

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 145th Edition – January 22, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse)
(with some background cloning by Henry Breaden)

MY JOURNEY

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

When I depart on that final trip,
Where each must go alone,
I want no empty platitudes,
No sad and mournful tone.
Just have a little party,
With friends all gathered near,
Laugh at all the good times past,
But never shed a tear,

No tales of sadness do I want,
No words of doubt or fear,
For though in body, I'll have gone,
In spirit, I'll be there.
I've lived a good and fruitful life,
Blessed by the lord above.
Been fortunate in family,
Been loved, and given love.

So gather at the water front,
To say farewell to me,
Place my ashes in a box
And send it out to sea.
Just point me at the north star,
Put whiskey in beside me,
Then good friends who have gone before,
Will raise their glass to guide me.

© 2002 Gus Barrett

Gus was just telling me this morning that a modified version of this poem is in his book and has been used at a few funerals including one in Saskatchewan recently. He was phoned for permission to use it. – SJ



Awesome!

North Pole at Sunset, moon at nearest point.

Submitted by Doug Bell dougbell@ykn.net (In Whitehorse) - Photographer unknown.

MUSH MUSH AND AWAY WE GO

By Moge Mogenson elgolfo@shaw.ca (In Cranbrook)

This short story takes place back in the winter of 1966; I was working up at White River Lodge mile 1169. In the summer my dearest friend Grace Chambers had given me one of her lead dogs Rungo, he was older and retired, and she had her first Skidoo then so was getting out of running dogs.

We had some pretty good skidoo trails around the lodge so I decided it was time for me and Rungo to have some fun. I knew that because he was a lead dog I would be able to steer him so I got him all harnessed up to a toboggan and was about to go for my first dog sled ride. Never having done this before, I did not realize the enthusiasm these dogs have for their jobs. I should have caught on by his excitement, but I thought he's old and so we'll just go for a short ride around the lodge. I knelt on the toboggan with one knee and was ready to give a good kick to help him get started with the other foot; I yelled out "Mush" (this being before they changed it to "Hike"). Well away he went full speed ahead, and away I went rolling backwards off the toboggan, he took off like a shot. After picking myself up with a quick check to see if anyone had been watching, away I went running after the sleigh yelling whoa. I finally caught up to him about a mile down the trail and got us all organized and loaded again. This time I was sitting on the toboggan feet tucked in and hanging on with both hands.

Rungo and I had lots of fun that winter traveling up and down the trails around the lodge. This turned out to be a real fun winter, as there were only six of us living at the lodge, our closest neighbors being 22 miles away and they only came to visit every two weeks or so. Self entertainment was a must living there and Rungo made my winter that year.



When I got Rungo he was a 7 year old sled dog that had done nothing in his life but live on a 10 foot chain attached to a small house and pull a sled when hooked up. I had to teach him to ride in a car, to trust me, and do a lot of things, even going into a house was new to him. He was like a grown up new born, everything he saw and did was new to him. He was so funny my first trip to Whitehorse his head was like a swivel looking at everything, the lights really fascinated him, as did people walking by, and other cars, as he had never seen any of these things before. What a pleasure having and getting to know this dog, it was a real experience in my life.

I lost him while visiting with my Mom in Pine Point N W T, one of her neighbours thought he was a wolf and shot and killed him.

Yes it was a great shock I only had a week before I was on my way back to the Yukon, so it was a lonely drive back up there. I had let him out to go to the bathroom around 11 pm, as by then he was fairly well trained and came when called, (I guess he thought this was a pretty fun life) and so when he didn't come I went looking but it was dark out so I went back out in the morning after it got light out and that's when I found him, then after asking around I found out what happened. It just never dawned on me that people couldn't tell the difference between a dog and wolf. I have since found out some people know nothing about animals. I've heard foxes being called wolves or coyotes, coyotes being called dogs etc, it's like calling an East Indian an African, or a Caucasian a Chinese, like wake up and smell the roses man.

LYLE GEARY

I don't know how far back that Lyle goes in Ham Radio, but the years I remembered him was from 1942 to 1950. I did notice the weird shaped antennas on those two poles when I worked in the shipyards, but did not have a clue about radio or antennas. He was a loner, and never married that I knew of, but lived with his parents where he had his set-up rigged. From 1950, my last year on the boats, I had no reason to go into that area, and even the five years we were in Moccasin Flats, our entry was from Second Avenue. Surely some of the real old-timers of Whitehorse would have some information on him. I wanted to check the cemeteries on Yukon Genweb, but it was dead including Filsons' in the same database where there used to be a lot of info. Another is Carcross School, YesNet, and any search in Google brings up both of these sites. Sherron, do you have other sites you use for the cemeteries? All I can say is DAMN, just when I need it! Have a better day than mine?

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

MAYO MEMORIES FROM KARREN (NORTH) CROWLEY

Hi Henry

When MocTel arrives we always delight in reading anything that has your name attached. I know you will dig more memories up for us and once again you have done just that.

A few names that flashed into my head after reading your nick-name story were characters like "Dupont", one never knew his first name (or maybe that was it) but many a great tale could be told about that man. The one that stands out in my mind was a very nice Christmas Eve Mass at the Catholic Church. Father Edmond Turenne was half way through the service when in swaggered Dupont. He was celebrating the season with great style and had one to many under his belt. After he found a spot in a back pew he decided to have a little nip out of the bottle that was tucked in his coat. Of course he dropped the bottle and it rolled down the center isle of the church. Silence fell upon the congregation as Father Turenne turned around from his alter and loudly announced "remove that man from this church"! Off Dupont went grumbling under his breath and the door was

slammed behind him. Father Turenne was from the "old school" and a person didn't look sideways while attending mass, this must have irked him all the more as many snickers were heard through the church.

Other names that come to mind for me are Russian Annie and DP Louie. I never knew them by another name but I am sure they did have proper names. I remember Archie Close for his colorful way of life as well. He raised a wonderful family who all went on to greater things. One story always stuck in my mind was the one that my father (Wilf North) delighted in telling, the Out House for this family faced Main Street. Many a day one could pass by and catch Archie sitting in there with the door wide open, chatting to who ever passed by. After all he was doing only what came natural, and why not have a good visit at the same time!

These colorful characters are what made up the Yukon, and I am sure that is why we all feel such a fondness to her. Keep the stories coming Henry, you stir something in all of us with your marvelous mind.

Your old Yukon Friend,
Karren Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

INTERESTING YUKON CONNECTIONS – IN JOYCE YARDLEY'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Hi Sherron and Bill, this will be all "old hat" to you guys, but thought I'd send it anyway! We had a great Xmas in Comox with the family at my granddaughters place there. Love, Joyce and Fred

Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for 2006

In March, I was fortunate to get to see the eastern part of Canada for the first time. I took in the Writer's Union of Canada's annual AGM, which was held this year at the Victoria University in Toronto. Stayed in Students quarters for three nights. I had met many of the group from previous meetings, so it was fun, and the itinerary was both informative and exciting.

Fred stayed with close friends, Margaret and Raymond, (who later adopted and spoiled me rotten for a few days) and joined me for the closing banquet and social activities. When that was finished he decided it would be a good opportunity to show me around some of the province, and meet his children. His son, Martin, is a professor at Mc Master University in Hamilton. He and his wife Lisa, (a lawyer) and their two talented young daughters, Madelaine and Amanda, live in Waterloo. We also visited his daughter Gillian and husband Terry who live in London Ontario. We enjoyed our time with them all, and also did a whirlwind "tourist tour" of the countryside; The CN Tower, Niagara Falls, (Lady-of-the Mist) Stratford, Elora, and many other sights. We also visited with

Martin Kelly, his wife Bozana, and their two boys, Michael and David. Fortunately, the weather co-operated beautifully, so altogether, it was a wonderful experience.

Fred and I also took in the Yukoners Okanagan Picnic this summer. On the way we stopped in to see some of my relatives whom I hadn't seen in a long time. We took the Horseshoe Bay Ferry from Departure Bay in Nanaimo, and drove all the way to Logan Lake. We were greeted there by Jack and Ruth Moi. Jack is my nephew on my sister Dora's side. (Dora's first husband was Almer Moi, both of them are deceased now.)

Jack and Ruth love it there in Logan Lake. They are very nice people, warm and friendly. After a sumptuous home-cooked meal of almond chicken and rhubarb pie, we were shown all around town, of which they were rightfully proud. Not one old shack in sight, the buildings are all well kept, modern and nicely landscaped. No overhead wires anywhere. Not at all what I had expected from a mining town. Apparently the town was built originally by the Island Valley Copper company, which is the largest one of its kind in Canada, and possibly North America. But the town itself is now populated by mostly retired people. They have a vibrant socially active community, and so far seemed to have escaped the drug problem so prevalent in most of our towns and cities. Lots of sports activities for the kids and younger generation as well.

Strangely enough, the actual mine workers are commuters, from nearby cities, and the town folks seldom get to see any of them.

Jack worked at the mine for a long time, but is retired now, and into carving, taxidermy and wine making. He and Ruth drove us out to see the mine after dinner. It was about a 30 minute trip.

We couldn't get over how massive in size it was! It was really quite awesome to look at, even from the hilltop where we stood. The mine operates 24 hours a day and 12 months of the year. Visitors apparently are not encouraged. They may have tours on special occasions, but Jack wasn't sure. The site is not widely advertised, so maybe it's a well kept secret.

Another of my nephews, on my brother Ray's side, is Tom Richards, married to Shirley. They also live in Logan Lake, and in the afternoon came over for a pre-arranged visit to see us, at his cousin Jack's place. We all had a pleasant and lively visit. Especially as I hadn't seen any of them in years. I was happy that Fred seemed to enjoy it all, too. Even though he had to listen to all our reminiscences about the old days and people. They enjoyed hearing his stories as well.

The next day we went to visit a first cousin of mine, Betty Giguere, the daughter of my Uncle Charlie Hayward, from my mother's side of the family.

Now, the incredible part was that neither Jack nor Tom had any idea that she lived there, (within a kilometre of each other) I had just found out recently myself, through genealogical research. I vaguely remembered Betty's sister, Kaye, whom, I found out, lives just out of Bralorne, BC - at Big Gunn Lake. The two girls used to show up at our Richards get-togethers many years ago, and I always thought it was a shame that we only

made an effort to visit each other during these rare occasions, usually somebody's funeral.

Anyway, I digress. This time I was determined to visit her and to introduce her to Jack and Ruth. I had an idea that Betty was getting very forgetful (her memory comes occasionally, and goes frequently, I'm afraid) I had phoned her previously and was able to get her to "sort of" remember me by mentioning my mother "Grace" – she responded to that name.

When I explained all this to Ruth, she was all enthused about going to see her. I had found Betty's address, and she knew exactly where it was – couldn't believe they'd been living so close all these years without knowing it.

Betty received us all with open arms, even though I'm not sure she realized who we were at first. She has a lovely home and appears to take care of it all herself. Apparently she is soon going to move to Powell River where her son lives. He will be able to take care of her, I'm sure. And until that time Ruth will drop in to see her often.

The next day we dropped in to see Bill Yardley, and his partner, Alice, in Canoe. She owns a permanent "park model" there in a trailer court. Billy had been very ill, and is still recuperating from a mild heart attack, plus other ailments. He had prepared a delicious meal for us, even so; a quiche with fresh shrimp and cheese, and strawberry shortcake. From there we went on to visit my granddaughter, Naomi, (Kirk and Gunn's daughter) and her two little girls in Sicamous and stayed overnight. Naomi took us on a guided tour of the houseboats the next morning. Sicamous is the houseboat capital of North America; and Naomi knows the business like the back of her hand. She was given permission to take us through as many as we liked. Some of them are huge, and really luxurious. I took a lot of pictures that day. It was old hat to Madison and Sydney, but they still enjoyed showing it to us!

Then it was on to Armstrong, we had lunch in a cheese-making factory, and did a little shopping for the picnic that was coming up the next day in Summerland. We had beautiful sunny weather on the whole trip.

Sherron and Bill Jones had kindly invited us to stay with them at their home in Vernon, and we arrived there around four o'clock in the afternoon. They had invited some mutual friends from the early Whitehorse days, as well, and we all sat around their spacious deck and enjoyed the fabulous hospitality of these nice people. I believe they must have the best location in all of Vernon. The view of the lake framed by their beautiful garden is breathtaking.

The Okanagan picnic was a blast, and I was thrilled to have the chance to become re-acquainted with so many former friends from the good old days in the Yukon.

Later, back home on the Island, we attended the "Nanaimo Annual Yukoners Picnic," the largest get-together yet, with 180 folks from all over Canada and the Yukon. The

crowning feature of this one was the presence of the original, famous, “Northernaires” band who entertained us all with their lively music in Whitehorse for so many years. There were other celebrities, as well, including that lovable artist Ted Harrison. Special thanks go to the splendid effort and organization of Sherron Jones and Henry Breaden, and all the other volunteers who worked with them to make that picnic such a success. The “Moccasin Telegraph,” Sherron’s brain child, has done so much to bring us all together!

Last, but not least, we spent a couple of weeks in the Yukon. Fred did some paddling on the Yukon River with some friends, while I enjoyed the beach and gorgeous view in Carcross, at Norma and Cal’s summer home .Then we drove back home via the Stewart – Cassiar Highway. At Kitwanga we took the Yellowhead Highway, then on to Houston and Prince George. Spent the night at 100 – Mile House. The next day we stopped at Lillooet, visited “Ma Murray’s” old printing press there at the Museum, then drove the wild canyon road to Whistler. I’d never had a chance before to really explore the town of Whistler, but was mightily impressed this time around.

So these are just some of our summer activities this year. Thankfully, all the family is in good health and enjoying life in general, while keeping very, very busy, it seems. We celebrated my 80th birthday in November. Don’t feel anywhere near that age, but there’s no denying the truth ... My son Ted and his wife Nan even came, all the way from Florida!

Recently, Fred and I survived the trauma of moving to a new location in Nanaimo, but sufficient to say we’re settled in now and very comfortable.

My publisher tells me that “Yukon Tears and Laughter” will be in print come spring, so keeping my fingers crossed. It’s been a series of delays ever since he signed the contract, and all at his end ... Oh well, guess there is no hurry; I should have another one ready by then! Gotta keep busy!

Love and best wishes from Joyce and Fred
joyceyardley@dataspan.ca

Oh yes, we have a new address and phone # now:

Joyce Yardley and Fred Horn,
6354 Pinewood Lane,
Nanaimo BC
V9V 1A4

Phone: 250-740-0807

www.dataspan.ca

The following message and photo submitted by Terry Vold Terry.Vold@gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse).

**Yukon Transportation Hall of Fame
2005 TRANSPORTATION PIONEER OF THE YEAR**

Everett Wasson



Everett Wasson
Submitted by Terry Vold

It was one of the most intense and difficult air searches to ever take place in Canadian aviation history. However, in the end, a young American by the name of Everett Wasson saved the lives of air passengers Bob Martin and Emil Kading, after many other rescuers failed to find them.

Not much is known about Wasson's early years. It is believed he arrived in the Yukon sometime early in 1928 to work for Treadwell Yukon, a silver mining company in Keno. Although he had both a pilot's and engineer's licence, his flying experience was limited,

and initially he only flew on short hauls with the small company plane, a Klondike Airway's "Moth."

He did repair a larger company plane, a Fairchild 71 G-CARM and the story goes that one day its pilot, Captain J.G. Stephens, invited Wasson along on a flight from Mayo to Lake Laberge. No one knows for sure, but he may have given Wasson a flying lesson on that flight, because Wasson was the pilot on the return trip. After that, he went on to haul people, supplies, mail and freight between Mayo, Dawson and Whitehorse.

But it is the stunning rescue mission that Wasson is remembered for the most, because he succeeded where others had failed and endured great hardship to do it. The story began in Atlin on October 11, 1930; when pilot Paddy Burke took off in a single-engine Junkers aircraft, with passengers Bob Martin and Emil Kading on board. It was to be a quick business trip to Liard Post and back. On their return journey, though, there was a terrible storm, and Burke was forced to land on the Liard River.

The next day, Burke took off, hoping to get home safely, but it was still snowing heavily and he soon realized he was unable to see the ground or the mountains. He dropped to tree top elevation and decided to land on a river. It was there the pilot and his passengers came to grief. Upon landing, he heard the floats strike something, and to his horror the plane slowly sank into the river bottom, some two feet below and ten feet from the river bank. The men were safe enough in the shallow water, but in trouble because there was no shore to move the plane onto, and the river bank was too steep to lift the plane up to. As well, they didn't know where they actually were, they were low on food, and winter was closing in. After seven days, the three began a trek on foot, struggling some 48 kilometres from the plane through deep snowdrifts to find a food cache that was in the area. In the end, they never made it to the cache. Paddy Burke was too exhausted to go on, so the men stopped and camped. After 23 days with no food and starving, Kading spotted a caribou and shot it. It was too late, though, for Paddy died that night in his sleep from exhaustion.

Meanwhile the search for the missing men was on. A rescue party sent in from Prince George also got lost, and the party sent to rescue the rescuers couldn't find them. In the end, the original rescuers walked through 560 kilometres of wilderness to reach safety. Other rescuers joined the search, risking their lives in the process. But none could locate the men.

About a month from the time the original men had gone missing, it was decided to call the search off. Then the company Paddy Burke worked for decided to try one last time with pilot Everett Wasson, because young Wasson was convinced he could find them. Wasson was smart enough to know he needed help to ensure survival. So he approached expert Yukon woodsman Joe Walsh, who agreed to accompany him, and the two men started a systematic search on November 12th.

In the days following, Wasson and Walsh endured terrible hardships, as they combed through hundreds of miles of wilderness and uncharted terrain. To say these two men were tough is an understatement. They were forced to land constantly on water because of bad weather and would then attach spruce bows to the plane's skis to keep them from freezing into the lake. Moreover, before they could take off again, they had to build runways through meters of heavy snow. Unbelievably, many a time, Walsh would race beside the plane as it taxied off the runway, then swing himself up into it after it was airborne!

Weeks went by, and Wasson and Walsh flew up and down every river and every piece of terrain they thought the missing men might be in. Ironically, Wasson was given a false lead when someone told him the men were on their way back to Teslin (instead of Atlin), and valuable time was wasted searching the wrong area. However, Wasson continued on, and on December 4, almost two months from the time the men went missing, Wasson and Walsh spotted Burke's plane in the snow. This was encouraging as it meant the men would be close by, and two days later, on December 6, they found Kading and Martin. But the story wasn't quite over. The rescuers had to throw out food and a note saying they would land as close as they could. This turned out to be a lake 16 kilometres away, which meant they had to snowshoe back to the men. The mission was over when Wasson transported them safe and sound to Whitehorse on December 10, 1930.

It is estimated that, during this entire time, Wasson and Walsh snow-shoed no less than 322 kilometers as part of the rescue. For their effort, the federal and British Columbia governments gave what amounted to \$15,000 to Wasson and \$5,000 to Walsh. Shortly after this rescue, Yukon aviation law required the use of survival gear on all planes. Wasson married a nurse from Vancouver and had two children. He eventually retired to California, where he ran a fruit orchard.

Hi Sherron,

What I am most concerned with at the moment, and Jim Robb may not be aware is that Lyle could qualify for recognition. It starts from a casual remark from my dad about in the mid 1940s that Lyle with his equipment had picked up a radio signal where a vessel was in trouble. He apparently got the co-ordinates of lat. and long. and effected a rescue by his efforts. The Breaden family was in Whitehorse from 1923 to 1929, where I was born in 1927. I would expect somewhere in these six years would be when Lyle was able to accomplish this. I have his date of death as 21 December 1975 but would dearly like to find something of his radio accomplishments in the 1920s.

Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Hi Sherron and Donna,

I don't really know where I am heading, but I am into Yukon Govt. files. What is interesting on this sheet is Eugene Binet having liquor unlawfully in his possession, 1922. Just above it is a theft from Jack Sewell's store 1922 in Whitehorse that was just north of the original Regina Hotel. Down near the bottom is Bob Palmer for having liquor illegally in his possession 1922 - 1938. Bob built the Silver Inn in Mayo, and in 1942 opened a pool hall and soft drinks stand on 1st Avenue Whitehorse. Bob seemed to have a nose for activity and one whiff of Alaska Highway and he was gone! With all the activity it was a whooping success, and was later bought by Alex Sealy from Dawson.

Google was able to bring up Yukon GenWeb and Grey Mountain Cemetery with Lyle Geary Yukon. I have the URL for it and it may be wise to save it in Favorites: <http://www.rootsweb.com/~canyk/greymtnak.html> as scott@kusawa.net is the webmaster but it is still dead. Sent him a mail yesterday but have heard nothing back. The first I had

seen was Lyle W. and this one in Grey Mountain. William Lyle, but he is our man that died 21 Dec 1975 at the age of 74 years as Geary is not a common name. I would bet that his parents are in the Pioneer Cemetery on 6th Ave as it was used till 1964. Henry.

GEARY	William Lyle	74	21 Dec 1975
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Here it is below, James Irwin GEARY 24 May 1958 at 88 years. It looks like maybe Mrs. Geary could have gone outside to be with family. Don't know if you needed it, but here it is. The URL for the Pioneer Cemetery is:

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~canyk/lgek.html> .Good idea to save as GenWeb is dead.

GEARY	James Irwin	24 May 1958	88	74
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Henry Breaden hjbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

FRAZIL ICE

Up to 1968 we had run 2 turbines at Whitehorse and never had any problems with ice at all. Of course in the Marwell area they had flooding in the low areas, and although this had occurred near forever, somebody had to be blamed. So the hydro had to have done something in the water flow. But putting in the larger turbine in during 1969 it changed the flow rate in the power canal. I had a call from the operator, Stan Wilcox Sr. that even though he had called for an increase, the frequency was dropping. I went down to the plant and they had already put a diesel on line. Going up to the intake structure, I found this strange ice, about an inch in diameter flakes and about a thirty-second of an inch thick, and it was gradually closing off our intake. I did not have a clue as to what it was and called Monty Alford in water survey. Monty came down and lovingly fondled the stuff, calling it Frazil Ice. Graham Tench and I didn't want to have anything to do with it, but how do you get rid of it?

We got the Jacobs brothers to dive, and they found a real mess of solid frazil ice with trees off the bottom and rocks all mixed together on our trash racks. So we got a crane with a basket to drop so that they could break the stuff away and hoist it out onto dump trucks. We had the hydro fully shut down, and as Head Office was still in Ottawa, were in phone contact with Joe Long who was Assistant on Hydro. He had not encountered the stuff, but his idea was to hold the hydro turbines off and try to get ice cover upstream. As it was getting colder, along with the hydro shutdown we got a small cover of ice. When the trash racks were clean we started the hydro very easy so as to not disturb the ice and gradually increased load.

Somehow we got by the next years till 1974 when Graham retired and I took over. My new Assistant, Garland Winsor did not come in till November, and was immediately initiated into the woes of Frazil Ice, He took over the supervision of cleaning of the trash

racks, and beside my normal office work, I walked the power canal dyke at night trying to figure a way out of the mess. I thought of booms straight across, but dismissed this as the frazil ice would just slide under them. I knew I had to break any chance of small waves being made by wind and decided on booms at 45 degrees. Any frazil ice formed would follow the slope of the boom and into the pocket creating ice cover. But as we were running a tight budget, I had to convince Head Office to allow 10,000 dollars for the job, for it had cost us more than that in the prior episodes. In September of that year, Garland had supervised the building of the booms and was ready to launch them. On that day we had a heavy north wind, but as the booms were placed I could see the choppy water flatten. So we had a winner.

Henry Breden hjbreden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

SCATTERASS BAR

I think the first query was from Pinchin on Scatter Ass Bar, and I think that Sherron took it as something racy in one of the local bars. So she asked me and I explained where it was and the reason it was named. The river flattened out at that location and it was troublesome for the skippers. There was a sand bar with several channels and not too much water in any of them. The channels kept changing, and because of this it was named by the skippers as Scatter Ass Bar. In 1948 the Whitehorse while trying Carmacks coal lost their head of steam and stuck in there. Emil Forrest with the Loon had to haul wood to them so that they could get back to the dock after they got off the bar. It is fairly straight east of the Marwell Area, and the last I saw of it in 1984 it was cutting into Marwell and making quite a mess. The city wanted a pipeline across the river to the evaporation pools, and after a bunch of negotiation with Fisheries etc. we cut the flow off as I recall for 24 hours and ran diesel. So they dug a trench and laid the pipeline, but it created a riffle that seemed to exaggerate the forming of anchor ice in November from then on.

Henry Breden hjbreden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

A BIRTHDAY WISH GRANTED

My granddaughter had her birthday party on Saturday January 14/06, she wanted to have dogsled rides and we spent some time trying to find someone to do this for her. I was able to get Sean Fitzgerald who has dogs and lives in the Haines Junction area. She had about 8 of her friends and they had a blast. It's not too often that you can have this type of event in the middle of January. It's usually too cold, but the day was beautiful and we spent about 3 hours up at Bear Creek summit. We took some pictures of the day and have enclosed a couple.

Barb Allen ballen@cafn.ca (In Haines Junction)



Birthday party dog sled ride – Jan 4, 2006 – Bear Creek Summit
 Troy Johns, Jamie Allen, Sean Fitzgerald - musher,
 in the sled is Tiara Johns & Madison Allen
 Photo courtesy Barb Allen ballen*cafn.ca (In Haines Junction)



Birthday party dog sled ride – Jan 4, 2006 – Bear Creek Summit

Cora Rissanen, Jonilynn Kushniruk, Tsyaa(Seah) Jackson, Shelby Jackson, Azreil Allen
 - pink coat, Natoni Primozic - behind Az, Madison Allen, Breanna Smith - behind Sean,
 Ashley Johns, Sean Fitzgerald, James Allen, Barb Allen & Rose Kushniruk

It was Madison's 10th birthday.

Photo courtesy Barb Allen ballen*cafn.ca (In Haines Junction)

CAN ANYONE HELP ELAINE HURLBURT?

Hello Sherron,

Could you please add a question for me to the next Moc Tel? Does anyone have any information about a woman called Bonnie Piper who was in Haines Junction 1946-47? I have been told she also lived in Teslin.

Also, I am still hoping for more short memoir-type stories (one-day-in-my life) from past and present residents of Haines Junction since 1942. I would wish to have these by March 1st.

Thanks, Elaine Hurlburt ehurlbur@yukoncollege.yk.ca (In Haines Junction)

ANOTHER SAMPLE FROM HANK KARR'S NEW DVD

Here's the site for another cut from Hank's DVD. "Northland". - Les

Click to watch: [Northland](#)

Description: Yukon balladeer Hank Karr performs the song "Northland" with magnificent scenery and special Yukon places as a stunning backdrop to Hank's upbeat performance of a tune that fittingly describes the wonders of Northern Canada. "Northland" is a selection from "Hank Karr's Yukon Book of Memories", a DVD of eleven songs available at stores throughout the Yukon Territory.

If you're having trouble watching the video, try copying the following URL into your browser: <http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=3000306391818998974&pr=goog-sl>

OBIT



Pretoria Ann Butterworth "Klondike Pete" July 5, 1915 - January 15, 2006 Pretoria was born and raised in Dawson City. After completing high school in Dawson she attended business school in Vancouver. She returned to Dawson to work for Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation where she met Jack. Jack and Pretoria owned and operated Butterworth's Store from 1942 till 1970, when Jack passed away. Pretoria

continued to operate the business until 1977 when she retired and moved to Vancouver. Pretoria came back to the Yukon to spend Christmas with some of her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She passed away on January 15 with family at her side. Her unwavering strength, wisdom, generosity and easy laughter will long be remembered. She will be missed and fondly remembered by all of her family and her friends. Pretoria was predeceased by her husband Jack and her grandson Chuckie. She is survived by her children George, JoAnne (Ed Armstrong), John (Corina), Nancy (Henry Szczypiorski), Carol (Phil Roszell), her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. A Memorial Service to be held in Dawson City will be announced at a later date. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the charity of your choice. Published in the Vancouver Sun and The Province on 1/21/2006.

NEW ADDITION LAST WEEK

Hello Sherron, Thank you for your quick response to my Email re the Moccasin Telegraph, I have today sent a donation to your home address, hope it is ok. I first came to the Yukon in 1949 arriving in Whitehorse may 12th of that year. Became involved in mining in the spring of 1953, it being seasonal I worked in the high arctic for some winters then as a heavy equipment mechanic for N.C. company the caterpillar dealer at the time in the Yukon and then for the Yukon Government Highways maintenance division for several winters in both Dawson City and Whitehorse in the winter time. All this to support of my mining habit which eventually became self supporting. I would like to have an email list of moccasin telegraph subscribers as I am sure there are many that I would and would to contact. We are very nomadic, so it would be best for me to receive everything via my Email address as I carry the laptop with us all the time and through Google can always get our Email from any location, so they tell me.
Kind regards, Lorne Ross

Hi Sherron Thanks for the email list, since you put me on the list to date I have an email from two people I knew many years ago. I do have a correction to make however, my stay in the Yukon was 1949 to 1992 not 72 full time and I have been back to Yukon for a week or two every year since 92. For us summer is Vancouver and Dawson City, Winter - Indian Wells Ca.
Regards Lorne Ross lorne.ross@gmail.com (In Indian Wells, CA)

NEW ADDITION

Hi Sherron, I recently received a copy of your Moccasin telegraph from my Uncle Norman Hartnell. I would love to sign up for future editions. My mother was born in Mayo and I lived up there as a child.
Also is it possible to receive past editions. My uncle Norman had sent in a few stories and I would love to have them.
Sincerely,

Reta Herrick cluculzd*pgonline.com
55150 Jardine Loop Rd.
Cluculz Lake, Vanderhoof, BC
V0J 3A0

EMOVED FROM LIST

Hi Sherron, Please remove my name from the mailing list. You are doing a wonderful job of putting together all the info and stories that you receive and I wish you continued success. Keep up the good work.

Barb Dixon

DIXON, Barb & Pat pandbdixon*shaw.ca (In Whitehorse 1978 – 1987) (250) 338-8728
Courtenay

Your message cannot be delivered to the following recipients:

Recipient address: ldlevy@marshlake.polarcom.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

LEVY, Dennis ldlevy*marshlake.polarcom.com (In Yukon since 1974) Marsh Lake

Recipient address: ivorynorth@hotmail.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

BOWERS, Doug ivorynorth@hotmail.com (In 1948-87) White Rock

Recipient address: rack_it@primus.ca

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

ROSS, Andrea rack_it*primus.ca (Born Whitehorse 1969, left 1978) Alberta Beach, Alberta

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please note our new email address effective immediately.

Clara and Jorma Norila jnorila*telus.net

I sure look forward to reading the "Moccasin Telegraph" every week. Would you please change our email address to regandwendy@gmail.com

Thx very much and keep up the good work:

Reg and Wendy Jensen

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