SS Keno Photo Courtesy Mike Paolera
Restored stern-wheeled Riverboat at Dawson City, Yukon
This boat is open daily to the public during the summer months

GREAT NEWS FOR THOSE WITH SLOW DOWNLOAD SERVICE

Jenny Roberts came up with the solution for those who have a slow download connection to the Internet. She has set up the **Moccasin Telegraph** for **viewing, printing or download** (just copy and paste it to your own Word document). It is accessible via a simple **web link**. This way you can read it online or copy it into your own computer if you wish.

For those of us on high-speed connections it is not of particular value, but for many of you I expect it would be the preferred way to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**.

It is **not** an alternative to being on the mailing list, as we will be sending out the **e-mail address list** in the usual manner via e-mail.

This **web page** is **not** linked to a search engine, thereby keeping the information to this group.

I would appreciate it if you would respect the overall goal of this project and keep the link private. If the web link is given out to folks not on the e-mail address list they may find no reason to join us and share their e-mail address with us. This possibility is motivation enough for me to want to change the web address from time to time. I do wish to reconnect folks through this project and my position is that is best done by them joining us.

We have not yet fine-tuned how we will run this method of delivery to you.

In the case of this edition, I will **not** attach the MocTel or paste it into this e-mail, but instead give you the **web link** to visit it and see for you self if it will work for you.

I will still send periodic mailings of the **e-mail address list** via the e-mail address and also other brief communications that may be required.

So for now take a look at what **Jenny** has set up. View this weeks **Moccasin Telegraph #37** which has a link to a **new special edition** called **LePage Park**, as well as links to last weeks **Moccasin Telegraph #36** which includes a link to the **Hockey in Yukon** special edition at the bottom of the page at this address: <http://members.shaw.ca/MocTel1/index.html> This web address is likely to change next week.

If this method is not working for you contact me at: sherronjones@shaw.ca - Sherron Jones



Gold Brick – Photo courtesy Marian “Mogey” Mogenson
elgolfo@shaw.ca

This really consists of three photos placed together. In the first picture the miners at Ketza, heated the gold till it is a liquid and then poured it into rectangular pan. After that a miner hammers at it and knocks all the slag off. The first two steps are done in the dark. I used a flash to take the pictures.

Then we went out where it was brighter to do the rest. The mine was about to shut down because they would have had to put a leaching system in to make it worth while to mine any longer. They did not want to spend the money for the gold that was left in the mine because the price of gold was way down at the time.

WHITEHORSE CITY COUNCIL ELECTION RESULTS

Click on this URL for result:

<http://whitehorse.govoffice.com/vertical/Sites/{77FF5155-2407-453B-BAE8-67D8813B88C6}/uploads/{CAFC5FE3-E713-47A6-94A1-395A2D2DE907}.PDF>

Swearing in Oct 27, 2003.

Check out ‘election results’ stories in the Archives at Whitehorse Star

<http://www.whitehorsestar.com/>

FRESH ‘STUFF’

Submitted by Anne Domes octavia13@yknet.ca

Reading the MocTel always brings back memories and thoughts. My very first job in May of 1953 in Whitehorse was in the Whitehorse Inn Bakery. I wrapped and packed bread and pastry,

which were picked up by T&D and who ever else wanted them. Every Tuesday afternoon, a pilgrimage of Ladies with baskets or bags went by the bakery and I asked my boss Mrs. Ireland- where are the people going every Tuesday afternoon. Oh- she informed me- the boat was in and Taylor and Drury has fresh stuff. So I went to get some of the FRESH stuff- which existed of potatoes, turnips, apples mainly sometimes lettuce--after a few years it improved greatly and look at the Fresh stuff today. What a difference 50 years make.

LOST GRAVES REPLY

I was just reading about the grave on Bennett, and found it very interesting. Because, in about 1963 Carolee and I were in Calgary and went to church one Sunday, the pastor spotted us and asked us to come up and share some of our experiences in the north. After the service an elderly man by the name of Saunders came up to me and asked me if I knew where Bennett Lake was at. I said I sure do it was in part of my guiding area. And he proceeded to tell me about his father having died along with another man in a boating accident coming down the Lindeman River during the gold rush. He gave me his own address and asked if I would look for the grave site, When I was up there I did look around, but never did find it. As soon as I read this article I remembered the name,

I don't think this man in Calgary would be alive yet as he was in his sixties then. It would have been nice to be able to send this information to him.

Dave Harder daveharder@telus.net

OKANAGAN YUKONERS LUNCHEON PHOTOS

Dear Sherron, I did not find a picture of myself. I believe Jake's daughter Eileen and myself were signing in lunch guests at the door, at the time of picture taking. We both sat across from Jim Catto and his guest Harold Little. Harold was the person who won the door prize. In picture # 14, that is Walt Horoscoe. I do not know who the woman was.

You're doing a great job, I am so glad I signed up.

Dorothy Komish

I think the photo of the people from Cassiar is of Gina & Robert Duri , they live in Kelowna.
Frank Buckley

Then Marion Lyle found - There is a listing for a Robert and Virginia Duri in the Kelowna phone book. Address is 1333 Highland S. V1Y 3V9 --- Telephone # 763 2917. This seems to be the name Frank Buckley sent you.

So I phoned Virginia Duri and confirmed they were at the Luncheon. - Sherron

CORRECTION TO MOC TEL 36

Just a correction to your addition that I hired Jo Brown at the City, she was already there when I came. I joined her at the warehouse.

Vic Hoy

CORRECTIONS TO 'HOCKEY IN YUKON' SPECIAL EDITION

First of all I need to point out that there were several returned mails. Even when we tried sending the mail in two pieces the mail was returned. Most of them were to Hotmail accounts which are full. Those who missed it can view it at: <http://members.shaw.ca/MocTell/index.html> - Sherron

In the first paragraph, **Fred** McLaughlin should read **Les** McLaughlin. Ralph was thinking Fred Aylwin and Les McLaughlin and made one name out of it. – Sherron

In the picture " Whitehorse Merchants 1954" - Front row between Camray and Paul Roy I believe is **Jim (Red) Hunter**. I froze my butt many nights in the Penalty Box of the Old Whitehorse Arena in the early 60's.
(Penalty timekeeper/PA announcer.) - Gus Barrett.

In the lineup of the Merchants 1958-59 the back row third from the left is Lorne ??? The name you are looking for is **Lorne Vance**. Lorne worked with me at the power plant. - Henry Breden

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

Greetings from Castlegar, Sherron! My cousin, Joan Callison-Rodschat, just sent me an e-mail telling me to get my mother, Daisy Callison-Havdale-Welsh, on your mailing list. I am sure she will enjoy this as she is an old time Atlinite. She lived there from about 1938-1947 or thereabouts. She knows nothing of this yet but I would bet she has some good old stories to share. Her address is jehavdale@shaw.ca Julia Havdale

Request for registration to the Yukoners, Moccasin Telegraph Newsletter.

Name: David Hill & Georgette Hill (Berg) From: Whitehorse. David -- 10 years in the Yukon
Georgette -- 15 years in the Yukon

Married in Whitehorse in 1961 at the Catholic Church Three children born in 1962, 1963, 1964
in the Whitehorse General Hospital

Georgette's parents -- Peter & Irene Berg, David's parents -- Ralph & Gertrude Hill

e-mail: hill_rd@shaw.ca

David -- Whitehorse 1957 – 1967, Georgette -- Whitehorse 1948 - 1967

David & Georgette Hill 1802 Hawk Drive Courtenay, B.C. V9N 8S4 Phone 250-338-6821

Hi Mrs. Jones... my name is Scott Howell, and like most who subscribe to the moccasin telegraph I am a former Yukoner. In fact my wife Nina (formerly Grasholm) and I both grew up in the Yukon. We started our family there (3 kids) and left in 98 to seek greener pastures. I would very much enjoy being on your mailing list for this bit of our beloved Yukon. Please include us in your letter, and perhaps we can offer an occasional perspective from Lethbridge Alberta. Scott Howell showell@sutton.com

Greetings Sherron: I received an email from Reg Jensen of the Moccasin Telegraph with the Hockey News. That was GREAT. Super work by all involved. Great to see old pics and relive

old relationships via seeing the people and activities of our youth.

Would you please put my name on your email address list for future - and past - editions if I could receive them.

Is there a charge or fund we can contribute to to assist in the materials and work involved?

Look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely, Wayne Lee WHLEE@shaw.ca

Hey - you are quick on the draw. Thanks for the response to my request.

Our family moved to the YT in 1947 - I was 3 years old then - as missionaries to mainly the aboriginal peoples.

Dad started the Yukon Baptist Mission School about a year later and it operated until about 1960.

Betty is my sister and lives here in Abbotsford and looks after my mom who is in a rest home - she is now 85 but has had a stroke and cannot speak. Dave is my younger brother and he is in Calgary. I am sure he will be interested in learning about your project.

Currently, I am semi-retired and live about 5 blocks away from Jim Perry here in Abbotsford.

It is great to hear about the others; I'm sorry but I don't remember who you are. Were you or are you from the YT?

Tell me about yourself and your project. This is great and I'm sure my kids will enjoy the letters and picture, etc... that you are collecting and sending.

Keep well. Thanks, Wayne Lee

Hi, Sherron. Thanks for the note on Wayne Lee.

I did send a note to Wayne. Having lived just across 4th Ave. from the Mission School, I saw Wayne often.

We are both in the Whitehorse Beverages team photo.

Regards. Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca

Could you please add my name to the Ex-Yukoners & Sourdough List.

THOMPSON, Sharon sthompson202@shaw.ca (Whitehorse 1977-91) Surrey, BC

Thanks a lot, Sharon Thompson

Hi Sherron, I would like to register for moccasin telegraphs, I'm a Yukoner and Dorothy Komish told me about this. We just got a computer recently so are new at this e-mail business, thank you for this info. Alex Black, Watson Lake, but here for the winter.

Moved to Watson Lake April early fifties, 1950's that is. Living in Penticton for winter and exploration work in summer in the Yukon. Hope to add some tales to your telegraph one day.

Going to see my very good friend Jake in the hospital again.

Thank Alex Black lavagold@telus.net

Hi Sherron, I heard about this publication through the grape vine and was wondering if I could be included on your list of subscribers.

I was born and raised in Whitehorse (1948 - 1967) and would be interested in reading some of the past publications as well.

Thank you very much.

Dave Lee, President Final Cut Digital Studio 56 Hidden Way N.W. Calgary, AB Canada T3A 5S8 Tel: (403) 295-1646 Fax: (403) 730-0072 Email: finalcut@shaw.ca

Web Site: <http://www.finalcutdigitalstudio.netfirms.com>

Hello! I received your email about the Moccasin Telegraph this morning, and I think it's a wonderful idea!

We're Duncan and Sheila Ross (Proctor) and I lived in Whitehorse from infancy till 1967. My parents were Leo & Irene Proctor who lived in the Yukon from 1940 - 1970. Duncan & I have lived mostly in California since leaving the Yukon, although now we spend half the year near Toronto, ON. We have 6 kids and 6 grandkids I certainly enjoyed seeing so many familiar names in the Telegraph, and would appreciate you adding our name and email addy to the membership list.

Thanks! Sheila Ross sross@bconnex.net

Dear Sherron, I would like to join the Ex-Yukoners and Sourdoughs email list. My name is Nikki Buckler of Whitehorse. I am the daughter of Bill and Jeri Weigand residing now in Vancouver's Yaletown.

I would enjoy reading all the stories, seeing photos, etc as I have lived a long time in the Yukon (since 1965) when my Mother moved here.

Thank you for adding me to this website,

Sincerely, Nikki Buckler nikkiandgrant@yt.sympatico.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I would like to change my e-mail address. I enjoy all the moc tel. and would hate to miss any of them. My new address is..... mhensley_1@sbcglobal.net Merna Hensley formerly Trebell

Could you please change my e-mail address to just buckway@yknet.ca . The old address will be inactive shortly and I don't want to miss any MocTels!

Thanks, Pam Buckway

Can you please once again update our e-mail addresses for your mailouts and correspondence.

Samson Hartland's new e-mail : grizzly@northwestel.net

Lewis & Connie Hartland's new e-mail: hartland@northwestel.net

Cheers! Samson

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

You never miss the water till the well runs dry

RECIPE OF THE WEEK (These are delicious. – Sherron)
Submitted by Alice Breaden abreaden@shaw.ca

Orange Muffins

1 Orange skin and all
1/2 cup orange juice or 1 ripe banana or 1/2 cup chopped dates.
1 egg
1/2 cup melted margarine
3/4 cup sugar (I only use 1/2 cup)

Put all these ingredients in food processor.

Mix 1-1/2 cup flour
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp salt

Mix everything together add raisins if you so wish
Bake for 20 min at 400 degrees.
Enjoy

HELPFUL HINTS

Special Characters and Symbols

See the complete chart at: www.okteachme.com/symbols.htm. The symbols are a little easier to see that way.

Want to know how to create special characters like fractions or accented letters? There are some cool keyboard combinations that produce these and many other symbols. They work in most Windows programs such as Word, Notepad, WordPad and e-mail.

Two rules: you must have your "**Num Lock**" **engaged** (if the Num Lock light is off, hit the 'Num Lock' key) and **you must use the numeric keypad** on the right side of your keyboard, not the number keys across the top.

For the following characters, hold down your Alt key while you enter all the numbers. When you release the Alt key, the character will appear.

(This is **just a sampling** of what is available, see the web link below.)

Accented Letters & Umlauts

Á = Alt+0193 ë = Alt+137

á = Alt+160 í = Alt+161

À = Alt+0192 ì = Alt+141

æ = Alt+145 ö = Alt+148

Æ = Alt+146 Ö = Alt+153

è = Alt+138 ü = Alt+129

Ê = Alt+0202 Ü = Alt+154

ê = Alt+136 ÿ = Alt+152

Fractions and Other Symbols

£ = Alt+156 ç = Alt+168

½ = Alt+171 ® = Alt+0174

¼ = Alt+172 © = Alt+0169

¾ = Alt+0190 ® = Alt+0174

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **thirty-six previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **fourteen special editions**.

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.

We have also come up with a way of placing the past editions into e-mail accounts online and we can provide you with the instructions and password, which will enable you to retrieve them yourself.

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

Contact Sandy at northernlyght@shaw.ca

DATES TO REMEMBER

For Vancouver Yukoners events check <http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/index.htm> or contact President Don Murray at - donaldmurray@telus.net or Secretary Nancy Moulton at - nancymoulton@telus.net The Banquet will be on March 27, 2004 this year. Regards: Lowell

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**.

I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list.

The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca