

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH – 188th Edition – January 7th, 2007

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



Northern Lights

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

Eldorado

by Alf Bilton

He was strong and determined, a young man,
When he stepped out and closed his own gate;
On his way to seek Eldorado,
In pursuit of his dream or his fate.

He was years then exploring the jungles,
Fighting bugs, tropic-rot, growing weak;
Feeling driven to find Eldorado,
And the treasure all wanderers seek.

Searching oceans, then deserts, then mountains,
Checking cities and villages there;
Always certain he'd find Eldorado;
But instead, he found grey in his hair.

"Just a visit," he thought, still undaunted,
Though homesickness misted his eyes;
"Then I'll go on to find Eldorado,
When I've figured out just where it lies."

On a hill overlooked his own valley,
His perspective was suddenly changed
As he gazed down upon Eldorado;
With all lesser dreams rearranged.

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[Alf Bilton](#)

Whitehorse, Yukon

Pack Dogs to Helicopters

Author Pat Callison – copyright.

CHAPTER 16 JIM EASTMAN

Flying passengers on a bush line gave me the opportunity to get to know a wide assortment of people. The North seems to attract those who are a little different to the run of the mill. It takes a certain type of personality to appreciate the north country and I had the good fortune to come to know many of them - as diverse as humans can be.

One such person was **Jim Eastman**. During the years I flew in and out of Atlin I got to know him fairly well.

He was from the eastern United States and before he left there he had designed and built an aircraft, the Eastman Flying Boat, powered by a 6 cylinder Challenger engine that developed 165 horse power and cruised at 90 miles per hour and under good conditions it would carry four people. In comparison with aircraft of that time it flew very well. To prove its rugged construction Jim landed the flying boat on a hardtop runway and it showed very little damage to the hull.

There were about 30 of these Eastman flying boats constructed in Detroit. In 1932 Jim Eastman moved to Atlin and started placer mining and he flew one of his flying boats in and out of Atlin for many years. There were 6 or 7 of them in use in western Canada by then.

Jim developed one of the largest placer mines in the area and he designed and built his own hydro electric power plant that produced 150 kilowatts and supplied all the power to run his mine machinery. At one point the Eastman mine employed 100 men.

This brilliant man passed away in the Whitehorse hospital in 1945 and I flew his body back to Atlin where he had wished to be buried.

The father's involvement in mining must have influenced his son.

Jim Eastman Jr. became a mining engineer and his career took him to mine operations in South America and many sites in Canada. He became Vice President, Development, for Placer Development, one of the largest mining companies in Canada.

CHAPTER 17

OLD CROW

One of my first flights in to Old Crow, Yukon, was in 1943. Looking back I marvel how we ever got messages requesting the services of Northern Airways. Old Crow, for instance, sent their messages out on the RCMP radio-telephone to the Canadian Army Signal corps, which could have been Dawson City or Mayo, then relayed on to Whitehorse and then on to us at Carcross. Whether the message got out or not depended upon atmospheric conditions which could be bad for days on end.

Anyway, we received word that Victor Petersen, a trapper at old Crow wanted to charter an aircraft to come to Old Crow to fly him, his family, their dogs, and all their winter supplies to their main cabin 50 miles north of Old Crow on the extreme north side of Old Crow Flats.

Old Crow Flats is a circular area about 60 miles in diameter and is 75% water. An ideal habitat for muskrats, it wasn't unusual for trappers to harvest 50,000 muskrats during a season in that area. Good trappers such as Petersen did very well.

It is approximately 550 miles from Carcross to Old Crow and with an old Fairchild putting along at 100 miles an hour it was a long flight. When I got there Victor said the reason he had decided to charter an aircraft was because the Old Crow River was very low and it would be difficult to get his well loaded boat up stream. He said he would come out in the spring either by dog team or boat depending upon conditions.

It was some load - Victor, his wife, four children, eight dogs, all their gear and supplies for the winter. Carrying 1,000 pounds to a load, I made 3 trips to complete the move to the main cabin and did it all in one day.

Victor, who was a quiet, easy going, pleasant Dane, had trapped out of Old Crow for 20 years, married an Indian girl and had four children. Victor Jr. and the oldest, was about 15 years old, and there were three younger girls. All were healthy, well cared for, well behaved children. The Petersen's had good equipment, and were sensibly prepared for the winter months ahead. When I was ready to leave Victor gave me a cheque for a fairly substantial sum of money.

Apparently it was a good trapping year and about September 1st the following year Northern Airways again heard from Victor who wished to charter to go to the Flats.

By the end of the second transfer I had gotten to know the whole family and we had some really good conversations so I felt I was saying goodbye to friends when I left.

About the middle of October we heard that Victor Petersen had committed suicide. I was shocked. The story was that he had gone out to the front of the cabin and shot himself, leaving his wife and four children alone in the wilderness and winter on the way. Young Victor, about 16, set out to walk to Old Crow to tell the police. It must have been a terrible trip for that youngster - 50 miles through half frozen muskeg, and lakes, how he kept from getting lost no one will ever know, we could only imagine what he went through. I never did hear what made the man take his own life. In later years I occasionally saw the Petersen children in different parts of the Yukon, but they never talked about their father.

I cannot help but think about the changes in the village of Old Crow and I think it could apply to the majority of Indian villages in Northern Canada.

There were about 150 Indians in Old Crow, 10 or 12 whites which included the R.C.M.P. a trader, priests, clergyman, later teachers and Public Health nurse.

The Indians were a good bunch of people. They had excellent trapping grounds on the Old Crow Flats, all of them trapped, and the youngsters went out with the families and learned how to trap and live in the bush. The women did beautiful handicraft, Old Crow parkas, moccasins and gloves were considered the finest. There seemed to be a minimum of trouble in the village. The amount of liquor in the village was dictated by the economy so there were few alcohol related problems.

Then things changed. Practically unlimited amounts of money were made available by the Federal Government, the Indians got boats, guns, ammunition and welfare was for the asking. Many people lost the incentive to work, liquor in the village, brought in by mail plane from Inuvik and Whitehorse, led to crime and other serious problems. All together a sad situation and so unnecessary. The Federal Government could have offered assistance where it was needed, but whatever the so-called "policy" was it spoiled the lives of many good people.

CHAPTER 18

BILL ELDER

A good many years will pass before the name "Bill Elder" doesn't bring a response from people who live in the Cassiar country.

Bill was an expert horseman and kept a herd of horses at Hyland Ranch, about 50 miles south and east of Telegraph Creek, B.C. Before the days of aircraft all the transportation of prospectors and survey crews was done by packhorses and Bill's services were in demand. It was Bill Elder to whom I went when I needed a packtrain for the

Boulder Creek contract. Bill had done some prospecting but never made a big find. He was a happy man. He had his horses which he cared for as though they were his family, they would follow him around like dogs. He had good hay meadows which provided plenty of feed, and he had all the packtrain work he wanted. He was respected by all who knew him had scores of friends and enjoyed everyone's company.

He was all cowboy, a big man well over 6 feet tall, weighing about 220, he wore a big white Stetson all summer, winter he had to switch to a muskrat fur cap. He told me he had been born in California and had spent his whole life around horses. When he was a young man he had travelled from California to northern B.C. on horseback. He said that never in his life had he been on a train.

One day I was at Telegraph Creek and had to fly out near Hyland Ranch, so I told Bill I would fly him back to his ranch. He thanked me but said he wanted nothing to do with travelling a thousand feet off the ground. I pressured a bit by pointing out that instead of the two or three days it would take to go over the pack trail, I could get him there in 30 to 40 minutes. He thought that over and said okay he would go.

He certainly filled up the double seat behind the pilot's seat. I taxied out on the river. He was very quiet and I said, "Everything okay?" I turned around and had a hard time to keep from laughing. There was this big, 70 year old man who had never feared anything

in his life, grasping either side of the cabin, his huge hands hanging on for dear life. An old bronco rider, he was all set for the first buck.

I asked him if he were afraid, he snorted his disgust. However, he never spoke a word and he hung on with both hands for the whole 40 minutes of the flight. When he got his feet back on the ground he said he thought flying was here to stay.

Bill worked his mining claims and was out digging a trench on his property, when the bank caved and Bill was crushed to death by the rocks. He was 86 years old. The Cassiar country never seemed quite the same to me after **Bill Elder** had gone.

To be continued

Sherron: Had to send this on to you, such a good read about "**Pilot Bread**" and yes, I probably used it as a teething ring too.....It's still part of our household and have always had the big 'blue box' wherever I went.....thank goodness for family and the care packages they always sent me over the years.

Enjoy.....Carol Buzzell buzzy.cj*northwestel.net (In Haines Junction)

Gots to love the Pilot Bread!

Story Byline by Sandi Mcdaniel

[Anchorage] Daily News Reporter

Pilot bread, slightly oval and lumpy as the moon. As mouthwatering as a laundered Saltine. As succulent as a wood chip. As appetizing as drywall. And yet, more versatile than Bubba Gump's shrimp. ("Yew can BBQ it, boil it, broil it, bake it ...")

Say what you will, this unremarkable staple, this tortilla of the north, is as much a part of Alaska as bunny boots and honey buckets. So you can imagine the tremors here when Nabisco announced last May it would discontinue its pilot bread, a "niche" product for 205 years. "We were almost panicked for a while," said Alice Panigeo, who works for the Ukpeagvik Inupiat Corp. of Barrow. "We thought maybe they wouldn't produce it no more." TX: But Alaskans don't eat Nabisco pilot bread -- a favorite in New England. We eat Sailor Boy pilot bread, made by Interbake Inc. Last year, we ate 2 million pounds of it, about 95 percent of all the pilot bread the company makes. Annual sales top \$2.5 million. So rest easy. No one would dream of discontinuing the flavorless cracker Bush pilots have stocked for emergencies and ship captains have admired for its longevity.

In fact, after New Englanders set their jaws, Nabisco resurrected its Crown Pilot Crackers last month. "We thought we were discontinuing a cracker," said Nabisco's marketing director Mark Hosbein. "It was apparent we were interrupting history. ..."

In Alaska, a fondness for Interbake's big, blue box goes beyond brand loyalty; it's an ad man's dream. "It has a sailor boy on it," said Elizabeth Lewis-Weber, who grew up eating

the crackers in Wrangell. "A lot of people (Outside) don't even know what pilot bread is," she said. "They just don't get pilot bread there. I don't understand."

BIG SPONGE

For the record, Interbake's crackers are cranked out in a big, noisy factory in Tacoma, Wash. -- 20,000 pounds a shift, two shifts a week, 15 workers per shift, said Frank Prechiso, general manager. "I eat it," said Prechiso. "I don't eat a lot of it." The bread begins as a "sponge," or starter, which is mixed into dough. Yeastless, it languishes four hours before a series of reduction rollers flatten it into an even sheet, 39 inches wide. Die cutters, eight across, stamp a precise 28 holes in each cracker. The holes compress the bread and "prevent you from getting a bunch of pillows," said Tom Sparks, plant manager. The scrap is pulled away and the crackers keep moving through a flamed oven, baking five minutes. Lumps are caused by escaping steam. After cooling, the crackers are stacked and ushered into packages, about 38 to a box. With no eggs or oil to make them go rancid and little water to make them mold, they have an unbelievable shelf life.

Trucked to barges, barged to trucks, tossed aboard planes -- once this Alaska side dish hits the Bush, it's parceled out in unimaginable ways. Even the people who make it wonder what Alaskans do with all that pilot bread.

"I'm quite curious about how people use the product," said Eric Esch, West Coast business manager for Interbake in Seattle.

FEELING QUEASY?

OK, heck, let's be honest. Who's above a little cold Spam and pilot bread for breakfast once in a while? Alaskans eat pilot bread with salmon -- dried, spread or pickled. With cheese -- shredded, melted or creamed. With garlic butter. With salmonberry jam. We eat it toasted and sprinkled with salt like a pretzel. Fried in bacon grease and set out to cool. Slathered in butter, cream cheese, Crisco or mayonnaise. With cake sprinkles. Dipped in seal oil. Crumbled into soup. Popped in the microwave with pizza toppings. Littered with sardines. Smothered in fermented cabbage. When she was 5, Polly-Beth Odom of Palmer, spread peanut butter over pilot bread and called it PB cubed. Out of loaf bread? Reach for the pilot bread. "Eating a pilot bread sandwich is a very, very unique skill," said Elise Patkotak of Barrow, who writes a column about life in America's northernmost community. "It's critical that you smash it down right, otherwise it just squeezes out when you're biting it." The only thing better than peanut butter and jelly on pilot bread, said Patkotak, is avocado and mayonnaise. Or possibly peanut butter and honey, peanut butter and raisins or peanut butter and mayonnaise.

"The mayonnaise stops the peanut butter from sticking to the top of your mouth," said Anita Cruise, program director for KSKO radio in McGrath. State worker Linda Culbertson got a taste for the crackers as a girl when prowling through her dad's Vietnam C-rations, which held a tin of stale crackers. As a new mother, she used pilot bread to get her daughter through teething. Now, nearly every day at 10 a.m. Culbertson and a co-worker take a pilot bread break. "It's sort of become a daily ritual for us to ... pull out the

pilot bread and slap on the cheese and salsa," Culbertson said. "You can or not put butter on it. Butter makes things slide down easier."

Fishermen still are fond of pilot bread. There's no better snack when hauling in red salmon, said Catie Bursch, who fishes out of Homer, than a whopping helping of salmon salad on pilot bread. "We had one crew member who had a real nervous stomach," she said, "and he went through eight boxes of them. ... If you're feeling a little queasy, you might want to eat a pilot bread."

IT ABSORBS

By far, the bulk of pilot bread in Alaska is eaten by Natives. And we do mean bulk. "Oh, golly days, I was raised with the stuff," said Donald Nielsen, an Aleut who grew up in Bristol Bay. "Pilot bread to us is like water to a dying man in the desert. Where I come from, it's a community food. You would never find a household without it."

In summer, Alice Panigeo packs pilot bread before flying to traditional Inupiat hunting grounds south of Barrow. For weeks, she and her family live on what they've brought and what they can catch. A typical camp meal is caribou stew or dried white fish followed by a piece of pilot bread, nibbled with tea. The practice of having tea and pilot bread after eating oily traditional foods is common among Natives, said Tom Okpealuk. The tea cuts the taste. The bread "absorbs a lot of stuff," he said.

Doesn't everyone eat their pilot bread with boiled caribou bone marrow? "You can take the marrow out and spread it on a pilot bread cracker and sprinkle salt on it and eat it," said Sharon Brown Korwan, an Inupiat who works for the Arctic Slope Regional Corp. in Anchorage. Don't knock it until you try it. "Even my mom, she has no teeth, but she still eats it," said Martha Giancoli, an Anchorage homemaker originally from Sleetmute. "She soaks it in her coffee every morning."

Dolly Vartanian, who grew up in Teller, is convinced pilot crackers spread with butter and garlic help control her high blood pressure. "I couldn't live without it," she said, "and I think that's how most villagers feel."

THE STUFF OF LIFE

But people aren't just eating the sturdy crackers. The truly resourceful have used them for skeet shooting, according to Interbake, which keeps a file on this sort of thing. When the cracker first arrived in Unalakleet, people tried them out on the beach as Frisbees, according to Asta Keller, a frequent participant in the World Eskimo Indian Olympics, who heard the story from a friend of a friend.

One wholesaler has packaged the crackers with dehydrated soup and sold it to the Japanese government for earthquake survival kits. It wouldn't be the first time a pilot cracker saved someone's life.

Eberhard Brunner, a guide and photographer, claims to have survived five days on pilot bread and chocolate Jell-O pudding after crashing his Super Cub on the Stony River in

1978. Brunner always kept a box of Sailor Boys, a roll of duct tape and Gatorade in his plane. He had other emergency edibles, but most remembers the taste of pilot bread pudding, six layers deep in a bowl, as he waited by a campfire to be rescued. "It was the most delicious pudding I ever had," he said. Tom Reale, a free-lance writer, threw some Sailor Boys into his gear before heading off for a sheep hunt in the Wrangell Mountains four years ago. It turned out to be all he and three companions had to eat when their ride was a week late. That and a little salami and cheese, which they cooked into pilot bread pizzas.

But let's be really creative. "In 1976, we were on a hunting trip up the Dog Salmon River off of Bristol Bay," said Bill Jones, who is retired from the Air Force. "My wife's birthday came up. Forty-seventh birthday. And we used pilot bread and peanut butter for her birthday cake."

For Eric Wallace, the cracker was as soothing and addictive as a cigarette when editing a lengthy film project for KAKM-Channel 7 in 1990. "It fulfilled nerves, it took care of hunger, it distracted me when I was going through these long, creative hours," he said. Unfortunately, at 100 calories per cracker, Wallace soon felt like a duck bloated with bread crumbs and was forced to wean himself off the crackers to reverse his weight gain.

For Elizabeth Lewis-Weber, 69 and retired from the Alaska Native Medical Center, pilot bread is mingled with memories of life in the north country. Her family carried the crackers on camping trips on the Stickine River, always with a coterie of friends, brothers and uncles. Along chilly sloughs, hunting moose in fall or butter clams in summer, they munched pilot bread and "squaw candy" (dried salmon), washed down with Kool-Aid. "We'd load up the scow and head up the river to pick berries and go up to the hot springs and up to the desert. Oh, it was beautiful. I miss the country down there," she said. "Oh, I could tell you so many stories about that river."

GOOD TO THE LAST BITE

While the actual shelf life of pilot bread is supposed to be about six months, Alaskans seem to keep it around much longer. A people accustomed to booms and busts may be hoarding the crackers, bracing for hard times. Without question, the blue boxes are stashed in cubbyholes and buried in caches all over the state. Scott Semans unearthed a box of Sailor Boys in his belongings not long ago. "I was short of money and down to stuff I had stored, and I ate my 1974 pilot bread," said Semans. "It tasted about the same."

HORST SCHEFFEN

By Ted North tntnorth@telus.net (In Edmonton)

For some time now, I've been meaning to sit down and write up a remembrance of HORST SCHEFFEN.

Horst is long since departed but, I believe, leaves a wife and several sons and daughters in the Dawson City area. The Scheffen name appears every so often in the Klondike Sun newspaper and so I know his memory lives on.

Horst was a very interesting guy and anyone familiar with the folk in Mayo during the 1950's and 60's will likely know of him. I remember him as one of those colourful Yukon characters that are larger than life - in my mind he's right up there with the likes of Buzz-Saw Jimmy, Black Mike and Wigwam Harry.

As the name suggests, Horst was born in Germany - near Hamburg, probably sometime in the 1920's. He was briefly in Hitler Youth (as every German youngster was at that time) and then was drafted and sent to fight as a member of the Afrika Korps. One of his stories tells of the time he was caught in a truck convoy that was shot up by a British Spitfire. Horst regained consciousness lying by the roadside - having been blown clear of the truck. He had apparently been lying there for some time and was badly sunburnt and literally dying of thirst. By this time a Free French group of soldiers had come upon these wounded and dying Germans. When Horst croaked out a plea for water - he says he was given a sharp kick in the ribs instead. Such were the fortunes of war, on both sides, I guess. For the rest of his life Horst carried some fairly large pieces of shrapnel embedded in the centre of his forehead, which he delighted to show.

Horst was sent to a Prisoner of War Camp in Northern Ontario and spent the rest of the war as a woodcutter. At war's end he was repatriated to Germany only to discover that he really loved the much freer life in Canada. He became what we in the Yukon called any immigrant - a "DP" (Displaced Person) - and somehow found his way to the United Keno Hill Mines in Elsa where he worked underground for a time.

I first met Horst in late Fall 1954, when he came to pay his phone bill at the Yukon Telephones office in Mayo, run by my Mom and Dad. Horst always had a 'hard-luck' story that he shared with us, with his infectious laugh and a gleam in his eye. His mastery of English resulted in some interesting expressions -- some of which have stuck as part of my own repertoire of language. "Jeepers de Creepers" was one such expression.. a few others were unprintable. "As far as that concerns..." was another.

Horst was a dreamer and usually had some mad scheme up his sleeve whereby he'd soon become rich. One of these was his decision to raise chickens for eggs and meat. By this time Horst was living on an old farm outside Mayo and actually had a barn of sorts that he rigged up for the -70 degree stuff we got later that winter. He installed something like 200 birds and sat back to await his flow of wealth. During one winter night some roaming dogs (or was it wolves?) managed to break into Horst's henhouse - and as dogs are wont sometimes to do - killed every single one of them. The air was very colourful around Horst for some time after that.

Another time on Horst's farm he was having trouble keeping his old truck running in the severe cold and had found a way (great innovation) to use a blow-torch just under the oil-

pan, to get things loosened up. The inevitable happened and Horst completely burned up his truck and garage in a spectacular blaze.

I once helped him move a load of furniture from Whitehorse to Mayo. We left Whitehorse late with a heavy load and were roaring along the road above Fox Lake - when, without any warning whatever, we experienced a complete short across the battery. This killed our headlights, ignition, the lot -- and we immediately discovered what a moonless, totally dark night it was - as we struggled to get stopped while careening from one steep shoulder to the other side of the highway as we worked frantically to stay on the road. It was just another great memory for this seventeen year old kid. Actually I think I may have aged quite a bit that night.

The last time I saw Horst was a day late in August 1955 when he and I were cutting wood alongside the Mayo-Dawson Highway, near Stewart. We were living in a ragged old army tent and camped literally in the ditch. Horst was a dreadful cook - matched only by my complete inability - but we worked hard enough that even his cooking tasted pretty good at the end of the day.

I hired on with a passing group from Canada Mines and Technical Surveys and immediately moved on to other exotic parts of the Yukon that summer. Shortly after that I was off to the RCAF and I don't believe we ever crossed paths again but I'm now remembering the Spirit of the man...no matter how tough things ever got for Horst - he was a survivor. Horst Scheffen was exactly the stuff that those old Yukon legends were made of.

I think he'd have liked that epitaph.

HISTORY REMEMBERED

Life in the 1500s.....

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500's:

These are interesting...

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the

children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, Don't throw the baby out with the Bath water..

Houses had thatched roofs-thick straw-piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying. It's raining cats and dogs.

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house.. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, Dirt poor. The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway. Hence the saying a thresh hold.

(Getting quite an education, aren't you?)

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme, Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old..

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could, bring home the bacon. They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and chew the fat..

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or the upper crust.

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a wake.

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift.) to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be, saved by the bell or was considered a .dead ringer..

And that's the truth...Now, whoever said History was boring !!!

Message from Donna (Needham) Mclean

Hi Sherron and Bill

Basking in the heat are you? I'd say whimps but it would just be envy.

What a pathetic thing that the lodges are being forced out.....never would have thought a Yukon government would be so heartless. They should all be very ashamed of themselves.

On an up note, I think I'm off on my move to Victoria this week and one thing I do know about the move is I HAVE TOO MUCH STUFF

Will be living on Dallas road.....on the ocean assuming of course it isn't out to sea.

Rented for a year to see how Victoria adapts to me..hohoho.

Am planning on setting up a scholarship, in mom's name [Muriel Needham], for a girl who would like to go with her education in a trade or in school. Anyone with suggestions on how to appropriately do this please feel free to give advice.

Mom's Will is still in probate and no doubt will be for some time but one of her requests was that I provide a dragon boat for the use of all the breast cancer teams here; am working on that. Mom always said she'd have paddled but she didn't like being on the water.

Would like to go to Whitehorse for the Yukon games in Feb. but seems most of the hotel rooms are full darn it. Good road or not I'm not driving it.

Will get you some info when I get settled. Also have to bring the Okanagan Yukoners history book up to date. Hope to be involved with the Island Yukoners.

Hope next year is better than this one...something to look forward to.

Love Donna

Donna Mclean keebird*shaw.ca (In Kelowna/Victoria)

Percy DeWolfe

Sherron... I came across this bio in our district history book here in Lousana. I thought some Yukoners may find interesting. The bio does not say who submitted the information. The original quarter section that was owned by Percy is about 3 miles NW from where I live now in the hamlet of Lousana [Alberta].

Cathy (Netzel) Lyons

LYONS, Bill & Cathleen (NETZEL) lousana*xplornet.com (In Whitehorse, Dawson 1949-98)
Lousana, AB

De Wolfe, Percy

Percy came to this district in the turn of the century with his brothers. They started a cattle ranch on S.E. 4-37-23, now owned by Glen Waddell. When the De Wolfe boys left here, Percy went to the Yukon. There he married a girl from that area. They started a Stopping House, which was a great success. Mr. and Mrs. De Wolfe had eight children. Their daughters were sent to Winnipeg for their education. They all returned to make their homes in the north country. A great number of the De Wolfe descendants live in the Yukon.

Bibliography: Through the Years, The history of Ardley, Delburne, Lousana and Districts; A Sociological History of the Ardley, Delburne and Lousana Areas; Edited and Compiled by Diane Lewis and John Pengelly, B.Ed.; Assisted by The Editors of Eighteen Districts; Lousana-Delburne, Alberta 1980; Published by History Book Committee; Anthony Henday Historical Society; Delburne, Alberta TOM OVO; Publishers, Friesen Printers, a division of D.W. Friesen & Sons Ltd, Calgary, Alberta. Pg 732; ISBN: 088925-210-6

Help from Gus Barrett

Didn't know of this part of the DeWolfe history; I know that Percy Junior had brothers Willie and Walter as well as sisters, Jessie (Jim's mom), Bertha and one other whose name I have forgotten. There may well be others. I imagine Jim will be able to fill you in on that.

I did not know that they ran a roadhouse in Dawson unless it was a stopping place on the trail between Dawson and Eagle. The distance is something over two hundred miles and I believe he took passengers as well as mail, so would probably require stopping places in between. If you do not get the info from Jim, let me know and I will talk to Percy next time we visit him. He is in an assisted care place in Qualicum.

A word of caution, I know he does not like having people write about his family history without his O.K. Anyway, see what you get from Jim and get back to me. I will have a chat with Percy.

Gus Barrett sourdoughs2@shaw.ca (In Qualicum Beach BC)

Hi Sherron:

Blanche and I stopped and had a chat with Percy Jr. this afternoon. I told him about Cathies enquiry about his father and got the following info.

Percy Sr., did come west from Nova Scotia with two brothers. They did settle in Alberta, on a cattle ranch, although he is not sure where. Percy Jr. does not know whether or not they owned it.

One of the brothers eventually wound up in California.

At the time of the gold rush, Percy left Alberta and went to the Klondike. He and a partner named Eli Verough (Spelling ?) started a freighting business between Dawson City and Forty Mile. They also operated a halfway house around mid-point in the route. At one point with a partner named Anderson, Percy also operated salmon fishing business on the Yukon River.

Percy eventually went on his own and won the mail contract between Dawson and Eagle, Alaska where he continued for many years delivering the mail via horseback, boat, dogteam or even on foot, depending on conditions at the time. It was during this period that he became known as "The iron man of the north".

He married a local girl and they had seven children including Percy Jr. All received their education in Dawson City; none were sent to Winnipeg to school.

Hope this info sheds a little more light.

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

From a grandson of Percy DeWolfe

In regard to Cathy's info on Percy DeWolfe, it is not Percy Dewolfe Sr. He left Nova Scotia during the Klondike gold rush and went directly to the Yukon via Alaska. He married and had 6 children, 3 boys and three girls. The children were all educated in Dawson. Without going into this further, as I don't want to step on my Uncle Percy's toes, I will leave it at that. Wishing you the best in the New Year

The names of my uncles and aunts are as follows:

Walter

Willie

Jessie (mother)

Ellen

Bertha

Percy Jr.

All deceased, with exception of Percy Jr. (of course)

Jim McCausland jimmccau*shaw.ca (In Surrey BC)

New Year to all Happy

Dear Sherron and Bill...just finished reading the latest edition of the "Moctel" I always look forward to viewing it!

I enjoyed seeing your decorated home down South...looks very warm and friendly...also loved the decorated golf carts! Those are good shots of the storms in Qualicum...what a time we have had this past month (weatherwise!)

All the best to you both in the New Year. This is a cute e-mail, and we will be thinking of all our Yukon friends at midnight, while we sip some bubbly! This was an e-mail that my dear brother, Lionel, sent to us last Jan. We will be remembering all our departed friends who have passed on this year. All the best from Art and Tina....God bless...

Tina (Brasseur) Parsons artinap*shaw.ca (In Victoria)

[Click here: Bubble Bath - animated Flash ecard by Jacquie Lawson](#)

Soldiers in Afghanistan

Sherron, the email that you printed from Tom Eschak's mom was wonderful, insightful and just very interesting.....which leads me to a suggestion that popped into my head.....it would make a wonderful TV story, if there were pictures or a Vancouver Sun article even if it is a Yukon story.....just felt it should be shared with more Canadian people other than us Moc Tel'ers.

I don't know this family that is why I'm writing to you...after all CTV have reporters in Afghanistan....we hear enough about Tim Horton's!!!!!!

Carol Clarke clclarke*shaw.ca (In Vancouver)

Computer Terms otherwise used in the Yukon Territory

1. Log on - Make the wood stove hotter
2. Log off - Don't add no more wood
3. Monitor - Keep an eye on that wood stove
4. Download - Getting the firewood off the truck
5. Floppy disk - What you get from downloading too much firewood

6. Ram - The thing that splits the firewood
7. Hard Drive - Getting home in the winter
8. Prompt - What the mail ain't in the winter
9. Window - What to shut when its cold outside
10. Screen - What to shut in black fly season
11. Byte - What the black flies do
12. Bit - What the black flies did
13. Mega Byte - What the BIG black flies do during trout season
14. Chip - Munchies for TV
15. Micro Chip - What's left in the bag after you eat chips
16. Modem - What you did to the weeds growing in the driveway
17. Dot matrix - Old Dan Matrix's wife
18. Lap top - Where the beer spills when you nod off
19. Software - The dumb plastic knives and forks at McDonalds
20. Hardware - Real stainless steel cutlery
21. Mouse - What makes the holes in the Cheerio box
22. Main frame - What holds the house up, hopefully
23. Enter - The only way to win those magazine sweepstakes
24. Web - What a spider makes
25. Web site - High corners of the ceiling
26. Cursor - Someone who swears
27. Search Engine - What you do when the car dies
28. Screen Saver - repair kit for the torn window screen

29. Home Page - map you keep in your back pocket in case you get lost in the woods
30. Upgrade - Steep hill
31. Server - waitress
32. Mail Server - male waitress
33. MS DOS - Some new disease they discovered
34. Sound Card - One of them technological birthday cards that plays music when you open it
35. User - The neighbor who keeps borrowing your stuff
36. Browser - A problem moose in the Garden or Blueberry patch
37. Network - Mending holes in the gillnet
38. Internet - Complicated fish net repair
39. Netscape - What fish do when you don't do your network
40. Online - good sign there'll be clean clothes this week
41. Off line - the clothes pins let go and the laundry falls on the ground - better luck next week

Minister of Finance Fraud Alert

There is an e-mail being sent out that is a Fraud and promises you and income tax refund if you fill out a form. The e-mail looks very authentic. See details at –

http://www.fin.gc.ca/fraud_e.html

CHANGE YOUR TEXT SIZE

The text size in my e-mail program became very small yesterday and so my helpful hubby went looking for the remedy. So if the print size in your *Outlook Express* program or in your *Internet Explorer* program is too small for you taste. Go to VIEW on the top

tool bar of the program and then to TEXT SIZE and in my case *smallest* was ticked so I clicked on *largest*. Much easier to read. Have no idea why it changed itself.

ARTISTIC TALENT

Season's greetings from the land of floods, hurricanes and black-outs. Hope you are enjoying the southern clime.

We are very much enjoying the weekly Moc Tel and really appreciate all the effort you put into same. Regarding the Christmas Card of the old Northwest Mounted Police Post situated at Dalton Post, between Haines Junction and Haines, Alaska, this was a favorite fishing area for an unusual species of Silver Salmon, by non other than the famous George Black.

Yes, you may enter it in a future Moc Tel if you wish. Wishing you all the best in the New Year.

Mac & Tom Thompson mactom@shaw.ca (In Surrey)



A Christmas card designed and painted -
Dalton Post – by Tommy Thompson (In Whitehorse 1947-54 RCMP)

OBIT

BEATA ROSE (BEA) ALEXANDROVICH

April 13th 1923 - December 11th 2006

Beata Rose (BEA) Alexandrovich passed away peacefully on December 11th 2006. She was born in Pilger, Saskatchewan to Leo and Mary Pitzel, on April 23rd, 1923, one of seven children. Bea spent her early years on the family farm, and then took her nursing degree after WW2. After working in several hospitals in the south, she came to the Yukon in the late 1940's to nurse in the hospital in Dawson City, where she met and married Peter Alexandrovich. They moved to Whitehorse in 1956, where they raised their family, Arlene, Mark, Sheila, Paul, David and Linda. Bea was a nurse at Whitehorse General Hospital, ran a mail delivery route and managed a tourist trailer park. She moved to Carcross in the mid 1980's and was active in the Catholic Mission, enjoying fishing, skiing and all other aspects of the outdoors. She lived there until 2002, when Bea moved back to Whitehorse.

She is pre-deceased by her brothers and sisters, and sadly missed by her children and all who knew her.

A sincere thank you to the staff at the Whitehorse General Hospital and Copper Ridge Place, Dr. Phillips and her many friends and visitors.

Funeral services were held at 10.00 am, Monday December 18th at Sacred Heart Cathedral in Whitehorse. A reception was held in the CYO Hall afterwards.

Interment took place at Grey Mountain Cemetery at 1:00pm.

In respecting Bea's wishes, donations in lieu of flowers may be made to Mary House, Whitehorse, Yukon

Guldner, John: Of Summerland, died peacefully December 24, 2006, after a short illness. John was born December 28, 1921 in Yugoslavia, he and his family immigrated to Canada in 1928, settling in Calgary, Alberta. After five years serving his Country overseas during World War II, Johnny spent his career working the tourism industry in Calgary, Yellowknife and Whitehorse. After leaving the North, he moved to Salmon Arm and Comox and then to Summerland. His life long love of canoeing, hiking and camping provided him with countless hours of enjoyment and took him too many wonderful places. Surviving are his loving wife, Joan; son, John; daughter, Christine (Doug) Clark; and grandchildren, Brian and Shannon. John will be greatly missed by many friends and family. A memorial service will be held at a later date. In Lieu of flowers donation may be made to the Penticton SPCA (2088 Dartmouth Road, Penticton, B.C., V2A 4C2).

Cremation. Arrangements in care of EVERDEN RUST FUNERAL SERVICES, 493-4112.] Friday, December 29, 2006 Copyright PentictonHerald.ca



Florence (Dolly) Richards

RICHARDS, Florence Margaret (Dolly) September 19, 1916 ~ December 28, 2006 Dolly passed away quietly and with dignity with her family at her side. Dolly was born in Lake Saskatoon weighing in at only 1 pound; even then she showed her great strength and tenacity and against all odds grew to be a healthy strong child. At an early age her family moved to the Yukon Territories where she grew up, and met the love of her life, Ted Richards. Predeceased by her loving husband Ted in 1945, her parents, her five siblings and her son Gary, she leaves behind her loving daughter Sharron (Bert) Wilkinson, grandchildren Ann-Marie (Darrell) Deane, Bill Wilkinson, Brian (Carol) VineSullivan, Kim, Ted, and Kerry MacDonald, great grandchildren Jessica, Philip, Chelsea, Greg, Amy, James, Jennifer and Darcy, and her companion of many years Jack Norman and many nieces and nephews. A special thank you from our hearts to Don, Marilyn, Karla, Nadim and Josina for their love and support of Mom, their visits meant so much to her. The family wishes to thank Gwen and the entire staff of the Beacon Hill Villa for their kindness and compassion during Mom's stay with them. No service by request but a memorial to honor and remember Dolly will take place January 13th, 2007 between 1 and 5 pm at the Horseshoe Club of Victoria, 620 Kenneth Street. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the ALS Society or the Firefighters Burn Fund of Victoria. Send condolences to www.firstmemorialfuneral.com . (Saanich link) 327649

Published in the Victoria Times-Colonist on 1/4/2007.

REMOVED FROM THE LIST (can not reach)

Recipient address: schiffkorn@yknet.ca

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

SCHIFFKORN, Ed & Betty schiffkorn*yknet.ca (In Whitehorse since 1959)

I understand YKNET is no longer in service – so if anyone is in contact with Schiffkorn's please ask them to advise me of their new e-mail address. Sherron Jones

Recipient address: legoffe@sasktel.net

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

LeGOFFE, Barb (GIBBEN) legoffe*sasktel.net (Born in Dawson - 1950 & Whitehorse – 1997) Blaine Lk SK

Recipient address: pmsavoie@marshlake.polarcom.com

Reason: Remote SMTP server has rejected address

SAVOIE, Perry & Marcy pmsavoie*marshlake.polarcom.co (In Whitehorse)

REMOVED FROM THE LIST – (By request)

Please delete my address from your address book. Thanks. A.F.Dunn

madunn@northwestel.net

DUNN, Drew & Margaret madunn*northwestel.net (At Marsh Lake)

NEW ADDITIONS

I along with 2 sister and 3 brothers were born and raised in the Whitehorse, Yukon to Ralph & Ruth Fitzsimmons. My mother Ruth worked at the front desk at the Edgewater Hotel for over 20 years and my father Ralph drove for Cassiar Asbestos for over 20 years. I attended Christ the King Elementary, Christ the King High School and FH Collins High School graduating in 1978 at which time I started working for the Government of Yukon and continue doing so today. My mother, father, 3 brothers, 4 nephews, 3 nieces and myself still live in the Whitehorse.

Helen Fitzsimmons Helen.Fitzsimmons*gov.yk.ca (In Whitehorse)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Generosity is the flower of justice.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Here is a recipe I make many times with variations. Especially handy, when you have people in for brunch or breakfast.

Submitted by Anne Domes octavia13*northwestel.net (In Faro)

Oven Denver Omelet

For 4 people:

8 eggs
1/2 cup Half and Half
1 cup diced ham (or mushroom or whatever combination)
1 cup shredded cheese (cheddar or?)
1/4 cup diced green or red pepper
1/4 cup chopped green onions

Beat eggs and cream till light and fluffy, add other ingredients pour in a 9 inch lightly greased baking dish and bake at 400 for 25 min.

I like to serve it with pan fried potatoes or buns and fruit.

Bon Appetite.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Canada Winter Games, February 23 – March 10, 2007.

<http://www.2007canadagames.ca/>

2007 Yukon Quest, begins Saturday February 10th in Whitehorse.

<http://www.yukonquest.org/servlet/viewnewslist?null&resolution=1024&referer=>

Vancouver Yukoners Banquet

Just want to let Yukoners know that the reduced room fee at the **River Rock Resort** (\$149. 00 plus tax) is available for the whole weekend relative to our annual banquet March 31, 2007. Nice of them we think!!

They are actually now taking reservations for those of you who like to plan ahead. We are looking for a good turnout this year. Carol Clarke will be on the internet with more reminders as time draws nearer. Christmas first of course. In the meantime, pass the word.

Oh yes, tickets are still \$55.00 each. Remember - the Resort offers lots to do before and after our soiree.

Hope to see you all in March. Helen Munro

A few more details re Banquet at River Rock. If people want to make reservations:

Phone: 604 247 8900

Fax: 604 207 2641

Toll Free Phone: 1 866 748 3718

Address: 8811 River Road, Richmond, B.C. V6X 3P8

We ask that you remind reservation desk that you are a Yukoner subject to special rates (\$149 plus 16% tax for a single or \$209 plus 16% tax for a two bedroom suite). These rates are available for the whole weekend. For tickets, please send cheque (made out to Vancouver Yukoner's Association)

to: Mary MacDonald

Apt.309 - 5166 Halifax Street

Burnaby, B.C. V5B 2N6.

Your prepaid tickets (\$55.00 per person) can be picked-up at the Yukoners' Banquet registration desk on the evening of March 31.

Thank you, once again, Sherron for keeping us all in touch. Sincere best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Helen Munro

For more information re email you can contact **Carol Clarke** at clclarke*shaw.ca or **Helen Munro** hmunro*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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