



Northern Lights over the Big Dipper

Photo Courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

WINTER DRIVING

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Did you ever drive out when there's winter about,
And all of a sudden it snowed.
And you've hours to go through eight inches of snow,
On an icy and slippery road.
Well that's what we faced in that desolate place,
From Dawson down to gravel lake.
There's me and there's ma, and a sister in-law,
In her car, of a Japanese make.

We're reluctant to go when we saw all that snow,
But we thought that the storm would let up,
But the farther we rode, well the harder it snowed,
With no sign it was going to stop.
We arrive at Flat Creek and the snow is so thick
That I'm scared and I'm starting to shiver,
On one side of the trail, there's a ditch full of shale,
On the opposite side there's a river.

It was starting to thaw, but the sister in-law
Who was driving, was doing just fine.
We started to a skid and the moment we did,

The front of the car was behind.
Then the steering wheel failed and we spun down the trail,
And I'm facing the front, then the rear.
As we head for the creek, I'm unable to speak,
For my face is contorted by fear.

We expected the worse, then the spin was reversed,
And we headed across for the ditch.
I was praying, I think, as we went o'er the brink
"Stay upright you son of a bitch."
Down the incline we slid, and the snow as we did
Came cascading up over the hood.
It finally slowed then we stopped, off the road,
In a clearing, surrounded by wood.

We climbed out on the ground, searched each other for wounds.
Found no damage to person or car.
Then a driver who slowed, on that slippery road,
Said "it's only a mile to a bar."
When a tow truck arrived and a hitch was contrived,
And the car was towed back on the track.
The news was bestowed that they'd shut down the road
So, today there'll be no going back.

Then we gathered around in a room that we found,
Where we'd lay down our heads for the night.
And when morning appeared the road had been cleared.
My God – What a wonderful sight.
We were up with the dawn on a beautiful morn.
With the sun peeking over the Dome.
Then we're back on the trail, that's the end of the tale,
In a in another five hours we're home.

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George Clarke On Upper Bonanza Creek 1953

By Tom Tait tom_tait@telus.net

Constable Jimmy Simpson of the RCMP introduced Sheila and I to George Clarke in the late spring of 1953. Jim was making one of the Forces scheduled trips around "The Creeks," checking on the folks in those sparsely populated areas of their jurisdiction. We asked if we could accompany him.

George Clarke lived in a double tent on Upper Bonanza. His claim was a mile or so from the main road but could be reached by truck if conditions were right. My recollection is that he would have been in his late sixties or early seventies when we met. He was very pleased to have a young lady visit and took pains to show us around his property, his accommodation, and serve us tea.

This Yukoner was memorable for a number of reasons, some of which we observed and some we were told about.

He lived and worked his claim on the creek, mostly in isolation for twelve months of the year. He “Drift Mined” which meant that he would sink a shaft down through the permafrost to bedrock and then drift (dig) out from the bottom of his ladder in search of gold. This meant moving a lot of ore which he had to load into a bucket and winch up the vertical shaft to his sluice box above ground. It was daunting work! In those days gold sold for \$35.00 an ounce.

George’s 10x10 double tent was built on a wooden floor suspended over an excavation of the same dimension dug into the ever-present permafrost. This Space was used for storage and held his forty-five gallon drum stove/heater. The stoves’ cooking surface was at floor level, right in the middle of the tent. This arrangement allowed for stoking the furnace with the wood from the storage area by just reaching down, opening the door on the front of the drum and flipping in the logs without getting out of bed. Cooking on that convenient stovetop could be done from the same place.

You will understand shortly why, for George this arrangement was so convenient.

The perimeter of the tent was all shelves filled with books and periodicals on every conceivable topic, but no novels that we could discern.

He had a radio and coal oil lamps but no electricity or telephone. During the summer months his food was kept cool in the permafrost storage area under the tent. In winter, no problem.

In the summer months when he wasn’t digging for gold George laid down his winter wood supply. All the trees within a half-mile or so of his tent had been harvested for this purpose. This meant that he stacked his rounds and then waited for snow so he could move them.

You think that this sounds like a pretty tough existence for a seventy year old?
You don’t know the half of it!

George was crippled! He did everything on his knees! The front of his pant legs were covered with inner tube rubber to keep them from wearing out as he moved about. He could stand but only with difficulty.

Read again about his method of mining and imagine the problems. Appreciate how his tent was set up to accommodate his handicap. Then put your mind to moving your woodpile over half a mile in sub zero temperatures. George’s method was inspired but painful.

He used a toboggan, but pulling it from his knees was impossible. What George was forced to do was place the harness to the sled around his shoulders, raise himself to a standing position and fall forward on his face, thus levering the vehicle forward about four feet. Half a mile out with the empty sleigh and half a mile back with it loaded. That is a lot of falling on your face and that was for every load.

It was “just” a matter of repetition.” Nothing to it!

He was a remarkable man, even for a Yukoner.

Incidentally, George insisted that Sheila accept a gold nugget as we were leaving.



Sourdough Rendezvous Queen Float
Photo courtesy Donna Clayson

Cake Box continued, The way I remember it!
By Weldon Pinchin pinchin@gulfislands.com

Well now that, we face Main Street on the property line on the right side. This left room for two new shops on the left, over to Gordon Lee’s (Kee Bird). A candy store, hand made at home, which was operated by Mr. & Mrs. Jack Earl. They had two kids, a boy Jack and a girl. The other shop was a deli; a lady named Nellie Grant ran this. The food and smells that came out, I can still recall today. Nellie started her day with a mug of hot water for breakfast. When this was going on she had turned up the oil cook stove for the day, when the pipe got hot she would throw 2oz. of o.p. Rum into the damper this she said was to keep the soot out. What a mess on the roofs above.

There was a one-room office as part of the main building on the Main Street next to the candy store. This was where the Three Vets Cabs operated. Snake Eye Joe owned and ran it. Now in 1951 Joe had just got three new Ford 4-door cars and had them painted orange on top and light green on the bottom; but on an angle from top of the front windshield to the back bottom of the rear fenders was orange. “Three Vets” painted on the side doors.

Joe Paradise owned the Whitehorse Cabs out of the Whitehorse Inn. They were good rivals and friends. So Joe ordered five new black 4-door 1951 Buick's. They arrived in mud and were soon washed and put on display in front of the Whitehorse Inn.

It was a bright sunny day and it was quiet in the cab business at that time, so Paradise Joe drove one of the new Buick's over to show it off to Snake Eye Joe.

Gambling was a big thing at that time. Both men did a lot of it in a game called Ace Away. This is a 3 dice game. It started out okay but two men playing a 3 dice game it moves fast. So they closed the office door, put every one out but the two of them and me. I was to hold the door shut and get the phone.

It didn't take long for Joe Paradise's large roll of bills to be in Snake Eyes hands. They kept at it. Now we are playing for the new cars. Finally Joe Paradise stopped.

The outcome was, the five black Buick's were now owned by Three Vets on the Cake Box side of the street and three 1951 Fords were on the Whitehorse Inn side.

It didn't take the town long to here the story. This is a true story I was there.

The main building was added to, from the back of the bakery to the lane, two stories high. This gave the bakery much needed warehouse space. It stopped about 20 ft. short of the lane. This gave a door off the lane to a reading room, and a stairway up stairs to a poker club.

By now the Elks had taken over the Whitehorse Theatre. So my dad contracted to pipe steam heat over to them.

So my cold weather story is - **guess who** hauled in the two and a half cords of three-foot long blaised wood for the boiler. AND the one cord of two-foot long, dry wood for the oven. AND the one cord of 16 inch long wood for the cook stove. This was each day.

The day the record 72 below was set I tried to ride my bike to make the bread delivers, I didn't get one block before it froze up so tight, it took 3 days to thaw out

I have been reading about the Front Street fire in your Moccasin Telegraph. No mention of Butch Seely's pool hall or the Hollywood café and Otto Burkes Photo Studio in the same block??

Some will remember the beer parlor in the hotel it was the only one with eight corners. Some will remember we only had a radio station of pre-recorded programs. Only thing live was the Army dude who changed the records. Sooo when the Cake Box Bakery was moved to its new home I talked my dad into putting an aerial the length of and on top of the Cake Box this done I went down to Stu's drugstore and ordered a new seven tube deForest Crosley mantel radio. As the world war was coming to a close we could order these things and wait and wait.

My very first station I picked up was CKDA it said Kingham Gillespie coal back of the bay on Arena Way this was Victoria B. C. I was so pleased with myself I didn't stop talking about it for days. More stories later if you want.

Cheers for now Weldon

Weldon is hoping to get your memories going and give us some feedback. – Sherron



Snowmobile Races on the Yukon River at Whitehorse 1970's

Photo courtesy of Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

Recollections from Henry Breaden

hroamer@shaw.ca

I was not sure about the pool hall still running, but yes, it was taken over by Butch Seely from his dad. In 1942 Bob Palmer of the Silver Inn Hotel in Mayo was running the pool hall till about the end of the war and sold to Alex Seely. Alex Seely passed away Aug. 28, 1957, so Butch must have taken over in the 50s. The Cafe was the Hollywood Cafe and was run by a Chinese gentleman, but I do not recall his name. In the 60s, Butch Seeley had a second hand store and I bought some excellent ex-army furniture of which I still have one piece.

Bob Palmer was in business in Keno during the 1920s and ran the Palmer Hotel in Keno. In 1929 he was in quite heavy in stock, and when it crashed, as I understand near lost his shirt but still had the hotel. In the 1930s he built the Silver Inn Hotel in Mayo with a Cafe at one end. He had the first Wurlitzer Juke Box that you could put in a nickel to have a record played, and as far as I know the first Ice Cream, Banana Split and all soft drinks. Sure people had hand freezers for Ice Cream, but I think it was the first commercial outlet. When the camp shut down he had an excellent business head and headed for Whitehorse where the Alaska Highway was to be built. He ran the pool hall with a jukebox again which was always playing, along with Ice Cream and Soft Drinks. In the greater part of the building was the pool hall and had 4 or 5 tables where I learned the game. At the end of the war he sold and was I think on his way outside.

After the war the Silver Inn in Mayo as I recall was run shortly by someone, but took off when Alex Arthur took it over. Alex had the hotel and a Dodge Desoto taxi that I drove for him in the winter of 1949-50. The most unusual thing about the car was the lighted dashboard. Starting it was lighted green, which went to yellow about 20 MPH then to orange at about 40 MPH and to red at 50 MPH. One night I had a Swedish fare and he was watching those lights. By the time that we were up to red and 50 MPH he said in his Swedish accent, "Holy Yesus, she is going to blow the Vistle!" As you will recall, we have both of Alex's children, Margaret and Henry in our list. I also have Peggy, their Mom on my list, and I hope you had the pleasure of meeting her and Margaret at the picnic. Alex was a pleasant fellow to be around and always smiling. At Mayo I painted for them in their home, and as I recall, Margaret was only about 3 years old. My only concern was to keep her out of the paint bucket! During the 1950s, Alex and family moved to Whitehorse and he opened a men's clothing, the same old happy-go-lucky fellow. He passed away suddenly August 16, 1961 at 45 years, which was a blow to all of us that knew the family.

Henry Breaden



Peggy & Margaret Arthur – Nanoose 8/2003

Photo courtesy Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net

This photo from

<http://community.webshots.com/album/86804904KblGtN> Yukoners Picnic Aug 16, 2003



Margaret & Harvey Arthur – Vancouver Yukoners Banquet –3/2001

Photo courtesy Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net

Elsa workers relocate after mine closes in Sept 1941

By Henry Breaden hroamer@shaw.ca

I will try to bring you up to date on the Elsa bunch up to the closing of Elsa and Treadwell Yukon Company in Sept. 1941. In 1935 when things were tough outside there were many that came to Mayo for work. I remember Nick Sutlavitch well as he always wore a suit and jingled change in his pocket. He went to work for Treadwell Yukon, and I met Ted Lusich at Calumet in 1940 when we spent the summer there. Used to play with Dennis and Terry Bacon, at Calumet, Terry was President of Vancouver Yukoners just a couple of years ago. Ted Lusich worked at Calumet loading ore cars on the tramway, and on occasion I would ride a car down a mile to the Angle Station. Dick and Ivy White were at Elsa where Dick had a barbershop and Ivy hairdressing. Ivy used to play the accordion for dances at Elsa and Mayo, and I think you have a photo of her with Daz McCarter in Mayo.



Daz McCarter & Ivy White – Mayo

Photo courtesy Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca

When the camp closed they all moved to Whitehorse where the Alaska Highway was blooming.

Ted Lusich managed the Grill Cafe in the White Pass Hotel and after the war moved to Vancouver where he ran a nice cafe on Granville Street.

Nick Sutlavitch built the Capital Theatre in 1942, and I am not sure the year, but sold to Sammy McClimon and retired. Nick also built a large home on the corner of 4th and Jarvis, which has gone through many hands. Church of Nazarene, Native Crafts etc.

Dick White opened a barbershop in Whitehorse and Ivy a beauty salon.

Sammy had prior bought the Whitehorse Theatre from Alguire who built it not too many years prior. He later sold the Whitehorse Theatre to the Elk's Club when he built the

Yukon Theatre on Wood St. When the Elks built their present building, across from the arena, they sold to the Bank of Commerce, which was there for a few years. During the years, Hougens bought Nelly Dennison's home and another on Main and expanded. They very well may have bought the old Capital Theatre and expanded to the corner of 3rd and Main.

Harold Dennison, Nelly's husband built the 98 Ballroom on the same street as the Regina Hotel that was owned by Eriksons. I think that Eriksons had an expansion in between where I stayed in the fall of 1951 while having dental work done.

It is one huge game of checkers and you have to have been in Whitehorse during all those years to keep track of who had what and sold to who? Hope this helps you to sort things out. – Henry Breaden



Delegrave's Glider in front of The Canadian Bank of Commerce in Dawson City

Photo courtesy John Gould jmgould@cityofdawson.ca

Good Morning Sherron:

I was going through my collection of pictures and I came across this one.

It is a glider that a man by the name of Delegrave built. He was a tailor here in Dawson. I don't know when he built it but according to the story I got from Margaret Bremner a number of years ago. After he got it built he took it across the Yukon River behind the Fire Hall, went up the ferry road to the high spot and jumped off. He did not fly very far went almost straight down and broke a leg. This picture was taken just before he went across the river with it some time in the early spring. Maybe there are some of your readers that will know more about it. I don't remember the event.

John Gould



Sourdough Rendezvous Snow Sculpture – Man meets Bear with two cubs

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson

MINUS 60 AND A FROZEN TRUCK

By Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

It was mid December and the dogs in the kennel needed to be fed and watered. I had around 40 huskies on the Fish Lake Road that we used for sprint racing. When the days were cold it was difficult to get up the courage to take feed to them but once the parka and the rest of the cold-weather clothing was on it wasn't that bad. Since it was so cold I called my regular babysitter to watch my two girls, Andrea and Verena. Once the food and hot water was ready I was off in our ½ ton Ford and crawled out of Porter Creek on square tires and a truck that groaned from the cold. It was a good thing I knew the road to the kennel very well as the ice fog made visibility a problem.

As I pulled into the dog lot and fed the hungry crew I was concerned I would have a problem turning around and heading back home. The fog made it difficult to see where the road was and I certainly didn't need to get stuck in a snow bank. The dogs were fed and watered and the frozen droppings picked up. I was looking forward to getting back to my nice warm home. I put the truck in first gear and nothing. The vehicle wouldn't move! Into reverse and, no problem, I could back up but not go forward. The truck was freezing up. There was no way I could stay with the dogs in a frozen truck – I'd freeze in no time but I couldn't go forward – only backward. Okay, I thought, I'd back up down the mountain then that may warm up the gears enough so I could drive home. It was awkward, driving backward down a winding road in the fog but I made it to the road in Rabbits Foot Canyon. I again tried to go forward with no luck and realized I had to continue home driving in reverse. I sure prayed that no one would be driving in this weather while I was going backwards. As luck would have it I made it home and how I did it I'll never know. I haven't been able to drive backwards in a straight line ever since.

OKANAGAN YUKONERS PICNIC JUNE 27, 2004

Hi Sherron, I had the date of our picnic in the last newsletter, but it was the wrong date, and I just never got around to notifying you. (sorry) The proper date is; **June 27, 2004 at the Summerland Ornamental Gardens**. We have the site from **11am till 3 pm**. We usually eat at **noon**. There will be an article in the next newsletter coming out in a couple of weeks. Larry Chalmers larryjoanchalmers@telus.net



Sourdough Rendezvous – Whitehorse - Keystone Cops

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson

Hi Sherron- as another Sourdough Rendezvous rolls around, it brings back memories of the first parade, 40 years ago. I remember watching it with Konrad and our very young daughter on Main Street. I recall, it was a short parade, held in the evening- I think it was a Friday- and of the very few floats I remember the one from the Van Vugt's- it was a truck , on which an outhouse was build with moon in the door and a Sears (or whatever) catalogue pinned on the outside of the biff and periodically a hand reached out for a page of the catalogue. Anybody else recalls details? Have a good rendezvous- if you participate. Anne Domes octavia13@yknet.ca

HELPFUL HINT

Sherron, if your address is in someone's address book, and they open an infected e-mail, that infected e-mail will "mine" their address book and use those addresses to send e-mails. Therefore it looks like you sent the e-mail, even though you're not infected. Nasty things!

That's why I recommend folk use MailWasher, a nifty little shareware program available online. <http://www.mailwasher.net/> It lets you view your e-mails BEFORE you download them to your computer. You can also "bounce", "delete" e-mails, "blacklist" IDs. Very handy for avoiding virus!! I've been using MailWasher for a couple of years now without problem. Even considering paying for the more complete version!

Sue Thomas sue.thomas@shaw.ca

WLCC invites YOU to our 50th Annual Mixed Bonspiel and Homecoming. Special heritage events for former WLCC curlers. The good old days are back!



March 19 - 21, 2004

DON'T FORGET YOUR BROOM!

Watson Lake Curling Club

Phone 867-536-7429 Fax 867-536-2560 E-mail - wlcc1953@yahoo.ca

The information about this bonspiel was sent to Larry Chalmers at Okanagan Yukoners and he said he would not be mailing out his next newsletter until March so it would be too late.

An accompanying two pages of information gives a lot of further information. It seems that they would like to gather those who have been involved with the curling club over the past 50 years. So if you are interested in further information contact them at wlcc1953@yahoo.ca

ANOTHER HELPFUL HINT

Hey for those of you with home computers and using Norton Antivirus, the latest definitions are available right now.

<http://securityresponse.symantec.com/avcenter/download/pages/US-N95.html>

This is the intelligent updater file you should download [20040223-007-i32.exe](#).

Also, I've had two infected files yesterday and two this morning. Here are the details in case you don't have Norton.

One infected email from Vern.haggard@gov.y the email says "something is wrong"

The second one is from qeq.tourism@green... And says "I wait for reply".

Block these by right clicking on the email, do not open it!! Tools, block email, and when that's done, hold down the shift and delete keys at the same time to permanently delete them and by-passing the trash can. Some viruses can still infect from the trash can. Just think of it this way. When you receive email, it's downloaded to your computer from your server. The infected email is now downloaded to your computer. If you open them you risk activating a worm, so don't open them.

As far as I am concerned telus should be scanning these and deleting them at the server level. I shouldn't be getting these at all. I'm sending a copy of this off to my ISP telus and telling them so. Nancy Desmarais ndesmara@telus.net

IF YOU IGNORE THE HELPFUL HINT YOU COULD GET CAUGHT

I got an e-mail yesterday which I have since deleted so I don't remember the full address but it was someone's initial and last name "@cityofdawson.ca" and I thought it must be someone I knew from the Yukon so I opened it and it was an attachment with a virus.

Thank heavens the computer caught it so I didn't do any damage. I wonder if it is really originating from Dawson City - probably not. But I can see how people can get caught, especially when girls grow up and change their names and you only know them by their maiden names. Someone is capable of doing some real damage here. Anyway thanks for all your warnings.....Anne Chin

This current round of virus has obviously been opened by a number of folks in this group. People have reported to me that they have received infected attachments from me, Henry Breaden, Sandy Campell, John Gould, Karl Crosby, Chuck Halliday, Alice Breaden, and Aksel Porsild just to name a few. I do not suggest that any of these people have actually opened an infected mail, but other people in this group have and the infected mail has been sent to every one in their address book using every name in their address book as senders.

This virus has been particularly tricky in that it is being sent to your group of friends from your group of friends. Lura Breaden even had one from her mother. Henry and Donna Clayson along with other of you have had them from me. None of which I sent, but the virus **NETSKY.B** did.

PLEASE BE MORE CAREFUL AND JUST DELETE ANY E-MAIL WITH AN ATTACHMENT FROM ANYONE THAT IS NOT TELLING YOU EXACTLY WHAT THE CONTENT IS.

The alternative is to write back to the person who is sending it to you and ask them if what you have received is a safe attachment that you should be viewing.

YOU CANNOT JUST ASSUME THAT BECAUSE IT IS FROM SOMEONE YOU KNOW, IT WILL BE SAFE.

Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Rendezvous at City Hall – Whitehorse – 1982

Photo courtesy Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

Rear: L to R Noella Stirton, Des Broadhurst, Bruni Hoenisch, Ron Gourley, Dorothy McLeod, Margarite Chalifoux, Sherron Jones, Marlee Berry (now Larson), Rosa Marada (now Aylwin) , Joe McGowan, Jan McConachy, Irene Davie
Front: L to R Jocelyn McKenzie, Ella LeGresley, Gert Squirechuck, Stan Dick, Mary Bachmier, Joanne Dawe

MUSH AND CUSS

By Jeanne Harbottle

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dogs' welfare always comes first. They cannot climb steep banks pulling a load, the harness cuts their wind off. Steep downhill runs are most exasperating to the wheel dog, who wears the toboggan on his rump. Overflow could freeze their feet and ours. Rotten ice could mean the end of the whole outfit (dogs and gear). Downed timber, rocks and stumps can gouge and splinter the toboggan made of soft birch. Every sharp willow and snag can catch the toe or heel of a snowshoe and break the fine babiche filling. So with dogs, musher, toboggan, snowshoes and gear, caution is the KEY.

THE LOST TRAIL

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

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

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

Invariably, my sadistic sense of humour rears its head and I laugh at their antics. Inch by inch the dogs are pulled back, each one getting in one last lick. My favorite musher is also white, but with rage. He quickly ties the toboggan to a stout willow bush and comes

to get me out of my white, fluffy trap. With a look of disdain on his face, he yanks me to my feet, snowshoes and all. Wet with face lickings, bruised with love and snow inside and out from head to foot, I try to find the illusive trail, again.

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

THE LONELY TIME

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

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

At first fading of daylight we made camp. I pulled my dry twigs beneath the heavy branches of the spruce trees to make beds for the dogs. (Green boughs are frozen and make cold beds for our mutts.) The steady whack of the axe was heard as wood and spruce boughs were cut for the stove and tent floor, small spruce tips were used to make a soft bed for our weary bones.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEW ADDITIONS

Hey Sherron.

I am a former Yukoner also. Bill and Freda Maylor are my parents, and I personally lived in Whitehorse (Takhini actually) from 1969 to 1974. I am now living in the Dallas, Texas area. Can I get subscribed to the Moccasin Telegraph please?

The best email address would be: maylorc@excite.com

Current address if you would like it is:

3121 Story Lane
Bedford, TX 76021

Cheers! Chris Maylor

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

On January 3rd, we sold our home on Whistler Drive. We have been here for 26 years and will be moving into an adult community in Penticton, probably around June 1st, the construction will start next week.

Our current address of 183 Whistler Drive, Kamloops, B.C. V2E 1W8 and phone number (250) 372-1093 will no longer be in effect as of March 31st, 2004.

We will be getting our mail at our new address effective April 1st, 2004, however we will be living in our trailer for a couple of months until we can move in.

Our new mailing address is 532 Red Wing Court, Penticton, British Columbia, V2A 8N7 and after June 1st, our phone will be installed and the number will be (250) 490-9171.

My computer will be in storage with our household & personal effects until we move in (approx. June 1st).

Regards, Norman and Sheila Becker snbecker@shaw.ca

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Love is the only thing that can be divided without being diminished.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

SAUERKRAUT

Cabbage, shredded

Juniper berries

Mustard seeds

(Coriander seeds, optional)

Salt, ½ oz. Salt to cabbage

(Onions, sliced, optional)

(Marjoram, thyme or favorite herb, a pinch optional)

1. Place a layer of cabbage 1 inch deep in a clean crock or container. Scatter juniper berries, mustard seeds and coriander seeds over this – (if you aren't using the coriander seeds, double the quantity of mustard seeds.). Add a pinch of salt.
2. Lay onions (optional) over cabbage in a layer ½ inch thick.
3. Cover with another layer of cabbage and seasoning etc., until the container is full.

Press down tightly; cover and place a weight on top. Allow to ferment. The entire process should be done in a warm room. The container should be kept in a room that is warmer than 68°F for the first two or three weeks; then it should be kept in a cold place.

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**. 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