

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH 94 – CHRISTMAS EDITION - Dec. 23, 2004

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

To use an e-mail address from the MocTel, substitute the * with @.



Taken in the lobby of the Y.T.G. Adm. Bldg., I believe in 1989.

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Alberta)

Henry Gall and his custodial crew built the display in their own time on a Saturday, various Individuals and a taxidermist in Whitehorse lent the animals for the display.
- Heinrich Lohmann

THE ROCKET RACER SLED

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach)

I still recall when I was small, on the shore at Bishops Cove,
At Christmas time I cut a pine out back in papa's grove.
I dragged it back to our humble shack for my mom and dad to see,
They praised their son for a job well done, and they praised my Christmas tree.

Well I couldn't wait to decorate and trim that little pine,
And standing there in the frosty air great happiness was mine.
Then that long long pause for Santa Claus to visit on Christmas Eve.
While I dreamed at night of the gifts I'd like and wondered what he'd leave.

And I thought "not much, just socks and such", and I fought to hold back tears,
To the folks full grown, those times were known as the great depression years.

But I had looked in a shopping book, as I lay at night in bed,
It was hopeless yet my heart was set on a Rocket Racer sled.

I woke at dawn that Christmas morn and searched beneath the tree,
But though I took a thorough look, there was little there for me.
I turned apart with heavy heart, from my meager little toys,
And went outside, my grief to hide and play with other boys.

Then as I stooped to open up the back porch storage shed,
There on the floor inside the door was my rocket racer sled.
Red and sleek with bed of teak it surely was a stunner,
With painted stars and handlebars and shiny iron runners.

This year I'll watch my grandkids search a mountainous pile of gifts,
And I'll laugh for joy with each girl and boy, to see their spirits lift.
But they'll never see such outright glee as their old papa had,
With his first spill down a snow clad hill on his Rocket Racer sled.

© 2004 Gus Barrett



"The Rocket Racer Sled."

You see, there really was a sled. Just found this old B&W among my souvenirs.
About 1937/38, I'm the big guy with baby brother on the rocket racer. - Gus

*Bill and Fran Hakonson send Holiday Greetings for a Very Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year, to all Yukoners. (In Dawson)*



Mr. & Mrs. Claus and Elf
Gillian, Edward & Tyler their elf.
Gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

Dear Sherron, By all means use the photo to wish all Yukoners a very merry Christmas and the BEST of New YearsGod Bless everyone...HO HO HO - Gillian



Holiday ‘fun’ in the 1920’s in Whitehorse
Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle (In Vernon)

Christmas Day 1961 remembered

E. George Hartmann E.George_Hartmann*telus.net (In Vancouver)

In 1961 I was a department manager at Taylor & Drury’s Department Store in Whitehorse, Yukon; my boss was Charlie, Drury Taylor “CDT” to most of us. Christmas Day, that year, fell on a Monday and as Christmas Eve (Sunday) was our family’s big day

to open presents in (our family's) German tradition; Charlie had asked me to take my turn to check the store and to stoke the store's wood furnace on Christmas Day.

It was 56 below Fahrenheit that Christmas Day morning at our house on 8th Avenue and Cook Street. I was in the middle of bundling up to walk to the store, at just before 8:00AM, when the phone rang and a very excited Charlie (CDT) was on the line instructing me to wait as he was coming by car to pick me up.

The Taylor family lacked something for the kitchen, I thought, that made Charlie drive to the store where he noticed that the City and the Army Fire trucks were attending the entrance to the Grill Café across the street in the White Pass Hotel; seems the exhaust fan above the door in the small entrance lobby of the café had started a fire.

Immediately Charlie had flashes of his father and uncle telling him many, many times how the Taylor and Drury families store had lost everything in the "Great Fire of Whitehorse May 23rd, 1905". Charlie was determined to avoid, if at all possible, the same fate in this instance. In 1905 the fire had started, according to his recollection, in the very same spot. He knew (or let's say he was of the very strong belief) that unless we have a chance to cover the T&D's store windows and glass entrance on Main Street directly across from the White Pass Hotel (where the Grill Café was located); that the city block consisting of the T&D Store and the N C Store (Northern Commercial) could experience the same fate; as that city block did (not to mention the other blocks) in the 1905 fire.

Charlie was so excited that he drove right by our house and by the time he realized this and had turned around I was out on the Street to join him. On our way to the T&D store Charlie told me about the family's loss in the 1905 fire and the reason for his worry. When we arrived at the store to pick up the keys for the one ton truck parked at the T&D Warehouses along the railway track across from Hoge (or Jeckell) Street at Third Avenue; we noticed that the Army fire truck had left and the city fire truck wanted to leave as well as the fire appeared to have been dealt with. Charlie remembered what he was told about the 1905 fire which appeared to have been finished but flared up and destroyed many buildings in two city blocks and the White Pass Depot. So Charlie insisted (still very excited and worried) that we make our way to the warehouses and get plywood to cover the store windows/glass along Main Street.

Remember it had been cold all week end and it was 56 below Fahrenheit; so with the very last breath of the battery I managed to get the truck to start the engine and Charlie and I loaded whatever plywood was handiest to the ramp/door/truck and made our way back to the store.

By now the fire trucks were back and many onlookers had arrived. We hauled hammers and nails out of the hardware department and started to nail plywood over the glass / show windows; one of the onlookers was Rolf Hougen and he requested to be handed a hammer and helped us.

Now we too became spectators and watched. Most of the city was without electricity and that included my home, so I managed to drive the truck home and bundle Irmgard and our, soon to be one year old, Kim up to bring them to friends on Hanson Street who had a wood stove and therefore a warm house.

Back at the fire we saw the glacier building on the street from fire fighting hoses; we saw the firefighters growing ice cycles on their gloves and sleeves and really looking the worst for it. I have no recollection of how many pairs of gloves, hats, toques, jackets, parkas and cloths were donated from inventory. Staff had arrived to make tea and coffee etc. for the hard working frozen fire fighters and others that were needed to cut the power lines to the, across first Avenue, power house and, and, and.

At about ten or so o'clock I made my way onto the roof of the store and when I placed my gloved hand around the corner to see if the building siding was hot. My glove came back with the melting paint stuck to it. The store had been finished with asbestos shingle siding and painted white. Not only did the paint on the siding melt but the paint on our neon sign at the corner of Main and First had melted and run looking awful eerie. When I looked up to the second storey window (across the alley) in the Burns Meat shop I saw that one of the double pane glass panes had cracked from the heat of the fire and that people had to stand well back from the window to watch the White Pass Hotel in flames. The heat did not reduce until after the Main Street wall of the Hotel buckled just above the second storey and fell onto Main Street.

I am sure there are many Whitehorse citizens who remember Christmas Day Dinner 1961 as the dinner where the turkey stayed cold/uncooked as the authorities requested that when the power came back on NOT to turn on the stoves. My family did partake (I can't say I enjoyed) in a fine turkey dinner at the Wohlfahrt's house on Hanson Street (Became Yukon Meat and Sausage in the late sixties).

There has not been a Christmas that I don't remember Christmas 1961 and I can't recall how many times I have told the experience of that day. And yes, my reminiscing always ends with praising Charlie, Drury Taylor, CDT, my boss, for his foresight and knowledge to cover the glass along Main Street of the store. I am certain, to this day, that had it not been for this action the T&D Store and maybe the whole city block north of Main Street would easily have been a casualty on that Christmas Day 1961.

There certainly were many heroes that day; fighting a fire of that size in such temperatures and saving the buildings across the alley towards the Capital Hotel with a Bank at the corner of Main and Second (yes, Freddy Blaker, our City Fire Chief, I was told, was considering getting and using dynamite if the fire would have jumped to the Capital Hotel) is no small feat and every one of the people that worked the fire as well as the power lines should have been honoured with a medal.

So let there also be credit where I believe credit is also due as "My HERO" that day was no other than CDT, Charlie, Drury Taylor, my boss who saved the day for the store (and who knows how much more) as well as our lively hoods.

God does work in mysterious ways!



White Pass Hotel Fire – Christmas Day 1961
Photo courtesy Gina Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam BC)

This picture is taken looking north along First Avenue from the old Post Office region and yes, the building in the background, middle right, is the T&D department store corner First and Main.

The sign I am mentioning is high up on the building between the two power poles. I believe what we are seeing in this picture is the ruin of the White Pass Hotel, the Shoe repair shop and the Hollywood (Chinese) café. The plywood we had nailed over the windows had been removed when the picture was taken.

Cheers, George Hartmann

'Twas the night before Christmas!

By Peter Garside, System Operator, Whitehorse Plant. 1971
Submitted by Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

At Northern Canada Power Commission plant, Whitehorse, December 24th, 1971

Characters: Supt; Graham Tench,
Asst. Supt; Henry Breaden,
Lineman; Vern Parkin,
Tradesman; Minard Witt.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all down the line;
The generators were turning,
And everything was fine.

The crew were all ready
For a good Christmas Cheer;
When all of a sudden,

They were hit in the rear.

The line must be down
From the wind and the snow,
Peter knew in a moment
Anvil line had to go!

So the line 'twas down
And a patrol it must be,
A helicopter was hired
So Graham must see.

So up to the treetops
The 'copter they flew,
One passenger was sick,
And Graham turned blue!

A phone call was made
To the lineman on leave,
To see he would come,
He appeared somewhat peeved.

The break they located,
Which a tree had brought down,
With equipment all ready,
The boys, they left town.

On an icy steep hillside,
The Fellows had "Fun!"
Till at two in the morning,
The job it was done.

Vern phoned into Whitehorse
To tell them all clear,
Wished them a Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year.

Two of the boys, Witt and Breaden,
While on their way back,
And rounding a curve,
Ran into a wolf pack.

Witt, hit the rhubarb
Breaden with him did too!
Spent the next two hours
Debating what to do.

Help they knew would come,
But the boys were in a rush,
To build a fire, they must,
From the timber in the bush.

No rifle did they have,
So the boys were chewing the fat,
And the wolf pack kept a howling,
While round the fire they sat.

When Vern came along,
He did pull with his winch,
So it was, Witt and Breaden
Were out in a pinch.

At eight in the morning,
With the crew all in town,
Breakfast they had,
And then bedded down.

But I heard them exclaim,
As they went out of sight,
Merry Christmas to all,
And to all a Good Night!



Drawing by Alf Bilton – copyright 2004
You will learn the significance of this image in Alf's poem.

The Freight Musher's Tale

By Alf Bilton abilton@polarcom.com (In Whitehorse)

The old Dawson run wasn't very much fun, when winter bit down hard;
When an icy death begrudged each breath of man or canine pard.
And if she blew, the trail-wise knew they'd best just camp and wait;
So they'd not be lost in the swirling frost, and mush past Heaven's gate.
I recall one storm, even worse than norm, that blew out Christmas Eve.
It died so late I thought I'd wait... for dawn, before I'd leave.
By a nice warm fire, I'd soon retire to rest like my sleeping team...
Then my eye was caught, by a bright red dot.... No, it wasn't a dream!
Out there all alone so far from home, thinking no one else around;
I'd no inkling yet just... who I'd met; though by now I heard the sound.
How he cursed and swore hauling back and forth, untangling harnessed deer;
One with a nose that, simply glowed, up front where he could steer.
I rebuilt the fire, piled wood on higher... called out; "Fetch your cup!"
When he'd tied his deer and... did come near; we were ready to coffee up.
He'd a long white beard looked... kind of weird, tangled and, full of sticks;
A torn red suit with scuffed-up boots, and... the look of a man near licked.

He flipped a lip and, took a sip, from his blue enameled mug;
Brushed a log to sit and, paused a bit... then gave that beard a tug.
"Been trying for years to mush beyond here, without using noisy dogs.
Tried moose and some hares... a caribou pair... all left me sitting on logs.
When we get to the trees they... tangle you see. The tree line's the thing has me humped.
Now I know even deer can't get me past here. Tonight, the whole sleigh has been
dumped.
They'll not pull as one and... it's really no fun going nine different ways all at once.
And that lead reindeer, I now greatly fear is naught but a... gilded dunce!
So I guess that's that; goll-durn and drat! ...Now I'll have to hoof it again."
Then his breath caught, "Well, I'd better trot but; thanks for the coffee, friend."

"But wait!" said I, inspired to try and... help him if I could.
"Why don't you fly? Once in the sky you'd... sail right over the woods.
I've a sled full of beans and... to me it would seem, hot gas being lighter than air;
A flatulent deer might... fly out of here; if stuffed with a big enough share."

I'll keep the tale short, no details report... suffice to say, launch was a go;
Though... hitched nose to tail, those deer got so pale they couldn't be seen in the snow.
Now on a cold night, folk not knowing right, think freezing pops trees apart;
But that cracking sound that we hear around, is really just... reindeer fart.

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Merry Christmas Everybody



Y.T.G. Building

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann heinrich@lohmann.ca (In Alberta)

Reah's Blanket

by Karen Shaw kshaw@interchange.ubc.ca (In White Rock)

Reah wanted to know if her brother, Imri, was right. Imri was a shepherd like his father and uncles. He boasted that there was nothing better than sleeping under the stars, especially on a clear night.

After her next birthday, Reah would learn to weave like her mother. She already helped with washing and carding the wool but she wanted to learn the patterns woven into the fabrics. For now, she had been granted her birthday wish - to camp out under the stars with her brother and other shepherds.

Reah snuggled into her bed roll and watched the stars high overhead. She reached under the thick covers to retrieve her little blanket, the one her mother wove for her before she was born. Reah brushed the soft yarn against her cheek. She fingered the scalloped edges which ensured no sharp corners. Pressing the fabric against her face, once more she inhaled its scent. Perfect. Although Imri teased her about dragging her blanket around, she was not willing to part with it just yet.

"I'll give it away when I'm ready," Reah defended just that day. Warm, comforting and protected were words that began to describe how the blanket made her feel but Reah could never express her feelings exactly. "A special child will understand how I feel. That baby will get my blanket."

The stars seemed closer than Reah remembered. She noticed that one especially bright star seemed to be moving closer and closer. "Oh, go to sleep," she muttered to herself,

"My imagination is playing tricks on my eyes."

As the fire crackled, Reah began to drift off to sleep. In the near distance she overheard a conversation between her brother and another shepherd.

"Hey Imri, did you hear about that old priest? His wife had a son just like the angel said. I don't know what I would do if I saw an angel."

"I think I would be speechless just like Zechariah. I'm not even sure if I believe in angels."

"Funny thing. Since the baby was born no one can stop Zechariah from speaking."

Reah wondered what she would do if she saw an angel. "Don't be silly," she whispered to herself. "What message would an angel bring to an ordinary little girl like me?"

Right in the middle of a dream, Reah was jolted awake by a brilliant light.

"Don't be afraid," said a new voice.

Reah opened her eyes and saw an angel talking to her and the shepherds.

"I have good news for you and everyone else," he continued. "Today, in your city, Bethlehem, a Saviour has been born. He is Messiah the Lord. You will know when you find this baby because He is wrapped in strips of cloth and lying in a manger."

Reah wrapped her covers around her tightly when the sky was filled with more angels than she could count. All of them were praising God.

"What are we waiting for?" Imri asked the other shepherds. "Let's go check this out! C'mon Reah. You don't want to miss this." Without looking back, Imri charged into the city with Reah racing right behind.

At last they found the stable, just an ordinary stable except this one had a newborn baby in the feeding trough. Reah waited patiently while the shepherds spoke with the parents.

Reah loved babies. She liked to watch them grow and play and learn. Reah went near to the manger for a closer look at the tiny boy. She wanted desperately to pick him up and rock him. "I wish I had a gift for you, Little One," she whispered. Reah suddenly realized that she was still clutching her little blanket. "Would you like to have this?" she asked as she wrapped the blanket around the baby. Their eyes met. Reah sensed the baby understood every word she spoke, even understood how she felt. She bent down and kissed his forehead.

Much too soon the shepherds had to leave. They told everyone they met about the baby and how they had first received the news themselves. Imri was not speechless at all; in

fact, he was the first and loudest to speak. Everyone who heard the message was amazed and wanted to hear the story over and over.

Although the night sky was fading, Reah snuggled down once more in her bed roll. She was pleased her blanket found a home with someone who would appreciate it. She thought again about the angel's message. Before drifting off to sleep again, she promised herself she would ask her father at breakfast just what Messiah meant.

For those who study names, Reah is Hebrew for Shepherdess while Imri, a name of three men in the Old Testament, means Talkative



Christmas at Kookatsoon Lake

Photo courtesy Gina (Hughes) Span ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)

Kookatsoon Lake (mile 3.3 Carcross Road) was home to many happy holidays for the Bob Hughes family in the 1950's thru mid 1960's. Daughters Gina and Dona (now Cook) and their parents spent summer and winter holidays at the cabin. This photo shows the tree decorated with popcorn and cranberry garland which was a tradition.

When I communicated with Gina in early December on another photo this was her reply.

Yes, that is Dona Cook and myself and we were at Kookatsoon Lake on the Carcross Road (Mile 3.3). We were either just fooling around or looking for a good Christmas tree.

If you look in the Kookatsoon pictures, you will see several Christmas trees that we decorated for the cabin.

Sorry I haven't been in touch but I have been a little busy with donating a kidney to my sister Dona Cook who went into renal failure. I will be back to myself in Jan. Please do use anything you like in Dad's disc. I have been tuning in to all the great work you have been doing over the past year and enjoying it very much. Keep up the good work.
Cheers, Gina.

We wish you both a speedy recovery Gina and Dona !

Solstice Stillness

By Jan McConnachy jmccconachy@shaw.ca

Each day as Zara the dog and I have taken our walks during these last few weeks, we have left later for the morning walk and earlier for the afternoon as we tried to catch the daylight. On the rainy days here in the West Coast rainforest it has seemed there is no light. I've been remembering the extraordinary quality of winter light in the Yukon. Those days in Dawson City with silver blue skies, when the sun's bright rays teased the tops of the hills as I watched from the shadows that wrapped the winter sleeping town. I recall journeys into the snowy vastness through the mists of ice fog into patches of brilliant clear skies where the snow turned blue in reflection. Then the spring when, for the first time, a ray of light from the setting sun suddenly appeared in my West window casting its beam across the floor heralding the return of the midnight sun.

Those memories are many years ago and yet still seem so vivid and clear. Winter celebrations in the Yukon held gifts of different experiences for me. Knowing there would be snow, being able to cut a tree from the bush ourselves, home made gifts, shared baking - all of these I discovered when I moved to Dawson City and experienced for the first time in my life the intimacy of small community living.

Life has moved us all along since then; different paths have taken us to other memories. Many of those on this list are people I knew well and have not seen for years - it is especially to you that I'd like to send my love and hopes that your festive season will bring joy to your heart.

I was known by three names and while I lived in the Yukon so I'll sign all three that you will best remember me,
wishing you all happy days

Jan Brown
Jan McConachy
Jan McCandless

A GREETING FROM DON MACHAN

Through the medium of Moccasin Telegraph I wish for you, Sherron, and all expatriate Yukoners on the Moccasin Telegraph Line, a happy, healthy and rewarding holiday season and throughout 2005, and may "The Moccasin Telegraph" continue to inform and entertain us for years to come.

Sincerely, Don Machan, demachan@telus.net (In Qualicum Beach, B.C)

GREETINGS FROM BRYAN & DONNA CLAYSON

Merry Christmas Sherron and to all the readers of the Moccasin Telegraph. Christmas brings the joy of brightening others lives, as has the MocTel for nearly two years. It is said that there is nothing sadder than to awake Christmas morning and not be a child, therefore in my heart I shall remain a child forever. May everyone be blessed in 2005.

Bryan & Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Androssan AB)

GREETINGS FROM MYRNA BUTTERWORTH

Hi everybody, I enjoyed the conversation between Les Somerton and Harvey Burian. The penguin Cafe was renovated and run by Mich Nakano. His wife Winnie was a barber/hairdresser by trade. They had 3 boys Arthur, Doug and I think another boy but I don't recall his name. The Penguin was where I first worked waiting tables, while still in school.

I would like to wish all the MocTel'ers a wonderful Christmas Holiday and the Very best in the New Year. Happy 2005.

Myrna Butterworth myrnab@northwestel.net (In Dawson)

A MESSAGE FROM VIVIAN STUART

I would like to wish all our Moccasin Telegraphers a very Merry Christmas and may 2005 be a peaceful and happy New Year for all.

I would especially like to pass onto you and Bill the happiest of Season's Greetings and a very big thank you for all the work you do with the Moccasin Telegraph. I look forward every week to the latest edition and enjoy the writings immensely.

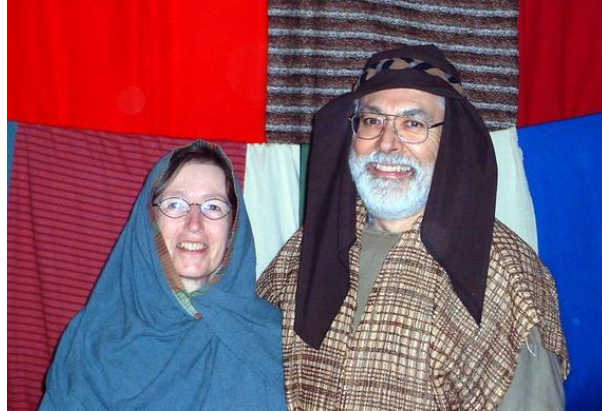
At the Yukoners Christmas Luncheon in Vancouver, my sister Judy was very fortunate to win as a door prize, a collection of Gus Barrett's poems. I will have to "borrow" the book to enjoy his fine writings. Every week is a treat to read his latest.

Again Sherron - Thank You

Vivian Stuart (Lelievre) lornellis@shaw.ca

GREETINGS FROM HARVEY & VERA BURIAN

To all the old, new and renewed Yukon friends who are part of the *Moccasin Telegraph* family, I wish to extend a Very Merry Christmas.



Vera & Harvey Burian
Photo courtesy Harvey Burian

To help you get into the Spirit of Christmas I am enclosing a photo of my wife Vera and I in costume taken recently at our booth in the 12th Annual Bethlehem Walk hosted by Parksville Baptist Church. There were 9,429 people from all over Vancouver Island and elsewhere who came through the village this year over 4 days with over \$14,000 donated for the local Society of Services charity.

For those of you wondering....yes the beard is real....grown for the occasion!

I also want to express a very big **THANK YOU** to Sherron Jones for her efforts in collecting the submissions and sending out the weekly editions of the *Moccasin Telegraph* this past year. I have so much appreciated her efforts. A thank you as well to all you who have submitted remembrances of past experiences in the Yukon. Over and over stories you have submitted have brought back remembrances that I thought had long vanished.

May I give a word of encouragement to others of you who also may have interesting Yukon experiences, but because you don't think that they will be of interest to anyone else, are reluctant to submit them to Sherron. Firstly, if they are of interest to you, they likely will be to others as well, and secondly, who knows what remembrances such experiences will generate for others and with whom you might be put in touch and otherwise might have missed the opportunity to renew a past friendship.

Best Wishes for a Safe, Happy and Healthy 2005!

Harvey Burian hburian*telus.net (Parksville, BC)

A MESSAGE FROM JOAN RODSCHAT

Hi there, Sherron

Just wanted to let you know how everyone appreciates the wonderful job you are doing with the MocTel, and we continue to enjoy it all so much. Recently there was an excellent picture of Carcross, taken by Doug Bell. It looks exactly how I remember it, when our family moved there in 1942 - we lived directly across the river from the Tutshi sternwheeler. So sad that it burned in later years.

We wish you a very Merry Christmas and Best Wishes to you and yours for 2005!

And SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ONE AND ALL WHO READ THE MOCTEL FROM JOAN AND SIEGI RODSCHAT.

Joan (Callison) Rodschat jrodschat*direct.ca



**We would like to Wish All of the Moccasin Telegraph Readers
A Very Merry Christmas!!!**

Bill and Sherron Jones sherronjones*shaw.ca (In Vernon BC)

(Photo taken, from our front deck, of Kalamalka Lake, Vernon, BC on Nov. 25, 2003 – it looks like we will have a green Christmas in 2004.)

A GREETING FROM WALLY & DIANNE SUTHERLAND

Hi Sherron, would just like to wish you & anyone in the group that know or remember us from Whitehorse, or Beaver Creek a happy holiday & prosperous new year.

From Wally & Dianne Sutherland. w-dsutherland@pocketmail.com (In Red Deer, AB)

OBIT

Clarence CRAIG passed away peacefully on Thursday, December 16th at Courtyard Gardens, Richmond, in his 100th year. He is survived by his wife of 70 years Evelyn and daughters Lorraine (Gordon) Mackie of Nelson, BC and Anita (Arthur) Mayhew of Hudson, QC,. He is survived also by 7 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren. Clary was **born in Dawson City, Yukon in 1905 and moved to Vancouver in 1950**. He was the last surviving charter member of Vancouver Yukoners Association. A celebration of his life will be held in late January, date to be announced. Many thanks to the wonderful caring staff at Courtyard Gardens. Published in the Vancouver Sun on 12/21/2004

Message from the Foth's

Yes, Clarey was a good friend of ours, also Evy. She was at our Christmas Yukoners' luncheon. Had a good talk with her and she told us that Clarey wouldn't be here long. He's been really bad for such a long time. They used to live in one of the Towers in Richmond where other Yukoners lived. He was a likeable person and never missed a luncheon until about 1 year ago. They moved him into this large Nursing Home in Richmond, because he was too much for Evy to look after. Evy's sister, Ginny lives across the border and is our very good friend. She isn't well either, but still tries to come to the Yukoners' banquet in the spring. The two daughters are already here. It is always sad when someone leaves us for good, but this was expected a long time ago. Brownie.

WARNING

RCMP Bulletin

Keep alert for people with cell phones in hand standing near you in the checkout line at retail stores, restaurants, grocery stores, etc., with the new camera cell phones, they can take a picture of your credit card, which gives them your name, number, and expiration date. Identification theft is one of the fastest growing crimes today, and this is just another example of the means that are being used. So, be aware of your surroundings.

NEW ADDITIONS

Dear Sherron: I met up with a friend at (yes, his father – in law's funeral) this afternoon and mentioned the Moccasin Telegraph and the great job you are doing.

John S. Brock is President of:

Western Prospectors Group Ltd and does have contacts in the Yukon; and all that came out because he introduced me as having worked for Charlie Taylor ; well you know how it goes.

In any event John is keenly interested in receiving the “Moctel”; So would you be so kind to add him to the list and also let John know how he can access prior issues? (for that matter I would like to know too as I have given away what I have printed out and should be storing this digitally.) much appreciated. Hope you and Bill will have a relaxing Holiday Season.

As always; Greetings, George Hartmann E.George_Hartmann*telus.net

Hi Sherron:

George Hartmann told me about your Moctel and forwarded me a copy.

Brought back lots of memories, particularly from the aviation side of life. I was interested in the piece on Bob Cameron. I know Bob well, knew his dad Gordon and know his brothers Scotty and Dean. I worked with mineral exploration crews out of Mayo in '63 and '64 with Aaro Aho, who headed up Silver Titan Mines and Peso Silver. Then joined up with Dynasty Explorations and was part of the gang that discovered the Faro deposit in '65. I lived in Ross River from '66 though to '70. Besides looking after Atlas Explorations I was the JP and Coroner.

My wife Ruth, an RN, ran the nursing station at Ross. Lots of stories to tell in that department. Marnie, with Northern Health, who married Lloyd Ryder, pulled some strings so that Ruth got paid \$30 per month. Ruth figured that worked out to about \$2.66 per hour.

Not very many years have gone by without my involvement in a Yukon Exploration program. We are currently an interest holder in Pete Risby's Indian River gold project south of Dawson.

I look forward to receiving future issues and when time permits, I will send you some memorabilia from the old days.

Please send future issues to my home address, jsbrock*shaw.ca

Regards,

John Brock

Dear Sherron,

A friend forwarded a copy of your publication to us recently. My wife grew up after age 10 in Teslin and I was stationed in the Yukon from '75 to 79 with the RCMP Police. Your publication seems like a good way to stay connected. How do we subscribe?

My maiden name was Duncan, Walter & Doreen Duncan are my parents and they still live in Teslin. I have 2 sisters (Susan Milligan and Connie Krause) and their families that live in Whitehorse and another sister in Ft. St. John. We moved to Teslin in 1966 (I graduated from FH Collins in 1974), I moved to Whitehorse in 1976 with my husband and we transferred to the outside in 1979.

Debi & Al Kaufmann yakety1*telus.net
Valleyview, Alberta

Hi Sherron;

I guess it's about time to sign on to receive the Moccasin Telegraph. So far Bruni has been kind enough to print it out and have it ready for me when we come down here. I'm Ulrich F. Hoenisch, Rick most people call me. E-mail address is rhoenisch*cablelan.net. I came to the Yukon in April 1971 and lived in Whitehorse until 2001. We then moved to M'Clintock Bay on the mighty M'Clintock River, close to Marsh Lake, but I guess you know that anyway. We made a house out of the cabin I bought from Joe Keller, with the kind help of your hubby. I guess he was dabbling in real estate already then.

After working for White Pass for 12 years and a short stint at the Yukon Liquor Corp. I joined the Yukon Worker's Compensation Board as an Assessment Auditor and worked there for 19 years. Retired in 2002. Unfortunately, I have been condemned to spend the winters here in the Okanagan. We come normally down at the beginning of November and move back to God's country (as somebody here in Parker Cove calls it) at the end of April.

I have really enjoyed reading the Moccasin Telegraph. It brought back lots of memories and reminded me of people I had forgotten.

Keep up the good work. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you and Bill.

Cheers

Rick Hoenisch

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

No one is guaranteed happiness. Life just gives the time and space. It's up to us to fill it with joy and meaning.

RECIPES OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Donna Clayson ytdogteam*telus.net (In Androssan AB)

Roast Wild Duck

Clean duck and freeze.

Thaw duck and rub with salt. Fill cavity with dressing and bake in a preheated, 350F oven, uncovered for 30 minutes per pound, basting every 5 minutes.

Stuffing (for 2 large mallards)

½ cup	butter
¼ tsp	each, powdered sage, rosemary, thyme and marjoram
1 tsp	salt
1 cup	green onions, coarsely sliced, green tops included
1 cup	celery, chopped coarsely, some center leaves included
1 cup	parsley, coarsely, chopped
2 cups	dry bread, coarsely crumbled

Mix ingredients well. Lightly salt cavities of ducks and stuff with dressing.

Wild Rice Dressing

(To be prepared separately)

1 cup	wild rice
1 tsp	salt
1 qt	boiling water
½ - 1 cup	mushrooms, sliced
2 tbsp	grated onion
¼ cup	celery, finely chopped
½ tsp	sage
¼ cup	tomato paste (optional)

1. Wash rice well and stir into the boiling water; add salt, and cook slowly until tender, about 40 minutes.

Sauté mushrooms, onions and celery in butter for 5 minutes. Combine with rice, sage and tomato paste (optional). Heat thoroughly and serve.

Mock Cranberry Pie

Submitted by Vivian Stuart (Lelievre) lornellis*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

For best flavour the true Yukon Cranberry should be used. However, it is also delicious with the “store bought” type.

Mix: 1 cup sugar
1 egg

¼ tsp salt

1 tsp vanilla

Mix: 1 tbsp flour and ½ cup water and add to first mixture.

Then add 1 cup fresh cranberries.

Pour into an unbaked pie shell and bake until set.

Note: I have no idea of the temperature – it is always cooked until done. After my parents retired to Nanaimo in 1980, every year when my Mother took her yearly visit back home, she always came back with a supply of cranberries and they were very carefully stored away and taken out only for special occasions and our favourite dessert.

Cranberry Gelatin Salad

Submitted by Marilyn (Gropstis) Chase cmchase1*verizon.net (In NY state)

2 regular size pkgs. raspberry Jello
1 ½ cups boiling water
1 can (20 oz) crushed drained pineapple – (save the juice)
1 can (16 oz) whole cranberry sauce
¾ cup walnut pieces
¾ cup finely chopped celery
1 cup pineapple juice –(saved from the pineapple)

Mix Jello and water – add the rest of the ingredients to the Jello.
Refrigerate until firm and enjoy.

Sweet Potatoe Casserole – My favorite – Sherron

Mix -

- 4 cups mashed sweet potatoes
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup butter, melted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Topping -

- 1 cup packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/3 cup butter, melted
- 1 cup chopped pecans

DIRECTIONS:

1. In a mixing bowl, combine the sweet potatoes, sugar, eggs, milk, salt, 1/3 cup butter and vanilla. Mix together and pour into a greased 13x9 inch baking dish.
2. To prepare the topping, combine in a separate bowl the brown sugar, flour, 1/3 cup melted butter and pecans. Mix together and crumble over sweet potato mixture. Bake uncovered at 350 degrees F (175 degrees C) for 35 to 45 minutes.

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