

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 104th Edition – March 6, 2005

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



View From Dawson Trail Rest Stop Feb. 20, 2005

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO

By Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

Rocky coastline rising from the sea,
Rollers breaking in upon the strand.
Fishing village perched precariously
My memory of home, my Newfoundland.

Fishing stages in every nook and cove,
The smells of salt, of steam-tarred line and sweat,
Brawny seamen performing chores, they love,
Preparing to set sail to tend their nets.

Blinding hail and sleet and driving rain,
Raging storms that lash the rocky shore.
Women peeking through the windowpane.
To see a sail, and know he's back once more.

Children trudging glumly off to school,

Toting splits and copybooks and slates.
To suffer through three R's and golden rule.
Then rush off to the beach; adventure waits.

Pitching buttons, rolling hoops and tops,
Bamboo poles and bobbars painted red.
Picket fences, roving sheep to stop,
Poppies blooming in the flower bed.

Jigging tom-cods, sculpins, conners, flounders,
Toutens made from freshly kneaded dough,
Evening meal of fish and brewis or rounders.
The kerosene lamp spreads its welcome glow.

Quiet Sunday mornings, calm and still,
Boats, at anchor, resting in the bay.
Men and women trudging up the hill,
Off to church to sing their hymns and pray.

Picking berries, making hay and chopping wood,
Preparing for the winter storms to come.
Christmas time, the effort to be good,
Mummers, and perhaps, a taste of rum.

Randyng and skating in the cold
Dressed in hand-me-downs and leaky boots,
Memories that I am very proud to hold,
They've made me what I am, they are my roots.

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Recreational Dog Sledding

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca

HEELS & HEROES

By Jeanne Harbottle, formerly Connolly.

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FLYING FURY

Stopping at a broken down camp to see if we could find any food or something to smoke, we were startled by a growl from Sam. For no reason at all he jumped Jeep. My God, I thought, he's going to kill him. Jeep couldn't move, as Sam had him by the back of the neck and shook him furiously. He wouldn't let go. His eyes emerald green with rage he gave a vicious shake and Jeep collapsed. Still Sam hung on.

Tom ran and got a two-by-four and cracked it over Sam's head but the mutt didn't even feel it. Tom got a bigger timber and pounded Sam till it snapped in two. That did it. Sam ran away hiding under one of the bunkhouses.

We rubbed Jeep's neck and stroked his back for an hour. I thought sure he was dead. Finally he opened his eyes and in a few seconds stood up and shook his lovely black coat. Jeep wagged and licked my face and I was so happy he was all right I cried. Chee Chee and Major quickly came to investigate and after sniffing him all over they, like us, were satisfied he would live.

Tom and I tried to get Sam. We called and begged him to come out. He snarled and snapped at Tom and wouldn't move an inch. It was no use so we went back to Whammy and Chan and put the teapot on. We couldn't leave him, we'd just have to sit and wait.

Whammy could care less; it gave him an excuse to rest. He and Chan were amazed. They couldn't believe dogs could be so ferocious. Neither of them had ever seen what we call a dogfight. If malamutes knew how to kill there would be fewer sleigh dogs in the north. They try to kill. I've seen them so full of holes they look like a sieve, ears torn, eyes bulging, blood and foam from head to tail, but they always pull out of it. Tom and I have sutured many a tear in our dogs. When it is all over you are weak in the knees with nerve ends left dangling. They scare me to death.

So we drank tea and waited. Sam finally crept out, but he shied away from us. Sam was a strange dog, he was half wolf and we couldn't trust him. Not that he was mean to people, but he was too independent. When the going was the toughest and we needed him the most he would quit. You could beat him to death but if he didn't want to work he wouldn't. You couldn't go at Sam with anything in your hand or he would fly at you, teeth bared. When Tom punished Sam it was man against beast. I had been warned many times and forbidden to go near Sam with so much as a stern look. I forgot about this one time on the trail and was walking past the dogs with an axe in my hand. When I got alongside Sam he lunged at my leg. If he hadn't been in harness I would have worn his pearly whites in my calf.

Tom eventually coaxed Sam to him. He petted him and put his pack back on, which had been torn off in the battle. We were both furious with him and I think Tom could have killed him for jumping Jeep. Had Sam killed Jeep Tom would have shot him. Needless to say, Sam was in the well-known doghouse.

Tom searched Sam's head but not a mark. "Sacre bleu," he said. "I broke that 2 x 2 and 4 x 4 over his head and didn't even raise a bump, that would have killed the normal dog."

Plugging along toward civilization, Whammy still thought he should cache his teeth. He was bandaged from head to toe and leaning hard on his crutch. I thought he should be getting tougher but it was obvious he was getting weaker every step. Chan had slowed considerably and Tom had to stop and let him rest. Knowing how important each mile was, Chan said he was sorry to hold us up. I looked at him, he was a sick man, I only hoped he would make it.

We made six miles that day and it took longer than if Tom and I had walked 20. We were completely out of food. Until now the situation had been pretty fair. We had gotten enough gophers, porcupines, berries and squirrels always with a little something in our stomachs, but now the cupboard was bare. We had nothing but tea and coffee.

Stopping at a shelter we were a pretty sorry looking crew. The dogs were listless and tired. Our clothing was drenched, we felt real sorry for ourselves. Tom and I were not in bad shape. We were a little gaunt but had plenty of steam left. Whammy and Chan were on the last gasp.

I kiddingly asked Whammy what he would like tonight, filets or baked ham. He chose filets. While we kibitzed a little I noticed Chan was scarcely breathing. I looked at Tom and he quickly went to Chan and asked him what was wrong. The story he told us scared us to death.

Chan had a collapsed lung and his very life depended on it being pumped full of oxygen at frequent intervals. He should have been in the hospital for treatment four days ago. He showed us his side, which was caved in way under the rib cage. Knowing Chan I didn't need to ask why he hadn't mentioned it before. His courage was unbelievable. He was a doomed man and nothing in the world we could do would help.

I suddenly felt repulsion for Whammy. He had cried from the very beginning and there was nothing in the world wrong with him except blubber and self-pity. I was even more disgusted when, after he had seen Chan, it didn't shut him up. He would cry to the grave and no doubt live longer than any of us. It isn't any wonder Chan's wife would be frantic with worry. She would have to save her husband's life.

Even in tragedy humor will win out. Tom was sure he could do something and asked Chan if he could pump him up with a bicycle pump. There were lots of pumps in the camps.

I thought Chan would split laughing. He was so weak he just lay there and howled. "Good Tom," he said. "If anyone could do it you could, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work. Now you know why I was so insistent when we left Johnson's Crossing that if we were not heard from in six

days they were to send a plane. Why they haven't done so I will never know, unless they thought I wouldn't pay for the plane.”

I couldn't trust myself to speak, but the admiration was bright in my eyes. How helpless we were, victims of circumstance, strangers thrown together in a foolish venture. My thoughts suddenly turned to Les. I wondered if he had made Norman. He had been gone two and a half days and he claimed he could be there in two. Now I wished more than ever that he was safe at Norman Wells and we would have a plane soon.

Chan was sleeping when Tom and I slid into our robes. Again we had brought in the dogs. They needed all their strength, and keeping them warm and dry would prevent them from burning energy to keep warm. Chee Chee curled up at my feet and Major plopped on the foot of the bed.

It was still raining in the morning but we were close to timber. What a blessing it would be to get off the bleak, barren, lonely, and windswept summit. Even in the worst weather the timber seems friendly.

Fortunately we could start out in the mornings with dry clothing now. The thought of crawling into wet duds was enough to stop any man. Maybe we wouldn't be dry long, but as long as we were walking we could keep fairly warm. It sure was strange, I thought, that we haven't had a snowstorm by now. I wasn't complaining, just thinking.

The timber grew thicker and we left the balsam behind, welcoming the tall heavy spruce. Whammy clung to his crutch but he was not crying as often. I think he was too tired.

While crossing a small creek Whammy fell down. His foot slipped on a mossy rock and when he went down his arm went thru the foot of the snowshoe, pinning him under his own weight. When I thought he would never get up he struggled to a sitting position and, cussing a blue streak, threw the snowshoe with all his strength down the creek.

He glared at me as though it was my fault. "I damned near drowned in a foot of water," he said, and so he did, and wetter he was.

Tom and Chan were out of sight but it didn't matter much. Whammy and I tried another cigarette of weeds. We dreamed of the nice cool taste of a Camel and decided it would be a tossup, which we would enjoy most, a good smoke or food.

The miles were going so slow I swore we were in reverse. If I had tried to rush Whammy he would have strangled me. I noticed Tom was carrying Chan's pack and wasn't stopping as often. I had taken Whammy's pack after his narrow escape and was surprised at how perky he was. Maybe the bath was the secret and not my relieving him of a cumbersome burden.

It was quiet in the timber. The call of the Whiskey Jack and the chee of the squirrel were music to my ears. If nothing else we could get squirrels and have another meal. The rain had let up, but the sky was still overcast.

Tom called a halt. He built a fire and put on a pot of water. He asked Whammy to make some tea while he and I went after squirrels. Whammy and Chan were glad of a chance to rest and hoped we got a bushel full.

Tom had only his rifle but if he shot the squirrels in the head we wouldn't lose any meat. I took the left side of the road and T.O. took the right. "Mrs. T.O., when I fire two quick shots, come back," he said. "We can't stop long, but there are lots of signs around and we may get enough for a feed, with luck."

I grinned, waved and took off with Major snuffling along at my heels. Both of the dogs were good squirrel dogs. Major would just sit and stare at a tree with a squirrel in it. I have stood for 10 minutes and couldn't see anything but, sure enough, a branch would move. Chee Chee had different tactics: if she saw a squirrel she would try with all her might to climb the tree and she never quit yapping till the little animal was shot. They had marvelous eyesight.

This was the first time in many days I had been away from anyone. I felt like running and jumping. I was free as a bird. Major was sitting staring into a tree 20 feet in front of me, so I figured I had better get busy and bring home some vittles.

When I heard Tom's rifle I hated to leave. Major and I had gotten four squirrels, but it was so peaceful in the bush. The ground was soft and fresh after the rains. Everything smelled so good and my troubles were nil. How nice it would have been if Tom and I were alone and could enjoy the lovely world around us. But, back to reality and fear.

T.O. had five squirrels and Whammy had the tea made. We sat drinking tea while Tom cleaned the squirrels and put them in his pack. The dogs were so excited at the smell they jumped and sniffled and wagged at the pack. It wasn't much but at least we would all have a squirrel tonight. Call it trapper's caviar.

While huckling along, Whammy and I had found a can of salmon. We showed it to Tom and he warned us not to eat it. "*You could die of ptomaine,*" he stated. "*God knows how long it has been laying out in the weather.*" Well, it is pretty difficult to pass up food if you're starving, and we didn't think we'd make much of a loss if we did die. So, when we were alone, Whammy and I ate the salmon. To be sure, if we had gotten sick, it would be a hell of a note to admit we ate a ten year old can of fish. Neither of us had nerve enough to get sick. We felt a little guilty, true, but sick? Never.

Chan was doing much better at a lower altitude and even had a little color in his cheeks. In fact, all of us felt better. Maybe the Old Boy was taking pity on us?

Coming around a long bend in the road we could hear the roar of water in the distance. I didn't want to think about it. If it was another river I'd quit. Neither Whammy nor Chan could hear the ominous roar, but I had heard it too often. Tom gave me a quizzical look and a half grin. Oh brother that was a stinky thing to do.

We could see the high walls of a canyon before we got to the river, but the roar grew louder.

The four of us walked to the bank and looked down. The white water was roaring by 20 feet below us. On the opposite side there was a canyon wall that rose 200 feet straight up. Where we stood it couldn't have been 12 feet wide, but the angry, boiling, churning white water discouraged a man.

We unpacked the dogs, made them a spruce bow bed, and chained them to a tree. Major and Chee Chee were running loose as usual. The thought of another dogfight curtailed Sam's freedom.

Chan and Whammy lay under a tree while Tom and I scouted the river. He went back to the canyon and looked at the narrow space separating us from our way to civilization. There was a small ledge on the opposite side, but if a man slipped and fell into the river he would be pounded to a pulp on the canyon walls. Even if Tom could have made it the rest of us couldn't.

"You go back with Whammy and Chan, Mrs. T.O.," he said. "I'll go upstream and see what I can find. Maybe I could drop a log across the canyon."

Tom took off upstream, Chee Chee and Major on his heels, and I sat on the bank for a while. The water fascinated me; I just stared at the boiling fury. Slowly rising, I went back to camp.

Chan was dozing and Whammy was stretched out on the ground. They looked content, like Sunday picnickers resting after a big feed of fried chicken, each thinking, saying little.

Tom walked into camp about an hour later. I looked into his rugged, handsome face. His blue eyes swept over us and he grinned. I thought, now what?

Tom said he had found a powder shack a mile upstream, and a cable was strung across the river. Looked like one the army had used to transfer equipment until the bridge was built. We asked about the bridge.

"There is nothing but the approach on this end," he replied. "The river is half a mile wide with a sand bar in the middle. There is a good camp on the other side, and I can see a cat in the yard, maybe I could get it going and haul us out to Norman."

"And say, Mrs. T.O.," he continued, "I saw the first moose track since we left the Twitya." I had to laugh. Tom knew I didn't like moose meat at all, but it would have tasted pretty good now. "It is too late to hunt today," he continued. "I'll try to get across the river and hunt in the morning."

I was dead set against going another inch. If I was going to starve to death it would be on this side of the Keele River and I didn't care what anyone thought, I would not cross another river, I had had it; Tom didn't argue, he just took off.



Keele Lake

Photo courtesy Jeanne Harbottle

I sat mutely, staring at nothing, but I would never go on the river. Nothing nor anybody could change my mind. I was petrified and would rather die where I sat.

Tom returned. He had found the pipe that Les had crossed the river on, but with the high water from the rains it had broken, and only in the last few hours, he thought. How ironic, the one who desperately needed help was marooned.

Tom told us he thought he could cross the cable hand over hand. I nearly blew my top. *"You're crazy,"* I said. *"You aren't as strong as you think. If you fell in the river you'd be bust in two and if you got banged up on the bar we couldn't help you. If anything happens to you we've had it anyway."* Panic welled up in my throat and I just stared at him.

"Well, come up and see what I'm talking about."

We walked up the river with him. We could see the camp on the other side, and it looked miles away. The river was fast and deep. The approach stood intact but there was no bridge. Another damned lie of Les's, or the man was blind. Fear engulfed me like an evil thing. I couldn't think straight, all I knew was this was the end.

I returned to the present and stared at Whammy. He had just offered Tom another \$500 if he would try it. Chan and I couldn't believe our ears; this idiot was trying to buy a man's life. Why did Whammy refuse to face the naked fact, that without Tom none of us would make it anywhere or would even have gotten this far. He's mad, I thought.

Tom wheeled on Whammy. I thought he was going to hit him. "Why is it you guys think that money will buy anything? You've already promised \$1,000 for a plane. Any amount you'll pay, you're a cheap fraud. You can't buy me; I don't give a damn for money. All I am trying to do is

get your fat carcass to Norman Wells in one piece. I said I would and I will. That you can't buy now or ever.”

Whammy was undaunted. Chan and I waited for him to apologize, but he was too desperate to care about anything except his skin. Tom yelled at us to stay where we were, he would go get the dogs and the gear, and we could camp here.

You could cut the air with a knife. Chan sat stunned and I boiled inside.

(to be continued)



First Place Peoples Choice Rendezvous 2005

The Ontario team carved this one.

B.C. team were 2nd place winners, and team Yukon 3rd.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell*yknet.ca

FORTY NINE DAYS

It was 42 years ago. How time flies. I wonder how many people remember the miraculous survival of Ralph Flores & Helen Klaben when their small plane crashed south of Watson Lake on February 4, 1963. The temperature was -42F the morning they left the airport in Whitehorse, with a weather forecast of an approaching low pressure system predicting probable snow.

49 days later when the crash site was located, and the two were miraculously found alive, John Irwin, a Whitehorse guitarist musician, dropped over to the house for his usual several cups of

coffee and numerous chunks of Mary's famous chocolate cake, said, "This is history Al, you've got to write a song about".

Attached is the song "49 Days" recorded on an LP vinyl record release KRLP-3 "Alaska Star 49" in 1964, and a 45 RPM record in 1963. Both are now a record collector items, and soon to be digitally re-mastered in its original format and released on CD. The singers are Gerry King and John Hutsul, and myself. John used to be the Whitehorse building inspector if you remember. He was a member of my band. Both John and Gerry are now deceased.

Al Oster

MIRACLE OF SURVIVAL

By Al Oster alosteryukon@jetstream.net

(Excerpt from Al Oster Song folio. Copyright © 1992 by Northland Music Co.)

The early morning of February 4, 1963 in Whitehorse, Yukon dawned cloudy and very cold. The temperature at the Airport read -42 degrees (F). A sparkling ice fog mingled with smoke from wood fired furnaces hung over the city nestled in the Yukon River valley below the Airport. The morning weather forecast stated a major snow storm was on its way.

Ralph Flores, pilot, age 41, married and father of 6 children, from San Bruno, California and Helen Klaben, passenger, age 21, of Brooklyn, New York stopped over in Whitehorse for food and overnight lodging on their flight from Alaska returning home. Flores filed a flight plan at the Airport to fly in a direct line to Fort St. John and shortly after daybreak on Monday, Feb. 4, their light aircraft took off the runway and faded into the cold and cloudy sky.

The forecasted snow storm was already in the Watson Lake area sooner than anticipated and was gaining momentum and intensity as it moved along. When the plane failed to arrive in Ft. St. John in accordance with their flight plan an immediate search based out of Fort Nelson was started. Many well known highly experienced Yukon bush pilots took part in the search but failed to find any sign of the missing plane. The country between Watson Lake and Ft. St. John was criss-crossed several times but relentless snow storms and extremely cold temperatures were a serious problem. After 2 weeks of negative results the search was called off. It was not likely anyone could survive a plane crash in the severe weather of the past 2 weeks, and if they did there should have been some sign of smoke from a campfire.

On Sunday, March 24 a BC/Yukon Flying Service plane heading for a Big Game Guide camp south of Watson Lake spotted a huge SOS sign with a pointing arrow stamped in the snow on a small lake. The plane circled the area and spotted a man on snowshoes frantically waving his arms. They followed the direction of the pointing arrow and saw the wreckage of a plane in the trees below. They spotted the numbers 588 on a piece of wreckage and realized they had found the lost Flores plane whose wing serial number was N5886. They noticed campfire smoke in a wooded area a short distance from the plane wreckage and then saw what they considered to be Helen Klaben standing by a crude tent. They determined the man at the SOS sign on the lake about 4 miles away must be Ralph Flores. The following day a rescue team flew in with a ski equipped Beaver aircraft and both Flores and Klaben were flown to Whitehorse and hospitalized.

The miraculous 49 DAY survival in the Yukon wilderness became headline news all over North America.

Their story to news reporters was as follows: While on flight to Fort St. John after departing Whitehorse on February 4 they encountered the blinding snow storm and became lost. Flores decided their only chance to survive the intense storm was to locate the Alaska Highway and follow it to Watson Lake. While flying low at near zero visibility the plane was unable to ascend quickly enough to avoid hitting tree tops near the brow of a hill and it crashed. When they regained consciousness about 1/2 hour later they were both injured and bleeding from the crash. The plane thermometer read -48 deg. (F). Helen Klaben realized she had a broken arm and crushed right foot while Flores suffered a broken jaw, several cracked ribs, and facial cuts.

They were ill equipped with survival gear of any kind. Their food supply consisted of 4 tins of sardines, 2 cans of tuna, 2 cans of fruit cocktail, and a small box of crackers. They had no axe, no rifle, and no sleeping bags. Fortunately they had enough matches to keep a fire going, and a small hunting knife which was used to cut the firewood. They built a tent shelter from a piece of 8 x 10 foot tarpaulin and fabric from the plane. After the meager food supply was exhausted they lived on hot water from melted snow flavored with toothpaste for taste.

Finally, after over a month of extremely cold weather hovering consistently between -25 and -40 degrees (F), Flores recovered enough from his injuries to make a pair of snowshoes and head toward the sound of a chain saw motor he had heard several times in the last couple of weeks. After 4 days of difficult travel through deep snow he came upon a small frozen lake and stamped out the huge SOS in the snow with an arrow pointing toward the wrecked plane and Helen Klaben at the camp. It was later learned that the chain saw motor he frequently heard was coming from an occupied trappers cabin on Airplane Lake approximately 10 miles away.

Helen Klaben was treated for the broken arm and it healed satisfactorily, but several toes had to be amputated because of severe frostbite she had received in her ordeal. She had lost 40 lbs. in the 49 days. Ralph Flores required dental surgery as a result of the broken jaw and he had lost 58 lbs. Two months later both persons were sufficiently recovered from their injuries and under-nourishment to continue the trip home. Mrs. Flores arrived from California to escort her husband home and Helen Klaben departed directly from Whitehorse to Brooklyn.

This was truly a "**MIRACLE OF SURVIVAL**" for "**49 DAYS**" in a plane crash into the Yukon winter wilderness of minus 40 degree (F) temperatures, endless mounds of deep snow, a makeshift tent, no sleeping bags, painful injuries, and melted mountain snow for food. Ralph Flores, a deeply religious man read passages daily from the Bible he carried with him and said he knew they would be rescued sooner or later, and that it was this faith in that belief that provided the courage and inspiration for both he and Helen Klaben to "stay alive and survive." ★

FORTY - NINE DAYS (Al Oster)

(Key of "G" * 4/4 * Moderately. Copyright © 1963 by Al Oster)

(1)

One /g day in nineteen / sixty three, just /c at the break of /g dawn
A /d7 plane took off from / Whitehorse, heading / south to Ft. St. /g John

Ralph / Flores at the / throttle, Helen /c Klaben sitting /g by
 They /c sped along the /g runway, into a /d7 cold and frosty /g sky.
 Twas a /d7 cold and bitter / Yukon morn, at /c forty-two be /g low
 And a /d7 northern wind was / bringing in, /c clouds that carried /g snow
 The /g danger of their / journey, they be /c gan to real /g ize
 As /c dark clouds rolled a /g round them, in the /d7 wintry Yukon /g skies.
 /em Forty-nine /g days, /c fate would play its /g hand
 /em Forty-nine /g days, in a /c cold and lonely /g land.

(2)

He /g tried to ride a / bove the clouds, but he /c couldn't make the /g climb
 He /d7 tried to ride on / through them, and he /c had to fly it /g blind
 But / fate was all a / gainst them, no /c matter what he /g tried
 And /c flying low in the /g snowstorm, they /d7 hit the mountain /g side.
 For /d7 weeks we searched the / mountains, to /c find the missing /g plane
 /d7 Up and down the / valleys, then a /c round and back a /g gain
 The /g chance they might be / living, were a /c thousand odds to /g one
 If the /c timber wolves don't /g get them, they'll /d7 freeze in the cold Yu /g kon.
 /em Forty-nine /g days, where the /c timber wolves /g prowl
 /em Forty-nine /g days, where the /c icy north winds /g howl.

(3)

Then /g forty-nine days / later, a /c plane was flying /g low
 They /d7 saw down in a / clearing, S.O. /c S. stamped in the /g snow
 They / searched the timbered / valley, they /c circled `round and /g round
 Then /c saw the twisted /g wreckage, of a /d7 plane that had come /g down.
 The /d7 word was flashed to / Whitehorse, a /c wreckage had been /g found
 And a /d7 man and woman / still alive, were /c spotted on the /g ground
 They /g found them by a / campfire, be /c neath the spruce and /g pine
 So /c hungry, weak and /g weary, they /d7 found them just in /g time.
 /em Forty-nine /g days, /c they were still a /g live
 /em Forty-nine /g days, Oh /c how could they sur /g vive.

(4)

The /g pilot's ribs were / broken, and she /c had a broken /g arm
 With /d7 just a knife they / cut the wood, for a /c fire to keep /g warm
 No / sleeping bag, no / axe or gun, and the /c food supply was /g low
 They /c lived for seven /g lonely weeks, on /d7 melted mountain /g snow.
 Their /d7 feet and face were / frozen, but the /c will to live was /g strong
 Each /d7 day went by they / hoped and prayed, that /c help would come a /g long
 Then / in the sky they / heard the sound, of an /c engine on a /g plane
 Their /c prayers had now been /g answered, as the /d7 rescue finally /g came.
 /em Forty-nine /g days, in a /c land cruel and /g cold
 /em Forty-nine /g days, with /c hardships un /g told
 /em Forty-nine /g days, in a /c wasteland of /g snow
 /em Forty-nine /g days, /c forty-nine /g days.

* * * * *

JIM ROBB

Good morning Mrs. Jones:

Just wanted to say a special "Thank you" for this one. Jim Robb is my favourite Yukon artist. I believe I was first introduced to him in Mrs. Churchill's Grade 1 class when we walked across the river to the Public Library and there he gave a presentation about how he would hike into the woods and find an old (many times collapsed) cabin and take various pictures of it at various angles, etc... Then he would go back to his studio to paint (and embellish) them somewhat. I'll never forget that experience.

I believe my first painting of his came from my parents (possibly Helen and Erik too?) on my Confirmation Day. For our wedding, Uli & Monika, Erik & Colleen, & Helen & Harry commissioned him to do one from a picture of our old cabin that I believe Uli had. I just love it. It's prominently displayed in our livingroom.

Three years ago, I went to Whitehorse and always go into the Yukon Gallery to see what prints of Jim Robb's they have. There Brenda, pulled out some consignment originals of some of Jim's very early charcoal works. I think they were \$800 each (or maybe both for 800 - can't remember). Anyway, it was a bad time cash wise - so I had to walk away. This last summer, I checked to see if they were still there. Brenda was away but her staff called her at home saying that I was interested in them now and she relayed that "No I just sent them back to the owner a couple weeks back." I guess they were there for over two years and Brenda seemed very bitter about it.

I stewed for a couple days and went back to the Gallery (Brenda still not there), and I asked if Brenda would call me so I could get a hold of the original owner and/or if she could bring them back (I appreciate she'd want a commission). Despite numerous calls to the Gallery - Brenda never returned my call. Therefore, I continuously tell EVERYONE that I can't avoid the Yukon Gallery.

I like North End gallery now (one of the ladies in there used to live just down the street from where we live now - and it's only because she took the time to talk to me that we found this out).

When I lived up there - customer service was everything. Now I go up there and there's only a couple of places left where I get the warm customer service feeling. Too bad really.

From a "little bird" I heard that the owner of Yukon Gallery was somewhere around Kamloops but I didn't have a name - I called a gallery in Kamloops and the lady said you need to talk to so-and-so (can't remember her name either) because "She knows about all the consignment pieces and what's in what gallery etc..." I called her up but she wasn't aware of anything from Jim Robb but she's keeping her eye out for me.

Maybe I should just call him myself and see if he knows who has them?

Yours truly, Fred Hoenisch Fred.Hoenisch@gov.bc.ca

*** Uncle 'Uli' is Rick Hoenisch to many of you. – Sherron*



BC Sculpture 2nd place Peoples Choice Rendezvous 2005

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca



Yukon Sculpture 3rd place Peoples Choice Rendezvous 2005

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca

The weather did it's Yukon thing - 40F on Sunday so the carvings were suffering. For example the dinosaur from Alberta was losing it's fins or whatever they are, and a raven on a garbage can fell off just after I took the picture - my fault eh? Anyway they were all so good it was hard to choose one over the others. - Doug



Alberta Entry at Whitehorse 2005 Snow Sculpture Contest

Three eggs in various stage of hatching were a nice touch to this one. The raven I spoke about is in the background. - Doug
Photos courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net



Skagway Entry - Artists/Carvers Choice

Minor Hockey Trophies, 1955 and 1959

Ralph Lortie rlortie001@sympatico.ca

Since I was brazen enough to show you my Y.P.A. Track Meet trophies, perhaps I could stretch your patience and show you my Whitehorse minor hockey awards. I suppose I could have included these pictures in the Hockey Special Edition, but it didn't occur to me. As with

the Y.P.A. hardware, I've packed these halfway across the country, never able to bring myself to throw them away.

I won two MVP trophies, 1955 in the Midget League and 1959 in the Juvenile League.



1954-55



1958-59

I wonder if any of these lads kept their hockey trophies from the '50s.



**Willie Nicholson, Al Norrington, Al Fromme, Danny Vars,
Donnie Murray & Doug Wood, about 1955.**

(previously shown in MocTel Hockey Special Edition)

CAN ANYONE IDENTIFY THE THOMPSON'S OR THE 'MEMBERS'

This is the picture I found of my Uncle Brab (H.D.A. Brabant) when he was still in the R.C.M.P. Written on the back it says, "Thompson's wedding at old log cabin church, me on the right" (meaning Uncle Brab)...no mistaking his nose!

I hope someone one sees it and it will mean something to them. Like a family member of those people.

Aunt Ve and Uncle Brab only wrote on maybe a half a dozen of their pictures and I have three photo albums of theirs. There are a lot of very old pictures in there and I have no clue who the majority of them are. How sad. But fortunately, this is one that was written on. – Patty Miller



Thompson's Wedding at "Old Log Cabin Church"
H.D.A. Brabant on right
Photo courtesy Patty Miller [pattymiller999*msn.com](mailto:pattymiller999@msn.com)

A MESSAGE FROM YUKON

Sherron; Good Yukon Morning;

'Rendezvous is in the air....and "Rendezvous" is in the Moccasin Telegraph.....I would like to join in the chorus of complements about the MocTel....as a newcomer to the Yukon...that is ONLY 33 years living here....I am totally enthralled by all the notes, letters and stories being shared. It truly is a Yukon lifeline for everyone of all ages. I've been reading up on back issues and feeling more 'at home' with each reading. Your readers capture the Yukon spirit in the true sense of the word up here and it is plain to see that life in the Yukon was well spent and full of adventure at every turn....Thanks to everyone for sharing!!!!!!

Just a news front note:

The Yukon Quest is over for another year. Lance Mackey of Alaska came in 1st...8 minutes ahead of William Kleedehn of Carcross, Yukon.....Of the 21 Musers signed up, only 12, made it to the end...they are all in now. Mackey's time was 11 days, zero hours and 32 minutes! The others scratched at different points along the trail. First into Dawson was Hugh Neff of Skagway and as he placed 3rd into Fairbanks, he collects the 4 ounces of gold offered to the first Musher to Dawson, who also completes the race. That's worth about \$2,100 at today's prices!!! This race began in 1984. It starts alternative years in either Fairbanks or Whitehorse, with Dawson City being the halfway point.

Sourdough Rendezvous is on as I type. The Queen is crowned tonight.

Canadian Idol is having a talent search here in Whitehorse today also.

So much to do and so little time to see it all!!!! Weather warm for a change...like -8c with a bit of a wind chill!!!

Cheers, Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net

A HAPPY REUNION AFTER 40 YEARS

Sherron: What a wonderful telephone call I just received for the past 45 minutes. After all this time, I received a call from Doris Dubetz in Vernon. We talked over so much of the past and her voice is just the same as it was when she was my teacher. She is so happy that I still type, a little short hand and all the things that she taught me. She was especially thrilled that I had sent her the copy of my report card. I am sure that if she had a computer, she would have e-mailed a long time ago. 'Cause, here I am, just minutes after getting off the phone. I couldn't think of anyone else to tell besides you. Neither of our girls knew her only by name when my lessons came through at Beaver Creek. Anyhow, if it weren't for you, I would never have heard from her. Imagine, she's 90 yrs. old and sounds so good. Just thought you would like to know what transpired after such a long time. Good news eh?

Brownie Foth lfoth*shaw.ca

I put two and two together during a conversation with Miss Dubetz while she was order a new headstone for her father here in Vernon a few months back and realized she likely taught Brownie typing and shorthand in school in Whitehorse. It turned out that she did and that Pete was transferred to Beaver Creek, in 1965, after the course began and Miss Dubetz encouraged Brownie to complete the course by correspondence. Miss Dubetz would send a lesson up to Beaver Creek each week and Brownie would send one back with a truck driver who would deliver it to the school for her, where they would exchange weekly lessons. Both Brownie and Miss Dubetz told me stories about the experience and they agreed to trade addresses. Brownie proceeded to write Miss Dubetz and now has just received this phone call. I am happy for you Brownie that you had a chance to talk to her after all these years. - Sherron



Takhini Burn Rest Stop

Notice the nice colour in the tree trunks - if the net lets it through.

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net

"A Northern Chinwag"

by Kathy Gates kmgates@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

So much is going on in this Territory of ours, that I think I need an hour to report....but for the sake of brevity....here goes:

Annual Sourdough Rendezvous:

What a lovely weekend to wrap up events. It all finished with the annual parade on Sunday, Feb. 27th under sunny skies.... it is still above zero (anywhere from plus 3 to plus 5C) and perhaps the meltdown begins.

All the usual events were taking place around the city, amongst which is the honour of being chosen Rendezvous Queen for 2005. That honour goes to CAROLINE MUFF representing *Miss First Nation Bank of Canada*. TRISH CLEMENTS representing *'Miss Copy Copy Yukon'* is 1st princess; LEAH GREENAWAY, *'Miss Mac's Fireweed Books'*, is 2nd Princess; and KRYSTAL-LEE PELLETIER, representing *'Sam 'n' Andy's'* was Miss Congeniality.

In amongst the Hairy Leg contests, the Chainsaw Chuck, the Howling dog contest, Swede Saw contest, the parade, evening entertainment, pancake breakfasts galore, locals and visitors could eat traditional fare, as well as yummy food prepared by the local Phillipino association, and the

Sugar Shack and Maple syrup all the way from Quebec, organized by the local Franco-Yukonnais Society.

This years Mr. and Mrs. Yukon, sponsored by the YOOP are Percy and Mabel Henry from Dawson City, leant a very gracious air to the entire Rendezvous.

Air Canada sponsored an International Snow Carving contest, with teams from U.S., Japan as well as provincial, 3 person teams from across Canada participating. I'd love to report the results, but all Rendezvous results seem to be lacking in the local papers...I'll check with the committee if anyone wants to see them.

Yukon Historical & Museums Association

For Immediate Release
February 18, 2005

Four Recipients to Receive Top Honour in Heritage

WHITEHORSE- The Yukon Historical & Museums Association (YHMA) invites Yukoners to celebrate national Heritage Day on Monday February 21, 2005 at the Annual Heritage Awards. The celebration will take place at 7 PM at the Yukon Archives.

This year's national heritage day theme is *Heritage of Faith: Spiritual & Sacred Places* and will be discussed by the speaker for the evening, Reverend Ken Snider. Reverend Snider will delve into the history of the church in the north, bringing alive many of the Yukon's own spiritual and sacred places.

This year, four individuals will be presented with awards in three different categories. "We are thrilled to be honouring these four deserving recipients," YHMA president, Dave Sloan stated, "all four have made an enormous contributions to the preservation of Yukon heritage".

This year's annual heritage award will be presented to Chris Sorg. Chris became involved in heritage during the eighties while living in Dawson when he was asked to join the board of the Dawson City Museum. Now living in Whitehorse, Chris has continued his passion for heritage. YHMA hopes that by recognizing the invaluable work Chris has done for the preservation of Yukon Heritage he will be compelled to continue for many years to come.

The lifetime achievement in heritage award this year will go to two incredible women who have given so much to Yukon heritage, Clara Schinkel and Jennie Howie. Clara has been working in the fields of education and cultural awareness on behalf of Yukon First Nation people since the late 1960s. She has worked for the Council of Yukon First Nations researching First Nation history, she was president of YHMA for three years, and was appointed vice-chair of the Yukon Heritage Resources Board in March 1998 and was Chair from 2001 to 2004.

Jennie has served as President of the Yukon Transportation Museum for the past five years. Even before joining the museum as a Director, Jennie had already made a major contribution to

transportation history. The Yukon Transportation Hall of Fame was conceived by Jennie and founded in 1996. After a brave fight with cancer, Jennie passed away on January 5, 2005. The board of directors at the Transportation Museum stated, "We take comfort in knowing that Jennie's commitment to our heritage has now become a part of the living history she loved so much here at our museum." It is a huge loss to the heritage community.

Carroll Cawley will be presented with the volunteer of the year award. Carroll spent sixteen years as the treasurer of the Yukon Church Heritage Society. During the early years, before they hired full time staff, she managed all the financials of the society. Carroll has also been an active volunteer for YHMA.

Come help YHMA honour this year's recipients and enjoy an insightful look at the Yukon spiritual and sacred places. Celebrate National Heritage Day February 21, 2005.

Contact info for YHMA: Rebecca Jansen, Executive Director,
(867) 667-4704 or yhma*northwestel.net

A few other northern notes: Whitehorse businessman Paul Sheridan has entered into a 5 year contract to export his company's, "Yukon Spring" bottled water to Japan...a real coup for his company and a great way to advertise the Yukon over there. Many Japanese visit in the winter particularly to see the Northern Lights, so this will let them enjoy a bit of Yukon right in their own homes.

For those living Outside now, get ready to turn on your TV to view a new mini-series set and filmed right here in the Yukon. It is to be called "Northern Town". Winter scenes have already been shot in Dawson City, and at present, more filming is happening right here in Whitehorse. It is to be a 6-part mini series of a half hour in length per episode, with a potential for another 6 half-hour programs in the future. 60% of the workers are Yukoners, and the story was created by Daniel Janke, a well-known Yukon Musician. The story is set in a fictional Yukon town, and when a meteor lands, "Brian" the lead character sets out to locate it. In addition, the U.S. military are also on the look-out. I don't have an airing date, but as soon as I know...I'll pass it down.

JAN STICK, popular owner of "Well Read Books" on 4th avenue, won a land-slide victory in the Whitehorse Municipal by-election to replace former councillor Yvonne Harris. She earned 713 votes compared to second place, and former councillor Linda Casson Hare (formerly Biensch) with 248 voters. This took place February 10th, with 2,022 ballots cast.

I have oodles more to report...such as Land Claims settlements etc...and other news that might interest folk...Legion is going to sell its current bldg and is planning , to construct a multi-place facility...housing and a Legion Hall etc....next time perhaps?

Kathy Gates kmgates*northwestel.net (In Whitehorse)

Winter Lament

by Alf Bilton

Now ev'ry new day, is a gamble they say,
An' I reckon it's gotta be so;
Else nobody'd be quite as lonesome as me
An' this shovel, out here in the snow.

Lookin' back a few months, you'd never guess once,
When heat was a problem here,
We had pards hung aroun', from all over town,
To help with the lazin' an' beer.

Now, the only thing 'round, is the snow on the ground,
An' it ain't very social at all.
So next summer, I fear, we'll see less o' beer;
... But we'll buy a new blower come fall.

Copyright © 2005 by Alf Bilton

If anybody is actually interested in this stuff, there's more over on my website -
<http://www.polarcom.com/~abilton/>

Alf Bilton abilton@polarcom.com (In Whitehorse)

HELP PLEASE – re: MOE GRANT

I am currently working on a tribute to Moe Grant and am looking for personal stories and/or memories. If you have anything I could put into the article please send it along to: Donna Clayson at e-mail ytdogteam@telus.net. Your assistance on this project is greatly appreciated.

Cheers,
Donna Clayson

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

I received the following e-mail titled 'Virus found in Message document' on Friday morning Mar 4th.

I do not have this person in my address book so it is possible that one of you do, and that your computer is the one that is infected. It is also possible that this is the format that this virus is taking.

Also for your information Jenny Roberts forwarded this web address to check for all the new viruses out in the past few days.

“There have been a lot of worms and trojans released lately so please make sure you have everything updates virus wise....

http://securityresponse.symantec.com/avcenter/vinfodb.html#threat_list

This is what has been circulating the last month ... and some of them are not wanted ones, big time!...” – Jenn

– Sherron

“Symantec AntiVirus found a virus in an attachment you sherronjones@shaw.ca sent to Cory Pettersen. cpedersen@vancondo.com

To ensure the recipient(s) are able to use the files you sent, perform a virus scan on your computer, clean any infected files, then resend this attachment.

Attachment: Important.zip

Virus name: [W32.Netsky.Z*mm](#)

Action taken: Delete succeeded :

File status: Deleted”

LISTINGS UPDATED

BECKER, Norman & Sheila snbecker@shaw.ca (Whitehorse 1952-1978) (250) 490-9171 Penticton

RIVERS, Bill & Betty Lee riversbh@shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1986 – 2001) 780-962-6433 Spruce Grove, AB

WILLIAMS, Robert & Dorothy baldy52@jetstream.net (In Dawson, Beaver Creek, Watson Lake, Whitehorse) Salmon Arm

REMOVED FROM THE LIST

This is a permanent error; I've given up. Sorry it didn't work out. <showell@sutton.com>:
HOWELL, Scott & Nina (GRASHOLM) showell@sutton.com (Both grew up in Whse – 1998)
Lethbridge

Recipient address: linda@coastworks.com Reason: Illegal host/domain name found
NEWMAN, Linda (McKAMEY) linda@coastworks.com (Lived in Mayo 1952-64, Whse 64-68) Sidney

NEW ADDITIONS

Pat King, ex Yukoner and formerly my associate in the RCMP has sent me the updated list....which has grown immensely!

You may add my name and e-mail address to the list if you wish.

Name: Lauren F.W. McKiel

Whitehorse 1963 to 1965, with my e-mail address as: lmckiel@arcticdata.nt.ca

Thanking you for your endeavours.

Oh! I forgot to say I live full-time in Yellowknife.

Regards, Lauren.

Good Day Sherron

I received a copy of your telegraph from my niece Heather Jones and I would very much like to be put on your list of new subscribers.

My name is Dolly Marchewa—nee McMurphy, I was born in Whitehorse and raised in Carcross. I now reside in Whitehorse. My parents were Jack and Adele McMurphy. Millie Jones is my sister and of course her daughter Heather is my favourite niece. (she told me to say that)

I have enjoyed your articles, the few I have seen, but Heather has promised to give me some back issues so that I may catch up on all the happenings.

My e mail address is dolly*tutshi.com keep up the good work and I look forward to hearing from you soon

Dolly Marchewa

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Do for others with no desire of returned favors. We all should plant some trees we'll never sit under.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

Seafood Macaroni Salad

½ lb cooked elbow or shell macaroni & refrigerate

In large bowl combine:

½ cup mayonnaise

¾ cup milk

½ cup French dressing

½ tsp salt

¼ tsp pepper

Add chilled macaroni and toss.

Add:

1 cup flaked salmon, shrimp or crabmeat

1 cup sliced celery

3 hard cooked eggs

1 small diced onion

Better served the next day.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Vancouver Yukoners Banquet, Hyatt Regency, March 19th. See details in MocTel 103.

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