

**MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Sixty Third Edition- May 23, 2004**

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



**Red Polls**

Photo courtesy Doug Bell

Photo courtesy Doug Bell [dougbell@ykn.net](mailto:dougbell@ykn.net)

**MISSING YEARS**

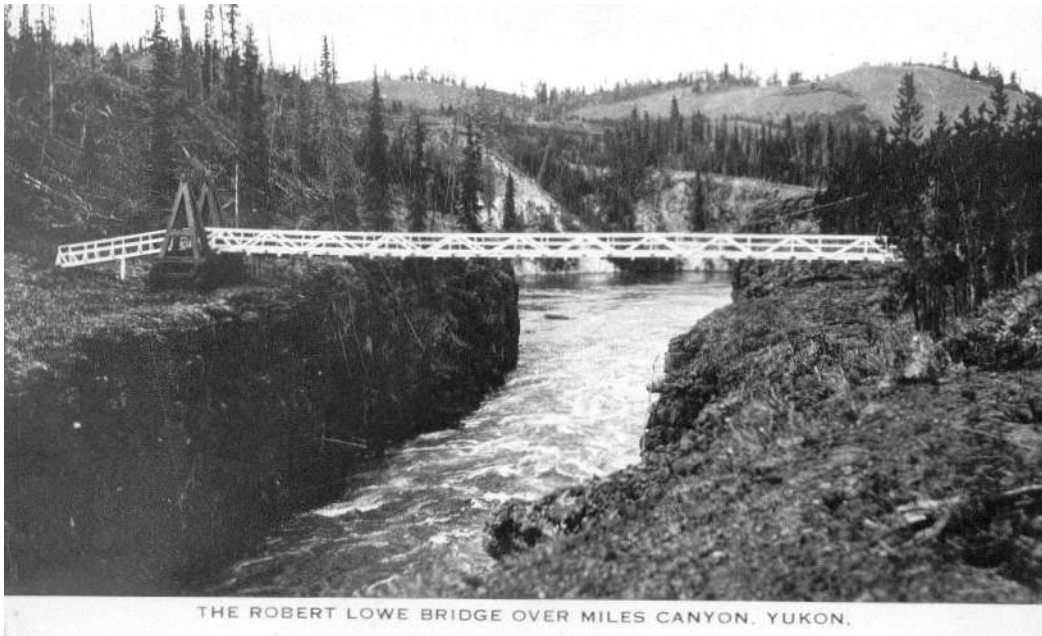
By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

Where did that young couple go my love?  
Why did they leave so soon?  
Wasn't it only a week ago  
That under an arctic moon,  
They pledged their love to each other,  
Swore to be true to the last.  
How could it be, unbeknownst to me,  
That half a century passed.

Where have the children gone my love?  
Where have the children gone,  
Wasn't it only yesterday  
That the littlest one was born.  
Surely they couldn't have grown so fast?  
They must be around somewhere.  
Now that we've lots of time on our hands,  
Why aren't the little ones here?

Have you noticed the years go by my love,  
Have you noticed how we've aged?  
Wasn't it just in the spring of the year,  
The night we became engaged.  
We were so young a while ago,  
Maybe a month or so.  
Now suddenly we are seniors,  
Where did the middle age go?

© 2002 Gus Barrett



THE ROBERT LOWE BRIDGE OVER MILES CANYON, YUKON.

Since we had a photo of this bridge in last week and this photo has just come in and is a full perspective of the bridge I thought I would share it with you now.

Photo courtesy Bill Mott [phiness@telus.net](mailto:phiness@telus.net)

Many of the Yukoners did not receive their Moccasin Telegraph last week as it appears my mail to them is being treated as spam and being filtered out. They were all returned to me. I have made several attempts to have the problem addressed, but so far without success. – Sherron

## **Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)**

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

### **Chapter 5**

In 1933 a friend of mine, Norman Murray, and I decided to leave school early and go to Dawson City to look for work on or around the gold dredges. I would be eighteen that summer.

On the first of April, we bought tickets on the overland stage, which consisted of a caterpillar tractor pulling three loaded sleighs. We would ride out in the open on these sleighs and to get warm we would jump off and run behind holding onto the back sleigh. We stopped at roadhouses at night where we had hot meals and a bed. During the day; if there was a problem getting up a hill, we were expected to give a hand in uncoupling the sleighs which the cat took up the hill one at a time, then re-couple them at the top. Also, if a sleigh upset which was frequent, we had to help reload it. We were young so did not mind. The five days spent on the trail were cold and miserable but still we enjoyed it.

T.C. Richards, a prominent businessman in Whitehorse who also owned the stage line, had given me a letter of recommendation as a cat skinner to Andrew Baird the Manager of Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation that operated the gold dredges out of Dawson. So the day after our arrival in Dawson, we started walking to Bear Creek, eight miles away, where the main office was. While going around the Jackson tailings, a car came along and picked us up. The driver asked us where we were going so we told him. He said he was Andrew Baird so I gave him my letter. After reading it, he told us to be in Bear Creek the next morning at eight o'clock as he might have something for us to do. We got out of the car and walked back to Dawson.

The next morning we were at the office and sure enough they had a job for me as a cat skinner and Norman could work on the flats at Googyville on the thawing project there.

The transportation foreman, Frank Osborne, took me to a garage and showed me a two-ton cat the same as the one I had driven in Whitehorse. He told me that three days earlier the driver was starting it with the hand crank and unknown to him, it was in forward gear. When it started, it jumped forward and ran over the driver killing him. I was taking his place.

Osborne checked the transmission to see that it was in neutral and told me to start it up and take it outside to hook onto a sleigh. When I had done that, he told me to go to a woodpile and load the sleigh with sixteen-inch wood that I would take to a steam drill out on the flats. I had quite a time backing the sleigh into the pile so the foreman could see I was not an expert but he left me alone and I finally made it. After loading the wood, I took it to the drill, which was about two miles away. Then I spent the rest of the day hauling wood to other drills in the area.

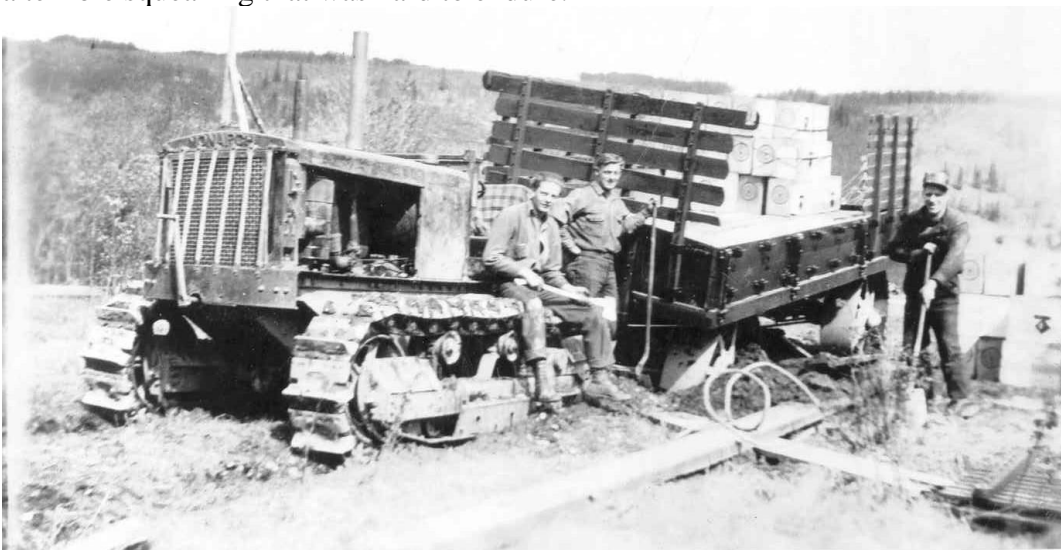
The next day Osborne told me to go on a much larger machine, a five-ton Holt that was used to haul sixteen-foot wood from Rock Creek. It pulled four sleighs with ten cords of wood on each sleigh making forty cords to the load. The regular driver of this machine went with me to show me how to do it. His name was Clarence Craig. This was a whole new ball game for me as much skill was required to handle such big loads but Craig was very patient and taught me a great deal.

The next day I went on the largest machine they had, a seven-ton Monarch that had a unique feature in that it had a wheel to disengage the track clutches instead of a cross bar as the two and five-toners had. To me, this was a huge machine and I felt like a midget sitting in the seat. Craig went along with me on this machine and I got a great amount of good instruction. So on the second day on this machine, I was on my own and stayed hauling wood until the snow was gone. The Monarch was now my machine and I was very proud of it as there was only one other as large in the country and that one belonged to the Territorial Government.

The company had two huge wagons; the largest I have ever seen even to this day. They were unique also as both front and rear axles were connected by crossed rods so when the front axle turned right, the rear axle turned left letting the wagon make a very tight circle. They had very large and wide steel wheels, which made it easy to pull them over the muskeg, but when they did get stuck, it took the three machines to pull them out.

Everything about a dredge was heavy. The pins that held the bucket line together weighed four hundred and fifty pounds and the buckets weighed several tons each. Even a wrench used to tighten nuts and bolts could weigh a hundred pounds so the equipment to haul this stuff around had to be strong.

All the company supplies came to Dawson by riverboat so we would take the three tractors and wagons to town to haul them to Bear Creek. One trip was an all day project and on a hot day it was not any fun as the roads were very dusty and the dry tracks set up a terrible squeaking that was hard to endure.



## **Y.C.G.C. Cat and load – Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle**

In Dawson we had to load the wagons ourselves. If we were hauling case gas, we were played out before we even started the trip back because each wagon held two hundred and eighty-five cases, which weighed seventy pounds apiece.

Driving a tractor in the summer was very hard on the back as the hard pounding of the spring-less track frame shifted the vertebrae about until sometimes I could not straighten up for a long time after bending over. Sometimes after washing my face before a meal, I would walk a hundred yards to the mess hall before I could stand vertically again. I had to go to the doctor many times but all he would do was tape my whole back and taking it off was sheer torture. He said I was too young to be pounding around on the cats as my bones were not sufficiently set in place yet and as long as I stayed on the cats I would always have this problem.

I stayed with it for the summer and when we had enough snow for sleighing, I went back hauling wood. I liked that much better as a crew of men in the woods loaded the sleighs. All I had to do was drive and the snow cushioned the pounding so I did not have a sore back. Of course it was colder work, as we had no shelter or heat on the cats. I could be out at seventy-two below zero. We had no anti-freeze either at that time so water was used in the engines and had to be watched very carefully as it could freeze in moments if the cover came off the radiator.

I stayed on the wood haul until March when I was sent to 'the North Fork Power Plant with the five-ton machine to do a job there. When that job was finished, the snow was starting to go and the rivers would soon be unsafe to cross on the ice. I had to get across the Klondike or I would be stuck until the ferry was able to run. So one morning the boss told me to head for Bear Creek if I thought I could cross the river.

I started off alone pulling a light spring wagon containing my gear. On arrival at the river, I saw that it was open on both sides for about ten feet but the ice in the centre looked good. I rustled some big timbers and spanned the open water. I carefully drove the cat across them and got onto firm ice. I put cables on the timbers and dragged them behind the wagon to within about twenty feet of the open water on the other side. Of course, I knew I was playing a very risky game as the cat was heavy and the ice was not the best but I was anxious to get back to Bear Creek.

I took my timbers to the open water and got them across. Then I noticed the cat was sitting in water so I knew the ice was sagging under it and it would go through any moment. I jumped on the cat and started ahead but it dropped before I went a foot. Luckily I had headed for a point where a creek probably had washed gravel out away, which would make a shallow area in the event I did go through. And that is exactly what happened. I was in only four feet of water, which did not reach the carburetor so the engine was still running. The wagon hitch had broken so the wagon was still up on the ice. I put a cable on it. Then breaking the ice ahead of the cat drove it up onto dry land. The wagon dropped through the same hole so I pulled it ashore with the cable.

That was a very close call as just behind where the wagon had sat was fifteen feet of water. If I had gone through there it would have been game over.



### **White Horse as Midnight 1942-43**

Photo Courtesy Bill Mott [phinese\\*telus.net](http://phinese*telus.net)

## **LIFE'S MYSTERY**

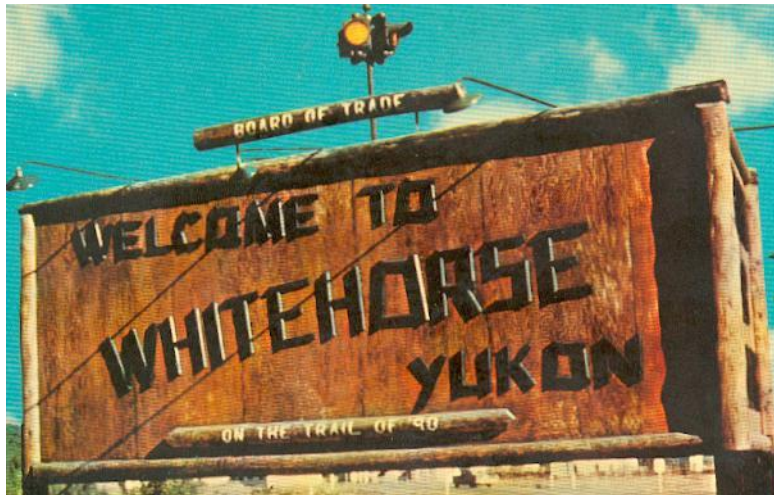
By Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly\\*on.aibn.com](http://debbiekelly*on.aibn.com)

Do unicorns exist?  
Can dragons really fly?  
Can broken hearts be fixed?  
Why are we born, why do we die?

Through life's pathways we wander  
Straying far and near.  
Questioning life's mysteries we ponder  
The reasons so many of us fear.

What purpose do we serve?  
When will the mystery be solved?  
How many of us deserve  
To have the mists dissolve?

For answers incomplete  
Restlessly we search  
Knowing we have lessons to repeat  
Before with wisdom we are purged.



The sign was located at the top of the two mile hill. In the mid fifties I can remember watching a group of men, my father included, as they carried the sign from the center of the traffic circle to its new location off to the left near a restaurant where it remained for years.

Bill Mott.

Photo courtesy Bill Mott [phinesse\\*telus.net](mailto:phinesse*telus.net)

## **HISTORY OF MAYO FOUND ONLINE**

By Henry Breaden

I found a most interesting page on the history of Mayo. If you click on the URL it will take you right into the page. It is related by Elder Sam Peter who I knew well, and worked with in the 1940s. It is straight good history and I find no holes in it, the person who created this site is to be complimented.

Reverend Kendi is another I knew as a child, as we used to hike down to the Village from The Anglican Church Sunday School for the service.

Chief Tom Moses I knew also, but he was getting on in years. He used to get into some forbidden liquor and end up in the "Crowbar Hotel" on occasion. After one of these stays where all his wants were taken care of, one of the folks of Mayo asked him how it was. He replied that it was fine, but he got lousy in there!

Oh, those good old days of good humour.

I found that Jim Mervyn started his Lansing Trading Post in 1915, and I went to school with many of his children when they moved to Mayo. Jim bought the Chateau Mayo Hotel from Eugene Binet in 1938 and moved the family to Mayo. It is interesting to note that Jim and I celebrated our birthday on the same day, Dec. 7th. I used to hike, hunt and fish with Jim's sons David and Alex out at Field Creek on the Keno Road. We used to be gone for 3 or 4 days while on vacation, and enjoyed many nights sleeping under the stars with just a blanket.

If my Mom ever worried about me on those trips, she never said anything. Ever ride in a moose-hide skin boat? Yes, rode one of these with the brothers on the Stewart River. This page to me brings back many pleasant memories of people and events in the early 1930s.

During the Christmas holiday season we used to hike overland to the Village for the Ceremonial War Dances, which were done in costume clothing.

I notice that those costumes were lost in the flood of 1936, which would be a great loss to the culture of these folks.

[http://www.yfnta.org/community/Profile.asp?First\\_Nation=3#History](http://www.yfnta.org/community/Profile.asp?First_Nation=3#History)

## CALLISON AND VAN BIBBER CONNECTIONS

Dear Sherron

When I saw the name 'Van Bibber' in the 62<sup>nd</sup> Edition, I went back in memory to what my father, Fred Callison, had told me. He had known the name from his family history in West Virginia. When he went to Whitehorse, he looked Alex Van Bibber up.

Sure enough! Alex's father, who had come north at the time of the Yukon Gold Rush, had hailed from the same county in West Virginia as Fred had! He had stayed on in the north, married, and raised a family in the Yukon. Alex was his son. Of course they had a lot of talk about and became friends.

My records show that James Callison, Peter Van Bibber, Mathew Arbuckle, Samuel McClung, and Andrew Donally are reported to have built Fort Donally, West Virginia from 1769-1773. There were also inter-marriages. Not too many people were in the colonies in those days.

My young grand daughter, Heidi Havdale. (whose father, my son, was born in Whitehorse Hospital in 1944) was visiting me. When she was looking into my family records she saw the name 'Van Bibber' and mentioned that she knew that name. It was the family name of her friend at the University of Victoria. I asked if Georgie, or her folks, were from the Yukon. The answer was 'Yes'. I consider it quite a coincidence that Fred and Alex's great grand daughters, neither having any knowledge of the past, should happen to meet at the University and become best friends!

I am wondering also if Mike Hazzard's parents happened to be related by any chance to Gladys Hazzard who homesteaded in the Montney Valley, in the Peace River Area, in the early thirties? If so, they were our neighbours. They had a young son named Bobby.

I am attaching a poem that I have recently written. Hope that you enjoy it.

Bye for now.

Daisy (Callison) Havdale-Welsh

*(I telephoned the Laudromat and asked Helen and Mike Hassard's daughter Helen if Gladys Hassard who lived in the Montney Valley in the Peace River area would have been related to her family and she said yes she was my grandmother and Bob was my uncle Bob Hassard who worked out of Teslin. I am hoping that the Hassard family will reply to Daisy via the MocTel. - Sherron)*

## **THE LURE OF THE NORTH LAND**

By Daisy (Callison Havdale-Welsh)

If you've heard the north wind blowin' like a herd of Cattle lowin',  
Seen the Twinkling Stars so bright and close to you,  
If you've heard the Wolves a howlin', seen the tall Pines gently bowin',

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've heard Aurora rustle like a lady's silken bustle,  
Seen her race across the skies, then fade away,  
She'll return again in seconds, and her beauty softly beckons,

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've seen the Trout a leapin' in the crystal lakes and streams,  
Red winged Blackbirds where the rushes always grew,  
The Beaver building houses, and now and then a dam.

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've seen the Dall Sheep watchin' from some high and lofty peak,  
Or watched a straggling herd of Caribou,  
Or seen the Moose a browsin' by some babbling, marshy creek,

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've heard the Loon a laughin' and its echo cross the lake,  
Watched the Eagle dip and soar up in the blue,  
Or the cunning Raven watchin' just to steal the Fox's kill,

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've heard the wild Geese honkin', as they head back north to nest,  
Then you know the signs of spring are really true,  
Seen the Pussy Willows buddin' on the diamond willow crest,

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've seen the Huskies burrow in the drifts of blowing snow,  
To sleep soundly though it's 45 below,  
While Snowflakes whirl and scatter, to the Dog it doesn't matter.

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've seen the jeweled pattern of the Frost upon the pane  
Of the window in your Cabin near the slough,  
'Tis a painting by the Fairies of tall Aspen, Fern and berries,

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've seen the smoke a curlin' from the chimney of your cabin,  
Seen the jeweled windows twinkle in the night.  
If you've a cozy place there to retire,  
Beside the cheery, crackling fire.

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

If you've smelled the Bannock bakin' and the coffee on the hearth,  
Or enjoyed the fine aroma of Moose Stew.  
You wouldn't trade a Rainbow Trout for a chef's best specialty,

Then the lure of the far north will call to you!

#### **CORRECTION To -**

#### **WINTER AND BREAKUP IN DAWSON**

**(1955 – 1956)**

By Emily Stillwell [eistillwell@hotmail.com](mailto:eistillwell@hotmail.com)

Myrna Butterworth has emailed to say it was Comadina's house and not Wendzina's house that was damaged in the flood of 1956. (They had just finished wall papering.) I would appreciate a correction in the next MocTel. Thank you.

Myrna also mentioned the crocuses on the "Crocus Bluff" which is a revelation to me. I feel better about the name, now. She mentioned about remembering about the Haldenby family.

Emily Stillwell

#### **Obituaries (05/20/04)**

Forwarded by Bill Maylor

WATSON \_ Matthew Robert Bob died May 16th, 2004 at the MSA Hospital, Abbotsford, B.C. five days after the death of his wife of 61 years, his beloved Nellie. Both will be interred at the Masonic Cemetery, 4305 Halifax St., Burnaby, B.C. on Saturday, May 22nd at 2:00 p.m. Bobby was born in the Whitehorse General Hospital September 12, 1915, the eldest child of Hazel and Matthew Watson, Yukon Pioneers. Bob was raised in Carcross, with siblings Bill, Jean (Scotty) and Douglas joining the family in turn while their parents operated a General Store, Fox and Mink Fur Farm and

Rental Cabins. Bob worked with his father at the Store and Ranch until 1942 when he started towing barges of logs for the U.S. Army and general contractors during the building of the Alaska Highway. Bobby met Nellie in 1941 when Nell came north to further her nursing career. They were married on April 26, 1943 in Carcross. He and Nellie stayed in Whitehorse until 1959, when they moved to Carcross and bought Matthew Watson General Store from Bob's Dad. Bob joined the Masons in 1948 and maintained an interest in the work all these years. Bob and Nell retired to Abbotsford, B.C. in 1990 where they enjoyed their retirement years in a friendly and comfortable environment. There and in the North, Nellie and Bob were visited many times by family, friends and acquaintances. Bob is mourned by his brother Douglas and wife Janet, special niece Janie Brown and her husband Larry, and many nieces and nephews and their families.

WATSON \_ Nellie Oke. Nellie died peacefully in the MSA Hospital, Abbotsford, BC on Tuesday, May 11th, 2004. Born Nellie Rideau Oke on February 28th, 1916, in Oka, Quebec. Her parents, Peter Oke and Mary Simon, died when she was an infant. Nellie was raised by an aunt and uncle until she was eight. She then lived in the Anglican Church School near Cornwall, ON, joining her three older sisters. Nellie was very proud to be a graduate nurse from the Victoria Hospital, London, ON, class of 1940. Nellie met Bob while nursing at the Chooutla School in Carcross, Yukon. They were married in Carcross on April 26, 1943. For the next 16 years Nellie nursed at the Whitehorse General Hospital. She was a life member of the Order of the Eastern Star, Whitehorse Chapter. From 1959 to 1982 Nellie was Bob's partner, running their store in Carcross. She nursed part-time with Public Health for this village. In 1990 Nellie and Bob retired to Abbotsford, BC, enjoying living in their condo community. Nellie

Vancouver Sun / The Province, Area Code 604

### **A MESSAGE RE THE WATSONS**

You have probably heard that Bobby and Nell Watson formerly of Carcross both passed away this last week. If you would like to read the obits to put in the Telegraph you can find them in the Vancouver Province. Just go into Vancouver Province in Google and then to classifieds and obits. They were like family to us and spent every Xmas with us as long as I can remember. Nell was my godmother and we saw them 5 yrs. ago when they came to Lethbridge by bus for my daughters wedding. We talked on the phone often and mom has always kept in close contact with them and bob's brother. They will be missed. Carol (Squirechuk) Kowal [caroica\\*telus.net](mailto:caroica*telus.net)

### **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Dear Sherron,

Could you please remove my name from the mail list as we will be away most of the summer and not receiving mail.

Thanks for the past year of info and will reorder later in the year.

Regards Ray Desgagne

DESGAGNE, Ray & Carol [desgagne\\*telusplanet.net](mailto:desgagne*telusplanet.net) (403-335-8287) Didsbury AB

Hi Sherron: How are things going with you and Bill? We are busy getting ready to take 6 weeks and drive up north - Whitehorse and then maybe as far as Fairbanks. We are driving and taking our little trailer, so it should be fun. Would you mind removing us from your Moccasin Telegraph mailing list - Bill finds that he doesn't really know any of the people any more. It was kind of you to include us though. Hope you have a chance to drop in over the summer - we would enjoy seeing you. Take care, love, Joy Henderson HENDERSON, Bill & Joy [wjhenderson\\*telus.net](mailto:wjhenderson*telus.net) (In Haines Junction & Whse 19 – 1967) 250-868-3682 Kelowna

Hi Sherron

I am really enjoying the stories and information you send out. My mom (Rusty Reid) saves every issue both on her computer and a hard coy in a binder. It will work better for me keeping up to date through her. If you would take me off your mailing list for now, I will let you know when I have a more permanent address.

Thanks

Dave Reid

REID, David [dave\\_reid\\*dccnet.com](mailto:dave_reid*dccnet.com) (Born in Whitehorse) 604 943-3415 Delta

## NEW ADDITIONS

Hi Sherron

Karen Shaw (from Mayo) kindly gave me the e-mail addy for the Moccasin Telegraph. My name is Bill Mott and I lived in the Yukon from 1947 until 1969 when I moved to Vancouver to work for C.P.Air.

I have many fond memories of growing up in the North. My wife Pauline and I visited Whitehorse in the fall of 2001 as part of a 6-week tour, which took us to Dawson and the Arctic Circle.

Pauline had spent years listening to my stories of the North and finally said that we should go and see the places where I was raised. Being a city girl from Dublin, Ireland she was in awe of the beauty found in the vast empty spaces between communities and the friendly people that we met along the way. The most remembered moment of our entire trip was crossing the border on our way home from Chicken, Alaska. Apart from finding a drivable road free of potholes the size of wheelbarrows, it was nice coming back into Canada. Within a short distance of the Customs House is a pull-off where we stopped to take some photos. The Top of the World Hi-way is aptly named. I have seen a lot of mountains in many different places in the world but nothing was like the sight that greeted us that evening. The awesome majesty that spread before us under the late evening sun will never be forgotten. The pride of knowing that I was part of that land made the fire inside me burn just that much brighter.

I have a few old photos that some of you may remember seeing. The sign was located at the top of the two-mile hill. In the mid fifties I can remember watching a group of men,

my father included, as they carried the sign from the center of the traffic circle to its new location off to the left near a restaurant where it remained for years.

Looking forward to your next posting.

Bill Mott [phiness\\*telus.net](mailto:phiness*telus.net)

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*No legacy is so rich as honesty.* - William Shakespeare

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

### Making Bannock Is Simple

BY RICK MORTIMER [trapper\\*nemontel.net](mailto:trapper*nemontel.net)

Bannock is simple. Basically it is just a pan fried bread dough. Lots of leeway in this recipe. Use your imagination with it. It can't be hurt! LOL (unless you try and add chocolate chips! ech.!)

- **Flour**
- **Baking Powder**
- **Water**
- **Salt**
- **Lard or fat**

As to how much of each? I haven't a clue. I usually try about what I assume would be:

3 cups of flour

tsp baking powder

pinch of salt

enough water to mix into a paste like dough

Lard to fry it in. Use a lot. 1/4" in bottom of fry pan and add more later if needed.

Put it in the pan of hot grease and cook away! You can put it in as one piece, or shape it into "buns".

I like to put in cheese chunks (small). Or cinnamon and raisins. Or wild blueberries. I also like it with lots of sugar sometimes (if I'm craving sweets in the bush). If I have butter, I love to eat it hot and dripping in butter or even syrup. Or just dipped into melted moose fat.

I usually fry it in a fry pan. One side at a time, slowly, if you have it leaned into the fire.

Or, if you've lost the fry pan in the creek, make the dough thicker and wrap it around a green willow branch to cook over the coals.

Sometimes I bake it too. Grease bottom and sides of a bread pan, and place in oven. What temp? I've no idea. I'd guess not too hot though, cause it is thick and takes time for the middle to get done right. Can also wrap in tin-foil and bake like that. In order not to burn it this way though, I usually put it UNDER the coals, deep in the ashes or if it's a new fire, under the dirt. Slow and cooler is the ticket here.

Oh! And if you are making a big pot of stew to last a day or so? Dump in a couple of pieces of bannock (as if you were making a bun) and it can be called a dumplin. Good stuff!

## **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](mailto:aksala49@cablerocket.com)

### **A-golfing we shall go -----to Faro**

To many former Yukon's and Faro-ites, the Faro Golf course brings back memories of a course, very different than the usual golf greens. Lots has changed and the Club and the Town have been busy,

This year, the 7th Annual Golf Tournament is on the weekend of July 23rd. - 24th and we welcome every one. Our golf ball drop from a Helicopter (Sept. 11th.) is always a huge success with big prices. Need more info?

E-mail me at: [octavia13\\*YKnet.ca](mailto:octavia13*YKnet.ca) and please put golfing in the subject line.

**See you at the tournament in July in Faro. Anne M. Domes**

## **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](mailto:sherronjones*shaw.ca)