

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 51st EDITION – Feb. 15, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Raven - January 2004

Photo Courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

Don't know if you need more ravens but this one reminded me of a friend who told me what bothers him most about the cold is, "I'm miserable, and the bloody ravens look like they're having fun and it's forty below for heaven's sake." - Doug
(It looks young and full of mischief too. – Sherron)

HOME

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

My house holds all my special things
Like books and favorite chair,
And yet it only seems like home,
Whenever you are there.
The cozy house and garden,
Bring me pleasure, it is true,
But, still and all, it's only home
If I am there with you.

When I come in and you're not there,
Clouds follow me inside.
Each room is dark and gloomy,
With no pleasant place to hide.
Then I hear your footsteps,
And I know you're home again.
Each time you open up the door,
You bring the sunshine in.

I could be in a crowd and yet,
Be lonely all the while,
Until I see you across the room,
And you look at me and smile.
Then I know it makes no difference,
Just where on earth I roam.
One thing is ever constant,
If you are there, I'm home

© 2001 Gus Barrett.

WHAT'S IN A YEAR ????

By Gus Barrett Sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Well, in the past year I have become re-connected with a number of former **Yukoners** with whom I had lost contact over the last 35 years.

In the last year I have met a number of **Yukoners** who have more recently moved to sunnier climes.

In the past year, I have attended the Vancouver **Yukoners** reunion in Vancouver, The International Sourdoughs in Whitehorse, and the Vancouver Island **Yukoners** picnic at Nanoose Bay, meeting many old friends and making some new ones.

In the past year I have toured the **Yukon**, and enjoyed the company of many old buddies that I rarely see anymore.

In the past year I have thoroughly enjoyed my Sunday mornings – reading old stories of the **Yukon** and **Yukoners**. Most of these stories I have heard many times before, many lose nothing in the telling, but all are enjoyable because they bring back pleasant memories of a time when we were all much younger and following our own dreams.

In the past year I have revisited **Dawson City**, one of my all-time favorite places, and despite getting caught in a blizzard in the middle of September, it was a most enjoyable trip.

In the past year I have heard from many **Yukoners** who have read and apparently enjoyed my poetic efforts.

All of those events and experiences have been influences either directly or indirectly by the **Moccasin Telegraph**, which is celebrating its first birthday.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MOC/TEL. Long may you survive, prosper and gain in membership.

Gus Barrett

INSPIRED MEMORIES

By Lionel Brasseur lynbrass@sympatico.ca

Sherron ... your 50th Edition surely did stir up a lot of old memories.

Fran Hakonson's relating the story of the sounds of wood sawing in the record cold winter of 1946/47, (coldest North American record at Snag, 3 Feb 1947 ... official -81.4 F ... some say -83 F?), surely brings back memories to any of us that experienced it. I remember Fran & Bill very well from the day they first came to town ... she, a beautiful lady and Bill, a handsome dude.

I worked in the accounting department at the NC Company that winter, and Alex Wark (we called him "Joe" ... he called me "Mike"), managed the hardware department. Telephones were scarce and most calls for employees came to my phone. Alex was also our town mortician, and any requests for his services were usually directed to my phone. Alex would turn on his Digger O'dell voice and assure the caller he would attend to the matter. Severe northern weather is especially hard on the elderly and many of the "Old Timers" residing at St. Mary's Hospital's haven for the elderly would "cash in their chips".

Alex and I lived in the same neighbourhood and generally walked home and back to work together at lunch hour. Alex would occasionally ask me to help him put "one on the slab", and we would go to the mortuary to wheel a "loaded" casket into the Reviewing Parlour. The phone had rung frequently, of late, but no funerals! Temperatures were well in the minus 70s F, and crowding - 80 F; our motorized vehicles were frozen solid, and there was no humane way to expose horses to those conditions. Furthermore, wood was desperately scarce so the mortuary was not heated at all, excepting for a small wood stove in the embalming room that was used only while Alex was doing his work on a cadaver.

One lunch hour, Alex asked me for assistance. Upon entering the embalming room, a body (a real stiff, you might say), discretely covered with a white sheet, lay on the wheeled table, hands appropriately folded across the chest as is the custom ... but this one was not in a casket! Alex callously asked me to grasp the body by the feet while he took the head and shoulders, and directed me through the reviewing room to a small lean-to rough lumber shed at the rear. Leaning against the walls (like brooms), and covered with white sheets were six other recently deceased!

I said, "Alex, what goes on here"? He peeled back some of the sheets to introduce me to the assembly, all of which I had known of course. He explained, "What else can I do ... no way to get them to church let alone up the hill" ... to the graves pre-dug in the summer at the cemeteries above the AC Trail.

And yes, when temperatures moderated to the low sixties and fifties, there were a rash of funerals that committed Alex's inventory to their final resting-place.

“A morbid story”, you say? ... Perhaps, but that’s the way it was in the Dawson of the 40’s and before, as I knew it. Many of you will remember well.



Sun Dog over Fish Lake

Photo Courtesy Kerry Lyle klyle@northwestel.net

Memories of the Cold

By Jenny Roberts moctel@shaw.ca

I do not remember what the year was, but I was visiting my dad for a weekend in February. It was a nice weekend with the temperatures sitting just below 0°C. We decided to go out to his property at Robinson Subdivision on the Carcross Road.

Dad had a one-bedroom trailer with propane and kerosene heat and lights, as we were working on getting the house livable. We always had a good time working together. We stayed up until about midnight playing cards and listening to the radio. We were tuned into an Alaskan station and listening to the weather forecasts, but we didn’t pay attention to it.

When we got up the next morning and stepped outside, boy were we surprised by the sudden weather change. We turned on CKRW and found out it had dropped to –35°C and the wind was blowing, put the temperature at –70°C- 80°C.

The car was frozen, so we brought the battery inside to warm it up by the oven. After a couple of hours, the battery was still too cold to start the car, and we started to run out of propane and kerosene for the heat. Dad knew that one of our neighbors would be just getting home, so it was decided that I would bundle up and go over to see them.

I had to put on several layers of clothing; (socks, pants, shirts) and then topped it off with Dad’s big insulated coveralls and his big winter boots. Wrapped a couple scarves around

my head, found a couple pair of mitts and off I went. I couldn't see where I was walking, as I couldn't open my eyes too far without them freezing.

The nearest neighbors, were Tim and Mary-Ann, who were about a half a mile to a mile down the road. They lived in a converted school bus at the time as everyone was just starting to build their houses, and as they had never met me before, they were surprised when they opened the door, I just identified myself as Preston's daughter, and they told me to get in so I could warm up.

I looked like the abominable snowman. LOL. As I started to take some of the clothes off they could actually see my face. LOL. They gave me a nice hot cup of coffee to warm up, as I told them what was happening at our house. We jumped into their truck, as it was still warm, having just arrived home, and headed back to dad's property.

It took us about 2 hours to get the car started, and warm enough to drive. We were then able to head back to Whitehorse. Once we got to town, a HOT shower sure felt nice.

It was a day that I have never forgotten. I have always listened to the weather forecasts a little better since.

(LOL is a short form for Lots Of Laughs.)

Memories of a Cold February

By Danielle Thibert littlemisses33@yahoo.ca

Hello, well its funny you have written about getting some info or memories from people when tonight and tomorrow we are celebrating Sheldon's 9th birthday... Sigh, Feb 8th of '95... I don't remember the exact temperature but we have pictures of Sheldon when we first brought him home from the hospital... All you could see was his tiny little face smothered in his snowsuit plus thick blankets... I'll find the picture and send it to you... I've been in the Okanogan 6 years in March and I still find the winters a treat, no matter how much snow we have gotten or how cold it gets it doesn't get cold enough... And, I love all the snow we are getting this year...

I'm missing Whitehorse more and more all the time lately... Its time to make a trip up there...

Danielle



**Canadian Pacific Airlines – 1952 – Dawson City
Office, with Staff Accommodation Upstairs**
Photo Courtesy of Tom Tait tom_tait@telus.net

COLD WEATHER STORY

By Tom Tait tom_tait@telus.net

Here is another “Cold Weather Story” for you.

Sheila and I were married on September 2nd. 1952 in Vancouver. After a brief honeymoon I brought my new bride to Dawson City where I took up the position of Agent for what was then Canadian Pacific Airlines. Our offices and staff quarters were in the Royal Alexander Annex on Front St. Offices at street level, our apartment and the flight crew bedrooms on the second floor.

Our building was kept toasty warm during the long winter nights by our automatic stoker, Pete Huley who would feed the 95 gallon drum furnace as often as was required during the hours from midnight to early morning. Old timers will remember that Pete was a stand in for Charley Chaplin in his film “The Gold Rush”. The 45 cords of wood we burned over the winter was contracted from Black Mike another memorable Yukon character.

Anyway, Pete took care of our comfort. My domestic responsibility was the kitchen stove. I split and stacked the fuel for this on the back porch. One day in February all my stash was exhausted and I was faced with the replenishing the woodpile or going hungry. The temperature was fifty below.

To my mind the task was daunting but I dressed for the occasion, shouldered my trusty ax and with my admiring bride watching from the kitchen window proceeded to chop and stack a new supply. Tears were freezing to my cheeks; icicles were hanging from my nostrils.

After about an hour (or less) my woodpile and righteous self-importance sufficiently enhanced I gather up my last armful of kindling and “heroically” climbed the stairs to my awestruck woman. Reaching the top I heard strange noises coming from way up the back alley.

To my frozen ears the noises sounded like screams.

They were screams.

Screams of delight, from two of Mitch Nakano’s young sons playing cowboy and Indians. They waved to me politely as they rushed by.

My ego completely deflated I entered our kitchen to be greeted by unsympathetic gales of laughter. (Incidentally the Nakanos were the proprietors of the Penguin Bakery and Café. Because their bread was so good I forgave them.)

TALK ABOUT COLD !

(Slides taken by Bob Hughes – 1961)

These are some pictures Dad took in 1961 when the pharmacy and other establishments on First Avenue at Main Street burned down. Dad said it was so cold that the spray from the fire hose froze before it landed. He took these pictures at first light. Looks mighty cold to me, however, I was only 11 and I can’t remember exactly how cold it was that night.

Cheers, Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com



Hi Sherron,

That was the old White Pass Hotel, which was run by Mrs. Vioux. In the first photo it was taken from First Ave., and to the left you can see the Whitehorse Inn Hotel and to the left the Capitol Hotel. I was not sure of the year, but I remember it was Christmas Day early morning

That fire took out the drugstore of Stewart McPherson, the White Pass Hotel, Nelson's Hardware and took out that block from First Avenue back to the Alley alongside the Capital Hotel and bar. It started in a ventilation fan in the Grill Cafe in the hotel, and as all the attics were connected swept through the top and could not be stopped. Many of the Christmas dinners were late that year due to power outages. We were lucky on Hoge Street that we did not lose our power.

It was 50 below zero F that morning and as far as I recall the fire started about 6 o'clock in the morning. I heard the sirens and went down, but by that time the fire had climbed to the third story of the hotel. It was so cold that I did not stick around, as I knew at least the fire was out of control. At that point it was hard to say if it could be stopped at the drugstore, but later in the morning I went down again and it had taken the whole half block. McPherson's Drugstore had been there since who knows when and was run by Stewart McPherson's father the first time I was in Whitehorse. McPherson's business went back a long way. That was Nelson's first hardware store, and he reopened on 2nd and Elliot in the old Bobby Richards garage right on the corner.

Those businesses all fronted on First Avenue. The main Yukon Electric substation was right across the street with the main wires feeding the north end of town on the poles in front of the hotel. Y.E. had to kill the line and reroute the wires before they could pick up the north end again.

Henry Breaden hroamer@shaw.ca



I just remembered where I had seen a photo of the lineman up the pole disconnecting the power.

<http://www.hougengroup.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/1960s/1960s.aspx?year60=1961>



1946 Photo of the group of buildings that were destroyed in the fire.
Photo courtesy Hougen Group



1956 Photo of Front Street at Main Street

This photo cropped, from a Hougen Group photo, to show the area of the 1961 fire.

Artist appointed to Order of Canada

By Chuck Tobin

A **Whitehorse Star** Archive story originally published January 30, 2004
(Permission to re-print received.)

From his early beginnings sketching on moosehides, Jim Robb has maintained his stature as a classic Yukon artist for almost half a century.

It was his considerable contributions to the territory's artistic flavour that Donna and Ed Isaak believed was worthy of honorary recognition.

Robb was appointed this week by Governor General Adrienne Clarkson as a member of the Order of Canada.

The announcement came a month after Robb was informed of the honour – but told to keep it confidential until it was made public Tuesday.

It came two years after Isaak submitted her request with some 300 accompanying letters of support by Yukoners of all walks of life.

“I feel that people are starting to recognize that I do some important work,” Robb said in an interview after learning of the appointment.

“It is some good recognition, I feel. It made me really feel good, you know what I mean?”

The 70-year-old artist came to the Yukon in March 1956 from Quebec. He worked at different jobs – survey work, a carpenter’s helper and a general labourer.

“And after a good two years, I finally said, ‘If I am going to make \$1.50 a day, I am going to do what I do best, and what I like to do.’”

He began doing charcoal and pastel drawings on moosehides stretched between willow poles by Annie and Harry Silverfox and their son, Billy.

In the 15 years he continued to do the moosehide art, Robb figures hundreds were produced, though he has no number.

Nor is he sure how many ink and water colour pieces he’s produced since taking up those materials in the early ’60s. It’s difficult, however, to go almost anywhere in the territory without seeing a Jim Robb work hanging on the wall.

“For over 40 years, James Robb has brought the Yukon’s unique past to life in his sketches, watercolour paintings and photography,” reads the citation prepared by the Governor General’s office.

“Finding inspiration in such places as Dawson City, remote areas of the Klondike and Whitehorse’s Whiskey Flats, he has captured the territory’s history through his depictions of buildings, events and pioneer characters.

“This prolific artist has been widely featured in books, magazines and newspapers and has supported the local cultural and artistic community.”

The citation also notes Robb’s willingness to donate works to several charities and organizations over the years.

Robb said he is particularly proud of his work documenting the different personalities of the Yukon that he found to have flare and colour.

In his three soft-cover publications of *The Colourful Five Per Cent*, the life-long bachelor has featured Yukoners from the mining community to the business community, and everything in between.

“Anybody who was interesting at all, who I thought was a colourful, interesting person,” he said of his selection criteria.

They were, and are, said Robb, the colourful five per cent.

In 2003, because he was so busy with his work, Robb opted to discontinue the long-running column by the same name he compiled for the *Star* each Friday.

Displaying a historic Yukon photo, the column would ask readers to write in with information about the people or the scene in it.

As a lark for Robb’s 65th birthday, long-time friend Doris Gates teamed up with *Star* editor Jim Butler to publish a decades-old photo of Robb in the column – to the veteran artist’s complete surprise.

The Isaaks, meanwhile, have been friends with Robb for 40 years, as well as admirers of his work.

“My husband and I just thought, ‘You know, he would be a deserving candidate for the Order of Canada,’ and nobody had tried to do it, so we thought we would try,” Isaak said Thursday.

Isaak said she recruited the assistance of then-Whitehorse Centre MLA Mike McLarnon and life-long Yukoner Babe Richards.

Together, they compiled about 300 letters of support, which they submitted in March 2002 with the application to have Robb appointed to the Order.

Isaak said she learned from Rideau Hall that they required permission from Robb to let his name stand.

Having carried out their exercise of gathering letters without his knowing, Isaak said she approached Robb with the idea.

“He said to me, ‘OK, Donna, but would I have to wear a monkey suit?’ and he said, “Oh my God, would I have to go to Ottawa?””

Isaak told the casual dresser he could surely grin and bear a suit for a day, and perhaps make arrangements to have the honour bestowed upon him here, by Commissioner Jack Cable.

Isaak said she understands Robb was sworn to secrecy after he was contacted by the Governor General’s office a month ago.

“I can’t believe he didn’t even tell me,” she chuckled.

Richards said when she was recruited to assist with gathering letters of support, she jumped in with both feet, and was more than happy to do so for a friend she has known since he arrived in the territory.

“I thought, ‘Yes, if anybody deserves it, he does.’”

Not one to travel, having been outside the territory only once in the last 35 years, Robb said he just might have to go to Ottawa.

“This is quite a thing, and it is thanks to a lot of friends who supported me.”

COMMENTS INSPIRED BY THE ATLIN SPECIAL

By Dave Harder daveharder@telus.net

These are great pictures and stories from Atlin. I just think that it is a great place.

I do have one correction on the **Atlin Commemorative Mail Run**.

I was the one that instigated the run as a **memorial mail run in 1973**. We had planned a Jack McMurphy trophy, to honor Jack, who had run the mail to Atlin for many years.

We opened the trail from Carcross over Windy arm then over the Strikers Pass, over the east end of Tutshi Lake, then over Tagish Lake, up Moose Arm over to Atlin Lake. It took us several days to cut out along this trail, as it had not been used for about thirty years or so.

Carcross was having a big celebration and so was Atlin. It was the 75th anniversary of the gold rush. This was the day that we run the first mail by dog sled to Atlin. Because we did not have enough dogs we used snow machines in front of the sleds.

To make it more real the sleigh had to have 10 feet of rope between snow machine and sleigh, this would give it a real dog sled feel. Each sleigh had to have sleeping gear for two, food for several days, a tent, plus the mail.

The first mail we took over I think had seventy some letters with a special stamp. Lynn Sawatsky was the postmistress in Atlin but I can’t remember who it was in Carcross.

The race took off about 10 a.m. and Charlie Lewis was my partner. We won the race in 5 hours and 5 minutes. I was never so beat and sore in all my life, from being jerked around on that sled, so was Charlie. We took turns on who was going to ride the sled and who was going to be the dogs.

The second Sleigh, team was Carl Weatherall and Shorty Schroder; they came in four hours after us and several of the other's broke down and never made it.

The second year more people got into the race and by this time hundred's of letters went over the trail. It was right after that the dog teams started carrying the mail.

It was very interesting to have known Jack McMuphy, Tess Evans, the James family and many other, and to hear them tell the stories of the hardships and adventures on the trail from Carcross to Atlin or from Log Cabin over the Fantail Lakes to the Engineer Mine and on to Atlin.

Yes the start of the dog sleigh run was a continuation of what we started. I will look and see if I have one of the original envelopes. I think it was just called Atlin mail run.

Dave Harder

COMMEMORATIVE MAIL RUN CARCROSS TO ATLIN BY DOG TEAM 1976

After receiving Dave Harder's e-mail I thought I should steam open the two envelopes we have for the 1976 and 1977 commemorative trips.

The insert card in the 1976 reads:

Commemorative Mail Run – Carcross to Atlin – March 19 & 20, 1976

When the Yukon was coming alive in early 1900, and when Atlin, B.C., was bursting with gold seeking miners, there was hunger for mail and news from the outside. In the summer months, riverboats plying the Tagish Lake water system carried goods, supplies and mail between Carcross and Atlin and to those pioneers living on the waterways. Tagish lake, Windy Arm, Taku Arm and Atlin lake. But the cold of winter brought a halt to water travel, and the dog team became the one link to home and family further south.
Sponsored by Whitehorse Sled Dog Club

COMMEMORATIVE MAIL RUN CARCROSS TO ATLIN BY DOG TEAM 1977

The envelopes for both 1976 and 1977 carry the imprint of a rubber stamp showing a picture of a dogteam and the words 'Carried By Dogteam'. A photo of the 1977 envelope was included in the Atlin Special edition by Donna Clayson.

The insert card for 1977 reads:

There was much jubilation on the creeks and on the bars, cabins and around the campfires, as mail from loved ones had just arrived.

Imagine yourself living 76 years ago in the far north when mail from home and family arrived on a very sporadic basis, during the summer months it came by water, during the

winter it was carried from points on the railroad to settlements throughout the Territory by dog team, the mail carrier and his dog team encountering some of the most severe weather imaginable.

It has been our pleasure to re-enact the mail run by dog team between Carcross, Yukon Territory and Atlin, British Columbia using the route traveled by teams at the turn of the century.

The picture used on our **1977** cover is in memory of Tom Connelly, of Atlin, B. C. Tom took part in our first commemorative run in **1975**.

To the great sorrow of his many friends he has since passed away.

The picture referred to is a grey image over about half the face of the envelope. It is visible on the 1977 envelope Donna provided in the Atlin special edition of the Moccasin Telegraph. The envelopes in 1976 and 1977 were date stamped in the Carcross and the Atlin post offices. (March 19 and 20, 1976, March 18 and 19, 1977).

It appears that the Mushers Association may have picked up on the idea of the run, from the run made by Dave Harder and his group in 1973.

Donna tells me that according to Vera Kirkwood the run is planned again for this year, but that this year may be the last.

Donna indicated she herself has received mail from each run through the years. – Sherron

GOOSEBUMBS AGAIN – Sherron

I sent the message from Dave Harder along to Heather Jones at Yukon Archives to see if she could check the spelling of the surname of Lynn Sawatskie. (I had misunderstood and was thinking that Lynn was at the Carcross post office.)

Heather wrote back to say she would check Yukon Archives and also send the message on to her mother because –

“Will also pass this one on to my Ma, Jack McMurphy was her father, my grandfather!!!”

I told Heather that her message gave me goosebumps and in part her reply –

“Whoaaaa and now I share those "goosebumps"!!! Now I want to hear more stories that my grandfather may have shared with Dave!! (He was a friend of our family's)... I will be networking this weekend!! TOO cool is this project!!!”

MORE ATLIN COMMENTS

There were lots of old-timers in Atlin. I used to stay in a cabin owned by Mr. Chris Johnson, an elderly bachelor. He always made my family feel special when they came down from Whitehorse on weekends. Also, had heard stories of young Dick Kraft and

what a hellion he was. Ran into him in Ross River and was surprised to find that he was 30 years older than me (70ish). Wonder if he is still around and passing the hundred mark like Old Dick.

Sure enjoy the MocTel, regards - Bill Maylor b.maylor@sasktel.net

AND MORE ATLIN COMMENTS

By Helen Munro aka Fitch. hmunro@shaw.ca

Dear Sherron,

Thank you soooo much for all your work re Moccasin Telegraph. While I religiously read issues, I have never had the inclination to write. Until today, that is. My family are the Munros (Norman aka Scotty, Patricia and me, Helen). Our parents Alex and Annie were married in Atlin in 1930. Both Norman and I were born in Atlin, sis was born in Whitehorse. As fate would have it we are all visiting together in Port Moody. The special edition on Atlin arrived this a.m. and we gathered around the computer to view it. Imagine our surprise when we took a closer look at Louis Shultz's cancelled cheque and saw that cheque was made out to our dad. Norman thinks Dad sold Louis some gold and that was the reason for the cheque. Dad had worked for Louis in the late 20's driving horses to Carcross with mail and supplies but in '42 he and Jack MacDonald were mining on their own up Spruce Creek.

Anyway, we got a kick out of the experience and just wanted to put a face on what appeared to be an anonymous recipient of Louis's largesse, a name lost in time. Not so, it was our beloved pa. Thanks again to contributors to Atlin page.

Sincerely, on behalf of bro and sis, Helen Munro aka Fitch. hmunro@shaw.ca

LETS DEVELOP A BETTER WAY TO CONTACT EACH OTHER

Hi yourself!

This is Drew Dunn, but I think you'll know that from the address? OK.

This also isn't a complaint! But, like you, I don't recognize anybody that sends me an e-mail that doesn't have his or her name on it, (identity!). If they send something to me that has a coded or cute little pseudonym - I don't recognize them, especially if it has been years since I heard from them or even had someone mention them. So - I delete, delete, delete. With the amount of spam and the viruses that are flying around - what else? I have heard from a couple of oldies so far but there could have been more and I didn't or don't know it. I also don't know what can be done about it?? Perhaps a mention in the Moc-Tel? I'd really like to hear from some of these old b-----rs too! But till or unless I can ID them - pfft. Away they go!

Thanks Drew Dunn madunn@marshlake.polarcom.com

I expect Drew is responding to my covering e-mail comments about me not hearing back from most of the ex-Yukoners that folks in the group have given me e-mail addresses for and asked me to contact them about the Moccasin Telegraph.

*I have a suggestion that may help us make contact with each other. Use the term “**MocTel Reader**” in the subject line if you are trying to make contact with an old friend. Since **MocTel** is quite a unique term I doubt it should be confused with being a spam mail or a virus mail. For example:*

Subject: MocTel Reader

*I too have great difficulty at times when I receive an e-mail from one of you and it is not accompanied by your name. Why not change your account set up of your e-mail account to include your **name** as your name instead of just your e-mail address or as Drew says some cute name.*

*To change the name that is received when you send an e-mail – (if you are using “Outlook Express” for your e-mail program), go to **TOOLS** on the top task bar and then to **ACCOUNTS** on the drop down. Click on the tab for **MAIL**. If your e-mail account is highlighted click on **PROPERTIES** and move the cursor to the input box opposite **NAME** and type in your proper name. Then click on **APPLY**. – Sherron*



Dave, Doreen, & Jack Hildebrand send a ‘HUGE HELLO’ !

Photos courtesy Dave Hildebrand

Enjoying your info. Touched base with some old pals thanks to you.

Yes, (you can use the photo of me in the MocTel) only if these shady characters are inserted, with a huge HELLO attached.

Thanks. Have a great day. Cheers Dave Hildebrand mbournon@telus.net

Sherron:

Wyatt Tremblay, who is the cartoonist for the Yukon News just, published a book of cartoons and I'm wondering if some of your readers would be interested in it. It covers the period from 1992 to 2003.

Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

TAKE NO PRISONERS



The editorial cartoons of Wyatt Tremblay
as published in the *Yukon News*, 1992-2003.

Yukon, Canada, the world and the cosmos through near-sighted eyes.

ISBN 0-9734552-0-9

Published by Media North Limited

\$10 including GST

We can accept Visa, Mastercard and money orders made payable to Yukon News.

1 book, including shipping and handling - Canada (first class) \$14.50 –USA (air) \$17.50

2 books, \$24.50 - 3 books, \$41.50 - 4 books, \$52.00

D.S. (Steve) Robertson, Yukon News, Published by Media North Limited

211 Wood Street, Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 2E4 Canada

Phone: (867) 667-6285 Fax: (867) 668-3755

YUKON HISTORY PRESERVED BY THE HOUGEN FAMILY

Thank you, Sherron. I have no objection to others looking at the Hougen group site.

It must be explained that this is a “work in progress” and it will require correcting.

I would appreciate when anyone notes an error or are aware of events not yet recorded, that they E-mail us with their input. In this way, as time goes on, we will have a full and accurate annual history.

It should also be emphasized that this was intended to be shown internally to our grandchildren, hence, the emphasis on the Hougen family and businesses.

Within a month, photos and copy will be completed to 1970.

Our E-mail : marg@hougens.com or rolf@hougens.com

Regards, **Rolf & Marg Hougen**
The Hougen Group

The Hougen Group is sharing almost 30 years, 1940's – 1960 of photos and headlines on their website.

<http://www.hougroup.com/yukonHistoricalPhotos/default.aspx>

*Many thanks to the Hougen family for sharing this with us.
I found it quite by accident last night when I was searching for the date that Queen Elizabeth visited Whitehorse. It turned out to be 1959 and a photograph of Marg and Rolf Hougen meeting the Queen displayed along with this caption. - Sherron*

“Rolf and Marg Hougen meet Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip during their visit to the Yukon. F.H. Collins looks on. Prince Phillip went to Dawson City alone as the Queen was not well. A reporter wrote a story that said:

"The Queen was served some bad moose meat last night and became ill."

In fact she was pregnant... morning sickness. “



Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Phillip – Whitehorse 1959

Photo by Bob Hughes

Submitted by Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com

NEW ADDITIONS

Thanks Sherron. Just talked to (*my daughter*) Debbie and she is going to write you re: joining the group. (Moc Tel). She has got several letters from several old friends that she hasn't kept in contact with for years. She is so pleased about that. I love this print, and am glad that you will use it. It has been a long hard spell of -50 this year. Brownie Foth lfoth@shaw.ca

Hi Sherron, It's me, Debbie Algotsson wanting to sign up to get the Moccasin Telegraph. My email address is: algotson@cityofdawson.ca I have enjoyed reading the ones that mom has forwarded on to me but she tells me now it's time for me to sign up for myself. Thanks, Debbie

Hi Sherron,
Fred just got off the phone after speaking with Ray & Francis McKamey at Christina Lake, then he contacted their daughter Linda (as she has a computer) in Sidney, B.C.

Linda's e-mail address is linda@coastworks.com and I told her you would contact her, Fred did give her your e-mail address but as you know sometimes people put off writing.

Ray and Francis are very excited about this and hopefully we'll get some stories from Ray as he goes back to Mayo in the fifties or perhaps the forties.

You go girl,
Love Carol and Fred Cull CCull@telus.net

Hi Sherron,
Have just read Moccasin Telegraph. Wonderful. My Dad, Ray McKamey, phoned this morning to ask if I had been in touch with you and if I had the newsletter. He is not yet hooked up to the Internet although my brother and I are working on it. The call from Fred and Carol Cull was most welcome. My Dad is a born storyteller. I remember staying up all one night listening to my dad tell stories about his youth and his family's story. He was not the first in his family to go to the Yukon.

A little history. My Dad, Ray McKamey, went to the Yukon in the winter of 1951/52 (I believe) to operate a shovel for the Northern Canada Power Commission building the Mayo Dam. My mom, Frances, and I went to visit him in June of 1952 and stayed. Our first nights in Mayo were spent in the corner room of the Chateau Mayo Hotel. Soon we moved to a log cabin with a sod roof and canvas interior walls, which had once been Mr. Jim MacDonald's restaurant. Later Dad moved a construction bunkhouse to a lot across the street and turned it into a home for our growing family.

My brother, Brian, and my sister, Tara, were born in Mayo. Frances, my mom, had a hairdressing business and minded the fires while dad was away prospecting, working or attending two terms of Territorial Council for the Mayo District.

The family moved to Whitehorse in the Fall of 1964. I finished my last four years of high school in Whitehorse and then went to Simon Fraser University in Vancouver. My first teaching job was at Puntzi Mountain in the Chilcotin west of William's Lake. Some of my students came to school in sleighs and wagons. In Puntzi I met and married my husband, Mike Newman. We have three terrific sons: Christopher, Patrick and Derrick.

Dad returned to the Yukon most summers until his last trip North with a long time buddy, Cole McFarland in 1998. Cole's family placer mined in Dawson for several years.

Brian returned to the Yukon in 1999 to work and go to college. He is now working in Phoenix, AZ. I will have him email you as well.

My sister, Tara lives in Clearwater with her husband, Mike DeTaeye, and daughters, Jeanine and Amy. My sister has many stories about working with Dad in the North. She and her husband spent their honeymoon working with him in the Yukon and Alaska.

I look forward to reading more editions of the Moccasin Telegraph. What a superb effort you have put into this worthwhile project of connecting Yukoners and recording history. Linda Newman nee McKamey linda@coastworks.com

Hi,

I crossed paths recently with Doug Courtice, who forwarded me a copy of the MocTel - Forty-Ninth Edition. I'm responding to sign up!

My family and I moved to Whitehorse in 1986. I went for a job with the Territorial Government, which I held until the end of December 1987. Starting in January 1988 I moved to Yukon College, where I went through several different appointments and several more different Presidents.

We left the Yukon -- physically, at least -- in 1992, but "The Call of the Yukon" haunts me still!

Layne Marshal

P.S. Do you have other members who live on the north end of Vancouver Island? Can you put me in touch?

3116 Brent Road, Campbell River, BC V9H 1A6
Tel: (250) 923-2869 Fax: (250) 923-0352
E-mail: layne.marshall@mlmarshal.ca

Dear Sherron

I was initially made aware of your Moccasin Telegraph by Brownie Foth ...

probably about the time of your maiden edition. I somehow lost/misplaced the issue or your address until your Fiftieth Edition was relayed to me by my sister, Tina Parsons in Victoria. I have devoured every word of the 17 pages and would very much appreciate being added to your distribution list. I understand that you have set up a web page, but I've given up trying to find it. Your 50th did not give a URL, and my search results produced 782 references to "Moccasin Telegraph"! For the present, I will provide you the requested minimum info you require.

Name: Lionel C Brasseur

e-mail: lynbrass@sympatico.ca

Born: 23 Feb 1929, St. Mary's Hospital, Dawson City

Departed Yukon: Sept. 1948, to enlist in Royal Canadian Air Force, Edmonton

Retired from RCAF/CAF regular force 1978.

Residence: 30 Bunting Lane, Ottawa ON K2M 2P7 (have resided in Ottawa since my retirement from the military).

Congratulations on a super job and many thanks for the wonderful reading and memories.
Sincerely, Lionel

Dear Sherron Your promptness in acknowledging and responding to my e-mail to you earlier this date compels me to be equally prompt in acknowledging all received. Wow! I have to wonder how you do it ... a staff of 15 or more? I know that is not the case but I am amazed that you manage to keep up/ahead of it all.

As well as your 3 messages, Tina forwarded me the 48th edition featuring, in part, Blanche & Gus Barrett. All-in all, I believe my printer needs a new cartridge!

I've not had time to read all in detail but will do so and be sure to action as you request. Thank you so very much for everything. I did take time to read your report on the Palm Springs vacation and enjoyed immensely ... I don't pretend to be a connoisseur of good literature, but in my view, your report is outstanding.

Thank you again. Lionel Brasseur

Hi Sherron. It sounds as if you had a nice holiday, and not our -45. Earlier today, I talked with Lloyd MacDonald, who had been stationed with the RCMP at Haines Jct., Mayo, and Whitehorse. His wife Marie was with YTG They would like to join MocTel, as he had heard about it from another ex-member. He was formerly from Cape Breton (same place as my wife Kay) and now lives in Sherwood Park AB

His address is ljmacd@telusplanet.net

Kindest Regards Ian Campbell

Hello Sherron- I thought I should go on the list as me not Dad. Don't need to get up-dates to both just one though.

Tina Louise Chambers

Maiden name: Simpson

I lived in Whitehorse from 1968 part of that time I lived with my grandparents. The Howatt's who ran Jim's Toy and Gift Shop. Unfortunately that meant that Grandpa knew everyone and I always got caught if doing something I wasn't suppose to. We left Whitehorse in 1972. That was the hardest move of my life. I really missed Whitehorse and would have returned if at all possible.

I did however visit in 1974 and 1976 both times ending up in Whitehorse General Hospital. Surgery both times and wasn't back up til 2002- what a change.

We then moved to Duncan on Vancouver Island 1972.

I moved from the Island in 1985 and have been in Alberta ever since.

I had a child that died of crib death-CIDS in 1984.

Which was part of the reason to leave the Island.

I have been married 2 times. Number 1 hubby I divorced and we are still good friends. Number 2 hubby passed away in 1998.

So back to the single life not bad. So that's all about me for now.

Hello Sherron thanks for the thought (that I was only 4 when I left) but I was 8yrs old when we got there and 12yrs old when we left.

As for memories - some- the cold in the winter was like nothing I have experienced anywhere else. They only closed the schools at -40F with wind chill of course. Having a frozen scarf around your face and eyelashes frozen was nothing. Because if you didn't take a bus you walked to school even if the bus kids didn't have a ride.

I remember skating on the street- Hawkins Street and tobogganing on the clay cliff that came straight down onto Hawkins Street.

Thanks for the thought again that I was only 4, I was born in 1960 in Fort Nelson, B.C.

Take Care Tina birdsivu@telusplanet.net

I was telling my son (Aryn Bowers) of the Moc Tel and he would like to be added to your list. I think he would qualify as he was born there in 1978. His e-mail address is arynbowers@hotmail.com Thanks for all your hard work.

Yes, Aryn came down with us in 1980 but went back over the next few years and went to elementary school there for some years as well. My kids were up there with their Dad and Grandparents. He goes back every year during the summer and worked for Air North, Ace, for a couple of summers. He has also gone down the Yukon River 3 times from Carmacks through the Five Finger Rapids to Dawson City by canoe. He usually does that for the Top of the Dome party on the longest day celebrations. I read somewhere in your Moc Tel that someone was looking for what Aryn has done. I thought they could talk to him about it. He now lives in White Rock. - Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com

Hi Sherron

My brother was telling me about the Moccasin Telegraph and I would like to get on it. I still live in the Yukon and was born in Whitehorse my name is Marie Twigge (Chouinard) will also tell my sister about this. My email address is rranch@polarcom.com

Hope to hear from you soon.
Thanks Marie Twigge

Could you please add my sister's address to mail out - vitavance@shaw.ca
Pat (Munro) Vance was born in Whse in 1950 left Whse in '86. She now lives with
husband Jim in Nanaimo BC.
Thanks Helen (Munro) Fitch

Hi Sherron
My name is Karren Crowley. I lived in the Yukon for eight years, from 1954-1962. Six
years in Mayo, and two in Whitehorse. My parent's names where Alberta & Wilf North.
I understand that you have a way of connecting old Yukoner's to each other through e-
mail. I would be delighted if you could help me get on this list. Thankyou for your time
and trouble.
Sincerely,
Karren Crowley k-bcrowley@shaw.ca

Hello Sherron
My name is Dona and I got your name from Bob Park about your little paper...
We have 2 businesses in town that would definitely benefit from your great
Yukon stories...
One is a hostel called the Beez Kneez Bakpakers Hostel and the other is a restaurant
called Klondike Rib & Salmon BBQ.... and our guests would "gobble" up any
information on the Yukon...
If you could please add me to your e-mail list... that would be grandioso...
Cheers Dona
my address is: hostel@klondiker.com

*I informed Dona about the intent of the project and expressed my concern about the
potential for abuse of the private information included in the MocTel and she replied. –
Sherron*

I understand completely..... and I absolutely respect what your intentions are.
I would definitely like to be on your e-mail listing and now that I know what the
intentions are... I would not have it out for public viewing...
I have been in the Yukon for 13 years (only....) but I would definitely like to have a
clearer vision of what life was like up here from the stories that have been shared with
you....
I am glad that you 'enlightened' me as to what your project is all about....
Thanks Dona Novecosky

Hi Sherron I would like to receive your moccasin telegraph. I have lived in the Yukon since 1963. I have lived in Watson Lake all that time with the exception of 2 years spent in Whitehorse.

It is very interesting reading all the stories. Wonderful idea.

Thank you

Cheers, Heather Berg hberg@northwestel.net Watson Lake, Yukon

Hello Sherron:

Thanks for getting in touch with me. It has been a rather long time since we touched base and even longer time since we left the employ of the City of Whitehorse. Yes, I would like to be included in the Moccasin Telegraph.

Some bio information, a lot of which you know.

Born in Whitehorse in the same year as the incorporation of the City of Whitehorse. Lived my first three or four years in the old fire hall that fronted onto Steele Street. My father, Fred Blaker, was the City's Fire Chief/Fire Marshall for 39 years. My mother Betty (Hudson) came to the Yukon in 1947/48 where she met my Dad in the hospital where he was recuperating from being run over by the fire truck!!

I have five siblings three of whom-Cheryl Baxendale, Rick and Dennis- still live in Whitehorse. My sisters Susan Priest and Vicki Ruttan are now living in Cranbrook and Penticton, respectively. I moved from Whitehorse in 1985 to Chilliwack where I still reside. I am currently working for the City of Abbotsford as the Projects Engineer after a twelve-year stint with the City of Chilliwack. Municipal engineering has been my life!

I have two daughters, Jessica (26) and Claire (23). In 1993, I remarried to Sharon Williams and we did the blended family thing with Sharon's two daughters, Sarah (22) and Jenni (19). By September of this year we fully expect that all four of our daughters will be in University. Jessica will start medical school at the University of Calgary.

My wife and I are very active in instructing Taoist Tai Chi and have been involved with this for the last nine years. Sharon has worked over the past five years as the executive director for the Chilliwack Restorative Justice Association that is a non-profit society.

My last visit to the Yukon was in late December 2002 when I enjoyed New Years Eve with my brother Dennis. I may try to sneak back into Whitehorse to attend my nephew's high school graduation ceremonies.

Sherron: The next time I am in Vernon I will give you a call and we can get together for coffee and a chat.

Best wishes,

Phil Blaker pblaker@shaw.ca

*I had found Phil's e-mail address last week on someone else's e-mail when they were advising me of their change of address. So I e-mailed Phil to tell him about the MocTel.-
Sherron*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

BUCKLER, Nikki nikkiandgrant@northwestel.net

Sherron,
we have a new e mail address. It is now wwallingham@northwestel.net

Thank you, Walter Wallingham Haines Junction YT.

We are back up online with our new e-mail address.

Doug & Pat Brown doug.pat@telus.net

612 Mt. Fosthall Pl.

Vernon BC V1B 2W2

ph: 250-503-0263

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Some time back Suzy asked that I take her off the list as she was unable to receive large mails and was not able to access the web link. I have continued to send it and it is returned each time. So I guess I must remove them.

IRELAND, Gary & Suzy suzy_ireland@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse-1993) Aspen Grove BC - Delivery to the following recipients failed. suzy_ireland@hotmail.com

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

For every minute you are angry with someone, you lose 60 seconds of happiness that you can never get back.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

FISH SALAD SANDWICH FILLING

1 cup Cooked fish
½ to 1 cup Diced celery or cucumber
 Mayonnaise or French dressing
1 tbsp Parsley, chopped
 Chopped onion to taste
 Relish or chili sauce (optional)
 Tomato, chopped (optional)

Combine ingredients and serve on lettuce or use as a sandwich filling.

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

Silver Sled Races - Haines Junction - March 6 & 7, 2004 - Contact (867) 634-2768

Teresa Island Quest, Atlin, B.C. - April 3 - 4, 2004 - Cross Country Ski Event - 75 km tour - Contact the Race Director: Hein de Vries at (250) 651-2480 or heinandwil@atlin.net for more information

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**. If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon please include your **maiden name** as well. 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