

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – FORTY SECOND EDITION – Dec. 7, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Immature Bald Eagle and Hoarfrost Background

Photo courtesy Doug Bell

The eagles are arriving at Haines now. Here's an immature bald eagle as the bird experts call them - the trees behind were covered with hoarfrost making a gorgeous background. - Doug

POLITICALLY CORRECT

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

While sitting at the waterfront,
With no place else to go,
I heard the strangest argument,
‘Tween a raven and a crow.
It seems it started friendly like,
As to which should be the bigger,
But escalated when the raven
Called the crow a nigger.

A passing duck could not resist
The urge to add his quack,
And offered his opinion that
The proper term was “black”.

A wise old goose that overheard,
Said, as far as he could see,
The prudent phrase to use would be,
A “visible minority”.

Two seagulls squawking noisily,
Said “African” was right,
But the raven wouldn’t listen
Because gulls are mostly white.
While all the birds were bickering.
Creating quite a din,
It seemed to me that all of them
Were imitating men.

An eagle soaring overhead,
All bird life to protect.
Suggested that, politically,
“Coloured” would be correct.
While combatants bickered noisily,
As to which term would fit.
The eagle tired of the game
And bombed them all with shit.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF TAKHINI HOTSPRINGS AND AREA

By Vic Hoy vichoy@vip.net

Been a busy couple of weeks so I only got the Takhini Hot Springs edition downloaded last night and it brought back a lot of memories, some sharp some hazy.

I first saw the Hot Springs pool in the early morning hours sometime (I think) the summer of '52. I had worked on shift at the airport comm centre (in the RCAF) and gotten off at midnight when one of the 4 people who worked with me suggested we pay a trip to the Hot Springs. In the car, down the road, hoping all the while the car wouldn't break down, and out to the pool. It was not quite all dark, but dark enough not to be able to see totally clearly. I was advised we'd be sneaking in. We arrived with no one seemingly around in attendance, 4 very nervous teenagers (I was 19) and one so-called adult, the instigator. We quickly stripped to bathing suits and went in and were amazed at the warmth, also at the murkiness, and slipperiness. After a quick dip, and trying to be quiet so if there were someone around we wouldn't make them stir. We sat for a bit, then dressed and headed back to barracks.

My next visit there about a year later the pool this time seemed to be made of cement and quite different from the first visit, again amazing to a suburban kid from Southern Ontario. Over my years in the Yukon the Hot Springs was on the top of the list for anyone visiting, to head to after cutting wood, and generally a place to go to enjoy life in a relaxed manner.

The Hot Springs stand out for a couple more reasons; one, the Hot Springs Road was my favourite place for some years to go grouse hunting. The second involved motorcycles. When I was hardware manager and buyer for NC Company in the 60's, I was sent on a buying trip to Vancouver. There I was put in touch with the Yamaha company and committed NC Co. to be the Yukon dealer for their product, bought 6 step through 90 cc motorcycles, one 250 cc racer and headed back to Whitehorse. Close to being fired by Jim Cameron the general manager for my purchases I guaranteed to sell those bikes! Hougen's was doing it with Hondas, why couldn't we with Yamahas. Having bought them for sale, I had to learn how to ride them. One of the butchers at NC was Mike Hollingdale, an emigrated English fellow with motorcycle experience. He taught me how to ride in the alley between NC Co. and the Whitehorse Inn. Having gone through that, sold a few, bought more, made some motorcycling friends.

Freddy Howard and myself heard there was a trail from the Hot Springs to the Dawson-Mayo Road, so we set out from the Hot Springs to find it. I think we found it, not sure, anyway whatever trail we were on went in the right direction, but after an eventful, spill-filled ride, bent fenders, skinned legs, and bug filled visors, we came across what seemed to be a burned out bridge. By then we were too tired to try to go farther so we returned and gave up for then.

Later after some hazy directions from locals, Moe Grant for one who had seen the trail from the air we started from the Dawson-Mayo side, but ran into the same problem, so again after most of a day more off the bike than on, more bruises, scratches, and bites, we called it quits and headed home.

The Hot Springs will always have a special place in life for me, as will the many motorcycle trips I took. I'll have to tell you about one that Danny Bereza and I took one May to see his friend Herman Peterson in Atlin. That was before Danny was a real full fledged commercial pilot and was filling in working in the NC hardware department with me, and it was also a trip to remember....another time.

OBITUARY

Another Yukoner has gone Down the Trail

James (Red) Hunter born July 26, 1924 passed away Nov. 29, 2003. Predeceased by the first love of his life Helen, his youngest son, Ken and two brothers, Don and Les. Helen and Jim raised their three children in Yukon, and those years built his character, good humour and love of the outdoors. We knew Red best from the many falls that he and Roy Newton fished salmon over at Haines, Alaska. They were both fine men, and many laughs while we all beat the water! The Hunters had first a Cabin at Tagish, and later a cabin on the shores of Marsh Lake. You did not have to wonder where the name Red came from because of his red hair. He was an avid curler with his in-laws, Bert, Kip and Clive Boyd. Helen and Jim retired to Qualicum Beach where he curled and later took on golfing. Jim and his second love of his life, Elaine had a very happy seven years together, as Elaine and her family gave Jim a new lease on life. He often spoke of how lucky a man he was to have been blessed twice in his life. Jim will be missed by Elaine and his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. He was a caring gentle husband, father,

grandfather and friend. By request there will not be a service, but family and friends will meet at Jim and Elaine's home in Qualicum Beach Friday Dec. 5th to celebrate the life of a great Yukoner. In lieu of flowers, please make a donation to the Cancer Society, Heart and stroke Fund or charity of your choice.

Henry Breaden breaden@shaw.ca



Snow Sculpture Jan 2003

Photo Courtesy of Doug Bell

I spoke with CBC's Arnold Hedstrom this morning to get some info on a photo I'll send later. It's a snow carving done here last Jan. by Mike Lane, Don Watt and Gisli Balzar for a CBC-TV Christmas special to be aired in December. The program which is supposed to show the snow sculpture carved here is called **Snowbirth** and is to be shown **18 Dec**, in the evening. It's **nation wide CBC** he said. He said he'd call back with final info but nothing yet.

Doug Bell



St. Mary's School – Dawson City 1949-50
Photo courtesy Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca

Can anyone fill in a few missing names?

Our 1-room school consisted of Grades 1 to 8

Back Row: Rod Kilbride, Gordon Kilbride

3rd Row: Joe Hanulik, Anna Hanulik, Marie Nielsen, ?, Anne Poirier, Catherine Firth

4th Row: Billy Nielsen, Sheila Coell, Sister Mary Anthony, Vivian Lelievre, Sheila Firth

Either Side of Desk: Phyllis Nielsen, Alec Comadina

Front Row: A Nielsen?, Johnny Dines, A Nielsen?, Chuck Coell, Marie Comadina, Arlene Lelievre, AnneMarie Telep, Judy Lelievre

THIS 'N THAT

Well done, Sherron and all your hardworking team!

I was just reading the Takhini issue.

I remember both the log pool and the first cement one. Slippery!

Made another connection: The John MacIsaac who punched the road in would have been our one time neighbour with the garden hose that fascinated us with its novelty. He and his family moved to Vancouver. Dad tells a story of helping him to move into a top floor of the Marine building, beyond the elevator's reach.

I notice that no one told of TC Richards' "tradition" of finishing of New Years' festivities with a dip in Takhini. Given that a lot of alcohol AND driving and various other risks attendant on that practice, I can see why. I don't know if he actually did it or how many joined him. I just remember him talking it up as a great thing to do.

I had completely forgotten about the old roads to the top of the hill. As soon as I read about it, I could visualize the remnants of the one but not the other.

Has anyone come up with a story about the Whitehorse crematorium relic? How did it get there? Who built it and when? How did it get to be just the shell it was by the early fifties?

I started downloading the issues to disc but realized on issue 9 that I am going to have to compress the files or learn how to burn them to CD. I really had not appreciated, until recently, that I should be keeping these stories, for myself.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca



Moving Day – Dawson City 1949

Photo courtesy Vivian (Lelievre) Stuart lornellis@shaw.ca

The story goes that the Ravenhill's were moving and some of us decided to help move a few clothes.

L to R: Barry Ravenhill, Sharon Berg, Arlene Lelievre, Heather Berg, Ann Ravenhill, Judy Lelievre, Vivian Lelievre

A ROSE IN THE NORTH

By Joe E. Vigneau

Have you ever traveled the Yukon?
The scenery blows your mind.
And then there's Dawson City
Which takes you back in time.

Then on a rare occasion,
Like a nugget in the hills,
You'll find a flower so pretty
It makes your heart stand still.

She flies around our eating place,
Like the elusive butterfly.
Then gone, like the miner's dreams of riches.
Where, you ask? She's off to check the dishes.

She greets us every morning,
With a smile that warms your bones.
And makes you forget for a little while
That you're six thousand miles from home.

I try to win her confidence
In my clumsy, old fashioned way
And perhaps, within the next two weeks
I'll find a reason to stay.

{Written for someone in 1996 whom he hoped would one day become his wife.
She did in 1999.}

BUSH PILOT SPECIAL EDITION

Great issue on the bush flying. Brings back many familiar names and events.

Bud Holbrook, was Blanche's dad. One small correction by the way - he crashed in 1950, not 1949.

I was a "spotter" in one of the RCAF Dakotas on the Search for George Milne's plane; I was still in the Force (*RCMP*) at that time.

You done good.

Gus (& Blanche) Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca



SHEEP MOUNTAIN IN KLUANE NATIONAL PARK

Photo courtesy of Moge Mogenson

This cabin was never lived in as far as I know since I moved to the Yukon in 1962. It is situated at the bottom of Sheep Mountain on the north side of the Slims River bridge. I don't know if it has changed hands since 1990 but the owner at that time was Franny Weller nee Fromme. I do believe Fromme's owned it for a long time. It was used on occasion for hunting stay-overs only.



Dahl Sheep on Sheep Mountain May 2000

Photo Courtesy Bill & Rusty Reid

KLUANE NATIONAL PARK

Submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

The park is located in the southwest corner of the Yukon. Highway #3 follows the southeast section. The Alaska Highway #1, the Kluane Game Sanctuary and Kluane Lake from east to west. The park may be accessed by either Highway #1 or #3. There is no road access into the park.

The Park was established in 1972 and has some of the most varied habitat in Yukon Territory. Within the 2,201,500 ha (22,015 sq. km) boundaries of Kluane National Park are the St. Elias Mountains, which contain Canada's highest peaks and the world's largest non-polar icefields. Valley glaciers including the Donjek, Lowell and Kaskawulsh, many great rivers and their tributaries flow from these icefields. A large movement of alpine glaciation, water and wind erosion and tectonic adjustments are constant and contribute to the park's young landscape. There are two major zones within Kluane: the icefields, which are largely inaccessible, and the greenbelt where a wide variety of plant, bird and wildlife thrive. Species thrive in the park such as Dall sheep, grizzly bears, moose, lynx, wolves and wolverines as well as golden and bald eagles, ptarmigans, magpies, arctic terns and peregrine falcons. A variety of asiatic, coastal, arctic, northern prairie and western mountain species are found in the Kluane yet not outside it. There are three basic life zones in the park; the grasslands in the low areas and valley bottoms, the montane forest zone of white spruce, aspen and poplar and the subalpine zone where the trees are stunted and gnarled. Above this is the alpine tundra, with its treeless expanse. Species such as arctic poppies, purple saxifrage, mountain heather and moss campion.

Kluane National Park and Reserve was established in 1976 and spans Along with British Columbia's Tatshenshini-Alsek Wilderness Park and Alaska's Wrangell-St. Elias and Glacier Bay national parks, Kluane is a part of the largest international UNESCO World Heritage Site in the world.

LIFE AS A DOG MUSER

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

I have so many wonderful memories of my dog mushing days. Our business was called Northern Lites Kennels and our main purpose was Sprint Racing and to have fun running a professional team.

I had always been under the impression that dog mushing was a cruel sport and mentioned this to Paul Sheridan, a well-known musher that lived outside of Whitehorse. He tried his best to convince me that wasn't so and when he asked if I'd be interested in trying out this sport I thought he was kidding. He said he would loan me a small team along with a sleigh and, if after trying the sport I didn't like it I could return the animals and all equipment. However, if I did decide to keep the team he would sell me everything I needed at a nominal fee.

The next day Paul delivered six energetic full-trained huskies along with their harnesses and sleigh. My former husband, Rick probably thought I was crazy to take on such a challenge but he certainly didn't try to talk me out of it either. After some quick lessons from the pro on how to harness the dogs and hook them up to the sleigh Paul left us on our own.

Paul told us we could use his well-maintained trail he had built on his property. While hooking up the dogs I was impressed by how enthusiastic they were to get into harness and when I shouted, "let's go!" the dogs burst onto the well-worn trail. With both feet firmly planted on each runner and my white knuckles glued to the handlebar the trees flew by. What an exhilarating feeling! As the dogs ran and with the traces taunt I knew I was hooked. I don't

remember how far we went that day. I do remember, though, how overwhelming the quietness was. All that could be heard were the dogs panting and the sound of the runners on the snow. Before hitting the trail Paul told me if I wanted to turn around and come back to the dog lot to yell 'Gee' (for right) or 'Haw' (for left) and tell the leader, "Go Home!" When I told the team to 'Gee!' the well-trained leader turned immediately, almost dumping me in the snow bank alongside the trail. I thought the team was in after-burner state when we had left but I was mistaken once they realized they were going home to a well-deserved meal. We were back in the dog lot in what seemed like minutes.

As the end of the trail came into view I tried to remember what Paul said about stopping. I glanced down at the metal brake that was attached to the sleigh by a rope and that was draped over the back of the sled. Carefully I reached down and grabbed the brake and just about lost my balance. With the metal hook firmly in my grasp I stepped on the other brake that was attached to the underside of the sleigh. Slowly I pumped this many-toothed metal brake into the snow hollering to the leader to "Whoa". We didn't stop immediately but I felt completely under control and master of the sled. Once stopped, I reached down and slammed the hook I was holding into the snow. I was laughing and crying at the same time. What an experience, what a rush! As Paul showed me how to unhook the dogs and in what sequence the dogs were probably glad to be rid of this weird woman. Paul prepared their meal and I headed for my truck to get my chequebook. As I handed over payment for my new friends and equipment I also apologized to Paul for thinking this sport was cruel and thanked him for giving me the opportunity at trying a sport I have continued to love and miss. As the years went by that point was proven over and over again that these dogs were happy in harness. I remember, years later, when I had to retire one of the dogs due to age how he would whine and carry on as I hooked up the team and as we left him behind I stole a glance at the sad, dejected figure tied up to the doghouse. I sold that dog to a friend who wanted a pet and he spent his last remaining years with a loving family.

Over the years I had several different teams that I could use in various races. We had a 12-dog team for long races; a 6-dog team that I usually used and a 1-dog team that my daughters used as early as 2 years of age. I couldn't handle 12 dogs – they were too powerful for me and felt more comfortable with a smaller team. I learned how to whistle when I wanted to get their attention for an upcoming command. I now use that same whistle when I want to get my husband's attention when he is somewhere on the acreage. We ran mostly Siberian Huskies with some crossed with Irish Setter. I remember some mushers even tried using Salukies and Newfoundland dogs but they were hard keepers and too much upkeep. I even saw a Doberman as a lead dog at a race. In the early 1970's we had 100+ dogs.

At one of our first races Sox, the lead dog collapsed before the race was done. Paul was quite upset with us saying we were starving the dogs. I was still very new to the sport and quite naïve about feeding a working dog. Under Paul's firm guidance and after reading several books on nutrition I was able to come up with a diet conducive to winning races.



Donna coming home from a race. The dogs were tired as it was quite warm that day and were due for a well-deserved drink. Note: the lead dogs are purebred Siberian; behind them in the swing position is a Siberian mix and behind in wheel position is Sox (part wolf/Siberian) and Red a purebred Irish Setter.

There was a real science as to how to prepare the food. Each dog would have to be weighed to mathematically map out his or her optimum weight. Depending on their size, weight and metabolism I could calculate how much to feed each one to keep them in peak condition. I couldn't allow any animal to be overweight or underweight. I measured and cooked white rice and oatmeal in separate pots. While this was cooking I measured out dry dog food and added warm water. If the water was too hot then the result would be mushy, too cold then the dry food wouldn't mix properly. The only time I fed the food mushy is before I race. I would then add the cooked mixtures to the wet food and add to that fishmeal and milk replacer, normally used for calves. This concoction would be placed into a 5-gallon pail and in another pail would be warm water and brewers yeast. I used large metal ketchup cans as a feeding dish. Depending on how much a particular dog was permitted to eat I would scoop either one cup or two cups of mush into the can. On top of the food I would scoop one cup of the water mixture. If this wasn't done this way the dogs would not drink and become dehydrated thereby they were forced to drink before they ate. The system worked well and the dogs thrived. I kept the dogs in a lot on the Dawson Road so it was easier to carry the food in pails.

Before a race the dogs were fed differently. The dry feed was prepared with warmer water to make the mixture quite mushy, and again the water/brewer yeast poured on top. They were only fed half the normal feed which gave them energy and allowed them to empty their bowels on the run. If you've ever seen mushers coming off the trail at the end of a race and they're covered with brown spots this explains why. The dogs would be heated up after the race so I usually waited for at least a half hour before I fed them and at least 10 minutes before giving them water.

During a race you don't want the animals grabbing snow due to thirst. One dog grabbing snow due to thirst could disrupt the smooth rhythm the team had settled into. To combat this we carried along a spray bottle filled with lemon juice. Just before leaving the gate I would spray each dogs' mouth with lemon, thereby taking away their thirst.

The race course was divided into various lengths. For a twelve-dog team the run could be 15 miles and for six dogs – 6 to 8 miles long. We stuck strictly with sprint racing although Rick once ran the Carcross to Atlin Mail Run which was 80 miles over two days in 1975. The story on this run was written in Edition 4 and well worth the read.

I have several interesting stories on experiences we encountered over the years while we had our team. Next week I'll write about some of them.



The Overland Stage, The Old White Pass Depot, and a motorcycle with a ski & a sidecar on skis.

Motorcycle driven by Slim Keobke with T.C. Richards as the passenger.

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

The one of the old overland stage was typical, and that is what the depot looked like before it was renovated. The one of the motorcycle was driven by Slim Keobke. Slim was Bucky's uncle, another nickname, but in a disc here I have his proper given name. Bucky's father was Neil, and I don't think he ever obtained a nickname. Whenever we were going up or down the valley we always dropped in on Neil and Daisy in Sardis. They were both fantastic people, and it was a sad day when they went down the trail. If you notice, the motorcycle front wheel was replaced with a ski, as was the sidecar wheel. That was common in early years, and at Mayo, Bill Geoffrey had a Henderson motorcycle fitted up the same way for work at Mayo Lake.

Henry Breaden

* * *

After reading about the Overland Trail from Takhini Hot Springs to Braeburn, I thought it might be worth noting the trail has recently seen a revival. So here's my story.

John Firth

The Trail Reborn

By John Firth John.Firth@clarica.com

By the early 1990s, the stretch of the White Pass trail between the Takhini River Crossing and Braeburn had become not much more than a barely discernible overgrown trail. The only individual who used it on a regular basis was Jorg Hofer, a trapper who used the route as a trapline and considered it to be his own private property. According to Steve Watson, owner of Braeburn Lodge on the Klondike Highway, there was a very small traffic of snow machines in winter and the occasional mountain biker in summer.

In 1995, Yukon Quest International decided to look for an alternate route to get the dog teams off Lake Laberge. The basic criteria for designating a Yukon Quest trail are safety and historical relevance.

As president of YQI, it was my job to explore options so, in the spring of 1995, my friend Fred Farkvam and I skied the Overland Trail from Takhini Hot Springs to Braeburn. Despite being a little twisting in spots and being heavily overgrown in others, we felt it was a safe trail for the race. Along the way we found an old Caterpillar parked on the side of the road along with several other twisted metal pieces and rusting oil drums. The wooden cab had rotted away but the carriage, engine and tracks – though rusty - were still in recognizable shape. From the design of the tracks on the Cat. it would be from the era during which "Spot Cash" Breaden operated cat trains along the trail. From the photos in the article by Henry Breaden, I would venture to guess this was the location of the first stop from Whitehorse. I do have a photo of the site.

We also found a grave on the side of the trail (approximately midway) and there were a number of small shelters, few of which provided any protection any more, spaced out along the route.

I checked with John Cormie, at that time Deputy Minister for Community and Transportation with the Yukon Government, and found out the entire trail was still categorized as a legal highway, with a 20-foot right of way on each side of the centre line. The existing trail no longer followed the centre line, but the majority fell within the right of way.

There appeared to be no reason why the Quest couldn't use the trail so we announced that the Overland Trail from the Takhini River Crossing to Braeburn would be the route of the 1996 and future Yukon Quests.

We received two significant responses to our announcement.

The first, from Peter Greenlaw of the Trans-Canada Trail committee, was supportive. His committee was also considering the Overland Trail as the first part of the Trans Canada Trail to be developed in the Yukon. They were unaware that we were looking at it for YQI until we announced it, but wanted to put their support behind our plan in exchange for our support for

theirs. No problem.

The second, from Jurg Hofer, was more controversial. He took the position that upgrading the trail would disrupt the wildlife in the area, destroy his livelihood and intrude upon his almost exclusive use of the trail. As the Yukon's most productive trapper at the time, he had the support of the Yukon Trappers Association.

His first two allegations (destroy wildlife and affect livelihood) were debunked fairly quickly by other trappers who pointed out that all traplines are snowmobile or dog sled trails and history indicated that increased traffic actually improved trapping yields. So the real issue appeared to be his desire to keep the trail essentially to himself.

A confrontation brewed. While it is illegal to place traps on a trail, it is legal to place traps beside the trail. Hofer stated that he would leave all of his traps active during the time of the Yukon Quest and mushers would run the trail at their own risk. Having made the decision to use the Overland Trail, YQI also set up a contingency plan. It is illegal to spring someone else's traps, but it is legal to set up warning markers to identify where the traps are located. The Canadian Rangers were going to precede every dog team along the trail and mark the location of the traps.

In fact, our thinking was that the Yukon Government, who had just become a major partner in the Yukon Quest, had too much to lose if this got out of hand. We anticipated they would step in with a solution and as the first teams approached Braeburn, they did. Tourism Minister Doug Phillips called Jurg Hofer and offered to pay him to spring the traps. Hofer accepted, but said while he himself wouldn't spring the traps, the Yukon Government had his permission to do so - which they did. The 1996 race passed along the Overland Trail without any mishap. A year later, Hofer sprung all his traps before the race and, in 1998, YQI and the Yukon Government assisted him in moving his trapline off the highway right-of-way and across the valley. Jurg has also been a supporter of the Quest since our 1996 tussle.

Yukon Quest has used the trail every year since.

The Trans Canada Trail committee started their upgrade of the trail in 2000 and essentially completed it in 2001. They still have a small summer program each year to maintain and improve the trail. The trail now resembles some of the single lane rutted roads of the 1950s that I can recall bumping over while motoring around in my parent's car. When we rode into sections of it in 2002 and 2003, we found the area had been cleaned up, the trail widened and brushed and there was a fair amount of foot and bike traffic (no motorized vehicles are allowed although we did encounter a few 4-wheel drive trucks on the southern part of the route). There are bridges or walkways over some of the creeks and swamps along the way, some of them built with funds granted by Yukon Foundation. Steve Watson now considers the travellers off the Overland Trail as a part of his business at Braeburn Lodge.

The Caterpillar that Fred and I saw in 1995 is gone. So too are many of the small shelters. But the bears are still there. In 2002, about 20 miles from Braeburn Lodge, we encountered the largest grizzly I have ever come across. Fortunately we saw her and her cub before she saw us.

I'm not even sure she knew we were there but then I only had eyes for the road ahead as we highballed out of there. It's amazing what a little history and a bear will do for your adrenalin levels.



Log Skycraper – Whitehorse
Photo courtesy Michael Paolera

Here is a photo of the Log skyscrapers. My father Angelo Paolera and his business partner Gordy Holland won the contract to renovate the buildings (mid 1970s). With the help of Andy Hooper they raised the buildings and put in the foundations.

Here is the Photos story. A favourite camera subject with tourists, this 3-story log skyscraper was built by Martin Berrigan in the 1940's to ease the housing shortage Whitehorse when 30,000 construction workers arrived to build the Alaska Highway.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH ARCHIVED

Hi Sherron,

May I offer my heartiest congratulations to you and the MocTel team for having been adopted by the Yukon Archives. It is an accolade to be shared by all those who contribute to this wonderful magazine.

The preservation of the history of the "Yukoners" is testament to the courage and determination of those who have experienced the challenges that this great country has put before them, the material that we are now able to read in the Moccasin Telegraph is the 'Gold' of the Yukon.

You must be very proud of your team Sherron.

Kindest regards, Dennis Eve dennis.eve@virgin.net

(Honorary member, contributor to Freemasonry special edition. Dennis Eves lives in England.)

Thank you Dennis, I am bursting with pride and my team is everyone who has contributed information to the MocTel. I thank them and wish them to share in the pride of their contribution to Yukon history. - Sherron

Sherron:

You sure are doing one fine job. That bit about Archives is a real compliment to your efforts. By the way I have a question for your readers if you could use it sometime. I'm curious about the number of uses the 45-gallon has been put to over the years. It might be an interesting exercise.

Pearl & Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

Again the credit goes to those who have been so kind as to share their historically worthy material. – Sherron

ARMY IN WHITEHORSE

Greetings - Just read with interest re the hot springs. Can just remember we visited it once, but not sure how we got there!!!

BUT - I beg to differ with whoever said the Cdn Army was not in Whitehorse until...

As a matter of fact the then - Royal Canadian Core of Signals - had been in Whitehorse and 21(?) stations total - in the north since 1921 when stations were set up to monitor the north. There was a single quarters next to the station and other's lived 'on the economy'!!! Not too many personnel were there - ? McLeod (can't just bring up his first name), Ron Greenslade - his mother came in '98 I believe - Lloyd Martin and Bruce and a couple other single chaps. Soooo, they made up the Cdn Army in 1948 - in the town at least.

Do enjoy your epistles, what a lot of work for you, but you must enjoy it - hearing from everyone. Must find out if an ex-Mountie and his wife in Blind River have a computer, as they would be most interested.

Regards Issie (Isobel Cameron) issie@magma.ca

CHANGE LISTING

Hi Sherron, I am Not sure when you are going away? I would prefer to have the Mocketl sent by e-mail, the other is Greek to me as I only know about hotmail and even that is limited. I would like to send a bit of history and a poem around Xmas when I have some time but not sure if your mailbox will get too full if you are not at home. Also my name in the Yukon was **Peg Simpson** so I was wondering if it should be listed in the S section as such, with my name Margaret Henderson beside it. I don't remember last names very well so not sure if I know anyone on the list. I worked at YTG in the old and new building. When I send my history and

poem maybe someone will remember me.

Regards...Margaret (Peg Simpson) maghendy@hotmail.com

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

My husband and I have really enjoyed the Moccasin Telegraph. One day we will get our act together and send in a story.

Our good friends Ian and Kay Campbell would like to receive the MocTel and to be put on the list of e-mail addresses.

Their address is

Ian & Kay Campbell campbell@polarcom.com Ian in Whitehorse since 1949 & Kay since 1959

Thank you Frank and Arleen Kovac

Hi Sherron

My name is Bob Park and I have lived in Whitehorse and have since 1964. I received a copy of the MocTel through Jim Robb.

I have been corresponding with Ralph Lortie on some old hockey photos and he gave me your e-mail address.

I would like to subscribe to the MocTel.

Thanks Bob Park goldpan99@hotmail.com

Hi Sherron

I am a new contact for your wonderful mailing list, having been referred by Rusty Reid.

Would you please add Judy Linton. Her e-mail address is asl@polarcom.com.

Thanks, Joyce Bachli mega@internorth.com

Hi Sherron

I have lived in the Yukon since 1976, came up here in a 1963 Plymouth Slant-six Valiant when the roads were hairpin curves and television was a week late in arriving!

Judy Linton says she has been here for 23 1/2 years, and she still lives in Whitehorse out at Pilot Mountain.

By the way, do you mind if I refer other people to you for inclusion, or what is the protocol for doing so? I know some people like Bill Rendall who were born here (actually in Dawson City), but many of these guys do not have computers - too bad, as I am sure they have some wonderful stories. Another old prospector I have tried to get his stories even on tape is Wally Hyde.

I am a court reporter and used to do a lot of court circuits. That was really fun, because in those days, we actually got involved with the community, whether it was baseball or bingo or a community dance, a funeral even. When I hear people complaining about the accommodations in the communities nowadays, I just laugh. I can remember actually doing shorthand with my gloves on and still freezing or attending circuit court in Dawson City when it was over 50 below and being in the Order of Pioneer Hall, fully clothed in parka, etc. and still shivering!

Joyce Bachli mega@internorth.com

Hi Sherron, my name is Joseph Carl (Joe) Roenspies, I spent just over 35 years in the RCMP, 5 1/2 of which was in the Yukon and close to another 4 1/2 in the NWT. I arrived in Whitehorse on June 3, 1960, and stayed there until after hockey season in 1961, I think it was April 4th when I left for Mayo. I had played softball with the RCMP in the Army league up the hill, and come winter, I played hockey with the Army team in the town league. We won the championship that year and right after the playoffs I was on the road north to Mayo. I stayed there until I was transferred temporarily to Dawson City to help prepare for the gold rush festival in 1962. In the meantime, I married Mary Teresa (Terry) Kelly, a teacher from Montreal, in Whitehorse June 23, 1962 and went back for the summer to Dawson City as a single man (just what I needed.) All RCMP leave was cancelled until after the festival.

When the festival was over I was transferred back to Whitehorse, played ball and hockey again with the Military city team. This time we didn't do so well, losing out to the town Merchants. On August 16, 1963, my wife gave birth to Colleen Ann and two years later to the day, gave birth to our son, Royce. In 1963/64, I again played hockey with the Army downtown, losing in the finals to Dawson & Hall. In the summer of 1964 we had our first holidays since coming north in 1960, so I didn't get much ball in. January 1965, I was sent to Regina to attend a 3-month refresher course. I played ball that summer with the RCMP team in the downtown league. I can't recall how we performed. I left the Yukon arriving in Coppermine, NWT, on November 23rd.

Suffice it to say that my wife and I and 2 of our three kids all have lived there. Our e-mail is kelly-roen@rogers.com, home address is 2427 Ogilvie Road, Ottawa, ON K1J 7N3

Joe Roenspies

I realized when my son Wes sent this message that I had not yet added him to the list. He is commenting on the message attached to last weeks mail regarding having the MocTel Archived. I thought his comment interesting, although he had his schooling in Yukon, he is learning in more detail from the MocTel. - Sherron

Hi Mom, Sounds impressive. I was just replying to a message a few days ago and commenting on how the articles found in the MocTel were more detailed than any thing I had heard of in or learned through school. I hope the stories keep coming. I really appreciate them, it gives me a much greater appreciation of the places I have been and experienced in Yukon.

Congrats. Luv, Wes

JONES, Wes

wesjones@shaw.ca

(In Whitehorse 1968 - 1987) Red Deer

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Never make the same mistake twice. Plenty of new ones are available.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Rhubarb cake

Cream--1/2 c shortening
--1 1/2 c brown sugar
--1 egg
--1 tsp vanilla
--1 cup buttermilk or add 1tsp. vinegar to 1 cup of milk
Add --1/2 tsp. salt
--2 cups flour
--1 tsp. baking soda
Add last ---1 1/2 c finely chopped rhubarb
---1 cup nuts optional
Topping ----1/2 c brown sugar
---- 1 tsp. Cinnamon

Put batter in 9x13" greased pan sprinkle on topping.
Bake at 350 for 30 min. Great warm with ice cream

This is my late step mom's recipe Diane Mogenson and its great have lots from north hi-way area send more later. Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **forty-one previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with **nineteen 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