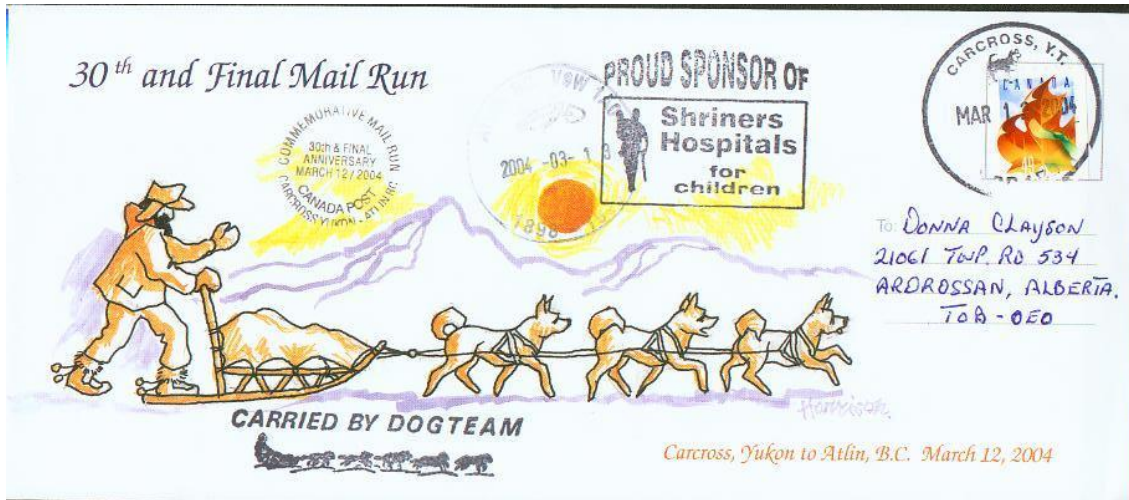


MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Fifty-Sixth Edition- April 4, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

THE LAST ATLIN COMMEMORATIVE MAIL RUN MARCH 12, 2004

Submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net



Thank you to Richard Ross my former husband and his wife Joy for mailing this envelope to me. The days we had our dog team, were the best.- Donna Clayson

Article courtesy Jackie Pierce, Whitehorse Star

Whitehorse Star - March 10, 2004

'I can't do it forever,' says race founder

By Jason Small

After three decades, Bill Thomson has reached the end of the trail. The Whitehorse man has operated the Carcross-to-Atlin Commemorative Mail Run for the last 30 years. After the conclusion of this year's run, which will head out of Carcross on Friday, Thomson will shut down the annual event for good.

"I think that's long enough," Thomson said in a recent interview. Thomson noted that he is getting older and feels he is done running the annual event.

"I wasn't a young man when I started it and I'm a damn sight older." Thomson chose to shut down the run instead of handing it off to someone else. He's been running the event since 1975 under the auspices of the Whitehorse Sled Dog Club. He and his wife, Millie, have been the main people behind the event.

At the time, Thomson had been in the Yukon for about four years. In those early years, he was involved with the Sourdough Rendezvous sled dog races. He noted at that time mushers would work hard through the winter to get their dogs ready for the winter races and after February, the dogs would be left on a chain until the next year.

Thomson decided he wanted to start another event to give the dogs something to do. He decided to do a mail run on the lakes between Carcross and Atlin. In that first year, it was just Thomson and one other musher who made the run. Since then, the one constant on the trail has been Thomson. "Every year, I've done the run." The number of mushers joining Thomson on the mail run has fluctuated each year, from the one in 1975 to as many as 42 one year.

In that first year, Thomson was sworn-in by Canada Post as an official mail carrier. Since then, that's what he's done each year on the mail run.

The mushers carry specially-made, commemorative envelopes. People buy the envelopes for \$2.50 each, fill and address them, put on a stamp and then slide them into the mail. The local Canada Post sorting station picks out the special envelopes and instead of stamping them, turns them over to Thomson, who takes them to the Carcross post office. The stamps are cancelled with the date of the run on them and the Carcross placeline. The mail is then divvied among the mushers, who carry them in waterproof containers. When they arrive in Atlin, the envelopes are cancelled again with the Atlin placeline, then put into the mail system.

Canada Post has been a big help through the years, according to Thomson. He said the envelopes have been shipped all over the world, including the U.S., Europe and South Africa, as well as within Canada. He noted that one year, envelopes were sent to 27 countries.

Each year, the envelopes have some design on them. This year, as in 1983, the envelopes have a new drawing by renowned artist Ted Harrison, a former Yukoner now living in Victoria. This year's envelope has Harrison depicting a musher and dog team with mountains and the sun in the background. Thomson contacted Harrison last fall and asked if he would design the envelope for the final mail run.

When the mushers head out on Friday, they'll run about 100 kilometers to Moose Arm, which will take the carriers 3 1/2 to four hours. The mushers will then camp overnight there, having a barbecue dinner. They will then pack up between 8:00 and 9:00 the next morning for the run to Atlin. The teams will pull into the B.C. community between noon and 4 p.m. From there, Thomson said, some will be picked up while others will turn around and go back.

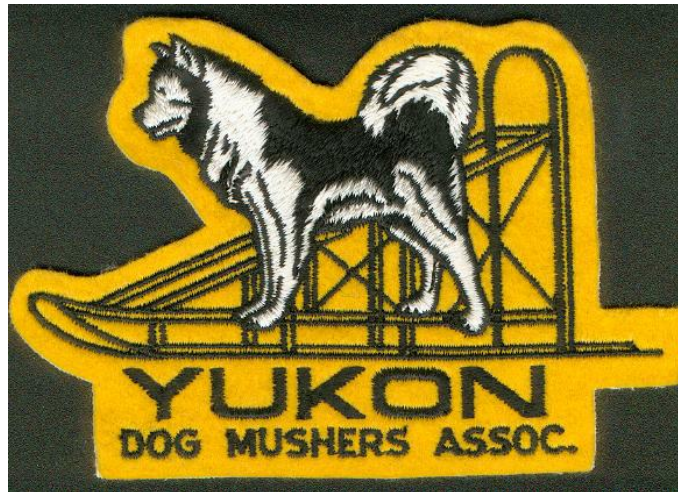
According to Thomson, the mushers are able to make the trek thanks to the Carcross detachment of the Canadian Rangers. "They've done a very good job over the years (putting in the trail)," he said. The organization has been able to put on the annual event without winding up in the red. "We don't owe anybody a penny," Thomson said. He

conservatively estimated the group has been able to donate \$130,000 over its life to various charities from the money raised through the sale of the envelopes.

Over the last five years, Thomson said, half the annual proceeds have gone to the Shriners' hospitals. "It seemed to me to be a very worthy cause," he said. He likes the idea of giving to that charity because some children from the Yukon have gone to Shriners' hospitals. The veteran organizer admits he is a bit sad to see the event come to an end. "In a sense, yes, but I can't do it forever," Thomson said.

While he is discontinuing the run, he'd like to see it go on. "It would be nice if it could continue in some vein."

I'd like to thank Bill Thompson for organizing this event for so many years. I will remember the day in 1975 when all the mushers congregated on Atlin Lake and made the run into Atlin together. What a thrill it was to see all those happy dogs and proud mushers. I was very proud that our dogs made the run and something I will treasure forever. Bill – thanks for the memories. - Donna



Courtesy of Donna Clayson

When I was a member of the Yukon Dog Mushers Association and Secretary in the early 1970's we all wore this patch on our coats. We were proud of our affiliation with the club and the crest is displayed on a wall in my home.- Donna

This year is the 30th and Final Mail Run!

CARRIED BY DOG TEAM



1975 – 2004

After 30 wonderful years, the Whitehorse Sled Dog Club has announced that its 2004 Commemorative Mail Run will be the last.

The original 1898 route from Carcross, Yukon to Atlin, BC was the template for the 1975 revival of the run, and over the past three decades, thousands of people in all corners of the world have had the unique pleasure of receiving mail carried by dog team.

In addition to encouraging the sport of dog mushing and an appreciation of its historical significance, the mail run has raised \$130,000 since it began in 1975. Some of these funds have been directed to the support of Yukon dog mushing, but most of the total has been donated to various charities including the Shriners Hospitals for Children.

The Mail Run's success has been due to the devotion, commitment and energy of Bill and Millie Thomson of Whitehorse. Their idea 30 years ago was to establish a Commemorative Mail Run that would acknowledge the skill and perseverance of the original carriers. These mushers and their teams moved the mail between Carcross and Atlin from 1898 to 1911, before giving way to air and then motorized transport.

Throughout these 30 years, the Thomsons worked tirelessly to keep the revived Mail Run going. They were justifiably pleased and proud that the run not only achieved its commemoration goal, but through envelope sales, the event was able to post an operating surplus and make possible the donations.



Bill & Millie Thomson

As the Whitehorse Sled Dog Club prepares to "hang up the harnesses", its members and supporters would like to extend sincere thanks to all the artists who have contributed to the 30 first-day covers, and especially, acclaimed Yukon artist Ted Harrison who designed this year's cover, as well as 1983's.

The Club also wishes to acknowledge the support of all the volunteers, local businesses, the people of Atlin, Carcross and Whitehorse, the media, and everyone who has sold or purchased a commemorative envelope. Special thanks must go to Canada Post, the Stenzig family, the Canadian Rangers and to those much-loved sled dogs that have dutifully hauled their mushers and mailbags over the ice and snow of many a northern winter.

This year's Mail Run is on Friday March 12th, 2004.

For more info and to order first day covers to collect, please contact:

The Whitehorse Sled Dog Club
1 Iris Place
Whitehorse, Yukon
Y1A 5V2, CANADA

Web: www.mailrun.ca
Email: the2ofus@internorth.com
Phone: (867) 668-2026
Fax: (867) 667-6987

Willow Printers Ltd.

Cake Box Memories 3

By Weldon Pinchin pinchin*gulfislands.com

It was spring, summer of 1949. (I think??) With my dad's pull I got a job with Emil Forrest on the Loon. The Loon was gas powered, and shallow draft with a prop.

Her first job each year was to go down to the head of Lake Lebarge, and sound the bar of the sand that had built up since last fall, mark the bar with red flagged rods, this was done so the first river boat could see the deepest channel over the bar. They lined up at a good speed forced and they paddled their way over the bar. The river took over and made the channel open for the season.

We proceeded to explore the shoreline of Lake Lebarge for a few days on Company orders looking for an old boiler.

Then on down the river doing spring jobs for the new season, checking wood supplies, putting up fallen and/or new markers, etc.

The season was under way when we got to the mouth of the Stewart River, the river had changed course that spring and was under cutting the bank on the left side as you started up the Stewart River. This was the sight of the trading post, store, etc. where there was, sitting on nice level treed ground, woodpiles, out buildings, the rest. It was all on frozen ground which would be about 15 to 20 ft. deep. The mighty Yukon River was eating away at land under it. We took the loon right up and almost under it for a look-see.

Here we meet up with the Yukon Rose, we both had been given orders to lash side by side and push a barge up to Stewart Landing. It was decided the loon go on the starboard side, this made it easy at night to tie up to the bank, this kept the Rose in the deep water as she drew more water than us. This was a slow, slow trip; we were underpowered it was not uncommon to tie up after 20 hrs running and see where we were the night before. You might ask why were we doing this? This was her regular job the Keno. She was the smallest sternwheeler and drew less water than the rest of the fleet. She was in the shipyard in Whitehorse being converted to burn oil not wood. Yes we made the trip up and back to the Yukon River. By now the trading post and all were now in the river gone forever.

At Stewart I asked for 3 days off to go with the deck hand off the Rose, Francis was his name he had a trap line up the west and north forks of the Ladue rivers, Emil said okay so of we went in his flat bottom boat. It was a bit different, in that it had 3 out board motors, there was a plank set across our stern to hold them a 25 horse in the center, a 7.5 on the left and a 3 horse on the right all connected to 5 gallon cans of gas.

The 25 pushed us up Yukon, back towards Whitehorse till we reached the White River. As the White was a shallow no channel river we used the 7.5 h.p. When we got to the Ladue the 3 horse was used as now there was very little water in the stream, many times

that day there was no water, we just went from pond to pond. We had left the 25 and the 7.5 on the bank to pick up on the way out, and that lightened the load. As the days were almost 24hrs light we got there that night.

What a site to see, a small but well built log cabin one door and three windows with a long sloped roof woodshed, an outhouse, and up in the trees was his grub cache it came down on a rope and pulley set up. This kept the bears out of the house and away from the grub.

The cabin was out on the point, the north fork on the right the west fork on the left as you looked back down the way we came.

Day 2 was spent doing the garden, and all the chores, wood etc. as the next time Frances was to be back it was winter and trap line time.

Day 3 back to the Loon and the Yukon Rose.

We had stopped for lunch on an island in the White not far from the mouth of the Ladue. Frances had picked the spot to show me the wood all cut and piled for the river boats to use in the Shewshoney gold rush many years before. The wood was still in good shape from the cold and dry.

Its funny how fate works?? It was a super clear day and we noticed a B17 flying right to left north of our spot, noted the time and went on our way back to the boats. When we were tied up the skipper of the Rose asked if we had seen a B17 that day. We made our report; he was on the radio to report the sighting, the next day they found the plane on a mountain like it was placed there as if a kid's toy. It all ended well for the crew. They had been out looking for another downed plane.

Down to Dawson and up again we were back working. We were heading up to Lake Lebarge, (remember the boiler?) By then the Keno was on her way back to Whitehorse so we got a lift from her. We tied on to the starboard (right) side just back of the main cargo doors and ahead of the arm for the paddle drive. This was great for Emil and me. No noisy gas engine and we didn't have to cook any meals. Some miles below Carmacks it was determined that the Keno did not have enough oil to get to Whitehorse so a tanker truck was sent to Carmacks with oil. The Keno never made it that far.

Now as you know Carmacks is on the right side of the river coming up river. There were no low banks for the Keno to ease up to and it got a bit dicey. So before she ran out of oil, and lost power, she put in on the port (left) side of the river. Now you have oil in Carmacks on one side and the Keno below Carmacks on the other. Some fun. They barged a bulldozer and a tanker truck across, hauled it down the road to a close spot and hocked the oil truck behind the cat. He dropped his blade and headed for the Keno pushing every thing out of the way.

It all ended well as you know, the Keno is in Dawson now.

Will tell you about the boiler and the Klondike next time. Cheers Weldon.

MEMORIES OF WATSON LAKE

By Vic Hoy vichoy*vip.net

Reading Tom Tait's story about the DC3 and the cold in Dawson, it brought back another memory of Watson Lake in the early 50's. The airforce decided in it's wisdom that in August of '52 I should be the radio operator sent on temporary duty to Watson Lake to replace the one who was there who seemed to be suffering from some sort of disorder. Ron Baines was the fellow I replaced and he came back to the big city of Whitehorse because the solitude of Watson Lake was not resting easy on him.

I was sent to Watson Lake by bus, the airforce had no planes headed that way at the time they wanted me there. The bus ride was in itself memorable in that there were only a few seats in it, a lot of cargo and deliveries for various little places on the highway, and the trip took what seemed to be forever but was only about 10 hours.

Watson Lake for the airforce was a stop along the Northwest Staging Route and at that time there was a lot of American traffic overhead on their way to Tokyo because of the Korean War, so there was a lot for a radio operator to do in the form of keeping in touch as the aircraft checked in on their way to Elmendorf Airbase. But not so much to do that there wasn't time to do other things.

I was the only single airman there so I lived in the H Hut that included barracks, mess hall, office, and radio station. The cook cooked for me and about 15 other single employees who lived off base. Part of my responsibility was to man the local 10-watt radio station CKWL that played AFRS large records of American radio shows, and sometimes music when I felt like it. The station was on the air most nights for about 6 hours.

One of the other things I did was to assist the CP agent there whenever a plane landed. I can't really remember the schedule but I don't think it was daily, maybe every other day. The agent was Bert O'Handley, a great fellow who showed me how to snare grouse on the old road on the other side of the airport, and we did a lot of boating with me in my 10-foot long inboard powered skiff.

He also showed me the ins and outs of being an agent in a place where the incoming plane sometimes ran into inclement and freezing weather on landing. The first responsibility after safety was keeping the plane warm enough, and making sure it could take off again.

Watson Lake was just usually a quick stop, so in some cases in the winter only one engine on the DC3 would be shut down, Bert's biggest worry was that the plane would get stuck there and he'd have to cope with the influx of crew and passengers.

At that time, one of the RCMP members was Art Deer who sometimes joined us in the mess hall. There was a lot of talk going on at that time about a deposit of asbestos in the bush and the argument always seemed to be whether it was too far in the bush to ever be mined.

Watson Lake was where Ed Broadhagen taught me to fish for greyling and where I listened to him playing his violin at every opportunity that came up.

I think it's great that your efforts to get the Moccasin Telegraph going have allowed me to remember things that never came to mind much, and look back on some of the people I met and how they've enriched my life, thanks Sherron.

A MESSAGE FROM DEBBIE KELLY

Hi. Just wanted to let you know I am enjoying the Moccasin Telegraph and wish to thank you for all the work you do in keeping us ex-Yukoners up-to-date and in helping us to walk down memory lane. I have received two calls and an e-mail from friends from the old days - 59 and early 60's. It is great to hear a voice from the past and learn about others we knew at that time.

I have an article given to me by William Ogilvie's daughter some years back; it is a letter from William to the Dawson Daily News dated March 11, 1901. Would you want me to send you a copy and, if so, please send me your address and I will mail it to you.

At one time I spent a lot of time writing poetry (on a very amateur basis, of course) and am attaching a few in case you wish to use them at some point. Thanks again for all your work on our behalf.

REFLECTED WE ARE

By Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly*on.aibn.com](mailto:debbiekelly@on.aibn.com)

When I gaze into the mirror
I wonder what other people see.
Is it just the mirror image
Reflected back at me?

When I look at my reflection
I wonder where I am.
Can this surface image
Be all that other people understand?

Do they see the me that exists
Or is it only this outer shell?
How can I show them
The inner places where the real me dwells?

It would seem that only by our actions
Can we let other people know
What we are really like
And those parts that never show.

If we wish others to know us
Not by what they see but by what we are
Then let us be reflected by our actions
And not by what they see from afar.

WILLIAM OGILVIE LETTER 1901

This letter received and typed in by Sherron Jones. It arrived via snail mail March 16, 2004 from Debbie Kelly in Ottawa. Debbie indicates she had received the letter from William Ogilvie's daughter.

The spelling and punctuation have been copied from this photocopy. – Sherron

Dawson, March 11th, 1901

To – The Editor
Dawson Daily News.

Dear Editor,

I have noticed in your columns lately many references to the Skagway townsite question, and Capt. William Moore's connection with it, and in those references many rather romantic statements are made.

Under the circumstances, as I had some connection with the matters referred to, I thought it not amiss that I should state a few facts.

Early in 1887, I was commissioned by the Canadian Government to determine where the 141st Meridian West of Greenwich, or the International Boundary line, crossed the Yukon River, and to do any other work in the region that I might deem necessary in the public interest. This was made necessary by an extensive correspondence between parties on the West coast of Canada and the United States and the Canadian Government regarding gold mining in what is now know as the Yukon Territory.

This correspondence had continued for several years, and became so serious that it induced governmental action, as I have stated; and, at the same time, brought about the commissioning of Dr. G.M. Dawson (then Assistant Director, now Director of the Canadian Geological Survey) with Mr. McConnel and Mr. McEvoy as assistants, to make a geological examination of the District.

I left Ottawa April 19th, 1887, and after several stops on the way, reached Victoria about the First of May; and, the morning after my arrival, I was called upon by the veteran Captain (*Moore*), who wished to visit the Yukon in quest of his sons William and Benjamin, who were supposed by him to be accumulating vast quantities of dust in this then comparatively unknown region. Now, the Captain's age at the time, (62), was

somewhat against the idea of employing him as a laborer on the party. (The only place open to him), but, as the Captain seemed pretty hefty and skookum, and brisk for his age, and did not want to go farther than where his sons might be when he would quit me for good and remain or return at his own expense. I agreed to take him along, as I did not want too large a party to winter here and take over to the MacKenzie and up it, as I had decided to do.

Now, I had Lieut. Schwatha's (U.S. Army) report of his journey in 1883 over the Dyea Pass and down the Yukon, and was pretty familiar with the route, so did not require the Captain's services as guide, as his son Benjamin is credited with stating, even if the Captain was qualified to guide me- which I think his modesty would forbid him claiming- as he had never been on the route nor farther North, I believe, at that time than the mouth of the Stikine.

While in Victoria, I heard rumors of a pass from the coast near the Dyea pass, which was said to be lower than it; arrived at Dyea about the first of June, I made the acquaintance of George Dickenson who was trading at Haines Mission and Dyea, and of Capt. And Mrs. J. J. Healey who were living and trading at Dyea. I could not learn much of note about this pass from them, but they referred me to George W. Carmack (since famous as the discoverer of gold on Bonanza) who had been living at Dyea since 1885, and had hunted with his brother-in-law, "Skookum Jim" (associated with him in the Bonanza find) pretty well all over the surrounding region. Carmack and Him gave me such information about the pass that I decided to have it examined.

My stuff, amounting to something over six tons, had to go via the Dyea Pass, as arranged for with sub-chief Klenat of the Chilkoots, who was inclined to be troublesome, and I believe would have been so but for the presence of the U.S. Gunboat "Pinta" in Dyea Harbour.

Klenat was opposed to any more being done in his country in the way of examination than was necessary and was opposed, to any knowledge being acquired about the White Pass at all, and no amount of questioning could elicit from him or his people any knowledge of it.

As the transport of my stuff and the prosecution of the Survey I had brought up from Pyramid Island, Chilkat Harbor required my own immediate attention and also that of all the members of my party who had any experience in survey work, I could spare no man to go through the White Pass and report on it but Capt. Moore; consequently, I decided to send him, if I could get any one to accompany him who knew the route. After much hesitation, "Skookum Jim" agreed to go with him if the trip could be kept secret from the Chilkoot Indians, as he feared interference from them. This was arranged, and the evening of the day the Chilkoots started with my stuff to the summit, (120 out of 138 souls were engaged), the Captain and Jim went off quietly in a canoe to where Skagway now stand, to begin the examination of the Pass, which I had decided to name "The White Pass", in honour of the then Minister of the Interior, The Honourable Thomas White. Before his departure, I had instructed the Captain as to how and where to take compass bearings along his track, how to estimate distance, and enter both properly in his note book, also to keep an exact record of the time, direction, and probable rate of travel, and other things necessary in the work.

About ten days after, the Captain and Jim joined me at the head of Lake Lindeman, as named by Schwatha.

I found he had not completed the survey such as it was expected to be, and described the creek which we now know drains the chain of lakes adjacent to the White Pass and Yukon Route into Tutshe Lake, as emptying into the Windy arm of Tagish Lake.

Putting together the information furnished by him, Carmack, and Jim, I concluded that the summit of the White Pass was a few miles farther from the sea, and not less than 600 feet (possibly 1000 feet) lower than the summit of Dyea Pass. Survey has since shown it about three miles farther from the sea and about 800 feet lower.

The Captain and "Jim" followed very nearly the route covered by the White Pass & Yukon Railway to Bennett, thence made their way back to the head of Lindeman.

The Captain was strongly of the opinion that the route was feasible for a wagon road, and possible, for a railway, and, from all the information I could get, I concurred with him and so reported.

Now, Captain Moore is possessed of a magnificently persistent persistency and a sublime obliviousness to obstacles or difficulties in the way of anything he thinks ought to be, or which he wants. He decided there and then that Skagway would be the entry port to the golden fields of the Yukon, and the White Pass would reverberate with the rumble of railway trains carrying supplies, and its peaks and valleys echo and re-echo their signal whistles.

Every night during the two months more he remained with me, he would picture the tons of yellow dust yet to be found in the Yukon valley, a goodly portion of which, of course, would be secured by his boys; he built a busy town at Skagway, constructed a railway to Bennet or the head of Steamboat navigation on the Yukon where ever it might be, and had a line of good steamer (his own personal property) plying on the river, carrying supplies to de miners, and taking out their golden stores to the treasure marts of the world.

This was all, no doubt, very interesting to the Captain, but iteration and reiteration of it almost drove myself and party frantic at times; but w4e might as well have expostulated with the river for flowing downwards; he was full of the theme and must overflow. His enthusiasm, I sometimes thought, would have a fatal termination, but nature had endowed him with a tremendously rugged persistent vitality and he survived. Literally, he used to wake his bedfellow in the small hours of the night to rebuild the golden castles he had erected so often before. The poor fellow used to wish the Captain's tongue palsied, or himself deaf, but water on the proverbial duck's back was less effective than his best (or worst) efforts to remedying the nuisance. This was so continuous and unremitant that, to the party, the Captain seemed to very centre of boredom.

I used to chaff him for a change and his remarks were often highly amusing. Once, while he was relating his steamboat experiences (that were to be) on the river, I remarked that (mentioning an old time steamboat competitor of his on the Fraser and Stikine) would probably put a good line of boats on the route.

"Him!, Vy --- ---- him, if steamboats was sellin' fur two bits apiece he couldn't buy a gang plank", and then we had a change of subject for half an hour or so.

His anticipations of the golden treasures his two boys were gathering somewhere on the river were so great that he was anxiety itself to rush on and join them; but I was tied down by the survey to a rate per day that seemed to him snail like and required an eternity to get anywhere; consequently he as pestering me every day to get on as he was probably suffering great loss by remained with me. My reply always was (sometimes

with punctuation marks) that I could not and would not go any faster; but he seemed to remember this only a few hours and would return to the subject again.

This reached the crest of persistency and fell into the abyss beyond, when one Sunday he approached me, as I was taking a series of observations some distance from camp, and remarked; "Mr. Ogilvie, I've been tinkin' dat maybe I better build a leedle raft an' put my few pounds of stuff on it an' go on ahead down de river myself. I see dat you cant go any faster dan you're doin' an' de Lord knows vere dem boys of mine is, or what dey are doin', so I tink de best ting fur me to do is to go on, and if you would just ask de boys to gimme a han; wit; de raft, vy, I vont bodder you any more".

"All right, Captain." Then raising my voice to camp, "Charlie; Frank; Morrison; Parker, the Cap. Wants you to help him build a raft to put his few pounds of stuff and go on his own hook."

"Here, gimme that axe!" "Where the ---- is the other axes?" "Here! That's my axe!" "You go to ----!" and so on until all had axes and were on the double to where we were.

"Where do you want the raft, Capt.?"

"Vy ! --- ---- it, you fellows seem to be in a ---- if a hurry."

"Well! Where will we build the raft?"

"Oh!. Go to ----!"

We heard no more of going ahead.

About the 8th of August, we began to meet miners polling their way up stream and on the 11th, about 25 miles above Selkirk, we met a boat with four men in it polling up, of whom one was "Hank Summers", and another the Captains son Benjamin, working his way out without the yellow stuff. Ben's story turned the old man back and at noon of that day he left us for the outside.

I cannot recall, if I would how many times he discussed with me the best way to secure a portion of the land at Skagway, feeling confident that it would yet be valuable. What time he located there I do not know as I was not back there again until 1895, but I think it as in 1889 and that it was done by his son, Ben.

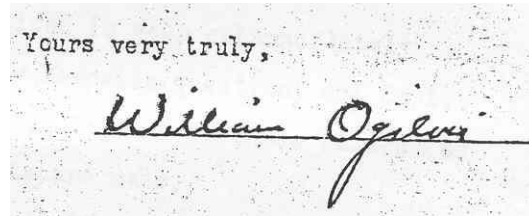
In 1895, he had a house and small store there and some piles for the construction of a wharf driven in, and in his conversation with me then, there was no indication of any abatement of his confidence in the future of Skagway; and in this confidence I shared.

When I met him again in Skagway, in 1897, and the place was a town, he shook hands with me most affusively, remarking "Vy! What did ve tell dem, eh!, --- ---- it, we know a ting or two, dont ve!" and so on.

In 1891, I think the Captain procured from the British Columbia Government a grant of money with which to build a house of shelter for miners on the Dyea Pass, and many now in the country will, doubtless, remember this house on the Indian trail to Lake Lindeman about a mile south of it.

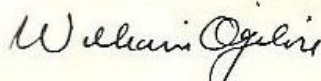
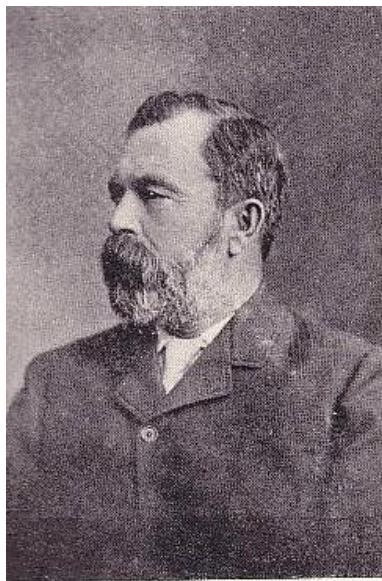
In '92 if my memory serves me right, the British Columbia Government sent a surveyor and party to examine several routes from the coast to the interior and because the report in a manner condemned the White Pass, the old man called its reliability into question, and had the matter brought up in the Provincial Legislature. On that occasion, considerable correspondence passed between him and myself on the question. His persistency in the matter succeeded in discrediting the report; and, as he was a member of the survey party, he was in a better position to combat it than another.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have stated only facts, and I think you will agree with me that such unwavering faith associated with the acts manifesting it, are deserving of some reward. There are few of us who, in the same case, would not think ourselves hardly dealt with if we were left out of consideration.



Yours very truly,
William Ogilvie

***Please note:** I have typed the words as spelled in William Ogilvie's letter. The photocopy of the typewritten letter I received bears William Ogilvie's signature. Some of the questionable spelling may be Schwatha, Chilkat Harbor, Dyea Harbour, Tutshe Lake, Bennett and Bennet. I note Harbour and Bennett because there are two spellings of each in this letter.- Sherron*



William Ogilvie

Photo of William Ogilvie forwarded by Moge Mogenson
From **EARLY DAYS ON THE YUKON & THE STORY OF ITS GOLD FINDS**
By William Ogilvie

At the Vancouver Yukoners banquet held in Vancouver March 27, 2004, Larry Bagnell, MP for Yukon spoke on the topic of the International boundary being in dispute in the oil rich northern waters. He explained that the US position is that the boundary follows the shore-line. Larry quipped that he suggested they take a bulldozer up and reconfigure the shoreline. It seems from the following excerpt from the work done in 1887 the boundary was to follow the 141st Meridian.



141ST MERIDIAN. AUTHOR'S LOCATION 1887, AND CORRECTED LINE IN 1907

Photo forwarded by Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca
From EARLY DAYS ON THE YUKON & THE STORY OF ITS GOLD FINDS
By William Ogilvie

COMMENTS INSPIRED BY THE NORTHERNAIRS SPECIAL

What a great edition that just came through. Lots of reading for us in the morning, Sherron. How well we remember them at our "doos" in Dawson, especially at The Palace Grand. Thank you, Sherron for this wonderful Keepsake!. Pete and Brownie Foth

COMMENTS INSPIRED BY THE BRAEBURN SPECIAL

Hello Sherron- I enjoyed the special edition about Braeburn and every time I go to Whitehorse from Faro- memories come back. Of course now going by Braeburn- every one looks out for elk. I had not seen ONE in all my travels between Whitehorse and Faro, till last Boxing Day---Put your glasses on, my daughter said--- there were 3 beautiful elk on the right side and about one km further, Carol counted 47 of the beautiful animals, they enjoyed a sunny day, pawed for food and are not scared of people at all. What a wonderful sight.

In your special edition you have the song from Valdy--Cinnamon strip - is there anywhere a copy one could buy or copy or whatever. I have been wondering for years: Did Valdy ever work in Elsa or Keno and sang at the Keno lounge? It would have been around the late fifties, early sixties. I remember well, somebody who sang there became famous. Maybe one of our readers knows. If anyone replies please put "Braeburn" in the subject line.

Still -20 C here last night, but spring will come - even to Faro.
Enjoy the day Anne Domes octavia13@yknnet.ca



Caribou at Braeburn Dec. 26, 2003

Photo courtesy Anne Domes

HANK KARR TRIBUTE

I'm beginning to get a few things on Hank Karr & band. But, of course I would like more. Can you put the following into the next MocTel for me?

Readers, I am working on an article regarding Hank Karr and his band. If you have any stories or would like to add a tribute to Hank and his band please send them to me as soon as possible at ytdogteam@telus.net. I would like to have anything you can share no later than the middle of May.

Thanks much. Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

CAN YOU OFFER ANY HELP WITH INFORMATION ABOUT BEN-MY-CHREE

Sherron

I've enjoyed reading many of the articles submitted. In particular I read the one:

The Story of Ben-My-Chree

Is there any other articles on Ben-My-Chree, maybe one which would take the history from where the above article stopped. Who took over the property after the Partridges passed on. I visited the property a few times 1987-1997. There were stories of Chinese servants and their poppies. These are not mentioned in the above article. The last time I visited Ben-My

-Chree in 1996 a new owner had taken possession of the property and had installed a caretaker. We had a pleasant visit with the caretaker, but I gather the public were no longer as welcome to visit as they had in the past.

Thanks, John Murray

Donna Clayson is willing to try and gather up more information on Ben-My-Chree and put it together in another special edition. She does however need some leads and connections to further information. If you can help direct her to a source it would be appreciated. Dave Harder has given us a story on his links to the area and we are looking for more information and stories about the property after the Partridges operated the resort/property, (they died in 1930 and 1931). Send information or leads to Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net -Sherron

OBIT

I asked some of the folks involved in aviation in Yukon to comment on whether the following obituary was a link worthwhile posting in the MocTel. Here are some of the replies. – Sherron

The Randall's were the most recognized family entity in CPA, but really gained their fame after we left the Line. I knew the dad but doubt that he would have remembered me. The sons came later.

I am sure there are probably Yukoners who would be interested in the obit and a lot of ground crew etc. that worked with them.

Tom Tait

Bob and Hilda Randall as I understand it lived in Whitehorse during the late 30's/early 40's.

Bob senior retired not long after I started with CP and I have flown with all of his son's at one time or other, in fact the youngest, John, and I were in the same class.

I don't know but I think that Bob was a member of one of the airlines, which made up CP back in the misty past.

Jim Johnson

I knew of the Randall's but didn't actually know them. I flew for Canadian Airlines International, which was the airline that was the result of the merger of several airlines including CPA. I did meet the patriarch, Bob Randall. Unfortunately I didn't meet his wife.

Danny Bereza

Hi Sherron,

Gordon Bartsch (Great Northern Airways of Whitehorse) once was employed as a pilot with CP. Bartsch and I am in touch with each other and are good friends. I alerted him to your message and he says that he knew Randall and his "two sons". He says that he had flown with Randall when they were both with CP. You might remember Gordon and Dawn Bartsch from your days in Whitehorse. If you do, then you can come to your own

judgment as to whether this is a strong enough link. I speculate that other CP employees of the day who were Yukoners might be interested. Cheers.....Erik Nielsen

Obituaries (03/13/04)

RANDALL _ Hilda Margaret (Bard) March 14, 1910 - March 6, 2004 Passed away peacefully in her sleep on Saturday, March 6, 2004 at the age of 93. She is lovingly remembered by her husband of 73 years Robert C. (Bob), children, Bob, Ted (Sharon), Joan, John (Pri); grandchildren, Robert (Diane), Ted, Pat, Lisa, Katie, Christina, Bruce, Scott, Linda, Jacquie (Brent), John (Pam), Marie, Angela (Dan) and Michelle; great-grandchildren, Laura, Evan, Lindsay, Tavis, Dakota, Drew, Brad, Marc, Jade, Taylor, Darien, Malia, and Ella; her sister, Sarah McTaggart; brother, Bill (Deana) Bard; sisters-in-law, Phyl Bard and Edith Kasick; numerous nieces and nephews, great nieces and nephews and many friends. Her brother Fred Bard, grandsons, Brian Randall and Robert (Rick) Kilburn predeceased her. Hilda's life included an incredibly wide spectrum of experiences from polio victim to skydiver, matriarch of **Canadian Pacific Airlines** to pit crew for go-carts and Lotus and Brabham. Hilda's years encompassed life in a shoddy home on a homestead in southern Alberta and riding in a democrat, to a log cabin home in the Yukon well before there were roads in, and World travel in the jumbo jets. She was a talented basketball player in her youth and also danced and sang on the stage.

Hilda was the matriarch of a flying family. Her husband Bob, sons Bob, Ted and John, grandsons, Rob and Ted all fly or flew for Canadian Pacific Airlines and a granddaughter, Katie, also flies professionally. She was honoured by Canadian Pacific Airlines in 1986 as Matriarch for Canadian Pacific as she mothered so many of the pilots who transferred to the Vancouver base in the 1950's and 1960's.

She was a life-time member of the Sports Car Club of BC in recognition of decades of service as membership chairman, lap counter, timer, mentor, and grilled cheese sandwich maker extraordinaire. She and Bob lived for racing. The association with so many people of all ages, of the SCC and ICSCC, kept both of them young at heart. There is to be cremation with no funeral by her personal request. Instead, a Celebration of Hilda's life will be held on Saturday, April 3, 2004 at the Mission Race Track. The Sports Car Club of BC and the Family will host a dinner after the first race of the year. Persons wishing to attend please RSVP to hilda@ramsaysolutions.ca and leave their name, telephone number and the number of people in their party so that catering can be arranged. If guests inform the front gate they are coming for the Hilda Celebration, there will be no admission fee. The family wishes to thank the staff of the Vancouver General Hospital Stat Centre and the Waverly in Chilliwack, for their loving care and thoughtfulness in ensuring that Mother and Dad would remain together as long as possible. We are very grateful. In lieu of flowers, donation can be made to the Vancouver General Hospital Foundation, earmarked for the new Stat Centre. WOODLAWN 604-793-4555
Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

I sent the obit for McCosh because he had been the first Chief Engineer at the Steam Plant at the hospital in Whitehorse. Wilf Bredy took over from him and hired me to

replace Little Joe Andre when he retired. Little Joe built the Pride of the Yukon at mile 7 that was mentioned in the Atlin special. Little Joe had a special recipe called Dainty Stew. It was just like any other stew, you put everything into it, but the pieces were cut very fine.

Bill Maylor

Obituaries (12/10/02)

McCOSH _ Frederick James passed away in Penticton on December 6th, 2002 at the age of 77. He was predeceased by his wife Aldi of 52 years, his son Barry and his son-in-law Calvin (Raitt), his sister Maureen and his sister-in-law and brother-in-law June and Joe Stachr. He will be dearly missed by his surviving four children Rick, Dan, Kerry and Ian (Lisa) and grandchildren Jennifer, Brian, Liam, Reagan as well as his friends in the Good Sam Club, Naramata Seniors and all his friends and relatives. Fred joined the navy in 1943 and served 3 years during WWII. He entered into the engineering field in 1946 and obtained his First Class Stationary Engineering papers. He moved his family to Whitehorse, Yukon in 1958 where he was the Chief Operating Engineer at the new Whitehorse General Hospital. In 1964, he transferred to Penticton with Public Works Canada as a Zone Manager, finally settling down on a family homestead in Naramata in 1967. He moved into Vancouver on December 31, 1972 as a Regional Director. Fred retired December 31, 1980 to his home in Naramata where he lived the remainder of his life. Fred was actively involved in many organizations throughout his life including the Canadian Legion where he was a lifetime member. He was always ready to lend a hand to anybody that needed one and always had a joke or funny line to bring a smile. Funeral service will be held on December 12, 2002 at 2:00 p.m. from the chapel of Parkview Funeral Home, 1258 Main Street, Penticton. Memorial tributes may be directed to the Moog and Friends Hospice House, 1701 Government Street, Penticton, BC, V2A 8J7. Condolences may be directed to the family by email: parkview*vip.net Funeral arrangements entrusted to PARKVIEW FUNERAL HOME (250) 493-1774.
Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

OBITUARIES SNAIL MAILED BY Ruth McIntyre

KING, Ernie May 27th 1924 to Mar 7th 2004

Ernie passed away peacefully after a short stay in the hospital. A memorial service and reception to take place Thursday March 18th 2004 at the Royal Canadian Legion 2: pm. Interment of ashes to follow at Grey Mountain Cemetery. Donations may be made to the Yukon Foundation Box 32096 Whitehorse YT Y1A 5P9 for the Marilyn King Scholarship Fund

PHILLIPSEN, Arnold Peers May 25th 1915 – March 11th, 2004

Born in Prestatyn, Wales on May 25th 1915 passed away suddenly at home in Abbotsford, BC on Mar 11th, 2004.

Arnie passed away as he lived, with quite, gentle dignity.

PERARDUA AD ASTRA

You are invited to leave a personal message of condolence on the family's on-line Memorial Register at www.personalalternative.com

Personal Alternative Funeral Services 604-857-5779

COOK, John Frederick “Fred” June 20, 1920 – March 14, 2004

Fred is survived by his wife, Jean B. Cook; son Jim (Rosalie Cook; daughter Beatrice (Herb) Wytinck; and their families.

Fred was a long time resident of the Yukon He and his wife Jean, raised their family in Dawson City. They have resided in the Whitehorse Area since 1970.

Funeral Mass will be held at Sacred Heart Cathedral, 406 Steele Street, Whitehorse, on Saturday, March 20th at 1:00 pm.

In lieu of flowers, please make donations to a charity of your choice or the Heart and Stroke Foundation.

DEACON, William Stuart May 3, 1927 – March 11, 2004

William Stuart Deacon passed away at his home near Whitehorse, on March 11th, 2004.

He was 76 years old. Stuart was born in Brooksby, Saskatchewan in 1927. His mother was a school teacher and his ancestors had been Selkirk settlers. His father was from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, where his father had built and operated the first brick factory and the first paddlewheel boats plying the Saskatchewan River to the Pas.

In 1950, Stuart was given the opportunity of an officer commission in the RCAF and was accepted for pilot training. In 1952, he was selected as a Fighter Pilot and trained on the single seat, single engine Vampire jet. Stuart (called Stu by so many people) then joined the 427 Fighter Squadron in Montreal, flying the F86 Sabre Jet across the North Atlantic. Called Operation Leap Frog III, this route took 30 days and involved three squadrons of aircraft. On arrival in Germany, they opened the Canadian Forces Base at Zweibrichen, near the Saarland. Stuart had flying duties in western Europe and the UK and he was an instructor in Fighter Weapons and Tactics. In 1962 Stuart was accepted for training on the new CF 104 Starfighter aircraft. This was exciting and demanding work and he took considerable pride in his expertise in this role. In 1966, Stuart led the first flight of Canadian Starfighter aircraft north of the Arctic Circle. Throughout this overseas tour, he travelled extensively with his family throughout Europe on family summer holidays and on winter ski holidays in the Alps. He ended his tour with slightly more than 1000 hours on the CF 104 Starfighter jet; one of the first Canadians to do so. In 1967 Stuart returned to Canada to a senior staff position in Air Defense Command Headquarters in North Bay, Ontario. Two years later, Stuart became the Commander of the Whitehorse Detachment, a position he held until his retirement in 1974.

After his retirement from the military, Stuart was the Intergovernmental Affairs Officer for the Yukon Government. He was the Chief of Protocol and was involved in the coordination of visits of royalty as well as senior government officials. In the 1980's, he spent a week camping in the Yukon wilderness with Prime Minister Trudeau and one of his sons. Besides his work, Stuart was an active member of the community, volunteering for many organizations and service clubs. We especially remember him selling apples in a clown suit for the Kiwanis Club. Stuart was most proud of being inducted as a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society. He was an avid rod and fly fisherman and hunter. After his retirement, Stuart and his second wife Judy, wintered in Mexico, returning with the swans to McClintock Bay.

Stuart served his country and his community. He worked and played hard and always went the extra mile in everything he did. His family, including nieces and nephews, and many friends will miss him greatly.

In loving memory: Judy Deacon (Kari-Anne and Don; daughter, Cathy Deacon (Matt Lafferty). (grandchildren, Noria and Ben); daughter, Dawn MacKenzie (Maurice Donohue), (grandson, Dana McKenzie); and son, Richard Deacon.

A memorial service will be held at a later date.

DUNNET, Vera Margaret November 19, 1917 – February 29, 2004

Verna Margaret Dunnet passed away at Shuswap Lake General Hospital at the age of 86 years. She was born in Dawson City, Yukon to Alice and Alexander MacLennan. Vera was predeceased by her husband, Sinclair in May, 2002. She is survived by her loving family: daughter Peggy (Jim) Thoreson, three grandchildren, Brad (Tracy, (Todd (Arlene), Laurel (Don) Sebastian; six great grandchildren Caitlyn, Taylor, Chance, Connor, Kaury, and Logan. Also by her sisters Betty Taylor and Babe Smith and several nieces and nephews with special mention to Barb Conway.

A memorial service for Vera was held on Saturday, March 6, 2004 at 2: pm from St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Salmon Arm.

Memorial contributions in Vera's name may be made to a charity of your choice.

OBIT FORWARDED BY DON FRIZZEL

Just to let you know that Sam passed away at home last week. He will be cremated and there will be a Masonic service for him at Mt Mac on April 2 at 3pm. He has asked that in lieu of flowers, anyone interested can make a donation to the Masonic Charities Fund - Cancer Car Project. Any local Masonic Lodge or member can supply the address but if anyone has difficulty, they can contact me at frizzell*polarcom.com

Regards, Don

CORRECTIONS TO PRIOR MOC TELS

A good friend of mine pointed out that I had made an error in the names of the Lambert St. School student's hockey team. I sent that picture in the 52nd edition on Feb 22nd.

The boys' names, left to right should be:

Arthur Yeulette, John MacBride, Joe Zimmerlee, Fred Cedarbeg, and Jimmie Patterson.

She also pointed out that in the Feb 8th, 50th edition, (the picture of the high school girls) that I had erroneously put Betty Murray instead of Margaret. She's has my apologies to the family, and thanks Phyl, for keeping me on my toes! Margaret is third from the left in front row.

Joyce Yardley joyceyardley*shaw.ca

A MESSAGE FROM MARGARET & ROLF HOUGEN

Sherron: I know you are not asking for money but you undoubtedly have costs associated with continuing this marvelous historic undertaking. We have sent you some money in the mail.

I would like you to include this memo in your next edition. We are suggesting that everyone send ten dollars to you (from time to time) so that you can buy computers, supplies or whatever.

Sherron's address is: Sherron Jones
9205 Orchard Ridge Dr.
Vernon, B. C.
V1B 1V8

Please pass this memo on to your readers

Regards, Margaret & Rolf Hougen marg*hougens.com

PREVIOUSLY ADDED

Last year, after George Howell submitted our name, you e-mailed me a link to all past editions to the Moctel. Unfortunately this link was deleted inadvertently. I was slowly getting caught up in my reading; however, I have been unable to re-connect to the link in question. I have tried <http://members.shaw.ca/moctel/past.html> but Shaw advises this site does not exist at Shaw.ca. I have thoroughly enjoyed all the past editions; the last one I read had a lot of hockey news and photographs. I was in the RCMP for 35 years and between 1960 & 1966, I was stationed in Teslin, Mayo, Keno, Elsa, Watson Lake & Whitehorse. Corinne & I left Whitehorse on October 31st, 1966 for Fort Smith, NWT, where we spent the next two years. We were transferred to Richmond, BC in January 1969 where I remained until retiring from the Force in 1991. We still live in Richmond. Please note that we have a new e-mail address. Look forward to hearing from you.

George Loeppky galoepky*telus.net

Hi Sherron,

First of all, I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading the Moccasin Telegraph - it certainly brings back alot of memories. I have just read the great edition on the Northernairs. I certainly enjoyed dancing to their wonderful music many times, and also recall babysitting for their children on the weekends in the mid 50's.

As you will notice, George and I have separate e-mail addresses. I wanted to let you know that I have taken the information you sent him regarding the new site address, and now have access to it from my e-mail address as well. I guess that puts the number up to 6. I have had very few things sent with viruses, and these have been detected and isolated before reaching me.

George has given you the information regarding the time he spent in the Yukon, so I will just add a bit to that:

I arrived in the Yukon in 1945 from Telegraph Creek, B.C. where my father, Fred Appleyard, had a trucking service from Telegraph Creek to Dease Lake. With the advent of the Alcan Highway (now Alaska Highway), the trucking service was phased out. I moved to Watson Lake with my parents, Fred and Mildred, and my father began the Watson Lake Hotel, gas station and store.

I began grade 1 in September 1946 at the old Lambert Street School in Whitehorse and two months later switched to Convent of Christ the King that had just opened. I "graduated" from there in grade 9 and then attended boarding schools in Victoria and Vancouver.

My summers and holidays were spent in Whitehorse, and after graduating from U.B.C. in 1964 with a degree in Social Work, I returned to Whitehorse full time. As far as I know I was the first Yukoner with a degree in social work that worked for the Territorial Department of Welfare. It was quite an experience! George was transferred to Fort Smith in the NWT in October 1966, and we left the Yukon. My last visit was 3 years ago, and I still can't get over how civilized the Alaska Highway is these days. I love driving and used to enjoy the challenges of Trutch and Steamboat!

Cheers, Corinne (Appleyard) Loeppky corinne.loeppky@telus.net

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Sherron, (Mar 27)

I am happy that you only have had one virus warning after what you put up with. Go ahead and put our new address back in and I think I like it more than the others.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

Will you please change your address book with a new address for me? It is ambreaden@shaw.ca The rate that I have been receiving virus mail has prompted this.

Alice Breaden

Henry and Alice were off the mailing list from March 17 to 27, but since the viruses have reduced significantly they are back on the list. – Sherron

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron, Can you add me to the Moccasin mailing list? I have two e-mail addresses stever@yukon-news.com and stever@yknet.ca .

I spent two summers here, in 1977 and 1978, and moved here permanently in 1982, I bought the paper from my Dad in 1989.

Thanks,

D. S. (Steve) Robertson

Hi Sherron, I just got the information from my sister Marie Twigge (Chouinard) I was born at Mile 1095 on the Alaska Highway where my parents had Joe's Airport Lodge. My parents were Joseph (Joe) and Ethel Chouinard. I have one brother Michel (Butch) and two sisters Marie who I already mentioned and Kluane. I left the Yukon in 1969 and moved to Vancouver. I married a Robert Reid in Vancouver in 72 and moved back to the Yukon in 74.

I left the Yukon to move to Smithers in 79 where I raised two children and where I still live. I remarried in 1995 to Cecil (Al) McCreary. I am the General Manager of the Hudson Bay Hotel in Smithers. (bmccreary@hblodge.com) or the web site for the hotel www.hblodge.com I am not sure what other information that you need. Please contact me if you need anything else. Don't know who's idea this was but it is GREATTT

Thanks Bonnie McCreary

Thanks Sherron for the info on virus control. Sorry to hear that the Moc/Tel has been delayed over this, but understand why. Too bad also that people are starting to leave the group as I don't think that is going to help them a lot at this stage. Anyway on the brighter side I have a new member for you. He is Jim McCausland of Dawson City, currently living in Surrey, B.C. You met him at the Island PicNic last year. He is a grandson of the Iron Man, Percy DeWolfe, and a nephew of Percy Jr.

Jim was born and raised in Dawson, left there after graduation and joined the RCAF where he stayed until retirement. Then worked for the RCMP for a number of years before retiring a second time.

Jim does not have a computer but will receive the Moc/Tel through his Son and Daughter in law. Their e-mail address is:- mccausland8177@shaw.ca
Gus Barrett

Michael & Janice Williams Kluane Lake from 1966 to 1997 now Careywood, Id. Yes Janice & I would like to join the group of ex Yukoners. I thank you for a grand thing you are doing.

Michael Williams mjwilliamsid@hotmail.com

Good Morning Sherron, My cousins, Michael and Janice Williams sent me your list of Yukoners. I would like to add my name to the list.

Norma J. White (Bradley) White River Lodge, Yukon 1962 to 1987 now living in Sandpoint, Idaho e-mail sasi@coldreams.com

Thank You Sherron. Reading the names was like old home week for me.

*Three people gave me their e-mail address while at the Vancouver Yukoners banquet. They were Dorothy Sorenson redshoes*klondiker.com , Jim & Alice Boyes and Larry Bagnell larrybagnell*klondiker.com . I hope Dorothy and Larry will send in a recap of their time in Yukon. – Sherron*

Dear Sherron,

Thank you very much for your list of Yukoners past & present, we didn't expect such prompt attention from you. As requested, here is a little more information about us.

I, Alice (Hryciw) went to Mayo in 1954 as a young nurse to work at the hospital. Jim went to Mayo in 1952 and was working at the Taylor & Drury store. We were married in 1955 and continued to live in Mayo until 1959, then Jim was transferred to Whitehorse where we lived for 1 year. We moved from the Yukon in 1960, but have been back there many times since then.

We look forward to receiving the "newsletter", and thanks again for putting us on your e-mail list.

Alice Boyes Alice_Boyes*telus.net

For you information Jim Boyes is currently Vice President of the Vancouver Yukoners Association and will soon become President, replacing Don Murray. – Sherron

Hi Sherron! I'd love to have my name added to your long list.

My name is Tina Pettifor. My husband George and I lived in Whitehorse from 1947 until 1984, and operated for many years a small business called Extinguisher Sales.

Since 1984 we have lived in Westbank B.C.

Springchicken*shaw.ca

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

Recipient address: marissai*telus.net

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Invalid recipient: <marissai*telus.net>

INGLIS, Marissa marissai*telus.net (In Whitehorse 1985 – 2003) Camrose AB

Recipient address: masonwoo@naturalterrain.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

MASON-WOOD, Michael masonwoo*naturalterrain.com (In Whitehorse)

Reply: I have taken your name off the list.....and I will be out of town for about a month anyway.

I don't seem to keep up with your mail anyway, so cut me off that too. Thanks anyway. -
Sylvia
HACKNEY, Sylvia hackney*polarcom.com (In Whitehorse since 1966) McPherson
Subdv.

Thanks for the alert message Sherron - I would like to have my address removed from the
Moccasin Telegraph. I have enjoyed receiving the editions and your efforts for making
the downloading as simple as possible. I have anti-spam and virus protection but still am
concerned about the possibility of receiving a virus from any of the addresses in the
group.

Thanks again for being so dedicated to preserving the history of the Yukon.

Marjorie Copp

COPP, Marjorie (COUCH) marjiecopp@hotmail.com (In Whitehorse)

We are sorry Sherron, but because we have our home based business (accounting too.) on
the same computer we receive the newsletter, cannot afford to risk it, even tho we have
Sympatec Viris protection.

Good luck Nikki

BUCKLER, Nikki nikkiandgrant*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse since 1965)

Hi Sherron....Please remove me from your address book...I just can't be bothered with all
this virus stuff...thanks...Heather

KLASSEN, Heather (MONROE) heatherk*internorth.com (Born Dawson, lived Whse,
Teslin, W.Lake, Mayo, Whse)

Hello Sherron,

I am really concerned with the problems of viruses, and I would like my name removed
from your address book. I have received viruses in the past which were related to either
yourself or somebody in your address book. As I use my computer for my work I cannot
afford the chance of getting further contamination, (even though I run a very high spec
professional virus program).

Would it not be less risky for you to post your newsletter to your own website where all
interested parties could access without the risk of opening their computer to viruses.

Regards Molly Browne.(nee Barber)

BROWNE, Molly (formerly ROGERS, nee BARBER) setanta*telus.net (Born Dawson,
White River, Stewart River 1943-50, Dawson for school, high-school Edm) (604) 982-
0650 North Vancouver

Dear Sherron:

Although I have enjoyed the newsletter and appreciate all the work you are putting into it,
I would like you to remove my name from the mailing list. I am doing a lot of travelling

at present and it is difficult to retrieve and read it using internet cafes etc.

Thank you. Fay (Callison) Ash

ASH, Fay (CALLISON) fash*direct.ca (In Carcross 1942-47, Dawson 1947-62, Whitehorse 1965-66) Richmond

Dear Sherron,

Although we do enjoy the newsletter, could you please remove us from your mailing list.

Debbie Baker

BAKER, Dave & Deborah dbaker002*sympatico.ca (In Whitehorse 1976-77)

Please remove me from your list.

Vicky (Victoria) Germaine (Ross) and Shawn Germaine

Thanks

GERMAINE, Shawn & Vicky (ROSS) germaine*yt.sympatico.ca (In Mayo)

Hi Sherron:

Please remove my name from the MocTel list.

Thanks for all the work you've done on the MocTel. There have been lots of fun stories and memories.

Sally Witty (nee Greenwood)

WITTY, Bob & Sally (GREENWOOD) bwitty*sentex.net (In Whitehorse 1952-61)

(dau Bishop Tom Greenwood) (519) 822-0124 Guelph

WOULD YOU PLEASE REMOVE ME FROM YOUR LIST

IMEDIATELY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I DO NOT WANT THIS ANYMORE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

CAMPBELL, Deana LEE deanalee*navigata.net. (b. Whse, Teslin, Beaver Creek, Whse 1964-94)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Never put off until tomorrow the hug you can give today.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic:

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 aksala49*cablerocket.com

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