

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Forty-Eighth Edition – January 25, 2003

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Pond beside Alaska Highway

Photo Courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

There are two small ponds on the left side of the Alcan about a mile or two past the Takhini Bridge going west to the Junction. This is an older photo taken during our first years in Whitehorse. You know back when we got real cold in November and sometimes got it without snow so these smaller ponds froze into fine skating rinks. Our son, in the pic, is now in his forties.

Doug Bell

Happy Anniversary Gus & Blanche



Gus & Blanche Jan. 22, 1953

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett

I MUST HAVE KNOWN

By Gus Barrett

When you were born, I must have known,
Through some quite strange telepathy,
That after twenty years had flown,
We'd meet and you would marry me.
Else why would I, when fully grown,
Have left my home in Newfoundland,
To search a world, to me unknown,
For what, I did not understand.

But search I did, not knowing why,
Or where I might attain my goal,
And all the while, I thought that I,
Was just a wandering, restless soul.
Until I reached the frozen north,
Where northern lights patrol the sky,
There I found, that which I sought,
The one I'd mold my future by.

When on a starlit arctic night,
I strode into a Whitehorse bar,
And peering through the flickering light,
I spied a table, and there you are.
Country music filled the air,
A song of broken dreams, and gloom,
But at that moment, I didn't care,
For me, your smile lit up the room.

Somehow I knew my search was done,
From some strange loneliness I'm free,
Somehow I knew you were the one,
The only one on earth for me.
Now fully fifty years have gone,
And from the North we two have flown,
But still I think, when you were born,
Somehow, deep down, I must have known.



Gus and Blanche celebrate their 49th Wedding Anniversary on January 22nd.
We all wish them a Very Happy Anniversary. – Sherron

COMPANY POLICY

By Gordon "Tubby" Tubman c/o mainerml@shaw.ca

In the late 1940's, the Northern Commercial (NC) Company's bread and butter machinery line was Caterpillar. In 1945-46, I was still working out of an office above the NC Store, right next to T&D's store. It was Caterpillar's policy to have a representative from each dealership visit each Cat owner at least twice a year to check customer satisfaction.

I was not doing this and they wanted to know why. I told them it was impractical because of the amount of travel required. Access to my remote customers by road and/or plane was too costly and too time consuming. They did not believe me. Company policy was to be followed.

Caterpillar, in their wisdom (?), sent out a party of 5 men to sort out this situation. They had to fly from Peoria, Illinois to Seattle, Washington, then on to Whitehorse, not a quick trip in 1945-46. By the time they got to Whitehorse, two of them had had enough travelling. I arranged with Mike Nolan of Marsh Lake Lodge to nursemaid those two while the rest of them continued on with yours truly. Earlier, I had been given 6 months to learn about cat mining and had used Barker and Ray in the Dezdeash Lake area for my field experience. Therefore, it was to Barker and Ray's mining show that we headed.

The Alaska Highway was an adventure to travel back then. As always, I was glad to arrive at Mile 1016, having had only one flat tire. At 1016, we turned off onto the Haines Road en route to "Bun" Beloud's Lodge. As I recall, the lodge was at the far end of Dezdeash

Lake. Shortly after leaving 1016, we blew the first of our two spare tires. Believe me, we were happy to reach the lodge and stay there overnight.

Next morning, we made plans to get to Barker and Ray's mine. I don't recall how far it was but the only ways of getting to the mine, at that time, were to walk or to ride with the freight on an Athey wagon. The Athey wagon was a tracked wagon, no springs. Most agree that walking is best, but the Cat people chose the wagon, but not for long.

The mood of my guests was not conducive to good conversation with my friends, the mine owners. The Cat people were completely ticked off. (I can appreciate how city folk would react to the trip so far.) I suggested, therefore, that we head back and that we try to get back to Whitehorse that day. I said my good-byes to Ed Barker and Irvine Ray and we retraced our steps to the lodge.

When we got back to Beloud's, it was already dark but we started home anyway. We had gone 20 miles or so when we blew another tire. No more spares. I got out and started building a fire by the side of the road. I tried to reassure my companions that this would keep them warm, keep bugs and bears away while I walked to 1016. I left a very scared trio!

I started walking. Next thing I heard was a truck, going my way. It was Beloud! He picked me up and went back for my gang. Of course, when we arrived at 1016, there was no accommodation. Nothing for it but to go to the small RCMP detachment there and ask to be put up for the night. I knew the member. We were all bunked into the lock-up for the night. By now, the Caterpillar trio were regaining a sense of humor. Spending the night in an RCMP lock-up was the topper to the trip! I phoned Whitehorse and had tires sent up so we could get car and passengers back.

Once back in Whitehorse, all five Caterpillar representatives heartily agreed that I was right: It was impractical to make the number of customer visits Caterpillar required, given the condition of roads and airfields, and the distances involved.

By the time they got back to Peoria Illinois, they were describing the experience as unforgettable, one they could tell their friends and children about for years to come. The night in the lockup at 1016 became the highlight of their trip.

Hi Sherron,

I hope you had a wonderful time on your well-deserved holiday.

I realize that this story is late, but I just received it, and thought perhaps we could still add it to the next edition on the Moc Tel.

I have written it out exactly like Dad sent it to me. I realize that it could use some work, but I would like it if we could leave it the way he sent it.

A Christmas Never Forgotten

By Glen Campbell

This story starts at Hazelton, BC. Brother Bruce and I hit out for Mayo in the Yukon, in the latter part of October 1950.

I had been in the Yukon that summer, northeast of Mayo, with the mapping branch out of Ottawa. While there that fall, Ed Bennington and I bought a truck at Whitehorse. Our intentions were to return to Mayo, and cut and haul mining timbers for United Keno Hill Mines. We had to travel outside to Dawson Creek and Hazelton, then return to Mayo.

Bruce and I traveled to Dawson Creek by train and air. We met Ed at the Fort St. John Airport, then spent a few days in Dawson Creek, before traveling up the Alaska Highway by car back to Whitehorse.

It was minus 20F to 25F, and the heater in the car quit, so we had a cold ride to Whitehorse.

When we got to Whitehorse, the ferries on the Mayo Road were out of the rivers for the season. Bruce and I flew to Mayo. Ed drove up later, after the ice bridges were built across the Yukon, Pelly, and the Stewart Rivers.

Our plans to cut and haul mining timbers somehow got sidetracked. Bruce and I got a job with Alex Smith and Fred Drury, cutting firewood. By this time I had spent my summer pay.

The Northern Commercial Store trusted us for a supply of groceries and whatever we needed. Fred hauled our little shack and all our provisions and tools out to the wood patch.

By this time it must have been mid November, and quite cold: Minus 40 - 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Everything went quite well, and we got a few loads of wood out.

Christmas Eve came and it was no different than any other. We hadn't phoned to go to town for Christmas. If we had, we'd had to walk anyways.

Christmas morning came and I got up and built a fire, then went back to bed to wait for the little shack to warm up. Suddenly I heard someone knocking at the door.

I was flabbergasted!!! Someone out here at 7 a.m.!!!! I got up to see who was there. It was Alex with a box his wife had made up for us.

There were lots of goodies, treats in the box, cookies, cakes, and what else, I cannot remember now. We really appreciated the kind jester of good will and friendship from the Smith Family. It made a nice Christmas for us.

Here is wishing everyone a good year.

Take care,

Glen Campbell 403-641-2579 northernlyght@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron,

I'm attaching a couple of things I wrote in 2000 when doing a creative writing course. They are from memories of Dawson City and I thought they might be ok for the MocTel.

Hope you enjoyed your break. We had a lovely festive season here and so far 2004 is feeling pretty darn good.

Love to you and Bill

Jan

Spring Thaw

Memories of Spring 1972 Dawson City

Muddy as the spring water splashing on my red rubber boots, I see the pools of brown slush forming as winter snows slowly release to the warmth of spring sunshine. For two weeks now the hardy pale purple crocus has been lifting her petals to the warmth, while staying safe and cozy in her little cup of ice crystals. Spring snow softening and melting, the liquid feeding roots of new growth, warming the earth long frozen beneath the darkness of winter night.

River brown, grey, blue, reflecting earth, mud, sky. Tire tracks carved into ice now softening to slush. Ice bridge closed, risking not the danger of slipping sunken into whirl of silty water beneath.

Sun's rays shine through window's dusty pane, dotted with streaks of summer showers reminders of hot dry sunshine days. Sparkling dust particles floating haze over old green carpet rarely seen a shake. Wood chips, stove ash, smoke soot, dusting wood and fabric as cushioned chair handprints etch arms of chrome. Cat hair, dog hair, winter clutter, remnants of hunting trophy neatly stashed at carpet's edge, dry lifeless and flat. Fluff, feather, fur, all mixed in the delight of daring to be cocooned in the comfort of winter warmth cozy home.

Jan McConachy (Brown)

June 6, 2000

Vancouver, BC

Memory Mirrors

A recollection of visiting the Dawson City Music Festival in 1998

Walking quiet streets of a sleeping town under twilight dusk of summer, recalling long winters past, how the early sun touched the naked skin of newly uncovered flesh, warming the remembered feeling of longing. This nostalgic visit to distant memories, times of youth, birthdays, parties, celebration, loving and losing love in this place where still my heart is held. Times of birthing baby boy into open arms, welcoming the joyful event. How easy and tempting it is to simply slip back into the warmth of familiarity, into the ways of old relationships, basking in the feeling of home, the sense of belonging. Here I am this one who comes now to visit, one quite changed by life's hard tasks. Haunting old well loved streets and buildings, dancing, laughing, joyful expression, imagining the taste of happiness in the days long gone. Making new memories rejoicing in the old ones, meeting dear friends long parted now returned. Understanding so much more of me, now seeking on the journey and seeing myself reflected in the mirror of creeks running gold in the dusk night midnight sun.

Jan McConachy (Brown)

May 23, 2000

Vancouver, BC



Wiener Roast at Beaver Creek
Photos courtesy Mogeey Mogenson

A sunny spring day in the small border town of Beaver Creek, the most western community in Canada. The idea of a wiener roast enters the mind of a couple of the residents, the phone is put to work and soon a community wiener roast is set to happen. Where the gravel pit it is close to town can be accessed by both car & ski-doo. When? How about 2:00 pm, time to get the kids ready & pack up some wienies & marshmallows. Who? Most of the town of Beaver Creek that had Saturdays off. Just goes to show a small town of 69 people can get together for some fun in no time at all. Living up there where the next closet town is 110 miles away & there's only one channel on T.V. it's easy to still find fun things to do. These fun things could take place at any time in towns like this along the Alaska Hi-Way. Just a way of life for Yukoners

ODDS & SODS

By Marybeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

I hope you had a great holiday in the warmth of Palm Springs. Perfect timing!

Dad enjoyed more issues of MocTel when I was in Vernon. We had a few chuckles over the idea of Buzzsaw Jimmy being taped for radio. The CRTC would have had conniptions! I remember him well and his language could best be described as colorful.

Yes, I know there was a version of the CRTC in those days because Mrs. Malloy's language on the radio sched left the other camp operators in fear that the sched would get shut down. The sched was their lifeline.

To a child living less than a block from the Whitepass warehouse, Pop Langholz was more than an employee there. To us, he *was* the warehouse. The best example I can remember: My grandparents trusted him to deliver the annual giant jar of blueberries, picked and packed at Henderson Creek, taken by pickup to "the landing" across the slough from Stewart City, handed over to Rudy Burian to take to Stewart City for the trip up river to Whitehorse, and a word-of-mouth message to come pick them up on arrival. No packing box, minimal labeling, no telephones or cards to notify of delivery, but the jar always arrived, full and intact.

I was always fascinated by the prodigious gusset in all of Pop Langholz' pants, to accommodate his huge pot belly. Did Mom Langholz always make them of a different color to prove a point, I wonder.

I always thought the name was Langhole, because that was the way I heard it pronounced.

The almond roca recipe reminded me of candy making in the Yukon. Nanna (Gladys Hoggan) made *great* almond roca. Fudge was only made in winter when it could cool in the snow. Nanna made every other kind of candy whenever the spirit moved her. I remember one letter in particular, from Henderson. It was a lovely summer day and she was sitting in the cabin a mile or so from the main camp, writing a letter to Mom while waiting for the candy (peppermint drops) to come to the right consistency. As Mom read the letter aloud, Nanna broke into her own narrative to write, "Sorry for the interruption, but a bear was coming in the window after the candy and I had to shoot it. I hope the cook heard the shot and sends someone to remove the carcass." Then she just continued on with the rest of the letter as if nothing untoward had happened.

Nanna used to tell a story of being admonished by the then mayor of Whitehorse, Gordon Armstrong (the butcher), because she had shot so many bear without a hunting license. "Gordon," she replied, "I do not hunt bear, they hunt me and my cooking. If anyone needs

to get a license, it's the bear." Having watched as she shot one coming in my bedroom window, barrel right between the bear's eyes, I agreed with her.

The Whitehorse Inn cafe picture brought back memories. Going there for a strawberry milkshake was a real treat. Once a summer if I was lucky. No wonder I slurped up every drop while Mom implored me to be more lady-like.

Ralph Lortie's class picture had a lot of familiar faces in it, although they were all a year ahead of me. Seeing Barbel Rekach in that picture, I wondered anew what ever happened to her younger brother, Axel, who was bullied unmercifully for at least his first 2 years in Whitehorse, just for being German-born. Bullying is by no means a modern day phenomenon!

I understand about your costs, believe me! I have just gone through an entire black cassette, printing up issues 1-11 and 47-45. I finally decided that I really did need to have hardcopies of this stuff! I had been giving all my copies to Dad.

We were kicking around some names while we perused the later additions. Mrs. Hunter, black pioneer, was one. She always bragged that her daughter, Teslin, was the first white child born in the Yukon so maybe Teslin's father was white or maybe she just meant non-native. Anyway, she was a character. Dad tells me that he had known her in Dawson but that she moved to Whitehorse and set up a laundry in a tent when the Alaska Highway was under construction. She lived and worked there, year round, and did a wonderful job of the officers' uniforms, apparently. She had mining claims on Thistle Creek that she would get my grandfather, Johnny Hoggan, to walk at the frequency required to maintain her claims.

When I knew her, she lived in a cabin at the base of Burn's Hill, wore layers and layers of clothes, was blind, and lived surrounded by boxes and boxes of food never taken out of the boxes it was delivered in and clothes she saved "to beat out the fire when it happens". Several ladies in town kept an eye on her, tried to get her to eat, to change her clothes, make the cabin safer to get around in. Periodically, my grandmother would send me to deliver some goody or other and nothing would do but I sit and visit with Mrs. Hunter each time. Looking back, it was a good experience for a 9-12 year old to visit with a respected elder in her real world. Mrs. Hunters long-feared cabin fire happened after we left the North, and she barely made it out with the clothes on her back, no time to "beat out the flames". She lived into her hundreds.

The other name that must have some stories to go with it is Ballentyne. My Aunt Magretta Gaundreau was one. Martha Cameron was one. I remember a very large man named Jim Ballentyne (all the Ballentynes were BIG). Whether they acquired their presence from their size or they grew into their presence, I do not know, but there were no quiet, unassuming Ballentynes.

Hope the search for webspace is going well. I have you down on my next payday list for a donation to the cause.

OBIT

Hi Sherron,

This will be almost word for word out of the Oliver Chronicle;

Jim Wolfe of Oliver Passes away at 59 years

On Sunday, Jan 4, Mr. James Millage "Jim" Wolfe passed away at Penticton Regional Hospital at the age of 59 years.

Memorial celebration of life services for the late Jim Wolfe were held Thursday, Jan. 8 from the Valley Congregational Christian Church, Black Sage Rd., Oliver at 10:30 a.m. with Rev. Dr. Ronald Holden officiating. A reception was held following the service in the Church hall. Jim will be sadly missed and lovingly remembered by his beloved wife Lori and children David Whitson, Jill Whitson and Brett (Natalie Harkness) Wolfe: grandchildren Tyler, Paige, Mackenzie. Dane and Ainslie; his brother Archie (Shirley) Wolfe of Surrey; his sister Bessie Phillips of Crystal Beach, Ont., and mother Sarv.

Jim and Lori came to Oliver in 1990 from Watson Lake, Yukon. Jim was a pilot and loved flying and his good friends at the Oliver airport. He also had a passion for his family, restoring cars, building his own homes and a good game of dice.

Donations gratefully accepted to the South Okanagan Hospital, RR3, 7139 - 362 Ave Oliver V0H 1T0

Arrangements entrusted to Graham Funeral Home.

I might add to this Sherron that he managed/worked for Caterpillar tractor in Watson Lake. I think he was there from the early 80s until he left in 1990. There is a story told of how he pulled the engine out of a stranded tractor with a helicopter, had it hauled away to the shop, overhauled it and then replaced it the same way as it was taken out. All this in the winter time in sub "0" weather. I have known Jim since he moved to Oliver and he was quite a guy. He took ill with leukemia just after arriving in Oliver and spent 5 months in hospital in Vancouver. The Doctors gave him six months to live. Through a lot of determination he lasted twelve years. He even flew his airplane to Reno Nevada and then across the country to Nova Scotia and back to Oliver last fall (Sept.)

While I was at Jake's "farewell" last weekend, I met Doug Brown from Watson Lake, he also knew Jim. I am sure there are a lot of people in Watson Lake that knew him.

I'm sorry I couldn't get this to you sooner, but I only found out on Wed. that he had died. Larry Chalmers larryjoanchalmers@telus.net

NEW ADDITION LAST MOCTEL

Dear Sherron:

Thank you for adding my name to your list. Just a little information about my family and the time we spent in the Yukon. My mother and father (Bob and Taffy Hughes) travelled to Whitehorse in 1951 from Vancouver with my sister Dona and myself. Dad worked for Georgina Erickson at the Regina Hotel when he first arrived before he became Chief

Steward at the Army Officer's Mess. We lived in Lot 19 at the time. Dad left Whitehorse for Vancouver in 1966 and my mom and myself left in 1969. I went back to Whitehorse in 1977 and had my eldest son, Aryn Bowers there in 1978 and we left in 1980. My father was very interested in taking pictures throughout those years and I now have approximately 700 pictures of the Yukon from the early 1950's to 1966. As well, Dad loved to go out to all the sites down the Yukon River to try and find treasures left by the people from the day's of 98. He sold a lot of bottles etc. to the Dawson City Museum.

Somehow, and I'm not really sure how, he managed to get a copy of 63 black and white slides of the Day's of 98. The story goes that he found a cabin that had it's windows made of glass that were the original photo's. Dad apparently removed the panes and gave them to the Yukon Territory and they made 7 copies, one to Dad, one to the Queen, the originals for the museum and I don't know about the rest. Never the less, I have the slides and will share them with you if you are interested. Dad also found a lake in 1955 or so and named it Kookatsoon Lake, (mile 3 on the Carcross Road) which means shallow waters in Tlingit I believe. When he built the cabin, he found a mass of trees that were burl, down the road and made a railing of those burl logs. I only mention this because there was interest in burls on the last couple of editions you put out. I can still picture us going out to cut these trees down.

Hope this isn't too drawn out. It seems that I could go on forever, however, I'm not too sure if this is what you want. I can tell you that I am really enjoying all stories that are currently available on your site.

Thank you, Gina Span.

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron,

John Obermeier (Obie) out past Kluane is a long-time friend from the Yukon (ditto Jim Robb) and he just sent me the information about your website this morning. It's a wonderful site. I have lost touch with a lot of old pals, and in trying to contact them find they have moved away or have got married and changed their names -- and moved away.

I would appreciate having you post my information. I lived in the Yukon from March 1984 to January 1988 (Whitehorse and Dawson City). Long story short, I'm now living in Stratford, Ontario, and plotting my next move.

While up in the Yukon, I painted signs for Wally Vincent at the Sign Shop, wrote advertising copy for the Whitehorse Star, cooked at the old Carcross Corner restaurant for Mercy and Emil, and worked in various restaurants in Dawson City one summer.

I would love to hear from people I knew up there.

Barbara MacDougall

3 Hibernia St., Apt. 2 Stratford, Ontario N5A 5V1 (519) 271-7789

Hi Sherron:

Dave Perks recently passed on to us by email, an issue of the Moccasin Telegraph. As ex-Yukoners we recognized a lot of names and found it very interesting. We would like to be added to your list of names and to receive future issues. We are Lynn and Donna Lambert. My maiden name was Cusick, my parents were Alvin and Isabella Cusick (Bella). I was born in Dawson City and moved to Whitehorse in 1979 where I lived until May of 2000. Both my children (Andy Ashley and Kim (Ashley) Briscoe) were born in Dawson City as well. My husband, Lynn Lambert moved to the Yukon (Haines Junction then Whitehorse) from northern Alberta with his family in 1961 and aside from short stints "outside" for school etc. lived there until we moved to Westbank, BC in May of 2000. Our email address is lynnlambert@shaw.ca Thanks a lot. We are looking forward to receiving the next Moccasin Telegraph.
Lynn & Donna Lambert

Hi Sherron,

I received your address from Minnie Hassan. My name is Insa Schultenkotter. I live in Keno City, operate Keno Cabins B&B, and help out in the Keno Mining Museum. My e-mail is insa@polarcom.com. Ph./fax: 867-995-2892.

Further information about me on the www.kenocity.info

I'd would very much like to sign up to receive the Moccasin Telegraph.

Thank you, Insa

Hi Sherron

Dad does not have a computer, but I will forward them to him....

Anyways, I would like to forward his bio, and if you could add him to our list, it would be appreciated.

Glen Campbell

Born in Hazelton, BC

1950-1959 Mayo, Dawson, Pelly, Stewart Landing

1959-1965 Whitehorse

1965-1968 Teslin

1968-1975 Beaver Creek

1975-1985 Whitehorse

Glen worked in a variety of jobs, from cutting wood, to wrangling horses, to the job that he held for 27 years, with The Yukon Forest Service, first as a Forest Ranger-Game Warden, then to a RMO (Resource Management Officer), then to doing research at the Tree Farm out on the Takhini Hotsprings Road

He raised four children, Sandy, Ian, Lorraine, and Deana.

He is the grandfather of five grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

He left the Yukon upon his retirement to reside for five years on Vancouver Island, later to move to Kamloops, and finally moving to Bassano, Alberta, where he now resides.

Dad has not yet entered the world of computers, but he would be very happy to hear from any of his long time friends.

He can be reached at 403-641-2579

Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron,

My name is Danielle Thibert. I just received your web site as I was talking to a lady who was connected to your site and thought I would be very interested in it... So, here I am I received it and YES thank you for such a neat way of keeping in touch and keeping the faith of all us former Yukoners...

I left in '98 and have not been back in 5 years... I definitely go through my phases of missing the Yukon, as I grew up there and have many memories.

I was not born there but was taken up there by my mom who was a single mother at the time; we had gone up there for employment reasons. I was 14 yrs of age... and that is where it all began... I was moved around all my life on a continuous basis until we moved to the Yukon where I spent 13-14 years... Then at the age of 23 I had my son who was born in the Whitehorse...

I have made close friends there in those years and still have the same best friend as I did 16 years ago, who as well grew up there.

Although, I miss it very much I left for change and because of the lifestyle I lived I didn't want to raise my son there... I now live in the Okanagan and definitely have found the positive change I had set out for... So, in writing that my life is very different although I do look back and am still very fond of the Yukon, "The Yukon" will always be my home...

There are about 12 of us that went to Jeckell Juniou High together, I joined them in grade 8 and jumped on the band wagon... we grew up together some keeping in closer contact with each other than others but still managed to keep in touch. We are planning a reunion some time in the next year to meet in the Yukon, as most of us don't live there anymore and some still having roots there and some not... Since, we had spent so many years there and then leaving we didn't really take the time to tour and actually see what it was all about (history) so we are going to get together and be crazy tourists... I am so excited about it and just seeing people who I have not seen in a few years...

In the mean time, I am looking forward of being a part of your web site and hopefully being able to have the opportunity to reunite with people I have lost touch with...

Thank you and the very best to you in the New Year.

Danielle Thibert littlemisses33@yahoo.ca

Where: Whitehorse/Dawson City (5mos)

When: 1986-1998

Where I live now: Cherryville, BC (The foot of the Monashee Mountains)
45 mins from Vernon, BC

Hi Sherron,

Mary -Ann Masyk just ask me to have you send them an invite to the Moccasin Telegraph.

Jim & Mary-Ann Masyk jmasyk@shaw.ca

Jim was with National Park Service and they lived in Haines Junction for several years. Please let them tell you about it though...

Thanks so much, Lois Tremblay

(I have added Jim and Mary-Ann to the list and hope they will send a message in for next week. - Sherron)

Hi Sherron:

I have just sent a message off to Mel JOHNSON who used to play saxophone in our band for a short time. He was about my son Dave's age, went to FH Collins Secondary School and worked in Whitehorse.

I have asked him to submit something to you for the Moccasin Telegraph about his participation and any stories that he can think of regarding the Northernairs Dance Band. I told him it would have to be really quick as I think you said January 23 was the dead line. I told him to let me know real quick.

Bye for now RUSTY

Just had a message from Mel Johnson and he is very enthused and would like to receive the Moccasin Telegraph. He is preparing something about the Northernairs Dance Band and will be sending it to you with a CC to me.

Mel & Luann JOHNSON

97 Tuscarora Circle NW, Calgary, Alberta, T3L 2B9

PHONE: (403) 208-1955

EMAIL: lubert@shaw.ca

Bye for now RUSTY

(I will hold off on the Northernairs Special Edition until I have heard back from Mel Johnson and Dave Reid. – Sherron)

I am adding Bill & Joy Henderson to the list. Bill and I met Bill and Joy in Hemet California about 15 years ago. We were both RVing. We connected for a few winters and a couple of visits in the Okanagan Valley. They surprised us and found us in Palm Springs. I have asked Bill to send us in a bit of information about his connection to Yukon. He was posted there with the RCMP and has a son and family who live in Whitehorse at this time. As I understand it, Bill was posted to Haines Junction and also was in Whitehorse and left in 1967. Further to that I need Bill to fill us in. I thought of him recently when Henry Breaden sent in his story about the Chilkoot trail. I remembered Bill Henderson had told me he had returned to climb the Chilkoot with his son. I understand Bill's son works in YTG Lands branch.

It was a real surprise to pick up the phone in our hotel room and find that they had tracked us down in Palm Springs. We were able to have coffee with them in their temporary California home this past Thursday morning.

Their e-mail address is wjhenderson@telus.net

Sherron Jones

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To confirm my new address,

Alice Breaden abreaden@telus.net

Will you please change us on the list and in the next Moc Tel, will you please put in an address change for Alice and Me? Mine is breaden@telus.net and Alice at abreaden@telus.net. I seem to be quite pleased with the change and it does not seem to slow down. The response of a bad mail address is very fast, for a bad one in England was back in about 1 minute.

Henry and Alice Breaden

Well there have been a few changes with my Internet. I have a new address; sorry I have been forced to change it. Please update your address books immediately as I will not get any mail if you send it to the old address.

The New address is: mocotel@shaw.ca

Thanks everyone!

Jenny Roberts

Hello!

Please change your address book to include my new email address:

ross_sheila@hotmail.com

My ISP messed up my bconnex.net address on Dec. 10, so any mail send from that date till now, I didn't receive. Please don't think I just didn't answer!!

I no longer have the bconnex.net address, so please delete it.

Happy New Year everyone!!
Sheila & Duncan Ross

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Friends are the angels who pick us up when our wings forget how to fly."

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Good day everyone (Jan. 8, 2004)

I see the MocTel is lacking some recipes. I have attached some for future MocTels.

Also, I'm working on a Special Edition on Soapy Smith. Just waiting for some permissions that I've requested. The Atlin Special Edition is taking forever! Had a phone call from Vera Kirkwood last night and she's faxing today a lengthy piece from the 1940's that involves her family. Looking forward to that! Also, I placed a notice in the Atlin newsletter "The Prospector" that came out Dec. 19 asking for stories. Haven't heard a word as yet but Vera said she'd canvas the town and get the residents motivated. Vera is also going to try getting a story on Bob Coutts, who has recently passed away. The funeral is today. She says there are some wonderful stories on this man. I have collected a few stories with pictures but I'm hoping to get more in the next little while with Vera's help. Talked to the Atlin Archives people last month and they indicated they would work with Vera in getting something together. Still no word on that. I'll keep pressing.

How many of you wish Sherron could have squeezed us into her suitcase on her trip to Palm Springs? I'm certainly one of them!

Cheers, Donna Clayson

Recipe taken from "Yukon Cookbook, A Selection of Recipes from Yukon Sourdoughs" as sent in by Donna Clayson.

BETTY TAYLOR'S BAKED BEANS

1 lb.	Pinto beans
1 medium	Cooking onion
½ lb.	Bacon or salt pork
	Salt
1-7 oz. tin	Tomato sauce
3 tbsp.	Molasses
1	Chili pepper or

2 dashes Tabasco
1 shake Garlic salt
1 tsp. Dry mustard
 Pepper to taste

1. Wash beans well in colander; place beans in a saucepan with water and float out the poor beans.
2. Chop up onion; put beans, onion and salt in pot with enough water to cover. Cook until beans are soft.
3. Fry bacon; put grease and meat into the bean pot, along with the tomato sauce, spices and molasses.

Transfer the above into a stone bean crock and bake at 300°F for 4 hours. Be sure that the beans are well covered with liquid at start of baking.

FOR PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Please contact Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

To date **forty-seven 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

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