

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – Ninety-Sixth Edition – Jan. 9, 2005**

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

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



**Yukon Winter**

Photo courtesy Heinrich Lohmann [heinrich@lohmann.ca](mailto:heinrich@lohmann.ca) (In Alberta)



**Luna the Killer Whale**

CBC Online photo.

[http://www.cbc.ca/stories/2004/06/18/canada/luna\\_040618](http://www.cbc.ca/stories/2004/06/18/canada/luna_040618)

## **LUNA**

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

Luna was a killer whale, which was straying from its pod,  
The natives seem to think 'twas Heaven-sent,  
Its fate, as with all living things, was in the hands of God,  
But that's not good enough for Government.  
It would have to be protected from people and, in turn  
The people must be sheltered from the whale.  
The whale was courting fishing boats and very slow to learn  
Its place in life, and thereby hangs the tale.

Luna just appeared one day, from out the foggy mists  
And it soon became a hero of some note  
It was over-fed and coddled by environmentalists  
But a danger to the local fishing boats.  
Then government decided that the whale would have to move  
They'd capture it and take it to its clan.  
The native band objected, claiming they could prove,  
Luna was the reincarnate of a man.

We sent a mighty naval ship, with a massive wire cage,  
To capture it and steal it like a thief.  
The natives in their war canoes, approached them in a rage,  
Claiming Luna as the spirit of their chief.  
The government was adamant, poor Luna had to go,  
Tax dollars came outpouring to the cause.  
The natives with their war drums, stood up and shouted "no",  
So the government declared another pause.

We sat at televisions and we daily watched the news,  
All wondering which side would get its wish.  
Was Luna from the spirit world, as in the native view?  
Or was he just another giant fish?  
Then while the battle raged and surged, 'twas Luna came go grief,  
Whether killer whale, or true reincarnation,  
He slipped away from everyone, swam out beyond the reef,  
Now he's blubber at a Russian whaling station.

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## **HEELS & HEROS**

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

**Copyright belongs to Jeanne Harbottle, Vernon, BC**

### **FRIEND IN NEED**

Bud Falconer said he had to go as far as 280 to pick up a walk-in freezer and that we were welcome to go along. He would have to follow a D-8 cat as the road was in bad shape and it would be a slow trip. Tom and I had to laugh as who had more time than we did?

The cook gave us lots of real goodies for the mutts and after they were fed we headed for our bedrolls. It had been a long day and I snuggled down wearily.

In the early morning Joe helped Tom unload our gear from his truck onto Bud's truck. Bud asked me to make up a grub list for six of us for two weeks and to get it from the cook. It looked like I was elected chef.

Bob Thorpe, the cat skinner, and his swamper Chris were ready to head up the road. I stared with open mouth at Bob. He was built like a grizzly bear and was almost as black. He was covered with grease and all that was visible were the whites of his eyes. In stark contrast was Chris, about as big as a wood mouse with a huge Stetson on his head; one blast from Bob would blow him away.



Lappie Lakes

Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

We left shortly after the cat and labored up another summit, which paralleled the Lappie River, wandering like a shimmering blue necklace in the canyon below. It was only 15 miles from this camp to the Pelly River and I was anxious to see it again.

When we came to the ridge for the long descent I asked Bud to stop a minute and let me take a picture. The valley was a blaze of yellow, green, gold and red. The leaves were turning and it was beautiful, the Pelly River winding around the blaze of color like a glorious string of sapphires. Never in the entire north have I seen a valley as lovely as the Pelly in the fall.



Pelly River & Valley

Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

It was a five-mile descent to the valley floor and a panorama of beauty fed our vision all the way. The ferry was running and I was glad we didn't have to cross on the ice as we did last year. We lurched across the river on the ferry, pulled by a truck on the opposite bank. Bob had already crossed and continued up the road. Bud said we might as well go into the village and see old Del Vangorder. Del was the trader for Taylor and Drury's and had been on the Pelly River for 40 years without once going outside. Tom and I were pleased we enjoyed chatting with Del.

The village looked pretty deserted when we pulled up in front of the post. Only a few of the natives were around. Lucy, Del's native wife, stuck her head out of the store and we jumped down from the cab to her welcome smile.



Del Van Gorder & Billy Atkinson  
1948 Ross River

Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

She immediately headed for the house to make us a cup of tea or open a bottle of her famous brew for the men. Lucy was noted for her beer from one end of the Yukon to the other, the envy of the village. Because she was the wife of a white man she could legally make brew, and legally drink if she wished.

Del was grinning from ear to ear when we followed Lucy into the house. He said that most of the Indians were fishing or hunting but he expected them soon as it was time to get the children ready for school. I could never understand why they took these children to

Whitehorse for nine months out of the year. They were taught the three R's, but they couldn't make a living in the bush reading and writing. The Ross River natives made their living, as meager as it was, off the country; when the children were sent home after getting a white man's education they ended up on Government rations because they couldn't trap or hunt to survive. In later years, when I lived at Ross River and ran the trading post, I saw the hardships that were imposed on the old folks because of the youngsters' ignorance. Granted they could read and write. However, they couldn't hunt, trap, fish, dry meat, tan hides or build a log cabin. As a bush Indian they were lost and there was no other way to make a living at Ross River.



Tom & Jeanne Connolly on Ross River 1957 with Sid & Joe.  
Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

Del and Lucy were glad to see us and hear some of the gossip from Teslin. It wasn't many years later that Del died in Teslin chopping wood. He and Lucy had retired there on a small pension from Taylor and Drury's.

Lucy was amazed that a white woman would go so far back in the bush. She informed me that none of the Indian women would go that far away or stay that long. I was sure of one thing, this winter I would not be as ignorant or feel as inadequate to take to heart the ribbing about how able the squaws were. I had seen for myself how useless most squaws were and I certainly didn't fear any competition from that quarter. I may not be able to tan a hide or make good moccasins, but these gals didn't break trail or hunt, either.

In the course of the conversation Del told Tom that Slim Radar, a friend of theirs, was still up the Pelly but had moved the post from Pelly Banks to Pelly Lakes. He was afraid of the earthquakes. I nearly fell out of my chair. Earthquakes????? I had been born and raised in earthquake country and never heard of them in the Yukon. Not many years later I was in the worst earthquake of my life in Whitehorse.

Bud gave us the eye and, thanking our host and hostess for their hospitality; we crawled back into the cab for the long, slow trip north behind the cat.

Driving by the mission we heard the darndest clatter and up drove Father Demaurrier on his motorcycle, what a sight he was, covered with dust, arms waving frantically. While he was trying to talk Tom and Bud into another cup of tea I just had to smile. Father was from the old country and he was just murdering the King's English. However, Bud was firm and told him we didn't have time now but that he would stop and see him on the way back.

Bob and Chris were putting a culvert in when we caught up to them. The day was almost gone and the men were starving, nothing to do but build a fire and get busy with dinner. I blessed the cook. He must have known how miserable it can be cooking on an open fire and he had put in a wonderful supply of steaks.

Tom scrounged me a tire rim and some pieces of iron for a grate. It made a real fine stove. I put the coffee pot on while waiting for the fire to die down to coals. In short order the smell of frying steaks assailed our nostrils and I'm sure their mouths were watering. When the food was ready I didn't have to call twice, the men came on the run. Not that there was an abundance of water at this particular spot, but the thought of washing never entered Bob's head and I was beginning to wonder what he really looked like. The silence was deafening while all ate their fill, and when the plates were cleaned we settled back to enjoy a cigarette and coffee.

I cleared away the shambles and scrounged the supplies for some dog food. The cook had put in some real goodies for them, lots of meat scraps and bones. Jeep and Sam stood up and wagged from one end of their carcasses to the other. Major ran circles around us trying to get in the act. Sam and Jeep looked on disdainfully, wondering why a fellow would wear himself out like that when he could lay peacefully and doze in a bed of spruce boughs. Besides, he stirred up the mosquitos and they were swarming around in clouds. It wouldn't be long before they would be gone and then it would be the black flies. If it wasn't one bug it was another and if it wasn't cold it was hot, just one dern thing after another.

We still had lots of daylight so Bob had gone back to work. Fascinated, I watched Bob operate the massive, snorting, grinding hunk of metal as it tore at the trees, reducing them to matchsticks in minutes. Mountains of earth and timber seemed to disappear before my eyes. Bud and Tom joined me and we continued to watch as though hypnotized. Finally the gaping chasm in the road was filled. Bob smoothed it with the blade and with a wave snorted up the road.

Bud and T.O. loaded the dogs and gear while I gathered up Chee Chee and off we went. It was slow going behind the cat, but it was a lovely evening and I enjoyed the ride. Bud said we should camp for the night at 337. It was an old abandoned army camp and had numerous buildings including a cookhouse. Slow going is right; by the time we had reached the camp it was 64 miles and 12 hours from 387 camp. We investigated the cookhouse. A bear had torn heck out of the walk-in fridge and made a mess of the warehouse. However, he had not

so much as walked through the kitchen. This I liked. I could make breakfast on a stove and do dishes in a sink. Female thoughts, but of course I am female.

We headed for the bunkhouses to find a bed. Bob started the light plant and the camp lit up like a Christmas tree. I put on another pot of brew while the fellows sat around gabbing, then I headed for the sack.

The roar of the cat wakened me. It must have been midnight. I felt like I had been beaten from head to toe. I groaned and crawled out, struggling into my clothes, and headed for the cookhouse. Tom had the oil stove going full blast, boy! The heat felt good. While I stumbled around trying to get breakfast ready Tom rounded up the crew. They were cheerful and gabby and thought I was a wonderful cook. My ever loving was just grinning from ear to ear. I hadn't managed to get a cup of coffee yet and until I do I am a bear. It was amusing for him and when the fellows thanked me for the breakfast he made a mock bow and left the cookhouse with Bud. I glared at their backs and quickly poured myself a cup of coffee. The dishes were done and I was feeling human again when Bud yelled, "*Let's go!*"

The dogs were settled on the bed of the truck and Chee Chee was perched on my lap. The sky was clouding up but as yet no rain. We spent most of the day sitting. Bob must have filled a hundred small washouts. From 337 camp to Riddle Lake it is mostly flat and the muskeg made the road like a roller coaster. We ate lunch at Riddle Lake, one of the prettiest lakes on the road and wonderful trout fishing. Johnny Dewhurst had built a cabin on the lake but it was too far away to go investigate. Riddle was a long, narrow lake with numerous bays and sandy beaches. The water was crystal clear and blue as the sky. I thought, how nice it would be if we could spend about a week paddling around in a canoe.

The hours dragged by and we were weary from sitting. Bob was the only one working and he kept the dirt moving. When we got to Sheldon Mountain there was a pretty good wind blowing, making it miserable for the mosquitos and perfect for us. The little monsters are always hungrier on a cloudy day or just before a rain and we welcomed the wind.



Sheldon Lake

Photo courtesy Jeanne (Connolly) Harbottle

395 camp sat high on Sheldon Mountain and we decided to stay here for the night. It was only five miles to the old post on Sheldon Lake, but in all the Yukon Sheldon takes first place for mosquitos. The view from the mountain was fabulous. The twin lakes Lewis and Field shimmered under the grey skies and intensified the soft yellows and gold of the valley.

The dogs were delighted to get off the truck and stretch their legs. We let them run loose for a while, one at a time. We didn't worry much about dogfights when they were working, but just sitting and breathing down each other's necks all day made them pretty feisty. Major and Chee Chee were always loose and spent most of the time chasing gophers into the lengths of pipe lying on the ground.

(To be continued)

**Cake Box Memories #5** - memories from the cake box as I remember them.

By Weldon Pinchin [pinchin@gulfislands.com](mailto:pinchin@gulfislands.com) (on Mayne Island, BC)

**Stan Walsh, in the first Yellow Cab over the new Atlin road, spring of 1950.**

As history will tell you the Atlin road was built in just one year, it was also a very wet year, 1949. We had the regular cold winter, this with the deep frost, you know down 12 to 20 odd feet. This meant lots of FROST BOILS in the spring of 1950 in this new so called road. It was about 1 & ½ cars wide, you had to drive with care.

Stan Walsh was driving for Ted Miles & Steve Carlyle the owners of Yellow Cabs in Whitehorse that spring.

Three miners arrived in town, back from a winter 'outside'. They hired a Yellow Cab to drive them to Atlin and their claim to be worked for the coming season. There was lots of talk regarding price, etc. Stan was elected to drive he was married and it was a high fare. I got to go as Stan's grunt so three miners in the back seat Stan driving and me in the front right seat.

The first part of the trip from Whitehorse down to Jake's corner and over to the turn off was okay. The miners were all well oiled with old Johnny barley corn, so off we started on the new road.

There were lots of soft spots weak shoulders etc. Came up over a rise, almost above timber line, there from one side to the other the road had a frost boil. Now any Yukoner knows about them if he drove in the spring.

Stan stopped looked it over and decided with the shape of the miners, the length of the boil he would take a run at it in the hope we could get through. You know we didn't make it. We got about half way. We sank in the boil until the car doors were held shut by the mud.

Stan decided I should climb out the door window on to the roof look at were it was the closest to the edge of the road an try to get there, then go for help. I am up on the roof looking it over all the while I could hear a truck coming from Atlin. Around the corner came a grader, the driver stopped, put his hands to his face and moaned. He said he new this was a bad spot and was here early to fix it. We had got there before him. It all ended well as he passed me a tow cable hocked it to the cab and pulled us out.

On now to Atlin to drop off the miners.

This having been done, we went to the cafe on the lake front for a bite to eat and a wash up for me. Stan had sized up the town and found the horseman was away, this played right into Stan's hands. As the government dairy was open we pulled the cab up to the stairs in front of the store. Opened the trunk and opened a case of lemon hart 151 o.p. Rum. You could not get 151 overproof Rum in B.C. at the time. As Stan had left word at the cafe as to what we were doing it didn't take long for the rum to go. This done with a profit of course, he was into the liquor store to buy as much Teachers Highland Cream scotch as the money would buy. You were not able to get that scotch in Whitehorse at that time.

This done we serviced the cab and headed home to Whitehorse.

As we had started early it was still day light on the B.C. side but getting into Whitehorse it was dark and late. The topic on the way back had been about where to hide the scotch so that it could be safe yet close by for sale. This Stan left to me if he didn't know he couldn't say. It only took a couple of days to make a profit.

Everybody won - Yellow Cabs, Stan Walsh and me.

The profit I made was great as I had no capital invested.

This only gave me bigger ideas for later when the Haines road opened. Stan went on later to sell cars for T. & D. Motors on First Avenue towards the south end of town.

## **PHANTOM OF THE ARCTIC**

By Al Oster [alosteryukon@jetstream.net](mailto:alosteryukon@jetstream.net) (In Salmon Arm BC)  
(Copyright © 1992 by Al Oster & Northland Music Co.)

For 9 years she sailed the dangerous waters of the Arctic. Each time she successfully fought the Arctic Ocean ice and delivered her precious load of northern furs safe and sound to an OUTSIDE port. Sometimes up to 3 million dollars worth of valuable fur cargo was entrusted to the 13 hundred ton steel hull of the Hudsons's Bay Company S.S. BAYCHIMO freighter.

On her tenth trip --, it was a different story. In late September, 1932 with 39 crew members and a million dollars worth of cargo on board, the ship was steaming out of the ARCTIC OCEAN when suddenly she found her path blocked by heavy ice floes in the BERING SEA. The strong winds pushed the ice rapidly into the Straits and it wasn't long before the ship was frozen solidly in the extremely dangerous shifting shore ice.

The crew members aboard the BAYCHIMO feared the ship might collapse at any time from the crushing pressure, so in all haste walked on the frozen ice to set up camp on shore. They determined the ship was frozen in for the winter and one half the crew would remain to bring the ship out in the spring. They radioed for help and within a short time a plane arrived from Fairbanks, Alaska and half of the crew were flown out to safety. A comfortable camp with plenty of food was set up for the remaining men to await 7 months of long winter before warm spring weather would free the frozen ship.

For 2 months everything went along smoothly. Near the end of November the temperature suddenly turned above freezing with a strong south wind that kept visibility at a few feet. For 2 days the wind howled fiercely and the men dared not venture out of their shelters. The 3<sup>rd</sup> day the wind was replaced by the eerie calm of the Arctic and the men were able to come out of their shelters. They stared in amazement in the direction of the frozen ship. The ice had broken up in the wind --, and the BAYCHIMO with a million dollars worth of fur aboard her had completely vanished. The information was radioed to Fairbanks and a plane was dispatched to search the entire Bering Sea coast, and they found nothing but ice and open water. The search was called off, and it was determined the ship had gone down in the storm. Then came word from an Eskimo hunter that he had spotted the ship about 50 miles to the north. With all speed the search party headed in the designated direction and found the ship near the shore --, frozen in the middle of an ice floe approximately a mile in diameter. They quickly unloaded almost all of the furs and were on their way back to rescue a remaining \$ 20,000.00 worth and suddenly realized the ship had disappeared again.

### ***PHANTOM OF THE ICE FLOE***



#### ***S.S. BAYCHIMO***

*She may still be roaming around the Arctic aboard her own private ice berg. The trader ship Patterson spotted her 2 years later and tried to board her to salvage the remaining fur but she vanished again before the project could be organized.*

This time she disappeared so completely it was definitely decided she had gone down --, but a sighting of it 7 weeks later refuted the belief. After this sighting she again disappeared and was not spotted again for several months. For 6 years periodic sightings of the BAYCHIMO were reported by ARCTIC mariners and Eskimos. Twice she has been boarded and announced to be in excellent condition with no apparent damage, and still riding high and handsome in the centre of her own private ice berg.

The last sighting was reported to be in 1937 and ARCTIC mariners believe it entirely possible that the S. S. BAYCHIMO --, PHANTOM OF THE ARCTIC, may still be floating around in the dangerous, icy waters that are a part of the NORTH POLE. ★

## PHANTOM OF THE ARCTIC

(Words & music by Al Oster. Key of "A" \* 4/4 \*  
Copyright © 1962 by Northland Music Co. & Al Oster)

(1)

In the /a Arctic land of / cold, There's a /d story that is /a told  
Of a / ship that's roaming / o'er the Arctic /e7 Sea /  
With an /a ice berg for a / keel, And the /d northwind at her /a wheel  
The / strangest ship they /e7 say there'll ever /a be / .  
Where the /d northern oceans / roll, She /a roams around the / pole  
She's / frozen in the / ice and riding /e7 high /  
She's been /a seen by many / men, As she /d comes and goes a /a gain  
She's the / Phantom of the /e7 Arctic passing /a by /a7.

### Chorus

They /d call her the / S. S. Bay /a chimo /  
She's the / Phantom of the / Arctic, the Bay /e7 chimo /  
You may /a see her passing / by  
On an /d ice berg high and /a dry  
She's the / Phantom of the /e7 Arctic , the Bay /a chimo /

(2)

It was / nineteen thirty / two, And the / ship was almost / through  
She was / sailing in the / icy Bering / Sea /  
With a / crew of thirty / nine, She was / racing father / time  
For the / wind was blowing / cold and win / tery /  
And the / wind blew / more and more, / Pushed her close to / shore  
And / soon the ship was / frozen all a / round /  
They / said that she was / through, There was / nothing left to / do  
But / leave the ship and / move to solid / ground / .

(3)

With a / crew of twenty / one, They would / wait for spring to / come  
To / melt the ice and the / ship would then be / free /  
Then one / night they were at / rest, A / wind came from the / west  
And / broke the ice and / set the ship to / sea / .  
They / found her one fine / day, She was / fifty miles a / way

Still / frozen in the / ice and riding / high /  
They / left her there to / roam, In the / Arctic Sea a / lone  
A / Phantom of the / Arctic passing / by / .

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Big Joe Boyle**

By Les McLaughlin [leslorn@rogers.com](mailto:leslorn@rogers.com) (In Ottawa)

He was an industrialist, an inventor, a promoter, a sports enthusiast, and - no surprise here - a millionaire. He was truly the King of the Klondike. Joe Boyle was born in Toronto on November 6th, 1867. When he came to the Klondike in 1897, the gold rush had not yet begun in earnest.

However, the search for gold was in full flight. Boyle studied the many small claims and diggings on the creeks and decided that only large hydraulic mining methods would unleash the millions to be made from gold.

He gathered land rights in the Klondike valley and invented a means to dig for gold - not with pick, pan and shovel, but with gold dredges. The dredges devised by Joe Boyle floated on small lakes created by water from the Klondike creeks. The huge buckets dug deep down into the ground and deposited sand, rock, gravel and gold on shakers contained inside the dredge. The efficient dredges separated gold from the dirt.

By this means, Boyle turned the many small placer gold operations into a massive industry and in the process scooped millions of dollars worth of gold that the small time miner and his pan could not recover. By 1898, Joe Boyle controlled much of the gold and timber rights extending for ten miles up the Klondike river valley and from Bonanza to Hunker creek.

What kind of man was Joe Boyle? The Dawson Daily News said:

"There is no finer specimen of physical manhood in the world today - his magnificent physique, great strength and happy sympathetic nature coupled with the total abstinence from the use of liquor or tobacco make him an ideal character for this rigorous climate." High praise in mining country.

Joe Boyle was at the head of the Dawson City social circuit at the turn of the century. He wore only the fanciest of clothes and entertained in lavish style. A photograph shows Boyle, resplendent in a flowing fur coat sitting at the wheel of a brand-new car. The vehicle had been delivered by boat, train and boat again to Dawson City when cars and roads were rare.

In the winter of 1904-05, Joe Boyle securely established his now legendary promotional skills. That year the Ottawa Silver Seven held title to the Stanley Cup. In the Klondike, hockey was big. The competition was so fierce that local promoters were looking for bigger challenges.

Boyle put together a team of seven players, two subs and a playing coach and challenged Ottawa for the Stanley Cup. The team walked to Whitehorse, took the train to Skagway, a boat to Vancouver and the train to Ottawa arriving on January 12, 1905.

The next day, game one of the best of three was played in the Deys Arena in downtown Ottawa. Though badly beaten by a score of 9 - 2, the Klondikers dazzled the local press who gave them credit for a job well-done considering the arduous journey they had just completed.

Maybe, just maybe, they would show even better stuff in game two. Not, however, if Frank McGee had anything to say about it.

The captain of the Ottawa Silver Seven was a bona fide superstar of his day. Norm Watt, one of the Klondikers, said to an Ottawa reporter after game one . . . "who the hell is Frank McGee, he don't look like much to me." Watt would regret that statement for the rest of his days. The final score in game two was Ottawa 23, the Klondikers 2. "Not much" Frank McGee scored fourteen goals . . . still a Stanley cup record.

Boyles' plucky boys from the land of gold did not win the Stanley Cup. However, the two games against the Silver Seven did not end their hockey tour. They continued to play exhibition games as far east as Nova Scotia and as far south as Pittsburgh. In total, they played twenty-three games, winning twelve, losing ten and tying one.

When Boyle and his players returned to Dawson in mid April, they had covered more than thirteen thousand miles. Perhaps that is a Stanley Cup record considering their various modes of transportation.

Ever the adventurer, Boyle became a patriot when war broke out in 1914. He personally established and paid for a contingent of Yukon volunteers, equipped fifty men from the Klondike and sent them off to war as the Boyle Machine Gun Company. Colonel Joe Boyle was miffed when Britain took over his Yukon militia.

No longer in charge of his men, he travelled to eastern Europe where war was raging on every front. There, he became friends with Queen Marie of Romania and was able to sneak behind Russian lines to help reinstate national treasures stolen from Romanian cities. For this incredible feat, the Romanian government dubbed Joe Boyle the "Saviour of Romania."

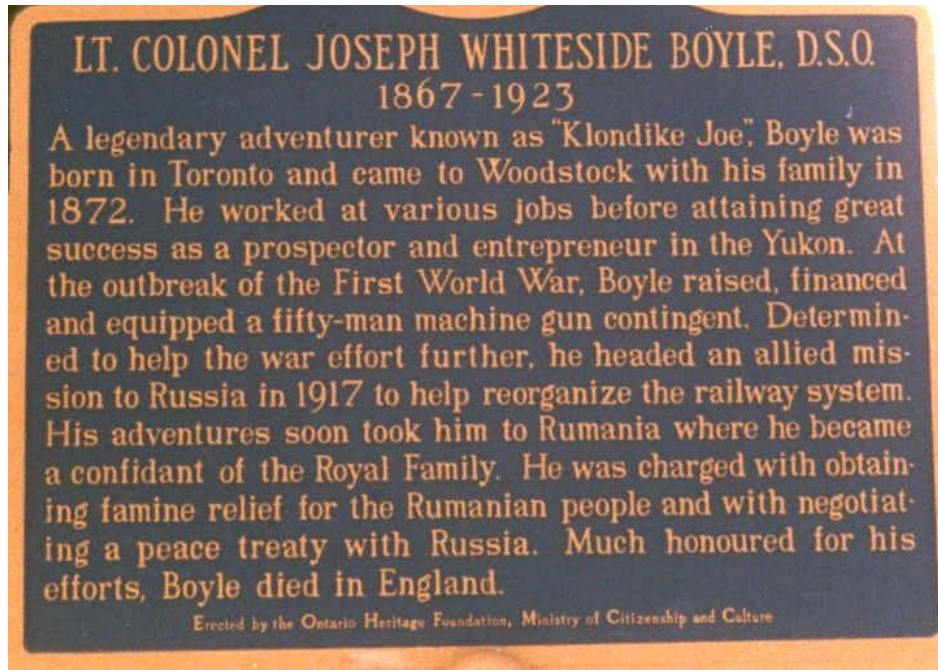
After the war, he returned to England where he spent his last days. He died in 1923 at age 56 and was buried in London, England. In the early 1980s, his remains were returned to Canada and reburied in Woodstock, Ontario

**Joseph Whiteside Boyle - Burial Monument, Woodstock, ON**  
By Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca) (In Mississauga ON)



Entrance to Presbyterian Cemetery, Woodstock  
Boyle monument at end of lane.





All photos courtesy Ralph Lortie

When I visited Woodstock in November 1996, I was excited to find out that a small museum had been established to honour Boyle & preserve relics from his family's farm. A young lady at the museum told me that, after Boyle's remains were re-interred here, an official delegation from Romania comes to Woodstock every year to commemorate his death and to recognize his contributions to Romania following World War I.

Boyle is remembered as a hero in Romania, and in 1921 was honoured by the British government and was given the Distinguished Service Order award. These facts are little known to most Yukoners.

Since reading "The Sourdough & The Queen – the many lives of Klondike Joe Boyle", by Leonard W. Taylor, I have wondered why he is not given more attention by Yukon historians and museums.

Maybe Les's article will open some doors, and minds. – Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)  
From this website, <http://www.boyle.family.btinternet.co.uk/18671106.html>, I copied the following:

**Hon Col Joseph Whiteside Boyle, DSO**

**Born:** 6 Nov 1867 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada

**Father:** [Charles Boyle](#)

**Mother:** Martha

**Wife (1):**

- **Married:** Mildred Raynor (divorcee) in 1887 in New York, USA
- **Children:**

- Joseph Whiteside Boyle Junior
  - **Born:** 1890
- Flora Alexander Boyle
  - **Born:** 1894
- Susan Boyle
  - **Born:** abt 1895
- Charlotte Boyle
  - **Born:** after the divorce in 1896
- **Divorced:** 1896

**Wife (2):**

- **Married:** Elma Louise Humphries in 1909

**Key Historical Events:**

- Awarded the Order of St. Vladimir from Russia
- Awarded the Croix de Guerre from France
- Awarded the Distinguished Service Order ([DSO](#)) from Britain
- Awarded the Grand Cross of Romania
- Given the title of Duke of Jassy in 1918

**Died:** 14 Apr 1923 in Wayside, Hampton Hill, England

**Buried:** in 1923 in St James churchyard, Hampton Hill, England

(At the request of his daughter, Flora, his body was exhumed and reburied on 29 Jun 1983 in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada)

Joseph was also known as Klondike Joe Boyle. He left Woodstock, Ontario in Canada at 17 as a deckhand for three years. He then became a successful New York businessman. He returned to Canada in 1897 and began managing Australian boxer Frank Slavin, the "Sydney Cornstalk". They headed to Alaska for a boxing match just as Klondike gold rush was beginning and by 1913 Joe had built a gold mining empire in Dawson City. He was made an honorary Lieutenant-Colonel. Joe started on an astonishing series of war-time adventures across Europe. It was rumoured he had a romance with Queen Marie of Romania. He was decorated by Russia, France, Britain and Romania.

[Frank Slavin was known as the 'Sydney Slasher'. Queen Marie was a granddaughter of our Queen Victoria].

For more about Boyle & his company (Canadian Klondike Mining Co.) & gold dredging, see the following:

<http://www.yesnet.yk.ca/schools/projects/canadianhistory/josephboyle/josephboyle.html>

[http://www.pc.gc.ca/lhn-nhs/yt/dn4/natcul/natcul6\\_E.asp](http://www.pc.gc.ca/lhn-nhs/yt/dn4/natcul/natcul6_E.asp)

<http://www.maritime.org/conf/conf-murphy.htm>

[http://www.nps.gov/yuch/Expanded/mining\\_history/frank\\_slaven/frank\\_slaven.htm](http://www.nps.gov/yuch/Expanded/mining_history/frank_slaven/frank_slaven.htm)

[http://collections.ic.gc.ca/heirloom\\_series/volume6/120-125.htm](http://collections.ic.gc.ca/heirloom_series/volume6/120-125.htm) [this

website co-writer is Edwin Bennett, with whom I had a very enjoyable & interesting conversation in Nov. '96, when I visited Woodstock, ON]

<http://www.woodstock.library.on.ca/timeline.asp> [this is a concise summary of Boyle's life - with several typographical errors]

<http://www.woodstock.library.on.ca/query.idq?CiRestriction=boyle&CiMaxRecordsPerPage=500&browse=yes&HTMLQueryForm=%2Fsearch.html>

[Woodstock Public Library, Joe Boyle Collection]

[If you do an 'Advanced Search' on GOOGLE for "Joseph Whiteside Boyle" you will find about 234 links in English. Some are repetitive, but many are unique views of this great man's life & accomplishments].

Ralph Lortie [rlortie001@sympatico.ca](mailto:rlortie001@sympatico.ca)

## OUR TRIP BACK HOME TO THE YUKON – PART XIV

By Donna Clayson [ytdogteam@telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net) (in *Ardrossan AB*)

Note: all photos courtesy of Donna Clayson unless otherwise noted.

We left Haines Junction after a full, exciting day. We were on our way to Burwash Landing to visit John “Obie” Obermeier, owner of Burlbilly Hill. I’ve been wanting to meet Obie for over a year. I was watching *On The Road Again* and Obie and his wife, Karin were featured on one of the stories Wayne Ronstad told. The lifestyle that Obie and Karin portrayed is the type of life I had once experienced when living in the Yukon.

On the way I was looking forward to taking some pictures of Kluane Lake. I was always fascinated by the clear, blueness of this body of water. I wasn’t disappointed. As always when visiting this area, I had to get out and dip my fingers in the cold invigorating water. We spent sometime walking along the shoreline, admiring Sheep Mountain and wishing I could have been out in a boat.



Klaune Lake

We stopped at Soliders Summit and took some pictures.



**Soldier's Summit Sign**

There are several signs at Mile 1061 explaining the significance of the commemoration. One of the signs reads as follows:

*IN RECOGNITION OF THE MANY WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THE BUILDING OF THE ALASKA HIGHWAY AND IN COMMEMORATION OF ITS 50<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY THIS MONUMENT WAS DEDICATED ON JULY 18 1992 BY THE ALASKA HIGHWAY RENDEZVOUS '92 SOCIETY, THE YUKON ANNIVERSARIES COMMISSION AND FOOTHILLS PIPELINES LTD.*

As we arrived at Burbilly Hill a large sign on the side of Obie's building greeted us.



**Sign on side of Burlbilly Hill Shop**

We spent the evening with Obie and he gave us a tour of his shop. He makes walking sticks and beautiful bowls from the burls. Obie has written a small booklet called *The Story of Burlbilly Hill, Mile 1093, Alaska Hwy. Yukon*” A small excerpt from this booklet reads:

*“Burls, often called “knobby wood, lumpy trees, or cancerous growth, etc. are found all over the world on various kinds of trees, even on some types of bushes. The burls found in the northern hemisphere (Yukon/Alaska) predominantly appear on black spruce, some white spruce, cottonwood and some pine trees (all soft woods). Their appearance and size vary greatly, depending on the age of the tree, the altitude, soil conditions, location and environment (e.g. shady or sunny side of a mountain).”*

The booklet is very interesting and touches on various subjects such as: Green Burls, Dry Burls, Working in the shop, Finishes, Environment, etc. The booklet also talks about the author. Obie was born in East Germany and at an early age his Grandpa would take him into the woods to pick mushrooms, berries and whatever they could find. That is when he developed a love for the bush and its creatures. There were troubled times but Obie faced diversity square in the eye. He talks about leaving East Germany at the age of 11 to rejoin his mother who had escaped 4 years prior. He lied to his grandparents so he could also escape. His experiences of having to hide from the Russian authorities on the train at such a young age and being all alone makes interesting reading.

In 1986 Obie moved to the Yukon making friends with Sam Holloway and Scully who introduced him to working with wood. His boyhood dreams became a reality; living in a real log cabin in the woods, overlooking a lake with mountains in the background, having to chop his own wood to keep warm and hauling water for cooking and washing. I would recommend reading Obies booklet that tells the complete story about not only his life but about burls and how the name “Burlbilly” came about. Obie has a comment that he truly believes in: *“You must be an oddball or a misfit to live in the Yukon. Extreme climate = extreme personalities”*.

Obie also talks about his wife, Karin in the booklet and how he parachuted into the wedding and cutting the wedding cake with a chainsaw. In the booklet there are also pictures of Obie and his life at Burwash. Jim Robb did the drawing on the front of the booklet. Copies are available from the author for \$5.00 which includes postage and GST. Write to: John Obermier, Burlbilly Hill, P.O. Box 32, Burwash Landing, Yukon, Canada Y0B 1V0. His e-mail address is [obie\\*yknet.yk.ca](mailto:obie*yknet.yk.ca) and his website can be found at [www.burlbilly.com](http://www.burlbilly.com).



John "Obie" Obermeier in his shop



Obie's burls

Obie is the Fire Chief at Burwash which also includes two volunteer firefighters. He gave us a tour of the station and Bryan was treated to a demonstration of the new fire truck. Obie also has an airplane. As an aviation buff myself I was keen on hearing about it. The plane is currently being repaired from an accident Obie had with it. The plane is called a "Kitfox" it has a 532 Rotax two stroke motor, 65hp. It's a STOL (short takeoff or landing) and seats two persons side by side. Cruise is around 75kts, Stall speed about 32kts and top speed around 90kts. Take off roll is 100 to 120 feet with only the pilot on board. A perfect bush plane. He is still working on getting it back to flight status....mostly safety related items as he wants to be in 100% shape.



Obie's Kitfox

Photo courtesy John "Obie" Obermeier

Obie showed us white fireweed near the fire hall. I had never heard of fireweed that was white so it was quite a treasure to see.



White Fireweed

Photo courtesy John "Obie" Obermeier

Later that evening we visited Scully at Mile 1118, the gentleman that introduced Obie to working with wood. The entrance to his shop is priceless and a treat to see.



Entrance to Scully's

The outside of Scully's shop is also very interesting with signs greeting customers. One says:

*Come on in, no strangers enter here, only friends we have yet to meet.*



Scully July 2004

The walls and ceiling of Scully's shop is covered with colored post-it-notes written by his numerous customers. Of course we added our own on one of the only bare spots I could find.

I would be remiss if I didn't include a comment on the outhouse near the workshop. The door has a sign on it that reads, "*Stool Shed Where Your Hammers Always Down*". Inside on the wall is a sardine can with a sign, "*In Order to Pay the Sanitary Eng. Union Wages We Are Now Forced to Charge 1¢ per Skitting, Scully*". The can is filled with pennies and nickels. Of course there is no tissue, only a catalogue for personal use. For your reading pleasure is a book titled "*A Collection of Trash, Truth & Trivia*" of a book written by Scully, Burl King of the North. If you are interested in a copy of this book write to: Scully, Mile 1118, Alaska Highway, Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 3V4.

Scully has beautiful burls and walking sticks. There is one walking stick that is called "The Seeing Eye Walking Stick" or something like that which has eyes all over it. A trip to Burwash Landing would not be complete without a visit to Obie's or Scully's.

Inside the Burwash Lodge Resort is the largest moose head I've ever seen. It's quite unusual as it has an extra antler.



Bryan with Moose Head inside Lodge

On the way back to Obies' we stopped in at Don & Joyce's residence at Mile 1111. They also have a burl making business and like Obie & Scully, definitely worth a stop.

Obie introduced us to Ollie Wirth, owner of the lodge along with his wife Helen. The lodge has quite the history some of which I was able to locate as follows:

“The Jacquot brothers were known as great cooks and they soon started to work in the guiding business with Tom Dickson, whom they had met on the Chilkoot Pass. Their business was small until the American Army established a base camp at Burwash Landing during the construction of the Alaska Highway. The milled log two-story lodge, built in 1944-45, was identical to a now demolished lodge at Johnson's Crossing. The original building can be seen in the low hip roof, small windows and oak flooring. Eugene Jacquot owned and operated the Burwash lodge until his death in 1950. Leland Allinger, a renowned wrangler, took over the business and built a large barn near what is now the parking lot. The remains of an underground barn, one that housed 50 head of cattle, can be seen on the road to the lodge. The resort has seen many renovations over the years and the logs were first covered with stucco and then pine siding.

Klaune Lake Boats: There are several boats on the beach behind the Burwash Landing resort. The “Josephine” was built in 1931 by the Jacquots and named for one of Louis' daughters, Josie Sias. It had an inboard motor and was rigged for sail. The “Josephine” replaced the Jacquot's old unnamed 1920's freighting boat, beached to the right. The “Kluane” was originally named the “Rosalie”, for Louis' other daughter, and was used in the 1940's. Archie Lampman built the blunt ended boat around 1944 for Ruth Jacquot. As a child, Ruth delivered messages and mail in the area. By age 15, Ruth was traveling alone by dogteam to pick up supplies in Whitehorse. A walk along the shore will reveal many other remnants of Kluane Lake's fishing and freighting history

Gas House Dugout: The Jacquots brought in perishable meat and vegetables and distributed them to the area miners and First Nations hunters and fishers. This dugout is typical of many caches built around the lake to keep the goods cool and dry. The Jacquots favoured underground storage, probably because of high winds coming off the lake. The Gas House Dugout at Burwash Landing was built in 1904 and may have first been used for storing vegetables. More recently it served as gas storage for the freighting boats.

Ice House: Storage for perishable goods was a problem before refrigerators became common. The householders would use horses to drag big blocks of ice from the lake and pack them in sawdust. Ice stored in this fashion would last through the short summer. This dugout was built by the Jacquots around 1915 and was used to store ice for the whole community.”



The “Josephine” on shore of Klaune Lake behind Lodge

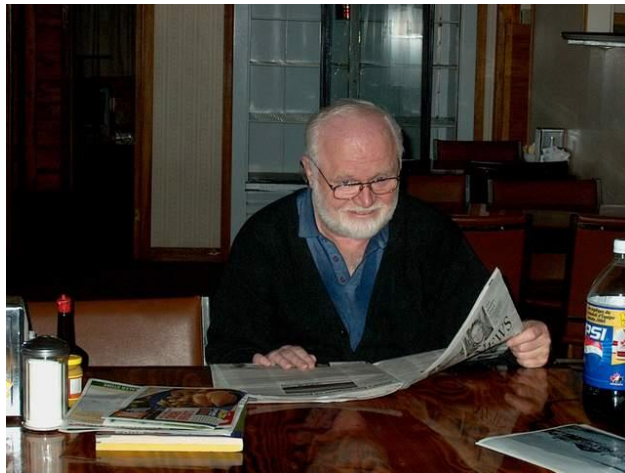


Current picture of Burwash Landing Resort Lodge



Painting of the first Lodge  
Photo courtesy John "Obie" Obermeier

In this painting the highway ran right in front of the lodge. The highway is now quite some distance away.



Ollie Wirth, Owner/Operator of Burwash Landing Resort Lodge  
Photo courtesy John "Obie" Obermeier

The Lodge has a wonderful gift shop and I obtained a beautiful jacket with colorful stitching on the back. I get compliments whenever I wear it.

In the 24 hours we were at Burwash Landing I learned more about the community thanks to Obie, Scully and Ollie than the entire time I lived in the Yukon. We had a wonderful visit with the equally unique, wonderful, talented inhabitants. Thanks for the hospitality; it was an experience not soon forgotten.

On the way back to Whitehorse we stopped in at Silver City .....

(To be continued)

## RCCS

Of Interest, I found at: [http://www.img.forces.gc.ca/commelec/Brhistory/chap4\\_e.htm](http://www.img.forces.gc.ca/commelec/Brhistory/chap4_e.htm) where the RCCS originated.

On 15 June 1921 His Majesty the King granted, in General Order 174, the title "Royal" to the permanent force element which then became the "Royal Canadian Corps of Signals" (RCCS). The reserve component was not granted the title until 1936.

In General Order 233 of 1 August 1921 Signals responsibilities were completely divorced from CE. On 1 August 1921 Signal units were formed in the NPAM in centres across Canada. These were known collectively as the Canadian Corps of Signals and took over duties previously the responsibility of Canadian Engineers telegraph and wireless detachments which were then disbanded by General Order 55 of 15 April 1920. At this time many General Orders had retroactive or post dated effective

By 1922 the operating costs of the Department of Public Works to run Yukon Telegraph Service had become excessive for the services provided. The 1000 mile line from Hazelton British Columbia through Yellowknife to Dawson City alone cost \$200,000 to maintain that year. The iron and copper transmission lines then in use ran through wilderness and the harshest weather from summer heat with its swamps and soft going to minus 50 degree winter storms which could snap trees and poles by frost action alone. By this time many lines were being maintained by the expedient of having linemen stationed every 10 miles and doing daily foot patrols along critical lines. Many linemen fell victims to bears or weather. At the same time the Department of the Interior began calling for faster communications in order to administer the vast area under its control and therefore turned to the RCCS for a cost effective alternative. High frequency radio was the answer and, with the signing of a formal inter-department agreement in 1923, the RCCS began planning installation of stations for this new commercial role.

In January 1923 light blue, dark blue and green colours of the Royal Corps of Signals were adopted for the RCCS replacing the single colour, French grey, used by the Corps since the early years. The original French grey often replaced the light blue for Canadian purposes with either colour often being authorized and used. In 1954, at the initiative of Colonel Peck the then Commandant of the School, the French grey colour was changed to light blue on the Corps flag (flag only as Corps colours remained unchanged).

In the Summer of 1923 Major W.A. Steele and eight signalmen left Vancouver aboard the SS Princess Louise. From the Alaskan port of Skagway then proceeded via the White Pass and Yukon Railway to Whitehorse then by riverboat to Dawson City and Mayo to set up the first North West Territories and Yukon Radio System (NWT&Y) stations. Sergeant Bill Lockhart was chief operator at Mayo and Sergeant Heath was his counterpart at Dawson. The stations used 120 watt transmitters which were set up in rented accommodation.

Henry Breaden

## MOOSE RESCUE AT KATHLEEN LAKE

You may have heard about the moose rescue from Kathleen Lake. The other day, CBC Radio Yukon interviewed the four rescuers (the moose couldn't be reached for comment) and on Friday, the [Whitehorse Star](#) carried a double page feature complete with several colour pictures. This story is being picked up by Outside media, including CBC Newsworld and today's [Toronto Star](#). Best wishes in the new year! Gary McRobb  
[gdmcrobbyknet.ca](mailto:gdmcrobbyknet.ca)

### WHITEHORSE STAR - December 31, 2004



Photo by Hazel Booth

### RIGOROUS RESCUE

Matt Schenck, left, and Grant Booth break the ice surrounding a moose trapped in Kathleen Lake on Boxing Day. Along with Sean MacKinnon and Hazel Booth, the foursome pulled the animal out of the water using a pulley system made from ice-climbing gear, then nursed “Morris, the Ice Dancer” until it could walk away.

### **‘It was pretty clear he would have died’**

By Chuck Tobin

Near death from hypothermia – unable to move – a Kluane National Park moose was winched from Kathleen Lake on Boxing Day and warmed up by its four rescuers. After an exhaustive hour and a half hooking up a pulley system using ice-climbing gear in their possession, the four were able to drag the adult moose about a “moose length” from the hole it fell through.

There they massaged it, covered it with a silk tarp, started a fire and used chunks of ice to

build a shelter from the wind.

For more than three hours, they warmed the animal, until well after dark when they began making their way back down the lake to their camp for the night, themselves wet and cold, while the moose continue to lay by the fire, covered with the tarp, protected from the wind.

Hazel Booth of Teslin, her brother, Grant, visiting from Ontario, and Matt Schenck and Sean MacKinnon of Whitehorse, returned the next day.

The moose had travelled some 200 metres and camouflaged itself behind a nearby thicket, where it had began to browse. It was obviously still weak but already light-years ahead of its physical condition of just hours earlier, the four recounted in an interview Wednesday in Whitehorse.

When they returned to the thicket for a second time some four hours later following their pursuit of an ice wall, "Morris the Ice Dancer" – as they have dubbed him – had become even stronger still.

*(See the complete story by clicking on either the Whitehorse Star or Toronto Star underlined links in the message above the photo.)*

## **OBIT**

**THURSTON \_ Adelaide Margaret** July 13, 1913 - December 27, 2004 Adelaide Thurston passed away peacefully **in Whitehorse, Yukon** on December 27, 2004 with loving family by her side. She will be sadly missed by her three children, Ron (Freda) Thurston of Nightingale, Joe Thurston of Taber and Patti (Ken) Nash of Whitehorse, Yukon; special niece Vivien (Cliff) Olofson of Mercer Island, Washington; eight grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren; sisters-in-law, Helen Woodman of Whitecourt, Alberta, Doris Thurston of Strathmore; and numerous nieces and nephews. Adelaide was predeceased by her husband George in 1982; granddaughter Debra Trupish in 1991; two sisters, Flora Fletcher and Isabelle Thurston; and two brothers, Bobby and Freddy Newall. Adelaide will be remembered by all as a kind and gentle lady. Her life revolved around her husband and family and her greatest joy was to be surrounded by those she loved. Her Funeral Service will be held on Friday, January 7, 2005 at St. Michael. Published in the Calgary Herald on 1/3/2005

## **QUESTION AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Hi, Sherron, I was fascinated to read the first part of Jeanne Harbottle's story in this issue. I would like to buy her first book, along with this new one if it is available in book form yet. Can you provide me with the publishing information (full title, publisher, etc.) and the name of a bookstore in Whitehorse I can order it from? Thanks. I used to work at a bookstore there, but I'm damned if I can remember the name; it was at the corner of Main and 2nd. There's no rush on this. I must say that she has ignited in me a powerful yearning to return to the Yukon!

I am presently in Paris, Ontario. You might have an old address & phone number of mine, so see below for the update. If anyone knows her whereabouts, I would also really like to get in contact with **Lynn Moylan** (married name unknown), who used to work for the Whitehorse Star and then in some capacity with YTG, I think. The last I heard from her, she'd got married -- this would be around 1991 or 1992 -- and they were planning to move to either the Okanagan or the Kooteneys.

Thanks so much for all your hard work in putting the MocTel together,

Barbara MacDougall  
52a Grand River Street South  
Paris, Ontario CANADA  
N3L 2B4  
(519) 442-4061

*(Jeanne Harbottle's book 'Woman In the Bush' is listed on Amazon.com in used books section.)*

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

As of today, December 31, I have a new email address:

[hjones\\*northwestel.net](mailto:hjones*northwestel.net)

I wish you all a safe and happy new year...and may we all offer a special thought tonight for the many struggling this past week. May 2005 be good to all of you.

Heather Jones

## **ADDED BACK TO THE LIST**

Sorry about the e-mail address mix-up but here it is again: [krey\\*telus.net](mailto:krey*telus.net)  
we enjoy the articles and in the future will add some of our own Yukon experiences.  
Ken & Dorothy

KROCKER, Ken & Dorothy [krey\\*telus.net](mailto:krey*telus.net) (In Whitehorse 1968-88) Victoria

## **NEW ADDITION**

Please add me to your list on MocTel.

Doug Bowers

White Rock [ivorynorth@hotmail.com](mailto:ivorynorth@hotmail.com)

*(I had hoped to received further information than this, but two attempts have failed. SJ)*

Hello Sherron

Here is the information asked for in order for me to receive the Moccasin Telegraph.

Name: Doreen Karhut

Where I live: Whitehorse Yukon

How long: I lived in Whitehorse for short periods of time between 1969 and 1972 and have now live here permanently since September of 1972.--33 years.

If there is any other info you require just let me know.

Thanks in advance.

Doreen [dorjkar\\*northwestel.net](mailto:dorjkar*northwestel.net)

Hello Sherron - It's Earl L Brown, the Milepost Man from Fort Nelson here. I've quite enjoyed receiving MocTel since Pam Buckway asked you to add me to the list last Sept .

I had a chance to meet up with a fine fellow with Yukon connections from 40's & 50's ... gave him a MocTel "flavour" and he wants to join the party ...

Kevin Kennedy , now of the sunshine coast is the rascal. [kevbob\\*uniserve.com](mailto:kevbob*uniserve.com) is his email, and he'd make a fine member in good standing for MocTel 2005.

I've been swamped with wearing many different hats so haven't had a chance to contribute anything yet, or "introduce myself" to the masses, but plan to do so.

One of the things keeping me on the go as well as wrapping up info for the 2005 Milepost, is getting a book ready to send off to the printers - "Alcan Trail Blazers - Alaska Highway's Forgotten Heros". More on that later.

Warmest Regards, and have a great Holiday !

Earl L Brown [autumn\\*pris.bc.ca](mailto:autumn*pris.bc.ca)

Fort Nelson

PS - I saw where my uncle Jim Austin recently said to put his MocTels on hold ... interesting the folks you "meet" with your great service.

ELB

Hi Sherron. A Marry Ukrainian Christmas to you and Bill. Could you please add Leona to your mailing list as she has her own e-mail. The address is:

[yukonlee@yahoo.com](mailto:yukonlee@yahoo.com)

Stan Marinoske

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*To get more out of life, give more of yourself.*

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Vivian Stuart (Lelievre) [lornellis\\*shaw.ca](mailto:lornellis*shaw.ca)

### Bean Salad

Mix in bowl:

¾ cup vinegar

¾ cup vegetable oil

1 ¼ cup of sugar

½ tbsp salt

1 tsp pepper

Dissolve sugar well

Add:

1 can mushrooms (not fresh)

1 can wax beans

1 can green beans

½ cup celery

1 can kidney beans

1 can lima beans

½ cup green pepper

1 diced onion

1 can garbanzo beans

Drain juice from cans. Stir often and let stand overnight.

Put in jars and store in fridge. Can be kept for quite a long period of time. Recipe is versatile in that you can add or subtract the variety of beans used.

## 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)