

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 171st Edition – August 20th, 2006

Created by Sherron Jones sherronjones@shaw.ca

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



Sunflowers

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

THE LONELY PATH

(To honour the lives of Cst. Robin Cameron
and Cst. Mark Bourdages)

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

Oh what a lonely path they tread,
In sunny day or dark of night.
Those who would wear the coat of red,
Bold defenders of the right.

They swore the law they would defend,
“Let fear or favour be denied”,
Defend they did, and in the end,
Survivors may recall with pride.

Those who have been left behind,
Children bereft of parents love,
May come to realize, in time,
Those parents walked “a step above”.

They took the path that heroes take,
Disdainful of the easy course.
For duty and for honour’s sake,
The proud traditions of the Force.

Those who the lonely path have trod,
Those who too, have made the vow,
Though you have gone to meet your God,
You've left the path less lonely now.

Veterans and members rise,
Comrades in arms salute as one,
And sing your praises to the skies.
Rest in peace, your duty done.

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16987 Regimental Number

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 3

WEST COAST HERE WE COME (cont'd)

Ethel and Joan came up from Vancouver before the Stikine River froze over and put an end to transportation to the outside world until spring. If Ethel had thought Fort St. John was in the hinterlands, Ball's Ranch, 12 miles down the Stikine River from Telegraph Creek was total isolation for about 6 months of the year. We both agreed that it was a beautiful spot, nestled on the edge of the Coast Range Mountains. There were open hay meadows, well timbered areas and the Glenora Mountains rose against the sky across the river. The winter temperatures were tempered by our proximity to the coast.

We settled in our new home and I checked the buildings, saw that the horses were fed when the snow got too deep for them to rustle for themselves, mended fences, found time to trap some wolves and coyotes close around the ranch.

Ethel was kept busy with the house and taking care of Joan but the biggest and best surprise for her was that somewhere along the way George Ball had bought a library, literally a complete library, from a town which hadn't been able to keep up the facility. There were hundreds of books in good condition, carefully shelved in a separate cabin which was called "The Library". I don't know what Ethel would have done without it.

Just before Christmas when the snow had become a good covering, I rigged up a sled-toboggan contraption that I could hitch up to a horse. Then, all bundled up Ethel, Joan and I headed out to Telegraph Creek, which, with a population of about 100 people looked like a metropolis to us, to get our mail and whatever supplies we needed.

On our way back home, a distance of about 12 miles, there was a good size meadow just below Six Mile Creek and I thought the meadow had possibilities as a place to graze some of the horses in the spring. I tied up the big black horse, Nick, to a clump of willows put on my snowshoes and started off toward the meadow, telling Ethel that I would be about 30 minutes.

I had only gone a short distance when I heard a crash and when I looked back it was just in time to see Nick fall over onto his side in the snow. I raced back to the toboggan; I was scared to death at what could have happened to Ethel and Joan. But Ethel had grabbed Joan and jumped off the toboggan as soon as the horse had bolted. I don't know what had spooked him, but he had started to run away. When he had run the length of the rope it jerked his head around so hard he fell on his side and he couldn't get up until I cut the rope.

Ethel appeared to be calm about what could have been a serious accident. I wasn't the least bit calm, I was just thankful that neither of them was injured.

One of the horses in the herd was a beautiful animal, weighing at least 1500 pounds and about 15 years old. He had never been used for anything but a pack horse so I thought he could earn his keep around the ranch. As any horseman knows, it is hard to train an older horse new ways, besides that he was a mean character, he had thrown packs whenever he felt like it, and most of the packers were afraid of him, hence the name "Piledriver".

I teamed him up with another big work horse and they made a fine looking pair. During the early spring I was hauling logs to build another cabin and had put three large logs on the wagon, didn't chain them down, and just let them roll loose. Piledriver was fussing a bit, first because he had a harness on, the ground was rough and he didn't like the wagon coming along at his heels, but we were making headway and were just coming onto the ranch property. The other horse was a nervous type and willing to run, so there I was, in the wagon, crashing and bouncing along behind two panic stricken horses. I lost one line and was sawing on the other trying to curb the horses, I could see we were heading for a solid log fence and knew we had to get around it. Just about made it, but the hub of the axle of the left front wheel hit the fence and I was thrown off the wagon and the rear wheel of the wagon rolled over my arm and head. I felt the pain in my arm, my teeth crunch, and that was about all. When I came to I gingerly tested to see what had been broken, but was able to get on my feet and hobble toward the house. I was an awful mess - shocked the hell out of Ethel - I was covered with blood from a bad gash on my head, my arm was a bloody mess, I was spitting blood and bits of teeth, and I was covered with dirt. When Ethel got me cleaned up and bandaged we realized that the reason I hadn't been killed was that all the winter's accumulation of horse manure had been piled up around the fence and I had landed in it and that had cushioned my head from the wagon wheel and the hard ground. A man has to be thankful for the damndest things sometimes in his life.

You can be sure of one thing. Piledriver learned to accept harness and to pull sleighs, wagons, drag logs and I even put him on a plow as a final insult to a packhorse. He learned to behave. It was a clash of wills between a mean, stubborn horse and a stubborn man who would carry scars and have dental problems for the rest of his life, thanks to Mr. Piledriver. We were never friendly but we had no more real problems.

* * *

While we were living at George Ball's Diamond B Guest Ranch below Telegraph Creek, B.C., we heard about a place called Kirk's Landing, about 20 miles farther down the Stikine River, which was for sale. It was named after a Mr. Kirk who had lived there for many years, and when he died the estate was being sold by the Government Agent at Telegraph Creek.

We knew there was plenty of game in that part of the country, so decided to go and have a look at the place, as it might be a good spot to start a guest ranch. Knowing that the regular river boat, which hauled passengers and freight from Wrangell, Alaska to Telegraph Creek, would be coming up the river the next morning and we could get a ride on it back to the ranch. We packed our gear, left Joan in the care of Agnes Ball, put our rowboat in the river and drifted down to Kirk's Landing.

It was a nice peaceful trip. The river was flowing about four or five miles an hour and we arrived at our destination in about five hours. What a picturesque setting! With mountains in the background - an old cabin, barn, and hay shed on the edge of a meadow covered with timothy hay, and a nice little creek running into the river from the south. The sun was shining and everything looked beautiful.

On closer inspection of the creek we found that it was teeming with salmon on their way up the creek to spawn. Looking around at the field we saw that about an acre of hay had been knocked down and was covered with fish scales. When we saw the huge bear tracks, we realized that the grizzly bears had been fishing there, pulling the salmon out on to the grass and having a feast. It was quite a sight and smelled for all the world like a fish market.

But knowing that when darkness came the bears would be back, we had to find a good safe spot to camp overnight. No way were we going to sleep out on the ground. The old cabin was pretty run down, but the hay shed looked more promising. It was about 20x40 feet and had a good corrugated iron roof with a wall about 10 feet high. The top was open. Inside was at least six feet of hay. We put our bed on that, thinking that if it rained we would at least be dry.

We decided that the place looked interesting, except for the bears, and settled down for a good night's sleep. As it grew dark, we could hear the bears splashing around in the creek and having a grand time with their fishing. We felt quite safe where we were, but under no circumstances would we have gone outside.

About the same time we hear rustlings in the hay and the pack rats took over. They were nesting there and when darkness came they started to play, running around on a log about six feet above our bed and jumping down on the hay. Ethel immediately disappeared under the blanket. I thought my head was covered up but felt a tugging at my hair. When I struck out I hit a pack rat.

In case you have never heard of a pack rat, they are small grey animals about the size of a muskrat, with a bushy tail. They spend most of their time stealing small articles and hiding them in their nests. There are a lot of them in the mountain country of British Columbia.

Then the rain started, and you can imagine the rattling on the metal roof. But it didn't stop the pack rats. I finally decided that I would scare them, so took my rifle and shot out through the open side of the building. Utter silence for about five minutes, then all hell would cut loose again.

We gave up all thoughts of sleep and waited patiently for daybreak, when the bears left. Even the pack rats went to sleep. Gathering up our gear, we headed for the river and very soon heard the boat whistle. What a beautiful sight when we saw it coming. The boat was the Hazel B, owned by Sid and Hill Barrington, old-time river men. They had a famous cook, Jack Wilson, who served us a delicious breakfast. Then--we-- caught a few hours

sleep. We lost all interest in Kirk's Landing, and as far as we know, the bears and pack rats are still in possession

To be continued....

SHARED MESSAGES - BETWEEN HARVEY BURIAN AND GERALDINE VAN BIBBER

Hello Geraldine,

My name is Harvey Burian and I read with interest your responses to Don Machan's questions as they appeared in the recent *Moccasin Telegraph* compiled by Sherron Jones, to whom you recently awarded a well deserved Commissioner's Award. Though I was born in Dawson City, I grew up in the Mayo area and our family lived, for about 10 years, next door to your husband Pat's family. Pat is younger than I am (I was born in 1944) but we often played together as boys. (Please say hello to him from me!) I also knew his sisters Shirley, Carolyn and Debbie. Karen must have been born after I left Mayo to attend university as I do not remember her. I'm sure Pat has told you all this, but I remember when his folks, Pat and Ada still lived in their log house next to our log house. They then acquired a frame house from Bear Creek, I believe, when YCGC was shutting down and moved it onto their lot, replacing their log house. My father, Renny Burian and I built a house on the far side of our lot, tore down our log house, and so both of our log houses no longer exist. When I last visited Mayo for the 2003 Centenary celebrations, I had a tour of the Binet House Museum where one of the young guides indicated he was the grandson of Pat Van Bibber, and so was presumably your son.

I also had the great pleasure of knowing Pat's grandparents, Ira and "Shorty". My family used to always stop at Pelly Crossing to visit with them. I always enjoyed Ira's stories. He always claimed that there were more Burians than Van Bibbers in the Yukon, but I do not believe that to be the case. I knew or know Pat's uncles, Dan, Alex, George, and John (JJ) and many of Pat's aunts and cousins.

You also indicated that Mac and Lillian Munroe had been foster parents to you. Mac and Lillian were long time friends of my parents, Renny and Mary, and we would usually visit them when we came to Dawson. I remember them living above one of the government buildings in Dawson. I know their daughter Carol a bit as well.

You probably knew or know of my Uncle and Aunt, Charlie and Amanda Rendell and cousins Billy and Pam. My Uncle and Aunt Rudy and Yvonne Burian lived down at Stewart River and cousins Robin, Linda (Taylor) and Ivan live in Dawson. Wilda Webster (mother to Pat and Jim) is also another cousin. You may remember Phil and Martha Collins who are another uncle and aunt. Martha now lives at Marsh Lake with my cousin Penny Sippel. Martha will be celebrating her 90th birthday this September and I hope to be able to attend the celebration.

You also mentioned Barry Graham and Calvin Klippert, both of whom attended school when I did in Mayo, though they too are somewhat younger than I. The mothers of both Barry and Calvin were good friends of my mother.

I haven't lived in the Yukon permanently since 1966, the last year I came home from UBC for the summer holidays, but I still have very strong attachments to the territory and will always consider myself a "Yukoner". My parents moved to Whitehorse in the late 1970s and lived there until their deaths in 1998 (mom) and 1999 (dad), so I paid many visits to them. One event that I take joy in, is that our second son (we have 3 adult, married children) was born on August 17th. I am so pleased that you, someone who was born in and lived all her life in the Yukon, have been appointed as the Commissioner. My congratulations to you and may I extend every good wish for a very successful term of office for you.

Sincerely,

Harvey Burian
hburian*telus.net (In Parksville)

PS With your permission, I would like to send a copy of this message to Sherron Jones to share with the *MocTel* readers. Thanks.

Hello Harvey:

Thank you for getting in touch and yes, I knew both your parents as neighbours to my in-laws, Pat and Ada Van Bibber. The house from Bear Creek has since been retrofitted and is much more fuel efficient. Pat Jr. and I lived in Mayo for one year and we have been in Whitehorse since 1976, so that was not our son who worked at the Binet house but probably a son of one of Pat's sisters. Three of them still live in Mayo and there are many grandchildren.

I did not get to meet Ira as he had passed away before I met Pat but knew Shorty and loved her dearly. My son, Stuart, called her 'kissing hands grandma' because she always took both his hands and kissed them over and over. He would have been about two and he use to walk toward her with his arms out in front of him to get his kisses. We use to spend a lot of time around Pelly but now our area is Minto where we spend most of our free time.

Was just down river and had a brief visit with Linda (Burian) Taylor and Family at Kirkman Creek. They seem to be having a good summer. Yes, I know all the people you have mentioned and also the relationship. Amazing how many people have a tie to Dawson in some way or other. Years ago when I was in high school, Pat Webster brought a newspaper to me from her mother, Wilda. It was the "Dawson Daily News" and had my birth announcement in it, I treasure it and was so pleased to get this gift.

I am so enjoying my tenure as Commissioner and have met so many people that have stories they want to share. It is just fascinating and I thank you for sharing. Please pass along as you will.

Take care,

Geraldine Van Bibber
Commissioner of Yukon
geraldine.vanbibber@gov.yk.ca

DAWSON SCHOOL FIRE

As usual I enjoyed the last MocTel.Great work!
I enjoyed the article on, and pictures of, the new Robert Service school by Dan Davidson .
I think that he has made a mistake in the year of the fire which destroyed the Dawson School.

I arrived in Dawson in the fall of 1958 to find that the school would be held in the Admin. building because the school building had burned down in June of the previous year. The recently published

"50 Years of the YTA" (Yukon Teachers' Association, Whitehorse) contains a picture of the school fire and lists the date as June 21,1957.

This date was recently confirmed by students who were attending the school during the 1956-57 school year who commented that they thought a number of them would not have passed their grade if they had to continue writing their final exams.

Warren Rongve jwrongve@shaw.ca (In Nanaimo, B.C.)
Teacher, Dawson School, 1958-60.

MUKTUK KENNELS

By Donna Clayson

While in Whitehorse in June I visited with Frank Turner at Muktuk Kennels. I failed to ask some questions during my visit so e-mailed Frank with them. Below are his answers. I would recommend to anyone wanting to experience a kennel visit to give Frank and Anne a call and book it for any season of the year. Below is all the information to reach Frank at.

COOKER

For both effectiveness and efficiency, the cooker we use is the absolute best. I call it the KISS cooker (Keep it Simple Stupid). It burns hot anywhere, anytime. It uses methyl hydrate, which is great for burning, but deadly for drinking. The cooker is simply a pot within a pot, and there is no need for wood or pump stoves. I would not go without it.



SLEDS

Sleds vary considerably. I still use a traditional style of sled, made with wood. Now sleds can be made of carbon fiber, aluminum alloy, etc. The bottom line is that they can be light, but still must withstand collisions with trees and ice, going through water, rolling down hills, extreme cold, etc.

CLOTHING

I prefer natural fibers (like wool) to synthetics; so, no polypropylene, and no gortex (it does not work well below freezing). My wool of choice is Merino.

TRAINING

We usually start to train 20 to 24 dogs in late August. We use more males than females, typically between the ages of 2 and 8. We use 14 dogs in the race and have to finish with a minimum of 6 dogs.

BOZO



Bozo is 15 ½ years old and has ran 8 Yukon Quests and pulled me over 50,000 km. Straw is used for the bedding in the dog houses.



This shed is used for the retired dogs. Note the names of all the dogs on the outside



As of August 2, 2006 there are 109 dogs in the lot. Six puppies were born to Glacier.

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Multi-use Recreation Building

Marsh Lake, Yukon

Have just learned of a new recreation facility opened in early July 2006 at Marsh Lake. Located at Judas Creek on the south side of Doehle Road about 1 ½ km off the Alaska Highway.

Details of the project are available at this site-

<http://www.marshlakeyukon.net/CommunitySociety/CommunityBuilding/Final%20Report.pdf>

Hi Sherron, we just returned from holidays and my printer is not working properly so have asked a friend, Rob Alexander to send the info to you. He is the editor of our M.L. News letter.

Shirley Keobke mistyonmarsh@northwestel.net (At Marsh Lake)

Hi there

Shirley Keobke asked if I could forward some photos of the grand opening of our new Marsh Lake Community Centre for your Moc Tel newsletter, so I have attached all the images that appeared in our July issue which covered the opening ceremonies. These same photos and an article written by our Recreation Director John Streicker about the opening day can be viewed on the following website:

www.marshlakeyukon.net

If you have room, would you kindly mention in your newsletter that the images were courtesy of Marsh Lake News. Feel free to quote from the article whatever text you think would be useful for your newsletter.

Cheers,

Rob Alexander
Editor-in-Chief

Marsh Lake News
660-4005

The actual article within the web address Rob has given is available at this address and you can view it if you have Adobe Acrobat Reader installed in your machine. – Sherron
<http://www.marshlakeyukon.net/Marsh%20Lake%20News/MARSH%20LAKE%20NEWS%20-%20Issue%202006-22.pdf>

For those who can not access the story and photos online –



New Marsh Lake Community Center – Canada Day 2006

Photo courtesy Rob Alexander robalex@northwestel.net (Marsh Lake News)



Pat Rouble, Marsh Lake MLA – Ribbon Cutting – July 1st, 2006

Photo courtesy Rob Alexander robalex@northwestel.net (Marsh Lake News)

Hi Sherron:

Thought this information would be informative to your MocTel audience.

Here's the source website for where the info was obtained. <http://www.yukoninfo.com/>

Quick Facts & Yukon History:

- Yukon Holiday: Heritage Day - February 24th, 2006 & Discovery Day - August 21st, 2006.
- The floral emblem of the Yukon is the Fireweed.
- The official bird is the Raven.
- The official tree of the Yukon is the sub-alpine fir.
- The Yukon Territory is large enough to hold the states of California, Arizona, Delaware and West Virginia.
- The famous Yukon River is 2,200 miles (3,520 km) long. You can canoe 2,050 miles from Whitehorse to the Bering Strait.
- The central part of Yukon receives 6.5 inches (165 mm) of rain per year, less than Arizona.
- There are approximately 50,000 moose, 10,000 black bear and 4,500 wolves in the Yukon.
- The White Pass & Yukon Route is 110.7 miles (178 km) long. Of this, 20.4 miles (32.8 km) are in Alaska; 32.2 miles (51.8 km) in British Columbia, and 58.1 miles (93.5 km) in the Yukon.
- Whitehorse is the third largest city in Canada by area.
- The Carcross Desert is the world's smallest at 642 acres (260 hectares).
- Whitehorse has the world's most northern botanical show gardens.
- Yukon has a population of just over 31,000 people today, almost identical to that of 1900.
- Of our population base, over 22,000 reside in Whitehorse.
- This is the home to fourteen First Nations, speaking eight different languages. Gwich'in, Han, Upper Tanana, Northern Tutchone, Southern Tutchone, Tlingit, Tagish and Kaska.
- Yukon First Nations' rich culture and history in Yukon dates back as far as the last Ice Age (approx. 50,000 years).
- Gold is 19 times heavier than water.
- The Dempster is the only public highway in North America to cross the Arctic Circle.
- The steamer 'Seattle' returned from Dawson City in November 1897 with \$800,000 in drafts and securities and 35 lbs. of gold.

- In 1898 about 25,000 gold-seekers hiked the Chilkoot Trail for the boomtown of Dawson City.
- A gold nugget was unearthed in the Klondike that weighed over 72 ounces. Its value in 1898 was \$1,158 - value today is well over \$30,000.
- One of the first women crossing the Chilkoot Trail in 1897 was Belinda Mulroney from Scranton, PA.
- The 1,520 mile (2,446 km) Alaska Highway was constructed in eight months and twelve days in 1942.
- Up to 200 people died shooting the Miles Canyon and Whitehorse rapids. The rapids were named because the spray resembled the manes of a herd of white horses. The rapids are now dammed, but the City of Whitehorse retains the name

Terry-Lynn Vold Terry.Vold@gov.yk.ca
 Program and Research Officer
 Road Safety
 Dept. of Highways and Public Works
 Whitehorse, Yukon



Gillian Campbell “Klondike Kate” entertaining recently in Coquitlam.

Photo courtesy Gillian Campbell gillianklondikekate@shaw.ca (In Burnaby)

Interesting – Gillian was at an event for the Stroke Recovery Ass'n of BC. I found it online at - <http://www.strokerecoverybc.ca/02-Who/Board.html>

Hope we never need them.

Sherron

Nature restoring balance Yukon's spruce-beetle infested areas

Friday, August 11, 2006 | 12:52 PM CT

[CBC News](#)

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

Nature is turning the tide in the battle against a massive infestation of spruce beetles in the Yukon.

Scientists monitoring the spread of the beetles, which have destroyed an area of forest about two-thirds the size of Prince Edward Island, said the infestation in southwest Yukon may soon be over.

Nothing has seemed to slow the beetles' advance — first detected in Kluane National Park in 1994. Since then, the insects have consumed nearly 350,000 hectares of forest in the park, the nearby Shakwak Valley and beyond.

Now, researchers say aerial observations over the last two years show the beetles' spread has slowed, and may soon collapse completely.

"The numbers were way down, although the area was still large, I'm suspecting somewhere between 40,000 and 60,000 hectares," said Rod Garbutt, a forest health technician with Natural Resources Canada, about last year's survey.

"But within those areas it was almost exclusively very light attacks."

Killing of trees declining

Garbutt, who has been monitoring the attack since it began, says less than five per cent of trees were killed in areas infested last year, a marked decline from past years.

He says that over time, parasites, disease and predators have put pressure on the insects. Poor weather slowed the bugs' important spring advance as well, as has the natural chemical resistance the trees have to the insects.

"These all sort of pile up on top of one another and the beetle population declines as a result," said Garbutt.

While the insect population will collapse, it won't be the last the area has seen of the beetles.

"The infestation as we witnessed will essentially be over, however there is always going to be a remnant population of spruce beetle in the forest," he said.

Older and sickly trees will still fall prey to the beetles, but healthy trees should be able to repel their attack.

Garbutt said the total collapse of the population should be complete within two years, ending Canada's largest infestation of spruce beetle on record.

Source:

August 11, 2006

<http://urbanlegends.about.com/gi/dynamic/offsite.htm?site=http://www.cbc.ca/north/story/sep04bearattack04092003.html>

Since Donna Clayson found this online at Urban Legends she and I were both concerned that this be verified. Donna wrote to Rod Garbutt in Yukon and received this reply.

The question initially was, "Is the beetle infestation slowing or stopping according to Urban Legends and CBC?"

Rod answered that question.

Donna

As of this year infestations within the Park have essentially ended. During my annual aerial survey in July I only mapped areas of very light attack in the vicinity of Mush Lake. When you flew in 2004 the Mush Lake infestation was at its height and with the loss of those stands the beetle has killed almost all of the mature and semi-mature spruce in the Park, south of the Slims River. Because you flew by helicopter you were probably able to pick out the scattered green trees which inevitably survive no matter how intense the infestation. I have been into some of these stands on the ground and recorded some survivors as well as a relatively vigorous white spruce understory which will (we hope) eventually release to form the new forest. This is important for the future of the forest as the surviving mature trees and the advanced regeneration will provide seed for the future. In the meantime the ongoing elevated fire hazard will remain in effect until the dead trees lose their, often dense, compliments of fine branches. I was looking at some trees that were killed in the mid 1990s and the crowns had yet to thin substantially. If a lightening strike ignites these fuels we could see a fire of unprecedented intensity, especially if the "Alsek Wind" carries it up the Alsek and out into the Shakwak Trench. An intense fire would consume the living understory as well as the dead overstory and regeneration would rely on re-seeding from adjacent unburned areas; a process that could take a very long time.

That the infestation will end is inevitable. The spruce beetle evolved as a secondary attacked surviving in stressed and recently- killed trees. Historically, outbreaks have rarely lasted more than four years. At 16 years in duration the current infestation has already been by far the longest running spruce beetle infestation ever recorded in Canada and probably anywhere.

In 2004 weather conditions in the spring and summer were so favorable that the bulk of the beetle population completed its life cycle in a single year instead of the normal two. There should have been an enormous flight in the spring of 2005 with the one- year cycle insects combining with the two-year cycle population from the year before. Instead, just a remnant of that population survived. It is not known entirely why this happened but it was probably due to the unfavorable conditions in the spring which significantly delayed emergence of the young adults. With a significantly reduced population of beetles, parasites, predators and diseases which had also increased in abundance over the years, as well as natural tree resistance that has improved with the more favorable moisture conditions, were all able to take a proportionately larger toll. From here the only thing that could resurrect the spruce beetle would be a return to the severe drought

conditions of the late 1980s and early 1990s. Though this could happen, there is hardly enough remaining host material to support the re-build. I expect that some scattered beetle populations will remain active at the fringes of the infestation, in areas such as the West Aishihik Valley and the Kusuwa Lake area. But even in those areas their success is declining. In five years, though there will be a population of spruce beetles inhabiting the forests of the southwest Yukon, they may be difficult to find.

Hope this helps.

Cheers,

Rod Garbutt
Technician - Forest Health
250-363-0739
e-mail: rgarbutt@pfc.cfs.nrcan.gc.ca

I find it all so interesting. I had initially written about this very subject in my trip report of 2004. We flew over this same area in the Cessna on my last trip and I couldn't believe how much more wide spread the problem was compared to 2004. Hopefully it's done with now and Kluane National Park can get back to the way it was 20 years ago.

Donna Clayson

ARTISTIC TALENT



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

PICNIC PHOTOS

I am going to have so much fun going over these pictures with Dad when I go up next. He knows so many of the folks and will be especially pleased to see Percy DeWolfe and the Townsends.

Kudos to Carol (Munro) Pierce for making it to the picnic, straight from a 3 day class reunion at Sun Peaks. I needed the day to recuperate before returning to work on the Sunday.

Maribeth (Tubman) Mainer (In Burnaby)

HAINES JUNCTION COOKBOOK

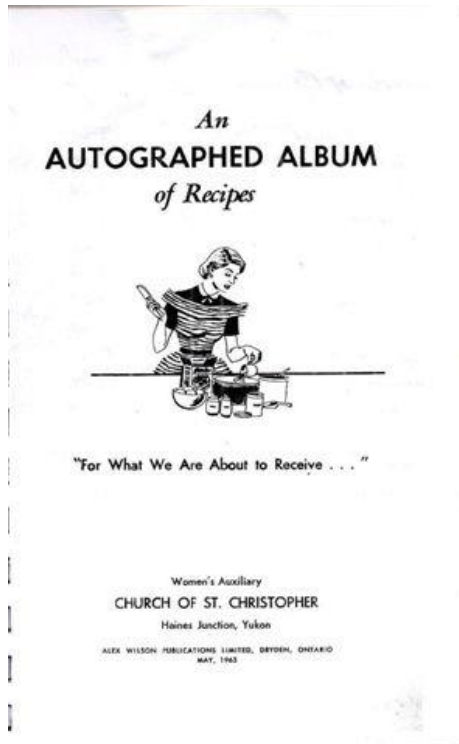
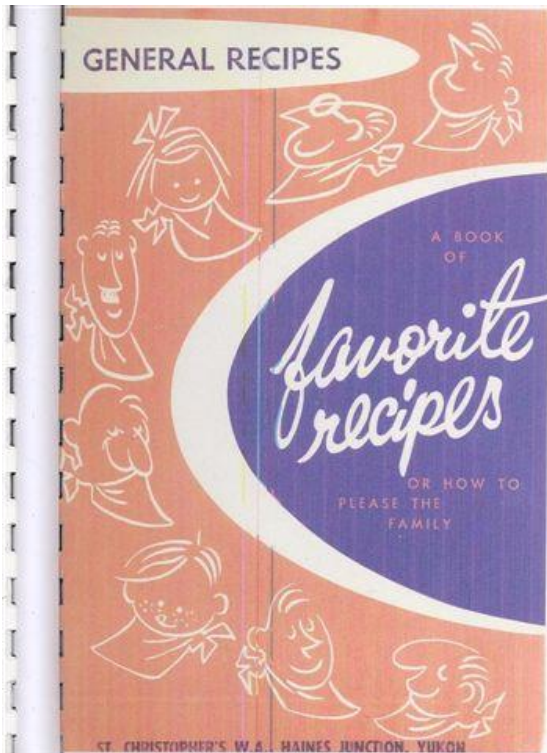
Sherron, below is the history of the Haines Junction cookbook I received from Emma MacKinnon. The title of the cookbook is:

A Book of Favorite Recipes or How To Please The Family

St. Christopher's Women's Auxiliary, Haines Junction, Yukon May 1963

In June I spent 2 1/2 weeks in and around Whitehorse. I took the Greyhound bus to Ft. St. John and happened to meet Emma, one of the passengers. We got to talking and she mentioned she was visiting relatives in Haines Junction, something she does every year and was on her way back home to Grande Prairie. I mentioned I lived in the Junction in the early 1960's with my parents, Doug and Al Storing. She said she thought she had a cookbook with one of my mother's recipes, along with other residents from Haines Junction to Beaver Creek. Imagine my surprise when, on August 1, I received this valuable treasure in the mail. As I flipped through pages of handwritten recipes I not only found a recipe my mother submitted but also my sister, Betty Stalberg. My mother passed away in 1992 and my sister in 1975. I will be sending in to the Moccasin Telegraph the scanned copies of these wonderful recipes. I imagine numerous readers will recognize many of not all of the names. Perhaps some will even see a recipe they submitted to this cookbook.

Donna Clayson ytdogteam@telus.net (In Ardrossan AB)



Teacher Buns
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup water
 3 Tablespoons sugar
 1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
 Heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved and shortening melted.
 Cool.
 Measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, 1 tsp. sugar add envelope yeast. Let stand 10 mins.
 Stir in one beaten egg, 1 tsp. lemon juice. Mix all together and add 2 cups flour. Let stand and then form into buns. Leave for about one hour.
 Bake in a hot oven 425°F

*Easter Styan.
 MA 1202*

Drop Cheese Biscuits (24 Small)
 1 cup sifted flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ " salt
 4 tablespoons butter
 8 " grated (Chipp) cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
 method
 Sift flour, baking powder and salt, mix in butter, mix in grated cheese, add cold water.
 Drop from spoon about the size of a fifty cent piece onto greased cookie sheet. Bake at 400° for 15 minutes. Did serve at once.

*Jeanne Swartney
 Mile 94,
 Haines Road, Y.T.*

OBIT

Gail Jenkins

The special life of Gail Valerie Jenkins, began in the morning hours of July 9, 1932 in Nelson, B.C. and ended peacefully in the afternoon of August 13, 2006, in her hometown of Victoria. Mrs. Jenkins, passed away after a brief battle with cancer. A dedicated wife and mother, she lived aside her devoted husband of 50 years, Fred, with whom she raised two children, Garth and Todd. An avid learner, **Gail first worked as a military doctor's assistant in Whitehorse. There she met Fred, who had joined the RCMP.** After being swept off her feet, she proceeded to help scrape together the \$1200 required by law, so that she and Fred could marry. They did just that, and moved to Prince George, and began their long life together. In Victoria, she enjoyed a successful 10 year run, in both commercial and residential real estate. Gail was a natural, and easily won the respect and admiration of those she worked with. As much as she loved this work, she left it to **relocate with Fred to Atlin.** It was here she became the **coroner for northern B.C.** As unusual as the work transition was, she found it challenging and an adventure. Gail loved to create: writing, quilting, sewing and gardening. She loved books, was a voracious reader. She was known as a woman of great integrity and compassion and had a special affinity for the underdog. Gail Jenkins will be forever missed by her beloved Fred, her sons Todd of Los Angeles, California and Garth of Banff, his wife, Suzanne, and her two grandchildren Bryce and Rhea...

Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 8/16/2006.

NEW ADDITIONS

Hello Sherron,

Annie Graham forwarded me on this information about the Yukoners Picnic and also the Moccasin Telegraph. I would very much like to join the Association or Yukoners. I lived in the Yukon for 17 years before moving to Victoria in 2001.

Not sure how much or how little you wish to know. **My late husband, Desmond Carroll, was the Dean of the Yukon for the Anglican Church for 17 years** --January 1985 - October 2001. We moved to Victoria in November but sadly he died very suddenly 2 months later, in January 2002.

I was a full-time volunteer in Whitehorse in various capacities. Our four children, Fiona, Nicola, Mark and Ross, were all raised in the Yukon and two of them continue to work in the Yukon.

Look forward to meeting you.

All good wishes, Marion Carroll marioncarroll2002@hotmail.com

Hello Sherron,

The Moccasin Telegraph 162 newsletter was forwarded to me and I found it very interesting. I would like to sign up to receive the newsletter.

Watson Lake (1956-1974); Whitehorse (1978-present)

Sincerely,

Edna Janet McDonald

90847 Alaska Highway

Whitehorse, Yukon

Y1A 5S8

867-668-4683

rangifer*northwestel.net

Sherron: I was in Whitehorse in 1963-65 - went to FH Collins. My sister Bubs told me about this and I am so excited - please include me and let me know where what or how much charges etc. Have you got a list of people????? Thanks

Later

Betty Fraser

12 Sorrel Cr

St. Albert AB T8N 0K5

betts459@hotmail.com

(780) 459-2231

Dear Sherron: Further to our conversation today at the Nanaimo Charter picnic, the following is my friends e-mail address. You can forward all newsletters etc to Connie @ concon_69@hotmail.com.

Regards, Daryl Gallan

BACK ON THE MOCTEL

Colin and Georgene Wykes caught up to us at the Island Picnic and wish to receive the MocTel again. Not sure why they were off the list – perhaps the mail was being rejected.

They do have a winter address in Hemet, California.

Their business card shows the ‘MV Daphne’ which appears to be alive and well in Nanoose Bay, BC where they reside.

cgwykes@shaw.ca

E-MAIL RETURNED – IS ANYONE IN TOUCH WITH CAROL BUZZELL ??

Recipient address: Trailsendsouth@hotmail.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

Diagnostic code: smtp;550 Requested action not taken: mailbox unavailable

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Character is doing the right thing when no one is watching.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Lynne Macara lmacara@yahoo.com (In Campbell River)

From the YOOP Cookbook, 1984

Rhubarb Relish – Linda Weatherbee

1 qt. chopped onion 1 T salt
2 qt. chopped rhubarb 1 t allspice
4 c brown sugar 1 t cinnamon
1 pt. white vinegar 1 t cloves

Put all together in large pot. Bring to a boil, then simmer for several hours or until required thickness. Put in sealed jars.

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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