

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 148th Edition – February 19, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Black Wolf – Slim's River

Photo courtesy Doug Bell dougbell@yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

LIFE BEGINS AT 76

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

What little hair I have is gray,
There's spots and wrinkles everywhere,
I passed a mirrored wall today,
And look into an old man's face.

The joints all ache, the knees are cracking,
I feel my system's wearing down,
The will is there but strength is lacking,
I carry on, try not to frown.

I'll take each day as it arrives,
I'll rise and struggle to the links,
Longer putts and shorter drives,
The game I used to love now stinks.

The daily walks are shorter now,
Not like it was when I was younger.

Then I get home and wonder how,
Though shorter walks, they take me longer.

But, then again, I shan't complain,
The alternative is very clear,
For while I'm walking in the rain
I think of friends no longer here.

So time, bring on your aches and pains,
I'll stiffen up my spine and take it,
When I get in the dumps again
I'll reflect on those who didn't make it.

I'll look back upon a youth long gone,
And struggle to hold back the tears,
I'll sleep at nine and wake at dawn,
And mutter, "Screw the golden years".

© 2006 Gus Barrett



Qualicum Beach

Photo courtesy Gus Barrett sourdoughs2*shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

Isn't that a sight. Beautiful day, about 8 degrees but, as you can see, a cool wind coming off the water. Lots of people stopping for a look-see. Hope your week is starting well, and have a good one. Blanche up at the golf course today while I sit here and gaze at the water. - GB

Penned while considering yet another birthday coming up this spring. They seem to come earlier every year. – GB

Rendezvous

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

Three fingers high in the midday sky hangs a weakened winter sun,
While sun dogs stray every which way chasing rabbits just for fun.
Noon shadows creep from their homes to keep their promise of pointing North
As the mercury dives, and a lone man drives ten dogs on a journey forth.

From Frances Lake, any trail you take into Whitehorse takes a while,
But days slide by and carry him nigh the start of the final mile.
Just after dark he'll finally park his tuckering team in town;
Rent a real bed, enjoy being fed, maybe drink some whiskey down.

He's furs to trade, and the claim has paid at last with yellow gold.
Those months alone, where the mountains groan and tales must go untold,
Have him all primed and arrival timed for this year's winter spree.
At Rendezvous he has things to do and some longtime friends to see.

The sun has set, but he's mushing yet by slippery satin sheen
Of Northern Lights keeping watch these nights, where he is and where he's been.
Diamond stars from near and afar have burst out as if to greet
Their twins down here for the town is near. Now the team is on Main Street.

The Whitehorse Inn! He's starting to grin, for there's someone coming out.
Sled's through the door, on carpeted floor, then stopped with a final shout!
"Hantawn Mawnee," yells Maitre D', and laughs at his latest guest.
"For you," he states, "The usual rates. Nod henuff rooms for the rest!"

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So, where did it come from?

Anton Money, a sourdough who lived many years in the Francis Lake country, really did mush his dog team right into the lobby of the Whitehorse Inn at the end of a trip to town. When I first heard the story, the desk clerk's reaction was always an integral part of the tale, and seemed to boost its status from anecdote to near legend. Today, that part is all too often left out on those rare occasions when the story itself is remembered and retold.

The old Whitehorse Inn is gone now, replaced by a parking lot and a bank.

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MocTel 146 Comments

What a super poem for Jim Robb. What a nice thing to do.
Thanks Gillian Campbell (Klondike Kate)

Reading the Moc/Tel - Sorry to see two more oldtimers gone. We knew Vanbuskirk when he was at Pleasant Camp and I was with the Canadian Customs on the border. Also knew Dick Wallingham through visits to Mayo.
Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum)

Hi Sherron,

Glad you got time to spend with your grandson. It's important that you do that. We managed to squeeze in a visit to our two granddaughters in Burnaby over the weekend. Also visited and had lunch with Don and Penny Sippel who are down from Marsh Lake for Don's regular check-up at St. Paul's hospital in Vancouver.

I was sad to see the obit for Dick Wallingham in MocTel 147. Don and Penny Sippel (Penny is my cousin) had told me that Dick had passed away recently. I remember Dick with many fond memories as he spent many years in Mayo after marrying Margaret (Maggie) Wood. My mother worked for Dick and Maggie at the Chateau Mayo Hotel for many years. Both Dick and Maggie were very kind to her during those years. Dick often would take my dad fishing to Ethel Lake, where he and Maggie had a boat and cabin. After they moved to Whitehorse the Wallinghams continued with acts of kindness to my parents, who had retired earlier to Whitehorse. Dick would often call Dad and tell him he was going for a drive and would dad like to come along. The "drive" might be to Fish Lake or to Carmacks or to some other location that Dick knew dad would enjoy.

MocTel readers may be interested that Don Sippel advised me the next issue of the "Our Canada" magazine will be featuring the Yukon. This is a magazine that just celebrated its one year birthday and features Canadian stories, events and features. It can be obtained by subscription or at newsstands where magazines are sold. I'm not in any way connected with the magazine but if anyone is interested in finding out more about it, their website is: <http://www.ourcanada.ca/>.

Harvey Burian hburian@telus.net (In Parksville)

Dear Sherron

How many times have you heard that saying, "It's in the mail"? Honestly, I mailed you a cheque today. I have "Egg On My Face", for I meant to do just that for the last two months. Sorry for being so tardy, especially when you never let "us" down by giving 100% of yourself to us old Yukoner's who look so forward to each edition. Sometimes we all need a good swift kick to get our brains in gear. Hopefully a few "other" members

will find time to send you something to print. I know there are many stories waiting to be shared. We, just need to put them in print, and send them into you.

We were really saddened to learn of Dick Wallingham passing away. He and Maggie were neighbours of mine in Mayo when they first married. I can remember Sam being born and what great people his Mom and Dad were. A very sad time for that family and a great loss for Mayoites and other Yukoner's that knew the Wallinghams. I must get a note off to Maggie and share a few favorite memories with her.

It's so nice to have you and Bill back home safe. We really hope you came home refreshed and feeling like you can face MocTel readers for another year. I have a couple "things" I will be sending in to you soon. I am rather busy with other duties that just won't allow me time at the computer. So till I iron out those chores, please bear with me. I promise to get back to you soon. On that note welcome home, even though we are connected by the magic of the computer while you are on holiday, it is still nice to have you back on this side of the world were we know you are safe. Take care both of you, for now.

Hugs, Karren Crowley kbcrowley@telus.net (In Sidney)

G'day Sherron!

I'll take from your comment on spending time with your Grandson that you are back in Vernon....hopefully well tanned from your travels south!

A couple things for you - I seem to have missed edition 146. Could you send me the link for it please. Also, I see that you are looking for a few bucks to assist with production. Am I in arrears? If so, I'll get some money off to you shortly!

I traded emails with Gus Barrett and quickly received a copy of his excellent book. I hope he produces a volume II some day soon! An excellent read, I also had Gus send a copy to my stepfather in Alberta where he is living in a veterans home. It seems he is having a bit of a problem keeping the book in his room. Apparently it is very popular there with both staff and residents and some of the poems have been read out to some people who are not able to read any longer. His book is indeed being enjoyed and is an excellent testament to his superlative writing skills!

On the home front, I'm still in Aldergrove. Da wif has completed a session radiation for her cancer. Our last visit to the clinic was finally a positive experience, whereby she was told that she would not require Chemotherapy. Seems things are heading positively at the moment. I hope that continues!

Anyway gotta run here. Take care and I definitely do look forward to the MOCTEL in my inbox! When it's not there, it's like an old friend is missing and my week isn't quite complete!

tk's!

Jim Morrow jimmorrow@shaw.ca (In Aldergrove)

COLIN MAYES ELECTED

Once again a good job on this note/paper. A fellow Dawsonite/neighbour won a seat in the next government during the last election. Colin Mayes a long time resident and Mayor of Dawson won the right to represent the riding of Salmon Arm was elected as MP. Way to go Colin. Hope all is well Doug Cruden on Mon, 13 Feb 2006.

doug.cruden@moradnet.ca (In Edmonton)



Okanagan Shuswap Tory

Colin Mayes been elected in Okanagan Shuswap, replacing out going MP Darrel Stinson. Stinson who is fighting cancer.

In the 2004 election Stinson had a huge margin of victory of more than 11,000 votes over New Democrat Alice Brown. This time around with a new candidate the margin of victory for the Conservatives stayed the same.

Mayes has served as an alderman and mayor of Dawson City as well as mayor of Salmon Arm. Provincially he was a candidate for the B.C. Reform Party and the Yukon Conservative Party. Retired, he's worked in trucking, retail and land development.

Colin Mayes

A NEIGHBOURLY STORY

This is about our old neighbour Bill Hancock when we used lived kitty-corner to him on Jarvis Street.

I always remember the time when our son, Dave, came home from school and someone hadn't put the key back in its place where we used to hide it. He was able to get up on something and push up the bathroom window. Bill Hancock was watching from his locksmith's shop and phoned me at the library where I worked and told me the he wasn't sure if it was Dave or not.

I phoned home right away and he answered the phone. I asked him what he was doing crawling in the window.

His reply was, "How did you know".

My reply to him was, "Don't you know that mother's always know everything."

Rusty & Bill REID rustyreid@northwestel.net (In Whitehorse, Yukon)



Whiskers are a tradition and Grant McCagherty of Edmonton, a Whitehorse oil pipe line worker, sports a typical growth

WHITEHORSE...

An Active Community

WHITEHORSE feels she holds the reins in the Territories and Canada's new northwest. Many citizens will tell a visitor Whitehorse and not Dawson City should be the capital of the Yukon. Citizens stress the strategic position of Whitehorse along the Alaska Highway and its proximity to other transportation facilities in the Yukon.

Much of the prevailing optimism in Whitehorse, as in the remainder of the Yukon, is based on the Alaska Highway. Now open to tourists, a steady flow of Alaska-bound Americans are expected to travel over it this season.

This winter the Highway has been the scene of a unique operation, the transfer of thousands of tons of refinery equipment from Whitehorse to Edmonton.

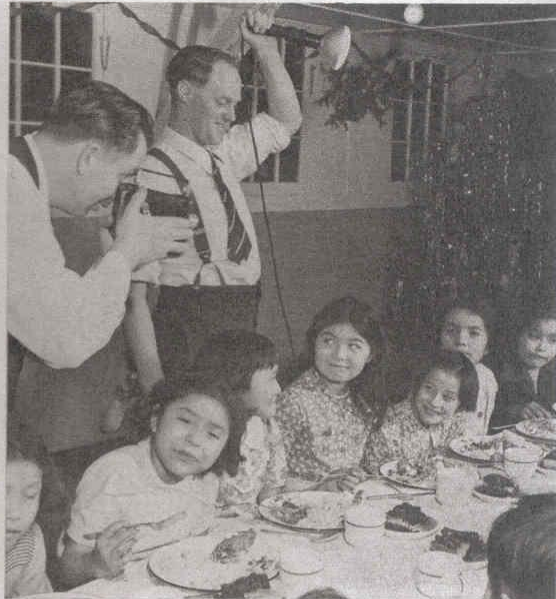
Visitors to Whitehorse will find in the hustle and bustle of the community life many links with their own home towns.

Artistic Frances Boyce, Whitehorse waitress, is seen finishing a portrait of Smoky Gray, truck driver on the Alaska Highway

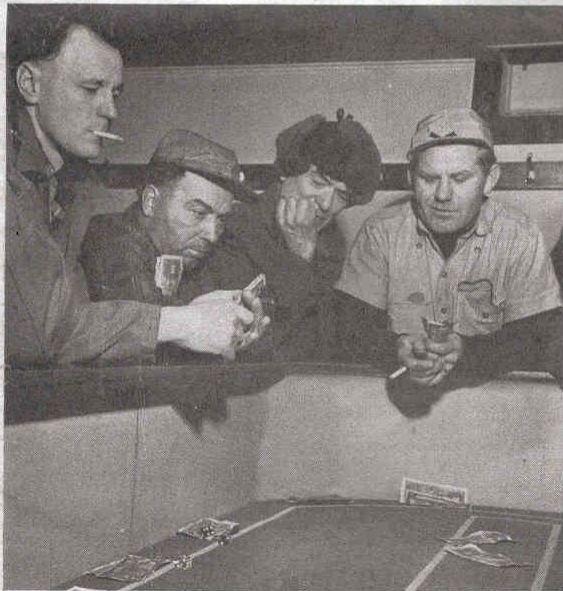




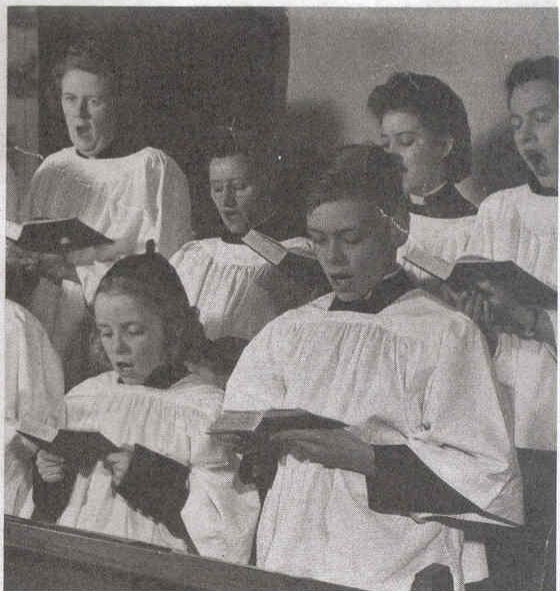
Service clubs play an active part in the community life. Here Bill Hamilton, president of the Whitehorse Kiwanis Club, is addressing members on the club's plans for 1948



Children of the Whitehorse Indian Mission frequently enjoy Sunday School parties like this. Here Rev. H. I. Lee of Gospel Church takes movies with the aid of Jack Meek, Indian Agent



Lady Luck's smile has always been courted in the Yukon particularly by the men who frequent the gambling houses. Games like the above are strictly supervised by operators in contrast with the old days when everything was "wide open"



Whitehorse has three churches. The most famous is the "Old Log Church" built in 1900. Robert Service's "Songs of a Sourdough" were penned in the study of this church of which he was a warden. Good choirs, like the above, are the rule

The Church Choir include Back Row: Charlotte Williams, Mrs. Richards, Vi Williamson, Roberta Seaholm. Front Row: Judith Chappell, Peter Chappell.

The following submission courtesy Jackie Pierce, Publisher of the Whitehorse Star, Whitehorse.

Feb.6, 2006

The following article has been used in the Whitehorse Star history section of our web page (whitehorsestar.com).

It's a story printed in the Bennett Sun about **Big Alex McDonald** and how very wealthy he was.

Taken from

The Bennett Sun, September 2, 1899

CAN'T COUNT HIS MONEY

Such Is the Sad Condition in Which Alexander McDonald Finds Himself

Alexander McDonald, king of the Klondike, not only is not insolvent but has so much money it is almost a hopeless task to compute it. Such is the report brought out by a shrewd business man who left McDonald about fifteen days ago, and is a partner with him in his many enterprises.

"The report is not only absurd but is malicious," said this gentleman.

Mr. McDonald went in to Dawson in March and his business affairs were never in better shape. Since then he has purchased five claims on Sulphur Creek at from \$30,000 to \$50,000 each. He owns a whole or a fractional interest in 79 claims on Sulphur, Bonanza, Eldorado and Dominion creeks, and there isn't one wildcat among them. Every single claim is turning out a profit daily - and instead of borrowing money Mr. McDonald is loaning it. Rates used to be at 10 per cent per month, but any one with good security can get all the money he wants of McDonald at 2 and 3 per cent a month.

The so called story of McDonald's insolvency had not reached Dawson when this gentleman left, and when it does reach there, there will be a great laugh. The idea of a man being broke who does not owe a dollar and whose clean-up for the winter work amounted to \$1,250,000 is something decidedly funny. Since he went to Dawson in March McDonald has paid \$100,000 in royalties to the Canadian government, and besides his daily deeds of charity has made a donation of \$30,000 cash to the Catholic Church and hospital.

His income is continuous and he does not have to wait for the result of a winter's work in a spring cleanup. Some of his best paying claims are summer diggings and his pack train of mules comes into Dawson regularly once a week loaded down with gold.

The facts are McDonald is so wealthy it is impossible for him or any one else to make a close computation of his holdings. Besides his gold he has large improved holdings in real estate that bring in a splendid income. The person who started the story of his insolvency simply did so to try to injure the credit of one of the richest, best, most generous and highly respected men in all Alaska.

Mr. McDonald's friends in Juneau do not need these assurances, but they are none the less gratifying. - Juneau Miner.

The Bennett Sun became the White Horse Star (sp. is correct in 1900's) upon moving to Whitehorse from Bennett Lake, B. C. in July of 1900. The Whitehorse Star's first publication was on July 18, 1900.

Yukonbooks February 2006 Newsletter is now online at:

<http://www.yukonbooks.com/features/newarrivals/>

We welcome your questions, comments and suggestions at news@yukonbooks.com

Sincerely,

Ken Searcy

www.yukonbooks.com

ksearcy@yukonbooks.com

Toll Free 1-800-661-0508

REMINISCENSES

On January 6th, I was delighted to have a visit from two of my former students of fifty years ago in Mayo...Sybil (Bleiler) Edwards, who now lives in Gloucestershire, England, and Mary Jean (Boyle) Morrison, who now lives at Sidney, Vancouver Island. We had lunch at The Olde Dutch Inn, here in Qualicum Beach, and spent a wonderful afternoon of reminiscing, looking at old school pictures, and enjoying a wonderful afternoon together. I shall cherish those hours always. These two young ladies, as so many of my Mayo students have, give me a great sense of pride in having been associated with them. They have done themselves proud, and have made significant contributions to society.

I hope at some future time....soon, I trust, to arrange a reunion of former Mayo students, here on the Island, but involving former students from the Mainland also. Any takers? I would love to receive your reaction to my suggestion. Love to all.

Sincerely,

Don Machan.

P.S....The reason I have been rather silent of late is due to a stay in hospital with a bleeding ulcer and a rather slow recovery from same. I went to hospital a couple of days after my most pleasurable visit from Mary-Jean and Sybil.

HENRY BREADEN

As many of you know Henry Breaden was instrumental in starting me on the Ex-Yukoner and Sourdoughs e-mail address list and subsequently the Moccasin Telegraph. Henry has also been an avid writer of his memories of early Yukon days and subjects.

It is now our turn to wish him well in his effort to fight back at bone cancer. Both his wife Alice and daughter Lura have been keeping me up to date on his hospital stay which started out last Wednesday with three days on a stretcher in the emergency ward. Henry was taken to hospital after a fall in his house. It has been the result of the testing for his fall and pain that has revealed a 1997 episode with bone cancer may be repeating itself. Alice has corrected her earlier spelling of the cancer to “Multiple myeloma”.

Let us hope that Henry can fight back as he did at that time. We still have a lot to learn from him.

This definition found online “Multiple myeloma, a cancer of the plasma cell, is an incurable but treatable disease. While a myeloma diagnosis can be overwhelming, it is important to remember that there are several promising new therapies that are helping patients live longer, healthier lives.”

Get Well Soon Henry, we have much to learn from you yet. – Sherron Jones

RON BUTLER PHOTOS

Many of you know Ron Butler and some have seen some of his photo collection and know first hand he has had wonderful opportunities to photograph life in Yukon during his many years with Wildlife Branch of the Yukon Government.

Ron has forwarded a number of photos to share with you in the Moccasin Telegraph.

Ron’s comments with these photos:

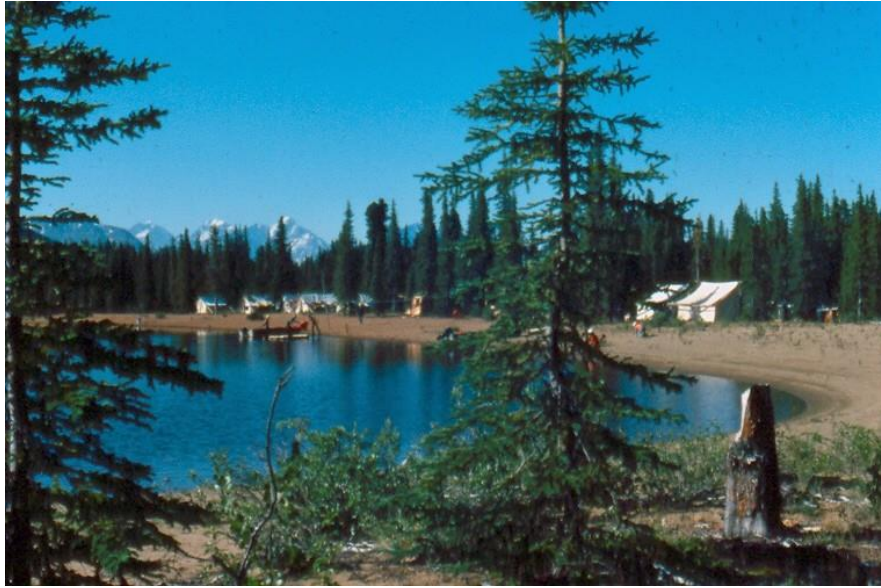
“George Howell, in Moc Tel #15 tells a story of the girls at Frank and Josie Sias' camp at Mush Lake west of Dezadeash. The first picture is of that camp. I was flown there by Ron Eland in his TNTA helicopter to present the Game Branch hunter safety program which I taught to any group who requested it, mostly in schools.

There is an interesting story attached to this trip. I had my tent pitched to the right of the two white cook and eating tents. It had rained slightly during the night so footprints were easily read in the sand around the camp. A black bear entered the camp area in the early morning at the south end, farthest from my tent, walked past the girls sleeping tents, Sias' cabin, the dining tent and cook tent and came to my tent, walked around it and then proceeded to rip a hole right above my head. I awoke with a start at the sound of ripping canvas and could clearly see the shadow of the bear on the canvas. By this time the bear

had ripped about a 2 ft. hole in the tent right above my head. I bellered at him, he whoofed and took off, more startled than me, I think.

The interesting thing about the story is the bear completely ignored the cook tent, garbage can outside it, and all other tents in the camp and came straight to my tent. I had no food or anything other than my clothes and instruction books in the tent, so what attracted it?

When I awoke I was on my back, looking up at his claws ripping the canvas. I think what must have attracted him was my snoring. An interesting experience and the only, somewhat dangerous one I had involving a bear in my 21 years in Yukon. – Ron Butler



Sias Camp on Mush Lake

Photo courtesy Ron Butler ron_but*shaw.ca (In Parksville)

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO MOCTEL - belated a bit -- changed a lot - Bill Maylor

Thank you Bill, yes a lot has changed in three years; so will print it again and hope some find it interesting. – Sherron

“THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH” – First Edition - February 16, 2003

Yukon Websites –

<http://www.yukonalaska.com/history/ship.html> (now an invalid address)

<http://www.explorenorth.com/library/yafeatures/bl-boats.htm>

If you were in Whitehorse in June of 1974 check out

<http://www.explorenorth.com/library/weekly/aa030801a.htm>

Interesting Notes from folks:

I assume you have Bill & Martha Kerr in Kelowna. They do not have a computer, but their phone (250) 762-9935 – John Murray

One note: you are all saying ex-Yukoner. There is no way I'm an ex-Yukoner. I call myself a 'former Yukoner and still a Yukoner at heart'.

- Donna Clayson

Are we really "Ex-Yukoners"? I thought we were Yukoners until we died! "Displaced Yukoners" I would agree with. Just a thought. – Dave Gairns

I remember well the burning of the boats as I first saw it from the spillway and thought it was the hospital. I was real concerned and quickly drove across the dam and to the hospital area. Quite relieved to find it was not the hospital after all. That was a sad day for Yukon history. Murray Lundberg of Carcross has many websites on Yukon history, and excellent ones I might say. In the roster of Yukon Riverboats it shows a group of photos of the boats burning, and the only one I had seen to that point was the one on the White Pass Calendar. The Date was June 20, 1974 and I have this group printed. In was interested in the roster as my grandfather was skipper on the Taylor and Drury Steamer Thistle in 1921. Under another skipper the Thistle was lost in Lake Leberge in 1929. Do you have the URLs for Murray's websites? If you do not, I would be delighted to send them to you. (see site addresses above) As I spent nine seasons on the old boats from 1942 to 1950 I had a great interest in them. In 1960 I was part of the crew that took the Keno to Dawson, and there is a write-up in this series of that trip. - Henry Breden

I also have another great connection with the Yukon. Madame Emilie Tremblay, my great-aunt & adoptive grandmother (she raised my mother, who was the child of her sister, Laura), was the first Caucasian woman to climb the Chilkoot Pass. In fact, she did it twice, once in 1896 & again in 1898. I look back fondly on my childhood days in the Yukon, as do my two sisters. I thought you just may be interested to read something off the Net about my grandmother Emilie Tremblay, so I am forwarding you a Web page I found a while back. The Ecole Emilie Tremblay School in Whitehorse was named after her. The dry goods store building in Dawson City (corner of King & Third) that she owned in the early 1900s, was restored as close as possible to it's original design some years ago & is now a Parks Canada Heritage Site. (see http://edimage.ca/edimage/grandspersonnages/en/carte_v02.html) - Joan (Poirier) White

Warren -Taught school in Dawson 1958-60

-Taught school in Whitehorse High School 1960- 61

-Taught school in F.H.Collins 1961-63

-Taught Whitehorse Elementary 1963-64,65-67

-Depart. of Education 1967-69

Jean -Taught in Whitehorse Elementary 1963-6 - Warren & Jean Rongve

Don't know if we ever met each other, but I was born and raised in the Yukon. It was my home (in Whitehorse) until 1978 when my late husband (Gordon) and I bought a home

on Vancouver Island, in Saltaire, B.C. between Ladysmith and Chemainus. We still came back and mined in the Dawson area summers for a year or two. Gordon passed away two and a half years ago, after 58 years of marriage. Recently I have remarried, and live in a Condo in Nanaimo. I have two books published on the Yukon, one "Crazy Cooks and Gold Miners", the other "Yukon Riverboat Days."

Yes! Sorry I forgot to mention that I was a Richards. (no relation to T.C. tho!) My Dad worked as manager of the drygoods dept. for T&D's store for 18 years. I married Gordon Yardley at 16 years of age in 1942, and went to school with Fred Blaker. Dated Denny a couple of times before I met Gordon. Knew Al Clarke well. Always admired Doug Bell and his newspaper articles!

Oh yes, I knew Gert Squirechuck and her sister Nancy when they lived in Carcross in the 1940's with their parents the Roses. George Rose was the Engineer on the "Lou-Ann" the small boat that ran from Carcross to Taku Arm . He took Gordon and I there on our honeymoon, where we caught the tiny train to Scotia Bay. Ted Smyth met us there and took us to Atlin in his motor boat.

My daughter, Norma (Waddington) went to school with Carole Clarke, (Al Clarke's dau) and still sees her when she visits Vancouver. Norma is still living in Whitehorse and has been in Real Estate for many years. - Joyce Yardley

<http://members.shaw.ca/joyceyardley/> (now an invalid site)

Well Hello 2 U 2 Sherron:

I remember. Perhaps not as clearly as I should but it's there. I know we met when I was on council - anyway good to make contact and as I said yesterday thanks for such a great idea. I'll be sending hello's to some of those Yukoners, and who knows we may get them on the mailing list of the Sourdough Chronicle - the Yukon Council on Aging's newsletter - if they're not already on. It's another way to keep in touch and maybe we can get them to tell some of their Yukon stories. We have a couple of pages just for that. We call it Memory Lane. It costs though - \$10. for a membership and 4 issues. – Doug Bell

I retired from the clinic in Oct 98 and am spending my winters in Indio CA. and summer in Whitehorse. I still own our home on Ponderosa Drive.

June pass away of Cancer and I have remarried a Yukoner who was the X-ray Tech at the clinic for 26 years. Her name was Wendy Wildfong but is now Pollock. – Jim Pollock

My life is still touching the Yukon. Over the past 9 years I have been designing headstones and by working with Bob Armstrong before he passed away and now with Don Sipple in Whitehorse I have designed quite a few headstones now in Yukon Cemeteries. – Sherron Jones

New "Stuff"

I have a web page that you can add to mine. I started writing poetry (of all things) in my dotage and have put it on a the web. Some of my old Yukon acquaintances might want to have a look. <http://poetrypoem.com/sourdough> (now an invalid site) - Gus Barrett

I am Marilyn Taylor's cousin. My dad was Charlie Taylor. My mom, Betty Taylor still

lives in Whitehorse as does my sister Verna Hart. We get up to see them a fair amount. We were there for this past Christmas. – Barbara (Taylor) Conway

I have placed a set of photos, which we bought in Whitehorse, on this website. I do need to go in and change the layout so you can view them larger and will do when I get some free time. If you click on the first set of three photos and then change the setting just above the photos, from 'fit window' to 'normal', the photos will increase to a legible size. If I redo them, they should go to full screen size. Take a good look at the first photo. Dave Gairns agrees it looks like him at the fence in his suit. And take a good look at the mast for what I understand to be one of the culprits on the Casca that day. Dave said there were lots of tears around the fence and he and Fred Blaker were discussing what they would do if they could catch the one who started the fire. In the second photo take a look at the ladder to the far side of the Casca. In the third photo, note Fred Blaker's Fire Chief vehicle and the fire truck have arrived. In the fourth photo you will see an RCMP vehicle has arrived. Riverboats Burning photos

<http://community.webshots.com/album/63753939TzzZpc> (now an invalid site)

- Sherron Jones

Tidbits -

Aksel Porsild reported that his mother is still in Whitehorse and has just celebrated her 100th birthday.

Gwen McFayden reported that she saw Ivor Mast at the last Vancouver Yukoners get together she attended. I met Ivor when I was studying to be a ham radio operator and Ivor was an old time ham then.

Bill Jones had lunch with Gwen McFayden last weekend when he was down to the coast. Although we have only seen Gwen twice in the past 20 years, she said it still felt like yesterday.

I found Linda & Larry Simenac's e-mail address on a forward from Shirley Keopke and invited them to join the list. Linda said they retired last October and moved to Alberta. They have just moved into a new house and "Our neighbor here is an x-Yukoner. Its Gerald & Darlene Gray, he had the first Whitehorse Esso up on Centennial Street in Porter Creek."

Donald Murray who is the President of the Vancouver Yukoners joined the list this week and has offered to tell the next reunion of the Vancouver Yukoner about this project. Their next reunion is April 5 at the Hyatt in Vancouver. He is expecting upward of 200 people. Contact Don whose address is on the list if you have any questions about the reunion. Don also indicated they would mention this project in their next newsletter which goes out in April.

Sarah Warner wrote yesterday that she and Tom have arrived back in Sydney AU after a 33 hour flight from Vancouver via Taiwan, with a 7 hr stop over at the Taipei Airport. If you know Sarah do ask her to add you to her list of those she mails when she and Tom

make side trips. It is so Educational, they have told of trips to Tasmania, New Zealand and the Outback. The one thing I got a chuckle out of about their Tasmania trip was Sarah's horror and the high amount of road kill. Evidently the Tasmanian Devil is nocturnal and are stunned by headlights. Quite a shock for a girl who was raised in Yukon where there is not a lot of road kill. Sarah also had a very interesting experience a couple of months ago when she took a teaching post with a family in the outback. She explained that the rural children are taught via the radio and they bring in a teach about once a year. Sarah is substitute teaching in AU and Tom is creating Websites. (I hope you don't mind me telling your story Sarah, I think your life is very exciting.)

A note that has just arrived in my mail box from John Gould (note the temperature Feb 9, 2003)

Dear Sherron;

Thank you for adding me to your list, and the newsy notes.

For those who don't know I was born in Dawson in 1919, except for a short time in Burnaby going to school and my stint in the R.C.A.F. as a pilot I have been in Dawson all my life.

During my time in the Air Force I met a girl in Toronto whom I married when I came back from overseas. Madelein came to Dawson on July 2nd 1946, we have lived here ever since and don't plan on leaving. Except for one grand daughter, Nicole who lives in Calgary every one else is here in Dawson.

I recognized several names on your list. I first met Les Somerton in 1932 -33 when he moved here from Whitehorse I believe.

Regards. John Gould It is minus 34 here this morning.

OBIT

Daniel Glen Campbell

CAMPBELL, Daniel Glen Daniel Glen age 52, died suddenly February 8th in Victoria, B.C.. Dan Campbell was born October 31, 1953 in Ilwaco, Washington and spent his early childhood on the coast of Washington where he developed his lifelong passion for fishing. In 1959 his family moved to Cranbrook, B.C. where Dan started school. In 1962 they moved to Invermere, B.C.. Dan was a gifted athlete and outdoorsman. During his teens, Dan competed in water skiing in summer and downhill ski racing in winter. Dan's dad even built him a ski hill in the hopes that he'd stop breaking bones in inappropriate locations. He loved his little sports car and motorcycle and took many road trips throughout western Canada and US. But the best day of his life came late in 1976 when he first met Anne. They were married Sept. 8 1978 in Invermere and embarked on a life of adventure. **On July 1, 1980 Dan and Anne moved to Atlin, B.C.** and became partners in an outfitting business. Dan's expertise in skyline pursuits soon made a name for the business. Dan had the uncanny ability to become the best at anything he chose to do much to the consternation of his merely normal friends. Why he ever put up with us is still a mystery! But being around Dan made us all a bit more perfect, and he led by example in a quiet, dignified way. **After 12 years in Atlin, the Campbell family, now expanded to include Linsey and Joe, moved to Whitehorse, Yukon.** There Dan's

artistry at building was applied to a variety of challenging projects enjoyed by ordinary homeowners, multimillionaires, and the film industry. For the people who knew him, Dan's name was synonymous with perfection. Whatever he put his hand to became something outstanding. **In September 2004, the Campbell's moved to Victoria, B.C.** Enjoying their new-found freedom, Dan and Anne spent several months on a second honeymoon rediscovering the wonders of life together. Dan is survived by his wife Anne, daughter Linsey and son Joe of Victoria, as well as sister Anita (George) Elliott of Invermere, B.C. Dan is survived also by in-laws Marion and Pat Woodcock of Burnaby (sadly, Pat passed away February 9th after a lengthy illness); brothers-in-law John (Lynn) Woodcock of Vancouver B.C. and Peter Woodcock and children Wesley, Lucas and Brooke of Winfield B.C.; also aunts, uncles and cousins and many caring friends and co-workers who reside in various places all over the world. Dan is pre-deceased by his parents Marcile and Glen Campbell. The Campbells and their friends are planning a celebration of Dan's life with an outdoor service on Saturday, February 18th at 1:00 p.m. at the Esquimalt Lagoon on the beach surrounded by mountains and in front of a fire. From those of us who had the honour to share a campfire, mountaintop, or trout stream with Dan: we wish him tight lines, fast horses, happy trails, and the best of views. 206669
Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 2/14/2006.

REMOVED FROM LIST

Recipient address: lyndarittenhouse@telus.net

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

RITTENHOUSE, Mike & Lynda (nee Pelletier) lyndarittenhouse@telus.net (Mike in Whse 1966-86, Lynda 74-86, both except 82-85) Victoria

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Nancy.Moulton@telus.net

Hi everyone, this is my new email address as of right now.

Nancy Moulton

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Worry is like a rocking chair; no matter how fast you rock, it gets you nowhere.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Down here in Canada's banana belt, aka southern Ontario, we have a number of game farms, with bison, elk, emu, etc. I've been playing around with seasoned organic pork sausages, but last week got some organic hot Italian bison sausages at a local farmers market.

Italian sausage stew

(well, my version anyway)

- 4 large bison or pork sausage links, spicy Italian if you can get them.
- 2 tablespoons or so of olive oil or regular oil
- 1 large onion coarsely chopped
- 2 cups or so coarsely chopped zucchini
- 2 large tomatoes coarsely chopped, or equivalent tinned.

Heat the oil in a large frying pan at medium. Squish the sausage meat out of the casings in small meatball-sized blobs into the frying pan and brown. Remove browned meatballs and put in a pot. Reduce the heat and sauté the onions until limp. Put the onions, zucchini and tomatoes in with the meatballs. Add about a half to one cup of water to the frying pan while it's still hot and scrape up all the bits and pour into the meatball mix. Cover and simmer on very low heat for at least an hour. Taste halfway through simmering. You'll need to add very little salt to this. You could add a little bit of Italian seasoning, or chili pepper as you like.

Serves two or three as is with a liberal dusting of Parmigiano Reggiano, or stretch it and serve with noodles or over rice. This stew tastes even better the next day.

Buon appetito

Barbara MacDougall barbaramacdougall@rogers.com (In Paris, Ontario)

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**. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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