

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Fifty-Eighth Edition- April 18, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Winter – Fox Lake

Photo Courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca

GRANDPA’S PIPE

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Grandpa smoked a briar pipe
That curled below his chin.
It seems to me he smoked it all his life.
He filled the bowl with “Beaver plug”,
Then gently tamped it in,
With a calloused thumb and rusty pocketknife.

He’d light it with an ember,
That he rescued from the grate.
Then through a cloud of aromatic smoke,
He’d sit back and smile at grandma,
For many years his mate,
And he didn’t seem to mind that he was broke.

He was happy with his lot in life,
Contented and secure,

Though he never had a lot that I could see.
As long as he had grandma,
He would never ask for more,
Except his pipe and grandkids at his knee.

He would puff his pipe and tell us tales,
Of fishing on the Banks.
Tales of wooden ships and iron men.
Then gazing fondly out to sea,
He would give his silent thanks,
Then smile at us and fill his pipe again.

Through the years, I'd most forgotten,
Dear old grandpa and his pipe,
And the stories that he used to tell us kids.
Then he died at ninety-two,
An age considered ripe,
Still smoking "Beaver" like he always did.

© 2003 Gus Barrett.



Pete & Brownie Foths' favorite tree this past 25 years – White Rock, BC
Photo taken Easter Sunday in front of the First United Church

SPRING FRESHNESS

By Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

Birth pangs of a fresh season
Pulsing her heartbeat in dew;
Nature's life replenishing
As old gives way to new.

Sun's rays deeply penetrating
To the very centre of man;
Warm food to new babies
Beneath the surface of land.

Thirsty earth finding nourishment
From cloud's fresh watershed;
Brown coats turn to vivid green
As roots awaken from sleepy beds.

Fields awash with rainbow colour
A feast to the eye of the soul;
Overwhelming senses long dormant
Strengthening the spirit from winter's cold.

(C)

MOCTEL FRIENDSHIPS

Some of you have shared with me the kind words passed on to you from another MocTel reader. I would encourage all of you to reach out and tell those who move you with their stories and poems. That kindness may be the encouragement they need to share more with us. Your gesture of kindness could very likely make their day or possibly even bud a friendship.

CORRECTION

In MocTel 56 I made a mistake when I typed in the caption under the photo, submitted by Anne Domes, of the Elk at Breaburn. Anne had explained accurately that they were Elk that she had seen and photographed. Me being a city kid and never having seen an Elk or a Caribou and having heard of lots of Caribou in Yukon I typed Caribou instead of Elk. That brought about a message, which I thought, was intended to correct and inform us about an Elk herd being planted in the area and how to tell the difference between the two. Now I have caused embarrassment to Anne and Moge the author of the very informative comments. My sincere apologies for both my mistake in calling the creatures by the wrong name but also by posting a previous correction, which I have now learned, was not intended for the MocTel.

If you could help me when you send in comments about a Moccasin Telegraph and tell me either that the comments are or are not for publication I would be grateful. I love to get the comments and think it makes the MocTel much more interesting to have them included. — Sherron

SPRING IN WHITEHORSE BEFORE STORM SEWERS



Bob Hughes photos courtesy Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com



BIGGER, LANGHOLTZ, RICHARDS, HARBOTTLE

Notes by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

When I was talking to Jeanne Harbottle at her house the other day she brought out the photo albums and we went through them, a lot of which I had seen before, but I absorbed more this time.

Each time the pieces fit together a little easier.

Then today when I was talking to her on the phone we were talking again about relationships and I asked her if she had remembered Granny Langholz first name and she couldn't. So I said well she must be in Pioneer Cemetery records and she said no they went out to Victoria when she was failing and she died there. So I looked in BC Archives and found them both spelled differently from each other Langholz and Lanholtz. (see below)



Frederick & Edna (Bigger) Langholtz

At the Fox farm across the river from Whitehorse

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Jeanne pointed out that Flo Whyard had it wrong in the newspaper article, she wrote when Bud died, calling Bud's mother Lillian (Bigger) Harbottle a widow. It was Lillian's sister Edna (Bigger) (formerly Piper) Langholz who was who was a widow and was the one who married Pa (Frederick) Langholz. Pa Langholz worked in the White Pass Depot and he operated a fox farm across the river from the depot. Jeanne says he paddled across the Yukon River everyday to and from work. Jeanne and Bud lived on that property at one time.

B. C. Archives:

Name: Edna Langholtz	Place Colwood	Reg. Number: 1966-09-002071	Digital Image On-Line
Date: 1966 2 2 (Yr/Mo/Day)	Age: 90	Event: Death	Microfilm #: B13276 (GSU # 2033800)
Name: Frederick Langholz	Place Saanich	Reg. Number: 1959-09-009840	Digital Image On-Line
Date: 1959 8 24 (Yr/Mo/Day)	Age: 86	Event: Death	Microfilm #: B13243 (GSU # 2033300)

The Biggers had operated a store in Dyea and moved it to White Horse reportedly on the first train. It was located on Front Street near the Regina Hotel. The Bigger family home

was built next door and later became known as the Black residence. Jack Sewell owned the store at one point. Jeanne has a photo of this block but it is at such an acute angle it is not easy to see all the buildings. You see the Regina Hotel and then the sign, for the store, which overhangs the sidewalk.



The Bigger Store is visible with a sign over the sidewalk just beyond the second pole.

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

There is a very interesting article in the March 10, 2004 Whitehorse Star Archives, which is a stroll around town written by Horace Moore in the 1940's. It mentions the building that Sewell had but has a typo and calls it Jack Lewell's store. This is the same store the Biggers owned and is shown in the photo above.

To solve the mystery of the names I went in to the Yukon cemetery records and found Edna's daughter Bernadine who had married T.C. Richards and found that the maiden name of Bernadine which was Piper. Jeanne confirmed that was the name she had forgotten. Jeanne said she didn't know what T. C. stood for but I was able to find in the records it stands for Thomas Cecil Richards the same name as his son who Jeanne said died in a drowning accident in Ear Lake.

Edna (Bigger) (formerly Piper) Langholz had two daughters when she arrived in Whitehorse, Bernadine and Nellie. Bernadine married T. C. Richards and Nellie died at age 20 in 1914.

RICHARDS	Bernadine (Piper)	09 Jul 1956	59
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PIPER	Nellie	08 Jul 1914	20
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Picnic in Whitehorse area about 1910

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Unknown order – Archie Puckett, Nellie Piper, George Ryder, Lillian (Bigger) Harbottle (married in 1905), Winnie ?, Cam Smith, Bruce Watson, Daisy Ryder, Bernadine Piper, George Puckett

I made an attempt to find out more of those who are in this photo. If anyone can determine more of the names it has been suggested that Babe Richards, Betty Taylor or even Bill Drury may recognize some. I am not in contact with any of those people, if you are could you please ask. I have written to Lloyd and Marnie Ryder but they must be away as I have not received a reply. – Sherron

I wonder if the setting for this photo is in the area of what would later become Whiskey Flats. Those of you in Whitehorse would be able to tell if the view in the background is that of Grey Mountain. Is the low hill that which extends along Lewes Boulevard?

Whitehorse Pioneer Cemetery records:

RICHARDS Thomas Cecil 26 Jul 1942 23

(Cecil was drowned in Ear Lake July 26, 1942, and his proper given names were Thomas Cecil, the same as his father. Another son Bobby later had the Dodge dealership on the corner of Elliot and Second Avenue, which later became Nelson's Hardware. – Henry)

RICHARDS Thomas Cecil 09 Nov 1961 69

RICHARDS Eric Edenson Coke 02 Jun 1952 70

Joyce Yardley's father and not related to T.C. Richards nor Buzz Saw Jimmy Richards.
He was manager of the drygoods dept. in Taylor and Drury store for 18 years. - Joyce



NWMP at Summit of White Pass with Gatling Gun ca. 1900

U. S. – Canadian Border

F.E. Harbottle at gun.

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Thanks to Gus Barrett we have a recap of the dates when name changes of what we now know as the RCMP occurred.

RNWMP (Royal North West Mounted Police)

Bill passed in parliament creating NWMP in May 1873.

First two trained contingents united at Fort Dufferin in June 1874.

The "Royal" was granted by Edward VII in 1904.

RNWMP absorbed the Dominion Police in 1920 to become the RCMP.

Yukon Memories

By Pam Hyatt pghyatt@shaw.ca

A mere year in Whitehorse does not really make one a Yukoner. Oh, it surely made me hugely appreciative of the beauty of that land, the wondrous silence, the sense of connection to Mother Earth.

BUT, because I was primarily involved with my then fellow Buddhist students, I didn't really become an integral member of the community, Hence to be constantly receiving stories about folks whom I've never known doesn't resonate. I feel **I'm doing a disservice to the wonderful people who are writing these stories**, who share these memories, and who love making contact with folks who know precisely whereof they speak.

I have funny and poignant memories of my eight weeks in Dawson and my one year in Whitehorse. The Dawson memories are essentially connected to the performers and musicians in FOXY, as well as to my friendships with Grant Lortie and Bud Fisher, along with Pierre Berton and Johnny Mercer. The Whitehorse memories are invariably connected to my like-minded chums in the Buddhist group.

Oh, I do have some interesting memories about working for Rolf Hougen's radio station, and the level of professionalism (or lack thereof) exhibited by his staff wannabe-national-never-gonna-nail-it announcers. Also of the extraordinary small-mindedness evidenced in their news reporting policy. I mean, Sherron, let's get real here! I wrote stories about the pollution of the Yukon River, about the prices in the local supermarket being higher than those in Tuk - where EVERYTHING had to be airlifted in. Do you think THOSE TRUTHFUL, HARD HITTING STORIES ever got to air? Hell, no! Instead, only the local Kiwanis Bingo games and earthquakes in Peru did. Of course, since I didn't fall into sucky behaviour motif, I didn't last beyond my 3 week trial run at that gig.

One day, after having my serious news stories totally ignored, I was typing in the newsroom when a thunderous voice yelled from the lobby:

PAMELA HYATT! WHERE ARE YOU?

Into the newsroom strode **Pierre Berton**, who'd just completed a hike over the White Pass from Skagway with various local dignitaries, including the then Commissioner. I'd given to the Commissioner a sealed letter addressed to Pierre, thanking him for introducing me to the Yukon in '62, & telling him what I was now doing. Apparently some of his fellow hikers had also told him what was happening to me at Hogan's non-news station.

I'd known Pierre in Toronto for years, had done loads of appearances on his late night talk show, hung out with him in Service's cabin when he recited the **Shooting of Dan McGrew** to **Johnny Mercer**, myself and three RCMP chaps after we'd quaffed some seriously overproofed rum. At the conclusion of his recitation, when Dan is shot, Pierre fell forward, like a tall pine tree, whacko! onto the floor. Didn't break a bone. No bruises!

Anyway, July 1971, he strode into that newsroom, scooped me up into a big hug, boomed,

"Hyatt, I hear you're a real shit disturber! Keep up the good work! That's what Yukon needs!"

And departed. The wannabe announce guys stood in the hallway, gobsmacked! How come this woman named Hyatt KNEW this celebrity named Berton? Mind you, they didn't say dick. Their faces told the story. And me? I said NUZZINK! Let the twits stew in their own juices.

My final day at the station, the woman who sold ads and wrote all the radio ad copy had written one spot for a sewing machine brand. She INSISTED that I do the voice, because it was very much a woman's purchase, not a man's. The massive ego announce boys finally permitted Pammie to enter the record booth. As I recall, I did one read, then nailed the spot on the second pass.

From the control booth came this comment over my headphones:

"Ya know, Pam, that was good. Really good. With some practise, I'll bet you could maybe make it to national radio someday. "

The tone was so incredibly patronizing, so ignorant. Really astounding.

"What in God's name do you think I've been DOING for the past THIRTEEN YEARS, you idiot!"

Yup, now THAT was a truly satisfying moment. The kind that makes you want to fling your fist up in the air and yell: **'GOTCHA!'**

I have a happy memory of converting the YWCA THRIFT SHOP on Main Street (yes?) into a thriving, bustling hive of activity thanks to the hard, slogging work put in by my co-manager Pat Malham and myself. Prior to our taking over that empty bank building with no flippin' heat, the dear volunteer ladies of the YWCA used to open the Thrift Shop one afternoon a week and be tremendously pleased if they sold \$5.00 worth of clothing, books, etc.

Well, after painting the place, getting 100 wooden Coke cartons from the bottling plant, bashing out their cross sections with hammers clutched in double mitts (it was 80 degrees below Fahrenheit that January ... no proper heat, just one teensy heater in the back area), stacking cartons to make three big shelving units, painting them brilliant hues, hanging rope from ceiling which suspended long sections of dowling (for hanging clothes, yes?), then ironing every blessed article of clothing donated by whomever, ...oh yes, Pat also painted a happy wall mural,& finally putting price tags on those hundreds of items, we opened one day in late January andwait for it, luv!

**Sold NINETY SIX BUCKS WORTH OF CLOTHING & BOOKS!
ON DAY ONE!**

Omigod! We were SO PROUD! That job, funded via a L.I.P. grant, was such fun. Pat's daughter and my wee son were both in daycare at Skookum Jim's Day Care setup, so we'd each trundle our youngsters from our separate homes on opposite ends of town on toboggans to Skookum Jim, leave one of the toboggans there, then one of us would pull the other to the Y's Thrift Shop, roaring with laughter most of the way.

I assure you, my dear, we were frowned on by the majority of decent citizens of downtown Whitehorse. Their attitude seemed to be:

'What in God's name are those two WOMEN, GROWNUPS! doing behaving like children?! Humph! Snort!'

Obviously we were enjoying the snowclad winter, something that those who lived in cars seemed incapable of doing.

Earning \$100/week really didn't go far towards supporting a child, so I moved on to a new position, that of managing a new expediting firm called Associated Expediting Services, in March of 1972.

Headquartered in Vancouver, a tiny closet of an upstairs office in downtown Whitehorse, with a phone and a telex machine. CN, which (to my recollection then owned the phone service in YT ...but hey! I'm 68 this week, so memory may be shot!) had forgotten to include Assoc. Exped.'s phone listing in the new directory, so my task was to call EVERY BUSINESS in YT & graciously introduce AES, pitch our service. Whoa!

I think my most satisfying moment at that job was when a chap marched into my office from doing highway survey work in northern BC and asked if I could find him a **baroque lute**. Not a commonplace object in the wilderness, don'tcha know?!

Thanks to my performance background and long years of contact with musicians in Toronto, I was led to Montreal viola makers, then to Hamburg, Germany where a specialist in building those beautiful instruments was happy to sell us one. Yup, that was a **good** experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Yellow Cab

By Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca

Tex and Kate Pedigo became well known throughout Yukon and Alaska during their travels. In 1950 when the first of the highway to Mayo was nearing completion they were on it. In their 1941 Mercury they had just about anything they would need to make any repairs, and Kate had sewn bags for everything to fit in the space behind the front seats. They were with the first three vehicles allowed on the highway, and mentioned about the pockets of volcanic dust that was commonly hit when the highway was first opened. In her last book, Kate mentioned Harry Weiland who was later lost on an ATV on a prospecting trip. Harry was one of the first few Yukoners that visited them in L. A. First I should say that Tex was born Robert Wilford, but after working with horses in Texas was known as Tex ever after.



Attached are photos of Tex and Kate Pedigo, and you would never believe that Tex wore a fitted suit for work. The same would apply to Kate. But on their trips they were dressed warmly and ready for any event.



In the photo of Kate is their 1941 Mercury that they travelled with and their non fancy living accommodations which they both enjoyed. The first photo was Tex and Kate with Alice at our old place in Moccasin Flats near the river 1956. In 1951 when I was on the ferry at Stewart we met Kate and Tex Pedigo. Then at Braeburn we met them again where we took them out fishing on the lake. They made 18 trips up the Alaska Highway, and we have corresponded over the years. At one time they brought us two stainless steel pie plates filled with California dates, and to this day Alice still has the pie plates in service. Tex was Kate's senior as far as I can estimate by 22 years, but they worked as a team on tours and taxis in Los Angeles.



After coming back from Braeburn Lake, Tex and Kate came over to our place on Moccasin Flats. That is Alice on the left and Kate on the right, so you can see that Tex was quite a big man.

Tex had started as a cab driver in Indiana when they were still using Handsome Cabs hauled by horses. He followed cabs and drove in San Francisco where he was asked to help start the Yellow Cabs in Los Angeles. Tex was a natural tour director and became a Vice President of the Yellow Cabs of L.A. What was amazing was that Tex only went to grade 3 in school, and the rest of his education was in the school of Hard Knocks! On a tour from Indiana Kate met Tex, and he realised that he had found his mate for life. Between them, they ran the tours, and Kate became known as "Mrs. Yellow Cab." They made friends with people wherever they went, and at Murdoch's Jewellery both in Whitehorse and Dawson they were well known. They were just down to earth good folks, and many in the north would remember them.

Their last trip to Alaska was in 1965 where they visited us in Whitehorse. Kate lost Tex to a heart attack in late 1966, and she decided to try painting, which was a real success. From a coloured photo of the Eskimos going to church in Coppermine, N.W.T., Kate did a painting for us, which hangs on our wall. We shipped that painting to Kate for an art exhibit in L.A., and shortly afterwards it was back in its place of honour. Then Kate started writing, and her first book was her own growing years in Indiana along with sketches of the times. It is an innocent book of events that took place in innocent times accompanied with her own sketches as she remembered. Kate has made a name for herself both in painting and writing, and found at:

<http://www.seniorwomen.com/ca/cw/01/cult080801b.html> .

We just recently received a copy of her latest book of 231 large pages of: " TEX, MR. YELLOW CAB " written by Kate Pedigo, assisted by Ernie Loewy. It is a story of Tex's whole life along with many photographs of the north as they travelled up and down the highway. In their travels they were even up to Yellowknife via the McKenzie Highway. Alice and I even made the book with a photo of us with fish at Braeburn Lake. Tex was a big man, but we think bigger than that was his personality. He was like an eagle, and

Kate kept him aloft as the wind under his wings. We consider ourselves fortunate for having met them, and today we keep in touch with Kate through Ernie on E-mail. I think in total that Kate has written four books besides her painting and sculpting and at 92 years is still looking for the next adventure. As she says, "Ernie helped and guided me through this book and we are still good friends!" Yes, I guess it would be an exercise in endurance to write and scan so many photographs as there are pages of photographs. We have really enjoyed the book, and I think it is about \$19.95 in Canada. More than well worth it.

Sure you are free to use the story. Tex was born in Virginia, and the family arrived in Texas by covered wagon in 1891 when Tex was one year old. Ernie is a good friend of Kate's, but her publisher is Belmont Books of Long Beach California. I hope you enjoy the story.

Tex and Kate made quite the couple when they travelled to Yukon and Alaska. Tex never carried a wallet, but in his right pocket he carried a roll of bills that would choke a horse, with an elastic band around it. In the left pocket was always plenty of change, and Kate sewed a soft canvas in the left pocket to stop it from wearing out. As you would have seen from the photos, neither one was out to impress anybody, and that is where it became humorous. In the stores he would be looking at jewellery maybe, and the clerks thinking, "This couple just can't afford what they are looking at!" They would try to steer them around to something they thought this couple could afford. In Murdoch's Jewellery, Tex maybe found a gold necklace that he wanted for Kate, and the clerk near having a bird would say, "But that is twelve hundred dollars!" So Tex would peel off 12 - \$100s off his wad, and the clerk would again be without words. I think it was in Dawson that Tex had Murdock's make a gold nugget bracelet for his Kate, and he was well known in that store. He might have been a man that wanted his own way, but a delightful person as he could not do enough for his friends of which he had many. And there was only one important girl in his life, and that was "His Kate."

Cheers, Henry.

POETRY OF THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

Submitted by Donna Clayson

Below is an excerpt from a booklet called "Down North" Souvenir of the Alaska Highway Workers, Yarns of the Road by Hobo Ben. Copywrite 1943 by Albertan Job press, Limited Printers, Calgary, Alberta

Army Engineers Versus OldTimers

(Alcan Road)

"Did you hear?" the natives said,
"They're coming in with outside road-men,

The ENGINEERS, with paper and pen!
They will be chesty, and talk quite loud!

Did you see?

They sat and they listened to our talks,
The Colonel whittled, there, on the box!
Their pole and lead-man look like 'friskers'!
They used our guide – took "Old Man Whiskers'!"

"Did you hear?" the natives said,
"They're going to build road-way, down North;
They're going to truck both back and forth!
They cannot cross the muskeg, shaky;
We've tried it all, and it is quaky.

Did you see?

They scraped the ridges and filled the rill!
They swung around on the steep side-hill,
Away from the narrow dog-sled train,
And built on the ground where it would drain!"

"Did you hear?" the natives said,
"The road they build will be of gravel;
They're going to make it hard and level!
Shucks! Stones are only near waterway;
The rest of the country – shale and clay.

Did you see?

They used the common country hard-rocks,
And they blew it out in mighty blocks,
From handy places, near to the trail,
And they crushed it on the clay and shale!"

"Did you hear?" the natives said,
"These fellows talk of bridging the 'Peace' –
That mighty river, the fear of the Crees!
It runs in flood with ice that is thick!
They cannot bridge it and make it stick!

Did you see?

They built the towers close to each side,
And let the river run clear and wide;
They hung their bridge cables from the top
They built it high! – and nothing need stop!"

"Did you hear?" the natives said,

“They say this country needs life and towns,
And social service, with proper nouns!
We’ve made it, here, without that t’other!

Did you see?

They made one town ten times more ‘ground-lay!
And many places, down the Highway;
Speeded road-work, with better water, health and rail track!
And when they’re finished they’ll give all back!”

NORM HARTNELL’S MEMORIES INSPIRE MEMORIES

Just got through reading the Norman Hartnell edition. Great stuff. Particularly enjoyed the little tidbit on my old buddy Chickadee MacDonald. I had heard that story of being locked up in a mail bag before, but not from anyone who was actually there. I knew Chickadee well during my police days in Dawson. A real old northern character with a heart as big as all outdoors.-----Good stuff.

Gus Barrett

DO YOU REMEMBER HELEN CHAYKOWSKY ?

My mother Helen Chaykowsky had a stroke on Feb 14, (11 days after her 80th birthday). She is such a social being and is having a difficult time knowing that her days of bowling, and freedom to come and go at will is now being restricted. She has her speech and can move around with her walker. She is currently in hospital and has applied for placement at Macaulay lodge. The doctor is going to let her leave the hospital this weekend in hopes that she can manage with homecare and family support in her Closleigh apartment. If not, then she will be ok in her mind knowing that Macaulay is the best place for her. My sister Sandy Magnuson (married to Robert - Bobby & Ray's son) and I are providing her with as much support as we can afford while managing jobs and other family commitments. We are optimistic and take each day as it comes.

We wondered if folks that viewed the Moccasin Telegraph, and who knew our mom over the years, would send her a message about how and what they are currently doing. The message could be sent in care of my email address cthompson*northwestel.net and I would then pass them on to her. For mom, talking about old times and the people that enriched her life always holds her interest and brings that loving smile to her face.

Look forward to hearing from someone!

Carolyn (Chaykowsky) Thompson

Canada Senior Games In Whitehorse

The Canada Senior Games are being held in Whitehorse September 1st to 5th, 2004. This event combines fun and fitness, camaraderie and competition.

It is expected to bring 800+ participants, family and friends to the Yukon.

There is more information on the following website including a wonderful movie that should not be missed: www.canadaseniorgames-yukon.ca Forwarded by Donna Clayson

WILLIAM OGILVIE

Sherron, some of us have to deal with the aggravation of viruses at work and at home, from many sources. You learn to deal! We have really appreciated the hints and outright instructions we have obtained from MocTel.

I was delighted to see the William Ogilvie stuff. I wrote a paper on him for History 102 many years ago and my Canadian History instructor was blown away that he had never heard of William Ogilvie. Ended up sending said paper off to be published in the BCTF mag so others would know this great story. In those days, getting the information meant spending many hours in the Northwest History room of the Vancouver Public Library. Now all those books and documents are probably locked away in special rooms, with only the microfilmed versions available to the public.

Maribeth Mainer mainerml@shaw.ca

BEAVER CREEK SCHOOL REUNION

It is true- the 50th Anniversary Reunion of the Beaver Creek School May 21, 22nd and 23rd

Friday-7-9pm Open House
Sat 22nd Daytime-Ball tourney
6-9 banquet
9-2:00 Dance
Sunday 10:30-12 Pancake Breakfast
12-2 cultural activities
2pm closing

Banquet tickets are \$10 for adults, \$6 for kids.
Register by calling 867-862-7250
Registration fee \$5, payable to "Beaver Creek School".

www.flyairnorth.com has some excellent rates from Vancouver, Edmonton

and Calgary. What a terrific opportunity to gather, please share the word with everyone.

Forwarded by Sue Thomas sue.thomas@shaw.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi Sherron,
Just to let you know that my email address has changed.
It is now jmlinton@northwestel.net
Thanks Judy Linton

I am trying to get rid of all the junk we have been getting including a recent virus attack so please note our new e-mail address.....thanks
Sandie Ravenhill b_sravenhill@telus.net

NEW ADDITIONS

Hi! My name is Hamony Istchenko and I was wondering if I could be added to your list and gain access to the Moccasin Telegraph.
Harmony@klondiker.com

I learned about the moccasin telegraph through my friend Corinne Sears. I was born and raised in Haines Junction, and am now residing in Whitehorse. Let me know if you need more info. Thanx!
Harmony Istchenko

Hi Sherry, My name is Donna Michaels and live in Beaver Creek, Yukon with my husband Carl and my parents Walt and Doris Dryke- we've lived here for the past 30 years and have seen many people come & go. Can you add us to your Moccasin Telegraph? Thank You, Donna Michaels dmichaels@northwestel.net

I received your list some time ago from Bob Cathro, so would you please add us to your listing and could you forward after an up to date list. I worked at United Keno at both the Mine Site and from an Exploration Office in Whitehorse from 1969 to Sept, 1982.
Thank You

Van Tassell, Carolyn & Dutch dutchvt@shaw.ca (Elsa & Whitehorse 1963 - 1969) High River, AB (403)601-2169

We're up and running. Would you please add Neil and me to the Moccasin Telegraph

list. Thank you for all your hard work. We enjoy all the issues and appreciate Sandy bringing them to us for the past year.

Frances & Neil MacLeod hifran*shaw.ca

Hi Sherron: My husband and I would like to be added to the Moccasin Telegraph list.

I grew up in the Yukon living in Dawson City, Ross River, Whitehorse and Faro. I am a graduate of both Dell Van Gorder School in Faro and Yukon College. I lived in the Yukon from 1966 - 1999, leaving after being offered employment in Duncan, B.C. Unfortunately there were no similar opportunities for me "back home".

I met my husband Dan when we were both working for Hudsons Bay Company at the Tintina Air Strip. I was the camp cook and he was doing geological exploration work for the summer break while at University. Dan lived in the Yukon from 1977 to 2000.

Our children were all born in Whitehorse and for the most part (short 2 year stints in Ross River and Faro) grew up there.

I've been reading the last "Telegraph and thoroughly enjoying it. I look forward to the next edition.

For some of the "old timers", you may remember me by my maiden name... Karen Dieckmann. My parents are Addy and Nancy, they are alive, well and living nearby.

Cheers all, Karen and Dan Daigle dkdaigle*shaw.ca

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

All our dreams can come true. If we have the courage to pursue them.
Walt Disney

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Sandy Campbell

Cooking By Guess Work

She guessed at the pepper, the soup was too hot
She guessed at the water, it dried in the pot
She guessed at the salt, and what do you think?
The rest of the day, we did nothing but drink.

She guessed the sugar, the sauce was too sweet,
And by her guessing she spoiled the meat,

What is the moral? Tis easy to see
A good cook measures, and weighs to a T.

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