

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Sixty Fourth Edition- May 30, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca



Squirrel

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

A BOOK OF CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

I found a tome within my mind,
Hid upon a secret shelf.
Nobody knows the secrets
Locked within it, but myself.
I stashed it many years ago
When I was just a boy,
Today when I reopened it
The contents brought great joy.

There was the ancient piece of slate
That I had used in school,
A compass and protractor,
Times tables, and a rule.
A blackboard and a leather strap
Were other things I saw,
As well as penny savings stamps,
To help us win the war.

Icicles hang from the eaves
Down to the windowsill,
A steaming mug of cocoa malt
To ease the winter's chill.
Rabbit snares to be set out,
Fire wood to bring,
Baby lambs and baby goats,
Appearing in the spring

A gaily-painted spinning top,
A fishing line and hook,
A small toy boat, I used to sail
Up at aunt Bella's Brook.
A bamboo pole with shopping string,
A bobber painted red,
A mug-up by the crystal pond,
Cold tea and lassy bread.

Blue berries hanging from the bush,
The smell of new- mown hay.
Small sails coming into view,
Far out across the bay.
Codfish spread out on the flakes,
In the summer sun to dry,
Pitching buttons on the road,
Hand made kites to fly.

Skating on the frozen marsh,
Swimming at the beach.
Sliding down the snow clad hills,
A taste of homemade screech.
Memories are popping up
Everywhere I look.
Time to face reality.
I guess I'll close the book.

© 2003 Gus Barrett

Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)

Property of Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, B.C.

Chapter 6

I did not want to spend another summer beating my back on a cat so I left Y.C.G.C. to go to work for McCormick Transportation in Dawson. This company was owned by a man, in his seventies, called Sam McCormick. He was still using horses and wagons or sleighs but he also had two trucks, a Reo and a Maple Leaf, and two model thirty tractors.

Tom Campbell drove the Reo, I drove the Maple Leaf, Mel Olsen drove a thirty cat, Jack Stevens drove the horses, John Gagnon was a helper in the barn and the garage and, of course, Sam McCormick looked after the business. The trucks did most of the work in the summer and the tractors did it in the winter. This was a combination that suited me.

Campbell and I stayed in a hotel and ate our meals, paid for by the company, in a cafe. Our wages were five dollars a day regardless of the hours worked.

Sam had been a horseman all his life and knew nothing about machinery and did not want to know either. He expected his hired help to do the right thing by him and to look after the equipment and otherwise left us alone.

The bulk of the work for the trucks in summer was hauling freight for the many mining companies, including the Y.C.G.C., which had camps and dredges on Dominion Creek, Quartz Creek and Sulphur Creek. There was a camp and dredge on Sixty Mile and many individual miners in between these places that needed supplies so we were busy every day.

There were many roadhouses along the way to Granville where we could have meals or a bed if required. The Arlington was four miles from Bear Creek. Ten miles farther was Last Chance, another ten miles further on top of Hunker Summit, and at the foot of the Summit on the south side was Seventeen Dominion, a Y.C.G.C. camp, followed by Paris, Granville and Quartz Creek.

On the Sixty Mile run, there was nothing between Dawson and Sixty Mile but it was a better road as it ran along mountain ridges all the way and did not have the muskeg or mud holes the other roads had.

A big part of our loads was gasoline. It came into the country in two five-gallon tin cans enclosed in a wooden box and bound with one strand of wire. This was the greatest thing to come into the country and more uses were made of the tins, boxes and wire than you could possibly imagine.

The miners and trappers in their log cabins used the boxes for tables: chairs, shelves and for storage. Taken apart, the boards were used to repair and build things or they were chopped into kindling for firewood.

The tins were used for roofing material. The top and bottom were taken off and the sides opened out and put on the roof as you would shingles. This made a good durable watertight covering. The tins were also used for pots, pans, water buckets, dishpans and dog pots. They were used to sheathe the posts of a cache so animals could not climb up them to get at the food and supplies stored there. I have seen a log cabin with the outside walls sheathed with them. They made a good wind-proof covering.

The wire, of course, was used for everything from emergency repairs on the trail to domestic use around the house or shop and no vehicle would be without a good supply.

A full case of gasoline weighed seventy-five pounds so it was easy to transport and when we wanted to refuel a vehicle, the can was set on the filler opening and a sharp pointed bar we always carried was driven through the top and bottom. This gave an air vent as well as a drain hole but spoiled the can as a water container. Many times I have needed a can to hold a liquid and have cursed the guy who punched a hole in both the top and the bottom.

During a dry period we could make a trip to Granville and return in ten hours but if the road was wet it could take twenty-four hours. We were expected to make the trip without sleeping which I did many times.

At freeze-up all gold mining had to shut down so we would have a slack period until there was enough snow to use the cats and sleighs as the trucks were tied up for the winter. We were paid even when there was no work to do which made up for the many hours of overtime we put in.

When there was sufficient snow for sleighing and the rivers were frozen hard enough to carry the loads, we hauled wood from Rock Creek which was a two day trip or from Swede Creek which was a one day trip but a long one.

On the Rock Creek haul we stayed overnight at the Arlington with Nels and Mrs. Skistead who was an excellent cook. And after a long cold day in the open air we had huge appetites. We got in there one night and it was seventy-four below zero; the coldest I had ever worked in. Nels had a good warm barn for the cats and the house was a big log building that was always snug and warm so it was a real treat to get inside.

The Swede Creek haul was an exciting adventure as the wood yard was on a hill that we had to come down. With the heavy loads, we used heavy chains called rough locks around each runner on the sleighs. These helped to hold us back but still it was a very touchy exercise as the wrong move on the driver's part could jackknife the whole outfit and smash up all the equipment.

* * * * *

There was an older fellow working for another outfit hauling wood from the same place who liked to try and show us young fellows how to do it and would come down with fewer rough locks than we used. He would be doing miles per hour all the way down. But one day he jackknifed. Luckily, he was thrown clear but he wiped out both tracks and roller frames off the cat and tore up the sleighs. The whole outfit was a terrible mess and he was very lucky he was not killed.

* * * * *

We had to wear very good winter clothing as we sat on an open cat all day and got no heat from the engine, as it had to be tightly enclosed as we had water in the radiators. The eleven miles on the Yukon River ice seemed to take forever.

We were in the dark most of the time as there were only four and a half to five hours of daylight during November, December, January and February. We left Dawson very early in the morning and returned late at night so our headlights were a very important part of our equipment. If we did have a problem that could not be fixed we carried coal oil lamps that hung from a pole fastened to the cat and placed out the front seven or eight feet. This was a good enough light to see the road immediately in front of the machine. At that time I do not believe I had ever seen a flashlight.

* * * * *

The Holbrook brothers operated a dredge on the Sixty Mile River so in March they wanted the crew and supplies taken in over the winter trail to do repair work and get things ready so they could start dredging as soon as open water came.

Jack Stevens took a four-horse team with a load of supplies and I took a thirty cat with two sleighs loaded with supplies and crew. The route of the winter trail was up the Yukon River to Swede Creek, up that creek to Little Swede Creek, up that to the foot of Fish Creek Summit, over the summit to California Creek, along that creek to the Sixty Mile River and along that to camp. This was on ice all the way except for the summit.

While I was breaking the trail up to the summit a large piece of the left track sprocket broke out. There was nothing I could do except walk back to Dawson - forty miles - and get another sprocket. I was the cat driver and the youngest of the bunch so it was up to me to go. The crew went on with the horses and I took enough food for three meals and started out.

My main worry was wolves, as I knew there were many large packs in the area. In fact, one trapper told me he had sat on the top of a hill and watched two hundred wolves pass up river below him. I did not have a firearm but I had a good hunting knife on my belt and that was going to have to serve if I tangled with a pack. Everything went fine until I was going down big Swede Creek where I saw the trail of a big pack of wolves come out on the ice and parallel our tracks going downstream ahead of me. Their trail was eight to ten feet wide and the snow was beaten down to a hard crust so I knew there were many of them.

The first thing I did was search the sides of the creek for trees that I could climb if necessary. Also, I watched, as far ahead as possible in the hopes I would see them first before they saw me. I had a feeling of wanting to go slowly so I would not catch up to them. On the other hand, I wanted to hurry to get out of the area before dark.

On a long straight stretch I saw a dark object on the snow ahead of me but it did not move so I kept going. When I got to it, I could see the wolves had killed a caribou and

left nothing but the large stomach. The hooves, hide and bones were gone. This really prickled the hair on my neck but I kept going watching closer than ever for big trees.

Just before dark I came upon another caribou kill that was cleaned up like the first one. There, the trail left the creek so I figured they had gone into the bush to lie down as they generally do after eating. I also figured that with full bellies, they would not think I looked so appetizing. I had no way of estimating how many were in the pack but from the look of their trail there must have been a great many of them and there is no denying I was scared.

I walked through the night and arrived in Dawson in the morning. Sam rustled up a sprocket and hired a nine-dog team of large powerful dogs and the next day the dog driver, a mechanic and I started back. I took my rifle and plenty of ammunition but we had no problems. On arrival at the cat, we soon had it repaired and thawed out. The mechanic and I went with the load and the dog team returned to Dawson. I never travelled after that without my rifle.



Regina Hotel in Dawson
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

Yes it is the Regina Hotel of Dawson; it was on 2nd Ave. directly behind the Y.O.O.P. hall, on the south west corner of 2nd and Yorke St. It was at that time the only building in Dawson that had an elevator.

*It was torn down by John Jansen and one other man. it was built of squared logs, there are two houses in Dawson that were built from the logs. This was in the 1950's
John Gould*

* * * * *

On my next trip to Sixty Mile, Sam went with me as swamper. About halfway we met the Holbrook cat on its way to Dawson for a load of supplies. One of the men had left his parka behind and was finding it pretty cold so I lent him a spare one I had. I forgot that my box of ammunition was in the breast pocket so I had a rifle but no ammunition. The trail was well broken now so we made good time and delivered our load and started back with empty sleighs. While going down Little Swede Creek, we were met by six wolves that came out of the bush alongside and ran beside the cat. This was hard to believe as the exhaust of the engine made a tremendous noise. Also the tracks clanked and banged but it did not scare them.

Sam was riding on the lead sleigh with a double bitted axe in his hands ready to give battle but I did not even have a wrench to club them with if they somehow jumped aboard. They would snarl and howl at us and run a little way ahead then wait for us to catch up and run alongside again howling and showing their teeth. I kept the cat going as fast as I could to try and discourage them with all the noise. Eventually, they saw a flock of ptarmigan up ahead and ran after them. When the ptarmigan flew they chased after them and disappeared in the bush. We did not see them again.

* * * * *

It was always exciting on the return trip going down Swede Creek, which was quite steep in places and generally glare ice.

The cat had a top speed of five miles an hour and sometimes it was impossible to keep the two sleighs strung out behind. The back sleigh would start to slide sideways pulling the other one with it until they passed the cat. Then I would have to turn the cat back up hill again until the sleighs were strung out behind, only downhill of it and going in the wrong direction. With the cat in its highest gear and using full throttle, I would turn back down stream and run around the sleighs playing crack the whip until we were in line and going the right way. When we got to where there was snow on the ice again, everything straightened out and behaved itself.

One trip was very bad. I left Dawson with one helper and two heavily loaded sleighs. While going up Fish Creek Summit, I had to go ahead with the cat alone to break down the very deep snow. Then I took one sleigh at a time to the top. It was midnight before we had everything hooked up and could start down the other side. The temperature was in the forty-to-fifty below range.

I had rough locks on the sleigh runners to create drag but there were not enough of them and the load started pushing the cat so fast the engine was over speeding. I touched the foot brakes to help slow everything down but instead the cat stood up on its nose and the front lead sleigh came against the tracks jamming them. We had to anchor the sleighs so they could not move forward until the cat was sitting on its tracks again. Then with more rough locks on the runners we started out again but had gone only about a hundred

yards when steam poured out of the radiator indicating it was frozen. I could not stop the load so had to continue to the bottom of the hill on the bank of California Creek.

We built fires under and around the cat trying to thaw it out and at the same time were careful not to set the gas tank on fire. But after two hours it was no go-so we drained off as much of the water as we could. Then we started walking the three miles down the river to an old cabin that would give us some shelter.

We carried our bedrolls and some food but we were now breaking trail so it was hard going and was daylight before we arrived. It was another seventeen miles to our destination but as we had no snowshoes there was no point in trying to get there. We just waited until someone showed up.

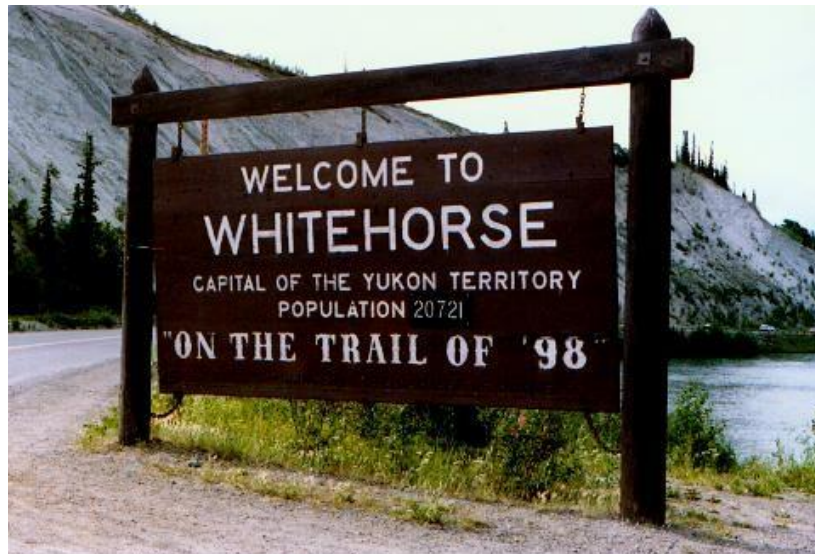
The camp had a good dog team so we figured that if we did not arrive when we should, they with their driver would be sent out to look for us. Three days later they showed up. Taking with us the radiator, which we had taken off, and a piece of cast metal which had broken out of the engine blocks, the team and driver took us to camp.

The radiator was repaired and I was given some metal welding powder which would hold the broken piece of cast until we could get to camp with the cat and have it welded properly. The dog team took us back.

After the parts were assembled, the cat thawed out, and water heated for it, we started it up. It worked fine so we headed for Sixty Mile.

We did more repair work there, which was good enough to get us back to Dawson.

(To be continued.)



Welcome to Whitehorse sign at the bottom of the South Access Road.

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

DREAMS

(again, for my son)

By Debbie Kelly debbiekelly*on.aibn.com

Dream my son, dream on.
Your days will be filled with joy,
Your nights with wild adventure.
So dream on my son.

Your dreams are yours to shape,
You can make them as you wish.
You can be king or pauper,
Rule a country or plow a field;
In your dreams all is the same.

Your world is as you see it.
Pain can change to joy,
Hurt can turn to happiness;
So change it as you will
And make your dreams true.

Be glad when labelled a dreamer;
It's a badge you can proudly wear.
Dream on my son,
The world was made by such as you.



Transporting cattle on the Yukon River – 1924 photo

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net

Before refrigeration was available that was common. T. C. Richards of Burns & Co. drove a full herd to Mayo overland and they had a slaughterhouse down by the Mayo River. The same applied to Dawson where the cattle were shipped and left to feed in Dawson till they were needed. In later years when freezers became available, it was common to see a large freezer on the barge, which was run by a self-contained engine and compressor. The boat crews used to maintain the engines while the freezer was in use. There have been stories of a cattle barge being wrecked and the job of rounding up all the pigs and cows. I did not have to wonder which boat this was, for the spars on the Whitehorse were set each side of the foredeck. Other boats had a central mast and booms for handling the spars.

Henry Breaden

WHITEHORSE WATERFRONT

A very interesting site on early Whitehorse history is the Lost Moose Publishing. There are a few tricks to using, but go to:

http://www.yukonweb.com/business/lost_moose/books/edge/waterfront_user.html .

When the page opens, the first secret is to use the two red triangles at the top: **< Excerpted from >** . By clicking on either one of the arrows you will change pages. There is a page on "So who else used the waterfront?" There are photos that can be enlarged by clicking on them as you read the story. The second one is "The Shipyards: The Yearly Rounds" where you will find photos to enlarge as you read. There are many photos in both these series that are very seldom seen such as the launching of the Casca and many on the riverboats. The third is "Edge of the river, Heart of the city" which is the acknowledgements. At the top left is a small photo of The Whitehorse Waterfront when clicked on will surprise you for it is up to date. At the bottom of both pages you will find the brown Lost Moose Logo to click on. This will bring up the books available, and there are many links on the left side to click on. If you wish you can sign the guest book, or if you were looking for a particular book you may find it. Have fun as you surf.

Henry Breaden

CONGRATULATIONS TO FLORENCE ROBERTS

Also I would like to put in a congratulatory wish to Florence Roberts on her retirement as of May 28th, 2004. She is taking full retirement from her position with the Territorial Government.

All the best to you, Florence, in your retirement, so I guess now you will be goldsmithing full-time...and I guess this will mean that the gold miners are going to be your best buddies.... LOL

Warmest Regards, and I hope I get to see you while you are in Vancouver for your visit with Jenny and Lloyd, and their respective spouses.

Until then,

Sandy (Campbell) and the "kids" Northernlyght@shaw.ca



Fireweed after a fire

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

DOES ANYONE KNOW?

Dad is interested in finding out some information on the crash in the Macmillan Pass in the early forties.

He believes that George Milne MAY have been the pilot...and there was possibly a doctor by the name on Jack Kidd. Evidently all three were killed.

If anyone has any info on this subject, please contact me at northernlyght@shaw.ca

I look forward to hearing from anyone that may know of this crash, and in turn I will pass it onto Dad, (Glen Campbell).

Also, Dad would like to let you all know that he is thoroughly enjoying the reading of the Harbottle Diaries, and remembers a lot of the stories, but also being part of some of them.

Special thank you to Jean Harbottle as well, for allowing the MocTel to share this piece of history with all of us...old and young....

Dad is going to be in Summerland for the Yukoners Picnic, and is looking forward to seeing any Yukoners that are planning on being here as well.

Sandy Campbell

I did phone Jeanne Harbottle and also e-mail Norm Harnell. Norm wasn't familiar with it and Jeanne didn't go to Yukon until 1947. She did confirm that it would not have been

George Milne as he went down October 1954. She does have that information in Chapter 20 of Bud Harbottles' manuscript, which you get in a few weeks. – Sherron



Fireweed at Robinson Roadhouse.

Photo courtesy Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net

I took this at the abandoned Robinson Roadhouse on the Carcross Road. It was being restored at the time of our visit. There was a huge building for the horses, which is where their riders slept also. The riders had to sleep with their horses so they did not get stolen. They had Dalmatian dogs guarding the horses also. The dogs are known to be good guard dogs, particularly of horses. Apparently that is why fire houses had the dogs so their horses could be guarded at all times when the firemen were at home. - Donna

MAUREEN IS ENJOYING THE MOCTEL

Dear Sherron,

I'm ready to view online now rather than receive the newsletter by email.

Please switch me over.

Thanks for all your work on this. I especially enjoyed seeing photos of last Yukoners Ball. What a beautiful photo of Bill & Marnie Drury. I babysat their kids when I was about 14. I also enjoyed reading about travel to Dawson in winter on tractor-pulled sleigh in the last MocTel. I remember visiting the ruins of a few of the old roadhouses as

a kid.

Maureen (Proctor) Okerstrom mokerstrom*msn.com

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

Hi everyone,

It's Cael, from Sydney. I was born on Wednesday morning (Tuesday evening in Vancouver) around 9:15 AM. Unlike my Dad, I'm huge. I weighed in at a whopping 4.3 Kg (about 9.5 pounds) and apparently I have a big head for my age (I'm still trying to figure out whether that's a compliment). Hopefully now everyone can understand why I had to turn around (after weeks of staring at the way out, there was no way my noggin was going to get through).

I have all the working parts. Mom and Dad are doing well. I'm still working on the breast feeding thing but I'm fairly confident I'll catch on soon.

Can't wait to meet you all.... Cael. (*Australia*)

Proud parents Sarah (Warner) and Tom Petryshen (Sarah attended school in Whitehorse.)

Proud grandparents Brian and Pauline Warner (Whitehorse 30 years, Vernon 2 years.)
swarner*canada.com

REMOVED FROM LIST

Recipient address: briank_white@hotmail.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Requested action not taken: mailbox unavailable

WHITE, Brian K. briank_white@hotmail.com

(In Whitehorse 1946 - 1962 & 1977-1978) (613) 726-7622 Ottawa

NEW ADDITIONS

Dear Sherron,

I have finally entered the world of cybernetics and the 21st. century, and have acquired an E-mail address. You may recall meeting me briefly at the Yukoners Picnic at Nanoose Bay last year. I arrived late, just as everyone was leaving, unfortunately. I was a teacher at Watson Lake Airport School in the years 1951 to 1953, and 1956 to 1958, and Principal of the Mayo Elementary-High School in the years 1953 to 1955 and 1958 to 1961. Harvey Burian, one of my star pupils at Mayo has been my mentor in getting established in cyberworld, and I must confess that I have been anything but a star pupil... in fact a very slow learner. I would be delighted to be included among those who receive your Moccasin Telegraph. I have been living at Qualicum Beach since 1964, and retired in 1983 after serving as Librarian in the local Secondary School for 16 years. The

Yukoners Picnic will be held at the same place as last year, St. Mary's Anglican Church Hall, Nanoose Bay, and I am looking forward to seeing you and many others there. It usually starts in late morning.

My E-mail address is demachan@telus.net

Sincerely, Don Machan

Sherron: I was sent the Moccasin Telegraph by my sister, Laverne Rasmuson (who still lives in Whitehorse). I would like to be added to the mailing list.

I was born in Whitehorse and lived there until graduating from high school in 1977, though I came back for several summers and worked at the Dairy Queen. I now live in Kitchener Ontario with my wife and son.

Thanks for your work on this.

Ted Parkinson PhD, MCP Senior Technical Educator Open Text Corporation cell:
519.588.1075 vox: 519.888.7111 x 2302 fax: 413.556.0371
tedp@opentext.com www.opentext.com/training

Hi Sherron!

Thank you for the email. My name is Karen Hotte, I lived in the Yukon from 1978-2001. I am from Haines Junction. My email address is slim72@shaw.ca I now live in Cranbrook, BC. I am Cliff Armstrong's neighbor.

Thank you,
Karen Hotte slim72@shaw.ca

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Hi folks,

Just want to let you all know that I still don't have my high speed up and working on my computer at home... so please email me at work at suttonb@inac.gc.ca until I let you know different. Thanks.

I'm at a friends today using her computer.

Take care and talk to you all soon,

Betty Sutton
24-35 Lewes Blvd
Whitehorse, Yukon
Y1A 4S5
867-633-2590

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart. - John Haywood

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Hi Sherron, your old Marsh Lake neighbor here. We're still enjoying life at Marsh Lake, ice is gone, gardens coming up and water rising fast. Perry is all recovered from neck and back surgery this past winter, is back golfing now and feeling great. Boat is ready to put in the water...fishing season begins...

See you are looking for recipes, thought I'd share this one with the readers, as is a favorite of ours.

Lowbush Cranberry Marmalade

2 oranges, 1 lemon, 1/8 tsp. baking soda, 1 3/4 cup water, 4 cups cranberries, 6 1/2 cups sugar and 3 oz. pectin.

Remove seeds from fruit, do not remove peel.

Grind up the fruit, add soda and water.

Simmer 20 mins., stir occasionally. Add berries and continue simmering another 10 minutes.

Measure 5 cups prepared fruit into a large saucepan, add the sugar.

Bring to a rolling boil for a minute. Remove from heat, stir in pectin at once. Stir and skim about 5 minutes.

Ladle into hot sterilized jars, process about 15 minutes in a boiling bath.

I have added a couple apples just for a different taste.

A real nice summer **cranberry drink** is just to cook the cranberries and extract the juice through cheesecloth. Add sugar to taste (I use approx. a level tablespoon per bottle. I bottle it in regular pop bottles leaving expansion room inch or so below bottle neck.

Freeze. When you feel like a drink, thaw a bottle, mix the juice half and half with soda water, lots of ice, kids love it. Have added some white wine at times.... great summer patio drink. Leftover juice (no soda added) keeps quite awhile, just refrigerate.

Enjoy...

Marcy Savoie pmsavoie@marshlake.polarcom.com

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)