

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 159th Edition – May 7, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



South Canol Road – 1990

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

THE PIT

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

While gambling in Gerties place,
Our time was running short.
We'd only have another day
Of visiting here in the north.
When someone said, "you'll have to fit"
Some time to drop in to the Pit.

Now of the Pit, we'd never heard,
We'd not been back for many years,
And so we took him at his word,
And said that we would visit there.
We wouldn't want to leave tomorrow,
Then learn about it to our sorrow.

While walking home from Gerties place,
Back to the comfort of our room,
The wind was frigid in our face,
And then we spotted, through the gloom,
A tilted door and over it
A sign that simply said, "The Pit."

Then the little woman said,
“We’re leaving in the morn. I think,
Too early yet to go to bed,
Let’s venture in and have a drink.”
Then I was deafened by the roar,
As we walked in that tilted door.

The room was small and dimly lit,
People wandered through the maze,
A horseshoe bar and over it,
There hung a heavy smoky haze.
The dance floor sagged from many feet,
As dancers sweated in the heat.

The walls and ceilings curved and dipped.
Resulting from the permafrost,
Still standing like a gallant ship
That fought its battle well, but lost.
The walls were strewn with ancient snaps
Of pioneers and mining maps.

Occupants of varied age
Clutching drinks in shaking hands,
Clustered round the tiny stage
To listen to the six piece band.
Anything they lacked in poise
Was compensated by the noise.

Girls adorned with body rings,
Tresses, many colours dyed,
Enchanted with the man who sings,
Unshaven, rough and glassy eyed.
His voice is gruff and overused,
But obviously he’s so enthused.

Old men whose working days were o’er,
Lives that teetered on the brink,
Just hanging on and waiting for
Someone to buy another drink
Living in a twilight zone,
But better than a night alone.

We down our drink and settle up,
With mixed emotions leave the pit.

With some regrets that we had stopped,
Yet glad that we experienced it.
For all those patrons, every one
In his own way was having fun.

Now back at home and settled down,
The trip is just a memory.
The days we spent in Dawson town
The town that once was home to me.
But if you ever visit it,
You must go down to see the Pit.

© Gus Barrett 2003

MY BOOK OF YUKON MEMORIES

Copyright by Joyce Hayden jhayden*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse)

Memories Of Whitehorse (Continued from MocTel 158)

In the mid-1950s Whitehorse was an unsophisticated town of about 3,000 people. The population of the entire Yukon in 1951 was just over 9,000. Whitehorse townsite occupied some of the 640 acres of land on the west bank of the Yukon River. It was Crown land that had been granted to the White Pass & Yukon Route Railway by the Canadian government.

Completed in 1901, the narrow gauge WP&YR Railway ran up and over coastal mountains, along lakes and across rivers, travelling over a hundred miles (161 kms) from tidewater in Skagway, Alaska, to its Yukon terminus in Whitehorse. In 1900 the company named this community White Horse, in recognition of the foaming whitecaps that surged through the rapids near the townsite. In 1957 the name was changed to Whitehorse, to reflect common usage.

The downtown core of the City of Whitehorse sits in a natural bowl created by steep clay cliffs that were formed by the ancient Yukon River that begins its journey at Marsh Lake, about 35 miles (55 kms) southeast of Whitehorse. The Yukon flows [2000] miles (3,185 kms) northwest to the Bering Sea.

Sitting just at the base of Miles Canyon and what was once the Whitehorse Rapids, the community perches on the banks of the Yukon River. It was in Whitehorse that huge sternwheelers began their journey to Mayo and Dawson City on the north-bound river. Trains and sternwheelers made Whitehorse the natural communications and supply centre of the southern Yukon. The construction of an airport at the top of the Whitehorse clay cliffs, as well as the 1942/43 construction of the Alaska Highway solidified that role.

In the early days the only road out of Whitehorse angled along the clay cliffs to the south end of the airport. The crumbling of the escarpment and the road necessitated the building of the Two Mile Hill access. It was well established when we arrived in 1953. A

traffic circle formed the junction of the Two Mile Hill road and the Alaska Highway. The south access entrance to Whitehorse was constructed many years later.

During the 1950s, houses in the downtown area were small and often unfinished. Lawns were almost non-existent; streets were unpaved and very dusty. Grey clouds of fine riverbank clay and gritty ash deposited by an ancient volcano filled the air and seeped into every crevice. In the ever-present wind, the place was truly a dust bowl. City crews tried to control the insistent dust with layers of thick black used oil. That oil tracked into homes and vehicles on every available shoe. I preferred the dust.

Whitehorse was clearly divided into civilian, Armed Forces and Federal Government families, cultures, and housing. Most civilians lived in the downtown core. A few people built their homes north or south of Whitehorse along the Alaska Highway. Amenities were few or self-provided. There was no enforced building code and many houses were built from dismantled United States Army buildings. Many of the reconstructed houses, including our own, were insulated with wood shavings and sawdust. Some homes in Whitehorse were of an earlier vintage, and still contained the original canvas tents that they had been built around.

The Armed Forces and Federal Government subdivisions of Hillcrest, Camp Takhini, and Valleyview were built above the clay cliffs, overlooking downtown Whitehorse. They were mostly duplexes with a smattering of officers' two-storey single-family homes. They all sported fresh paint and neatly manicured lawns and were similar to housing provided by the Federal Government elsewhere in Canada. The Army and Air Force also used TMQs (Temporary Married Quarters) and PMQs, (Permanent Married Quarters) that were poorly-constructed family row housing. Single personnel lived in barracks.

An Armed Forces sewer and water system served all of their housing, offices, workshops and hospital, as well as a small section in the centre of downtown Whitehorse where local businesses were located.

Most downtown residents used water from the Yukon River that was either dipped by pail or delivered to the door by tanker truck. It cost one dollar to fill a forty-five-gallon barrel. That barrel had to be covered and stored indoors to keep it from getting contaminated in the summer and from freezing in the winter. Before the end of 1953 Earle had dug a well in our dirt basement and installed a sand point in it to access and screen well water. He put a hand pump upstairs, and we had 'running water'!

That pump, washtub, chemical toilet and an outhouse hidden in one end of Earle's workshop served our plumbing needs for several carefree years. Once or twice a week, a skinny, but physically strong little guy known only as 'Murphy' hauled the contents of the chemical toilet away in his homemade 'honey-wagon'. It was an elongated barrel on a trailer. That service cost us seventy-five cents for every trip. Old-timers still recall with glee the day his trailer came unhitched from his pickup truck as he made his way up the Two Mile Hill, heading for the town garbage dump. Bouncing and swerving its treacherous way back down the hill, the trailer caused considerable panic among the unlucky drivers who had been following Murphy up the hill. The wagon eventually landed harmlessly in the ditch, miraculously avoiding the terrified drivers. That story caused great hilarity in local gathering places for weeks to come.

In the 1950s and '60s firewood was still used for cooking and heating in many Whitehorse homes. It was usually brought to town in eight-foot lengths and sold by the cord, often by local businessman George Ryder.

A small, older man with a tobacco-juice stained white beard, whose name was James Domville Richards, better known as Buzzsaw Jimmy, travelled around the community sawing piles of wood into stove lengths. He had come to Whitehorse from St. John, New Brunswick, via Vancouver and Alaska. In the spring of 1898 he worked his way on a steamship up the Inside Passage of the Alaska Panhandle to the delta of the Yukon River on the Bering Strait. From there he came on up the Yukon River to Dawson City. The steamer he was on made a trip back down the Yukon to tidewater to retrieve freight, mostly barrels of whiskey that they had stored on shore on their first voyage. Under the command of Captain Ferris, the steamer made its way back up river to Whitehorse, arriving on October 5, 1898. They spent that winter in Whitehorse and surrounding area, where Jimmy cut wood, hauled freight, staked claims and did whatever work he could find. During his second summer in the territory he worked as a fireman on the steamer *Yukon*. Eventually Jimmy settled in Whitehorse, and among other things, cut wood for a living.

It was said that Jimmy was a mechanical genius, and the buzz saw that he built from an old tractor, a Model T Ford, a circular saw blade and various belts and pulleys seemed to prove the point. Unfortunately Jimmy was prone to accidents and one day, while operating this contraption from his high perch, he fell into the whirling saw blade and severed his leg between knee and thigh. That didn't stop him. After his stump healed, he acquired a wooden leg, and carried on with his sawing business. The second time he fell into the saw he cut his wooden leg off. After that accident, he is said to have yelled at the saw: "I fooled you that time, you S.O.B." He got another leg, and continued to saw wood. The kids and I watched with fascination each time he arrived next door to saw our neighbour's wood. We held our breath, fearful that he would fall again. He didn't. It was said that Jimmy lived in his log garage on Second Avenue. His bed was a hammock that was strung from the rafters and hung above his truck. (Jimmy Richards died in 1967.)
(To be continued)

KOOKATSOON LAKE

[Gina (Hughes) Span daughter of Bob and Taffy Hughes brought up this topic when we were working on the Bennett Lake topic for MocTel 158. Thank you Gina, for another bit of Yukon history.] – Sherron

That's wonderful Sherron. Now I can put a name to this great lady [Vicky Johnson]. I know Carcross well as dad found Kookatsoon Lake in 1956, registered it, named it and staked our property. We built a cabin there and spent every weekend there until 1969 when my mom sold it. Our lake was at mile 17.5 on the Carcross Road and Kookatsoon means "Shallow Waters" in Tlingit, which dad researched and found that the Tlingit were from that area. When I was 5 and my sister was 6, we used walk across the lake and it wouldn't go over our chest at that time because we were little. There are a tremendous

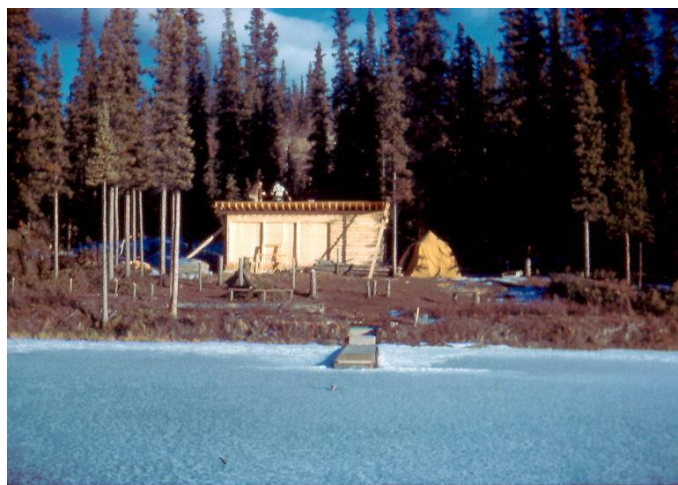
amount of slides on that disc, that are from when dad found it. He had to put in his own road, clear our property, which wasn't even surveyed yet. We used to take road trips all up and down the Carcross Road, stopped in for lunches and visited a lot of people, however, don't ask me their names. I only wanted to go to Carcross to see the Parrot. He was glorious.

Love Gina ginaspan@yahoo.com (In Coquitlam)



Dad walked in from across the lake from the Carcross Road to see our property which just had a few trees cut to show our property area.

This is of dad in front of our lot, winter 1956 - 1957 after finding, registering and staking our claim the summer before. The government owned the land and would only sell off the half of the lake that was not the closest to Carcross Road because that half of the lake was deemed public. Therefore, they put in a public campground about 3 years later. We were able to get the prime property, middle of the lake and my dad's brother, Uncle Glen bought the one next to ours. (We bought his when they surveyed because we found that part of our cabin was built on his property). When we bought, it was a 99 year lease.



Fall of 1957, we were getting the roof on Just in Time!



My sister Dona (in blue) and I [Gina] (in pink) with our Kookatsoon sign which we just put up after cutting in our road from the Carcross Road in the Spring of 1958.



Dad is taking a picture of our cabin as he was kayaking from the public campground.



This is a winter view of our cabin. We went to the cabin every weekend. Bob and Sharon Sneider used to come up on the weekends before they had their children. Bob owned the propane company then. He would bring a propane tank, climb up to the top of the

toboggan run, light it and walk backward down the run and melt the snow. The weather was always 20 below so it would instantly freeze. The result was a VERY FAST run.



For example. That's Bob and dad. There have been more than a few broken bones on that run!



I wanted to show the Golden Horn (our view from the cabin). The car was put out there when the lake froze over. We would ride behind it on one of those huge inner tubes from the big rigs that used to go up for ore at Faro. My mom was swung so hard and fast off of the tube one time, that when she landed, no one could find her until she blinked. It was very funny and we all had a really good time with that car. We just got it off the ice in time. It had already been frozen in for a couple of weeks. Dad had to get a bulldozer to pull it off the ice. Great memories.

You will see our dock and the old car we used to run on the lake when it froze over and it did freeze over, to the very bottom I may add. We only had minnows in the water and they would freeze and come back the next year. I swear. The next spring, we had to work very hard to get that old car off there before it went to the bottom.

There may have been 10 lots that were for sale at that time. I know that Rev. Privet was one. But mostly it was us. Some never built there and maybe 5 were built by the time we left.

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



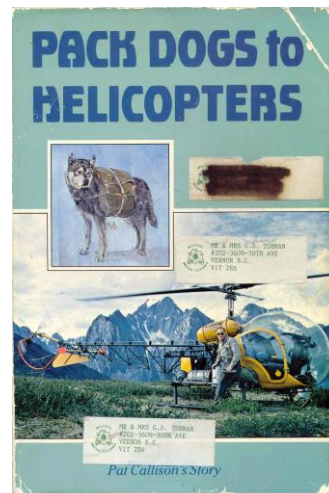
Barbara Close, her brother David, Bonnie Brown - 1951 or 52.

Photo courtesy Bonnie (Brown) Wright bonruby@telus.net (In Port Hardy)

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

This week seems like an appropriate time to begin to share with some of the stories from Pat Callison's book "**Pack Dogs to Helicopters**". Many Yukoners will have read this book, but since it is no longer available the family and in particular Joan (Callison) Rodschat has given permission to share it in the MocTel.

For those of you who have already read it you will be able to skip this section. For those who find the MocTel time consuming to read I suggest you try and obtain a used copy of this book and read it some time when you have the time. It is very educational about the development of the north. – Sherron



“Sure, Sherron, go ahead and use any part of Dad’s book that you choose. I’m sure he would have liked that idea very much.
Thanks, Joan” Joan (Callison) Rodschat jrodschat@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

DEDICATION

Progress over the past four decades or so has altered and improved living and working conditions throughout our Northern frontier and this book gives a true and interesting look at one man’s participation.

Pat Callison is a lifelong friend. We first met in Vancouver in 1940 and over the next twenty-two years worked in Aviation throughout the Yukon Territory. During later years as Commissioner of the Yukon I still had the continuing privilege of association through business as well as socially.

Any reader with an adventurous spirit will appreciate the problems and the excitement of growing with and being part of development in the northwest during the past forty years. Whether he was running dogs, a river boat, aircraft or helicopter, Pat always completed his task, many times under adverse conditions. I share with the author and the people he mentions a great respect and love for this part of Canada and appreciate the time and effort put into preparing this fine book.

Gordon Cameron

PREFACE

My comments re this book. I would like to congratulate Athol Retallack on the way she managed to put my rough material together and come up with a book which I think covers my life story very well.

First of all I would like to thank my wife Ethel, for her support and help over the last 51 years, our daughters Joan and Fay for always standing by me and helping in many ways. Dr. Lewis H. Green, who I worked with on several Geological Survey jobs in the Yukon and who gave me encouragement to write this book.

And to the many people who worked for me and helped make my different businesses a success; the trucking business, fixed wing aircraft, and Klondike Helicopters. Last but not least, my dear mother who always gave me good advice, which helped me through many a rough spot.

From where I am sitting today in our apartment on the 10th floor, looking over the Vancouver International Airport and the town of Richmond, I can not help but think back and remember when I first started flying off the Vancouver Airport during the 1930's. Everything has changed so much. At that time we were taking off and landing from a grass runway, which after a heavy rain would get so soft and wet that the airport would be closed for a day. There was no radio control, just a small tower, and the traffic was controlled by using a flashing light. I would take off and fly over Richmond and the only things I can remember of the Richmond area, were the farms and the Landsdowne Race

Track. There are far fewer farms today, a lot of the island is covered by large buildings, and most of the buildup has taken place during the last twenty five years.

No doubt the era I have lived through has been an important period in aviation with many interesting things still to come.

Pat Callison

CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS

The Peace River country - big, beautiful, bountiful; to a farmer, good crops; to a rancher, sleek livestock; to a geologist, oil; to a technician, a refinery; to Pat Callison, the first memories of his life.

I've flown over Dawson Creek in northern British Columbia many times but it is the rare occasion that I don't look out of my cockpit window and immediately am back seventy years, where, as far as I am concerned, my awareness of being a person began.

In 1913 a small train of freight sleighs bumped and jostled its way over 400 miles of frozen muskeg - the Edson Trail was nothing more than a designated direction from the railhead at Edson, Alberta. Sitting up front of one of the sleighs was my father, Fred Callison, driving a 4 horse team which pulled a sleigh laden with his wife, three young sons, a daughter and all his possessions.

As a 3 year old, my first memory was having cold hands at one point on the journey, and a Mrs. Hodges taking them, holding them in her warm hands and tucking them into her nice warm muff. Seventy years later I can recall that sensation of utter contentment.

Our family's beginnings were in Ireland, and several generations ago some members migrated to Virginia. My father and my mother Dora (nee Lynch) were married in Virginia early in the 1900's and about 1905 went to Halliday, North Dakota to homestead and there I was born in a sod house.

There are 9 in our family, two brothers older than I, two brothers younger and four sisters. All of us are living in Canada.

My father was a restless man, he always wanted to see what was beyond the horizon, so when he heard about farmlands being available in the Peace River country in Canada, he left for the northwest. A few months later when he returned he told my mother he had a homestead (just 2 miles south of where the city of Dawson Creek is today) so we joined the other settlers to make our home in British Columbia.

My father built a log cabin for his family, we set out a big garden, built fences and sheds and lived there until 1915 when my parents decided to move back to North Dakota. So we left the Peace River country but not before my mother gave birth to one more son, Elisha, who, in 1914 was one of the first white children born in that part of the country.

To leave the Peace River country in summer we had to travel by horse and wagon 100 miles to the Smokey River where we boarded a steamboat and sailed another 100 miles to the town of Peace River.

By then the railway had reached that far north, so we travelled to North Dakota by train and stayed there until 1919 when once again my parents prepared to return to Canada and homestead in the Peace River country.

(To be continued)

See article below that was in the Whitehorse Star April 28, 2006
Submitted by Donna Clayson [ytdogteam*telus.net](mailto:ytdogteam@telus.net) (In Ardrossan AB)
Courtesy of the Whitehorse Star

Scenic drives website is up

The second of seven Yukon scenic drives is now online and available for the travelling public to view.

By logging onto www.driveyukon.com visitors can now choose between the Alaska Highway and the Klondike/Kluane Loop scenic drives.

The initiative was first announced in October 2004 with an investment of \$350,000 toward a marketing campaign that highlighted the Alaska Highway scenic drive.

A further \$350,000 in 2005 paid for interpretive signage for the Alaska Highway and continued development of scenic drives websites. A new marketing/e-mail campaign highlighting the new Klondike/Kluane loop was launched in late February.

When the project is completed, seven Yukon highways will be showcased on the driveyukon.com website.

“This initiative is designed to attract new touring visitors to the Yukon and to encourage them to plan to stay longer and to explore all Yukon communities when they visit,”

Tourism and Culture Minister Elaine Taylor said in a statement last month.

That will provide long-term benefits to the Yukon’s economy, particularly during the summer and shoulder seasons, Taylor said.

The scenic drives website highlights attractions, events, cultural experiences and first nations history in all regions, and provides a direct link to accommodation, RV parks and campgrounds.

“The new Klondike/Kluane Loop scenic drive is a great tool to promote Haines Junction and the Kluane region,” said Haines Junction Mayor John Farynowski.

“We were pleased that Tourism Yukon worked with all tourism stakeholders in the Kluane region to build the content on the website.”

Farynowski said the website provides an opportunity to promote the region in a manner that reflects local priorities and pride of place.

Brenda Caley, chair of the Klondike Visitor Association, said, “Tourism is integral to the economic well-being of all Yukon communities. The KVA is pleased to have worked with Tourism Yukon on the content creation for the new website. We support the scenic drives initiative, which is sure to attract thousands of visitors to Yukon in the upcoming years.”

The Golden Circle Route, Silver Trail and Dempster Highway websites will be up and

running later this year, giving potential travellers new virtual Yukon highways to discover.

In 2005, the scenic drives print direct mail response goal was five per cent. It achieved a much higher result than projected, with 20.2 per cent of those targeted showing an interest in the Yukon.

The online direct mail response goal was three per cent and achieved a higher response at 5.12 per cent.

“We measured performance in year one by the number of inquiries and visitor spending,” Taylor said.

“We wanted to attract 4,000 new visitors to the Yukon in 2005 and by June 1 we had received over 4,000 responses to the online campaign.

“In the end, the campaign attracted over 5,400 visitors who spent over \$3 million in the Yukon.”

Year two and beyond will be measured by the number of unique visits to the driveyukon.com website and the length of the visitor session, “which we will convert into similar visitation and spending in the Yukon,” Taylor added.

Consultations with Yukon communities and first nations took place prior to the development of the Klondike/Kluane loop website.

First nations will continue to be an integral component of the initiative as more scenic drives are rolled out in the next few years, the minister said.

GUS' LATEST POEM HIT HOME

Hi Sherron.... Thank you for the Latest M.T.....so interesting wonderful photos....also the Poem.....struck home actually.....last Friday.. I was asked to Entertain a chap who was Irish.....at the Irish Heather...in Gastown....there was only going to be 35 people there...ALL young people at that....anyway.. Show time was @ 5.pm.... Edward and I arrived at 3.30.p.m. to change...well to change me into Costume.. Irish Pub.. Green Irish Costumes.....with of course Lots of sparkles.....anyway.. it is a tiny little pub.. hard to find too.... when we did.. we were shown through to the back of the pub to another house..... in the 1800's it was a Carriage House..... then a Black Smiths... so old so interesting... also other different businesses....so again so tiny... we were shown upstairs.. to where I was going to change....well.. that was a surprise too.... very small again.... so we went to the window.. to check things out.....and out side there is a wonderful patio.. Court Yard... all paved.. with flower boxes.....but also sadly.. a group of young and old people shooting up drugs....and dancing around.. we saw a young girl..no more that 20.....and she was actually sticking in the needle.....I felt so sad.and a wave of depression came over me.....as the poem say's...how did they end up like that.. there was a chap.. continually sweeping the floor.. not really getting anywhere.....the window we opened...was on the first floor....and it was all barred....needed a clean too...all the walls were brick.. such an interesting.....place.....It was quite an event.....Love my Job.. always something different.. even with the Highs and the Lows.....Hugs Gillian

Gillian Campbell (Klondike Kate) gillianklondikekate*shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

SKELTON OF SS KLONDIKE

I have come across some interesting information in a magazine I was scanning through at the grocery store the other day.

It is in the Canadian Geographic Magazine. It is the March/April edition.

On page 25, there is a short article about the discovery of the skelton of the SS Klondike # 1. The picture is taken from the air, and gives you a really good visual.

The other article is about a fella that was interviewed on the Bill Good show on Tuesday of last week. He and his wife spent five months following the Porcupine Caribou herd to the calving grounds in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in the Northeastern corner of Alaska.

As well, the article on the many train wreck that have happened here in BC for the last year or so, is also very well done.

If anyone is interested, you can get the magazine at The Great Canadian Superstore, where I got it, or any store that has a large assortment of magazines.

The address you can write to is as follows:

Canadian Geographic 39 MacArthur Ave Ottawa, Ontario K1L 9Z9

The website is www.canadiangeographic.ca

Hope you fine this interesting

Warmest Regards to all of you

Sandy Campbell northernlyght@shaw.ca

UPDATE ON HENRY BREADEN



Alice & Henry Breaden

Photo courtesy Lura Breaden llbreaden@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

Mum and I went to visit dad today. He is looking good, putting on a bit more weight. The swelling in his feet has come down tremendously.

I hunted down an RN, as I wanted to know if we could take him out to the lobby.

Apparently, he still has the superbug virus. Visitors need to gown and glove still, but he doesn't have to - to go out in the hallway/lobby...go figure. So we took him down to the lobby for some live entertainment!

There was a band of drums, base guitar, guitar, piano and banjo! They were playing some oldies- but goodies. Roy then showed up- so we had a family party in the lobby :) I think dad really enjoyed having a change of scenery. We showed him the gardens that are all in bloom. I wanted to take him out, but decided not to because the wind today is too chilly.

Mum took him up some new reading material, so that will keep him busy.

I took a picture today.

He needs a haircut, so I looked into the salon at the facility. He should be getting in tomorrow. Well, that's all for now.

Cheers- as dad would say.

Lura Breaden llbreaden*shaw.ca (In Nanaimo)

NEWS FROM THE INTERNET

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

Monday, May 01, 2006 Grizzly bear kills man in Yukon © the CBC, 2006

(CBC) - A grizzly bear attacked and killed a 28-year-old man on Friday as he worked in the bush north of Whitehorse, police say.

Jean-Francois Pagé was killed about 30 kilometres east of Ross River, where he was flagging for a mining company.

Pagé originally from Quebec, was marking mineral claims with two other men when he failed to return to their work camp. The men reported Pagé missing to a helicopter pilot, who notified police.

A helicopter search located his body.

RCMP say Pagé was apparently attacked after coming within five metres of a bear den that contained two cubs.

They believe the sow probably attacked Pagé to protect its young, and say the man was likely killed instantly.

The mother bear and cubs were killed at the scene by RCMP and conservation officers.

Police are now warning people working or travelling in wilderness areas to exercise caution as bears come out of their seasonal hibernation.

Ross River, located about 198 kilometres northeast of Whitehorse, has been a hotspot for mining exploration in recent years.

The last fatal human-grizzly encounter in Yukon was in September 2004, when bowhunter Bart Schleyer was killed while on a hunting trip near Stewart Crossing.

ARTISTIC TALENT



“Heading North” in oils.

Copyright to Fred Aylwin fbaylwin@shaw.ca (In Vernon)

MOCTEL CD’s

Compact Discs (CD’s) which include 2003, 2004 & 2005 editions of the Moccasin Telegraph can be produced for anyone wishing one. The charge is \$20, which includes shipping. If you wish one just send a cheque and a note saying you wish a MocTel CD along with your mailing address and we will send it out to you.

Some of you are finding this frees up a lot of disc space on your computer.

There are instructions with each CD that explain how you can search the disc using a ‘keyword’ to find an article you wish to view again.

Send your order to my address at the bottom of this edition.

– Sherron Jones

A MESSAGE FROM EMILY STILLWELL

Sorry Emily, this message came in April 19th and I missed putting it in the MocTel. I am up to almost 3,000 incoming messages since I emptied the inbox in November. I do miss replying to some. – Sherron

Congratulations on the honor soon to be bestowed on you. It will be nice to hear of the actual event.

On June 10, the day of the Commissioner's Residence tea, the Esquire Housing Coop where I live will be celebrating our 25th Anniversary. I believe we are the oldest housing coop in Saskatchewan. There are only three of us founding members still living there. Not all coops make it, and I believe it is no small fete. We have been told on different occasions that we have been the most successful and are often used as an example. Many VIPS will be invited including from the Federal, Provincial and Local Governments. I'm to be one of the Greeters.

I don't know if I could add anything to the information about the Sisters of St. Ann. You'll recall that I was employed by them in Dawson in the mid fifties. I have one story about curling that I haven't written. It would start off by Sister Mary Angel Guardian telling (ordering) me to take time off to curl in the International Bonspiel to be held in Dawson in 1956. Imagine! When I asked why the sisters would want me to do that, she said, "It would be good for the reputation of the hospital". Figure that one out. I never have.

Golfing has started, here. The ladies opening luncheon at the course where I play, was held, yesterday.

Emily Stillwell eistillwell@hotmail.com (In Moose Jaw)

MOVED

We have moved down to Melville from Laronge and I have taken the position of Fire Chief for the City of Melville. I am working on being at the Okanagan Yukoners picnic one of these years, however not this year with starting a new job and all. Maybe next year and I can visit my brother in Kelowna as well.

Really enjoy the newsletter and was sad to see it almost go down, there awhile back.

Tyrone Mogenson tydomn@hotmail.com (In Melville SK)

NEW ADDITIONS

To Dave Gairns:

Thank you for the information. We were unable to open MocTel. We did however, open the email and location addresses. There were many names that I do know, but a lot of people that I do not know. I would like to be added to the list. My deceased husband and I arrived in the Yukon in 1973. We lived in Whitehorse from 1973 – 1995, then moved to Tagish in 1995 – April 2004. My former married name was Soukoroff. If you need more information, please let me know.

Great talking to you.

Elena Popoff popoff47@telus.net (In South Slocan)

It should read Fritz and Elena Popoff (Soukoroff). We live in a rural community called Slocan Park (it's approximately 25 minutes from Castlegar and 25 minutes from Nelson. At this time of the year we are busy planting our garden. I still can't believe how things grow here. Our yard is covered with dandelions. I may have more time in the fall and winter to forward some of my favorite recipes.

Thanks again.

Elena Popoff

Hi, my name is Allen Schink, I am Maureen Buchholz's brother. She suggested I sign up for your Moccasin Telegraph. Could you please put me on your mailing list, my address is alschink@shaw.ca

Thanks

OBIT

Siegfried Kurt Rodschat, who was born October 27, 1936 in East Prussia, passed away on April 20, 2006 in Penticton, BC. Siegi grew up in West Germany, where he apprenticed to become an electrician.

Siegi arrived in Canada in 1956. As a member of the IBEW he was employed until his retirement as an electrician and lineman in the construction industry.

In 1967, Siegi moved to Clinton Creek, Yukon where he worked for Cassiar Asbestos and later owned and operated his own business in Dawson City and throughout the Yukon. He had many fond memories of his time spent in the north and the many good friends he made there.

Through the years Siegi and his wife, Joan (Callison), lived and worked in Cassiar, BC, Alaska, Fort St. John, BC, eastern Canada and the U.S.. For the past 5 years he has been

retired in the Okanagan.

Besides Joan, his wife of 32 years, he leaves 3 children and 5 grandchildren residing in Germany. He is also survived by 4 Canadian step-children and 4 step-grandchildren.

Joan (Callison) Rodschat jrodschat@shaw.ca (In Penticton)

In Memory of Lionel C. Brasseur - Died May 3, 2006

Lionel Claudis "Lyn" Brasseur (RCAF LCol retired)

Passed peacefully at home on Wednesday May 3, 2006 Lionel "Lyn" Brasseur, age 77 beloved husband of Margaret Jackson. Will be fondly remembered by his first wife Marie Olive Brasseur. Loving father of daughter Deanna Marie Brasseur, son Wayne Brasseur and his wife Mary Greer and sons Alexander and James, daughter Jocelyn and her husband Thom and children Liam, Meghan and Hayden. Loving stepfather to: Kimberley Schultz and her husband Gordon and son Emmerson; Kerry Leeks and her husband Steven and their children Jessica, Kacey and Taylor; Kevin Jackson and his wife Karen and children McKenna and Kaden. Dear brother of Tina Parsons (Art) and Hy Seely. Loving uncle to Beverly, Laurie, Rick, Theresa, Tina Maria, Tammy, Mike and Toni.

Friends are invited to pay their respects at the Kelly Funeral Home, 580 Eagleson Road, Kanata on Friday May 5, 2006 from 2-4 p.m. and 7-9 p.m. Memorial mass on Saturday, May 6, 2006 at 10 a.m. at Holy Redeemer Catholic Church, 44 Rothesay Road, Kanata with reception to follow at Kelly Funeral Home. In Memoriam donations to the Palliative Care Outreach Program, 63 Glencoe Street, Ste 305, Ottawa, Ontario K2H 8S5 are appreciated.

Kelly Funeral Homes (235-6712)

Sent on behalf of the family of

Lionel C Brasseur
30 Bunting Lane
Ottawa ON K2M 2P7
Tel: (613) 592-6012
lynbrass@sympatico.ca

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Rumor is one thing that gets thicker as you spread it.

RECIPES

There was a review this week between a few who have been quite instrumental in starting and continuing to share in the recipe section. It was suggested that many of the recipes can be found in most cookbooks or on the internet. Although when checked seem to only be a variation of the ones we have shared.

I wondered if it was time to let the section die since we were not getting any more recipes which had a true Yukon flavour. (Rhubarb, sourdough, berries, game meat and fish.) So if you have any that lend themselves to Yukon ingredients then please send them along.

Meanwhile we will continue because it is felt that so many of the recipes we use in life are the ones that are tried and tested by family or friends. The recipes shared in this section have fit that criteria.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

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

Gourmet Scalloped Potatoes

2 ½ - 3 quarts cooked diced potatoes (or enough for your family)
2 cans mushroom soup
2 cups shredded cheddar cheese (or cheddar cheese soup)
1 pkg onion soup mix
1 cup sour cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix soups, sour cream and 1 ½ cup cheese. Fold in potatoes. Spread in shallow dish. Sprinkle with rest of cheese. Bake 350 for 30-45 minutes. Can be made ahead and refrigerate until time to bake.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic June 25, 2006 Summerland Ornamental Gardens. For further information contact Larry Chalmers aksala49@telus.net

Island Yukoners Picnic Aug 12th at St Mary's Hall in Nanoose Bay.
For further information contact Blanche & Gus Barrett at sourdoughs2@shaw.ca

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

CONTACT INFORMATION

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