

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Forty-Seventh Edition – Jan. 11, 2004**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)



**Capturing the Pink – Mountain on the Carcross Road - Yukon**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell

**LOOKING BACK**

By Gus Barrett

There have been times, I wished I could,  
Withdraw myself from fatherhood.  
Times when I awoke on Christmas morn,  
Dulled from sampling the corn,  
To find the clock reads only three,  
And yet the kids are calling me  
To heed, and from my slumber pause,  
To view their gifts from Santa Claus.

I leave my warm and comfy bed,  
There's fairy stories to be read.  
There's dolls to dress and drums to play,  
"Hurry daddy, its Christmas Day".  
There's toys and games, and sleighs and skis,  
And other gifts beneath the tree.  
All to be opened, shown and tried.  
Clothes to model bikes to ride.

By dawn the gifts have all been shown,  
The house is like a battle zone.

Paper wrapping everywhere,  
Juice stains on my favorite chair,  
Injured dolls and broken toys.  
If I could just escape the noise.  
And quietly go back to bed  
To ease the aching in my head.

Today I wake on Christmas morn,  
The house is still, the kids have gone.  
Now there's only nan and me,  
Alone beside the Christmas tree.  
The house is quiet, trim and neat,  
No pattering of little feet.  
And yet, there's something that we lack,  
God, if we could just go back.

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## **Aksala Adventure**

By Aksel M. Porsild

Crack! Swish! With the sound of wood splintering in my ears. I woke up abruptly. Not eighteen inches from my face the ceiling planking was partially split, flakes of white paint falling like snow. My father, who was just getting dressed, ran out on deck. I scrambled down from my top bunk and threw on some clothes, following him outside to the promenade deck. He had gone into the next cabin aft, which was occupied, by my mother and two of my sisters. The ceiling in their cabin was even more splintered and about ten inches of black steel rod was protruding, resting on the built-in dresser.

The smell in the cabin was overpowering because the rod had smashed a bottle of cheap perfume belonging to Betty, my older sister, which was on the dresser. My mother and sisters, who had been sound asleep at the time of the commotion, were still in shock, the younger one crying.

It was June of 1943, and our family was on a great adventure: a major move from Dawson to Whitehorse. The boat was the **Aksala**, one of British Yukon Navigation Company's passenger and freight sternwheelers plying the Yukon between the Territory's major towns. The **Aksala** was on the return leg of its first round trip of the year between Whitehorse and Dawson, having been the first boat launched and readied for the season. My father had flown to Whitehorse in May to look for a better job and, as a means of procuring passage home, had signed on as one of **Aksala's** deckhands on the downstream trip to Dawson.

A "hog cable" had snapped, and one of the free ends had dropped onto the upper deck and broken through the ceilings of two cabins below, those occupied by my family. These river boats, because of their length and their flat bottomed design, tended to sag at bow and stern so iron braces, known as "hog chains" or "hog-cables," were required to keep them straight. Down the center of the boat ran the main hog rod, supported by two tall upright king posts

and fastened to the bow and stern. Similarly, on either side of the ship and directly over the passenger staterooms ran another rod or cable also anchored near the bow and stern, supported by shorter "hog posts." By tightening or loosening turnbuckles on the hog cables, the ship could be kept exactly level, even though it appeared that bow and stern were slightly raised. This maintained a constant draft fore and aft and preserved its river worthiness. On the **Aksala** these hog cables were steel rods about an inch in diameter and highly stressed.

In Whitehorse Dad had landed a job hauling and stacking firewood for the US Army, and even found a place for us all to live. The Americans had arrived in the Yukon and Whitehorse's population had swelled from a sleepy 700 to more than 9,000, mostly soldiers and construction workers. Living space was at a premium but Dad discovered a vacant two-story house on the east side of the river, opposite town. Since the wood to be hauled was from that side, it was ideal, at least from his viewpoint; how we would get to Lambert Street School daily and dependably, was yet to be seen.

We embarked on June 2nd, with all our worldly belongings stowed in **Aksala's** cargo spaces. A 26 foot river boat, a canoe, four sled dogs and two toboggans were stowed on the deck of the barge **Onekeno** which our boat pushed. There were also crates of trap line and dog team paraphernalia from Dad's trapping years, which he was reluctant to dispose of. My three sisters and I, ranging in age from five to eleven, wore polished faces and were wearing our best clothes, for in those days one travelled on the sternwheelers as if they were ocean liners: men dressed in their best suits and women in long dresses. I swarmed all over the boat, dirtying my only good suit and getting an ear pulled for it, in the passenger areas as well as the "crew only" zones. I had the whole ship pegged before we even left the dock, and had made friends with most of the deckhands and firemen that were on duty.

We left, as all the passenger boats did, in the evening, and I don't remember much after we had cast off, picked up our barge and proceeded among the many channels and islands that characterize the first reaches of the Yukon upstream from Dawson. I do remember waking up at the breakfast bell and looking out the window of my cabin at Stewart Island. We had a brief stop there for wood and to drop off two men, before continuing.

The third day out was June 4, my birthday, and I had made sure the cook knew what that particular day was. I had made friends with him the first day out and of course he came through with a birthday cake, which arrived at our table at dinner, complete with eight candles. I don't know how much Mom had to do with it, but it was a happy occasion, all the diners at our table and the surrounding ones singing "Happy Birthday." I was awed when the Master, Captain Hugh Morrison, gravely shook my hand and wished me many happy returns. I also remember, after all these years, that we were served spinach with the meal, and that, because of the Day, I was allowed to leave it on my plate untouched.

On that day also I had my greatest thrill: Dad had arranged that he and I would visit the wheelhouse, and I spent a happy hour or so standing beside the immense wheel: occasionally Captain Morrison let me move the power assist lever which turned the wheel

as we steamed upstream. I was even allowed to pull the handle (I had to stand on the captain's chair) that blew the great bull-throated steam whistle, which was mounted on the funnel directly behind the pilot house. What a sound! What a thrill!

A couple of days later we entered Lake Laberge during the night and had traversed its entire length when the hog cable snapped, just as the boat was slowing for the tricky traverse of the mudflats delta at the head of the Lake. Even though we were only some thirty-river miles from Whitehorse and very expert help from the shipyards there, Captain Morrison decided that he would not risk the trip without repairs. If the main, center hog rod had subsequently broken from the strain, the **Aksala** would likely have gone completely out of shape and broken her back, rendering her a virtual wreck.

And so it was that the engineering hands spent the entire day jury-rigging a new hog cable from wire rope and turnbuckles. Meanwhile the boat was tied up at the tiny settlement of Upper Laberge during a dull, rainy day. When repairs were completed late that night we sailed, and reached Whitehorse in early afternoon, almost a whole day late. For the crew of the stern-wheeler **Aksala** it was just the end of another round trip, but for an eight-year-old boy who was getting his first look at a "big town," the adventures were just beginning.

*I wonder how many of our members remember this article? – Joyce Yardley*

## **Our Theatre**

There was an article in the June 11<sup>th</sup> 1937 Whitehorse Star referring to the opening of the new theatre.

“Lovely New Theatre Draws Capacity Crowd at Opening Picture.”

“Patrons Loud in praise of Excellent Sound Equipment.”

“The town’s new theatre, built by J.R.Alguire, pioneer resident and business man of Whitehorse, opened officially on Saturday night with the premiere showing of the film, “Desire,” starring Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich, with a fine supporting cast of characters. From start to finish, the large audience was kept constantly enthralled, not only by the feature presentation, but also by the comic antics of “Popeye the Sailor,” and the peppy music of Anson Weeks and his orchestra, while newsreel, parts of which showed the havoc being wrought in Spain by the civil strife, was particularly interesting...

Great credit is due to Mr. Alguire for the really fine theatre, which he has given the town. Well constructed in every detail, the interior of the building is decorated in a light blue color, while decorative lights along the walls greatly enhance the lovely interior. The usherettes, Audrey Ryder and Gudrun Erickson, daintily attired in picturesque costumes of blue, trimmed with red, skilfully directed the patrons to the covered seats, which add greatly to the comfort of the patrons; as also does the sloping floor.

The sound equipment carried a very clear and true tone, while the picture itself was particularly clear, chiefly owing to the beaded sound screen with which the theatre is equipped. Construction of the entire building was under supervision of W.G. Chantler, pioneer builder and contractor of Whitehorse, who deserves credit for the excellent workmanship and structural design of the building.”

*I remember going with my Dad to this film. He laughed so loud at the comics in this and every show he saw later, that the whole audience would be laughing with him. – Joyce*



Photo courtesy Mike Paolera

I remember flying in and out of Whitehorse with CP Air. It seemed like it took a full day. If I remember there were five stops. This photo was taken at the Watson lake airport in the mid 70's. Last summer I flew on Air North in two hours and fifteen minutes. Wow what a great flight. True Yukon hospitality. All us misplaced Yukoners have no excuse to not go home any more.

– Mike Paolera [peasinapod@shaw.ca](mailto:peasinapod@shaw.ca)

## **THAT'S THE YUKON**

By J.E. VIGNEAU 1998  
{Dedicated to the people of Dawson}

A land that is so beautiful  
It baffles the very mind  
The mountains far reaching  
Seem captured there in time  
The river never ending  
Flows swiftly along  
A place where dreams come true  
That's the Yukon.

The people hard working  
Wave a friendly hello  
Sourdoughs that are comfortable at 50 below  
Your visit getting shorter  
Too soon you will be gone  
But that's the way it goes  
That's the Yukon.

With spring the temperature is rising  
And soon the ice is gone  
Again the sun is shining  
Birds sing their happy song  
Time for hoeing and for planting  
Hoping nothing will go wrong  
You made another year  
That's the Yukon.

Late autumn comes the darkness  
And the temperature goes down  
But the working never ceases  
In this busy little town  
No matter what nature throws at them  
They keep moving it along  
The people sure are tough  
That's the Yukon.

chorus:

The closest thing to heaven  
God made this rugged land  
Where people come from miles around  
To see and understand.

This hardy race of people  
Who seem never to grow old  
Enduring the frigid winters  
That chills the very soul  
And like the mighty river  
That keeps flowing to the sea  
That's their place to be  
That's the Yukon!



**Snag 1948**

Photo courtesy MaryAnn (Laurin) Kelleway



### **Eikland Cabin at Snag**

Photo courtesy Moge Mogenson

This is the Eikland cabin out at Snag. Dora & most of her brothers and sisters were born here used to have traps etc hanging from it. Most were taken this has one left looks like a bear trap but it was gone soon after. She is my age so was born about 1947. Snag has the record for cold at I believe -84 degrees I believe it was a old air force base. My dad bid on cleaning it up and we hauled 45 gal drums of jp4 fuel out and miles of copper wire. Moge Mogenson

The snag river was named by A.H. Brooks & W J Peters because of its obstacles, in 1899. The Dominion Dept of transport built a weather station & flight strip in 1942 in conjunction with the air lift to Russia the coldest temp recorded was Feb 3 1947, at 81 degrees below. They shut the station down in September of 1966. My dad got the contract to clean it up. The buildings were sold & hauled out then we went in & tore up the runway lighting packed out the extra fuel for planes & jp-4 fuel for the choppers and cleaned the area up. Had to tear down any old buildings & haul the stuff out or destroy. The stuff we hauled out from there, helped build Pine Valley Lodge. Moge Mogenson

Thanks for the gorgeous little old log cabin at Snag. We knew the old Eiklands very well while we lived 4 years in Beaver Creek. We knew the daughter and son also. They used to come to our dances and curling club. – Brownie Foth

I believe the surname to be Eikland as it is Swedish. Dora's father was Swedish, and her mother was Tlingit. Her mother was from Northway, and her father emigrated from Sweden.

In fact they ran the roadhouse at Sourdough Hill about nine miles west of Beaver Creek.

Yes if you can use them by all means... Sandy Campbell



### **Church at Snag**

Photo courtesy Mogeey Mogenson

Hi Sherron

I got to thinking about what I remember of Snag....and several memories come to mind...

Just thought I might share them with you.

I remember the first time my dad took us kids out to see the old village...

The church was fully intact...and the candle sticks, candles, bible, windows, pews, the silverware of the rectory, all the dishes, and even the welcome mat at the door. Dad told us kids that it was a sacred place and that we were not to touch anything. I was absolutely in awe, as even the priest's clothing, (robes) were still hanging in the closet. The stole was still draped over the alter.

Going out to the graveyard, we were treated to the site of the crosses and the little fences around them. Some of them still had the plastic flowers and other mementos on them.

That was in the summer of 1969, and then we went back a couple of years later, and really all that was left, were the pews, and main structure, the kitchen table, cupboards, though the doors were ripped off, as you could see the splintered wood, and what was left of the alter. Some of the windows were still intact, and then in 1983, I once again returned, and now even the floor boards had been ripped up, the alter was gone, and all the windows either smashed, or totally gone.

It really broke my heart to see this.

I remember Father Hibers, he was a Roman Catholic Priest that served the north, and is responsible for the two Quonset house churches, one in Beaver Creek, and the other, probably the most photographed, is the one in Haines Junction. Anyways, he mentioned that he had lead a few services out in Snag, mainly funerals, and the last one I think that was out there was Mary Eikland. I remember that one well, though I did not attend. There

was a potlatch held at the Beaver Creek Community Hall, in her memory, and that was in 1983.

Anyways, if I ever get my pictures back, I have some of the church, though it was in 1975, just before I went to Whitehorse to go to high school. The Beaver Creek Elementary School had a week campout at the church grounds. I found some personal letters in one of the cabins and returned them to their rightful owner. They were from Roland Peters. His father was William Peters. They were letters that Roland had written home to his parents from residential school. I do not know where that residential school was, but he mentioned how much he looked forward to coming home for the summer holidays.

So I returned them to William, as Roland was in Northway at the time, and I did not know if I was going to be able to get up there that summer to return them to him. It was eerie, but rewarding nonetheless.

I remember sitting in the middle of one old cabin, and thinking, "If these walls could only talk", and felt like an intruder exploring the old cabins.

Anyways, just thought I would pass on that to you to do as you see fit.

Enjoy!

Sandy



**Grace Chambers**

Photo courtesy Mogeey Mogenson

Grace Chambers looks good in the picture; her and Darryl Duensing live across the road from me. Grace has been put into a senior's facility in Whitehorse. (Copper Ridge I believe).

Grace used to hunt and fish, had her own trapline and handled a motorboat better than any guy around here. She's Legend around here. She's 92 now and was put in this seniors home about a month ago. I may be able to get some old photos from Darryl and scan them in.

Dora Eikland works for Customs in Beaver Creek, she should be in the phone book. Charlie Eikland Sr. is a good friend of mine; he also lives in Destruction Bay (867) 841-5326 I can talk to Charlie. He was born and raised there. Charlie does not have a PC. Need to find out more, let me know.

Cheers, Obie (John Obermeier) [obie@yt.sympatico.ca](mailto:obie@yt.sympatico.ca)

Grace would probably make a story of her own. She is nee Dickson as is Sue Van Bibber, Buck, & a bunch more Babe Southwick, & Belle Derossier that would take me some time, large family but definitely a part of the Yukon's history, as are the Eklands, they were Charlie, Nellie, Tommie. Julia & Dora. Dora works for customs in Beaver & I might get her to write a story about her family. Graces son is in Haines Junction, Ron Chambers & two daughters are - Toots Bouvier & Kluane Martin in Whitehorse. Dora's family is from the Snag area. Graces family was raised in Burwash. - Moge



**Alaska Highway** somewhere south of Whitehorse 2003  
Photo Courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich@lohmann.ca](mailto:heinrich@lohmann.ca)

I am so much more home sick now. I have some great photos as well, but not having a scanner really makes it difficult to get them into the computer. Soon I hope, as I am working on acquiring one.

It brings a tear to my eye, and then to top it all off a dear friend that I spent many hours with, surprised me, and is here for a week. I have not seen him in 15 years. I am even more homesick.

And to think that when I saw the Yukon in my rearview mirror on Nov 2nd, 1991, I was

glad to see it disappearing, and now damn it!!!!!! I wish it were in my windsheild and I was heading home.

Now the push is on to try and get back next summer.

I hope that you are able to read this through the teardrops....LOL sniff sniff

Until later, Sandy Campbell [northernlyght@shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght@shaw.ca)

## **MUSH AND CUSS**

By Jeanne Harbottle

Also printed in the Whitehorse Star Sourdough Rendezvous Edition, Feb. 26, 1970.

Snowshoes and dog teams provide the most reliable, but frustrating, way of travel through the snow and on the trap line. For five winters I cursed the days I lived on snowshoes and broke trail for five shaggy irascible malemutes. From late October to early June I ran in harness as much as the dogs.

From Sheldon Lake to the Yukon-Northwest Territories divide, up and down the Ross, Macmillan and Stewart Rivers I traveled. Around the Itsi Mountains to Wilson Mountain, where spring the headwaters of the Nahanni, Ross and Gravel Rivers. Up every draw, over every mountain, through every tortuous pass and along timbered ridges. I knew June Lake, John Lake, Fish Lake, Riddle Lake, Trout Lake, Jeff Lake, Sheldon Lake, Wilson Lake and other lakes too numerous to mention, I stumbled, staggered, ran and puffed more than five thousand miles.

Mushers know only one language, profanity. Always, I seemed to run through a pure white world while behind me, BLUE AIR .. emanating from the musher exploded above the labouring dogs. The vocabulary was beyond description, but the dogs understood it.

There are some trappers who travel light and ride their toboggans, use light-weight fast dogs, pulling no more than a tea pail and a few traps, running a trapline of twenty-five miles or so.

However, "Married man has high load," as the Indians say. Our trapline ran over a hundred miles, with a trap for every mile.

Trapping is done in the winter when the furs are in their prime. Marten, mink, lynx, fox, otter, wolverine, wolf, squirrel, weasel and fisher.

Winter means snow and snow means snowshoes. Your life comes to depend upon the obnoxious wooden frames and babiche. You break a trail through the snow while behind you the team strains to pull the heavy load, and behind them a cussing musher pushes. The load consists of tent, stove, food for man and beast (for two weeks) rifle, ammunition, bedroll, tarp and a hundred pounds of traps, extra mitts, socks, moccasins, rivets and buckles to repair harnesses and a jar of mentholatum.

The first trail broken in the late fall is the one used all winter. With a foot of snow the trapping starts and breaking that first trail requires alertness and caution. Fallen trees, steep banks, heavy willow patches, vertical climbs, steep declines, jackpine cuddled together, rotten ice and overflow on lakes and creeks are present to trap the unwary.

The dogs' welfare always comes first. They cannot climb steep banks pulling a load, the harness cuts their wind off. Steep downhill runs are most exasperating to the wheel

dog, who wears the toboggan on his rump. Overflow could freeze their feet and ours. Rotten ice could mean the end of the whole outfit (dogs and gear). Downed timber, rocks and stumps can gouge and splinter the toboggan made of soft birch. Every sharp willow and snag can catch the toe or heel of a snowshoe and break the fine babiche filling. So with dogs, musher, toboggan, snowshoes and gear, caution is the KEY.

## THE LOST TRAIL

As winter progresses, the snow gets deeper, the trail gets lower as the fresh snow piles up on the sides, like a trench. The trails across willow flats become drifted and trying to find them again is like looking for a snowflake in a snowball. I used a long pole and jabbed through the snow to find the hard surface beneath, like walking a high wire with only my memory for a compass.

How many times ??? I fell off the trail only to find myself buried to my ears, with snow in my mitts, down my neck and up my sleeves, with one shoe facing north and the other south. It was exasperating to reach for a frozen willow to pull myself out, only to have it break off and bury me deeper.

With the snowshoes down for the count and the trail breaker out of the running, the musher cusses once more. Our lovable mutts catch up and all five of them see if they can help by licking my face. They only bury me deeper, but as I LOVE snow so much, who am I to spoil their fun. My musher is desperately using all his strength to pull the dogs away, the fear of a dogfight uppermost in his mind. Caught beneath the excited dogs my situation is explosive and one thing we could do without is a torn-up malemute.

Invariably, my sadistic sense of humour rears its head and I laugh at their antics. Inch by inch the dogs are pulled back, each one getting in one last link. My favorite musher is also white, but with rage. He quickly ties the toboggan to a stout willow bush and comes to get me out of my white, fluffy trap. With a look of disdain on his face, he yanks me to my feet, snowshoes and all. Wet with face lickings, bruised with love and snow inside and out from head to foot, I try to find the illusive trail, again.

Winter, the days begin to lengthen and the weather begins to strengthen. Temperatures plummet to fifty and sixty below zero. Man and dog alike brace themselves against the elements with stubborn determination, as trapping is our living.

## THE LONELY TIME

A lonely time of my life, depriving, dangerous, back breaking, often heartbreaking. Half hungry, half-cold, we trapped a white hostile world. Two people stripped of ego and reduced to humility beyond comprehension, engulfed by thousands of miles of frozen rivers and dark valleys where forests of spruce, balsam, tamarack, and poplar gave way to willow flats, and rose to bleak, barren passes, as far as the eye could see with the white peaks of range after range of mountains reaching for the heavens.

Mile after mile, one foot in front of the other. Physically drained to the point of exhaustion, man and dog blessed the night.

At first fading of daylight we made camp. I pulled my dry twigs beneath the heavy branches of the spruce trees to make beds for the dogs. (Green boughs are frozen and make cold beds for our mutts.) The steady whack of the axe was heard as wood and

spruce boughs were cut for the stove and tent floor, small spruce tips were used to make a soft bed for our weary bones.

With their beds ready we unhooked the dogs and chained them far enough apart so they could not fight. In nothing flat the tent was up, the spruce boughs covered the snow inside for a floor and the tips layed for the bed. Unloading the toboggan we spread out the bedroll, put the pot on the stove for coffee, and cooked cracked wheat for dog and man.

Meat was too heavy to haul for five dogs; instead we carried fifty pounds of cracked wheat. Each dog was given a good hot meal and a half-pound of moose fat or beef fat. Our diet of cereal with milk and sugar, fried bannock and coffee was always delicious. We rarely ate meat on the trail or had fancy meals, but our pockets were always full of raisins and dried meat.

Only with a good spruce floor covering the snow in our tent we could remove those most deplorable underpinnings, our snowshoes. Even so, they were stuck in the snow, just outside the tent flap, as that was as far as we could go without putting them on again.

Daybreak would find us breaking camp and for another day we would face the elements. Trying to get five excited, wiggling, bounding one hundred pounds of furry malemute into the traces becomes an endurance test. Once more the air runs blue. When the toboggan is loaded and the dogs in their traces we are away. With me breaking trail to the soft swish of my shoes and behind me sounds so familiar. The puffing of the hard-working mutts, and the cursing musher.

Winter always ends, but while it lasts the dog team and snowshoes are the most cherished possession and eternal sources of changing emotions; love, hate, frustration, fear, sorrow and hilarious bursts of humour. For the lonely, solitary trapper it offers nothing but hard work, but, also FREEDOM. Time means nothing; it just passes as the seasons come and go.

- Jeanne Harbottle
- Ed note: Jeanne Harbottle's adventures in the remote Ross River country in the early 40's are described more fully in her book. "Woman in the Bush".

## **DAISY'S ATLIN STORY**

*As I mentioned when I sent out the Atlin story submitted by Daisy (Callison) Havdale/Welsh, some of her relatives were visiting me the same day and I had no idea about the relationship until Tina asked a question. It turns out there was even a closer relationship to the story than I had realized that day. In the story there was a photo of Dale Simpson. This turns out Dale is Tina's step-father. Tina's mother is Darlyne Simpson (Howatt) and Tina's grandmother is Louise Howatt. (Formerly of Jim's Toy & Gift in Whitehorse.)*

*Tina had asked if I had any information on her other grandmother who was in fact Daisy (Callison)'s sister, Doris (Callison) Simpson. Thanks Tina ! - Sherron*

Hi Sherron:

I would like to thank you for opening your home to us on our visit. Your hospitality was great and I think my Mom enjoyed it to.

Dad said you are getting ready to holiday so I would like to ask if you can before you go send me Daisy (Callison) Havdale's address I seem to have misplaced it upon our return.

I did forward a copy to Dale Simpson (Step-Father), he would like to write to Daisy.

Thanks in advance - Have a Great Holiday!!!  
Tina Chambers- Dave's Daughter. (*Dave Perks*)

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Sherron, I just received this from a friend today, and thought it was so lovely that it would be nice to share with all the "Telegraphers". I hope it can be reprinted. New Years Greetings to all. Regards, Fran Hakonson [fhakon@cityofdawson.ca](mailto:fhakon@cityofdawson.ca)

### **I'm Drinking from My Saucer**

I've never made a fortune,  
And it's probably too late now.  
But I don't worry about that much,  
As I'm happy anyhow.

And as I go along life's way,  
I'm reaping better than I sowed.  
I'm drinking from my saucer,  
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

Haven't got a lot of riches,  
And sometimes the going's tough.  
But I've got loving ones all around me,  
And that makes me rich enough.

I thank God for his blessings,  
And the mercies He's bestowed.  
I'm drinking from my saucer,  
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

I remember times when things went wrong,  
My faith wore somewhat thin.  
But all at once the dark clouds broke,  
And the sun peeped through again...

So Lord, help me not to gripe,  
About the tough rows I have hoed.  
I'm drinking from my saucer,  
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

If God gives me strength and courage,  
When the way grows steep and rough.  
I'll not ask for other blessings,  
I'm already blessed enough.

And may I never be too busy,  
To help others bear their loads.  
Then I'll keep drinking from my saucer,  
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

## **NEW ADDITIONS TO THE LIST**

Sherron-

My sister and I went to the Yukon in 1945 and I came to Prince George in 1972. My Sister moved to Victoria before me.

Could you please add my Sister Diana Dunsmore to the MocTel and she can give you details of her coming and going.

Her address is as follows- Diana Dunsmore, #37-1220 Mills St. Nelson B.C. V1L4T4  
phone # 250-352-5859 E-mail address [rddunsmore@shaw.ca](mailto:rddunsmore@shaw.ca)

I was 8 years old in 1945 so did all my schooling in Whitehorse except for 2 years when I went to a private school in Victoria then went back to the Yukon and started work for Canadian Pacific Air Lines with the idea in mind I would get a apprenticeship in aircraft mechanics, that was slow in coming so I became impatient and went to work for Territorial Supply, Cassiar Asbestos, United Keno Hill Mines, then embarked on a long career in the Truck and Equipment business.

Regards Jack Earle [jearle@telus.net](mailto:jearle@telus.net)

Hi Sherron; Seasons greetings

David now lives in Mississauga and very interested in the Mocketel

He lived in Whitehorse 1962 -1979; Red Deer - Edmonton - Calgary and now Toronto.

His address is [dcampbel62@hotmail.com](mailto:dcampbel62@hotmail.com). His heart is still in Whitehorse, but his work decides where he will go. His lady friend and her two teen-age daughters are very interested in David's home territory.

Kindest regards to you both and have a good trip.

Ian Campbell-([campbell@polarcom.com](mailto:campbell@polarcom.com))

Hi Sherron,

We just rec'd a copy of the 'telegraph' from our friend Carol Kowal (Squirechuk) and wouldn't mind being added to your 'subscription list'.

Susan Priest (Blaker), my wife, was born & raised in Whse. I moved to Whse in 1969 and we lived there until 1987, when we relocated to Cranbrook, B.C.

We would be interested in rec'ing emails from any of our old Yukon friends.

Regards for now,

Ross Priest [priestnomination@shaw.ca](mailto:priestnomination@shaw.ca)

Would you like to add the following names to receive the Moccasin Telegraph

Barb & Stephen KRASEMANN  
Box 31540  
Whitehorse, Yukon  
Y1A 6K8

We meet with Stephen & Barb at Tim Horton's for coffee when they come to town. They have a beautiful log home on the Carcross Road. Stephen is quite a photographer and hopefully, he will get inspired and send you in a picture now and again. He has been getting away from photography and is becoming quite an artist and has painted some beautiful pictures. His wife, Barb does all the computer work.

Both of them were at our house for dinner Sunday night along with two other photographers and some neighbours. I was showing Barb my computer room, then I showed her my loose-leaf album that I had put together with all the Moccasin Telegraph Editions and Special Editions. They thought it would be great if they could receive it.

She has a lap-top mac computer computer (GP5 ..or something) and I think she said she had word....however, you can work this out with her as to how she will download it.

Bye for now.....RUSTY REID [yukonwildlife@northwestel.net](mailto:yukonwildlife@northwestel.net)

Hi there....I got the original information on this from Maureen Okerstrom.

I'm Barb LeGoffe - previously Barb Gibben - I was born in Dawson, lived there until 1950, moved to Whitehorse and lived there until we moved to Saskatchewan in 1994. We still go back to Whitehorse every few years because we have children/grandchildren and many friends there. The email address is: [legoffe@sasktel.net](mailto:legoffe@sasktel.net)

We currently live in a VERY small town in Saskatchewan, name of Blaine Lake, about 80 km north of Saskatoon.

Any more info you need so I can join up and receive the Moccasin Telegraph?

Thanks,  
Barb LeGoffe [legoffe@sasktel.net](mailto:legoffe@sasktel.net)

Hi Sherron- I have been in contact with my niece Gina Span as she grew up in Whitehorse and her father worked for the Canadian army and DPW for years in Whitehorse.

If you could add her to the list of Yukoners, I know she has lots of pictures of the Yukon and certainly some stories to tell. Her address is as follows.

Gina Span [Hughes]  
637 Gardena Dr.  
Coquitlam B.C. V3J3W4  
Phone 604-931-3928, e-mail [ginaspan@yahoo.com](mailto:ginaspan@yahoo.com)

## **REMOVE FROM LIST**

Hi Sherron, Happy New Year. I would like to request that we be taken off your mailing list please. We have been away from Whitehorse too long and Charlie and I aren't really that interested in the news from up North. I have been in contact with people from the e-mail list though and that has been great but I would like our names also to be taken off. It has been a pleasure, Thanks Sherron and good luck.

Regards Ann and Charlie Locke [annlocke@img.net](mailto:annlocke@img.net)

Please remove my name from the mailing list  
Doris and Dave Penner  
[Doris@quiniscoe.ca](mailto:Doris@quiniscoe.ca)

## **CORRECTED ADDRESS**

*I lost two letters off the front of this e-mail address when I gave it to you last week.*  
DUNN, Drew & Margaret [madunn@marshlake.polarcom.com](mailto:madunn@marshlake.polarcom.com) (At Marsh Lake)

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*Money talks, but it doesn't say when it's coming back.*

## **FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH**

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

To date **forty-six previous editions of the Moccasin Telegraph** have been produced, along with over **twenty 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.

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**

For Vancouver Yukoners events check <http://www3.telus.net/yukoners/index.htm> or contact President Don Murray at - [donaldmurray@telus.net](mailto:donaldmurray@telus.net) or Secretary Nancy Moulton at - [nancymoulton@telus.net](mailto: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](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)