

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – FIFTIETH EDITION – Feb. 8, 2004**

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



**Winter Reflection**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [dougbell@yknnet.ca](mailto:dougbell@yknnet.ca)

**PARENTAL GUIDANCE**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

This morning ere the sun came up,  
A sea lion calling to her pup,  
Woke me from my pleasant dreams,  
Deliberately, or so it seems.

She sounded sad and so depressed,  
That I got up, and scarcely dressed,  
I stepped out on my patio  
To see why she was crying so.

I saw her lying on a log,  
Gazing out into the fog,  
Searching, searching everywhere,  
But still the pup did not appear.

Then from 'neath her resting place  
Appeared a little impish face.

Her anguish turned to glee and then,  
Her off spring laughed and dived again.

The mother dived into the sea,  
Quite incensed it seemed to me,  
And when she caught the little nipper  
She spanked it soundly with a flipper.

A message to all parents, brave,  
When your wee ones misbehave,  
Though you're inclined to be a hugger,  
Lay it on the little bugger.

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## **HELMER SAMUELSON NEWSPAPERMAN - DAWSON DAILY NEWS**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

Hjelmer (known as Helmer) Samuelson was born in Granville, Y.T. on 31 Oct. 1908. His parents, Erik Martin and Johanna Samuelson emigrated from Norway to Tacoma, Washington in 1900 and then in 1906 moved to the Yukon to prospect for gold. Shortly after Helmer was born they moved from Granville to Dawson City. Helmer had an older brother, Stanley a younger brother, Myers, known in the Yukon as Smoky and a younger sister, Alice. Stanley, after graduating from high school, joined the Bank of Montreal and left the Yukon, never to return. He later married and had three sons. Myers never married and spent his entire life in the Yukon except for a brief stint in the army during W.W. 2. Alice married Bud Holbrook and had three daughters, Marianne, Blanche and Donna.

Helmer went through school in Dawson City. As a boy he excelled in both hockey and baseball, playing in tournaments throughout the Yukon and Alaska. During his high school years he worked as a printer's devil at the Dawson Daily News, a newspaper that had been in operation since the gold rush days. Helmer loved the newspaper business and after

graduation in 1924 went to work there on a full time basis. However during the depression of the 1930's business was slack and he was often laid off. During those periods he worked on the gold dredges for the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corp, but his real love was the newspaper and he kept returning to it.

By this time the paper was publishing three times a week rather than daily, and Helmer was the line-o-type operator.

After the war broke out in 1939, Helmer joined the Canadian Army. Before leaving Dawson, the owner/publisher of the news, a man named Harold Malstrom, asked to see him.

Malstrom had been in the country for many years, having walked the trail in 1898, and made it big in mining. He was getting ready to retire and told Helmer that if he returned safely from the war he would be able to purchase the Dawson News for the price of one dollar.

Helmer went overseas and served with the third division in Northern Europe, attached to the Westminster Regiment and for a time with the Regina Rifles. When the war was over he returned to Dawson in 1946. Malstrom, true to his word, sold him the Dawson news for the agreed price of one dollar. The population of Dawson was now declining rapidly and the News, like all business operations was feeling the financial pinch. Helmer operated the business until 1954 when there was a serious fire and the newspaper closed its doors for good.

In early 1955 Helmer sold some of his machinery to the Whitehorse Star, and as part of the deal Helmer left Dawson and moved down to Whitehorse to work for the Star. Helmer, although very popular with the ladies, never married. As he used to say, "he loved them all". He, who due to his shock of very light blonde hair was nicknamed "cottontop" or often simply as "H", was an extremely honest and upstanding man, and very generous. After his brother in law, Bud Holbrook was killed in a plane crash; he contributed greatly to the welfare of his sister and three nieces whom he loved very dearly, and vice versa.

There was nothing he liked better than a good party. In those days beer was shipped to the Yukon in barrels. Twelve dozen bottles packed in straw inside a wooden barrel. In his glory days Helmer was known to walk into the Curling Club lounge in Dawson, stand at the bar and order a barrel of beer. He would then roll it into the middle of the floor, knock the head out of the barrel and invite his friends (being anyone in attendance) to help themselves.

Shortly after coming to Whitehorse, Helmer discovered that he was a diabetic, which he handled in his usual calm manner, immediately adjusting his diet and giving up drinking. This must have been hard on him as he dearly loved to party, but he would tell us that it really didn't matter because, if he never had another drink, he already had consumed far more than his share.

A couple of years later he dropped a little hot lead into his boot while working. The wound on his foot would not heal and he was flown to Vancouver to have his leg amputated above the knee. A little later he returned to Whitehorse with his new artificial leg. A little slower, but he would still fly to Los Angeles each summer on his vacation to watch his beloved Dodgers play baseball. Then the unthinkable happened – he received a cut on his other leg,

with the same result. This time he returned from Vancouver with two artificial legs, but with the same upbeat attitude as always. He gave up his apartment at this time and moved into a senior citizens complex, but maintained his job with the Whitehorse Star. Bob Erlam and staff treated him royally, picking him up every morning and delivering him back to his room when his shift was over.

Finally in 1972 he met up with something even he could not defeat – cancer. He died in 1973 after about fifty years in the newspaper business in the Yukon. The Yukon Government later named Samuelson “Hill” in his honour. He was indeed a man of exceptional strength of character.

The only descendants of the Samuelson family still living in the Yukon is Donna (Rivest), and her family, who are in Whitehorse.

## **Memories of the Cake Box**

By Weldon Pinchin [pinchin@gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com)  
(*Recollections from the memory of Weldon Pinchin.*)

I think it is important to remember how it got started. My dad E.F. (TED) Pinchin was a baker from Vancouver. T.C. Richards sent a notice to the government employment office in Vancouver. Needs a baker for one year to run his bake shop for the restaurant and hotel. Dad got a leave of absence from then Spencer's in Vancouver, came up to work and look things over.

After one year he came back to Vancouver and told mom (Dode) Roseina, we were off to the Yukon. March 27, 1943 we arrived to a house behind Dick Carswell's and across from the church and that is another story.

The Cake Box was under construction (on skids) behind the then Whitehorse Theater on the corner of 2<sup>nd</sup> & Main Street. It was facing the river on 2<sup>nd</sup>, across from the Blue Owl cafe and Bob Richards garage. The bake shop was up and running but the top floor, our living apartment was not done yet.

We had been living in the apartment for about one to two years when the chance to buy the lot on Main Street next to the Theater came up. (Macs news is now on the same lot). So dad had a basement dug, a well put in and moved the whole damn thing into the lane, turned it to face Main Street and pulled it on to the new site over the basement. A lot of people worked on this job. Three names I remember are Otto Hoberg carpenter, Matt Nelson and of course Ed Jacobs.

The lot came up for sale after the bowling alley burned down on Main next to the Bank of Commerce. Our view changed from our windows (that is another story).

Some people that I remember coming and going through the Cake Box are Mr. George Johnson from Teslin, chief, Jim Boss and Hughie Birch from Lower Lebarge, Johnny Johns from Tagish, Mike Nolan from Marsh Lake, Alex Davis, and the Chambers family from Champagne Landing, Sally Bakke from Mile 1016, Johnny Muske from Silver Creek, Rupert Chambers, park warden from Slims River & the park. Two of the best-known names to you would be Grant McConachie of Canadian Pacific Airline and the then Prime Minister of Canada Louis St. Laurent.

This is just a few names and the top short stories about them and more if you want them???

As my mom, dad, & brother are gone now no one to bounce this off.



### **BEAR TRAPPED AT BEAVER CREEK**

Photo Courtesy Moge Mogenson [elgolfo@shaw.ca](mailto:elgolfo@shaw.ca)

This Brown bear was doing a lot of visiting at the Snag Govt. Campground after a few complaints the local wardens from Haines Jct. came up to Snag, only 160 miles away and set up a barrel trap for him. Needless to say he's not too impressed. They then took him to a non-settled area and turned him loose again. This is a very common summer event for the wardens. - Moge

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From the pages of the **Whitehorse Star**. (Permission received from Jackie Pierce)  
July 9, 1999

### **Ex-Yukoner gets national honour**

By Nadine Pedersen

In 1957, it took Al Oster five days to do the drive from Dawson Creek, B.C. to Whitehorse.

When he finally reached his Klondike destination, he wrote a song called 918 Miles. It was an instant hit with Yukoners, so Oster made a 45 and "sold all kinds of them," Oster said Thursday morning from his home in Salmon Arm, B.C.

The record got Oster on the road to being probably the Yukon's most prolific songwriter.

On Wednesday, Oster's musical accomplishment was recognized when he was made a Member of the Order of Canada.

"I was always interested in the history of the North," he said.

Oster feels in love with the Yukon, tales of the Gold Rush and people like Tagish Charlie and Skookum Jim. He started writing more and more songs about the Territory and life in the North, and soon enough, he put out a full album called 'Yukon Gold'. That was followed by 'Northland Ballads' and later an album on the history of Alaska, 'Alaska Star 49'.

"His songs do tell the story of the Yukon," said Mike Durrel, a veteran disk jockey at CKRW in Whitehorse. The radio station continues to play some of Oster's songs during the Yukon artist slot at 7:45 mornings.

"I think he's the second Robert Service," said musician Hank Karr, who put out a tribute album to Al Oster called 'Paddlewheeler and Other Northern Ballads.'

Some of Oster's songs are also featured on another one of Karr's albums, 'Through the Years', including a never-before-released song of Oster's '49 Days', about the two people who survived 49 days in the wilderness after their plane crashed south of Watson Lake in 1963.

Karr described Oster's music as being "simple enough that everybody can get into it." "The music and lyrics are catchy; he always wrote nice melodies, it's simple to understand and very Yukonish too," said Karr. "I'm really happy they're doing this because I always thought he'd have to die before they recognized him."

In his day, it didn't take long for record companies in eastern Canada and Europe to become aware of Oster's work. His soft country ballads will soon be put out in Toronto, Germany and Belgium.

Songs like 'Paddle Wheeler', 'Book of Memories', 'Sourdough Rendezvous', 'Unfortunate Cheechako', 'Trail of '98' and 'Phantom of the Arctic' inspired people around the world to write to Oster asking him questions about the Yukon. "I'm still getting letters," said Oster, who had just received a letter from Finland.

In the early days, when the old Yukon tourism bureau had only one staff member, he would stuff his letters with brochures to promote the territory. "I knew some day, the tourists would be flocking there," he said.

When Oster came up to the Yukon, he worked at the Whitehorse TV station, read the 6:00 news and was the host of the Al Oster Show. Later, he became an economic developer for the Department of Northern Affairs. In 1974, he was promoted to the position of supervisor and moved to Williams Lake, B.C., where he lived until he retired in 1980. Then he and his wife, Mary, decided to move to Salmon Arm.

Oster still visits the Yukon every year. Three of his four children, Jim, Bill and Donna (Barnes), still live in the territory.

*(I had mentioned to Al Oster that I did not realize he had been presented with the Order of Canada. He has kindly given me some references. Jackie Pierce of the Whitehorse Star was kind enough to share the article above with us. – Sherron)*

Sherron:

Whitehorse Star issue, Friday, July 9, 1999; Whitehorse Star issue Monday, August 23, 1999; Salmon Arm Observer Wed. July 14, 1999; Lakeshore News, Salmon Arm, Sat. March 4, 2000; Shuswap Market News July 17, 1999; Vancouver Province Thursday, Feb. 10, 2000; CBC National TV News; CBC Northern TV Service News; CBC Radio (Whitehorse - Vancouver); CKRW / CHON Radio Whitehorse; CHBC TV Kelowna 5:00 News; Salmon Arm City Council Chambers special congratulations ceremony; Whitehorse City Council Chambers special congratulations; and many phone calls and letters.

The nomination for investiture into the Order Of Canada, that I'm aware of, came from a resident in the USA, with supporting recommendations from a British Columbia resident, and from a book publisher in Germany. - Al Oster

## **ORDER OF CANADA GOES TO JIM ROBB**

*Congratulations Jim !*

Hi Sherron:

Governor-General Adrienne Clarkson announced 102 new appointments to the Order Of Canada including Jim Robb of Whitehorse. Just thought I'd pass that on in case you didn't know. I think he really deserves the recognition.

Al Oster

## **SOURDOUGH RENDEZVOUS**

Does any one have any Sourdough Rendezvous photos to share **or** recollections of favourite Rendezvous memories?

If so please send them in. – Sherron [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)



## **Snowmobiling**

Photo courtesy Kerry Lyle

Now that spring skidooning is just around the corner. This is a picture of Sue Bowers enjoying the day behind Granger Subdivision in Whitehorse.

## **MEMORIES AND RHYME**

By Margaret Henderson [maghendy@hotmail.com](mailto:maghendy@hotmail.com)

I just finished reading the 49th edition and have been inspired to send my bio and rhyme before I leave for 2 months in Texas and New Orleans area. I have never sent a long e-mail before so hope I don't mess up. I decided to do a before, during, and after bio.

My husband Lorne Simpson (now ex) and I were both born in Ontario, he in Toronto area, me in Ottawa area. We met and married in 1967. Lorne had diverse interests so our first adventure was to travel across Canada to Vancouver on our motorcycle. Nine months later we flew to Australia with the intent to see the country on horses (not me!). That didn't happen so we worked in Brisbane for 6 months, then returned to Vancouver by boat (P&O)(3 weeks in separate cabins, cause we didn't have enough money) and then by train to Toronto with only \$20 left. After 2 years of working we flew to New Zealand.

There Lorne bought a sailboat with the intent of sailing around the world (not me!). That didn't happen so after 2 years the boat was sold and we returned to Ontario via Europe & British Isles (5 weeks).

The next adventure was to live in the bush and be a trapper (not me!), so after 2 years in Collingwood we drove to the Yukon in May 1975. When we arrived we found rents too high so lived in our tent at the Robert Service Campground until the fall and then moved into a basement suite in Riverdale. Lorne worked at Whitehorse Motors as a mechanic and I worked in the payroll dept at YTG.

That winter we met 2 trappers Ed & Jared Wilkinson who were homesteading on the Pelly River about 18 miles up from Pelly Xing. They wanted to move up north to Lansing and Lorne wanted to live on the homestead. When spring came we moved back into our tent on someone's property outside of town until the Wilkinsons left. On the homestead there was a newer log cabin that was built for their mother but was used as storage so we decided to use it for our home. We needed a root cellar so dug it out on week-ends and let it thaw during the week while we worked in Whitehorse. When the Wilkinsons left I quit my job and went there to live, and Lorne followed a couple of weeks later, coming up on weekends. It was probably only 8 or so days that I was alone but I never felt comfortable. I had no vehicle and didn't know how to operate the motor on the boat so I'm sure Lorne was also worried about me. There was only plastic on the windows and when a tourist said she saw a grizzly up the river and said aren't you afraid, I replied "not me"! Once Lorne was there we finished the root cellar and had some people help put up the logs for the bedroom. The Wilkinsons had lived there for 12 years so there was a lot of cleaning up and organizing to do. Lorne made some furniture; we renovated a building for the truck and washing machine. The washing machine was hooked up to a bicycle so I could get my exercise (my idea). We just got organized and it was time to take 3 dogs and supplies up north to Lansing. We drove to Mayo and then used our freighter canoe. Once on the river we had to unload a couple of times so Lorne could take the canoe through some rapids, the second run I had to sit in the front (Yikes), thank goodness we only had one long portage. At one point it looked like we were lost and we also had motor problems, but we made it. After a few days on Wilkinsons new homestead we returned to Mayo. Both of us were tired but I decided to drive so Lorne could have a sleep. After a bit I saw this big dog on my left running in the grass. I wondered where it came from all of a sudden and why it was keeping up with us, and what kind of dog it was cause it seemed so huge. Like a flash it dashed across the road in front of me. I hit the brakes and almost rolled the truck. Lorne started yelling "don't over steer, don't over steer". Finally the truck stopped. The big dog was gone, (grizz cub) and there was blood on the truck so Lorne drove the rest of the way home. Once we got home it was time to cut the wood and prepare for winter. One night stands out so here it is in rhyme form.

## THE DOG FAMILY

Three dogs we were given when I first came to stay  
By the Wilkinson brothers before they moved away  
Our two puppies weren't happy acting frightened and shy  
But soon joined the family, now a total of five.

There was Pet, her son Whitey and Chicken Shit Sam  
Our Drum and our Devil who would soon understand  
That quiet meant quiet or the stick in the hand  
Would strike without warning, meaning it was the end.

Our family had grown but we still got one more  
A puppy from Lansing, when we travelled up north  
She played with the family, they were gentle and rough  
Now that there are six I'm sure thats enough

But sadness came sudden one bright moonlit night  
We awoke to their barking and saw confusion in flight  
Chicken Sam had broke loose, so afraid he did run  
Then Lansing dashed past, she knew danger had come

"A Wolf", Lorne declared, turned and reached for his gun  
He cocked, aimed then fired, "No bullets, not one"?  
The gun wasn't loaded and it took us some time  
And the wolf was still mauling our Pet from behind.

When the shotgun was fired, it kicked, then it flashed  
The wolf took off howling with the pain from the blast  
Our Pet was still breathing by the time we got dressed  
Then her life flickered out, she lay still and at rest.

Sam kept his distance, trusting no one this night  
The dogs were so nervous, still barking from fright  
We caught Sam much later, but the dogs were not calm  
As they watched and they listened standing guard till the dawn

The family is five now, but that didn't last long  
We had to take action before the food was all gone  
So we gave away four, to the folks in the town  
Now all we have left is Drum, our black & tan hound.

I had never written rhymes in my life but I wanted to make a Xmas gift for my grandparents so I drove Lorne crazy for 2 weeks while I made up 8 poems of our life on the homestead. Our time on the Pelly was short (10 months) but for me it's a time I will never forget. Lorne wasn't allowed to trap, as he had to be in the Yukon for 2 years so back to Whitehorse we go. I got a job at YTG again but in the printing dept and then tourism and mailroom. I had to learn the mail route to take over when Alvin Steele was away and that day the roads were very icy. I was driving on my side of the road when I see this Fed truck turning a corner and heading straight for me. I put on the brakes but we collided anyway. Lorne decides he needs another boat so off to Vancouver he goes and buys one. Three months later we leave Whitehorse (1978) and live on our boat on Salt Spring Island. While there we buy 2 motorcycles and do a 3 week trip to California, sell the boat and I move to Victoria. I do a solo trip on my motorbike to Prince Rupert, get divorced and sell the motorbike. Lorne moves to Courtenay with a new wife builds a house, sells it and buys another boat. I move to Courtenay with a new husband and we buy 2 motorcycles.

Hope you enjoy the bio and rhyme, also hope it gets to you without too many errors.  
Happy Trails.....Margaret Henderson [maghendy@hotmail.com](mailto:maghendy@hotmail.com)

## OBITUARIES

Hi Sherron,

First of all let me thank you for the wonderful job you are doing with the MocTel. I know that the purpose is to share stories about Yukon and its people. If it is appropriate, I would like to share with many Yukoners and Sourdoughs the passing of my Mother **Lil Perry** at the age of 87 years, on January 24, 2004. Mom worked at the Capitol Hotel for years for Cal and Marty Miller, at Sears, with Bill Whittleton, and also at Burns Meats. My father drove for Cassiar Asbestos Corp. for 25 years starting in 1953 until his retirement and the closing of the company in 1978 completing 2.5 million miles of accident free driving. (Not including spinning out on winter roads.) He predeceased my mother on March 17, 1989. We are all proud Sourdoughs having come direct from Ireland to Whitehorse in 1954. My brother Bert still lives in Whitehorse.

Father came over ahead of us 1953 and actually came to Yukon with Paddy Kane and Jackie Brown two Irishmen he met in Edmonton. He had worked his way across Canada and ended up in Edmonton. In Edmonton, Dad got his chance having been a "Lorry" driver in Ireland, to drive in Yukon - took the chance and the rest is history. (We) Mom, brother Bert and myself arrived the following June 1954).

Thanks Sherron, Jim Perry [4perry@telus.net](mailto:4perry@telus.net)

**McLOUGHLIN \_ Margaret Amy** (nee Attwood), born June 24, 1911 passed away peacefully at Eagle Ridge Manor, Port Moody, B. C. on February 1, 2004.

Predeceased by her husband John J. (Jack) in 1985. Survived by her loving family: daughter, Kerry Rawlings (Gordon) of Coquitlam; son, Peter (Cris) of Quesnel; granddaughters, Gillian Foster (Darren) of Port Moody, Sally McLoughlin (Kirk Tipton) of Campbell River, and two great-grandchildren, Meghan and Andrew Foster. Margaret spent 27 memorable years in the Yukon where she made many special friends.

Special thanks to all the health care professions for their devoted care to Mom over the past nine years. Memorial Service to be held on Saturday, February 7, 2004 at St. Alban's Anglican Church, 7177 - 19th Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V3N 1E8. In lieu of flowers, donations to St. Alban's Church, address above, would be most appreciated.

Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604.

### Where I fit in the Yukon picture

Just a note to let you know how I came to be in the Yukon.

I was a pilot for Connely Dawson Airways from Jan. 1960 until Nov 1962.

I spent the winter of 1960 and the summer of 1961 based in Mayo, and the rest of the time in Dawson City. Loved every minute of my time up there, but my wife longed for the "OUTSIDE", so moved back to B.C. and I flew the coast for many years finally ending up in management at AIR BC.

Now retired and living in Tappen just west of Salmon Arm.

Keep up the good work, I enjoy every issue very much.

Regards, Russ Minaker [russminaker@airspeedwireless.ca](mailto:russminaker@airspeedwireless.ca)

## THIS SHOULD MAKE YOU THINK

While sitting at your desk, lift your right foot off the floor and make clockwise circles. Now, while doing this, draw the number "6" in the air with your right hand. Your foot will change direction and there's nothing you can do about it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hi Sherron,

I hope this hasn't been sent in before. If so please disregard. Thought some of the folks out there would enjoy seeing this photo of the high school students from the "Lambert St. School" taken in 1935. I'd have been in grade 4 then in the same school.



Top row: Denny Blaker, Tony Hayes, Lloyd Ryder  
Middle row: Mary McBride, Betty Patterson, Gloria Cyr, and "Stu" McPherson  
Bottom row: Wilda Richards (my sister) Bella McPherson, Betty Murray, Ruth Chambers,  
Edie Caddy, and Rose Barrett

<http://members.shaw.ca/joyceyardley/>

## COLD WEATHER MEMORIES

My favourite cold weather memory is during the first Arctic Winter Games - I was in high school at the time. I remember thinking how much fun it was at the Takhini Hot Springs playing water volleyball in the open air - chasing after it in the snow when it was -30F - and how my hair froze every time I came out of the water!

Bonnie Venton-Ross [bonnie.ross@cgi.com](mailto:bonnie.ross@cgi.com)

Hello

I have a little tale to tell of **COLD weather in Dawson in 1946-47.**

One story went that a trapper was in the bush collecting his traps when he heard the sound of someone sawing wood. Now there was nobody living anywhere near any of his cabins, which were scattered over a radius of at least 25 miles, and he thought he was just hearing things being in the bush alone for so long.

He finally made a trip to town to get more provisions for himself and his dogs. After looking after everything he needed. It was time to visit with his old cronies in the Royal Alexander Hotel. After a few glasses of the much appreciated thirst quencher, he told his companions his story of hearing the sawing of someone, somewhere in his vicinity, but how could that be?

An old timer sitting at the table said he had been sawing wood as his woodpile was low and he couldn't wait any longer. Neither of them knew what the temperature was at that time, except that it was damn cold. Now, this old timer lived at least 35 miles away from him and it had to be his sawing he heard, as there was no one else in the vicinity.

I remember that winter most vividly because it was our first winter in Dawson and we lived in a 2-room cabin with no amenities whatsoever. But that's another story to relate at another time.

Fran Hakonson [fhakon@cityofdawson.ca](mailto:fhakon@cityofdawson.ca)



**Cripple Hill on Bonanza Creek**

Photo Courtesy Debbie Algotsson [algotson@cityofdawson.ca](mailto:algotson@cityofdawson.ca)

This "sliced" hillside (in the photo above) is our mine. It is Cripple Hill on Bonanza. Only 7 minutes drive from town. A wonderful spot. One summer, when our girls were young, we lived in a 2-room tent there and gave our house in Dawson to Pierre Berton and his family. (1 month) The Berton kids were all very young. The little one took her first step there and got her first tooth also. What memories!!!!!!!!!!!!

Hugs, (Pete &) Brownie Foth [lfoth@shaw.ca](mailto:lfoth@shaw.ca)



**Sunset at Marsh Lake**  
Photo Courtesy Shirley Keopke

Hi Sherron. I thought I might try and send these pictures to you. I sent one to Wanda and she said she put it as a screen saver. There are so many beautiful sunsets and sunrises and I take far too many pictures of them.

Just got your last Moc but have not opened it as yet. We are up to our eyebrows with our 10th Anniversary Marsh Lake Classic Ski Loppet, being held February 14. It is cross-country and the trails are in Judas Creek behind the Firehall. It is a family affair; the price is right, \$10.00 adults, \$5.00 for children. The race begins at noon for the little ones and it is something to see, as some of them can barely walk, let alone ski. We usually allow up to 250 skiers but this year we will take a few more. Last year I believe the total was 262.

I am in charge of the food again this year and we keep it pretty simple, hotdogs, which have all been donated, and thanks to some of the women at Marsh Lake, we have chili donated.

The merchants of Whitehorse and Marsh Lake are the very best and most generous when it comes to sponsoring prizes for the skiers, not forgetting our Major Sponsors who are cash sponsors for \$250.00 each or \$500.00 in kind, such as our own Air North giving the winner a trip to Vancouver or Calgary/Edmonton. We appreciate our sponsors generosity beyond words.

We are renting a huge tent again this year for all the activities during the day and at 7pm a dance will be held with "LIVE MUSIC" this year!!!! Food will once again be supplied and you can eat and dance the night away for only \$10.00. For liquid refreshments, you are on your own!!!! Wish you and Bill were here to join us.

There is also a prize for the best costume, and some of those people go to a lot of trouble getting dressed in silly outfits. It adds a lot to the day, and we usually make silly dummies that are placed along the trails. Anyway enough of that chatter.

Wanda and Rob going to Grenada next month, so I will be going into town to look after my "grand doggies" for 3 weeks - like I don't have enough grandchildren!!!! ha. They suggested we come with them, but I think we will do our traveling in Canada. Furthest south I will get is Vancouver, when I go for another stress test on the 24th, but that's ok. Suits us!!

Supposed to be warming up and it is time. That -45 can get a little much, but that is life. We will certainly appreciate the weather when it gets to -10!!

Thanks Sherron, you are doing a great job with the Moc Tel.

Shirley Keopke [keobkens@marshlake.polarcom.com](mailto:keobkens@marshlake.polarcom.com)



**January 30, 2004 at the Jones' in Vernon**  
Photo by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)

The 'Arctic influence' has spread south to the Okanagan this winter. By the looks of the snowfall we shouldn't have a water problem this next summer. With a little luck we will not have the forest fires either. So far we haven't had it cold enough in B.C., for two weeks running, to kill the pine beetle that is devastating the forests. The experts say the little critters develop glycol antifreeze for the winter and the best time to have a cold snap is when they are coming out of that stage at the end of the winter.

## MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH IS ONE YEAR OLD

The first edition of the Moccasin Telegraph was issued February 16<sup>th</sup>, 2003. After starting the e-mail address list on February 6<sup>th</sup>, 2003 it soon became apparent that Yukoners had more information than their e-mail address that they were willing to share. What followed has surprised *me* as much as anyone else.

I think it is fair to say that my goal of providing an opportunity for folks to re-connect with those they had lost touch with, through the magic of electronics, has been successful. I hope this next year will bring even more visits with new and old friends.

A special thanks to all of you who have contributed stories, photos, poems and other information to make the Moccasin Telegraph as successful as it has been. I look forward to the months ahead with anticipation. I never know from one day to the next what is going to land in my inbox or snail-mail mailbox. It is like Christmas many days of the year for me. I hesitate to mention anyone in particular because you all know who has contributed and you each know how much you enjoy the sharing. Please continue! and also encourage others who have not contributed their thoughts and material to join in.

I would also like to thank those who have contributed their time and talent to help me make the project successful. Donna Clayson was a big help in collecting and setting up stories. She also taught me some tricks of setting up and formatting material. Sandy Campbell took the strain off me by sending out past editions before we had a web page. Jenny Roberts has been a godsend for setting up, hosting and posting each edition of the newsletter to the web page.

Two new donations of web space have been volunteered, by Brian Warner and Fred & Barb Aylwin. Brian has his set up and I will visit Fred and Barb in the near future and get theirs organized as well. I would like to re-iterate. If you donate your space, we do not have access to your computer nor does anyone in the group. No information can go into or out of your computer as a result. Our contact is strictly with Shaw Cable.

A few of you have forwarded donations to help me with some of my expenses such as photocopying, paper and ink. Thank you, I really appreciate your help. If the project continues to grow I will revisit the topic of a subscription fee and stay home to work on the project.

Sherron Jones (250) 549-2736 [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)  
9205 Orchard Ridge Drive  
Vernon, BC V1B 1V8

## NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Guys,

Glad you're back from your holidays, Fred really missed the newsletter. I really think he should tell some of his tales, however he says they're not fit for human consumption, but you probably would know that right!!!!

We have just spoken to Tom Currie and he would really like to get on line with the telegraph, I've given him your address but will include his for your info, you may wish to contact him. Take care both, love to you, [tcurrie@shaw.ca](mailto:tcurrie@shaw.ca)  
Hugs, Fred & Carol

Sherron, we quite enjoyed your Moccasin Telegraph. Yes we would like to be added to the list. I was in the Yukon from May 1967 to Dec. 1974. Arlene came in Jan of 68, we met in the Whitehorse Inn and got married in Dawson City Aug. 15 1969 and have lived happily ever after, sort of. Arlene's maiden name was Cole. We were friends of Fred and Vina Cull, and we have partied with you and Bill a couple of times. It is great that you are doing this. I am sure it is enjoyed by many. Thanks, Tom & Arlene Currie. [tcurrie@shaw.ca](mailto:tcurrie@shaw.ca)

Greetings, Sherron,

That's great, to be in touch once again with some of the Yukoners. Thanks.

We arrived here on Jan. 1 of 1966. (It sure was cold that year, do you remember?!)

Hello! I am interested in joining your group. Anne Domas told me she writes to you. We have lived in the (good ol') Yukon for 38 years and maybe have some good stories to tell?

I taught at Selkirk Street School for about 15 years then went over to Jack Hulland. Son David and I had a sheep farm when I was teaching at J. Hulland. I taught for about five years there. Then we had the farm until about 1996. Now we live in McPherson.

Dates are becoming fuzzy but that's about right!!!

I am glad to get in to this computer letter business....Very glad to be in touch with any of my ol' students. Please say a special hello to Jenny Roberts (I remember the name but I probably wouldn't recognize her!). And your son...Tell me about him. I am so very glad when my old students say hello. Best regards to them both.

Thanks, Sherron.

Sylvia Hackney [hackney@polarcom.com](mailto:hackney@polarcom.com)

Hello from Cornwall Ontario

My name is Terence Cyr and I lived in Whitehorse from 1946 till 1972. My e-mail address is [mccyr@glen-net.ca](mailto:mccyr@glen-net.ca)

Thanks Terry Cyr

Hi Sherron,

Just a note and a referral of an old Yukoner who wants in on the action. Lawrence Balla [lballa@msn.com](mailto:lballa@msn.com) who was a barber in Whitehorse for many years, still cuts my hair here in Red Deer. Would you please include him on your mailing list. And keep up the good work. I

haven't had time to sit down and read through everything, as I am kept too damned busy. But that will be changing, and then I can really enjoy what you are doing.

Thanks

Jim Thoreson [jimthoreson@shaw.ca](mailto:jimthoreson@shaw.ca)

A friend gave me your e-mail address and sent an issue of the Moccasin Telegraph. I would like to sign up to your site.

My name is Dianne Lattin-Pelletier. I was born and raised in Whitehorse. My husband and I moved to Summerland B.C. in October of 1997. We try to attend the Yukoners' picnic every summer at Summerland Gardens.

Thank you for such a fast response. Dorothy and Con Lattin are related to me; they are my aunt and uncle. My parents' names are Patricia and Geoff Lattin. My father is deceased but my mom still lives in the Yukon along with my sister Colleen Nowell. My husband, Lindsey has one sister who lives in Whitehorse and her name is Leona Commons. She owns and operates Riverside Grocery. The rest of his family has moved outside. Jack and Jeannette Pelletier live in Summerland, (Lindsey's parents), Lynda Rittenhouse (Mike) in Victoria, Lorraine Pelletier in Summerland and Lawrence Pelletier in Australia.

I'm afraid I don't know Squirechucks. My family always lived in Porter Creek as I was growing up so I don't know many families who live(ed) in Riverdale.

Dianne Lattin-Pelletier [dianne.lattin-pelletier@telus.net](mailto:dianne.lattin-pelletier@telus.net)

Hi, my name is Alan West; I have lived in Whitehorse since 1968 and have two sons who also live in Whitehorse. My e-mail address is [pwest@polarcom.com](mailto:pwest@polarcom.com). The Moccasin Telegraph was introduced to me by Phyllis Simpson only two weekends ago and I am very interested in signing up. Give me a holler!

## **ADDRESSES REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

### **Stacey Christensen**

Recipient address: [christir@telusplanet.net](mailto:christir@telusplanet.net)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Invalid recipient: <[christir@telusplanet.net](mailto:christir@telusplanet.net)>

CHRISTENSON, Stacey (SMITH) [christir@telusplanet.net](mailto:christir@telusplanet.net) (In Whitehorse) Lacombe AB

### **Patty Miller**

Recipient address: [pmiller@neonet.bc.ca](mailto:pmiller@neonet.bc.ca)

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 <[pmiller@neonet.bc.ca](mailto:pmiller@neonet.bc.ca)>... user not valid

Remote system: dns;ns1.neonet.bc.ca

MILLER, Patty (HANNAH) [pattymiller999@msn.com](mailto:pattymiller999@msn.com) (In Beaver Creek and Whitehorse 1957-78) Farmington BC

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

We are getting too much spam, etc..... so we are changing our e-mail address to [k29j32@shaw.ca](mailto:k29j32@shaw.ca)

Ken & Maureen Jones

MY E-MAIL ADDRESS HAS BEEN CHANGED FROM: [lschrom@txucom.net](mailto:lschrom@txucom.net)  
TO: [marnic@txucom.net](mailto:marnic@txucom.net) THIS SHOULD BE DONE SOMETIME TODAY.  
LORRAINE M. SCHROM

Hi Everyone:

I am doing great, only one chemo treatment to go and then off and running again. The doc says that it is in remission, so we are hoping for the best.

We have finally changed from the SLOW dial-up system to a wireless internet. Please note my new address ... [russminaker@airspeedwireless.ca](mailto:russminaker@airspeedwireless.ca)

Hoping to keep in touch now that it seems to be working.

Russ Minaker

Please note our new email address.

Stephen Baker [sbbaker@shaw.ca](mailto:sbbaker@shaw.ca)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Today is the tomorrow that you worried about yesterday, and all is well.

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

## CAPTAIN BILLY MOORE'S FAVORITE COLSESLAW

½ head	Cabbage
¼ to ½ cup	Mayonnaise
1 or 2 tsp.	Honey
¼ tsp.	Salt
1 tsp.	Lemon juice, optional
	Paprika

1. Cut cabbage into shreds.
2. Stir the honey, salt and lemon juice into the mayonnaise, blending well; and mix into the cabbage.

Variations:

Season with ½ tsp. Dill seed or celery seed.

Add shredded carrot or a bit of minced parsley.

Mix mayonnaise with yogurt, half and half.

## **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)